



Miss Ruth Pyle,
629 Lake St.,
Reno,
Nevada.

Thursday afternoon.

My own Sweetheart.

Had a wonderful letter from you yesterday, and the only reason I didn't set right down and answer it was because I had just come home from work, three hours before quitting time, absolutely all in with the run down, blow-jammed, and sore, sunburn. My right leg burst out in nice big, juicy, lurid blisters and when I busted 'em they cried all night and really made a mess of my bed despite a towel I scrapped around it. Miss M. got some ointment for me, banded it up last night and this morning, and I stayed in bed all day today; so lay to-morrow I hope to be able to put in a fairly comfortable shift. This sunburn is some stunt. Everyone thinks it's a joke. Promise me that when ever someone comes to you for sympathy, with the sunburn, you'll dol it out in gobs.

Gosh but you write pretty things about

Irisco and August. Really there's a
mighty good chance that we can see it
there! If I finish here before then it
won't hurt to wait a few weeks, and
anyhow it may be necessary to do that
very same, 'cause at the rate Albert Cohn
appreciates my services, I won't have
more'n enough to get started. I'm
not afraid to land in Irisco broke,
trusting in good luck to get a boat job.

The trip for next summer sounds
a wee bit too extravagant, but gee -
mighty good. Let's suppose that an sur-
gent call comes to the Boston office
for a man in Seattle, and then suppose
a certain Rufie-ann-Dotly-Pie face wants
to go home to visit her folks. What's the
answer??? Lots of things can happen before
then - let's hope that just the right thing
happens - huh!!!

Been kicking around right can-
siderable with a young fellow - Henry
Spindle from Virginia, and he knew
Grace Cox at Waco, Texas. He said that

he had had a card from Grace in Reno just after Christmas time and was right surprised I knew her. Did I tell you all this before?? Seems to me I told you every thing, but there is a doubt about this, and you must know of course.

Frank Peterson's hires and fires come along in fair regularity. Wass iss loose??

Your A P breakfast will never get by if I'm a judge of human nature. wonders if it's best that it does. Isn't it a rather extravagant idea. Think of all the nice pills going to waste. Leave it to Dr. Pill to figure out a new idea. Set up a few like that for a wedding breakfast, so's I can have a choice.

I can see your face like ☺ a lot of times lately, sweetheart, and I say If I see you in August I'll make it all O.K. with you. Maybe I couldn't do it now only you can't touch me 'cause I'm all burnt. Just kiss me awful hard. eh? I i Sloug. x x + + + + (curlain) x + + + + loves you