

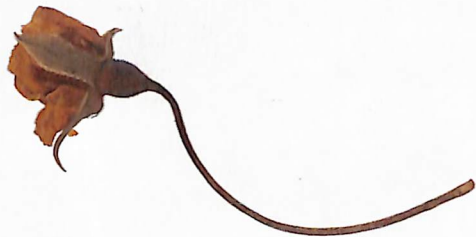
~~THPO~~  
~~736 N. CENTER STREET~~  
~~RENO, NEVADA~~



WORLD'S  
PANAMA-  
PACIFIC  
EXPOSITION  
IN SAN FRANCISCO  
1915



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



Sunday afternoon.

Dearest Girl,

Instead of getting Honey Kids and sweet words yesterday, I got stung !!! It's all in the bee family, I know, but it goes kind of hard. I know there is a lot doing tho; and you're pardoned unconditionally, 'cause anyhow, I'm a sure winner for two good ones to narrow.

The town is full of Elks, and when I say full I mean that you can't look sideways without hurting your eyes with flannel suits and purple badges. I went to their headquarters just after church to find out if any Reno folks were on deck. Nary a soul as yet, but there is sure to a representation. I've got a nice place for someone to stay, and may get a chance to have company for a week. They are sure fixing to have a good time too, spending lots of money, and entertaining right.

Joined St Paul's choir today. Go to practice Friday night. The choir is all



boys, and a very - very good one. Their  
soprano soloist has the prettiest clear  
voice I ever heard, and the tenor, an  
old school chum of mine, is <sup>the</sup> best tenor  
in that business, here. They sing good  
music too. It's something to keep in trim,  
and takes no money. That's what I  
mean most.

I'm saving my pennies to be in  
Frisco the last of August. Miss Mor-  
ison wants you to ~~come~~ come down  
here for a time. ~~It~~ You could have a  
fine place to stay - it wouldn't cost  
much, and I'd go back to Frisco  
with you. It all sounds too ideal  
and all that. I'm afraid too that  
you and I, both, would spend a lot  
more money than we could afford.  
It would be just like a honeymoon  
wouldn't it? Think of the trip up on  
the Harvard or Gale, and we really  
couldn't pass up a jaunt to San Diego. That's  
only a four dollar round trip from here.  
I'm afraid tho' to risk the price right now.  
Nothing exciting happens anymore



since I work most of the day. you  
see there isn't a lot happens in  
Aloha's store, and I'm there nearly  
eleven hours out of the day. At night  
I can enjoy myself best with my feet  
up on the bed ~~with~~ <sup>and</sup> the evening paper  
spread out wide. That's the simple life,  
and it's early to bed, and early to rise  
for sure.

I'm peeling now - great big scaly flakes  
what you can pull off like a sheet. I'd  
send you a souvenir only I know you'd  
shudder or perhaps faint. I'm kept pretty  
busy keeping down the ticks too. A hot  
bath this morning started it so bad  
that I couldn't shave for a long time.  
Had to use my hands to scratch.  
Never Get Sunburned (cut that out  
and hang it over your bathing suit. - it's  
a epigram. or something like that)

That's a letter now, sneaky, 'cept it  
should have a great big pile of love tacked  
on to it. Seven weeks since I saw you -  
seven, big long empty - cold old weeks. And  
that's not nearly two years. Let's hope for  
August - that'll be the life saver. So long Sweetheart  
your lover

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