

Wed. Eve.

Dearest Wrenth;

Just a word for remembrance
sake - as if you needed it to remem-
ber me by. I feel just as you do about
this letter business - I must have
at least a few minutes, all alone with
you. And I'm going to, Saturday night,
too - just a few minutes but they'll
count.

I'm more days then Reno, and
Reno Ruth. That's all I care about.
I don't think I used to feel this
lonesome when I was away from
you. This trip I'm real homesick.
It's funny what a difference an
understanding will make.

Got your letter today all right

It was that of Monday evening.
Thanks for wishing on me some of
the pestering you get. It'll do my
heart good to get someone on it.

The line has been spent. I'll
say good night. Not the real good
night - the kind I want to live
you until death does us part. - but
the ~~the~~ only kind. U.S. will
communicate. It's my love and
all of it in black and white - no
yellow.

yours since long ago,
Dom.

P.S. Care beful how you love me
Pyle's, cause some of these days that
Pyle will vanish, and you can't love
me Walter, can you, Gosh dem ye.
Dom.



Miss Ruth Fyle,

Reno,

622 Lake St.

Nevada.