



Ruth A. Pyle,
Port Coquitlam,
B.C.

Canada.

Box 80.

Closed the 14th.
(pardon).

My Dearest Ruthie Ann Dot.

Hello!!! If you ever act like our
boy Willie is doing tonight I'll get a divorce.
Here I've had supper ready three hours
and no Willie. I've put the last sticks in
the fire now, and if he comes he'll eat a
cold supper. He was subpoenaed on a coroner's
jury that is holding an inquest over the
body of a poor fellow who fell into an
ice chute today. Every body on the
works was to the rescue. They got Benin
and me from the bottom of the mine -
took us to the first level and set us to
shoveling. If you would see men work
you should see them trying to save
another. We pumped oxygen into him
for an hour and a half all to no
avail.

Bill just came home and ate a
cold meal. He is to be the parson at the
funeral - poor Bill.

This has been an upset day, and it's
hard to write. I can send my love to Ruth it
makes me hop up and down to read your letters.
I know how lonesome you feel 'cause I feel it
myself. We're two pieces of something that will
never be any good until there fostered together.
Love me and love me — X Love X