



Fairview
June 5, 1914,

My Dearest Rufus,

If you don't leave tonight
as you planned, this letter will
have to wait a long time for
you. It serves the letter right,
'cause don't I have to wait
a long time for you?

I'm to tell you everything -
is that the agreement? must
I tell all the things I think
about when I get alone by
myself? I can save a lot
of good stationery by writing



a great big "you", and let
you guess the rest, just so
long as you guess the nicest,
and prettiest things about "you".

Last night, as an initi-
ation, was a big night, many
were glad to see the wanderers
returned - none were sorry - and
all wanted to express themselves
as true Fairviewites often do.
Then too there was a happy
coincidence, in the matter
of a chiviri to one of the
popular men of the camp.
It seems the Ned has trouble
in convincing his wished for

mother-in-law, of the small
item that her daughter will
be content in Fairview. Therefore
as a preliminary to the eternal
contract she has sent the
daughter to us, with a
married sister, to look over
the lay of the land. They have
made themselves comfortable
here, and, while no marriage
has been announced, a
chiviri seemed in order. Ned
was ~~a~~ true blue, and came
farth with the necessary keg.
We celebrated, and, believe me
please, I was tolerant. There
is no more to tell, unless
it be that my tolerance earned
for me plenty of pep to-day.

This morning I commenced
mattling, and, as a result, will
probably go on night shift
tonight. Geo. Perin will have
something for me shortly, therefore
come what may I should nibble.

We haven't found a regular
bums yet, but there is promise
of a good one. Tell it comes
kind friends see that we lack
nothing.

Remembers me most kindly to
your mother and father, Rufus,
and be careful you don't stir up
their feelings against their future
son-in-law by foolish boastings!

So long for epistle number
one. I wish it were tomorrow
that I leave for S.F. I can make
the necessary coin by playing for
the dimes here. All my love to
"you" - my sweetheart. Love.



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