

Same Place

June 12, 1914.

Ruth - my love:-

Your fun is surely playing the deuce with me. No letters for four nights now, and oh I want one so much. That Christmas vacation must have spoiled me terribly.

And tonight the night you leave for B.C. I wish Otto had kept his word and made it "your husband or bust." Just a half hour before you leave, would he worth this weeks pay. I'll be with you when you get on the train tho', 'cause right now I'm starting to think. I was with you at the dance last night too, and after I fell asleep I dreamed I schottischeed with you - a whole dance too.

Still handling the muck sticks - Tomorrow is the last shift on day. Then comes night shift. Always before I have escaped that. Here hoping something happens tomorrow.

It's a long time between letters from B.C., and Fairview is a lonesome place. Any- how remember the promises to loaf, and get fat, and stay home nights, and the Englishman and lots else we framed up. Good night Ruth - my love and your love's Son.