

28 Fernwood Ave.,
Bradford, Mass.



Mrs. Jont. Walker,
Port Coquitlam,
B.C.

of W. S. Pyle.

Canada.

Sunday night.

Dearest girl I know:-

Tonight I can picture you a fever of excitement over what the morning will bring. I haven't heard a word and assume that you haven't either unless your father has let you know where he is to meet you as I requested. With no bad news we, of course, look for good and I shall be tremulous until you wire tomorrow just what you found. A world of love to you, my sweetheart, and a speedy and happy return to us 'cause we all want you a lot.

Today started out fine. I went to the Club to work on a ministerial show and got home so early to help dress the kids and have an early dinner. Then we took the Bebes for a ride going to Villinghofs to deliver the "hatched" which I forgot Friday when Peabody went down. We didn't ~~stop~~ stop there longer than to say "hello" and let Betty be a "big girl on Rupert's T." (she talked about it all the time) and before we got home we were

pretty well ~~is~~ covered with snow.
It was warm tho' and melted as
soon as it fell, and we in the
closed car were nice and toasty.

Margaret Chesley called up
this evening and asked me to
send her love to you. She extended
her best sympathy and hoped
you'd come back soon to see
her great big beautiful boy.

Saw Mr. Littlefield today and
she was surprised to hear of your
going. She promised to be on hand
for the kids if needed, but I'm
hoping she will be superfluous
so far as they reckon.

The enclosed clippings came
out of today's papers and I thought
they'd be interesting.

Every body's talking politics
and the election these days worries
everyone. I wish it were over
and that the right gang gets in.
We'll miss your note, sweetheart, but
don't you worry - they all know
your heart is in the right place.

Been working on the bogie
tonight and made good progress

with it. I'm due for a final session with Sperry on it Friday also Wed. I have to go to Pawtucket for an industrial gas meeting but I won't be away overnight.

I'm tonight at Margaret Chesley's father's house tomorrow evening. I expect to be present. Tuesday a.m. I am to ~~take~~ talk to the High School Students. Wish me luck. Then Tuesday night is Legion election. Gotta go to Pawtucket and in the evening I want to go to Lodge because Tom Woods name is coming up and I proposed it. Well it will be a full week I know.

It's eleven now and being somewhat an uneventful day - if any day with peppy arm around can be uneventful - I'll hit the hay. And as I lay my head on the pillow I'll ask that your morrow may be a happy one and that your dear folks will be better. And I'll just wish for your arms around me and your face up close to mine so I could tell you that I

love you more'n anybody in all
the world. Big squeeze and kiss
to my wonderful wife - and the
kids and mother send the same -

xxxxxx Loves Tom xxxxxxxx
x