

28 Fernwood Ave,
Bradford, Mass.,



Mrs. Tom. P. Walker

Port Cogitlam,

B. C.,

Canada.



W. A. Pyle

Wed. Eve -

Kiddie Mine:-

A hectic day behind me - The day after election is usually hectic and I got up at 6 to get a 656 train to ~~Rock~~ Pawtucket. Had a good meeting there and left on the 410 arriving at 7 o'clock to rush up to Lodge for the business meeting. Believe me I'm ready for bed now, and I'm going to hit the hay hard.

I won't comment on the enclosed letters except to say that Eva's coming will help a lot. Mother's tickled to pieces. Cassie and Frank haven't written anything about New Years, but I feel like we'd better not try it.

And I've tried to figure how you can make it home by Xmas. If you come you'll have only about two weeks at home and it doesn't seem possible that you can clean up ^{at} ~~at~~ that time. And you're going to get Mother and Dad all comfortable before you come back, aren't you, so there'll be no quarrel later. We'll wait Xmas till you come, how's that - tree and all. You know Betty won't expect Santa till you come back. So take your time and you won't miss any of the fun.

I haven't been in town today - but
down in Pawtucket everyone was interested
and congratulatory on the outcome of the
election. The whole state was looking
toward Haverhill yesterday.

Got your loving letters from Moosejaw
and I'm thrilled clean through with the
hug you sent. My I want you sweetheart -
an awful lot. And to think that that
Russian is enjoying your company all
the time. glad you were entertained tho'!

This evening on the train coming
from Pawtucket to Boston I watched the
sun "go down with a flaming Ray" and I
remembered Iainien and the party I used to
say to you as you illumined the west. And
Sweetheart I got the same beautiful thrill
as I used to get then - I could have been
as sentimental as Ella Wheeler Wilcox, and
it wouldn't take much to make me weep.
And that's the most wonderful thing about
you. You're my sweetheart, always and that
feeling of yearning when you're away never
dies. If you could sit down on my knee
right this minute I think I could make
you understand what I'm trying to tell you.
God's night, wife o' mine, and good luck to
you.

The best kids in all the world send
oceans of love hugs and kisses to their
mom - mom -
Am Tom
* * * Lover John * * *
N. T.