

246 Edward Street,
London, Ontario,
November 19, 1946.

Dear Tom,

Congratulations on your triumphal entry into Toronto. I noticed in the paper this morning that you were received by the largest and most representative press conference ever to greet a writer in that city. We are pleased to see that Upper Canadians have admitted that good things can come from other provinces beside Ontario. In our estimation Bluenoses are "some nice" and you may be sure we plug N.S. whenever we have a chance. Since we are both Westerners, we can do it safely.

Syd and I wish you all the best with your new novel, which we are looking forward to reading. It will recall some of the tales you spun for us on our afternoon walks. We even developed an interestⁿ and affection for the Micmac indians!

So the hunting party you were with shot five deer. My guess would be that you went up to camp for a week and that your group included Austin, Hector and Brent. All we wish now is that we could have a venison dinner at Vera's. I have never tasted anything as good as what we had last year. Times like those make us wonder why on earth we ever left Nova Scotia.

I don't suppose that Edith made the trip with you this time. Perhaps if these Ontario visits are to become a regular thing you could both plan to visit us. We would love to have you and I think that you would be interested in seeing London. It is about the same size as Halifax and is called the forest city because of the tree-lined streets. We like it very well, all except the extremely hot and humid summer. Syd is hoping he may be able to set up his own practise here by next fall. He will be able to make a veteran's loan from the government and if we can find office space by then we would like to try it.

Please give our regards to Edith and Vera and Austin. We wish we could come down your way for Christmas so we could go out and chop down our own Christmas tree and decorate our house with greens.

I miss the view down the river and out to sea. For a person born on the prairies your scenery has a special appeal I think. Take a look at the sea gulls for me as they drift back and forth across the bridge in a snowstorm. I could never get used to seeing them there after summer had gone. We'll be back for a visit some day, Tom, because there is a warm spot in our hearts for your small town.

Yours truly,

Mary and Syd Caspary