

BENNET

20 Dec 88

Dear Tom:

Your much appreciated Christmas card to my mother jogged my memory. I had meant to write you several weeks ago to congratulate you on a splendid television appearance and to recount what to me was an amazing coincidence. The day before you appeared, and all unaware that you were scheduled to, I took Joyce Barkhouse's book on you from the shelf for a re-read in front of the fire.

When I came to the verses on Sable Island, nothing would do but I read them aloud to my wife Laura (who is used to my insisting on her audienceship when I come upon well-crafted rhyme and metre.)

Imagine, as they say, my surprise and delight when the very next evening we found ourselves listening to the same recitation from the lips of the author! I would like to believe that cobbling tightly-fitted verse is one (though probably the only) creative ability we share.

Again, thank you very much for remembering your old friend my mother with your card, and all best wishes for the season and the new year.

Yours sincerely,

Jim Bennett -

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*Answered by hand
picture-note.
Dec. 29/88*