

March 17, 1949

Dear Rose,

I'm sorry. I don't know where to start. So far, no news is bad news. Stella's been missing for three days now. The cops told me they wouldn't start looking until tomorrow. Something about 72 hours before someone is officially missing. I never should have mentioned the fight we had the night she left. It was so bitter cold; I dread to think of her out in the cold without her overcoat. Oh Rose, don't judge me but I'm sick with regret over my last words to her. They were so harsh. But when I saw her turn her back I lost control. She stormed off.

Your folks told me your determined to come here. I figured you need know of the circumstances of our falling out then. I will understand if this changes your mind. The fact that you care so much as to even consider the journey from New York City warms my heart. Stella always spoke of you so highly. I know she looked at you as the daughter we wish we could have had.

I must say your presence here would be of the utmost help. Everything has gone to hell this past week. The company has pushed for the expansion of the mill at the worst time, it seems. That's not even considering that it's winter. It's a problem after problem down there; I'm constantly putting out fires. I've barely been home. For all I know, Stella could have come back and left again. I can hope, at least.

I've included some fare for the train and bus. Find your way to Bangor and hop on the Northeast Train Line to Caribou. From there, connect to the Aroostook Local. Be sure not to miss it. The local ones but once per day. I was once stuck in Caribou for two days when they shut service down during a storm.

I look forward to seeing you, Rose.

With love,

Vernon Cyr

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