

March 12, 1949

Dear Skiff,

I've booked the cabin for next week. It'll be you, my friend Claude Pelletier, and myself out in the wild. Man versus moose. I don't know if one could ever find more clarity of thought than when you see the sun rise over the horizon to cut through the dark. And just what is it about a sunset in the woods that makes whisky as sweet as a woman's touch?

I've considered your offer. Hell, I still think about how my life would be if I took you up on starting those oyster farms all those years ago. But even now, the thought of diving into the depths of the sea sends a chill down my spine. Besides, life is good. But your offer did stir an old "what if?" that remained unresolved. Consider the offer accepted, old friend.

We can hash out the specifics over our trip. I had some trusted men in the industry here and across the river in Canada run the numbers and they agreed with your plans. We'll build an empire of Oysters from Quebec City alone.

Stella sends her love. She's set to have a proper feast waiting for you. Come hungry. Even though she's cooking such a spread mainly for the weekly potluck over at the church, she's gonna expect to see you make a dent. Frankly, Pastor Buck is swimming in casseroles and stew, let alone what he sees in the collection plate from us alone. My griping aside, it'll be nice to see Stella not glued to a book. The woman is relentless, typing away at that typewriter like it's trying to get away from her or something. If I had known just how enraptured with that damn library she'd become, I'd of thought twice before agreeing to take it, high value of those books be damned.

I'll see you soon Skiff. Best sharpen your shucker, we're racing again. This time I'm coming for the crown. Fastest shuck in the north will be mine. As always, loser does an Oyster Bomb.

Regards,

Vernon Cyr

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