

170 Albert St., Waterloo, Ont.,

Jan. 11, 1940.

Dear Mother:

If this letter doesn't get off on the eagle-winged train and reach you around the first instead of the middle of the week, don't blame me, but put the blame on the lesser Littles, to whom it belongs because they don't start their letters in time. We are having a lovely day to-day: it is nice and bright and sunshiny, and the freshly fallen snow sheds a radiant lustre on all the earth below. And yet it is not too cold - not as cold, for instance, as it was down your way when Pearl wrote your letter. Our thermometer, instead of standing around the dozen above zero has been standing fairly steadily around the score above. Just to show you how nice and warm it is up here, I herewith inform you that I was out for my swim early this morning, which was the 11th swim in the month of January, which I think is an all-time record for me as far as this first month in the year is concerned. The prospects are that I will get in to-morrow yet; and in case I do, that will make up for all the days I missed in December on account of the impenetrable or impassable depth of the snow. While we have several inches of snow now, it is lying on a level and looks like a great white sheet covering the ugly nakedness of the ground. Just now as I glanced up from my typewriter I saw a big black squirrel running along the telephone wires as securely and as gracefully as if it had been running on the broad, broad ground. It was a sight for sore eyes. This is also the case with the grey squirrel that comes even into the house and eats the goobers out of Bonnie's hand or lap. I don't think you have any so tame down in the Carolinas; but up here nobody shoots them and nobody eats them: they say that they are ratite animals, and that they would just as soon eat rats. This morning when I was down in the bushes I saw a ~~pheasant~~ a large partridge with a long sleek tail. It was quite shy, but wobbled gracefully away till it was lost to sight in the underbrush. This morning we received a letter from Robert, and learned to our astonishment that he had been suddenly transferred from Toronto to Chatham, which is some 140 odd miles west of