

4504 WEST SECOND AVENUE
VANCOUVER 8, BRITISH COLUMBIA

January 8, 1970

Dear Carolyn:

~~xXXXXX~~

A scrappy, comic sort of day, this one, after several very well organized and ~~xx~~ earnest working days. I slept late, being wakened by the cleaning woman, second hand. She always lets the cat upstairs if I over sleep. After I had dealt with a carload of business mail for Mother and Father (including entering father in the Readers' Digest sweepstake, why not, at \$2000 a month for a year?), I typed the article I have promised for the UBC paper on women of Canadian letters, or some such thing. I am not a scholar, don't really know the field; so it's a bit scrappy, but I had promised, and it's done. Then I wrapped a parcel of Best Food mayonaise and Bakers' chocolate to ship to New Zealand since Mother says father is pining for good potato salad and her sort of brownies. Really! I've got a fiddly dinner party coming up tomorrow ~~now~~ and must do some of the chores thisafternoon as soon~~x~~ as I've finished this. I suppose I might work tonight. I did last night, but somehow I think it unlikely.

Not the concrete news I wish I could ~~ksend~~ you about the pictures (thanks for newspaper clipping). Because the curator of the UBC gallery is off on a year's leave, the gal in charge doesn't feel she can commit them to any shows next year, and this year is full; so we'll have to wait for summer, when he gets back, to see about that. I feel hopeful, but I wish there were something more definite. Also the one gallery that might sell has folded, but we've just heard that a new book shop, which will also handle prints and things of that sort, ~~ks~~ opening in Gas~~x~~town in a couple of months. Since Helen and ~~a~~ are going to keep two, we'll have those and the article to show to the men running that shop as soon as it opens. Meanwhile, in the next few days, I'll ship back the rest. We shall miss them. They've been enjoyed by everyone who has come to the house.

Now about April ~~a~~trip. I am trying to get my nephew to confess what the dates are for his Easter vacation since he wants to come up for it, perhaps bring his girl as well. We never give Rick guestroom space since he likes to be able to be shut off where no one nags him about the look of his room; so we put him in the little bail out room in the basement, used by all our ~~xxx~~ transient boys. If Deb comes, we'd give her a small upstairs bedroom, which still leaves the main guest room free. If you and Cath could stand a house full of teen-agers (maybe, maybe not, of course), and a guest room with a queen sized double bed rather than sedate twins, we'd love to have you stay with us while you're in Vancouver. You'd not have to feel like guests, could come and go seeing other friends as you liked, but I know wh'd be far more apt to get a real visit with~~x~~ you if you were staying here than if you simply saved us one evening. It's a very casual house. People get their own breakfast and lunch when and as they are around from whatever is in the fridg. The only ritual ~~xxxxx~~ meal is dinner. There's plenty of plumbing (you'd share your bathroom with Deb if she came because our bath is off our bedroom), plenty of space to get away from everyone even when

the house is fairly full, and, though there's no room service, you're so near the ice and hootch it isn't really necessary, and, as we say in our circle, 'the price is right'. Yes, the Bayshore is pleasant, but you'll be seeing enough hotels to get that kind of sense of holiday. So I hope you'll be persuaded to stay with us.

I think I've begun a new book. I feel very tentative about it, but relatively good humored since it hasn't ~~yet~~ yet really declared itself as impossible. No doubt it will in the next week or so.

Let me know about April.

affectionately,

Jane