

The Fork
R.R. 1
Galiano, B.C. VON 1P0
August 20, 1978

Dear Carolyn:

I was delighted to have your letter yesterday, quite a record time for arrival since the last letter from Calgary took ten days to arrive. I would love to have you meet us at the airport. My difficulty is that our tickets haven't yet been sent, and I didn't copy the flight numbers, can't even remember whether it's Air Canada. I only know we'll leave here just after 9 a.m. and get in there around 4:30 p.m. on Sunday, the 10th of September. What I'll do is call you several days before we're due and see if it is, in fact, convenient for you and give you the flight information at that time if it is, all right?

As I'm sure I said in my last, I am pretty much timed to either dealing with Elisabeth's needs, whims, wishes, or going off to London to do my own publicity things on Tuesday/Tuesday night, getting to the airport from there on Wednesday to meet Elisabeth and fly back. Sunday night, when we arrive, Elisabeth's family will already be there, and I'm expected to be in attendance for dinner that evening. The only possibility of free time would be rather later in the evening, around ten? for nightcap, but it will probably be a school night for you and not such a good time. I'll be three hours off so still feeling focused. Anyway, I will certainly understand if you throw up your hands about the hour. Next day I've got to do publicity for me and Elisabeth, see that she doesn't go round the bend with it before evening.

Certainly, yes, please, encourage people to go. I think it's going to be a good occasion, and my sense of it is the more the better to a point, and I don't think that point will be over reached. People at the Bau Xi feel the same way.

Two friends, each with four children, have left their husbands in the last month. Is it something in the stars, do you suppose? One of them was here for the day yesterday, and I had to steer her understandably hysterical/euphoric conversation around our house guests: Helen's sisternad brother-in-law who arrived in congestive heart failure and has been kept very quiet through the week. At the moment Helen and Her sister are both here in the study, filing books; so it's no time to write a letter. I expect my sister the end of the week with her youngest and a small friend. I hope I don't pack a house guest by mistake when I leave for Toronto. Hoppy says about most things these days, "Well, never mind. I'll tell you about it on the plane." We're going into Vancouver the day before we leave, and she's already planned a couple of parties there. Maybe I'll feel better when I'm 83. Actually, we've enjoyed the summer.

See you in some ways anyway soon.

Love,



