

The PERMANENT address of EJ ( DV ) :

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Dear ECF :

Your good letter has gone too long unanswered but just as it arrived I was in the throes of moving into my house. More about that later. Let's take a look at the world situation first. Your mad whirl over the European continent left me breathless. As usual, however, you just took it in your stride and did not miss a single highlight. I think the Irish situation intrigued me most of all. I sent you a brain wave or two last night while I was attending the dinner tendered to the National Federation of University Women at the Vancouver Hotel. An extremely swish affair with some good talk and music. Dr Vibert Douglas was the principal speaker and gave a very interesting account of her recent four months or so in Europe. She fell very hard for the Dutch and was very severe on the Germans. I could not help being struck with the contrast between your attitude and hers. Of course, she admitted that her stay in Germany had been short and that her thinking might have been modified if she had remained longer. She is a broad-minded and charitable soul and tried hard to be fair but it was apparent that the Dutch had won her heart -- in fact the Scandinavian group too. Incidentally, Poland was not allowed to send delegates to the IUWC.

It is good of you to send on the Listener and I do appreciate them. Apropos, there have been some excellent BBC re-broadcasts here lately -- "a Window on France" and this weekn "A Window on Italy." They managed to recreate the whole atmosphere of Venice so well that I almost did a little nostalgic weep. Also apropos, I happened to listen to th broadcast on the Montreal Neurological Institute. Did you ever hear of the place? Like the curate's egg, it was good only in parts. Somehow, the gent. did not get the Genius Loci but perhaps that is too subtle to be caught.

Well, a word about my own adventures. I have felt for some time that I could not stand the racketing about which I have indulged in since I gave up the Journal. I needed what Virginia Wolfe? ( an e? no, I don't think so ) called a Room of One's Own. I was lucky enough to have a friend's apartment for the summer months and as soon as I arrived, I started the dreary round of hunting for an apartment. Heavens, what places I did look at and what prices they asked for noise, and gaudiness and jerry building. Then I made up my mind to take the plunge and one day was driven out to see this little place. I decided to buy it as I stepped over the threshold, and here I am, for good or ill. It is grey stucco with a red trim, three rooms and bath, plus what they call a utility room for storage purposes. The catch is that there is no basement which complicates the heating problem but there is an honest to goodness fireplace and I have put in an oil-burning cookstove which is also supposed to serve as a heating unit. We shall see what we shall see but, if the worst comes to the worst I have had the piping put in for an additional oil heater. Here's hoping I won't need it.

At the time I bought the place it had been raining and misting for a solid two weeks and I had thought that there was no view except of a rather pleasant though weedy back

