



三十七年
黃竹山



Butterflies

Wong Wan-Ng

4519 West Fifteenth Ave.,

Vancouver, 8 B.C.

December 11, 1956

Dear E. C. F. :

Greetings wherever you are -- Britain? New York?
Slopes of Mount Royal? No keeping track of you.

There have been many times during the past weeks when I should dearly have liked to have a good talk with you and to get a lot of dangerous stuff off my oppressed bosom. Somehow, here in our rain forest we seem strangely remote from world events, safely wrapped up in a cocoon of our complacency.

The letters that came from friends in England are sad-
dening. The storm broke over them so suddenly that they do not seem to know where to look for shelter. A few are bitter about Canada's attitude but others seem to accept it as logical and inevitable. As for Hungary, I try not to think about it. Debrecen is near the frontier and is quite a railway centre and it is from here that they are carting away people in box cars to concentration camps. It used to be a peaceful university town and it was there that I grapple with the setting up of a school of nursing -- a good one, too even if I say it as shouldn't. I'm glad that Canada is

cutting through the worst of the red tape but am pretty sure that some of the refugees will be a handful. Especially the "creative minority" if you know what I mean. Most of these would be happier in the Province of Quebec and I was interested to read that Laval and the U. of Montreal are holding out a helping hand. The Catholic response I suppose and none the worse for that.

One doesn't want to talk much about merriment but I do wish you a happy and peaceful Christmas among friends. All success in the New Year!

As ever,

E. J.