

August 30, 2015
(August Letter)

Hi Samantha,

Welcome to your new home! I expect that it won't feel like home yet, but in a few months this will change – and when you are your mother's age, you will, hopefully, look back on this place with some happy memories. I remember my first student basement suite with mixed emotions – the excitement of being on my own, but the apprehension of what was to come, whether I would be up to the challenges, and the occasional bouts of loneliness. Fortunately, these were short-lived because there were too many other interesting things going on as I set up my place and got drawn into the demands of student life.

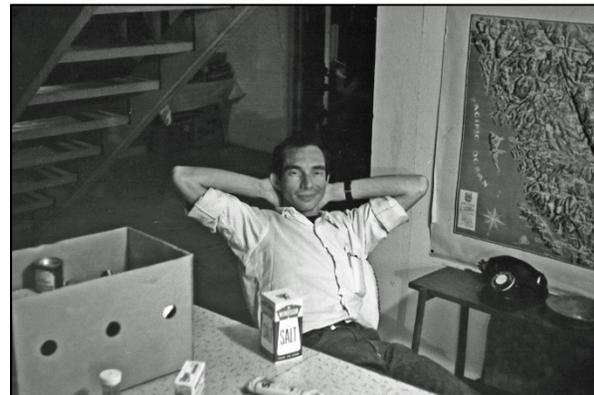
I also thought you might be interested in where I lived when I first moved away from home, so I found a few photos to give you an idea. It was in the winter of 1965 that I moved to a basement suite that was closer to the university. I could have stayed with my parents and brother in Marpole, but I was feeling like it was a good time to try living on my own. I found a place on 13th avenue just outside the UBC gates at 10th avenue. Here is a photo of the outside of the house taken just before I flew off to Toronto for an SCM conference. I was a bit older than you (21) when I made this move!

The setup was one of three basement rooms in the house that had been organized for students. We



shared an area around the laundry tub that had a hot plate, shower, and bathroom. We washed our dishes in the laundry tub. I could only find one photo of the common space, but it doesn't show all the arrangement because it's really a photo of Ernie Reimer – a friend I met at university (no relationship to me so far as we could tell).

The room I had was quite small. It had a bed, desk,



buffet, and closet but as you can see from the photos they were rather crowded. I also had 2 chairs where I spent much of my reading and visiting time. I have added a few photos of the room with various people who came to visit. I'm sure you will recognize them although you will have to imagine them as very much younger versions.



This photo shows the buffet, the comfortable chair, and the way the floor was used. I had a kettle to make "coffee". I guess I had just finished having a guitar break while studying.

The bed was at the other end of the room (by the door). You can see a photo of it below – with the closet on the other side of the door.



The ceiling was rather low. You can get a sense of it from the photo of Fran standing by the bookshelf below. As you can imagine, she was a frequent guest (don't tell your father) but I had plenty of other visitors as well.

You might appreciate the one of Jim – especially for the example of

the 1965 version of the computer: an old typewrite on the desk! Writing papers and essays was certainly different in those days, as was doing research without Google. We spent many more hours in the library than students do now.

As you can see, your “digs” are much more luxurious than mine! I didn't notice at the time, of course, since it was just very exciting to have a space of my own where I could entertain my friends, relax, and figure out how I wanted to live my life. I'm not sure I ever did decide at that time since there were so many exciting things going on, but as I look back I guess I must have.



I hope you find this time of your life just as exciting and inspiring!

