

2675 Oak St.,  
Vancouver, B.C.  
January 3, 1932.

My Dears,

I want to thank you for your kindness to me.

You are just the sweetest dearest people that I know, and I assure you that I found it a really painful duty to leave last night. I wanted to stay with all of you longer.

Did I act disgraceful last night? The kind Berman's must have put some powerful something into their wine, to make me re-act the way I did. Do write to me, and tell me that you don't mind my getting almost "shieker" last night. I do feel ashamed of myself, but I do know that I enjoyed myself immensely.

I have already spoken to Leo Mahrer, and he has assured me that he will wire tonight, to give the information asked for. From his conversation, it seems that he does not expect a large attendance from Vancouver, but of course tonight's meeting may bring different results.

I have been finding it so difficult to work today. My mind is anywhere but here, and I think mostly in Victoria. I am going to love you all so dearly. I couldn't have chosen a nicer family to marry into than yours. Your real home folks.

In addition to letters from Ralph, I want my dear Mother and Daddy Fromson to write to me, please.

My love to both of you.