Dada dearest:

We just got into Vancouver today! And I was so nervous and headache after almost a week's travel that another "breakdown" would have been the least of it. The trip was deadly; miles after miles of western plains until the last day when we got into the Canadian Rockies. Then I was so tired that I could not even see the beauties!

And homesick? Did you say that I sound like homesick for America? I am already here. Just flew across on the American Continent.

4th July, 1917.
headache. Brother & I went to the best shop. Trying to get some things; but to our disappointment, the store was terrible. Someone said that there isn’t a well-dressed Canadian woman here; I did think that was an impossibility. Now, however, I am inclined to think that there is some truth to that. The women here look like cows!

By the way, I bought you a lovely pair of silk stockings from Peck & Peck. This will do! You know, Peck always did think that I was vain.

You must look after Mr. Banks. His health for me. See that they don’t catch cold. Wear rubber on raining days.

I am so homesick and blue over leaving you and some of my other friends. That I could just weep. You know, when I left you at the Grand Central, I controlled myself; but when the train began to pull out, I broke down completely. Oh, Dada, why must you
going home with me? We have met up with some very nice people, among them a bride and groom. But I want to see our friends! I have received over 60 letters since I arrived yesterday, but yours has not come.

Today is not like the Fourth of July in the States. The stores closed this afternoon, but I was not surprised that it was not because of the Fourth; but because the people here demand that half holiday on Wednesdays and Saturdays. By the way, I don't like the Canadians; they are so damnably ignorant and narrow-minded.

Brother and I decided that we would have the best of everything in our travels: so the best of everything at each meal is more than a week's allowances for me at college! We are doing everything up brown! You see, after we return hence, we shall no longer be able to be as irresponsible.
as we are now; so we are making the most of our present opportunities.

On our way across the continent, we saw a whole trainful of returned Canadian soldiers. At another place, we saw a train load of Chinese coolies, who are being shipped to France as laborers. If one of them should die, his family gets $50.00! Such is the price of life to them! If ever I have any influence, I shall see to it that no coolies are being shipped out, for Chinese needs are her own men to develop the mines.

Dada darling, now write me at 491 Avenue Joffre, French Concessions, Shanghai, China. And in the mean while save all your money so you could come see me some time to see the whole family. Tell Grandad that he is almost as sweet as the candy he gave me.

Wash hands.