

Vancouver. B.C. May 15th, 1921.

My dear Rose,
Sunday's brief
message, is somewhat disappoint-
ing. As a general rule there
is less time to write on Sunday
than any other day.

Last night we sat up
very late, & as a matter of
fact, Doctor & I, did not return
home until 3.30 A.M. We were
at Miss Mahner's house, & played
Bridge until about 2 A.M. &
by the time we were through
with tea that was served &

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the chatter-boxes closed, we found
it was nearly 3 A.M. I, therefore,
did not get out of bed until
noon to-day, and have only
just finished my breakfast.

I expect doctor to call
for me shortly, as we arranged
to take ~~a~~ out some girls
to pick some 'dogwood' with
which to decorate the
"Talmud Torah" for an ~~Haddassah~~
Social to be held there. We
will be out until probably
six 'o' clock. Then, I suppose
we will finish the evening

in somebody's house. This is generally considered a day well spent, although I hate to think of the days I waste that way. I would far rather prefer to read for a few hours but if I do that, I would have to spend the whole day alone. Of course, it would be entirely different were my darling Rosana by my side. Then we should indulge in loftier recreations. My "precious pearls" will be ~~my~~ ^{the}

guide + shining star of my life.

Do you realize what an important office you will occupy? I know success will follow our paths when my "eternal light" shall be at my side. You are my sweetest dream, my most precious reality.

Still waiting for the eventful day, I am.

Your lonely soul,
Saucy.



Miss Rose Hyams,
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Quebec.

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