

Montreal, March 23, 1921.



Disturbances of my dreams:-

I warn you for the last time to keep your spirit in Vancouver at night time, also during the early hours of the morning. Last night I went to the Puccini concert - the La Scala Orchestra - and for three hours sat in a trance and listened to marvellously sweet melodies and astonishing effects produced by the 100 piece orchestra. Naturally, when I retired, I was in a very receptive mood. My exalted thoughts and glowing feelings cannot be reduced to mere words. Had I the power to paint or compose, I might then create a work

that would attract attention. Where do all one's pent up emotions find an outlet? I awoke at six a. m. to resume the self-enacted playlet. I was then in a lighted humour, but cannot write my thoughts. You shall know them and laugh with me when I tell you.

You need not think you are so smart just because your little Doris loves you. I have a mighty fine nephew, eight years old, a little too rough it is true, but the cleverest kid for his age.

He proved his love when he sent me a lovely, red, heart-shaped Valentine, made at school, with the verse, "Roses

are red, etc." But seriously, I greatly appreciate your having sent Doris' letter and should be happy to receive any others. You do not know of my passion for children, but just wait and see.

You say you have made an analytical study of my character and that you expect to prove the correctness of your observations by referring back to your letter. You might tell a fellow what some of these qualities might be, if only to enable me to point out your mistakes when the day of judgment comes.

I thank you for the stubs and Ingrid's essay. I shall be on the lookout

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for your brother at the Fair, and in the
meantime, am wondering what he will
say, and whether or not I shall be
able to control myself and not say too
much about our miracle.

Tell me, Saucy, do women wear
fur coats and wraps in winter in your
city of Sunshine? If they do, I wish to
have mine remodelled. If not, I shall
dispose of it. I imagine they do, though,
just because I like a little cold spell
and surely this can be supplied for a
make-believe goddess. It has also
just occurred to me that perhaps my
angel of goodness thinks it wrong to

wear furs which necessitate the killing of animals. I have never given the subject much thought. If you do not approve, you shall lecture me in due time. Do you know, precious, I am believing all you tell me about myself, just for furs, (aren't you getting peevish?) and if the Queen of England happened along, I should turn my Irish nose right up and ignore her. I am living in a self created Fairyland and a lack has nothing on me for happiness. Of course when we are married and having daily scraps, I shall come back to earth.

At this point I am moved to poetry, so here goes:-

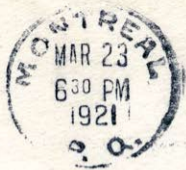
Dearest Sancy fond and true,
Oh! how I do long for you!

I have a confession to make and an apology to ask for. I bought a hat at noon to-day. It is the most wonderful thing that ever happened, golden brows, French flowers, 'in everything', but oh! the price! Sancy, you'll never guess how much! I really should have purchased a cheap one and saved my money for us, but it is spring and like the trees, I want to burst forth

in my new togs. I am also getting a lovely new cloth wrap, a new dress and accessories. Aren't you terribly interested, sweetheart? I suppose I should have more sense than to write about clothes, but at present, the subject is occupying a great deal of my time and eventually you will have to be interested, so why not now?

Merrily, but very lovingly, your own
Rosana.

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