

I LOVE WORDS

Some love schooners, Some love birds
With peacock feathers. I love words.

Some love the lark whose song on high
Seams the earth fast to sky

Some love a bell or deep gong
That yearns to fondle the silence long.

Some love lacquer, glittering brass,
Ivory, Crystal, and fine-spun glass.

Some love jewels and gems that daze;
Topaz, onyx, chrysopraze.

Others love beauty that haunts swans
In permanent repose of bronze.....

For others, in music a rapture begins
In flutes conversing with violins.

Some love snow-fall white as wool,
Till streets are enameled beautiful...

Till moonlit streets winter will freeze
To coral islands in amber seas.

Others love meadows, when spring comes back,
With daffodils as their almanac.

A maple's crimson or sumac's fire
Will kindle in others a torch of desire.

Some love ships, Some love birds;
Some love meadows; I love words!

2675 Oak St.,
Vancouver, B.C.
January 8, 1933.

My Own Dear Ralph,

I've been wanting to be in Victoria all day, my dear Ralph. My every thought has been with you. I feel as excited about your speech as if I had to make it myself. Actually, I have been jotting down little things that I thought might be good --- but of course I just tear them up. Please dearest, send me a copy of your speech. I want to read your beautiful words. I found a perfectly charming little piece of poetry that I think you will like and am enclosing copy of it herewith. In return, I shall expect a copy of your speech Mr. President.

I am so glad my dear that you are pleased about mother offering us her diamond. It is a beautiful stone, and I shall be very proud to flash it around.

Will you be here this coming Saturday, January 14? It won't cost you much dear, as you are going to be Rose's house guest. Please let me know soon darling, because I want to arrange our program for the two days. Anyway it seems such a long time to wait till next Saturday. I never knew that love could do this to me --- make every day seem like a year. Do you think I'll ever get over it? I hope not.

Anita and I went to see "Congress Dances" last night. I was very much disappointed in it. And "liberty" marked it with four stars!

I've started to buy things for myself, dear Ralph. Nice personal things - I think you'll like them - lovely silk and lace and ribbons. I'm just writing this part to tantalize you a little bit, and I hope I am succeeding. Let me know, will you please!

By the time you get this letter your Installation will be all over, the tumult and shouting will have died, and the captains and monitors all departed, and I will have missed it all. Right at this moment I need some of Mr.Bean's good swear words., because I feel that I should be there instead of here. I love you Ralph my dear, much more than I know how to tell you. I wonder if you realize that? Although we won't have much money Ralph, we'll really be rich! We have something more precious than money, and something that all the money in the world can't buy, dear Ralph, ---just simple, sincere and genuine love for each other.

Ever Yours,

Anna

Anna Goldberg

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VANCOUVER, B.C.



Mr. Ralph Fromson,

Signal Hill,

Esquimalt, B.C.