

Vancouver, B.C.

March 10 ~~th~~ 1921.

My Thornless Rose,  
my expectations were again shattered to-day. Another blank day, although your ~~of~~ last letter, which I received two days ago, brought me assurance that you would write at least every second day. In my letter of yesterday, I pleaded that you send a message each day, as I feel our new formed relations demand a very frequent interchange of thought & sentiment, & that the sacrifice of time incidental thereto will be amply rewarded. Besides, the pen is the only medium available at present, to ~~become~~ enable us to become fully acquainted with each other, and is at its best a very poor substitute for the blissful days that should precede the new chapter

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of our history on which we are about to embark. Am I not, therefore, entitled to half-an-hour of your time each day? It is a habit, which, if cultivated, will bring its own recompense.

I am astonished at myself, that I write as much as I ~~have done~~ since I left Montreal. What an influence a flower can see wield! If the Zionist Convention has accomplished anything, it has brought me cheer + light + inspiration. Nothing else than Fate can account for it.

I want to write you a long letter, giving you in a general way the important features of my life, since I left Montreal for the West in 1910, so that I shall be an open book to you.

But I shall wait until your mail is as regular as mine. Cruel! Isn't it?

I shall send some good views of your new place of abode as soon

as I can get them. It is also my intention to write you about my profession - how it is carried on, the charges, etc., & prospects of building up a good practice. You will then know a good deal about me, and I should like to study more of you as you are the most interesting creature it has been my good fortune to meet. You now know the reason why I urge a more frequent interchange of thoughts.

I am daily expecting to receive your consent to release ~~the~~ <sup>my</sup> joyous thoughts to my folks. I feel you will not withhold that from me any longer. To date, I have not written or suggested a word to them: as a matter of fact, due to my own "blinking eye" I have written home only once since I arrived here from Montreal. You will, therefore

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readily understand what sacrifices  
I have made in order that you  
should not be kept in suspense.

There is no apparent change in  
the condition of my woula. I shall  
probably have it attended to during  
the summer. It is a small matter  
& I would be indisposed for only  
two or three days. My "wicked shoulder"  
could be easily disciplined. It is  
most marked when I am under  
great strain or working at high  
tension. Your soothing syrup, will,  
I know, easily conquer it.

That completes my message  
for to-day. To-morrow, your letter  
will urge me to write more. If you  
disappoint me to-morrow my "wicked  
shoulder" will be beyond control &  
might again resort to the "speedy relief"  
method. But I am optimistic.

Believe me,  
My eternal Sunshine,  
Lance.



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