

Montreal, March 8th, 1921.

Dearest:-

Your letters come, my heart is stirred, in everything. You have been the dearest of dears to write so frequently, especially when I know I do not deserve such consideration.

I do believe I failed to comment on your photographs. I like the head but not the gown. I think gowns are ugly. But, of course, it isn't the gown that matters, is it! Later you must take a bust photograph at the best studio in Vancouver

and try to appear as handsome as you really are in person. Mine will be completed within a week and shall forward one without delay.

No, Saucy, you were wrong in imagining I was by your side that night you were so restless. I didn't even send my spirit to keep you company, for I would have you know, sir, that I am a perfect lady - sometimes. I kept strictly to my own room, spirit and everything, honest and true, cross my heart and hope to die.

I am taking it for granted that you would like to come to our Fair, and enclose four tickets. One dollar, please, by return, registered mail. Thank you.

Heris hoping you win the Silver Fox.

The money is going to the Keren Kaysod.

By the way, I hope you paid no charges on my telegram, for I have had it charged to my account.

I have ridiculed your supposition that my spirit was very near to you that night, but in truth I should not have done so, for there have been times when you seemed so close

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to me that I was afraid to move
lest I find you present. Do you remember
when I said I was afraid? And I
shall never forget how you looked at
me and what you said. It was
so reassuring, so tender, so manly.

With love and longing, believe

me

Your very own

Rosana.



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