



Vancouver, B.C. April 11th 1921.

My Dear Louie Bird,

The pages of Time
turn & wait for no-one. ~~So days~~
the calendar says two months have
elapsed since I uttered the
words Fate ordained should
decide the present & future of
our whole being. And yet, each
day brings forth new beauties &
wonders which overshadow
those of yesterday, although
yesterday's joy seems to have
reached its millenium. And
so the days roll on in the
world in which I now live.

To say that pen ^{and} paper could inspire me with lofty thoughts & noble ambitions, would have seemed incredible to me a few months ago, & yet that is exactly what your messages accomplish. My whole being seems to have changed & my friends notice it in me.

On Saturday, I took a love-stricken friend of mine into my confidence & told him all. He listened very attentively & when I had finished he remarked, "I suspected it, judging by your

behaviour since you returned from Montreal. I am certain all my friends will say the same thing when I break the news to them.

Saturday evening I attended the social given by the "Nutzvah girls" & enjoyed myself as much as I could expect to consistent with your absence.

There were about 100 people ^{present} ~~present~~. Mr. Brotman, who is one of my married friends, occupies a large house & it was filled to capacity. They

raised about 100^{∞} for their
cause. Your own Lucey, danced
four waltzes, three with
married women, & one with
a young lady who is an ex-
law-student. I think some of
the girls thought me a queer
specimen of humanity to
show preference for married women.

Each day brings its own
thrills, & the glad feeling re-
ceives ~~an~~ additional stimulus
the following day. To-day I
received your letters of the
5th & 6th inst., enclosing expressions

of good wishes of your friends & your photograph, & I am certain my whole being has taken flight back to my youthful days of extreme rapture. I am a child & in Fairyland once again. It is difficult to realize that I am a fully grown man, as my joy is so undisturbed & my ^{imagination} ~~fancies~~ extends its wings to encompass youth's consummation of its wildest fancy.

It would be superfluous to express my thanks for your splendid portrait, and besides, my appreciation cannot be

expressed on paper. When you are here, you will know how I value it, but then, of course, it will take second place to the original. My only argument for the existence of a god is that it requires divine power to create & mould a being with such noble thoughts & wonderful charms you possess.

I am very thankful to your friends for their cordial feelings & sentiments as expressed in their notes. I shall comment on them within the next few days, if I have time.

Miss McKinley feels justly proud
~~for~~ with the important part she
 played unconsciously in the
 most important scene in our
 lives, & which, I trust, marks
 the time of our lustrous future.

Fate chose a noble heart in
 selecting Miss McKinley to show
 us the living embodiment of
 our ideals. I shall write her
 before the end of the week, time permit-
 ting.

I should very much like
 to write to Dorothy, your relatives
 & friends, but the time at my
 command is limited. You might

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please tell her that time cannot
run too swiftly to enable Rosana
& Sancy to extend her their
hospitality jointly, & to give
her & her soul-mate the freedom
of our home. Yes! And it will
be free: as free as the unbounded
fields of allegorical paradise, &
I hope, just as wonderful.

The sweet dream has unfolded
its leaves, & has given birth to the
winged fancies of my imagination.
You are the central figure of my
Utopia & I must, therefore do all
I can to speedily procure the absent
figure of my perfect state.

Very affectionately yours,
Morris

RETURN TO
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