

Vancouver, B.C.  
March 11<sup>th</sup> 1921.

My Halo,  
I sealed one letter an hour ago + I am prompted to write again. I wish you would cultivate that habit + fill me with cheer. Hello: your friend from the Jewish Chronicle is here again! He is leaving on Sunday next 13<sup>th</sup> inst., so that this letter will reach you before the message I gave him to deliver to your parents reaches them.

I wrote your parents a few words stating that I have a grievance, although not giving particulars. It is, of

advise the same thing that I  
 have been writing you about - your  
 delinquency in writing. My  
 hand seemed to control my head  
 & I wrote those few unpleasant  
 words. Shortly after he left  
 I thought that it was unwise  
 to mention it to them. You  
 will, I know, pass the matter by.

As stated, to-day I am gloomy,  
 not have received even a single  
 ray of light which it was within  
 your power to bestow, & as a  
 result all kinds of thoughts  
 are flashing through my mind.  
 Knowing that you control  
 my feelings as you do, why should  
 you not fill me with joy? It  
 will not take up more than

twenty minutes of four times each day. Yes! My Sunshine must radiate its rays on me all the time. It cannot - it must not cease.

When answering this letter promise me that you will send me a message of cheer each day. Without it I cannot be happy.

If anything interrupts that chain, I may be forced to resort to desperate measures for relief.

What money I have at my disposal will be well worth spending to sooth my ~~own~~ spirit. Yes! noble one! It is a bad case of Soul-hunger & it must be nourished regularly.

The tone of my last two messages is all but pleasant,

but I should be unfair to myself  
& you would not ~~be~~ know the state  
of my mind were I to write other-  
wise. Please let me know, therefore,  
whether you think my attitude correct.

You will received this letter  
Wednesday next 16<sup>th</sup> ins., & I would  
like you to answer it on receipt  
so as to catch the Westbound train  
which leaves you City <sup>in the</sup> each evening.  
If you do this, & I know that  
you will surely not disappoint  
me this time, I shall get your  
reply Monday morning 21<sup>st</sup> ins. I  
have made a note to that effect in  
my diary.

Now, Sunshine Sue, I am hoping  
for a brighter morrow. Will it come?

Believe me,  
Your "hungry soul,  
Feverish"

P.S.  
This now explains does  
not sufficiently describe  
my condition!  
no.



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