

Montreal, February 22, 1921.

Saucy darling:-

The gods of Fate are on your side, for no sooner do I receive a letter from you, but I hasten to answer it, whereas heretofore, little Rosie's custom has been to wait as long as the law would allow before answering mail.

I read the thoughts that you have penned and allow myself to be thrilled. There is something incredible

about the whole affair, for I expect to wake up any minute and find that what seemed like so many days of ecstasy was really only a dream. The awakening will be cruel. I try to tell myself that I deserve this happiness, but I cannot honestly believe that, unless, perhaps it has been given me for the purpose of noble accomplishment in the future. I have always visualized a very beautiful, lofty married state, and it may be possible that you are to take me into the Garden of Eden and make real the wonders I have dreamed. I dare not think what would become of me should the dream vanish.

No, I do not agree with you in that your lack of material things is to be regretted. When I told you what my requirements were, I spoke purely from a practical viewpoint, taking nothing into consideration but my own

physical comfort. I know I
can be happy with you without
the things I mentioned.

Anticipation is a splendid
thing - it is an ideal state,
and even though realization
may also be well nigh perfect,
the former is even more full
of promise, and certainly
much easier to bear than
doubt and fear which at
first filled my mind, and
which might have entered
yours had I not come to
my senses. I shall leave

material plans to you, and
when you think you are ready
to shoulder the heavy burden
of 115 pounds, together with
whims, fancies, much soul,
and risks attached thereto,
believe I shall be almost
ready to be shouldered. I
have dozens of plans in mind
which will make everything
easier for you, but shall wait
a while before unloading
everything I know and think.

To-morrow, Wednesday,
as anticipated, you shall

receive my first letter. I am wondering what
your thoughts will be after you shall have
read it. Disappointed? I always imagine I
am disappointing those who love me.

I hope you have sent your photograph.
Mine is still in the dream stage, but will
materialize shortly.

Yours Missus nearly,
Rosana.



Mr. Morris Soskin,
18 Hastings Street W.,
Vancouver, B. C.

(2)

"Personal"

66 St. Famille Street,
Montreal, Que.