

Montreal, June 29th, 1921.

My dear Angel Morris:-

I would rather lose everything I own in the world than write this letter, but after two days' deliberation, believe it is best to tell you my exact condition. I must be frank and honest, at all costs.

When wiring you, I felt well and continued to do well for a few days, but all the old fears and thoughts have come back and am sorry to say I am no better. I asked Mother and Father if they thought your coming down would make any difference, but both said that if you were to come down and see me in this depressed state, you would break our engagement or at least return to Vancouver in disgust. And I do not think anyone could blame you if you did either of those things. At any rate, I decided there was no use in seeking cheerful friends or in any way attempting to crowd out my thoughts, for they refuse to leave me. I awoke yesterday morning, feeling that it was impossible to stand the strain any longer, so phoned Dr. Shirres, the best neurologist in town, and made an appointment with him. He is Chief of his department at the General Hospital and Professor at McGill, and has specialized in neurology for thirty-five years. Mother accompanied me. He gave me a thorough examination but found nothing wrong with my body or brain. He said I am suffering from some kind of phobia, brought on by a shock to my nervous system, even though I may have been unaware of it at the time. According to the good book, phobia means, "unreasonable fear or dread; morbid dislike." And I believe that is just the trouble. He says I am to have confidence in him and do exactly as he tells me - that

the picture before my mind is untrue and will be removed by proper treatment. I am not to scold myself nor in any way attempt to reason it out, since my illness is as real as though I were suffering from scarlet fever or anything else, and that all the will power and wishing in the world will not dispel the gloom. He gave me a tonic and I shall see him again either Saturday or Monday.

I do not recollect telling you just how the blues came over me at St. Agathe. Dorothy prepared my breakfast and as I was about ready to begin, Charlie asked her to go down to the store to help him fix something or other. I was left alone, and instead of eating, allowed my mind to picture a scene in Vancouver, dreary surroundings, alone in the world, doing housework without end, and being generally miserable. I left you out of the picture altogether. One would think I was going to spend the rest of my life in the Sahara Desert, by myself. The whole thing is ridiculous but the Doctor says it was a shock and he must be right, since from that moment to this, with the exception of two or three days, I have not been able to bear the thought of going away anywhere, and when I wrote you that I did not care for you physically, it was the way I felt and still continue to feel. You cannot imagine how it pains me to write this and I know it is beyond your imagination to realize the state I am in - only the Doctor understands it, and he says there is nothing strange about it - he has had hundreds of similar cases among young men and women, and there is no need to worry - he will restore my cheerfulness and <sup>make</sup> me well in a short time. It has relieved me considerably to know that I am really ill - I thought it

was my fault and that I had undergone a change of heart towards you - but he assures me this is not the case and that I am no more responsible for my illness than I would be had I broken a leg.

Now, dear, I have been feeling this way for four weeks and you must not be alarmed or worry, nor must you think of coming down now, for that would only be an additional worry for me. The Doctor says I am to stop planning my wedding until I am well again. The adage about true love never running smoothly is cropping up even in our ideal affair, and to think that the trouble is such an unreal one! This is my first experience of what worry can do and also my first compulsory visit to a physician in twenty years. The penalty for bragging! Mother says she thinks I have been overcome by the envy of my friends, but I am above thinking along those lines. And what Mother and Father have said about your breaking our engagement does not worry me in the least. They do not seem to understand what our love means and cannot realize that I am ill and hence my thoughts and feelings are unnatural temporarily, and no doubt think their threats will frighten me into becoming well. I do not care so much about myself as that it almost kills me to make you unhappy. I know no one that I think so much of - there isn't any one to compare with you - and there isn't anything in the world I would not do for you, but at present I am unable to do anything but make you miserable. Why must this be?

Please do not wire - it is unnecessary, dear, for I am already assured of your sympathy and unfailing love.

Everything is supposed to happen for the best and perhaps it is better to have taken ill here than after we are married.

Even if you should divorce me, which I know you would not do, I am

Yours forever,

*Rosana.*

P.S. The Doctor did not advise me to give up work at the office, so am still hanging on. But as soon as I am well, shall do so.

112



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

33 St. Catherine Road, Outremont,  
Montreal, Que.