

Montreal, June 6th, 1921.

My Wonder-man:-

If I were worthy of you, I would frame up a jolly letter and cheer you up, but being what I am, must tell you that I am suffering an attack of the blues, and no matter how hard I try to reason, cannot see daylight. It all started on Saturday morning, at Dorothy's, when I sat down to breakfast. I thought of living in Vancouver, away from my accustomed atmosphere, and why that should have caused me to leave an untasted meal, I know not. Reason tells me that I ought to be happier in Vancouver with my very dearest, but that horrible feeling has taken possession of me and all other thoughts and feelings are submerged. I could write a volume, describing my feelings, but suffice it to say that I wish I were a horse, or a cow, or a tree - anything without feelings. I saw Milly last night and she said it is because I am lonesome for you, but that is not the trouble. I imagine I am going to be a hindrance to you, and a worry, and these thoughts torment me continuously. I ask myself why you, the grandest, finest man I have ever known, should suffer my company when I feel as I do to-day. It would make you frightfully unhappy to see me so, and instead of helping you as I should like, would act like a silly baby. Perhaps to-morrow I shall be feeling better, and, of course, shall write. I have had two or three attacks like this before I knew you, but this one seems to hurt most. Please do not worry, dearest, I am not worth it. Anyone who cannot be reasoned with does not deserve your love, although I know now that without it, I should surely die. There shall never be any other man in my life.

I have not yet shed a tear, although this is the third day I have felt so unhappy. I thought Milly would help me to weep and then I might feel relieved, but there was nothing doing. My tear ducts must have tried up from disuse.

I know this message is cowardly and unintelligible, but perhaps you will understand and be able to help me. Are you going to divorce me? or spank me? or do you think that with all my glaring faults and babyish ways, you can love me still? When I am normal, I can love you to death and stand your company no matter what your mood, but at present, imagine after reading this cheerful epistle, you will have no further use for me.

Yours always,

Rosana.

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