

Montreal, April 8th, 1921.

Sweetheart :-

Relative to your financial report and your sweet message of the 2nd, "I presume you feel lost for words to express your anguish." Sassy, you surprise me. I am so proud of your accomplishment that I could go out and paint it all over town. If you were here I should have killed you by suffocation in a soul kiss just to express my pleasure in you. Anguish! Yes, dear, at times the sweet pain that shoots through my being when I think of what our future holds almost amounts to anguish.

I cannot help it - I feel that I shall never be able to do as much for you as you deserve - you are so much greater than I. My only hope is that I shall grow bigger by your side. And yet, small as I think I am, do you know, dear, I search <sup>in vain</sup> among my friends and acquaintances for just one soul who is capable of understanding. Either there is too much materialism or else an over abundance of sentimentalism. You are the only person I have ever met who



possessed these qualities in the right proportion to blend harmoniously with mine. I feel that you understand me, and sometimes when I have written what I knew to be sheer foolishness, I had no fear, knowing that were you with me, I should be saying the same things, and that you would forgive my weakness. "Oh, the delight of having found a kindred soul!"

You are a big man in the eyes of the world to-day, but let that world wait and it shall see such

dazzling greatness as was never  
witnessed before. I know you are  
making good, my very own. If only  
I could do something practical to help.  
You know you may call on me for  
anything you wish. I am yours to  
command. When you think you are  
ready to shoulder this heavyweight,  
I shall need a couple of months' notice  
to get ready, but no doubt I shall know when.

Do you want any suggestions?  
So far as I am concerned, I have  
such faith in your ability that I  
really do not think I can give you



any advice. You know it all. With others, I can find fault and offer ideas, but, honestly, dear, you seem to know everything I do, and heaps more besides. However, if you wish for advice on any definite subject, you shall have it, free.

Last night I dined with Dorothy in honour of my birthday. There were present her husband, brother-in-law and wife, a friend, Dorothy and I. When we were about half way through, I began to think of Vancouver and

my imagination had full sway. I could see myself invited out to dinner, and, <sup>as</sup> I gazed about at the strange faces, grew horribly lonesome for my own people, and after that, was an utter failure socially, and a disgrace to you. I didn't enjoy Dorothy's dinner after that, and asked to be allowed to go home early - I wanted to be alone with you. Saucy, do you think I shall do anything so dreadful? And if I should, what are you going to do? This is one of the things I shouldn't bore you



~~you~~ with, but I behaved similarly out West at my sister's and the only reason (I know it is a big one) why I should not repeat it is that you will be with me. Advice to the forlorn please, also a scolding.

I can say it now - darling -

yours forever, x Xx.

Rosana.

Gene



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