

Montreal, March 16th, 1921.

My life:-

It pains me to read that you have received no mail for two days. This lapse occurred two weeks ago when I wrote neither Saturday nor Sunday, but henceforth I shall write every day except Sunday. Miss Haigh says if I don't write regularly, she will. It has been splendid of you to write so regularly, and I kiss you eleven.

I am eagerly awaiting that long letter featuring your life since 1910. It will be a special treat. Why don't you tell me all about your childhood, too? It could not have been more empty than mine. Mother failed to understand

me. She mistook my strong will for stubbornness and not a day passed without a spanking. Can you imagine a girl child deprived of the pleasure of playing with toys and books? I never had a doll!

One summer I daily attended a playground where there were dolls, carriages, beds, stoves and books. I used to take all the dolls the supervisor would allow me, and the love I lavished on them was equal to a mother's. Taken altogether, I do not suppose my childhood was very much worse than the average, twenty years ago. Mother had six kids and an exacting husband to serve, and no maid. Father always made an excellent living

but his savings went into real estate and stocks, instead of making life a joy for his wife and children. I say it is Mother's fault because she never asked for anything. When Father bought her diamonds she made him return them because, she said, he worked too hard. The modern girl could never live under such stress, let alone attend to the spiritual needs of her children. I have three nieces and three nephews, and they know that if there is anything they wish for, all they have to do is to write Aunt Rose and they get it. They call me their real, live Santa Claus, the most wonderful aunt in the world, and a

few more pet names. I find the boys too wild, but the girls are the light of my life and there is nothing I would not do for them. You see they are my children, temporarily.

Of course, since you came, they have been forced into the background, and instead of writing them individual letters, I write one long family letter.

Why wait until the summer to have your work attended to? You may be too busy then. Tell me when you will have it done and during that period I shall write three letters each day. I don't think you should delay the matter further. Mr. Turtle has the same trouble and he postpones the operation from time

to time - in the summer he will have it done in the winter, and vice versa.

I am not going to tell you what my feelings are to-day. In the first place, this letter would never pass the censor, and secondly, I haven't the nerve to tell you in broad daylight. Of course my feelings in the morning are the result of my thoughts during the previous night. I am sorry now I wrote even this much, but we promised to be frank, didn't we! There is nothing petty about my affection for you. You are my whole existence. Everything

I do and say is flavored with tincture of
 Morris Goskin. You need not worry about
 my going out with the boys. My speed
 these days is talking to them on the phone.
 I am too busy to see them - so they think.
 I am, but not in the sense they mean.

And, Sancy, it is good to know and feel
 that I can trust you implicitly. Intuition
 tells me that you are and always
 will be beyond reproach in so far as
 other women are concerned. Our religion
 shall be somewhat similar to Ingij's.

Your own

Rorana.



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

"Personal"

66 St. Camille Street

Montreal. Que.