

The significance of proper names to the personality varies considerably with different people, and is often very great. There was much evidence to shew that with the present patient this significance was unusually great. One instance may at once be mentioned; namely, he volunteered the statement that he loved his wife so much that he could not bear the thought of any other woman being called by her name, Annie. Two other statements made at the same interview go to strengthen the suggestion ventured above. First, he had as a boy greatly admired Bert Wilson, and had much envied him his access to his mistress on the convenient arrangement above referred to. Secondly, his journey to Toronto, where he knew no one and had no prospect of getting employment, had been suddenly determined on by his seeing a placard in Buffalo announcing that navigation was open on Lake Ontario. The picture of the steamship on the advertisement aroused his old longing for the sea as a means of escape from conditions he could no longer endure. In fact he had himself, as a boy of twelve, escaped from school by climbing through a window at night, and run away to sea.

My second interview with the patient was on May 31. He had fairly well retained his recovered memories, with one notable exception which will be mentioned in a moment. One of my first questions was, "Are you sure about your own name now?" He answered, "Oh, yes, Frederick Albert Williams." After a while he remembered that he had made a mistake and corrected the name to Richard Albert Williams. The origin of the mistake we shall come upon later. The most interesting feature of this interview, however, was the patient's absolute amnesia for the man Bert Wilson, an amnesia I had anticipated would probably occur, though I need hardly say that I let no inkling of this escape me which might act as a suggestive influence.

Q.—Tell me again about Bert Wilson?

A.—Wilson. You mean Jack Webb, don't you?