Hello, papa!

It is the sixth day today since we have been at the hospital. June lost 200 grams in weight. Now (she weighs) 2,700 gr. plus 20 gr. which she gained yesterday. Aleck, I did not think it was so difficult to nurse a baby. June eats through your cover. But the milk rises before each feeding time and should be drawn off. It is so painful that it would be better if I gave birth to one more baby. Dear Aleck, immediately, this very day, buy for me and send me a breast pump (a portion of the line is torn off), so that the rubber bulb is taut, not soft.

I am afraid to get mastitis. Aleck, I became so awful looking that you would not recognize me. This is all because I worry about June not taking the breast. Also, they do not let you have enough sleep here—only from 2 a.m. to 5 a.m. I cannot
imagine what I will do at home. Aleck, I also urgently need 1 ruble 20 kopecks. After all, I cannot walk around without a brassiere. Someone bought two for a woman here and she sold me one of them. I must pay her back. This is not for making myself beautiful, but to keep milk from getting stagnant. You all there do not even think about bringing me what I need. All you are doing is just asking what I need. After all, I wrote that you buy me some “Lilac” cologne or toilet water. I cannot bathe here. Bring me my — (one illegible word). What are you doing; did you go to the movies? See to it that there is perfect order at home. Inessa and Olya and Aunt Lyuba visited me. Aunt Valya never came again; you, too, do not come, considering that you are doing me a favor. Oh, well, enough of this, I close.

/s/ Marina.
Minot, 
August 22, 1932.

Dear Ethel,

I did send you a letter at the very beginning of August, and it must have come to you by now, so I hope this letter be the second one. Everything here is OK (except the weather, which is pretty nasty). I am on my holiday now.

I am in that to read in English. Wait for some books. The books you wrote to have sent me are not here yet. I wonder if they have not been lost. At least, it would be a pity.

Would you recommend the first letter your mother wrote me?

I think if it would be right to send you any books now that I don't know, they reach you will come without any wrong with the address, for I was very careful about it.

My best regards to all you there.

Miss Maria and June.

Your friend, Ethel.

P.S. I saw Nella the other day, she asked me about you. I told her that you were A.K. She was married and going to work for someone else at school. She sends her best regards to you.

Ethel.