

Dear Papa!
 I am writing you from the hospital.
 I have been here for 6 days now.
 I am feeling better every day.
 I hope you are all well.
 I love you all very much.
 Your daughter,
 [Name]

2/20/62

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

Minsk,
August 22, 1962.

Dear Dick,

I did send you a letter at the very beginning of August. It must have come to you by now. So I hope this letter is the second one.

Everything here is OK, (except the weather, which is really nasty). I'm having my holiday now.

I had written to send in English. Waiting for your books. The books you wrote to have sent to me didn't come yet. I wonder if they were lost along the way. It would be a pity. I'm hoping to buy an English book you know.

With you in mind, the first letter you came from us!

I think if it would be right to send you my books now that I don't know they reach you. There was probably some wrong with the address for I was very careful about it.

My best regards to all you there.

Miss Marina and June.

Your friend, Erich.

P.S. I saw Nella the other day. She asked me about you. I told her that you were O.K. She was married and going to leave for somewhere to work at school. She sends her best regards to you.

Erich.