Dear Ruth! Hello!

Here it is already a week since I received your letter. I can't produce any excuses as there are no valid reasons. I'm ashamed to confess that I am a person of moods. And my mood currently is such that I don't feel much like anything! As soon as you left all "love" stopped, and I am very hurt that Lee's attitude toward me is such that I feel each minute that I bind him. He insists that I leave America, which I don't want to do at all. I like America very much and think that even without Lee I would not be lost here. What do you think.

This is the basic question which doesn't leave me day or night. And again Lee has said to me that he doesn't love me, so you see we came to mistaken conclusions. It is hard for you and me to live without a return of our love—interesting, how will it all end?

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Commission Exhibit 408
Now a bit about the impressions I've received this week. Last Saturday we went to Aunt Lillian's and, leaving June with her, were at the lake. Lee wanted to catch crabs, but caught nothing. I have a very fine opinion of his relatives. Straightforward and kind people; to me they are very attentive. I like them. We have been to the French Quarter in the evening. It's a shame you didn't manage to get there in the evening. For me it was especially interesting as it was the first time in my life I had seen such. There were many nite clubs there. Through the open doors were visible barely covered dancing girls (so as not to say entirely unclothed). Most of them had really very pretty, rare figures and if one doesn't think about too many things, then one can like them very much. There were a great many tourists there, for the most part very rich. We have been to the nearby park again. Isn't it a fine park? But we were there in the evening and the zoo was closed. Near Lee's relatives there is a city park 5 times larger, and there is a lake there. But we have not been there yet. We will get there, I hope.
Dear Ruth, a thousand apologies that I am not sending your letter back, as I entrusted it to Lee, he put it in his shirt pocket and lost it. We were leaving the house when the letter arrived, and so took it with us in order to read it. But I have no pockets and so it happened I gave it into Lee's keeping. Dear Ruth, forgive me please. It will not happen again. I can only say that there were a good many mistakes and it would have been interesting and useful for you to see them, but I liked the style of the letter. In this regard it was even grammatical. Write me how the dinner went and what you cooked. How is Michael, what did they reply to the letters you wrote when I was there to your mother-in-law and friends? You see how curious I am? How is everything and how are the children feeling? When do you plan to go and where (to your mother-in-law or to New York)? I give you questions thinking that it will be easier to write me a letter.

Oh, yes, I almost forgot, Lee said you sent some yeast for me to Aunt Lillian's address. (He said medicine or vitamins). But I know that it is yeast. We have not gotten it yet, but I thank you for the thoughtfulness you show to me.
Dear Ruth, please don't be put out with me for delaying my answer. My feelings toward you are sincere and I like you. Regardless of anything.

Perhaps I have misspelled this word, ne is together or separate? But I think that is right.

With this I close my epistle. June is feeling fine. And we are happy that she is walking rather a lot. She doesn't like to walk holding onto a hand, but wants to do it herself. June gives me much joy and toil. But for one's own baby it is pleasant to do everything, isn't it so?

I kiss and hug you and the children. June sends greetings to Lynn and Chris—ha, ha! Greetings to you and Michael from Lee.

Sincerely,

MARINA