

Dawson, Saturday, 9/2 1924

My dearest!!!

It's late at night, but my heart won't be at peace unless I write to you.

I greet you just as your heart likes best and I wish for you all the best and a thousand times better than I wish for myself. I received your letter, which made me very happy and I warmly thank you for it.

Micka, you write that if God permits we'll see each other shortly and talk which is what I want, too. But when we see each other we don't have time to even look each other in the eyes.

When you were here in Dawson I was somewhat drunk because I drank too much, but mostly out of happiness.

You don't have to worry about the house, I've already written myself down 18 days ago. Everything else is as usual. We've worked for the whole six days this week. Write if your leg still hurts. Your letters could never insult me, just write everything you can. Tell the Novak family that I'll write to them soon and send my regards to them. Regards to the Cunja family as well.

And finally, give my warm greetings to your parents, Albina and the brothers.

And you, I want to hold out my hand to you and kiss you like my favourite thing in the whole world and my mind will not change from one day to the next but will stay like this until one of us dies.

I send you my affectionate greetings, my dear flower.

May God be with You.

Please write every day if you can.