

Dawson, 26/2 1924

My dearest Micka!

Please accept my affectionate greetings and thousands of loving kisses. I can't even tell you how much I love you, and you're always on my mind. Micka, if I offended you last time I was in Yankee, I am again begging you to forgive me. Last Sunday, I thought we were having a good time in Yankee, and I was very pleased and happy. Too bad there was that stupidity in the evening. Today I was working and the rest is just as usual. My boss didn't say anything because I hadn't come to work for two days, he just laughed and told me that next time I go to Yankee you come back with me as well.

So, next time or the time after that, if God gives health and nothing unexpected happens, I certainly won't leave Yankee alone.

Say hello to your parents and the whole family, especially to little Francek. Tell your mother that it was good to see her at least a bit happy and dancing last Sunday night.

I remember when you asked me whether I got that letter which had another envelope inside. I told you that I didn't, but I got it and so far no letter got lost. Just write to me if you can and if you have time, even every night if you manage. I'll also write to you as often as possible because I really like receiving your letters.

Last time you mentioned to me that you will take a picture of yourself. I ask you to send one picture to my parents and write to them because I have already told them about what we are planning to do and I know that they will be really happy if you write to them.

You have to send a photo to Franc, too, you don't have to worry because of me, you can write to any friend of yours, and you can dance as much as you want and with anybody you want. I am not, and I think I never will be, as stupid as the majority of men to not allow you to dance.

Again, I send you my dearest greetings and may your kind and gentle heart always remind you of me because I think my heart will never forget you. And let me tell you something I have never told you before. Last year, when I left the village for the last time, I looked back many times. I had more tears in my eyes than when I was leaving my parents and brothers. Now I end by greeting the Novak and Cunja family, Jože and Martina, and especially all of you.

First thing when I come to Yankee remind me to grease the door.

May God be with you, J.B.