

Minsk,
August 22, 1962.

Dear Glad,

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 on my holiday now, and I'm reading a book in English. Waiting for your books. The books you wrote to have sent me didn't come yet. I wonder if they have got stuck at post. It would be a pity. I'm sorry. I don't know you know.

What you said in your first letter you never forgot.

I think it would be right to send you a book now that I don't know they reach you. I'm not really very wrong with the address. I'm very careful about it.

My best regards to all your dear

His Mother and Jim.

Your friend,
Rich

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

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