

Dear Mum and Olive,

Forgive me. How many times I have to say this to everybody. I try to do more than I have the brains to do and fall down all along the way. The names we are sending this time are for your young people's group. The three girls are in their teens. The first two we know a little because they live near here and their church is close by. The other one knows English and I only know about her through the Episcopal minister here. Arlette is a swell girl. She would appreciate it a lot if you corrected her errors in English in her letters. We had a grand time at her home one day. Her father was a civil engineer highly educated in Switzerland and Belgium or Holland, I forget which of the last places. He died before the children were educated. The boy is working days and going to engineering school at night.

Olive, you must think I am terrible by now on account of your blouse and vase. Really and truly we didn't forget any of your birthdays. I mean, I didn't. It is just my slowness in getting around to things. We haven't sent any packages to anyone since we arrived here, but next month I am going to stop taking lessons and do such things. I have to have your blouse made. Will you send me your measurements? We will send a package with something for everyone, including I hope for Ana and Ralph, too in June. I have things in mind for you all just lack time to go to the post office for the necessary papers, make the purchases, and tie up the packages. Mum, I love you and thought of you most all day Sunday.

Olive, I love you too. I have lots to write you about next month.

Love from us all,

Betty