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Tshatlhaganyane,
Serowe,
January 28th 1938.

Kgaitsadiaka le Kgosi ea me.

Ke amogetse loa lagu rra, Rea itumela. Dikgaŋ tsa lonè Readi ittule sentle.

Ke botse machòlo oa lagu Phuti ea me?

Malòba Re ne Ke bonye lokwalo loa ga Kgaitsadi a rona — a re o cogile sentle lèla.

Ke bolelelse Mr Haile go no lèkola — o tla tlhola malatsi a le nnaano kwa Cape. Ke bonye mogala oa dithumedisho tsa lagwe — Ra Toan — Boatsi Yeno o rena o hològa.

Thats enough of bad Sechuana — now let me write a little good English!

I am enjoying your books so much, but I go about half dazed, living in the atmosphere of past history. I begin to wonder if I'm not your sister Bessie or Milly! It is all very interesting & I'm glad to have a respite from work, to read up, to get my atmosphere. My eyes are nearly dropping out now.

Were I a man (& I'm thankful I'm not!) I would have loved to help you catch the horse on the way from prayer meeting on Wednesday but I guessed I'd be kicked or trampled on — so left well alone. I still want to walk the earth.

Ke ena Ra dithumedisho di le dintsi, Kgosi.

Ke kosika ba lagu

Evelyn Haile.