

COPY OF A LETTER FROM JERRY dated 11/7/33 received at Tzaneen
10/8/33

My dear (Israel)

A terrific catastrophe happened on our job to-day, one of the greatest I have witnessed.

Our huge derrick crane 160 feet high while lifting a steel truss \times 90 feet long and 25 feet in width fell down, the wire cable having gone in. 2 men pulverised.!---

This comes as a direct sequel to a second minor accident, when a slowly moving train passing our bridge ten days ago caught hold of one of the loose anchor cables! Got derailed, smashed two trucks and pulled down a huge waste (?). No victims, this time!---

Otherwise I am frightfully busy. Military forces have come down to our assistance. A whole regiment, and our shop received about 200 soldiers. I am really working hard. Every day has its great worries, every single day!

Slowly, but we are building on starving workmen. On the blood and sweat of starving men. On labour "free", "convict", compulsory and military.

(Here follows the Russian name for it.)

(x)

No, my dear, Russian life you will never understand. Aparadox too great.

I am well off, but only I, .At the foreigner's store.
Cruel fate of others.
Good night. It is past midnight. Today was very hot.

JERRY.

NOTE: (x) The light is too bad, and my knowledge of Russian too crude to make it out in a hurry. So shall let it go without this sentence in Russian.