

Novosvetlovka 19/1/33

My dearest Israel,

I must write to you again, I ~~must~~ simply must.
It is 4 in the morning of the 20th of January. Four
times I went to bed and could not sleep. I sat up, read, thought, thought
and even-----

I am writing. Perhaps this will help.

I wish morning will break.-----

I shall see you soon, no doubt.

I
I just cried like a baby !!!!.....-----

My successor has arrived to-day and I want over the
works with him. In a few days time I shall leave this "happy king-
dom" over to him.-----

Sounds simple, indeed.....

But oh, Israel, !!..... To leave my dear fellow
workers with whom I suffered for three months. To leave when things
expand and will continue doing so all the time.....

Little, very little did I know months and months ago how
sorry and sick I would be to leave and hand over responsibility to
the other man----- How I craved to be given a change to
~~breath~~ breath freely, without that crushing responsibility.-----

And now,-----

Here compleations begin. I now learn how many enemies
I really had. What a wild beast my very "assistant" was.-----

The scene is becoming menacing.----- Various accusations
begin. I may land in Jail or be sent out of the country. For all my
honesty of purpose and keenness in my work.....

My word of honour. My very word of honour, dear, Israel!
.....-----

I shall not be long here I fear.-----

How pathetic was the scene of my bidding farewell to
the men today !!!!..... It renders my heart -----

I would love to tell you more. I would love to tell
you and tell you and tell and tell and tell and then fall a sleep
and rise no more.

JERRY.