

COPY OF A LETTER FROM JERRY TO BEILE, dated the 31/12/32
received by her on the 30/1/32 and from Capetown
sent by Air Mail to Tzaneen where arrived 2/2/33

31/12/32

My dear Beile,

Please save me the trouble of writing to you much. I had a "hectic" week which will to-day end, I fear, with my complete downfall. I may even have to leave Russia.

In the course of last week, as if expecting this to happen, I had written daily to Israel. Please ask Israel to send these over to you. It was a week I shall not forget.....

At the moment I feel cold and blue, one of those attacks I have of late been unfortunately become liable to. It is the feeling of complete disillusionment in both worlds, yours and mine here. I do not know whether you follow me.

I look out of my window, half covered with straw for warmth unto a dead, immovable world of snow fields & grey earth houses on the background. On the left the snow fields with the patches of earth hillocks recede into infinity. My room is cold and bleak. My house-lady cannot be praised for cleanliness. My table, books and clothes are covered with, I mean, dust. Dead silence and cold feet.-----

I am waiting for my "Kucher" & the "Sani". I am leaving at noon for the Stanitza. Shall be here at 3 p.m. I shall lay my cards on the table and ask to be let go. I expect to return through the night, i.e. leave at 1 a.m. and return at 4 a.m. before work.

Not an enviable mission when I have nothing to do for my men and because of Governments obstinacy (and here I quarrelled with my Commissar). I must get grey, while hundreds of Controllers--- parasites sit and look on..... too

Up your way things go from bad to worse, though I learn. And not only your way, but everywhere else.

I read your cheerless papers and certainly do not think that all is well where I am not. Our way is bad. This is the worst year, and the worst Winter Soviet Russia has had since 1924. There is no doubt.

The Country is not giving bread according to Plan, the peasants are forced to and leave every pound (?). They flock to construction camps and as the shortage is great aggravate the position. Every organization fights its own battles and in order to free itself from responsibility, Central Government has given all food distribution over to us, i.e. to the small executive bodies in charge of construction.

What, we, little things can do where the Government has failed ---- I do not know. Things are bleak, it seems everywhere.

My feet are still cold, nay, colder than when I started.

I breakfasted "cold" this morning i.e. bread (atrocious quality even in Russia, stringy and hard) and sugar (left from Kharkov). There is no coal or wood. So my landlord made no fire, this morning and so I had no "kipiatok" (hot water). But I do not worry any more. I am sure I will survive with millions of others. Late tonight in the Stanitza I shall dine in the Stolovaia and shall forget all my tribulations. I would love to get drunk for a night! Love to experience once more my beloved Mountain in the days of my youth somewhere in the careless days of schooling years!..... I feel cold and strange and foreign here!----- And I am sure if I return "home" to you, will I not long for certain freedoms, for certain traits, habits, that I am accumulating in this country?..... Why are you not here?.

Because of the great crisis here, people do not entertain, do not meet at Cafes, do not pay for one another, do not invite one another to the house; each and all live for themselves, struggle for their own, lumps of bread and a spot of "tea"-----

Time is drawing to an end. I close, feeling just the same.

Regards to you all.

Pass this letter over to my friends there. It may interest them.

Yrs JERRY.