

COPY OF A LETTER RECEIVED FROM JERRY dated 6/1/33 received at
Tzaneen 9/2/33

My dear Israel,

My heart is sore & I feel like crying i.e. weeping....
I left my job last night to perform many deeds! I got in at 7 p.m. &
till midnight saw people & phoned and went to station to offload
engines and material. Gave instructions home. I am in the Stanitza
now & the main object was to get money (17,000 roubles), and what is
more important bread cards for members of workers families. Every
month gets worse & worse, so that this month I get cards on 4 workmen,
i.e., one card to be divided between 4 workmen & their families. i.e.
each one gets "nothing" !! Here we all work for bread only. We
get nothing else, except a few roubles. Hence a man, his wife and
four children, if the first two work get 800 plus 600 gr. i.e. 1½ klg.
bread for six. Remember there is nothing else. So, all my new
arrivals all specialists of high grade are simply leaving me!
The distribution of the few miserable cards was divided by our
"pregolnik" commission consisting of Workers' Committee, Party Organiser,
and myself in the course of a whole day & all those left without cards
flocked round me & what they looked like & how they spoke, I cannot
tell you. I promised them that I shall go away & shall not return
back without some cards. I am writing this from home early morning
(5 a.m. 6/1/33) after my return "home".

Oh, dear Israel, I returned back last night, late at midnight,
frozen to death, 2½ hours on a Wintry road, snow and wind. I have with
me to-day 40 cards..... A great achievement ---- The right to issue
40 cards i.e. 40x400 grm bread to my men daily !.... On this I left
the work for 1½ days, I fought desperately, felt like giving up and retur-
ning to you----- I apparantly still share some bourgeois tenden-
cies !.... I cannot see people starve. It is very cold to-day, but I
love it ! I love the snow and ice, the nippy air ! The sleigh road &
burning ears, frozen feet, which "melt" and then freeze again. I have
now a fleet of 5 trucks (motor) which for an organisation in Russia
is a great thing. Yesterday arrived 15 more metallists & to-day 15.
All and each require arranging with quarters and mainly food-----
Here the work of the engineers is not to build as much as to feed,
cloth and house the men----- And so all these three things are
pretty difficult to perform, my lot as "Prorab" is unenviable!.....
I still hope to be released ~~of my duty~~ partly of the duty; I ~~know~~
take it too much to heart and as a consequence feel it more. Never
mind !!! Israel, how many letters have I written to you lately, ~~like~~
i.e. for the last two weeks!... Let me hear from you ! I am sending
you a cutting from the x "Argus", which may interest you. Also, I am
writing these notes on the back of an interesting letter I received
a little while ago from ~~Mr~~ N. Moore from South Africa. Walter Faffrey
was my best tutor at Empangeni. It gave me the biggest shock to
read and learn of his end ! What a fine man he was ! The very best
I knew!!!..... Moore was my boss at Parys! Do you remember ?.....
His letter sounds strange to me and the people so far, far away ! I
feel as if I shall never see them again! I would love to talk to
you here about the people ; How the new religion is effecting the new
young blood and how it reflects upon the old; how many differenet
types of old people there are ! How they react to Xmass that was
here "celebrated" yesterday ! Celebrated (?...) I saw and heard nothing.
We all worked, all of us. Not a soul asked me to get off, NOT ONE !
And I, too, have old and young people !..... Was it the bread, the price
of bread that they get that drove them to work ? Was it mere reck-
less ignorance and apathy that did it ? Was it really the realisa-
tion of utter fugility of religion that reacted upon the people here?
The answer is that all these ~~xxxx~~ causes have contributed to the state
of affairs..... I wish I could show you the Russian types. The new
Russian types. Not so much the "learned" types, the sophisticated ones
but the simple peasants, the rough, childlike, powerful Russians, that
I love so much !... How they eat, speak, think and work !....
It is warm in the room, my face is burning. I feel hot and lonely!
Israel, do come here.... What would not I give for a true open talk
with you, when I could criticise for a minute the new Religion and tell
you how the new Religion reacts on my own conscience !..... How
it is to work in a wilderness of days, not knowing what Monday means,
and when Friddy comes ?!!!!!!

JERRY.