

Letter # 8

Karpowka  
30 V 29

This afternoon there was youthfest, the church building was all full. Our Anna had also learned a poem. We had a lot of guests for afternoon tea [*Vesper*], from Fjodorowka Unruhs, Dirksens, Tiliskes; from Tigerweide Peter Bergen, J. Bestvaters, J. Pankraz, Jakob Bärger. Here the talk is always of America. We read your letter that you wrote to Peter Bärger and also to us, but when will our time come to move to America? We have had ourselves checked again, we're all healthy. Here all the work is aimed at getting to America. Peter Reslaf [Rezlav?] has had his eyes operated on in Omsk. Here we're told we're just to see to it that we're healthy. Jakob Wiebe has sold his farm to Reger from (?), including furniture and cattle, sold everything, but passports are not in sight, they'll probably go to Memrick.

We've had to have our old cow butchered. She had a swollen throat. The doctor (verterinarian?) examined her, said she had tuberculosis. We received 76 rubles for her, and now we've bought a cow for 50 rubles from J. Wiebe. She's had 2 calves. Here folks now have only few cattle. Everything is getting very expensive. Rough flour, 5 rubles per pud (16 kg.). Potatoes 2 rubles per sack, butter 75 kopecks per pound, eggs 25 – 30 kopecks.

Two weeks ago Jakob Hüberts were with us for two weeks, and they brought along your letters for us to read. We gather that you sent us a letter with photos, but we received nothing, so it probably was lost. Hüberts also have just 3 horses and 3 cows. This year very little will be seeded.

Will writer more later, it's again . . .

A week has passed. Today is Sunday. I'm home alone with the children because my husband [is] a member of the soviet. Today they had to go to Petrowka, to the soviet meeting. During the week, seeding on the field, working, and on Sunday the government is so busy that they cannot rest. We've already seeded 5 desjatin. We'll seed only a little bit, we think 6 wheat, 2 barley, 1 oats 2 (*Mirkas?*). This week I've seeded in the garden. I've seeded a lot this year. I've planted another 150 stalks of raspberries, strawberries 200 plants; the little apple trees 18. At the moment they have large apples in the nursery/plant-breeding school already. We also bought two trees, 1 ruble per small tree.

A month ago they stole 2 horses from Jak. Wiebe, and from . . . (?) 3 horses stolen, but they found them, at the kyrgyses. A month ago they stole from us. They crawled in through the roof and then opened the door. Took the brown one and the black one, and got the wagon ready as well. But they left the wagon standing, and the black one was standing at the door in the morning when we got up. The black one was probably too difficult for them. In the morning the whole village searched, but found nothing. The trail also led to the kyrgyzes. They have probably butchered it. Now we have only 2 horses and 1 yearling. And so farming goes backwards rather than forwards.

Tiliskis have sold their farm to Russians, but they bought again, immediately, in Nikolaifeld, the old Mrs. Brauer's farm. The old Mrs. Brauer wants to go to Germany, to her children. Dirksens sold as well, also to Russians, but they'll stay there until the fall. Now only the Miraus (?) remain, and they also want to sell, since everyone in Fjodorowka is Russian already.

Here it's always very windy. On the fields the dirt is drifting so badly that everything is dark. Those persons that have seeded have the wheat lying exposed at the top. Now the people are starting to plow down the wheat, whether there will be anything is an open question. Here things don't look good, what with little seeded, and then the drifting dirt -

Have to close with my poor writing. With greetings, we remain your siblings,  
Peter and Anna Dück

We received your very precious letter on May 17. I'll write back immediately. We'll include a family photo. It's actually not very well photographed, but here in Russia they don't know any better. On the right arm, that's Tina. . ., but she is smaller than Jakob. Jakob is very chunky.