

Letter # 13

Rosental

July 9, 1933

Dear brother and sister Franz Hübert, over there in the distance, before I write any further I wish each of you the best health, which, thank the Lord, we also enjoy—notwithstanding that my wife is not very healthy, a bit sickly, with a lot of work this year. We are also in the collective, and then have to do everything at home, so it gets difficult. To get along, of course we have enough, even if it's not what we might wish. As far as clothing, things here are pretty poor. I'll be asking something of you in short order. Actually, things aren't going well, but because it's up to us to make do, I wish to ask you to be so good as to send us some money. With foreign funds it's possible to buy various wares, sugar, and a variety of other things. In such a case, things are cheap. In Slawgorod there is a Lawka* in which one can buy only with gold, silver, or foreign currency. If you cannot do this, send a return letter immediately, so that I know whether you've received this letter.

Now enough of this. I've already been married since 1927.13.01. We've already had three children, and two have already died. The youngest is still alive, will soon be two years old, and can really run already. We have one cow, no one has horses anymore, they belong to the collective. In the garden we've got quite a bit, if it would only rain more then we would get a good potato crop. Yesterday it rained a bit, but everything was so dry that that was still not enough. The grain is growing fairly well. On the collective we're working our fallow land with both horses and tractors. We're mowing feed and doing things like that. In another month we'll probably be harvesting.

In the bazaar flour costs 75 – 80 rubles per pud [16 kg.], butter 7 -8 rubles per pound, potatoes about 20 rubles. Cloth, cotton, about 6 rubles per meter. So everything is expensive.

Are you all still alive over there? Brother, you're probably quite old? We never hear from you. I don't know what else I should write. Please accept the [requests] in love, and don't be irritated with my pleas. If things were better for us . . . [end of letter].

*Lawka - Almost certainly a black market business, according to cousin Erwin, very common even into the 1990s.