

Pavlick Tschepotkin and Elvira Christophornia Letters, 1920-1923

SC2018.003

Transcribed by Rosemary Heher, June 2018-February 2019

Salisbury University Nabb Research Center Special Collections

Preferred citation: Item, collection name, [Box #, Folder #,] Edward H. Nabb
Research Center for Delmarva History and Culture, Salisbury University, Salisbury,
Maryland.

Pavlick Nikitish Tschopotkin Correspondences
Datelined from Countries in Europe and from Ellis Island, New York Harbor
Compiled and Entered into a Bedford, Massachusetts Merchant Ledger Book
Entries dated 9/13/1920 to 11/1/1923

212

Story of collecting money
Soldiers Three – Kola – Leva – Ivan Dimitich
Volodka Rone'
The Irrisistable – at the first
Retreat from Petrograd
Hotel Imperioal
Geshuft Marchen
Sisters Three
Two Weddings
Farewells

Koka to whom these letters were written had left for The "Promised Land" America. The winters before when Koka with an adjutant had moved from block house #9 to #1 in the front lines to take command of the several wooden forts along the banks of the stream they had ~~their guns~~ trained ^{^their guns} on the old post road while the bridge had been destroyed. Koka was an officer and they were fighting with ---- against the Bolveshi who were a mile and a half away across the stream through the thick forest. It was night and the evening as well as his own men had settled down for a good sleep. The scouts, patrolling the river bank have reported all is well. Suddenly there is the sound of a terrific machine gun fire followed by rifle shots. The echo thru the dense woods makes it impossible to tell from which direction. After the confusion has died down and no enemy has been discovered to be about, Pavlick Tschepotkin, the new officer in command at #9 admits that he had started the firing. He was sure he had heard a rustle through the trees.

213

Tschepotkin
Koka
Elvira
~~Ivan Dimitrich~~
Vova Vilodia
Marusia
Valla
Melia
Leva
Maura – Papa Rone'

Good Friend Koka! I received all your nice letters from Norway and was very much interested in them. --
-- I have been dealt out into an Archive, I mean, Mitava and everybody seemed to have forgotten me.
For a long time I didn't have any message from Tschepotkin or from you. ~~Well, again I thought the wicked Ivan Dimitrich had entangled me.~~ After a waiting, prolonged and wasted, I received a message from you but quite a hazy one, "Everything progressing fine" – and that's all. A letter from Tschepotkin gave me nothing more only it was very funny: "How do you do, honorable? Ulvira Christophernia Respectfully your Pavlick. I lost your address. Today I found it and am hurrying to send you a message about myself" (How do you like it— "about myself." Maybe I gave him some kind of a special look.) Only in the end of the letter did he mention ~~about~~ your departure. So nothing more can I find.

Now I will tell you something about our situation and our livelihood. We are living so-so; a continuation of the Riga life. The landlord gave us some kind of "finiture," and we transformed our dingy apartment into a cozy corner (you cannot find anything better as most of the homes were destroyed by the war). We have two and a half rooms with a kitchen, "lectric" lights and all this pleasure costs us 31 rubles a month. The question of heating is a little harder. Prices are rising. We are prepared, more exactly, expecting things to be worse, as frequent and hard rains have damaged the crops.....Mama is busy with the housekeeping, Papa driving his locomotive with all his power, Valla as usual is restless. None of us have a position yet and I think we won't get one soon either. And to complete all our troubles Vova with Marusia has settled with us and it seems for long. Marusia gets on my nerves terribly. It seems to me they are at a crisis. With Vova as usual all is covered up by his coat tails of obscurity. He is strenuously throwing gold dust in the eyes of everybody and Marusia is doing as well as her partner, playing the comedy. Every day they are getting ready to go to Libava where presumably Vorka has an appointment but already a week and more has passed but they are still here and I don't see an early departure. Their continuing with us disturbs me in doing anything. As soon as this "lovely" family departs I will again talk with you. Aren't you lucky hairy prince! Not everybody can travel like that—Mitava—miserable little town of antique/old women and men, but for me at present it could not be better. Everything is lonely and melancholy in spirit. That will be all now.

Hearty greetings from Mama and Papa and Valla.

I shake your hand,

Ira

Dear Koka! Again as before, when still such a huge distance did not separate us, I am taking my pen to have a little talk. I was very glad of your message which I received from England and that you were able to straighten things out so that there are no more oppositions toward reaching your goal and I hope you are going to have the same luck from now on. I am waiting anxiously the messages about your future fate but meanwhile I will try to divide with you the meager information about our mutual friends, clipped from the letters of Leva. Melia still holds her place with the American Red Cross but at night is at the same place as Leva. He is on guard duty for the Americans/ you know the tall one, a thief sneaked in and frightened him, since then Leva has been on night duty / Now they are anxious because of the

forthcoming departure of the Americans. With their departure, the authorities can easily make trouble and both lose their income. ~~But poor Ivan Dimitrich really got caught. Commisor G issued a list of persons who must be turned back to the Soviet, of course this was all done with the sanction of the Estonian government. Ivan Dimitrich got on the list. I can imagine how he flew to all his friends with his misfortune. There was a time when he quietly looked on while the authorities chased you and Leva, now his turn has come.~~ The victims of the Estonians are either getting ready to go to America or to Wrangel so they can escape the Soviet: there to judge by the letters of Leva's father, life is not very sweet. ~~He~~ ~~do~~ ~~not~~ ~~envy~~ ~~Ivan~~ ~~Dimitrich~~.

You are interested in the fate of "the Irrisistable." I will try to lay out all that I know. Through Captain Russman, to whom you recommended him, he received a position in some sort of a Danish firm as helper at the storage warehouse. This boy got it into his head to take the examination for the fourth [^] high school class, but as it happened that he must prepare himself in the fundamentals, he vigorously took hold of the matter; the Captain himself is tutoring him in Russian, the German language which he needs at the office, he is studying at the school for adults. So you see in "business" he is up to his neck. Walking through the streets you are sure to see "The Irrisistable" with a green bag snatched from Leva/ under his arm, with a comical hat, only the Lord knows where he got it, with a swaggering walk. As soon as he notices you, he immediately speeds up his step, assumes an occupied expression, looking very busy as if he were hurrying somewhere, to unload herring and count them or to receive sugar etc. Anything further about him I know from his frequent letters to "Ulvira Christophernia" as for quite a while I haven't been to Riga, but I am planning to go in a few days. He has moved into the city, has his room on Schulenstrasse, well furnished: "I even have a piano and every thing in the world only I don't know how to play." He has invited me to call on him if I am in Riga as he is very lonesome. Holy Innocense! All the old ladies in Riga must be extinct. He should come to Mitava, there would be a harvest for him here. "The Irrisistable" protests the silence of "Ulvira Christophernia" in regard to your address. What to do? So far I have passed it on through Vorka that I haven't it and then I say that you are not settled yet and can't send your address. What more is to be said Koka yourself can say – In our life we have no major changes, only that one of Vala's old sweethearts has begun to appear daily, and this for Mitava is a great event. Nothing exciting can this quiet, provincial town give but anyway I love it for its quietness and solitude, this is good for my soul – Ira

P.S. Greetings from Aunt Valla, Mama and Papa. All are so attached to you and when I read your letters Papa always sheds tears. Greetings from Volodia and Marusia, ^vwith they left yesterday for Libava. Vorka received a position there, up till now he ~~was~~ [^] has been counted ~~as a~~ reserve. Yours truly Ira

216

Riga 18.X.20

[^]How do you do dear dear friend Kolishka respectfully yours with burning love Pavlick.

~~How do you do dear dear friend Kolishka, kissing you Pavlick.~~

Dear Kola I am very glad that an opportunity has come to write you a letter. To-day dear Kola I have had a great happiness, for I have found your place of living and I am writing you a letter. Of course Kolishka you know that so much time has passed since we saw each other and talked, I am sick at heart and I wish to forward all to you on paper but from happiness I don't know where to start, even my hands are

trembling, somehow its unbelievable that I am writing you a letter, two and a half months have passed since that moment when we parted but to me it seems like two and a half years, but you know dear Kola why it's so, do you know how many misfortunes I have lived through during this time (first) I separated from you (second) I have lost the very dearest for me in life in Norichka. It seems to me I feel much more for her since she died when she was living she didn't mean so much to me but now she doesn't leave my mind and I think I never will be able to meet again such a second Norichka. Now for some reason I began to hate all women and criticize them in the most terrible way. Dear Kola I am very thankful to you that in spite of all you carried out your duty as a friend and the last minute wrote me that Norichka had passed away, others nobody wrote me anything till after the funeral. ~~Nor did Ivan Dimitrich write me anything and hasn't written yet, I don't know why, I wrote him several letters but no answer, I don't know what has happened to him any way.~~ I have had very few letters from Esthonia and a postcard from Stockholm. To the first letter I immediately sent an answer did you receive it or not ~~I addressed in care of Ivan Dimitrich~~ If you received it I ask you Kolishka for Gods sake to forgive me for all that was written. There were some pricks in it because then I wasn't myself. You wrote me that I spread rumors that you were dragged into getting married. Kola you must realize after all that I am not a little boy who says one word and they add a hundred to it. Perhaps I didn't even say anything and they simply made an inquisition on the grounds that they all knew you left for Riga at the same time that Elvira and her family left. When I was in Rival I was simply asked, "Is Kola married yet?" I answered sometimes, Yes, and sometimes No. But Kola I don't think you believe all kinds of gossip. I absolutely don't understand about it. I never was interested in it and never will be especially if its about you. You wrote that I even spoiled your chances of even stepping out without every one complaining about me. Truly Kola this was so unpleasant and I didn't know what to do and at the same time Norichka did so I really lost my mind and wanted to end my life but thanks to the Russman family I am alive because they watched me for several days, they didn't let me go anywhere alone. Now I am forgiving you for all that and of course ask you to forgive me and I wish to be friends as before and to always have)) and correspondence. But of course I didn't find you guilty in anyway so you don't have to ask my forgiveness I am guilty in all but even if I did make a mistake this can all be forgiven. I know that you were not pleased with what happened and that for that reason you don't even write me letters or send greetings but to judge so harshly you can't Kola, we agreed to keep this through the Russmans or Esthonia but you have forgotten me entirely. Well God be with you God give you happiness. I will never forget Kolishka in all my life because I count you a very honest friend, in life you can meet a lot of honest friends but I am more than sure that I will never meet such an

217

honest friend that I can trust as you. I never can be as truthful to anyone as I am to you, but perhaps you do not trust, and will laugh at all of this, but I don't care and only ask Kolishka if you will write even a couple of lines to me and have confidence as you did before i.e. to write your opinion about me without covering up a single word. I will be very much pleased, maybe you don't want to be called friend and Thee? So in the next letter I won't know about it but in the old way will call you friend and so on until I find out i.e. what your opinion of me is. Now I will write about my life since you left. I lived at the Russman's a month and a half and they didn't take a single kopeck from me. I ate and even smoked their tobacco also used their money for absolute necessities but the money of course I paid back when I got my job. They take care of me very much even now I call on them quite often Herr Russman arranged for

me to get a passport to live 1 year and placed me in a position with a Danish firm / Hagen Jorgensow/ as helper to the storage foreman. The position is very good and I am pleased but the wages are very little 1200 rub. a month because I don't know the German language and on such a salary I can't live without Russman's help. I have to be at work from 9 hr. till 5 hr. After that from 6 hr. to 8 hr. two hours a day I take lesson in the German language I am studying with strenuous effort and already have a little knowledge, necessity compels me to learn because in our Office everything is in German, from 8 hr. to 9 o'clock I take lessons in stenography and from 9 o'clock to 10 o'clock typewriting. Stenography and typewriting I am finishing soon then I will take bookkeeping. You see now I am studying all the time in a strenuous manner and never take a good time. I myself am surprised that after two months there is such a change in me. Now somehow I don't even want to go anywhere and I see pleasure only in studying. I have moved from Russman's into the city. I took a furnished cozy room with a German family recommended by Mdm. Russman and already I have straightened out my finances a little. I made Gescheft of 6 thousand Lettish roubles i.e. happen gezenen / and bought myself an Overcoat shoes and pants in other words I am dressed up and have put myself in shape. Thank God this time it came out satisfactory and I hope it will in the future. I see Cap. K. quite often he has gone into speculation with full force i.e. buying up in the villages flour butter and other products bringing them into the city and selling at a profit. Lieut. A arrived in Riga from Reval and is getting ready to go to Gen. Wrangel. Gen. Wrangel has issued an order that all officers and soldiers must present themselves to his army during the next two months. Those who do not present themselves during the appointed time will be declared deserters and already his representative has arrived here in Riga to collect an Ashalon to be transported at the army's expense. Well Kolishka the time is three o'clock in the morning sleepiness locks my eyes in view of that I am going to bed and finish my letter tomorrow at the office. Good night Pavlick. Guten morgen! Dear Kolishka glory to God I rested very well got up at 8 hr. drank a glass of coffee and went to the office and now it is 10 hr. and I am at the storage and writing to you. Dear Kola last night I saw a dream /. it seemed to me that we were living^{^staying} together in some kind of a hotel I didn't even know what city but I suppose it was in Esthonia in the hotel Imperial because I experienced all that I had lived through there and I was very happy and I am not getting ready yet to go to Gen. Wrangel after three years of Grand Opera and Operetta. I saw Elvira a month ago here in the city she still lives with her family in Mitava and comes occasionally here to Riga. Her sister^{^Valla} Koshka seems to me has gone to Libava.

218

Volodka is also planning to go to Libava. He took the same apartment after the Rone family moved to Mitava. Volodka stayed there a month and a half took his rest on the floor owed all the stores around didn't pay the landlord for the apartment and left for Mitava and now lives there. Now I will write you what impression you made on Elvira by your departure to America. When the train started to move Elvira was very sad and angry so we ran beside it together, after that when the train moved again I watched it and Elvira said to me, you can't catch the wind in the field. She could not look unconcernedly at the train and she spoke to me with such a pitiful voice and urged me not to bawl and to stop looking at it. Then I walked with her to her house, she felt pretty sad but whenever I came she was very happy and told me that when she sees me and talks with me she imagines that she speaks with you and I imagine in reverse and also am much pleased. Three days after you left they moved to Mitava and I helped them move their things to the station. At first I saw them quite often but now I haven't seen

them for a month and a half. I am planning to go to Mitava to visit them. Please Kolishka I ask you to write her often as you can because she lives and is lonesome and I feel sorry for her. She deserves your letters and your comforting. After you left expenses went up 100% in Riga street cars are now 2 rub. Instead of 60K and 1 rub 30K. The ferry to Balasta Dambis before was 60K is now 1 rub 50K bread is 6 rub. 50K where before it was 3 rub or 3 rub 50. The value of foreign exchange went up also 1 £ sterling costs 650 Lettish rub. When you buy 1 American dollar when you buy 180 Lettish rub. A suit of clothes is also very expensive from 2000 to 4000 Lettish rub. And even then of not very good quality shoes you cannot find for less than 700 Lettish rub. Even this is for working shoes but good shoes cost 1500 overcoats from 2000 up and they even are quite cooling. This dearness is explained by the renewing of trade relations with Soviet Russia. Now dear Kolishka write me all the details of your travels since the day of your departure from the city of Riga you have ten times more impressions during your travels than I have. It is terribly interesting to me—all. Write through what cities you traveled and how long it took from one city to another and how much it was where you stopped and how long who you met of your old friends and after that how soon you got to America to which city you arrived and where you found your sister and how you settled down and what kind of work you found and how you regulated your finances and how you managed with your language during the traveling and how you manage now. I want to know all what wages do you receive and how they pay for work in general and on what scale. Write me all in dollars what are prices for the first necessities food clothes and a room. These all interest me very greatly. Lowe how I don't lose hope of seeing you. Soon I am going to take English lessons to prepare myself a little for foreign life. Lusia received your letter at 12 noon 18.10.20 and they all were very happy. Herr Russman and all his family are very much interested in your fate and they take care of me as much as they did of you. My hands are numb here while I am writing its so cold. Fall is here in its full meaning. We have had the first snow but it melted. The leaves are falling from the trees. Dear Kola advise me how to get an American visa for any occasion in case I must go somewhere else with this I can go any where and can live anywhere and in fact feel myself a free citizen and won't have to bother to get a passport to live here, but I am not going to any more on this them as you yourself have lived through it all [[from bottom of 219]] And I think you won't forget me. Greetings to you from the Russmans from Cap. K and Sergeant G. It's already twelve o'clock now and I am finishing this letter and am going to the Post to send it to you then I am going to Balast Dambis to dinner. Dear Kola write me as often as you can waiting impatiently an answer. Good day dear Kolishka. I wish you success in everything and I kiss you and remain your devoted and your true friend. Pavlick
I live now at / Schulen strasse N° 28 apt 3 but send letters to the Office at Riga

gr. Sand strasse N° 7
(ie.) big sand N° 7
Kontor Hagen-Jørgenson

Tschepotkin
Good day waiting answer
Pavlick Tschepotkin 19.X.20
Riga

19.10.20 Riga

How do you do dear Kolishka respectfully your friend Pavlick. Dear Kola I sent you a registered letter and in it quite a lot of different things were written I am sending this at the same time but I don't know which will reach you first as soon as you receive them write me which letter you received first registered or plain so I will know how to write here I won't write anything for all the details are already described as soon as you receive this letter answer at once.

Good day

Remaining waiting

Unpatiently waiting

An answer

Tschepotkin

Pavlick

220

Mitava 19.X-20

Dear Koka! Greetings to you in America! New York is a grand city, isn't it. Lucky one, just think what a traveler. When Ira reads your letters, they sound straight from a thousand and one nights. It's a fairy tale. Yes I am sure that you are surprised that I am writing you instead of Ira. The fact is that Ira has a spell of apathy but I am not surprised since we live in such a lonesome little town. So Irishka just can't pull her self together to write you a letter its true too that there is no thing to write but even such nonsense as I am now stiching can let you see that we are still thinking about you. It is true very often we recall you, even papa and mama. To-day we received a letter from Melia. She had received a letter from Amiel. He was very disappointed that you didn't come to him. Brother hopes to locate Leva with him but he advises Melia to go to Denmark so the Samarins have postponed their idea of going to

America. ^VThey plan to leave Esthonia in December.

Really there is nothing else to dig out to write you. Volodia has received a position at the Port of Libava. He will be some kind of an important "cone" [^]hanging attached to the fleet, they are living at the port in military quarters which are even furnished. So that is good. They lived two weeks with us, it was a little merrier while they were here but now Ira and I are again all alone. Yes sort of a friend of my youth was here, but alas, only for two weeks also and then was transferred to another city. We quite enjoyed him, he is a Gusar, not a present time one but a real one not a fake one. We played Preference with him. How he is gone and again loneliness and dreariness (undecipherable) any escape. Soon it will be the 30 of November, Irishka's birthday. That's something to think about. I hope to make her a little present for a change. I think I had better put aside this writing. Otherwise I might go so far as to write that our neighbors slaughtered one pig, the other got sick and there some one's cow choked. So I am finishing at this time. Irishka will add something further. I am sending you hearty greetings. Shaking your hand.

Valla

Dear Koka! don't get angry if I write so little this time; I have nothing to make you happy but my gloomy thoughts which so far I kept to myself. I wait with great patience messages from you. How are you situated, how are you feeling, and in general, how is everything with you. Brother Amiel asked

Melia to give him your address. He wishes to write to you himself so you will come to him if you do not change your mind. He hasn't forgotten you among his cares and responsibilities. At the beginning of November he will return from Canada to Liverpool, then Leva will go to him. If America doesn't smile on you, go back to England, tho of course you can see better from there and act by your own judgement. I am glad for Melishka that she is joined with Leva, now if only hopeful messages come about you I will be pleased. Once more I ask you, don't be cross, don't judge too harshly and forgive poor Ira.

221

Riga 29.X.20

Dear Kola!

Today I had the luck to receive a letter from you through Lucia, I am very happy that you did not forget me it travelled 18 days.

Dear Kola you wrote me that I am mad at you, nothing of the kind. I am not angry at all and don't intend to be it is your imagination.

But I plan to avenge you because you wrote Lucia and didn't write me but you know Kola what can be said in fever you know my character and my hotheadedness and so you must forgive me the reason that I lived in hard circumstances and was terribly nervous, what Elvira wrote you was true ^ I did curse you.

But it was for the same reason, now Kolishka we will throw away all that and be friends as before and lets forget all the past let's correspond with each other as often as we can and I am going to make all efforts to write with you as soon as possible it is very hard to live without you ie, not to have a friend.

Dear Kolishka! I am touched by your sympathy and your response in that you offer me money so that you wish to help me live as you know my circumstances. For This Dear Kolishka I thank you a thousand times and kiss you but so far I don't need Money so don't send it, I don't live now so badly as you think have recovered a little have an overcoat pants and even dress shoes of course I need lots of things but what to do Glory to God that I even have the articles of the first necessity.

You yourself Kolishka have just arrived in America and have just begun to work and you have nothing yourself live and work buy yourself an overcoat and dress yourself right and somehow I won't get lost.

222

Riga 1.XI.20

Dear Kolishka!

I have just returned from Mitava and I want to write you all the details. Saturday at 5 r. 45 m. I left Riga by train. I arrived in Mitava at 8 r in the evening and by the time I found them it was 9 hr. When I came to the house Elvira and Valla were not at house, only mama was there. I sat with her and talked about half an hour and suddenly heard our girls coming. I immediately had myself and they jumped out unexpectedly. Then from happiness or panic started and they met me very joyfully.

On the way to the house I found out that the Lettish Society was having an Evening and so I immediate wanted them to go. They quickly dressed and we went to the party. With us went two more girls so altogether there were 5 people. The girls were their friends but of course they also introduced me to them and they spent all the evening in our company. Here we are at the party. We liked the Salle very

much and we began to dance. Afterwards I invited them to a table and had a Captain with three stars * * (conyac) put up and all the things that go with it. From happiness we all drank very freely. One Captain wasn't enough so I put up a second Captain with three stars. In other words we had a great time and the girls remained very happy and thanked me for dragging them out to the party. Of course all this pleasure cost me about 850 Lettish rub. But I wasn't a single bit sorry because I hadn't been to an Evening since Esthonia and also this was especially for Elvira and Vala. They now don't go anywhere and just stay at house. We returned home at 3 hr. in the morning and all were very happy. After that we chattered awhile and only after we went to bed, I slept at their house, at 8 hr. in the morning I saw Elvira all dressed and read for Church. I slept till 10 hr. and Valla till ½ 1 hr. After that Valla and I drank some coffee and meanwhile Elvira came from church. Then we went for a walk and observed all points of interest. We were very merry chasing and playing because here its already winter snow has fallen and isn't going to melt. Its quite cold on the way back. I took them into the Confectioner's and we drank each a glass of chocolate and ate about a dozen French pastries. It reminded us of Confectioner Grigerieff in Reval. After that we went home to dinner. At dinner we laughed and talked all the time and so on after dinner. We remembered all the old times ie. Esthonia, ~~how we were introduced to you how I saw Dimitrich next~~ [^] how Melia fell into Ivan's hands with Elvira and how Elvira changed her mind and fell ~~into your hands and how Ivan Dimitrich was disappointed and how Elvira sent Ivan Dimitrich to the devil at the masquerade. I told them the story of how you and I teased Ivan Dimitrich in my room at the Hotel Imperial when he received the ashes of his letter that she~~ ^Δ sent to him and we sang. Why do you search in the dying embers O! you cannot find an answer, ~~after we laughed a long time~~ and in fact recalled our us lived through when we were together. Already it was 4 hr in the afternoon and I must go on the 4 hr 30 m to Riga because that was the last evening

223

train from Mitava. They went with me to the station. They asked me to stay another night but I couldn't because I must be at the office at 9 o'clock in the morning. On the way to the station we talked quite a lot about every thing in general. They promised to come to Riga and make me a call and asked me not to forget them and also to come again, Now I have left them because the train has moved from the platform. My spirits drop and I feel very lonesome, How I also want to tell you that Elvira is a bit put out because you have forgotten her altogether and haven't sent her a single letter from America yet. She also said that probably you have met some new friends and forgotten the old ones. I of course tried to persuade her that it isn't true and only a little misunderstanding.

Dear Kolishka! I ask you don't forget her and write as often as you can. She deserves to receive and to read your letters. ~~Elvira also told me the reason why Ivan Dimitrich doesn't write to me. [He means ^Δ think that when I write you the letter while you were in Esthonia about the Aboltri business you never received this letter and it fell into the hands of Ivan Dimitrich because it was addressed care of Ivan Dimitrich. He opened it and read it and understood as much as a pig in oranges ie. He understood only that I am a betrayer and he did not forward it to you nor he didn't write me. Furthermore, he went to Naru Strassa (Nora) and spread the news among my friends there and none of them have written me]. I wrote several letters to Ivan Dimitrich [and asked him to return that letter] but he has not answered~~

~~anything. If you can do anything to settle this matter with Ivan Dimitrich [of course you know what I was writing about.]~~ I do not have any more news. If there will be any I will write. Dear Kolishka write more often. Waiting impatiently answer greetings from all your friends. Good day. I remain with burning love your true friend.

Pavlick

Riga

Saraestrassa N° 28.

Office Hagen-Jørgenson

Tschepotkin

224

Riga 5/XI.20.

Dear and dearest Kolishka!

Some how I feel quite lonesome. I can't understand myself and I don't know why in view of this I am beginning to write you a letter and see satisfaction in it.

Today I went to Balast-Pamba to the Russmans for dinner.

I hadn't been there since Sunday and thought they might have some news of you but it happened that they didn't have, in view of that my spirits dropped and immediately I was disappointed in life.

Dear Kolishka why do you write so seldom, I ask you not to forget me, write as often as you can, and remember Kolishka that I am surrounded by the same old things and scared I have lost Norishka and am separated from you. How can I not be lonesome after all that.

You may be living and not lonesome because you see new life, new friends and new interests. But don't forget those with whom you lived before and shared sadness and happiness. I remain true to you as before. O! how happy I would be if this minute I could see you and talk even a half hour. I hope that somehow soon I will see you.

I have no changes in my life. Everything goes by the old way. One thing I have finished stenography. Cold weather has come to stay here. The river begins to be covered with ice but the steamers are still going. Remembrances from the Russman family and all old friends.

Good day

I remain your true friend waiting impatiently an answer

Pavlick

Tschepotkin

(undecipherable)

(my address)

Riga

Scheunen strasse N° 28

Office Hagen-Jørgenson

Für Tschepotbinn

Grand America with its thousands of lights and skyscrapers, new impressions and acquaintances ^{^with} young sister, reunions all these make you forget certain moments of your past life and cross them off of your memory. This has come out a little complicated, let certain others express themselves thus, but I will talk as a plain commoner. First by my stupidity/~~Ivan Dimitrich's definitely~~/I got so angry that I became caught in these "entertainments," but fairly I came to the sensible conclusion that in this way one can't improve the matter and decided to call attention to myself by a time weary letter. To dig up your address cost me a lot of labor because the persons, by a miracle still preserved in your memory who are receiving, not any kind, but detailed messages from Koka himself, found it necessary and possible to tell me some of them also. The fortunate ones are: some one of the Samarius, maybe, both halves, ~~Ivan Dimitrich~~ and even Tschepotkin, and I am not mentioning an unnumberable lot of second grade persons such as your landlady on Gugerson strasse, I.K., Mary, the American Bar etc. So I have received, I must say quite meagre information contradictory to each other and can draw from all this only that you are alive, situated in America and settled somewhere there. C'est tout. A mass of questions arise and they remain unanswered. Who can help me straighten it all out? Tschepotkin? Oh, Yes! He gave his friendly help. He was here with us, as usual with a lot of talk; a person very much devoted to you (I don't think that anyone could so make believe) and can talk about you without getting tired but again, I don't get tired listening, so everything went fine. First Tschepotkin avoided certain things by silence, wishing to save you, but I filled in the white places, seeing this, he started to talk without covering up any thing thinking that I already know; so here I found out a mass of news; the cloudy up to now became clear, but which after hearing I became doubtful about what I was sure of before. It seems to me you were much too far from being candid with me but who else but you can tell the truth and help straighten out the tangled matter. But to get hold of you? How for no reason at all you have stopped writing. It isn't good, Koka!

Leva is going to my brother only temporarily because he doesn't want to be a sailor all his life, he wishes only to straighten out his financial situation so that afterwards with Melia, who so far will be situated in Denmark or England or remain in Esthonia, will start toward you. Of course it would be nice if Melia could remain with us but events have ripened here, again we expect a whole mess of campaigns, victorys and defeats. I don't know whether to wait an answer to this letter but anyway let it remind you once more that Ira is still in existence.

Ira

P.S. Greetings from Mama, Papa and Tanta Valla.

226

Riga

16/M 20.

Good day.

Dear Kolishka.

Dear, dear Kola waiting and cannot wait an answer from you I live and am very lonesome and am waiting that moment when I receive an answer. I haven't any news everything goes the old way. Its

getting to be impossible to live here because everyday things get dearer, foreign money has gone up terribly that is: Pound sterling 680 rub. Lettish

Dollar 180 rub _____

To live a day the minimum required is 60 rub and even then you walk pretty hungry but I get a salary of only 1200 rub and on this it's impossible to exist, besides I pay for my lessons 300 rub but of course I have a little income on the side in making gesheft and so am able to exist I already have 10 dollars to pay for a Visa.

If every thing goes as it is going Glory to God I can live, but anyway I am waiting that moment when it will be possible to go to you in America.

I haven't had any messages from Elvira ^{^Christophernia} for two weeks, I am quite sure that I shall go to them as a guest at Christmas there again I will write you plenty. Dear Kola write me more often i.e. this very week without waiting for my letter, and I in my turn will do my best.

Write me what news you have. Will wait impatiently an answer. Good day

Your true friend

Pavlick

Tschepotkin

16. ⁽¹¹⁾ 20

Riga

Sarae strasse N^o 28

Office

Hagen -Jörgenson

oder

Schulenenstrasse N^o 28-3

Tschepotkin

227

12/XI.20 Riga

Good day dear

Kola

I am sitting at the warehouse and as there is nothing to do I am writing you a letter because the work men are busy and I must be here all day.

Yesterday, Latvia celebrated the 2nd anniversary of her independence. There was a big parade I was there and was much delight. There were tanks artillery cavalry and air plane flying in one word it was good.

During the parade I met Zoric-Sokosky he had just come from Esthonia and is already performing at the theatre Bi-Ba-Bo.

He invited me to the restaurant there we recalled the Black Rose in Reval, and then we celebrated as the occasion required remaining at the cabaret and dissipating all night, we dissipated about 200 rubles he paid all expenses because I was in a critical condition didn't have money. I came home at 6 hr. in the morning didn't have a chance to sleep, I am sitting here yawning terribly sleepy; I haven't any news everything goes the old way.

Only one thing is not cheerful I may soon be discharged because a reducing of employees is going on, if they discharge me it will be quite unpleasant, for I don't have any hope of the future because I don't manage the German language in view of that I can't be an independant warehouse keeper ie. a manager. But maybe somehow will adjust things.

Good day
You true friend
Pavlick Tschepotkin

Write soon and oftener
Waiting impatiently
Riga
Seristrassa N° 28
Office
Hagen –Jörgenson

228

Mitava 21 XI 20.

Hi there, Koka don't be allured too much by grand America. Remember some times those who are left in Latvia.

Dear Kokochka! Tell me, no ie. write me whether you received the letter and the post cards, which I sent to the new address. We got the address from Tschepotkin. You see to what lengths we had to go to find out your address, from Tschepotkin

In Riga, it did not come into your head to send it to us. It is not good, maybe you have become rich—there it isn't surprising that you have forgotten all your friends. How this always happens, but we still can't forget you. Valla

Well dear Koka!

And now my turn to write you a couple of lines. I find myself now in Mitava arrived yesterday evening our leaving for home today at 4 o'clock have spent our time very happy recalling you and waiting letters from you, today we went to have a picture taken in a short time we will send it to you but because the time is so short I am finishing my writing and hurrying to the station. Good bye.

Write soon

P. Tschepotkin

Dear Koka! Before you commence to read this letter, clear your throat, rub your eyes, drink some water and eat some Zacushka, sit down and only then begin to read for the message is very tangled, each one has written what ever came to his head and in special place. A lot of patience is required to sort out ^{^all} this junk. I hope now you will answer, otherwise from sorrow we will all be drunk. I'm so we will lose our senses and we won't have to be sad anymore because of the absence of letters, ^{^Valla} hope is given us by assurances and promises, but if they come true it will ^{^be} because of circumstances. What circumstances, it will be interesting to know, will stir you even to scratch a couple of words. I am afraid to continue – because my pen draws out only complaints and complaints. Think, a hell of lonesomeness. Ira

So the best wishes. We shake your hand. We kiss you, who sign below -

Ira

Aunt Valla

certified by Pavel Tschepotkin

in haste to the station because it leaves 3-30

21/XI 20

A hasty and tearful departure of Tschepotkin

229

Riga 22/XI.20

Dear Kola!

I want to tell you some news. Yesterday I was in Mitava Saturday I took the 4 o'clock train and got there at 6. They met me very joyfully, very much pleased with my arrival. At 8 o'clock in the evening we went ie. Ira and Vala to the kino-theatre saw a very interesting American drama % The Indian Revenge% we had a merry time, laughed heartily, talked of how you live in America and how we lived before in Reval also talked about Leva and his oleo margarin port and his shining military boots and discovered him from our spitting point of view to sum it up every time we get together we always tear out a page from the past. After we got home we talked, I told them about the Black Rose in Reval and we laughed a long time.

Then we decided to make you a surprise ie. To have a picture taken of us all together and sent to you. We were sitting and thinking how to take the picture and pose and with what decorations. At last we decided on a nest with only heads ie. by this we wanted to show you that our sitting, cooing and lonesome for our absent little bird, after that we decided to go to bed as it was tea time. In the morning I woke up at 9 o'clock but they were still sleeping so I woke them up. Vala immediately got up and dressed but Elvira didn't get up until 12 r. she complained of a headache, but bye and bye she did get up and her headache was gone. Then we drank coffee and began to carry out our idea in life ie. Went to have our picture taken.

Now we are at the photographers, they inform us that they have not such a decoration so we select another pose ie. (undecipherable) in front of a table, I in the middle and they on each side. I held a letter in my hand reading them some sort of news ie. we expressed the idea that I had called on them and was reading to them your letter which I had just received. When the picture is ready we will send it to you. After we went to the Café' drank coffee and chocolate and ate any number of coffee cakes and French pastries, the bill being 120 rub. Then we decided to go to another Café' as there we didn't like the chocolate, where we again drank each a glass of chocolate and ate a couple of French pastries and a couple of slices of cake and only then did we start home. When we got there it was three o'clock and I must start for the station at half past three because the train leaves at 4 and there are no later evening trains, at the last minute we decided to write you a joint message so we quickly started to work and wrote all at once. Then we dressed and the girls went to see me off at the station, here I stepped into the train bid them farewell and went to Riga.

Now I will write you how they live and how Elvira's spirit is. Elvira is quite lonesome and is cross with you because she is waiting and can't wait a message from you and saying that maybe you will live so well in American you have forgotten old friends. Kola if you have really written them perhaps they don't

receive them so you had better write to my address. They don't live very well ie. in Reval they lived under better, of course this is my opinion as they don't say anything about how they are living. But that they are lonesome is a fact. Neither Vala nor Ira have a place ie. a job yet. [V....undecipherable] promises them all the time but does nothing. You know he always promises plenty but accomplishes little.

230

From S.S.

[Marginal note written in the upper left hand corner of the ledger]

We love you
Our love still is in our soul
And is not quite burned out
But don't let this disturb you
We don't want to make you sad!

Give me, my dear friend
Your hand for happiness luck!

Mitava, 28/XI.20

Dear Kolishka! Accept my hearty congratulations for the holidays, perhaps it will be easier to remember us, looking at the enclosed picture. Here we are reading a message which you haven't sent yet; we are telling ourselves to sleep by hoping that someday we will receive such a message. Until---good wishes, Valla

Ira Mother believes in this because already in her sleep she is seeing tens of dozens of dreams.

Riga 31/XI.20.

Dear Kolishka!

Today returning from work I received a letter from Mitava asking me to sign and mail this message to you which of course I am doing. But I wish to add a little myself.

Dear Kola, you of course see what is about ie. the contents of this letter. Elvira wishes to express that to her there is absolute indifference whether you write her or not, but in reality its altogether different, she cares for you more than for anybody. Congratulations on the holidays. Merry Christmas and Happy New Year, hoping that you spend them very happily and of course ask you to remember us [Europeans] and write a couple of strokes—anything even just greetings. Elvira and Valla plan to visit me and will come Sunday 5/XII 20. So they wrote me.

Then I will write all in details but now I am finishing writing and am going to bed because it is ½ 2...I received a confirmed report from Archangel that Lieutenant X was brutally shot by the Bolveshic, Student O has married V.K. and lives happily but don't know anymore, I found out about this from a conversation with a girl who has just returned from Russia and told it to Lieutenant G.

Good day write what new you have

Once more wishing that you spend your holidays happily

Tschepotkin 31/XI.20 Riga Pavlick

231

Liber Koka!

Wir habeu di Bouchoschke und Pomarang. Living happily still the sooner we will have nothing to eat.
[Undecipherable] has big eyes and Valantine has buttery eyes but mine are all covered up with fat.

Oh lets drink to Koka
Dear Koka, Hooray
And empty the glass to the end

Long-life to pocket [undecipherable]. Down with hard times! Good day I remain with burning love your true friend

Pavlick Tschepotkin

U. Sankaut

Ira

Riga seems to me that we are not in Riga

Cannot write better, it means which today is the better date, 5th it seems to me all the time its only XII!20

Dear, dear Kola, we still cannot forget you and because as you me, I mean us have all forgot so from sadness we are all on a drunk and where – in Tschepotkin's room. Excuse me my poor writing.

Pomarang is on the table and I am completely drunk. O. le diagnosed Nicholay Stepanovitch it is all your fault

Vanantina

Cannot find words; only can say Habew Siebekowmmew die Bouchoschke? Koka why are you not writing

Ira.

Riga 6/XII 20.

Dear Koka!

Today I am collecting myself to write you a few lines. Yesterday I had guests Ira and Valla they arrived at two o'clock in the morning and I met them at the station.

They came to my house, drank my tea, of course I had made a little preparation for the visit, had bought a little of every thing, even had Vodka ie. %Pomarang.

After that we went to the K... theatre but did not see anything very interesting.

After tea Valentina started to play the piano and sing ie. To show off her talent and we applauded her endlessly.

At this time we ie., I and Elvira had an intimate talk about you.

I asked her how she feels towards you and if ever she thinks to meet you some time.

She answered that she never had a better friend than you and that really she was lonesome and wished very much to have correspondence with you but ^{^ that} she hasn't a single hope to meet you again. Dear Kola, why don't you write her she hasn't received a single letter from you. [A cartoon is enclosed in letter 6/XII.20 featuring a woman playing a piano saying "Call me darling. Call me Sweetheart. Call me dear." Handwritten are the words, "Vala played on "Bureau" showing off her talent."

232

Kola! Write me all the truth really have you cooled off toward her or met somebody else. I wish to know very much. But dear Kola! I ask you if you have met some body else don't forget old friends and write even a few lines.

Dear Kola! I see her quite often now and I can see how she is suffering about you and for the sake of that I am sorry for her. Hope that you will write. I haven't found a job yet. Write. Good day your true friend

Pavlick Tschepotkin

Riga Schulenstrasse N° 28-3

Don't judge me too harshly for a senseless message, my head doesn't want to create anything brainy. I absolutely cannot understand whats happening around me nor inside me and in receiving your letter I become still more hazy. Koka doesn't recognize me and I am not surprised. Lots of time has elapsed since the day of your departure from Riga but time which is rich in events has no mercy.

Since the 18th of September I haven't had a line until today but I am not complaining because letters can get lost.

Why don't you want to believe "The Irrisistable," that he really "hates all women and critics them in the most terrible way." He doesn't know how to cover things up and says all that is in his mind, at times he's even quite candid. Yesterday Valla and I went to Riga and dropped into Tschepotkin's for tea, we had a lovely time; after drinking tea Valla played on the "bureau" but Tschepotkin and I had a serious talk. He told me a sad tale, the story of his unfortunate love, showed me his diary with its sentiments, where Nora's poetry astounded me etc. It seems to me that he still can't forget her and really is not interested in anybody else, still.....we won't say any more. In his actions he is correctness itself. During his conversation he kept himself very simple. And he is trying for you! I don't think that he could use phrases only.

All---a solid line of complaints. I complain to Melia that Koka has forgotten me here---that Koka doesn't write; Koka ---that Melia doesn't write. Who in the end is right? Who is writing and who isn't?

Hearty Greetings from mama and Papa
Ira

NG

Mitava, 17 December 1920

Dear Kola!

Today I received your letter which touched me. Please forgive my preceding letters full of complaints as I did not realize your situation. I never thought of it before! Not until I received your letter ^{^ 24/XI} today did I realize your position or clearly understand your circumstances: all sole alone among strange people, nobody to talk with; you used to have people around you who were in the habit of sharing their activities with you and whose silence was difficult. So I can realize how it is hard for you now to be without friends or a person close to you. Americans are fine people but quite dry and they cannot understand simple Russian souls. Only the Lord sees how I wish I might help you-----How easy it would be if you were here. We could find the proper medicine and by simple, friendly talks disperse sick feelings. Remember how we used to make plans and figure but now I must use the help of pen and paper although in this way only one tenth of my wishes can be expressed.

~~The other day Tschepotkin received a letter evidently from your former landlady in which she mentioned the departure of Ivan Dimitrich to Urieu where he is supposed to have found a position. It seems to me his golden days are over. It is clear that he is trying as soon as possible to join you; but how is he going to do it, not having for this either money or possessions which can be turned into such. (his last thing was taken by Tschepotkin) Like a drowning person reaching for a straw, so Ivan Dimitrich has grasped for Lieut. G. May be he promised him money for his travels. Ivan Dimitrich would not dare to start on such a far distant journey all alone without a dependable companion. He acted the role of Mentor over you and Leva. No matter what the point of his efforts were with Lieut. G the tie between them was unbroken; if you wish to help one, you would be put under obligation to help the other. I don't doubt that you wish to help Ivan Dimitrich.~~

~~I would like to believe that no real friendship exists between you and Ivan Dimitrich and never did, because you are absolutely of two different natures. Ivan Dimitrich needs your friendship in so far as he finds what he requires, he needs to tell some one his adventures, shine is "I" in other words, to brag. It is hard to find a patient, uncontradictory listener and finding such it is not so easy to give him up. Friendship from his side wasn't with out disinterestedness. Leva at times can be very nice person but seems to me he is ^{^not} capable of a serious devotion. Absolutely otherwise is Tschepotkin. This person is simple, artless, candid, tho at times a little sharp. No matter where he is, no matter what he is doing; he always remembers you, even in memory of you he spreads his devotion over us. By the way, ow he is quite sad on account of your silence, I am receiving most doleful letters; must support him. Really and his situation is not an enviable one. He is waiting your cooperation in receiving a Visa to start him on his way. It is quite natural that he should cling to us as the sole person with whom he can talk about you, about Reval etc. It would be cruel to turn away from him and only because somebody sees him as some sort of a creature--- Never must you condemn the actions of others, not knowing the reasons compelling a person to do thus and so; you must put yourself in his position and think, how would you have done. then when the circle is tightened you can always try to find the exit. If only Tschepotkin was more silent he would be respected by anyone, like some others of whose doings you are not enlightened, but you wished in each action you could find the unattractive side. While in others they are quite noticeable.~~

To think and keep silent, to do and conceal—this is moral; to think and speak what you think, to do and not conceal your actions –this is sinful. I must tell you as a pastor told in his sermon: Alle sind wir humpeu, nur machehabeu ihre besser dufgeptuzt.” The strange soul is dark to you and that’s why it is hard to talk about others with assurance. I am a poor advisor and still less an expert of people, I also refrain from weighing – ~~ala la Ivan Dimitirch.~~

[undecipherable]

Melia more than once has advised me to discontinue my acquaintance with Tschepotkin but by certain actions in Riga you must know that I have my own opinions.

Don’t worry about the advance from the commission.

Throw away your thoughts. If Tschepotkin has an excuse for his swindles you shouldn’t be in doubt about things which you are entitled to. Lets talk about something else; but about what? Shall we stop at life in Mitava; it won’t be worth it; it would be quite plain and uninteresting after American life. Pick over old periods? But you must be already informed through Tschepotkin sending you letters of twenty four pages over which he labors two days; I think after such a detailed description of his life there is nothing left to add, especially by an outside person. Valla also wrote quite a lot about herself, but what I didn’t know; but to refrain from repeating I will avoid adding anything.

We are all writing, writing with effort from all ends of the earth. Leva has arrived safely ^ to

[undecipherable] in England, their course –Spain, South America, Holland. Melia is going to Denmark. Look how we are all dispersed, its almost unbelievable that we all celebrated the year 1920 together. What is the coming year preparing for me? Many things can happen with us in life---

Ira

P.S. Greetings from all the people home.

Riga

22/XII.20

Dear Kola!

To-day I received your letter of the 30th of November. You can’t imagine how much happiness I had from it and I am hurrying quickly to answer. First I want to wan you about something that you don’t know yet. Today I was sitting in the office when suddenly about 1 o’clock Dr. E. dropped in to buy a ticket % to Memel % Seeing me he was frightened but afterwards he began to tell why he had left Reval and where he was going. ~~In Reval he had a quarrel with the Minister of the Interior and the Minister gave the order to have him immediately arrested. But Dr. E. at once refered to the French Consul and the latter saved him from misfortune, gave him a Visa and asked the Latvian Consul to give him a Visa also without delay which of course was granted. So in such a measure Dr. E is traveling to France, Paris to General S.~~

Then he told me the following. Lieutenant A. has turned traitor, that is he has gone over to the ranks of the Bolshevic. He was informed this by the Americans and the French consuls. Of course Dr. E. didn't believe them at first, then they provide that Lieut A received from the Bolshevic 50,000Tzars roubles for different information. So of course now Lieut. A is not accepted any where, ie., no one will give him any kind of a Visa. But lately he has disappeared somewhere, maybe he has gone to Poland.

~~Then he said that the American Consul and the French Consul informed him of the following, that they were convinced that Lieut. G. has relations with the Bolshevic by dealing with them because the Bolshevic made all their commercial transactions through him. Two millions in gold were deposited in his name in Reval. Esthonia recognized him as a merchant.~~

~~But the number of his didn't go through and the Allies caught him. Now all the Consuls refuse to give him a visa and inspite of all the money he has he must stay in Reval.~~

~~Now I warn you from this not to vouch for him in American if an enquiry comes before the consuls' information for if you vouch for him you can get stuck and be deported yourself and he won't get in either. [About Ivan Dimitrich, he hasn't written me anything since that letter in which he found about my trick with Abotin in Reval.~~

~~When you were in Reval I write an answer to your letter with all the details and hoped that you would receive it but I made a terrible mistake in my calculations, you never received it. It was addressed c/o Ivan for you. And of course he opened it and read it.~~

~~Afterwards I wrote him to return this latter immediately but he didn't ever find it necessary to answer. Also he didn't carry out your request i.e. to inform me of Noridika's death. He didn't write me anything about it. You wrote me from Stockholm first, then Zella and afterwards Ma.]~~

Dear Kolishka! [By such news I was so shocked that I can't even describe it and] even now, quite often I think of [^] Noridika, her and cry. I sorrow for her but what can be done. It is God's will! The truth will come when we will be gone too. [But I thank you that you cared for me and told me.]

236

I have ordered a portrait for 200 rub. ie. enlarged from a little picture and put in a good frame. Even tho I haven't the money to spend, I am spending it because it is my only pleasure, in view of the fact that I have only a little picture of her and it is quite worn and if I wait longer it will be hard to enlarge [Now I came back to the beginning. Do what you think about Lieut. G. I write you from the words of Dr. E. My duty as a friend is to inform you and my advice is not to mix in it. {Write Ivan Dimitrich to return my letter which I addressed to you ie. in your name through him}]

Yesterday I received a letter from Elvira (we write each other quite often now). She wrote me that she had received letters from you but she didn't say how many. She informed me that you had not been well for several days which of course left a bad impression on me and I am sorry for you. Get well quick. I wish from all my dear heart for you to be always happy and active and don't let your spirits drop. You write that I told Elvira something about you that was not good. By God I don't know what but I suspect. Sometime ago there was a conversation about Reval and ^v waitress. I told about our past life before we were introduced to them. And here I was asked the question where did you go with KÖlner? I answered quickly that it was before we me you. Then she and Valentine laughed a long time and said they had caught me. Probably you didn't tell them about it because it was quite news for them. But I didn't say anything special. Some time I will find out and write you.

I am very happy Kola, that you didn't forget Elvira.

Kola, write often as you can to her and then she will be always happy and won't be lonesome. She deserves your letters. This I judge by the fact that I know her better now and begin to value her more. I plan to spend the holidays with them but I don't know yet whether Christmas or New Years, but I am certain I will be there. Then again I will describe all in detail. I am finishing this writing now because it is 6 o'clock and I am taking my German lesson until 8 o'clock. Today is the last lesson. They begin again after the holidays, the 7th of January.

Wrote this in a hurry with mistakes and not clear but forgive me.

Well, I have just come back from my lesson and again take up the letter. I have already taken German lessons three months, twice a week, 4 hours and profited some success. Judge by the fact that when you were here I didn't ^{even} know Latin letters but now I read German quite fast. I have learned conjugations of verbs, declensions, case and pronouns. Yes in fact I already know quite a lot, only to speak is a little hard but I hope with time I will get used to it. Already I talk a little with my landlady. My landlady is German and can't talk Russian at all but this is good practice for me. I have finished stenography, passed the examinations not as bad as others. I have already taken bookkeeping a month, two months more and I will know that. So far I can understand all but don't know how it will be in the future. Typewriting I finished quite a while ago. So if it happens that I must work in a Russian concern, I will be able to. After the holidays I will take mathematic lesson from a Russian Engineer, free of charge. I am also learning Russian grammar. Compare my first letters with the last and write me how my efforts are. Without doubt there are still a lot of mistakes but as time goes by I will try to refrain from them. Before I could not write at all, of course I am ashamed to say so but not to you. When you compare my letters and correct them write me how much % they are better than before.

237

You ask am I learning English? This does not apply to me because it is too hard to study two languages at once. For a while I shall continue only with German, then I will see what to do. You write me that I will be lost in America without the English language but I think that I can adapt myself to the life anywhere especially if I have waited with you, then even death will be beautiful. But I think even in America I won't perish, kind people are found everywhere and they would rescue me, Kola. I can adapt myself to life. For instance, when I came to Riga, you saw for yourself that already I walked without shoes or a suite of clothes and had already sold my underwear, blanket and overcoat. But now again I have everything. I have two pairs of shoes, one yellow pair for walking and the other black, for work and both good. I have rubbers, stockings, underwear, overcoat, all quite good. Not so long ago, I bought myself a new suit of clothes, a warm shirt knitted from wool and a scarf. I am walking with a hat and all as it should be.

Now I know you prepare the question to yourself, where did I get so much money? And of course you think probably that Capt. Russman helps me out. But no Kola, Russman assisted me only by helping me find a position and supported me at first when I didn't have anything. But now I am self supporting. Now you might say that I earn this money. This isn't the truth either for I receive only 1200 Lettish rub a month, this with our expensive life is enough only to last through half a month.

Now you might say that I stole it but I say that I did not steal but made a combination, because there is a severe punishment for theft but for combination there is no one to do the punishing. I have already worked for months at Hagen-Jörgunsens and earned about fifteen thousand but of course (undecipherable) have spent it on clothes and different small things. Now I am again sitting in a critical position without a kopeck. I don't know where I can get money for the holidays. I am very sorry that I am losing my position but nothing can be done, such is fate. The superintendent of the office promised to place me somewhere and maybe he will yet. But of course I am in full assurance that I can't get such a profitable position again.

So I think if only I could be in America I wouldn't get lost and could find something to do. At the worst I could clean shoes in the street. I am not Leva. I can stand anything. Of course here I am ashamed to clean shoes because there are too many friends but in America I will clean with songs. Of course it will be a good thing to escort Elvira to America but before you must think it over thoroughly. I understand all now. I am not a little child. If I escort her it's necessary to have 336 dollars just for our tickets and on top of that a visa costs 20 dollars, the railroad and other small expenses brings it to about 400 dollars, four hundred dollars equals 80,000 Lettish rubles. Now where can you get such money and I not able to get enough for my own travelings.

Now let's talk. I wonder which will be better?

If I go separate from her ie. you help me to get a visa and I walk my way through alone, I think that I know how to get through without money even, because our office can transport me to Stockholm without paying, if not as far as Christiana, then I hope to receive from Madam Russman a recommendation to her relatives in Christiana, then I will work along further. There has already been talk about this matter with the Russmans. Her relatives are millionaires. Anyway this summer I have somehow I will work it out. If I can get to you, then we much quicker can get Elvira. Two are always better than one. But the way you think we would have no more chance to be in America and ever to see you and American than to see my ^{our} own ears ^{our} myself.

Now from (undecipherable) there will be direct communication with America. There will be a steamship going regularly every 12 days. The liners% Kursk, Jgar and Tzaritza% under the English flag renamed Baltoner, Battida and Battown. III class fare costs 268 dollars. II class 238.00 dollars without transfer going to America, the trip lasting 12 days.

238

The first boat sails from Litava about 10 February. So now, Kolishka, think it over, in what you don't agree, write me.

Dear Kola! Forgive me that thought that you had forgotten us, but as it turned out I was deeply mistaken. I sent you one letter with a scolding and a picture but for tis I ask forgiveness. I had a good time at the first two balls and they passed without adventure but at the third I had a terrible experience which I never could have expected. I went to the ballet at 8 o'clock in fine spirits but during the dances a terrible misfortune happened. I suddenly saw a girl standing at my right. Norishka? At once I wanted to scream but my throat closed and I couldn't make a sound. With me was standing the girl who invited me to the ball, maybe you know her, she was also in Archangle by the name of E.B.

Seeing me in such an absent minded condition she asked me what had happened. I answered, nothing special.

Then I took from my pocket Norishka's picture and asked, Do you know this girl?

She answered without delay. Yes, I know and put the question, where and when did you meet her? I declined to answer and in my turn proposed the question, who is she. The answer was, a student in the 8th class at the Gymnasium, a Lettish girl, but I couldn't believe that she was Lettish and I still think that she is Norishka. I invite her to dance the next dance and when I took her by the wrist I immediately began to feel that I was holding Norishka. At once my head clouded and a minute later I didn't dance anymore but lay in the middle of the floor, senseless.

I came to myself about 20 min after and as it was said, they worked over me for quite awhile. When I came too I saw in front of me a Dr. four girls and about five young men. I was terribly embarrassed by such a story but nothing could be done, what is passed won't return. This girl happened to be a friend of my girl ie., with whom I came to the ball, friends at the Gymnasium. Now at once E. B. understood the whole story as I had explained it to her before, and she revealed it all to that girl. The girl then wrote a message and at once left the hall. The message contained; I am not guilty in anything. Fate brought us together but not wishing to spoil your evening I leave the ball. When I had refreshed myself I also hurriedly withdrew. I was sick almost all the next day. From it, ie. That meeting. Now I will tell you next that really you could not distinguish that girl from Norishka, height and figure the same also the lines of the face, well in our words, she had all that Norishka had, same color of hair and even such a detail i.e. on the right cheek she had the same mark as Norishka. A terrifying coincidence I was really astonished. How will it all end? I don't know. I will write what will be next and now I am taking measures to meet her.

Well dear Kolishka! Now I will hurry to bed because the time is 2 o'clock. Once more I apologize for my poor writing but I was in a terrible hurry. In what you don't agree, write, waiting impatiently answer. In a short time I will write again. Goodbye. I shake your hand and give you a hard kiss. Your true friend, I open my heart to you with all my soul always glad to serve you.

Pavlick Tschepotkin

Dear Kolishka! Once more I ask you don't forget us ie. neither Elvira nor me. Write often as you can and a lot. Find a free minute, don't let those who are waiting an answer suffer.

Once more I kiss you

Pavlick

Tschepotkin

Letland

Riga Schulenst. N° 28 apt.3

Dear Kolishka!

Today I received your letters for me for Ira and for Valentine written 15.12.20. I have received two letters from you and Elvira received today a second one also. It means that we together have received

four letters. I hope that from now on we will receive them alright. The letters came opened by the censor but don't worry. I did not read Elvira's and the next time I won't either. Write, I will be very glad to forward them. I have already sent this by registered mail to her. I spent a very merry Christmas, was in Mitava. I left Friday night and came back, Sunday. Experimented with a prismatic séance, in fact we made merry.

As usual I went to sleep under the stairs but Volodka in his beloved spot, the toilet. Anyway you can't imagine what happened and I can't describe it all or write it all because I couldn't see all as I went to sleep too early.

But the others said something unusual was going on. Some of them almost walked on their heads and knocked the walls with their foreheads.

I also met the New Year with them, everybody was happy but not like at Christmas. On New Year as we played Proferance (Note: probably referring to Austrian card game, Preferans?) and all the holiday I spent very happy and it never again can be any better.

I spent on Christmas and the New Year 1200 rub in all because I bought the Vodka and some other small things. If you ask why I am spending so much money for nothing, I will answer that I almost haven't been anywhere and in view of that I wanted to shake myself up and also make pleasure for others. Dear Kola! I have been without work now since the 1st of January. When my discharge was announced to me first I was terribly upset to be left without work. But now already I am not much disturbed by it because I have made myself secure for about 3 months, that is; Just before Christmas I made Gesheft of 7 thousand rub. 2 ½ thousand I have spent and I have 4 ½ in my pocket.

But in the spring I will do something again, hoping that I won't perish – business man? In fact I am not much discouraged, remembering always your poetry (no matter what happens, lets always say, spit.) Now again I am beginning to study with all my might, taking four subjects, Mathematics, German, bookkeeping and Russian grammar. Kola, you do the right thing by writing letters through me, ie., now Elvira is sure to receive them directly and will be made very happy by this.

On New Years Elvira drank quite a lot and for this reason I had a conversation with her on the theme of loss and questioned her in what I gave myself away when I was there before ie., what they wrote you or otherwise what I told about you that wasn't good? I received such an answer.

240

You didn't say anything bad except the truth, and that's what I wrote."

Then I begin to try to find out what kind of truth this was. She answers that you used to say to her that you always were frank with her but in reality it happens that it was not so. Then I ask her a question, what you have covered up from her? She answers that you never told her that you shared anything with me. But in reality it has come out that it is so.

But of course she didn't have anything against the fact that I know all and that you have told me everything. This was simply to pick a quarrel on her part and because you don't write her enough, so

she tried to prick you right direct in the heart and hoped that then you would write her a letter in self defence and quicker remember her, but there was nothing serious in it.

Now I begin to turn the conversation ei. transfer it to the love theme.

Putting the question, "Are you going to America, E.C. to Kola?"

Silence begins and she drops her head. I am dumb for about two minutes, finding it necessary to repeat it.

Then I hear the answer: "Why should I go to America? to starve? Let me be here."

I) "Why to starve? You are going to Kola."

She answers, "What can Kola give me?"

I) "Well, but you will be his wife."

She) "That is written only on water with a fork."

I) That means that I understand that you do not wish to be his wife?"

She) "No, no! Can it be "Dear Sister "can be his wife?"

I) "Well, but he loves you and counts you as his sweetheart, ei. future wife."

She) "He may be too late?"

I) "Why?"

She) "Because I know nothing about it. He didn't say anything about it, didn't write anything about it and has almost forgotten me."

But anyway I insisted on finding out does she love you and in the end was convinced, "Yes", and she is suffering terribly about you.

Then I convinced her that you had not forgotten her and that only the letters didn't come through and the time will come when you will be together, and she was very much pleased with my comforting.

We sat together until 8 o'clock in the morning but the rest were asleep. That was the end of the conversation.

241

N^o7 #7

Mitava 7.1.21.

Thanks, dear Kola, for your holiday Greetings and your good wishes but I doubt if the judgement will be fulfilled. "You will see me in America" – but what will I be doing there? They say that to be happy we must trust in the possibility of happiness. Well! It seems to me only that happiness will be late.

Thoughts, thoughts...again they rush through my head.

I am sorry that you can't settle in the same city with your sister, for to live alone is hard and lonely.

Really I did not imagine Americans life such a life, exactly for their informality is why they appealed to me, but in reality, it's not so. It is ^{^you must} understand that they are a people made of different paste with absolutely different points of view and that it is quite hard to get together with them. Your reserve can still less be a help to you in your loneliness.

But I am not losing the pleasure of giving you a lecture. Pay attention!

One beautiful day, "The Irrisistible" rushed into me with the request to get him out of trouble; you had piled upon him a problem beyond his strength: to write you what bad about you I had found out from his conversation, and he poor thing, didn't know what to answer. Holy, holy ^{^ innocense} manners! How can Tschepotkin know my thoughts? I listen with great attention, but not by a single motion give myself away, don't question him but modestly keep still. ~~Once brainy Ivan Dimitrich wasn't able to understand me, which means I am not a nut for his teeth. But all this matter took a bad burn and all is in your favor.~~

~~Not realizing it myself, I put it over on him and saw~~ "The Irrisistable" has begun to be a little afraid of me, further more has refused to take me for his wife even if I myself should declare that I am in love with him, which hurts me more than anything because I have completely ^{lost} my hope to be married some time. But ^{this} isn't important, the problem itself is important. After Tschepotkin's departure, I began to pick the story to pieces and now have come to this decision.

First you wrote that you received only 1 and 2 of my letters, so from where did you find out about my conversation with Tschepotkin as in these there wasn't any mention of it, and in fact I didn't even write that it seemed as if I had found out something "bad." Second, if you tell me everything ie. if you are frank with me you must be convinced that Tschepotkin could not add anything new. The result is this problem loaded on him, absolutely unnecessary. But the question comes up, what does it mean? Concealment is on the face of it. Third, why didn't you refer directly to me for an explanation? Afraid that I might answer? --- it means you distrust. Fourth, how can Tschepotkin be useful in the matter of an explanation? It must be that he knows all and now you are demanding a statement in what, exactly, he overstepped his ground. In the absence of frankness there is no friendship. What then? Are you frightened now? That's what I want ---- Mercy! ---- I have just received a letter from you sent through "The Irrisistable" Heaven, in spite of your limited time you have still found time to write me a long letter.

242

#7 Ira

Your letter makes me feel better. You wrote that you only partly believe the tales of "The Irrisistable". Just what I mean to ask. You see he with his exaggerations can convince on of things that don't exist or else he sees everything in a different light, to the nonsense he plays serious attention. I am obliged to listen to unpleasant references about him from Leva, ~~in one thing I am lucky, Ivan Dimitrich doesn't write me and limits himself only to holiday greetings. Otherwise he unquestionably would he~~ ^{tries} to warn me against this doubtful danger. You must know how to handle yourself and then any kind of acquaintance will not harm you. Tschepotkin is a good little fellow only he is revengeful and he suffers from the Kerensky sickness: word eruption: he is candid with everybody beyond measure. What can he write you? That I am smoking? --- this is true. I see horror on your face. How much hard labor it has taken me to learn this art! That we are dissipating? -- and this is true. Only after the Greeting of the New Year, I promised myself not to take wine in my mouth for a whole year; I might break my word at some one's wedding. Also this was a fact: Vova and "The Irrisistable", bring drunk, quarreled, this quarrel effected me so much that I burst into tears. How Tschepotkin tried to quiet me, even his drunkness was gone. At first I was very much surprised at his manner toward me, but in reality your invisible hand was ruling behind all this; even to such detail as how to correctly write my name. Kola, you indulge me too much.

We live the same way. ---- Greetings from the family

Ira

Dear Kola!

Today I have studied so much that I am beginning to have a headache. So I wish a little rest. Not considering that today was Sunday I was left without dinner because I didn't have a chance to go there was such a lot of studying to do. Now the time is one o'clock at night but I wish to have a little talk with you once more.

Well, dear, how is your situation, improved? Tell me all that you have in your soul and I may be able to help you even by words ie, ease your sufferings. With me here all is satisfactory. Of your letters, two have already been received since Christmas, ie. two for myself and two for Elvira and one postcard for Valla. Thank you very much for your New Years present, it is so dear to me that I cannot satisfy myself with delight ie. it is dear to me because you yourself bought it with your own hands and sent it to me. You know, we are so far from each other, that I can't even imagine, ie. can't account for the fact that I am able to have in my possession a thing bought by you.

Well, concerning the matter of business Elvira has already received your letters ie. the first letter she has already answered, but the second she will review tomorrow ie. the transaction has been accomplished. Am waiting for the next letters to come as soon as possible for myself and Elvira.

Kolishka! Don't be angry at me because I call Elvira "thee" in my letters, I am talking with you, not with her, with her so far I am on "you."

Kola! it is good that you left her here, because she has taken the place of you for me. Well, Kolishka, I am going to bed, it is after 2 o'clock. After this talk, I am satisfied.

Aufwiedersein

Pavlick

Tschepotkin

Dear Kolishka!

Today I received a letter from you written 20.12. How much happiness to me! You can't imagine and I can't describe it. I hear already written a letter to Elvira and taken it to the post office together with yours. Dear Kola! You write me that it is pretty hard to be alone without friends but think about me, you think it's easy for me to live without you, but what to do, I have to put up with everything, wait, things will improve with you and with me and there we will be united again then you will have me and Elvira to yourself ie. we will be all together. To-day since morning I have had extraordinary good feelings and I had a presentment that I would receive a letter from you and so it happened. Coming home from my lesson at 1 o'clock day time, I was given the letter from you. Today I have so much work but I put it all aside to write to Elvira and to you.

At present I am taking lessons, mathamatics from an engineer as I have already written you, every day 2 hours from 10 o'clock to 12 day. I am benefiting with great success and during the six lessons I have appropriate % multiplication of small denominations and long division and have acquired a preliminary understanding of fractions ie., subtraction, division and multiplication. If everything goes as well I have

great hopes. Bookkeeping is also going well and I am already working alone. But the Russian course of orthography I am leaving to you to judge by comparing these with the old letters.

So now, Kola, I hope you will be settled as soon as possible, then again everything will be all right and we will all be at peace. The main thing is, don't lose your spirits and don't give yourself to the mercy of fate, take yourself in hand and then everything will come out right. I hope the next letter I receive will contain favorable news. Write as often as possible even if you haven't received my letters, for I oblige myself to write every week once or twice in spite of not receiving letters from you and I and I advise you to do the same thing and then we will comfort each other quicker.

Right now somehow, I have become so lonesome as you remind me of last year in Esthonia el Rival and begin again to recall Norishka, you, in fact all that we lived through and I wish terribly to return to the life if only for a few hours. But this is impossible.

Also I wish right now to change myself into a piece of paper and be near you even for a few seconds. Now I will stop writing and go to the post office. Once more I hope you are able to settle down as soon as possible and live without worry as lives the free eagle.

Write, write often and more, waiting impatiently the next letters.

I kiss you your true forever friend
Pavlick Tschepotkin
Riga Schulen str. 29 w 3 8/1.21

245

Blank

246 #16

Riga 12.1.21.

Dear Kola!

Today I received from you three postcards, one for me, the second for E.C. and the third for ^ B.K. Valla and already today, by registered mail I have forwarded them. I received them at 1 o'clock and at 3 o'clock I had already delivered them to the post office.

Now all your letters have come through of which I am very glad.

Well, how is your situation improved or not yet, but of course when my letter comes through ie. to say more exactly when you receive it everything will be satisfactory and I forecast success in your undertaking and so congratulate you on your achievements. Kolishka, forgive me that today I write so little, but I feel terribly tired.

For to-day I slept only 4 hours because I have such a tremendous amount of studying to do and for this reason yesterday I stayed up all night until to-days morning, but anyway I prepared all my lessons. Now I am going to bed, the time is ½ 2 o'clock. I can't work anymore today because my head cooks no more. I am going far already with factions, have absorbed all four actions and now have gone onto equations, dimensions of space and percentage. If all goes will I will be pleased with my head. So far I haven't any kind of news, if I hear I will write.

But anyway I am writing you twice a week dutifully and sometimes three times.
I ask you, write as often as you can.
Today is Wednesday but Saturday I am pretty sure I am going to Mitava for a visit to play cards.
We are now playing Proferance.
As soon as I return I will write you immediately.
Forgive me for not being clearer and for such poor writing, as I have spent only 15 min. Was in a terrible
(*Note: word was cut at binding and was missing*) and haven't thought what I was writing, but I think
better poor than nothing.
Good night
Dear Kolishka
And for tomorrow, Good morning
I kiss you
Your friend
Pavlick
Tschepotkin

Pura
Riga Schulen str. 28-3
Write write
Soon waiting.

247
Mitava 14.1.21

Have just received your letter, written when it was still last year, November 29 addressed to Melia and remailed by her from Esthonia to Latvia by a courier of the American Red Cross. It seems to me the latter must have carried it in his pocket for quite awhile, otherwise I cannot understand such a great delay. I am taking advantage of being free during the absence of a disturbing element to write you a couple of lines in a little letter not on a post card as you suggested, I always like to do the opposite of what some one wishes, requests. So at the beginning I will tell you about the world and after about things in general!

As I have already written you in my previous letter "The Grand Duchess Maria Nicholavna" is finally wintering in Liverpool, a five months stay assured, that's why Melia will depart around the twentieth of this month from Esthonia for England.

Also I received today a letter from Leva writing that he is living decently considering his location, food and finances, but... where tell me, can we be without "but"? ...to my horror he is convinced now in the justice of the words, "It is hard to live single in the world." It seems to me he was not a social being and always kept apart from us, but now, just imagine, lonely loneliness; it has gone so far as, "I will bear all and go back to Reval." I judge by his letter – that every-where beyond the border – unemployment, as you see, not only in America.

That's all the news! We live the same: Mama and Papa busy with their work: Vora and Marusia with us as before and a departure soon we don't foresee; Vala is still there, sometimes its quite hard for her but she has become used to it and is more appeased.

Again I shake your hand. I must not lose hope, all these letters roaming around the world but in the end reading their destination. Didn't I finally receive today a letter written the 29th November 1920? Of course I cannot guarantee that they will be intact.

It seems to me I accused "The Irrisistable" without reason.

This last letter which I received from you was quite dilapidated and also unsealed; I don't know whether it was the censor or the courier who was interested in the contents of the letter but it is a fact that the letter was unsealed and they didn't find it necessary to seal it again. I only hope that you didn't write anything about it to him, then he won't know about the sneaky distrust of his real service, because I haven't seen him yet and haven't had a chance to tell him. Anyway, this is a good lesson for me, never to accuse anybody in the future without investigating the matter and looking at it from all sides. But I didn't accuse Tschepotkin at all, only expressed my supposition, that all.... But only listen to what a thing "The Irrisistable" came out with---All letters addressed to me, he remains, registered, afraid that they will get lost; even the post-cards, he sent them the same way too (He will be broke in the end, poor man). The other day he received three greeting cards: one for himself, for Valla and for me: ours

248

He remailed by registered mail. And what did I see? One envelope, in it another one, also with stamps, solidly pasted on and in the inside the post cards. I don't know why he was so generous with 8 rubles (Vooka was in Riga, he will drop in to see him and find out all the reasons) but now his money is crying. I pulled out this postcard and first what should attract my yes – these words: "Do not write my address in Russian." What is it? Sarcasm? I was ready to be cross, but decided to wait a little longer. I had plenty of time yet to get angry and I must finish anyway. I am reading: "Dear friend (that's still all right) Pavlick (O horror!) Seems to me I wasn't christened by that name, even my mother can assure me that its not so in truth, he left out my post card and sent me his. Did he like my postcard better or was it about mindedness or ^{^ was he} fallen in love, not slept enough or hungry, I only know that this postcard was appropriated right in broad day light. I expressed my protest through the long legged Volodia.....

15 January 21. I didn't have time to finish this letter yesterday so I am doing it now. Vova didn't return yesterday and it seems to me he stayed overnight with Tschepotkin.

I received only a letter from him had a good hearty laugh at it. "It is not a sin to laugh at that which seems funny." I think I have already written to you that at the New Years celebration Schepotkin being drunk went to a dance. After he went home, our girl neighbors who were at the party also spending their time with Tschepotkin, dropped in to apologize for "snatching away" our gentleman. Valla and I laughed heartily that evening about it. I wrote of this apology to Tschepotkin, --and he – O horrors! --- took it all for dear gain and even wrote this: "Yes! I saw your anger, which was the reason that you didn't answer when I forwarded the letter from Koka." Again flares out his old sickness he thinks that he "made an impression". He is ever getting ready to come for an explan (*Note: rest of word cut off at margin*) It will be impossible to convince him but I shan't refrain from the pleasure of having a good laugh at him. Really he is "the Irrisistable."

That's enough for the time.
Greetings from father and mother.

Ira

#17

249
Riga 18.1.21

Dear Kola!

I have just received your letter today and am answering right away. You wrote 29.12.20 which means that it traveled 20 days! In general I receive all your letters after such a period. I am not getting tired of forwarding letters to Elvira and am only wishing to have something to send, write, with great pleasure. I remail it, write more if possible and more often, for you I am ready to do all that I can.

Kola! Why do you write me so little, I am very much interested to know. Of course I didn't read Elvira's letter and read hers only when I visit her, but this is quite a long time to wait. You write her much more and all the details. Write me more, I will be very glad.

~~Lieutenant G. served about two months in prison in Reval. I wrote you about it before.
[I am interested to know the address of Solioff.]~~

Elvira has received all your letters which were sent through me. I remailed all of them on the same day registered.

Write if you have found work yet. I am very anxious to know about it. I am still without work and am continuing my studies.

Here also the weather remains warm and we have not had more than 6% freezing. At one time the snow falls and then it melts quickly, so most of the time there is no snow and most everyone is riding n carriages and only a few in sleighs.

Write more often and more.

Waiting impatiently

Your true friend
P. Tschepotkin

Kola! Send me your photograph. After 5 days I will send you mine. I had a picture of myself taken here, am waiting for it.

Kola! Introduce me to some kind of girl, nationality doesn't matter, wish to correspond.

Kiss you Pavlick

Riga Schulen Str. 28-3

Next Saturday I am almost sure I am going to Mitava to play Proferance. I have learned it by all rules of the art. Now I have an understanding of what is Casch, Grand Casch, petit-nuser, samnauder and even have learned to play Robber. So I am going there to teach them more proficiency then we will play in dead earnest.

P. Tschepotkin

I am sending you a schedule of direct communication with America, look and advise and what do you say?

250

Riga. 25. 1.21

Dear Kola!

I received your letter which I forwarded as directed, written 5.1.21. I carried out your wishes and am writing your address with only two letters now, Mr. instead of the whole word Mister, I won't write that anymore.

Thank you for your long and extensive conversation with me.

I remain always your true friend.

Pavlick

251

N° 10

Mitava 28.1.21

Dear Kola, I have again received two letters from you, both through Tschepotkin. Forgive me for not having written very much, but the immense distance which separate us absolutely refuses to leave my mind. In one of the sleepless nights from which I am suffering lately, I assumed to hear clearly "America, America" repeated with all sorts of variations --- and suddenly I was some how frightened, a mysterious terror. Before I used to send you messages from (undecipherable) to Reval with all sorts of nonsense, and the next day supplement them with explanations; now its not possible with all this disturbing distance, somehow I am loath to write nonsense and things that amount to nothing. It is a good thing to joke but explanations of the aforesaid may get lost and the results may be quite a tearful story ~~as is this letter #.~~

I wish to help everyone but my wings are clipped, I have no strength. I am able to do nothing. How it hurts! I must be silent because people will not understand for the friends in our time are very rare. But what is a friend? The person who I am selecting from among others is one with whom I have found it possible for some reason to share my very next sacred thoughts and only with him, such a friend you found in Tschepotkin, but in my judgement you might as well be candid with everybody because

everything that is trusted to him, all his acquaintances know. Seeing that, I avoid serious conversations as a cat avoids the mud puddles and if I talk it is only for the desire to find out something. To be more exact, I use his frankness exactly the same as he where he things that he has made an impression on everybody and he imagines a candid conversation. What a thought came into your head and you so easily presented it in your letter to me.

Only please don't think that I am a ~~la Ivan Dimitrich~~, trying to blacken others and in this case, Tschepotkin; absolutely not, Tschepotkin is a good dear, but suffering from a defectiveness, more exactly a sickness, about which I have already written in a preceding letter and I am writing again in this; I told this also to him but he answered me quite strangely.

To use wine to raise the spirits "what an honor! I am not a man, drowning my sorrows with wine. I don't know whether this was written as a joke or not I know the words "I am informed" etc. I conclude that I am obliged to than Tschepotkin for his friendly report. Think, all this story was from one letter of Pomaranz and tea. What Tschepotkin wrote I don't know and I don't wish to know. I can see nothing very shocking in myself so your words quite hurt me.

My life is lonesome and monotonous. If I go out anywhere, it is for the sake of Valla, personally I keep apart from people. A few days ago I was invited with Valla to an evening at the Officers Society

252

risked a dance to refuse by which I made Valla angry. She went with Herr Berg and his wife.

I am staying home all of the time; mother brought work, to knit stockings for soldiers, very tiresome work. Believe me, all the week I haven't turned out on the street and have been knitting all the time – knitting endlessly. So even now my gingers hurt, I can hardly move a pen. As you see, life is grey, drab, where raising the spirits would be unnecessary. If you were horrified with Dec. 5th/ what are you going to say about the New Years greeting? Take notice, Koka, that I am drinking only for the sociability, in fact, I pretend to be much worse than I really am.

In all your doings, I see the reasons and am not surprised and I hope that you understand and forgive me. In the future I will tell you all of my trouble but I won't do it now until after you eliminate your trouble, then I will come with mine. I can't collect my thoughts any more, my eyes are closing, the result of sleepless nights, don't be angry with my writing, in one word, I feel badly. I

It seems as if I am becoming acquainted with the inquisition.
Let my hands ret, then I will talk with you again.

Ira

P.s. A couple of words more. Leva scarcely writes to anybody, even to his own mother. Melia takes care of all his correspondence. She has gone to England.

Vala asked me to tell you that her Gusar friend, after receiving a Post Card from Riga 5.7, 20 ran away and disappeared with not any trace. (I must tell you that this Post Card quite competed with your letter. He frightened him with numerous names, all three of us signing for about fifty persons.) Greetings from Vala, Papa and Mama.

199

[The following entry is out of chronological order and the transcriber is unable to determine where Elvira's letter ends and Pavlick's begins] August 19 – 1921
Elvira #18 Packing

Et tu Brute contra me!!!

- - - - -

What can Tscheptokin write you of importance? From his occasional visits, in order to produce something important, he must be either an idiot or just doesn't comprehend anything. Does he repeat my words? But I am not generous with them. Naturally, he must fabricate. I have already written of this matter before. Judging with what eagerness he looks for information, asks questions, keeps his eye out, it is clear to me that he reports this all to you, in fact, you yourself confess it. I can't imagine what I am supposed to be covering up. I am sure I have done just the opposite, writing all the details in my letters frequently. - - -

If I have written sharply please forgive me. I am sorry. Papa told me that when he was in Riga the other day and passed the Tea House he remembered the party he had with you. It always reminds him of it.

P.S. I again appeal directly to you: What is Tschepotkin writing about me? I hope it is clear to you that it is not his opinion that I am interested in but what he is writing you.

Elvira –

253

#19

Heart to Heart Talk
Commander in chief to her Adjutant

The carrying on of a conversation of long duration to clear up all misunderstandings. The Commander-in-Chief declares to me that I do not behave myself as required in the presence of others. In the presence of others, I must not make big plans ie., must not act as I did during Christmas. Of course I have listened to a lot of different instructions and the result is when all was said I apologized for all and made these further resolutions: I will carry out our policies in secret even from her parents. She told me the following, "I have already written to Kola that Pavel Nikitish suffers from word eruption and behaves himself quite temperately in the presence of others." (This matter was during Christmas when I was quite intoxicated ie, I even couldn't understand anything

and I had your letter in which was written the following: "I hope that someday you will come here with Elvira."

I took it and with my drunken eyes read it to her parents which of course to her wasn't quite pleasant and on top of that answered her quite roughly when she tried to prevent my reading. "As she told me" for of course I remembered absolutely nothing about it, I once more apologized to her and now we have settled everything. Kola! Please don't think that I answered her in an insulting way, no I only didn't pay attention to her and continued with the same spirit.

But you will find out all about it further from her letters because she will write you all the details.

% Adjutant% P. Tschepotkin

Decisions of Secret Treaty

Keep all information in secrecy from others.

Do not cover up your material condition.

Adjutant Tschepotkin

Answer to your letter.

Kola! Forgive me that I sent you such a short answer to your letter of 5.1.21. I was very cross with you for writing me so little, you didn't even find it necessary to write whether you found work or not. Next time I ask you to write me more.

Conflict of Commander-in-chief

With her Adjutant

Kola! We have had a misunderstanding we have had an argument between ourselves and I ask you to clear it up or us.

The question of argument was about living conditions.

I said, "I will write Kola and he will believe what I say," and she answered "I will also write to Kola and he will believe me because your letter will be contradicted." I am asking

254

You to look into it the best you can, all these last letters from her and those from me because I shall write all the truth and she will contradict what I say.

(Look over to sheet N° 6 page N° 4 ie, the last page)

The Chronicle

Kola! Forgive me that I didn't go to Mitava for such a long time, about a whole month. But I finally pulled myself together.

25. I. t. y. Volodka came to me, we sat and talked things over in general, then he said to me, "Pavleshka, let me borrow 200 rub. From you."

I answered: "Volodia, you know that at present I am without a job and have very little money, ie, I am in a critical (undecipherable) where can I get it? No I won't let you have it!"

He said: "Put yourself in my position, now already three days have passed since we have had heat in the house, unbelievable cold, also we haven't had a crumb of bread and to-day Papa must go to work and not a piece to take with him. Today I expected to receive rations from my department but didn't get it. The money which you give me, I will return to you the first of the month ie, as soon as I receive my pay.

I answered: "Why doesn't E. C. write me anything about it?"

He: "She is too proud to write you."

Of course I didn't believe Volodka but took and wrote Elvira a letter and enclosed in it so that Volodka wouldn't notice 200 rub. And passed him the letter adding: "Give this letter to Elvira." He answered: "I will obey! Everything shall be carried out."

26. I. T. y. I was waiting an answer from Elvira when suddenly Volodka appeared and said, "What have you done? What a fool, you caused a big scandal at our house. They all scolded me, why I should expose everything to you and for what reason? You sent money to Elvira, she did not ask money from you, but now they think that I asked for it from you in her name and Elvira is returning this money to you this very day by mail."

I was in a panic, quite frightened and began quickly to write a letter asking an apology and not to send the money by mail, ie, to keep the money herself until Saturday as Saturday I would come and then we would clear it all up.

29.1.t.y ie. Saturday I got myself together to go to Mitava.

At the depot in Matava I saw coming toward me, the wife of Captain Rone' Maria Ernestiasna with her guilty head hanging down.

I: "Ah, how do you do, well, how are you getting along and how are things?" But I started to hurry along because it was terribly cold in the train and I was chilled through. "Pavlick! wait, don't go so fast, the reason is this, Volodja sent me to warn you, that he did not pass on the letters which you sent to Elvira and spent the money and kept the letters himself." He is something for you. Grandmother, still (undecipherable)! Elvira doesn't even know anything about it. I lost myself completely and began to tremble from ~~from~~ anger, how can anybody open and letter and spend the money?

Coming to the house Volodka wasn't at home, only Elvira and her parents were there. I entered and made myself appear very happy and didn't make known that I was so agitated. Irishka was very

happy to see me. Then I said, "Elvira C. lets go for a walk for a few minutes." She said: "All right." In two minutes we were both in the street. (I mustn't forget to mention that when I went into the house it was cold as hell.) I proposed the question: "Do you know if anything has happened in the last few days?" The answer followed: "No" Then I questioned: "How do you live?"

She answered with a smile on her face: "Ser gut danke shen."

Then I began to contradict her and told her: "I already know how you live. I have already been informed of everything – everything. I know how many days you have stayed in an unheated house. I know how many days you haven't had any bread and in fact any kind of food!

Then she hung her little head and answered with a sign of silence.

Then I told her what Voldka had cooked up and asked her not to give away to her parents what I had told her to which of course she agreed.

Then I asked her to tell me everything in order without covering up a single thing as a model brother and sister should do.

At first for quite awhile she wouldn't agree, it was very hard for her to admit it. She was terribly ashamed to admit it, ie., to reveal all they have been living through.

But after awhile she got her courage up and told me all that I have already written you, at the same time making a remark about Christmas.

Right here we incorporated a partnership never to cover up anything from each other and to keep all that secret from the others.

We walked about 1 ½ hrs. and afterwards returned home as if nothing had happened.

At 10 o'clock we went, Elvira, Valla and I to a masquerade by the German society where you could only go by special invitation. At first it was a little dull there but in the end it was very merry. But this time I behaved myself quite modestly and didn't allow myself too much luxury. Of course unquestionably we went to the buffet but each of us only drank a glass of coffee and ate a couple of French pastries, such was the expense of our evening, but not as before. Returning home about 3 o'clock in the morning

256

We each swallowed a sandwich and went to bed. I woke up in the night unspeakably cold, my teeth with the other teeth didn't come together and for a long time I couldn't sleep but afterwards somehow I did.

In the morning we got up at 10 o'clock and Elvira and I immediately went to the city with the excuse to walk. But instead we went to the market to buy a load of wood and some other things. But to our misfortune the market and all the stores were closed because on a holiday they sell only until 10 o'clock in the morning, so we were obliged to return home empty handed. We came home, drank black coffee with saccharin and each ate a large dish of casha, (our whole dinner consisted of that. Then after dinner everybody spread around in different places, some went out and at home only mama, I and Elvira were left.

We started to play Proferance and commenced a serious conversation?

I took out my pocketbook and have her 350 rub. She wouldn't take it under any consideration and refused for the reason that I myself was without work and that also I had no money and if I gave them that I would be left without a piece of bread.

Of course I began to insist that they take the money. Then Ira spoke to Mama and they began a conference and decided in the end not to take it. Of course I began to protest and tried to persuade them that I was not giving them my last money and that I still have enough left and to convince them that I would not die from hunger. Finally at that they agreed and took this money. When I went to the depot Elvira went with me to see me off, she was so beautiful and pitiful that I gave her on good bye. 50 rub. More for her pocket money. Of course as I left I simply slipped the money into her pocket for otherwise she wouldn't take it. There wasn't a possibility to return it because she had no chance to give it back quietly and it was impossible also to do it openly as there were lots of people around.

And so dear Kolishka! you see how our friends live, what we have we divide in half and what we don't have we divide in half, we all go through it together. Kola, I am sorry that I have so little money, I have only 1900 rub left. I had before 2500 rub. And gave them 600 rub. so I still have 1900 rub. But one thousand nine hundred rubles you can live only 1 ½ months.

But all this is nothing, somehow I can make a living, but for them it is quite hard, if I am not able to help them out a little.

Dear Kola! I must confess to you that I have fallen in love with E.C. or to express myself otherwise, she is as dear to me as my own sister, even more! For her and for your happiness I am ready to do all that is in my power. I am even ready to sacrifice myself for your happiness if such is required! In other words, to go through fire and water. If you

257

Kola, were not my friend I would use all my power to possess her. In her I really see a woman who deserves respect, she is self reliant, energetic and a really beautiful woman.

Dear Kolika! I tell you without bragging that lately I have changed very much especially the death of Norishka has impressed me! Now I have really begun to discriminate in women, and it is not anymore as it used to be when not a day passed but what Pavlick was in a brothel. I am altogether different now. From morning till Evening, I am at my lessons and till 2 o'clock at night I am preparing my lessons. And I think that I am not mistaken in E.C. not in a single molecule, because I have talked with her quite a lot and frankly of course I am as glad for yours as her happiness. Really you match each other perfectly. Well may God give you the joy to write quickly and the advantage of a happy life.

Dear Koka! Of course if you can get Elvira to you, send a ticket somehow. (already there is a direct communication with Libava)

From here I will help her to depart ie. Escort her to the steamer. For us both to go at once will be quite difficult for it would cost 400 dollars. Get her first and then somehow pull me out. During this time I will learn English. I am progressing with German, what is necessary I can already express, of course there are still plenty of mistakes, as time goes by I hope to eliminate them.

So there Koka! As far as I am able to help I will always divide the last with her. If you can send her even 5 dollars remember that five dollars here equals 1000 rub. And on this money you can live most a month. Yes I must tell you that when I gave the money to her and they accepted it, Irishka asked me not to write you anything and promised to return my money in a short time. I of course did not agree to this and told her that I would write all-all to you, between you and us there can be no secrets.

Then Ira answered, "Well, write, I also will write Kola that P.N. is not telling the truth and that we are living very well and not in need of anything., then Kola will not believe you but will believe me. "I also told her that if I write, Kola will not believe her but will believe me (this refers to paragraph N° 7 of contract of Commander in Chief with her adjutant). If you send money in my name, I will be glad to forward it to her.

Well, dear Koka! I haven't anything more especially important so I am finishing my writing and sending you this with the speed of extraordinary quickness.

I am also sending you my picture which I had taken after the New Year and I ask you to send yours also.

Greetings from the Russman family.

If is warm weather here all the time and most of the time rain.

Well, good bye, dear Kola. I kiss you hard, your true friend

Pavlick

Tschepotkin

Write often and more, waiting impatiently

I began to write this letter 30.1.21 and am sending it 1. II. 21. Wrote two days. Koka! Write me just once the same big letter as I am sending you.

258

N° 11

2.2.21.

We agreed, Schepotkin and I to write you letters on the very same day, but affairs have delayed me so that I am quite late with my message; my lines are necessary as an explanation and confirmation of Schepotkins letter. I know that he has written you all sorts of horrors in spite of the fact that he promised not to write anything which of course I didn't believe; but do not take it all too close to your heart, matters might be improved. To escape any misunderstanding – you may again suspect some sort of an intimate talk with Tschepotkin, I must tell you that this time that for all of this story only Volodia is the guilty one. Thanks only to him, "The Irrisistable" penetrated to my innermost

secrets, carefully guarded from all; I was going to write you about all of this when the horizon began to clear. The fact is the devil isn't so bad as he is painted. We are living, Thank God, if I can't say more.

I will write something about the latest happenings.

Saturday, ie, Jan. 29 "The Irrisistable" came to us; for the cause already known to you from his own letter. Finding the right moment I gave him a scolding for all his sins; then he gave me his word of how to play silence; so be it that this time I trust him. For all his actions he apologized and eternal peace prevails until the first quarrel. Now I am telling you one thing: "The Irrisistable" had unconventional relations with [^]Norah (?) who accepted everything as for granted. Such relations with me are not allowed; I don't want to be in dept knowing that I will not be able to pay in the future; I am not accepting donations tho everything seems to incline to this, only lacking that soon he will be buying my clothes; I look on such acts as insults and I don't want to be under obligations to anybody especially Tschepotkin. I know that he is doing all this from his kind heart, but in this case let him deal with my parents who will be able to return the given, but not in any case with me, for I am not Volodia. For the peace of my soul, I shall not allow myself to enter into any arrangements which my conscience will not let me. I am asking you to explain this to Tschepotkin, use your strongest words on him, he either doesn't wish to hear or understand me or he cannot; you of course understand as you think the same as I ... Now to return to the words "eternal peace prevails until the first quarrel!" We ie, Valla, Schepotkin, and I went to a Masquerade where it was more or less dull, we fooled around, return home about four o'clock in the morning. In this case there was no drinking. Monday Valla and I were guests at the same Bergs. There, there was some sort of a young man, a type which I met for the first time in my life. O temp me! Omore! A man who holds nothing sacred; desires everything; has not the slightest understanding of country; the height of meanness, seeing in everyone else the same as himself, in other words, there is nothing humane about him, he is a beast in the disguise of man. Really, is it impossible to find any more splendid and fine people? Everywhere self sufficiency etc. About my thoughts and conclusion. I will write another time otherwise I might not be able to finish this letter. I have been delayed already. I am glad that I have freed myself from this entanglement in which I was almost caught thanks to "The Irrisistable." Write me - - - - -

Ira

259

Riga 22. II. 21

Dear Kola!

Even tho I haven't received a single letter from you since 5. I. 21. Anyway I am writing again for I am terribly worried about you.

Kolushka! I beg you, tell me ie., write, like a friend, why you don't write either me or Ira. What can be the reason? I hope you will answer.

I was again two days in Mitava, spent the time quite happily; went to the kino-theatre, played Proferance (Of course not with money). I beat Valla like dust and feathers; stripped her to the skin as they say, not even a single button left.

The situation there is quite critical. Valla is working no more, she had a little quarrel there and left as she said. Voldka doesn't not live with them anymore, they also quarreled and parted ie, they kicked him out like a dog. Elvira is trying to learn to knit stockings and by this earn some money and anyway in fact they all are knitting to sell at 35 rubs a pair. So there Kolishka, see how your friends live. Of course so far I help them as much as I am able. On my arrival there I had 300 rub. And at my departure I had only 63 rub. Left. Of course I didn't give them money but Sunday I made a few little purchase; because they didn't have any bread and we all ate Kasha ^{^porridge} and in view of that I bought them bread and marmalade and also some other little things. Sunday Papa had to go to work at 10 o'clock in the evening ie. On the locomotive and he didn't have bread to take with him and also needed money. So I again saved the day. See, there Kolishka, how people live. My reserve money is also trimmed out and nowhere to get more. When I returned I only had 63 rub. in my pocket so I went and sold my ring which I got when I left Reval for Riga. I received for this 600 rub. The only hope left for my future existence is my watch.

But Kolishka, don't worry about me. Somehow I will turn something over and again everything will be all right, but I ask you if you can take care of Irishka.

I still continue to study.

Write Kolishka as soon as possible waiting impatiently. I wish you success and health.

Your true friend, always kissing you

Pavlick Tschepotkin

Riga Schulen Str. N-28-3

260

Mitava 26. II. 21.

Dear Koka, You have forgotten Ira altogether, although probably you are writing as usual, you are addressing these directly to me but they are evidently going astray. I don't know what to do and I feel badly - - - -

The 20th: Tschepotkin was with us. Seeing my sour expression (he is used to seeing me always smiling) he attributed it to his arrival and it was with difficulty that I convinced him that this time he had made a mistake. Poor "Irrisistable", he exerted all his energies to cheer me; we went to the kino, took a walk, but nothing helped me so much as the game of Proferance and the anger of Tschepotkin. He can be so angry when he is not winning and completely loses his self control. Valla and I laughed ourselves senseless. He took to playing "petit misere" of course nothing came of it and he was compelled to climb to the attic; this hard luck got him so angry he threw the cards down

and began to sulk but we teased him all the time with petit misere. Tschepotkin told me that he wrote you a sharp message, the result of your silence. I scolded him for doing so but he wouldn't listen to me, what hot headedness!

I am now all alone at home. Valla has moved to B. so she won't have to get up so early and can go more and besides its much more cheerful to live there. With Vovka we have finally broken off and he has left us and hasn't appeared anymore, the same with Marisia also but this loss is not important.

----- News of Malia etc -----

Yes, please tell me the story of the letter which happened between the ^{^Irrisistable} Unconquerable and ^{^Leva} Ivan Dimitrich. I must tell you that the ^{^Irrisistable} Unconquerable is very angry and in such a condition he is not responsible for his actions. What an extremely wild nature; I am beginning, no joking, to be a little afraid of him; I am trying to have as little as possible to do with him.

Greetings from my mother. She is asking you to write her a few lines in German. Greetings from my father and Aunt Valla

Ira

261

Riga 10-III-21

Well, what a pig you are, Koka!!!

We haven't had any letters from you for a century, but I am writing, Oo! How often. Even today I rushed forty versts so to confer with Pavel Nikitish about this very "piggishness." We looked the matter over from all sides, we were saddened, shook our heads, but finally decided to look on everything from the spitting point of view, not to ruin our health, but to scribble off a little bit of a message. Not to spill over the edge. --- I am finishing. All joking aside, it isn't right, Koka, to let us be in suspense. It is strange also that you have put a stop to writing to all of us at the same time so that from nowhere can we get even a little information.

Judge yourself. How can you be so cruel? I can't find sufficient words for this moment. I still have a drop of hope of receiving letters and my patience hasn't burst yet and God won't let it come to that. I am continuing to wait, already licking my chops, foretasting the pleasure of reading your lines.

Ira

Δ Ottoman

With true authenticity
The Commander in Chief of the Mitava District and surroundings
Monseuse

Qu'est-ce-que c'est)
Adjutant in charge of Koka business
P. Tschepotkin

Good evening!...

Extracts from the protocol of 10^{III} t.y. from N-7
Deliberating the questions in regard to the matter of the absence of your letters, but not arriving at any conclusions because everything is covered in the darkness of uncertainty, we have decided to postpone our conference until the next time and write you a little message instead.

We hope to receive a few lines from you (or there will be trouble.)

We have no time to write anymore as we are hurrying to the depot, Elvira Christophernia is taking the train and I am escorting her there.

Good bye, your true friend

Pavlick

262

Riga, 25. III. 21.

Christ is Risen!!!

I have written you any number of letters but cannot produce any results. It looks to me as if some one is destroying them. I am terribly worried about you because now its been 3 months since I had any message from you ie. Because I received the last letter 5. I. t.y. and have not received any more and in fact no one has received any from you after 5.I.

It is interesting to know what can happen to you? I can't think it through in any way and suspect the worst, have you been arrested for something? For God's Sake forgive me that I allow myself such thoughts but what can you think when you are lonely.

Dear Kolishka!!! I swear to you by all my honor!!! Write me no matter what has happened to you, I will keep it secret! If you wish it. I will die and never reveal it to anybody! Know that to me you are the most dear man in the world! For you I am ready to go through fire and water and to give my life anytime!!!

Forgive me, that in my previous letters I wrote you quite sharply but not having received letters from you I got terribly nervous. Today I wrote you a postcard also. Today I am going to Mitava for the holidays and probably will be there until the third day. After returning I will write again. Things are the same as ever with me, still studying have gone quite far already.

I hope you will write. I am prepared for any kind of a letter ie, answer, I will not be frightened by anything but only glad no matter what you write.

Once more I ask! Write all the truth! In trust to you friend! And in my turn if I can be useful I will help!

I kiss you hard, hard, your true friend

Pavelick

Tshepotkin

Riga

Schulen Stra. 28 N3.

Stepotkin

Spring, red, in the full meaning of the word is here already, we're walking in only dresses. The trees are beginning to blossom, already appear little buds/

Aufidersein

Waiting impatiently an answer

Tschepotkin

Wednesday I am going to the American consul to ask information in regard to you, where are you?

263

28.III. 21

Dear Koka!

Am writing you a little slip of paper, next time will write you more, today I am not able to write any more. I am terribly weary and I'm going to bed for Gods sake don't be offended.

Why haven't you written for all of 2 ½ months, next time write more often if you can. During this time I have sent you any number of letters, am waiting an answer to all of them.

Well I have written a letter to the girl, introducing myself, read it and what is not allowed, cross off, then afterwards seal the envelope and send it as if nothing happened.

Her letter was very enjoyable to me and written very well.

In your next letter describe her in all details and who is she?

During Easter I was in Mitava. E. C. was lonesome because she has not received messages from you.

Was there 2 days.

Kiss You

Your devoted friend

P. Tschepotkin

Waiting impatiently an answer

Dear Kolishka!

On receiving your letter of 25 .II. I informed, ie. sent a message to E. C. Yesterday like snow on my head the whole company came on foot from Mitava, E. C. her cousin and Volodka with his wife. Of course Voldka didn't drop in because he owes me and in view of that hasn't appeared to my eyes for already the second month. E.C. and her cousin dropped in on me. After they sat down they couldn't get up any more they were so terribly tired. I even was sorry to look at them they were so weary.

Of course I immediately set up the samovar and entertained them like a real host, we braced ourselves up with a little food. Then we went for a walk in town to the Kino theatre and saw an America Film, "The Daughter of the Gods." Then we returned back to my room, drank tea and stayed until ½ 11 and then went to the depot, at ½ 12 they went home on the Berlin train % there is now a direct communication with Berlin.

E.C. asked me to show her your letter and, well, of course I didn't have the power to refuse so took it and showed it to her. After reading the letter her spirits immediately fell because you haven't written her since 5. I. and in your letter you didn't write ie. you didn't send greetings to her. What's happened to you, write me, reveal your secret to your friend, don't be afraid, I will not give it out to anybody. Are you offended at her? Or simply keeping your dignity? Anyway no matter what has happened write me!

My situation is quite bad, luck keeps hammering me on the head. Have given up my studies. Have started to work for 100 rub. A day for a Jew Saback" loading lumber on steamers. The work is easy but full of responsibility. You must look out that nobody puts it over on you ie. cheats you in something. I pass on the cargo ie. the lumber on the steamer and my situation begins to improve again. Already the mates are passing out the foreign cognac and inviting me to the restaurants. Wait, after I have worked about a month and become acquainted with the work there my situation will improve quicker, and if I am able I will, as I ought to, crook the dirty Jew!

Koka! You promised to write me 26. II. Are you still writing. Thank You! I hope you answer. Greetings to M^{ll} Lindgren. Am waiting impatiently her answer and her photograph. Give her the message that I am living well but am terribly lonesome. Write, write soon! Waiting.

I am beginning to talk German in full swing!

Kiss you and for the company her also but only the little finger of her left hand, don't dare any further.
P. Tschepotkin

Riga Schulenstr. 28-3 Stepotkin
In May I hope to take English.

No 13

Mitava, 15 April 21

I must confess that secretly there have ^{^been} a richness of happenings. I am quite changed and these changes are for the worse. But I will tell them in succession. Lonesome and monotonous as usual dragged my days – uncertainty, conjecturing and supposition. The holidays came but I had no holiday feeling: the event and the weather effected me oppressively. Unexpected and unforeseen my cousin arrived from Libava, a jolly person, lighthearted, lively ^{^enterprising} in other words from an absolutely different world. All my efforts were concentrated to keep her entertained, but sometimes such an obligation was quite a strain for me. Schepotkin arrived for two days, adding not a little to the merriment.

On one beautiful day I suggested to our party that we take a train to Riga, the route itself containing much of interest as the places had suffered from the world war. It was decided to start out at three o'clock in the morning so as to reach Riga by noon. We slept or more exactly napped about three hours and early in the morning started on our way. We were four: Cousine, Vova, Marusia, and I (Valla refused to go with us, not trusting her strength). The weather and the road were beautiful; the pleasure was slightly dampened by Marusia, who rather got on our nerves. For her sake we had to retard our gait, often rest or she would cry; as we got almost to Riga I with Cousine left the young couple and went on alone. It seemed that we didn't feel the fatigue. In Riga my cousin had some errands which we accomplished. Then walked around and finally decided to peek in at Tschepotkins, where we met a very hospitable welcome, although he was obliged to spend quite a lot. He was horrified to hear that we came on foot 43 verst to say nothing of quite a few versts in the city. But when we sat down at this place we couldn't get up anymore, our legs would not obey. That's all. After a little rest we were all right again. On this very day Tschepotkin foolishly showed me your letter in which there wasn't even a greeting for me. It will not be necessary to add how I felt but anyway I said plenty of sharp things to him, almost even insulted him At home there was a letter waiting from you.

When Tschepotkin wished to offer me assistance (I have financial in mind) I resented it to the bottom of my soul even tho he did it all from a pure heart. ---Well what is he to me after all? How can I guarantee that tomorrow he won't brag among his friends about his benevolence? It was my intention not to tell Tschepotkin about anything but this was upset by Vova, as I have already written you. "Bachelors are responsible only for themselves." --- you won't always remain bachelors and it seems to me it shouldn't upset you to think about the future..... I was obliged to stop writing temporarily, the cottage next to our house had a chimney

266

Fire; Vova climbed up on the roof for which he got the devil from the landlord, what's the idea to spoil my roof with your boots; nothing serious developed.

Well to return to your letter, how are you getting along at home? --- All are the same – Valla has again left her work. As for my own feelings? What can a person say when sucked into the mire and can't see

a way out? This feeling is hard to describe. You must live through it and feel it yourself. My whole attention and thoughts are directed toward how I can tear myself out from this sack to what I wish and to where I wish, no matter which way and with what price. What I will do I don't know yet and being conscience of this makes it not too easy to exist. The people around me are suspicious, petty and nervous etc.; I feel that I have become impossible myself. But it's quite enough to live through it without hashing it over again. To retreat from gloomy thoughts I am reading extensively. Some time ago I came in possession of the book, "The Spiritual Life of America" the reading of which gave me a few happy hours. Please write me of the local rights and customs. It's much more clear to you over there, but from the book it seems quite comical and besides that the book itself is quite an ancient edition.

The letters come all right now to the Mitava address as you see. Write when you can.

Greetings from Mama and Papa and Valla and Vova and his wife – in other words from all the home people.

Ira

267

N 14.

Mitava, 25 April

Ira again comes to live because she is receiving letters oftener now and her situation seems to have taken a turn for the better. Just think of it, in such a short time I have already received two letters but "The Irrisistable" is sore.

Before receiving a letter from I was in Riga and we tried to find the reason of your stubborn silence. So as soon as I received a message from you I immediately notified Tschepotkin as was agreed. In your letter it was clearly stated that you had already written "the Irrisistable" but it happens that he hasn't received it yet. He asked me to send my letter to him immediately or to personally come to him with the letter as he had no time for the trip himself. To this I didn't answer so Saturday evening quite unexpectedly, Tschepotkin crashed in; by this time I had received the second letter from you. I didn't want to show him either the first or the second so I told him the contents briefly and mentioned the reason of your silence but he wouldn't believe it. He said that it isn't a good reason and you are only lazy etc. etc. Judging by his mean speeches he is quite hurt, he isn't going to write you anymore and if he receives again from you, a short letter with a couple of lines he will entirely discontinue correspondence. Personally I don't think that he will keep his threat. Only let you write and he will melt, those were just empty words, a pose, the hopes to receive a message doesn't leave him. He has gone, full of expectations of course Koka will write him, otherwise who will send him such detailed reports about me if not "The Irrisistable". No matter how it is I am glad I am not in his skin. Don't forget me

I am going to have a little change in my life. In my previous letter I wrote that I wished very much to go away from here. Having several exists from all I have picked the worse: I wish Valla am going to the country for all summer; there, far from people, close to nature, I can rest and can write you where nobody can disturb me. I must tell you also that Volodia and Marusia have again moved in, the latter in

a few days will depart for Reval to visit her mother; but Vova has hired a corner from us with full Pension. His future frightens me, quite often I think about it, but this it seems to me doesn't bother him a bit, the future presents itself to him with a rosy light. So at our home there are no changes. Maman and Pap live as before, Valla will write you herself, probably she will complain about me but you back me up; with our "English" the situation hasn't cleared up yet, they are still living on the schooner.... Well, Koka, after a nosy winter season we are getting together to go to the country to rest our bodies and souls. So far, address letters to Mitava because I may not go right away.

How does Axel Carlovitch live, what is he doing"--- is the same as if I asked you: "How is the American Miss getting along, who corresponds with "The Irrisistable" and whom you see every day?" This matter should interest me but instead you confide in Tschepotkin and leave me in the dark.

Ira

268

Elvira 15

Mitava, 9th May 2.1

Dear Kola!

Always, as soon as a chance comes for a confidential talk, a talk without quotations, punctuation and other similar decorations, some body or something decidedly upsets it. Even now when a chain of happenings rests as a heavy stone on my heart, when it is stirred to pain – all of my good intentions again are upset by the arrival of "The Irrisistable" an unfortunate "Evening" etc.... Yes, lots of trouble I have been through and all on account of a silly party, but I am sure that that is not all and that Tschepotkin hasn't hesitated to add his share. Well, I have prepared myself for anything, I won't be surprised at anything only I don't wish to wait too long for new troubles. Well, so here, Kola, on an unfortunate day, that is, three days ago I found out that "The Irrisistable" was honored by a letter from you. Whether he wished to repay me in the same coin or not I don't know only that letter wasn't shown to me; but for all that Tschepotkin mentioned certain parts in it, puzzling me.

Dear Kola, I ask you to answer several questions frankly and to the point. Are you simply imitating the tone of "The Irrisistable" or really expressing your own thoughts and point of view? Perhaps my last words are out of place. However judge with what zeal Tschepotkin makes inquiries, questions me, watches me---surely to report to you, and he admits it himself. I am again referring directly to you: what is Tschepotkin writing about me? Certainly I am not interested in his opinion and so I hope you will write what impression these reports, which Tschepotkin cannot possibly tell me about, makes on you. I think you will answer these questions, you do not answer my questions seriously and some times not at all. Well, I am finishing this now and [^]will answer your last letter of 17.4.2.1.

I have already written you quite in detail how we spent the holidays. ~~I haven't heard a thing about Ivan Dimitrich, neigher do I know what his life is now, not where nor when nor under what conditions he dissipated his morale but I am not surprised anymore than you are. About the people at home I can tell you something. Maman is busy with the housekeeping, papa – working is out of our circle; Vova by~~

some sort of miracle and for some reason (which I refuse to understand) is promoted to a Major, about Valla I must be more profuse. On one beautiful day, not so very long ago, she went to Riga on personal business; you see in Mitava we don't have "fashionable shoes." You can only return from Riga in the evening as there are no trains before; so as not to hang around on the streets, we always drop in at Tschepotkins'. Thus it happened this time. Valla, having walked until

269

Ready to drop, came to his house and lay down to rest but our "Anchorite" enemy of woman, who criticizes them in the most terrible way sat "steeped in books." I must also remind you that the philosopher of 18 years has renounced the world with all its pleasures. Vala got up and then things happened: for some reason unexplained there started a scramble. Tschepotkin fiercely and during the heat of battle, kissed Valla. He asked her not to say anything, afraid that I might laugh at him (he looks on me as a sister and on Valla as a cousin.) Valla told me of all this that happened. A few days later Tschepotkin himself dashed in to explain. So then, presumably he described all the picture of the scramble saying that Valla began to coquette and so "I decided to present her with a kiss." (I must tell you that after this gift Valla spit for three hours.) Then followed an explanation of what kind of a kiss it was, from what point of view etc. which I can't quite get clear in my mind. But on the very same day "The Irrisistable" presented his picture to Valla with the inscription "In memory of the fight".

So you see the hermits balance was disturbed. Such a thing will never happen with me and cannot be because holy is your name, any wish of mine will be carried out but not for my sake personally, but only for you; may be this wish to please you and carry out your instructions sometimes compels Tschepotkin to spill over

That's all the news.....

Oh wait a minute, I have something more and ever quite important. Axel has made me a proposal, heart and hand, the second time.

Ira

270

Riga 29 V.21

Aimable Kola!

Forgive me, dear, that I have not written you for a long time, I must confess that I didn't have a single grosli of money even for a postage stamp and in fact lately it has been very hard to live, going almost hungry but now my spirits have come up and I am writing.

I received your letter 25.V.21. Merci for forwarding my letter to Mill Lindgreu. I am writing an answer from her and her photograph. Giver her my greetings.

Kola! I again have a little luck in my life ie. I have a job with quite a substantial firm. It was like this; I absolutely had no kind of an exit, going hungry, no money and all my things had already been sold. I was ready to go and register with an "aschelon" to the Soviet, but one more thought flashed through my mind, to put an advertisement in the paper. So I immediately borrowed money from my landlady and gave out this announcement exactly on Sunday.

A Russian Young Gentleman urgently asks for any kind of a position, agrees to go anywhere, knows bookkeeping, a specialist in lumber business, could be a classifier or foreman. Have reliable ref. Riga, Schuleustrasse N28 Apt . 3. P.S.

That very day I received the proposition of a position of a position as bookkeeper at 3000 rub. A month to present myself for work the first of June. On the second day ie. Monday, I received another proposition for a position as classifier of lumber, salary up to the 1st of August 4000 rub. A month and work the first day. Of course the examination was hard, but I passed all, thank God, and already I have been working now 6 days. In the fall I may go to the province because they are going to be lumbering n the Kurliandia district and I will manage all the work of lumbering. My salary there will be more, almost double what it is now. Of course it is very hard to exist on 4000 rub but what am I going to do, at least I need not die from starving. I can live. There is very little work any where so in view of that I am very much pleased. Again fortunate smiles on me. I have taken a new room in Tzaro-garten Str. Right next to the Tzar's garden for 300 rub. A month (this is very cheap) because on Scheilen Str. The brother of my landlady has arrived from Petrograd.

In this room I will only live until August as then I am going to the province. Write me now at the office. Riga, Wallst. 3/5 Kontor
Backman K^o
Fur Herr P. Stepotkin

Kola, why do you write me so seldom. I am really surprised, haven't you ten minutes free to write me a letter? I am very glad when I receive letters from you and especially the last one for I received it at such a critical minute in my life. It cheered me up very much. Write me often Kola, keep your word, Kola when I was having hard luck every day I walked to the bench where we sat together and you pulled out your American passport and said: "Now I am not afraid of "Cherebims" not even the devil himself. I am a citizen of Free America. This makes exactly opposite the unseen and not far from the Ministry of Foreign Affairs. After I go there and sit on that bench and recall (undecipherable) times. Write sooner, waiting. Your true friend. Kiss you hard Pavlick Stchepotkin.

271

Mitava, 31st May 21

Dear, dear Kola!

Don't wait until you get my letters to write me. I know that Tschepotkin writes to you often and a lot and it seems to me that I can't catch up with him so that's why he gets the preference.

Of course I would like to receive a letter from you every week, but this is too much to expect so I put up with what I have. I really could write with better effort but what have I to write about? "The Irrisistable" – is a city man, his life is changeful, flashing and full of adventure, if there are not any sensational happenings he simply imagines some. But what with me? A lonesome, monotonous, gray and miserable life in God forsaken Mitava with a poisoned, bitter conscience and a gnawing soul. Well, we are all still sitting without any occupation; for Vorka (Volodka) it seems pretty hard also but as usual he is rating and doesn't tell the truth; he is trying to convince us that he is still in the service but he is still sitting here in Mitava and living with us ^{yet}; Marusia has gone to Reval probably to beg money from her father. Father alone works for all of us but his strength is giving out and he is sick, we are afraid of consumption. At home I see only worried faces, a wall of terror and a dark future. Some time you may return from the far distant lands and find me in rags, picking up loves, as you probably remember I said once as a joke.... You see what horrors are creeping through my head; I cannot steer my thoughts in any other direction. Through all this correspondence there isn't a single tiny compassionate word, only a dark picture so that after all I am even afraid I will make you gloomy. Even now nothing cheerful flows from my pen. And in all I am absolutely alone and at each step I meet sharp thorns and I have no one with whom to share the pain. -----

Some times from "The Irrisistable" I meet sympathy and it seems to me some sort of an understanding and then something is admitted. You call this frankness with him but no, dear it is admitted against my will and afterwards with double effort I awkwardly try to cover up everything. How easy it was to get along before, but now I can't and I am wicked and evil. Break away and disappear, but Well, I am getting too sensitive.... Will not anymore.... It's a good thing every one is in bed and no one sees me. Its now two o'clock in the morning, at the open window I hear, weakened by the distance the sounds of music, that's Mitava waking merry.

Ira

272

Mitava, 6 June 21.

Dear Koka!

I will try to answer your proffered question: "What are you doing?"

Beforehand, I apologize that if what I express here may hurt your feelings. I defend myself in this case by quoting ~~Ivan Dimitrich~~. "You must talk only when you cannot keep still." And I cannot keep still. I feel that. Remember Koka that once you wrote me. "I received to-day a letter from ~~Ivan Dimitrich~~ and a stream of thoughts went through my head" then you followed with the description of your travels and the story about money and in conclusion the words: "Let them count me as dishonest and a crook., but I will do things as my conscience orders me to do. Probably you have heard something about it to but you can judge am I right or wrong?" I have a similar story myself, all started by the arrival of Tschepotkin etc. and now I turn to you. Sit down if you are standing because I am compelled to exploit your patience and dig up some old stories. Last year at Christmas, Tschepotkin was with us and under the influence of the fumes of wine and God knows what else he began loudly to describe his travels to America in the position of my guardian, escorting me as your betrothed. I tried to

damn the stream of his speech but without success. As a result the audience began to “curl their moustaches” and I myself began to think, on what does Tschepotkin base this? Why all these revelations? Etc. Now I am referring this to you. Maybe I should be shy about putting this question straight to you, but I don’t know whether you did understand or didn’t want to understand in my last letter and I did not have an explanation from you. If no case, no trial so I let it drop. Meantime, life has been going on in its order, misfortune and trouble came and I stood alone. Vala shortened her time (undecipherable) “somebody in grey” and so in order not to be lonesome in their company this “somebody” invited his friend who speaks Russian. He is a boy about seventeen, quite pleasant in appearance. I like him for his naïve attitude, his frankness and truthfulness and straightforwardness, mainly. He isn’t the type of young man with whom you have to be on guard and with whom you have to weigh each word from being in danger of being misunderstood. No, he is a child, even quite a child as Valla described him. Part of the guilt, if such a guilt exists, dear Kola you must take on yourself. You quite over came me with your consideration and your smile and your kind words and now they have become a necessity for me and I miss all that. I am not telling you that Gorge (such is the name of this unfortunate young (undecipherable) has taken the place of you, no it isn’t that, but he helps me to forget all that surrounds me, these hopeless surroundings. Compared with him I feel like an old lady and full of the experiences of life and in his company I always relax and feel myself light and free. George is considerate of me and so we are on equal footing and so friendly and to be more so we have come to the friendly thee...I will be brief. At the ball about which Tschepotkin wrote you and I wrote you also, George was with us. The Irrisistable heard him referring to me as thee, added to this all sorts of insinuations and summing this all up made something grand. I felt ~~that~~ it at the time, but Tschepotkin kept still. With Gorge I continued to meet and we took long walks for he knows the surrounding country very well. We read together, he draws and I watch Valla with her suspicions and remarks only spoils the companionship and creates some sort of a disruption and uncomfortableness. She stopped going with us to which I admit I was very glad. Once on returning from our walk an unpleasant surprise was waiting me at the house, already lined up for battle against me under the leadership of the cynic, Volodka, who always looks at every thing from his point of view and measures everything by his own yardstick. Can a betrothed do such a thing!? What will Koka say? .. Yes, what will Koka say? And what could I say when they all accused me and insulted me and said all sorts of things which I don’t dare to write. I was in a terrible and impossible situation furthermore “all the cones fell on me” from Tschepotkin. I also asked his explanation and yesterday this explanation came out and believe me, Koka, I was bursting with tears. Here is what I heard, “I know theres no danger here because George is only a boy but not an officer nor a real artist and that’s why I don’t find it necessary to report it to Koka. On your side it was only a wish to arouse jealousy in Koka and by this method compel him to speak. “I begged to know if I throw myself on the neck of everybody or in each person that I meet do I see my future groom or otherwise say that I am a bride of the Nth power exercising myself as a coquette to charm people. Well this was very style, - is it enough? Now the next should come from you.

Tschepotkin urged me not to write you bit I cannot and do not want to keep still. Perhaps you will ask, why this writing? It is to clear myself and pull myself out of our uncomfortable position and so Volodka cannot accuse me that I cover up my dongs and so Tschepotkin will not look as if he knows something but for my sake will cover up the secret. Certainly before all for uncertainly must result in unpleasant situations. In this condition I was ready to do anything. On one side friendly reports, on the other, spies and uncertainties and the desire to be sure that I am qualified for such an honor. All this

has depressed me and hurt my feelings deeply, hurt my pride and self respect. So after all I would like to hear your opinion. I would rather be unhappy and know the truth than a happy fool. Don't delay with an answer. All send greetings. Ira. If I followed the advice of Tschepotkin ie if I kept still about all this trash God knows what it would turn into. Now I have told you all and ask Tschepotkin not to tell me any secrets in the future.

278

Riga 9/6. 21 y

Dear Koluska!

Saturday I was called to come at once to Mitava to have an interview with Her Royal Highness, which I of course did.

Sunday at 9 o'clock we went for a walk out of town: Elvira, Valla, Volodia and I but at our misfortune it commenced to rain about 11 o'clock and didn't stop all day: Of course when we returned home we didn't have a single dry thread on us.

During the walk I with Elvira dragged behind the others and we had quite a conversation.

Our conversation consisted of the following:

On one of the first days of May I was in Mitava of which I wrote that I was there and that we attended an evening but did not write any more about it ie. I kept a little quiet about it until I had made an investigation.

The matter was this: Arriving in Mitava as usual on Saturday, the girls were not at home, only a young military who was waiting for Elvira. Of course I was introduced to him but I have forgotten his name.

After our introduction we went to meet the girls (they had gone for a walk with Volodka.) Well when we met them not far from Mitava, this gentleman walked with Elvira but I and Volodia walked with Valla. Such a change of course, very intriguing and I started to see what would be next.

Coming home Elvira turned to me with the question: "Pavel Nikitish, are you going to the party with us to night?"

As at that time I was in a critical position I answered: "With great pleasure but ich habe keine geld."

(Note: The following words were entered into the ledger in German and it is difficult to transcribe words and diacritical markings that do not exist in English.)

Zie spricht: O!!! das ist (undecipherable German), haber Zie (undecipherable German) rubl?"

O! ya, nativilich, ich habe furfundnanzig rubl."

No mehr vichy! Wir gehen uni acht Uhr auf deu Ball."

The time came to go, we all dressed quickly and went. We arrived at the ball and immediately met this gentleman (he had some part in giving this ball). We danced several dances, then took a table

and we all sat together. We each ordered a glass of tea and a couple of pastries, of that our dissipation consisted. After that we began to play Correspondance between ourselves. Of course I conducted myself very modestly at which Valla was angry and disagreeable to me all the evening, but to which I paid zero attention ie., to all her freakish

279

humor but concentrated myself mainly on this young gentleman. At 2 o'clock at night Volodia and Marusia went home but we remained and our company proposed to go into the garden to breath the fresh air, at which I refused, giving as my motive that I was afraid of getting cold after dancing. In spite of that Elvira and this young gentleman went but I with Vala remained in the hall. After half an hour they returned and again we were together in one company. Of course I conversed more with Valla than Elvira.

Suddenly I heard words which astonished me! Like thunder to a mosquito but I kept still ie. I could not believe my own ear. But took it as a terrible mistake.

Suddenly I heard it a second time, "Why does thee keep still and not answer what I wrote thee?" Suddenly I heard words again, "Nicht spechen." Then I wrote down these words in my little memorandum book and then danced with Valla after which we all went home because it was 4 o'clock in the morning and everything was ended. He of course escorted us.

Sunday we got up about eleven o'clock, drank tea, played Proferance and at 4 o'clock I went to the city ie. Riga. Only Elvira went with me to the depot but because I had such a little time and must hurry to catch the train, I didn't hardly speak with her about the night before but we made an appointment for her to drop in to see me when she came to Riga.

After 1 week passed she was in Riga and came to see me but unfortunately at the time I wasn't at home, I had done to dinner. She waited ½ hour left this message and went home.

"Came, sat and went.
Her Highness"

About ½ hour after her departure I came home and seeing such a short message I immediately wrote her a little letter with their hinting on a thick matter. Of course after some correspondence developed, which to prove to you I am enclosing ie., the 1st and last two of her letters so that everything will be clear to you.

Now I will return back to the beginning again.

When the rain began Volodia and Valla went home but we remained alone under the tree to wait for it to stop and to spoon out our porridge. Then I questioned her, "Tell me please, what did your words, "nicht sprechen" mean and his attitude toward you? "What did you mean to say by that? How does it happen that you call him thee?"

“Ah So!” Then she began to converse.

“Yes! In view of the fact that I am very lonesome and I haven’t met many people and Koka does not write I was introduced to him as a friend and I fill my free time.”

“Have you known him a long time?”

“Oh no, I met him here in Mitava.”

“What is his occupation?”

“He is an artist ie., really a student and draws pictures and I learn from him and we have very happy times, and for convenience we call each other thee. The words “nicht sprechen” pronounced by me did not refer to this matter ie. I said this in reference to something else, not as you think.”

In fact we talked quite a lot about everything. She accused me about the Christmas party that when I was drunk I should not have bragged that I was the sweetheart of Koka etc. She also told me that Valla and Volodia scold her for meeting this gentleman. She expressed the opinion that in your letters you call her dear sister and so had concluded that as nothing could be taken serious with you except good friendship, she doesn’t feel under obligation. In view of this she met this gentleman.

Now my own opinion on this matter is following: This young gentleman is nothing more than a kid, 22 years old and does not represent anything special and you are guaranteed against my danger for there cannot be any competition there. Of course that is my opinion and my observations, and if she really spends her free time with him it is because of the monotony of her life. I ask you to be quiet and don’t be disturbed about it. In a few days they are going quite a distance away for all summer. If I find out any news again I will immediately write.

Why doesn’t Fraulein Lindreu write me. I am awaiting an answer and can’t wait. Remember me to her. ~~Have you received letters from Ivan Dimitrich? Why doesn’t he write me? I asked him to return my letter. I am waiting.~~ Write me and don’t avoid the questions which I ask you. Waiting impatiently an answer. More often, will be very happy.

Kiss you, your true friend
Pavlick

Riga

Wallstr ¾ W¹⁰ Kontor

Ch. Backman K⁰

Stcheptokin

Riga 19/6 21r.

Dear Kolishka!..

Again I am pulling myself together to write you a little letter.

Kola! I have waited a letter from you from hour to hour, but to my disappointment I have waited in vain, nor have I received anything from M^{ll} Lindgrew.

I can't make peace with myself in anyway in the absence of your letters. What does it mean, 1 ½ months absence of your letter. How can you explain all this? Really, can't you find 10 minutes to spare to write me a few soul warming words?

Dear Kolishka!!

I live at a new location now and already have succeeded in getting acquainted with my new neighbors. They are quite lovely people. I am borrowing books from them to read etc.

Dear Kola! They have brothers in America but unfortunately, they don't know their address so they have asked me ie. To be exact, I myself offered to write you and ask you to be kind and search for them. A year ago they lived in New York, but lately their presence is unknown.

This was their address before:

370 Str. Anns Ave
New York City
Jahn Witol
August Witol
Eduard Witol

They are American citizens.

Try hard, Kolishka, to look for them in the near future and as soon as possible write me an answer.

Dear Kola!

I am finishing my writing now and am going for a walk. I haven't any news. At my work business is fine. I have had no letter from Mitava.

Kissing you P. Tschepotkin
Waiting an immediate answer

Kola! I see that you are gradually forgetting me and write me more seldom and more seldom and on one beautiful day you will have completely forgotten me. Am very sorry but I suppose nothing can be done.

Kolishka! I am asking you to forward this letter quickly to Edith, which will please me very much. In view of the late hour I am finishing my writing, it is already 3 o'clock at night. Kissing you,
Always your true friend.

Pavlick

Tomorrow, sure, I will write you.

Dear Kolishka!

I am asking you not to be cross with me because I am writing a letter to Edith first instead of to you but she also wrote me before you did. Tomorrow I will write you too, a long letter. I am telling you now only one thing. I am at a real crisis. Details tomorrow.

N²

11.7.21r
Riga

Dear lovely Edith!

First: I congratulate you on your birthday which has just passed and from all my soul I wish you happiness and success in life! I am drinking a glass of milk and lighting my pipe to your health, Hurrah!!!

Second: A thousand times I thank you for your lovely and to me such a deal little letter.

Your letter I received 6.7.21r but excuse me that I didn't answer you at once, it shall never happen another time. Even this time it happened only because

At the end of the letter I will give an explanation.

Dear Edith! I hope that you won't be insulted because I call you so, and please be so kind to write me also "Pavlick". I thought that You had completely forgotten about me because 4 months have already passed since that moment when I wrote You the first letter. The first three months I waited impatiently every day, every second for a letter from You but when the mail man came and went, Ah...always disappointment. Now when I had already lost all hope, suddenly You present me with such a wonderful surprise for which once more permit me to thank You and kiss Your hand. % I don't dare to do more%

Only in one thing I am terribly disappointed, where can be Your photograph or did You forget to enclose it in the letter? Look, for God's sake,

283

And send it to me in the quickest possible time. Don't tear to pieces my suffering heart.

I hope in the next letter to receive Your photograph!

You wrote: "As a beauty I am sure I would receive the 1st prize in an exhibition of birds."

How they translated it to me that: You received 1st prize at the exhibition as a wonderful housekeeper for birds. But in the end we straightened out what it meant. I ask You never o criticize Yourself, wait until others paint You.

I want so much to talk with You and share my thoughts with You but it is very sad that unfortunately You cannot understand Russian nor I English, tho I hope that You can find such a person who will translate my letter to You word for word ie exactly as I have written.

Your 1st letter was translated to me by a friend in the office but now he has left for Germany. This letter was translated to me by an engineer who has a wonderful use of the English language.

Dear Edith!

I am very glad for You that You are passing Your time happily and are learning the French language. From all my soul I wish You the very best of success. I am very sorry that You don't know how to speak German. I have already learned to speak and write a little German. I studied only 7 months and because of not having enough funds I have temporarily stopped taking lessons. When I have money I will continue again. Then I am sure I will take English lessons also, so as to have correspondence with You without other help.

I wish terribly to be with You if only for one minute! And look at You and pass even one word with You but I don't know when I can realize my wishes. I am doing all I can from my side but my efforts don't give me any results because first, I haven't permission to enter America and second, no money. In order to come to You I must have 200 dollars which consists of 100,000 roubles in local money. This sum I wouldn't be able to earn with honest work in ten years.

The wages which they pay here if a person works are 5000 or 6000

284

A month and of that to live a day, you must have 200 roubles in your pocket.

By speculating you can do well, but then again you must have of your own money not less than 5000 roubles and if I even that much I would somehow get through to America.

But now I have lost my work again and I am sitting and thinking how not to die from hunger instead of how to get ready to go to America.

See letter – 27 Dear Edith!

Such is my position now---not especially good, and the main trouble is that its very difficult to get a permit to live here. All foreigners are deported and my time limit expires September fifteenth. Then I may get caught in the Soviet Heaven ie. Russia and there it won't be especially good for me either ie they will shoot me. But of course I hope that this will never happen and for God's sake, don't worry about me.

I apologize that I am talking so sincerely with You, but I am such a man, open hearted, and I never cover up anything from my friends and always talk openly. I wish very much for you to take the place of my former girl "Norishka," a beautiful girl was she, but the Lord didn't let her live, she died, poor thing Now a year has passed already since that moment and with died all my interest in life. But I wish that somebody would resurrect them and restore them to me, of course I mean You.

Now a whole year has passed during which I have stayed at home and haven't had a single girl and only one avocation, reading books and in facto devoting my time to science. I have learned the Commercial course ie. I have finished bookkeeping, stenography and typewriting, have been successful. And now You with Your tender words awake in me the interest and desire to live and to find the one I had before. A thousand times I thank You! That You have awakened life in me ie. That really You have given life back to me. Surely I am still too young not to have the desire for life! Again I wish to love and caress and possess a girl friend! Now I am no longer a hermit! Now I am no longer a monk! Now I again will work with energy and ambition to make the goal!

I have not the power to write all that I have lived through. Yet I wish terribly to write all that I have experienced. Even if I could describe all to you I haven't the strength to pull myself together and remember what has happened even up to two years ago. It is too painful to open old wounds.

285
12.7.21r

Dear Kola!

To my great surprise I received a letter from you for which I thank you heartily. This morning I have just sent a registered letter to Edith, and before 6 o'clock I shall send yours.

Dear Kola! Hard times, day by day are coming nearer and nearer almost touch my head now.

I lost my work because the office "Beckman" has discontinued the lumber department and I am again left outside the door naked as a young bird:

Before I got my position I sold almost everything ie. Before I got work, but now I am without work, without money and without anything that I can sell. I am running around the city like a mad man now all day long but with no results. To-day I dragged myself out at 6 o'clock in the morning and went to the French Military Mission, of course before that, I did some other running around in the city, and they answered me that I couldn't get an answer about joining the Legion before a months time and not a possible chance before. Coming out from there with head bowed down and following down Melnichnoy Strasse in the direction of Alexandroff Park suddenly a gentleman stopped and said,

“Pardon, but tell me please were you ever in Archangle?” He didn’t speak Russian very well. I looked at him and answered: Yes.” Then he extended his hand to me and said: “I am very pleased to meet you.” I refrained from extending my own hands because my feelings were so sad and I thought to myself that he is some Passer-by. Then he with embarrassment asked me: “You do not recognize me? Do you remember 455 Verst in Archangel?’ Then I threw myself into his embrace and of course apologized for everything. He was one of the Americans from the Y.M.C.A.

He came one time to visit us at the front with a Victrola and chocolate and cigarettes and just then there was a big artillery bombardment and he stayed more than an hour in my dug-out. At that time I was in the 1st company as a “Coporal” and was stationed at the out-post with my squad and he played the Victrola and passed out chocolate and cigarettes to the fellows in the trenches, in our word this ^{^Buddy} boy was brave and splendid and not from the ranks of cowards. Here he has charge of the supplies for military prisoners arriving from Russia. His name is Mr. Laurie, maybe you know him? I gave him your letters to read and also M^{lle} Lundreus, he translated them to me exactly and advised me to work my way to America and even promised to help me as much as is in his power. He received me very cordially, gave me

286

40 cigarettes and two bars of chocolate and ordered me to drop in to see him in three days because he is now leaving for Libava.

Last week I pressed all buttons to go to America but nothing came of it.

I was in Libava and talked with the captain of the Liner to see if he could take as a fireman or a sailor but he would not agree on anything. I talked with the sailors and they agreed to pass me through in the coal for 250 dollars payable in America but with the understanding that before going aboard I must show them that I really have 250 dollars. So you see I returned with nothing back to Rig.

I also went to the Military Attachee and tried to join the American Army but there also they wouldn’t accept me.

Lately I feel quite a real loss of energy for every where I duck in there is misfortune, every where a cross and a grace, I don’t know which way to turn.

I went to the American Consul and he gave me this advise: “let your friends send a request signed by a notary and still better; if he will get busy for you in America you will quicker get results.”

Dear Kola!

Once more I ask you to get busy for me, all my life will I never forget you, or perhaps you are afraid about me, that I will sit on your neck when I come to America? But this I will tell you once and for all: Don’t be afraid for me, I won’t sit on your neck and I will earn a piece of bread for myself, I will do shoe polishing on the street and in the end if necessary I will clean toilets. I am not ashamed of work.

But I am more than sure I will find a much easier job than that, but here, honestly, one dies from hunger!

And again trouble! the deportation of foreigners, the time limit of my passport expires September 15, trouble again and after all I may get sent in to Russia. Just look, fall will be here again and my overcoat is torn and I am left in an old suit and one pair of poor shoes which at present already require reconstruction, well nothing can be done.

Oh! Well never mind my describing all my misfortunes, I am frightened just to write about it. The devil knows how much hard luck in my life! And when will there be a holiday on my street, "God do you know?"

Kola! If you could only send me even 10 dollars, I would be very thankful but if only it would not disturb your own material position. Don't leave yourself without a piece of bread, that would be too bad.

287

I hope some how to improve my condition.

Write me now at Schulen Str 28 N3. I am living at the Committee of Political immigrants on Gertrudinsky Strasse, a bed without payment, blanket, mattress and twice a day boiling water, in other words, all conveniences.

I haven't seen Elvira for two months already because I haven't money to go to them but the last time I was there she mentioned to me something about Axel C but I think that it isn't the truth.

I haven't received a single letter for two months either, but of course I haven't written myself because when I left there the last time at Mitava she promised to write me as soon as they started for their summer place, and so I waited and waited but no trace of a letter and I didn't know whether she had already gone or not.

Finally I met Volodka here in the city, and he told me that she had gone a week ago to Remern to the beaches together with Valla but to whom he didn't know. She had been getting ready to go to her cousins at a summer place near Libava but instead went to the beach. I also don't know to whom she went and with whom because she never told me that she had friends in Remern.

But I think this is just only "Be still sad heart, be still," And if it really is so what are you going to do? Live and don't be discouraged for you can't by force hold back a person.

If my condition improves I am sure I will again drop in on them and then will write you all.

Write me, Kolishka, as often as you can but don't expect from me and if I don't write it is for the reason that I haven't the money for the stamps but if I do have money, I will write you very often.

Kolishka! Describe briefly "Edith," her biography and her occupation. I am very much interested in her.
Kiss you hard, always your true friend

Pavlick

Write quickly an answer.

288

16 July. 21
Saturday 16: 7.21 r
Riga

Dear Edith!

Good morning! I promised to write You every week, which of course I am doing, because to me it gives great pleasure.

Well, how are your precious feelings? What sort of sport are you interested in now? And in fact how is everything?

Today I played football. Isn't it a lovely pastime?

A few days ago I met an American someone by the name of "Lowrie" from the Y.M.C.A. I met him at the front in Archangle in 1918 but now, just by chance I met him here and I spend my free time at his Association. There quite often we play games. He helps me look for work and in fact gives me much useful advice.

I wanted to join the French Foreign Legion but he, so far hasn't let me. How this will all end I can't say. In the near future it will develop whether I go to the French Foreign Legion or remain here, then I will write you immediately. The weather here is very miserable, one time its raining, another time a strong, cold wind, in fact, cold all the time.

Well so far Good bye. I shake your little hand (undecipherable) respectfully yours Pavlick
Schepotkin

I wish very much to receive as soon as possible an answer from you and your photograph. I hope you don't make me wait too long.

Herr P. Stepotkin
Schulterstrasse 28 n 3
Europa Letland Riga.

Dear Edith!

If you have even a trifle of interest in my past life, I ask you! Ask in my name my friend Mr. Nichols and he will tell you every thing and will not cover up from you a single word.

Dear Edith! Am very sorry that nothing can be done about it but I must cut off our talk, which brings me so much please, until an indefinite time so I am cutting it now ie. From my side

289

for a short period. Will surely write you every week even if only a few lines.

Letters, if you do write, write so:

Schulterstrasse 28 n. 3

Letland. Riga

Europa Herr P. Stepotkin

Don't write to the office any more because I am no more there and the office is no more in existence.

Forward my Greetings to my friend N. Nichols and make the remark to him that he mustn't forget old friends. The last letter I received from him 2 months ago and in your letter I received a little message enclosed, this is too little because I write him much more. For me at the present moment there is only one happiness, to receive letters from America.

My birthday will be 29. 7. 21. The time goes very fast, before we notice we will be old.

Excuse me that I cannot write you a letter in English, but at the present moment I haven't such friends and a private person will ask 200 roubles to translate this, which I am not able to pay. The next time some how I will write in English. But you write to me in English, I have here certain persons who will translate it word for word.

I am very much interested in your past life. If it is possible write it out even briefly.
Greetings to all your relatives!

Good bye, shaking your little hands and kissing it, I don't dare any further. I am very much interested in you, respectfully yours, Pavlick

I hope that fate will drive us together sometime in the near future of I come to America! Or you come to Europe! I will surely write you every week.

Live and delight yourself with life
Let the years pass by in enjoyment
Live but keep your interests in one
That you may never suffer disappointment (betrayal)

Please number your letters. I have received two from you. Schepotkin

9 August 1921

Riga 9.8. 21 yr

Dear Kolishka!

Today I received your letter of July 14th/this y: I am much obliged to you for not forgetting me.

Forgive me that I haven't written to you for such a long time but I can't in any way straighten out my financial position.

You write that I do not pay any attention to your questions and that I (undecipherable) without any reference. I haven't received any other big letter that I haven't answered, that's why I haven't written you any thing. I will tell you Kola, only once, that you did very well in regard to Elvira. I like very much your character and your firmness.

Last week I went again to Libava because the S.S. "Polonya" was sailing to America and I thought some how to get on the steamer but to my regret nothing came of it. I spent three days there and returned. On the way back I dropped in at Mitava to call on E. XX. She was living as before. I had a conversation with her on the theme of marriage. She asked me from where I knew about it? Of course I told her that I heard about it in Riga, and she answered, "All this is gossip, who ever now talk such trash. I am sure it is again Marusia." It was left that way, unexplained, because I wasn't interested further and really couldn't be because Vala came.

On the same day in the evening I returned back to Riga.

15.7. this year I made an application to France in regard to joining the French Foreign Legion but in the meantime I flew around like a mad dog so that I could escape it and plan something better. Arriving from Libava, I received this answer from Paris: To join the Legion is possible only in Paris, so I must travel to Paris at my own expense. Again no thanks to God, complete disappointment! What to do? No money, not a grosh, and to eat I must and nothing to sell. To my luck I found out from a mission that "Colonel Arscher" is in Riga, he was at one time at the Depot Aborzorskaja. I went to see him, he gave me 500 Lettish roubles and took on himself the trouble of my getting to Paris. So undoubtedly about the 15th of this month my travels to Paris will be realized and there I will join the Legion because I have no other exit.

Dear Kola! Forgive me for God's sake, that I asked money from you. I did not think of this, that perhaps you were overtaken by the same fate as mine. If you haven't sent the money yet, then don't, because anyway it will not reach me before I leave for I absolutely leave then.

In fact, I will be silent about my self now and not trouble you more. However

I will tell you once, don't lose your spirits and don't hang your head as I did but push your road through ahead and don't step back.

Kola! Give my regards to Mille Lindgren and I ask you to apologize to her for me. I promised her surely to write every week but to my regret I cannot keep my promise. First I haven't any money for the stamps and second, I am terribly depressed, so I don't write. You may tell her or not, as you wish about my misfortunes. I leave it all to you. Anyhow letters from Edith interest me very much and I also am interested in her, but why hasn't she sent me her photograph. This has interested me very much. When I change my condition I will surely write her.

At the present time I live at the Commission of Russian Emigrants, free room, in the morning I eat tea with bread and salt, at noon potatoes with salt, at evening tea also and cold potatoes, the fact is I have thinned out terribly.

Never in my life have I been in such a damned situation as at present and don't wish any of my acquaintances to be.

I will be glad if I succeed in joining the Legion for if I don't succeed I don't know what I shall do.

Dear Kolishka! Don't worry about me. The Lord won't forget me and will give me a boost. Do not write anymore to Riga till you receive the next letter, but write: Paris, General Post office to be requested P. St. Passport N. 2134 because I positively must go to Paris. In Paris I will live more than a month while I am examined, as the French told me, and there I will be dispatched to Algiers or Africa. There, in Paris, I will drop in at the Post Office to see if I have letters from you.

Well so far, good bye, my dear friend Kolishka. Kiss you hard and harder, always your true friend.

Pavlick

I terribly wish to see you, but evidently it is not my fate, so far. I don't know when God will permit it. Before departure I will write again, and in fact will write you often, because you are dearer to me than father, mother or brother. I am asking you not to forget me and answer each letter because I am very happy in receiving letters from you. Well once more I kiss you and wish you happiness and success.

Pavlick

P.S. Kiss for me Mill Edith Lindgren

In my last letter I wrote you of Mr. Lowrie. He also gave me a little financial support. He has gone to a Conference in Berlin.

Central Prison 25 Sept 1921
Riga 25.9.21

Dear Kolishaka! I am already writing you the third letter and don't know whether you are receiving them or not.

Dear Kolishka! I and Volodka Rone' together here in one cell are sitting in prison for swindling.

Dear Kolishka! They are asking 30 000 Lettish roubles for me which is equal to about 80 dollars. If you can release me, I ask you for God's Sake, release me now. Otherwise I must stay locked up until the trial, maybe a year or may be more even than that. Tell everything to Mlle Edith and ask her in my name to help me in what ever way she is able. If you can send money send it through the office of the Baltic-American, they transfer money very fast and sent it direct to me at prison: Riga Central Prison. Cell N 17 P. St.

At this present moment it frightens me to thinking of coming out into Liberty for I am all ragged. I wish to write you more but I can't. I am not allowed to.

Kiss Edith for me.

Waiting a quick answer.

Hoping that you will stretch the hand of help. I promise never to remain your debtor if I am still living. Kiss you hard, your true friend

Pavlick

Write an answer soon, waiting impatiently.

Am sitting in terrible need, absolutely nothing to smoke.

Riga

Central Prison

Cell No 17

Pavel Nickitish

Stchepotkin

25.9.21

First page a drawing Hoping soon to realize my dream! Sitting since 26.8.21 already a month.

Mitava, 26 Sept. 1921

After a short interval of silence I again take my pen in hand

- -

You ask, "What are you doing?" August 26th Vala and I left Mitava. Instead of being absent a few days as we planned, we were gone a month. First we visited a small village where we went to

several parties, some, drinking parties where I took the chance of giving you the (undecipherable), worked in the fields, in fact did enough of everything. Sometimes just laughing for no reason at all was enough. Sometimes a moral loneliness ruled. Then I was saved only by sleep and I must confirm we slept enough also in this God forsaken village. How difficult to get away from there! This little village was situated on the border of Germany which is now Litva, eight miles from Libava. The peasants very seldom leave their village and if they do it takes ages to get ready. At Past luck was with us. We got the promise to be taken along. We traveled sixteen hours with such an unmerciful shaking that I was afraid I would reach my destination without my head. We arrived at Libava at six o'clock in the morning, took a nap for about three hours and then went to visit our fiends of which we have many there. We met several from Archangel, all young people happy without exception. Even old uncle of a most respectable age danced in full swing.

We sang and danced and played Proferance and walked in the moonlight on the beach – the time went by so fast it was (undecipherable) and we postponed our departure from day to day but no matter how long we dragged it along, we finally had to go. Now I am again inn lonesome Mitava – again waves of past memories over come me and indifference to everything.

Leva is on his way to Buenos Aires, is near Spain. In regard to “the Irrisistable” I can say nothing, as he has completely disappeared from my horizon. Evidently his is not so bad.

As I wrote before Marusia returned from Reval with a bag full of news, most of it unfavorable comments on us and all of our family, particularly me. People always like to gossip but I believe in this case, more than half is Marusia’s (undecipherable)). She is now with Volodka in Riga. I haven’t heard from them for quite awhile

153

to find out what was going on. So now Kola, you can see how to untangle a mix up but you don’t send to the right address. I can’t figure out the way you take to do it. Once you wrote Tschepotkin that you yourself were able to ask me directly you should always follow thus.....

It could be that Tschepotkin stopped writing to you two months ago. Lets figure it out. You wrote about July 8th, about 2 months ago. But Tschepotkin cam on his mission July 25th so it must be then you had some sort of information. I think that this information was from Tschepotkin himself. You waited for it before answering my 17th letter. Isn’t it so Kola?? Tschepotkin coming on such an errand makes it clear. I began to sense an under current in your letters; “How is Axel Karlovitch getting along?’ This question showing interest in my personal life didn’t disturb me as there was nothing for me to cover up; also nothing had happened to Axel. He is a man in the full meaning of the word. In him is rooted the understanding of (undecipherable) and gentlemen and never has he let himself go. And if I scold you its only for gong around about....

In all this mentioned above I cannot be sure of one thing – that the reports of Tschepotkin do not influence you or make any impressions on you. The phrase, “If you wish to be angry (intrigues) me.

All the things that you avoid telling me come straight to me through "The Irrisistable." So, our friendship has turned into a strange form (this is from spying.) I must repent that the impressions of Tschepotkin do not interest me – not to his words do I give any meaning but only to the impressions that they make in you. It is clear now???

I am glad that you are doing well.

Yours truly

Ira

Greetings from the Family.

Everything is the same.

173

Mitava October 4, 1921

My dear old boy!

For example – this is how the confidence between us has become shaken. From time to time you letters to Tschepotkin have come into my hands. I was able to find out many things which I had suspected but was not sure of before. So then I decided to check up. But how to go about it? To refer directly to the letters to Tschepotkin I couldn't do. That would be giving him away. I had a little success trying a narrower course, writing directly to you. I armed myself with patience and waited, wrote as usual to you about everything and if I didn't write it was only because there was nothing to write. But then something happened, a situation developed of which Tschepotkin said "Acquaintances" with new people some time ^{develop} came jealously" (obviously he has reported everything to you altho he said that he hadn't) I was overcome with indecision and on top of everything Volodka has heaped his own (bad) business. So I am deciding to write you all the facts but not from the point of view of your Tschepotkin. I thought I was putting an end to all this uncertainty in letter #17 but I was bitterly mistaken. How impatiently I waited an answer and what? "As you already know from my previous letter" frankly speaking, such a letter has never existed, as far as I am concerned (a very strange disappearance of such an important letter). However, you didn't neglect to say a good deal about your business etc. which you have never mentioned in your previous letters. I cannot undertake to describe my feelings.

You write and my whole day is spoiled. And you avoid with silence letter #17. Why? The answer to this I see in the call of "The Irrisistable" and his mission. He began very cleverly: he protested that you have stopped writing to him and assured me that he had ceased corresponding with you etc. Then at the right moment asked if he could congratulate me on my betrothal. Right here he slipped up as Axel hadn't told him anything and it is as clear as alcohol that I hadn't talked with any body about it. The only single person entrusted with this holy confidence was you. And this information could come only from you. Why do you entrust Tschepotkin with my affairs? I told him that he gave himself away and you also. There was nothing for him to do then and the fellow confessed that he received a letter from you in which you appointed him

Central Prison

13.11.21 Riga

Dear Kolishka!

I am informing you of sad news. I have been sitting in prison since 26.8. 21 yr together with Volodka Rone' accused under Article 591.

Judge yourself, who is guilty taking into consideration his past life. Besides this he was out under bonds for 5 days and during that time he took all my things from my room with the excuse to bring them to me at the prison, which he did not do, ie, he kept them for himself. I wrote a petition to the Procuror and they are investigating the matter. I am sitting absolutely bare and sleeping on bare boards because I absolutely have no clothes of any kind and in general, don't see any help from anywhere. My situation is desperate, which I did not expect ie. That I must live so.

God knows how long I must expect to sit here for I haven't money to go out under bonds. Living conditions are terrible, judge for yourself, how I live on prison rations, having no support from outside, but more than that the future frightens me, when I will be at liberty, naked and not a kopec of money.

Dear Kolishka! If its possible send me as much as you can directly to the prison. I will be very much gratified. Send it through the steamship company "Baltic American Linya" I have already written you 3 letters from prison but I doubt if you have received them as I sent them without stamps.

Give my greetings to Edith and kiss her little hand in my name, have her write more often and you write oftener, soothe me, me suffering, but don't expect an answer from me as I haven't any paper or stamps. If I do have any I will write you.

Kiss you, always your true friend

Pavlick

Tschepotkin

P.S. Write quick an answer

Waiting impatiently

Riga

Central Gefängnis

P. St.

Tschepotkin #32 before this

Mitava December 5, 1921

Dear Kola

Ages have passed since I received the last message from you so I don't even know what has happened to you nor where you are.

Well, let it be that way. Anyway, I wish to congratulate you on the coming holiday and the approaching New Year.

Please accept my sincere congratulations and best wishes for the holidays. This time I refrain from commentary as I am ignorant of any.

Papa and Mama and Vala join in Greetings.
Be in Good Health!

Yours Ira

501

Put this in after Tschepotkin #12 December 22

N.8

12. I. 21

Thursday, 23 Dec. The Holidays are coming, but I don't feel quite in a holiday mood. Unwillingly I recall beautiful Nemme, the time spent there, Christmas and greeting the year 1920, genial company and all in all. How many emotions! How quickly time has passed, even so fast that I haven't had time to be conscience of it, rapidly the events take their turns.

But now! Sorrow and gloom around and in the future...At this very moment I am reminded of the words of Pushkin, expressed by the old Gypsy man: "At some time happiness is given to all and what ever it is never comes again." Such is our life, hoping for the future, neglecting the present and by expecting more happiness we sacrifice all that fate has already given us. Well so I will leave temporarily in peace the irretrievable past and the inevitable future and more attentively examine the present: it must be that with a certain wish and a definite effort you can find a gleam of happiness. But no(w) a very small chance, how can anything make you happy when you see discouraged faces, close to you and all because of an unpleasant letter and just before the holiday! ...To-morrow I plan to get up early in order to put the finishing touches on our rooms for the holiday, to be a teeny weeny help to mother, and in the evening I wish to go to church where peace for the soul remains.

Friday, 24 Dec. Mother and I got up at six o'clock. First we decided to brace ourselves with breakfast and afterwards to start with the work but somehow it took us a little too long. Already Valla is getting up, it must be 8 o'clock'; she, laughing at us, says that we have gotten up so early not to work but to fortify yourselves by eating as much as possible. Our conversation was about Vova and his adventures. Suddenly a light knock sounded and the subject of the conversation and the cause of these gloomy feelings entered – But O horrors! With all his belongings – forboding nothing good. He says that he must remain here only five days, then he goes on to Riga to his new appointment, but I have a feeling that this five days you must multiply by six, and then only will you come more exactly to the number of his remaining days with us. Strange – his arrival makes me happy and at the same time confused. If he only has come to spend the holidays, that is, for a short time, it is alright; but as soon as you begin to recall living, when you couldn't make a move without giving an explanation or having to tell a story on every subject even to a little button –my back begins to crawl. Vooka is alright, at times he is quite fine, I write, at times because, more exactly—its oftener that he is noted for such actions that unconsciously horror overcame me, to say the least; but my belle-souer!...I know that in her presence I cannot do

anything, correspondance will be neglected, in one word it will be demoralization, one thing is luck, it is a holiday), but this everything lately has some how greatly perturbed me, --well Marisia won't come from Riga until evening which means that I still have all day to myself. Tschepotkin promised to come to us but I think he has changed his mind; he wouldn't send me Greeting cards if he was coming himself, or expecting to come...

502

Everything is in order. I am going to church..... How strange it was. In the church I met Valla, we returned home both disappointed. Instead of spiritual peace, a whole storm began in my heart, a king of dissatisfaction...How it hurt, hurt until tears. We enter, and what do we see? A whole battery of bottles. Hurray! Tschepotkin is here, and it seems even with his own provisions. I don't know why but somehow I am always glad when he comes. With him rushes in some sort of an abandonment – a relaxation. Although Leva writes quite a lot about him, it seems to me he is a good little fellow; and how he is rough hewn!! Now he is no longer Pashka, but Pavel Nikitovich, gashaft macherrifirst Hegree.

Saturday, 25 Dec. It is already one clock but we are now getting up. To recall the events of the evening. After the first greetings yesterday, we sat down to eat, after we attempted to sing, but nobody knew how. Imagine our voices in Opera! So then we played cards. We play "Kmpop" and Tschepotkin immediately became king; and a pompous King he was, only toward me he acted with great deference all during the game, not to mention when we weren't playing, so that nobody could touch me with a finger in his presence. Why? Where is the answer to this question? I must pay more attention.

---25th Dec. is Vooka's name day, no what am I saying, it is his birthday. So exactly at 12 o'clock, we were raising our wine glasses, I am lying – in reality we raised glasses, but wine glasses sounds better. We drank until everybody was happy, pandemonium reigned, laughter without reason, singing etc. the conversation as usual turned to Koka but I quickly changed the subject because Tschepotkin suffers a word eruption, especially when he is intoxicated, and in such a manner he could without realizing himself, reveal that secret trusted to him by his best friend. Then with a bang the doors swung open and a masque appeared. Then there was an interesting picture (my head was slightly in a whirl from drinking wine and (undecipherable) but I felt so exuberant and sensed and understood all) three masks in all entered; two girls, our neighbors and their girl friend. The oldest of the sisters Valla grabbed and began to pour wine in her mouth right from the bottle, but it turned out as in the story "the wine streamed down the whiskers and none went in her mouth." The youngest – Tschepotkin tried to take the mask off, as (undecipherable), Tschepotkin fell on the floor with the mask, they rolled, Vora rushed to the rescue and –really I can't explain myself how it all happened – Tschepotkin and Vora started to quarrel and began to insult each other, in other words, trouble was ripening. The masque disappeared; Tschepotkin was getting ready to go away; Valla and I exhorted him, and Marusia quieted Volodka. It was impossible to persuade Tschepotkin and where could he go at night in a strange city. Fortunately, at this time Papa returned from work. Not to disappoint him and not to let on what had happened, Vora with Tschepotkin quickly again made peace and kissed each other. In substance the matter developed from nothing but I was already excited by

Previous happenings, and here on top of this little trouble – I couldn't hold back any longer and broke down. Once I gave freedom to the tears, they streamed in torrents. How poor Tschepotkin attempted to quiet me; he assured me that he had already made peace with Volodka but to calm me down was much harder than to persuade him to remain with us during the quarrel. No exhortation could help ---- Finally somehow I quieted down and I with Tschepotkin went to the girls to apologize and at the same time invite them back. I don't know who was guilty, but the fact was this that somebody had filled them up with wine, the friend couldn't walk, so quietly sat, the youngest sister with a blissful smile on her stupid face teased every one to dance; the older and most comical talked all sorts of nonsense, smoked and performed all sorts of tricks and finally right there "went to Riga" even several times during the party. Our Brotherhood ie. half sober laughed a plenty at them. At one time I was sitting with Vooka in the kitchen, engaged in a not quite pleasant conversation, when suddenly I saw Tschepotkin dashing by with jaws open exactly like a fish on land; didn't answer my question; but dashed on and so never returned again. For a time we were engaged in taking care of the drunken trio so we completely forgot about him. Putting all the girls to bed, we began to bed ourselves and only then we remembered and were alarmed about Tschepotkin. We ascertained later that he was drawn to the beloved spot of Volodka, he lay there beside it under the stairs -, his hands folded under his head, slumbering like a cherubim. He refused to go into the house, we decided to carry him in; as soon as I grabbed him by the leg, he began to roar at the top of his lungs, so I with terror ran away. Finally in the end Papa and Volodia carried him into the room accompanied by his roars. Here this morning we have been talking over last night. Marusia Vova and Tschepotkin have been to the neighbors (the trio feel most miserable). They ascertained that the older one slept on the floor beside the bed. I have just finished straightening out the rooms which cost not a little work. Out doors there is a blizzard, its not possible to think of a walk. Valla was invited to be a guest by the proprietors of the store, I didn't go because it wasn't right to leave our guests – We fooled around at the neighbors. Finally our brotherhood was persuaded to go for a walk and call for Valla. We crashed in at the place with such a noise that the hosts thought there were about twenty of us rioting in the street. Then we returned and again sat down to cards. We went to B's masked but nothing came of it.

Sunday 26 dec. We got up late just in time to straighten things out. Marusia, Vooka, Valla and Tschepotkin played "HCernzka". They beat Tschepotkin by 20 rubles – had dinner and went to the station to see "The Irrisistable" off. After the send off Vala and I dropped into the

504

kino. The evening was a hades of monotony. Tschepotkin promised to greet the New Year with us, but I don't think he will come.....

Then lonesome days continue, one after another, monotonous, dreary, etc.

.....

Friday, 31 Dec. Today I received a greeting card from Axel and a letter from Melia and ~~papa received some kind of a mysterious envelope but he wouldn't let it out. Pretty soon he passed me the letter with the words, "Axel Ivonovitch congratulates everybody" Well, something must be wrong! I have in my~~

hands already a post card from Axel on which he congratulates all so for what reason should there be a letter too? I look, the writing seems to be familiar, but I cannot understand whose exactly. I look at the signature, and right there I am satisfied. It was a mysterious message from Ivan Dimitrich (he addressed it in Papa's name) you see Ira even received a greeting from Ivan Dimitrich but how about you?

You see you can't greet the New Year dry so Marusia and I went to town to get some wine, returned home, again a battery of bottles, it must be Tschepotkin is here again. Pretty soon he jumps out from ambush, officiously takes of my coat, I laugh --"Heavens! even your laugh influences me, excites me." We decided to prepare a Krushou punch. They sent Tschepotkin and me for apples, we without thinking long, dropped into the Conditors. "The Irrisistable" filled me up with pastries etc. until I couldn't eat more. We returned, cooked and tasted etc. etc. and at twelve o'clock brought on the Krushou. At Christmas time, I drank with pleasure, but now I forced myself so as not to spoil the party. After Krushou, Couyos, then Powerancs and so on and on. Valla some how didn't feel good either and seen went to bed. Marusia whired around, Maura gave out, only Tschepotkin, Vova and Papa and I drank endlessly and of course we drank until white honeysuckle time.

Saturday 1 Jan. 1921 3 o'clock afternoon. Just getting up. How miserable I feel, inside, fire, no appetite. Why, this is horrible! Nasty! Again I am lying on the bed and with effort, eating lemons. The sober persons are talking of yesterday's performances. Most of them I don't remember clearly, some of them I have absolutely no knowledge of. One thing is clearly preserved in my mind – this is a bitterness towards Tschepotkin for his question which I am afraid to trust to paper. In an intoxicated condition "The Irrisistable" went to a dance. We, after no success at getting ready, remained at home; toward morning Marusia and I want to look for him. A few indiscreet things have taken place and a lot of talking which it's not necessary to mention, only one thing, in a brazen manner by exchanging the cards, I beat Tschepotkin out of 20 rubles, and only by using their wits they got from me the rest of the sum; by mistake I had taken a little too muchEvening, at evening, our life really begins, we sleep in the day time. At supper (I don't know when it was, we have lost track of time) we had a few more drinks. I promised myself not to

505

Drink any more for the whole year and I shall keep my word. In the evening we went to B's, the proprietor of the store, to take something (Vova and Marusia stayed at home) Twice we disturbed Herr B. made him come down stairs an extra time. Knocked at somebody's window, in one word, we made merry. At home, we sat down to Proferance.

Sunday 2 Jan. Proferance appealed so much to "the Irrisistable" that we played it all day until his departure. In the evening with Valla – again to the Kino.

Monday 3 Jan. I received a letter from Melia, in it I found that Ivan Dimitrich is studying bookkeeping, already has a position at the bank of a Frenchman, with the monthly allowance of 6000 marks, is the protégé' of somebody, is courting some widow, sounds like a grass widow; they say, a beauty (even adding to my astonishment that she is surprisingly like me) it seems to me that at last he has luck. Finally. Thank God! Letters from Koka, letters from Koka, how nice!!

.....
Sunday 9 Jan. Here are Greetings for the New Year from Koka and even with a present.

I have received two letters from you through Tschepotkin, unsealed...So-so I have a double censor attached to me. With the first letter Tschelpotkin added that he felt very uncomfortable that the letter of Koka to me should be unsealed but that he didn't read it although inquisitiveness urged him to; the guilt he piled on the real censor – and I was convinced. But here I received the second letter in the same condition. As far as I know, the censor reads the letters again; this remark of Tschepotkin, "Take the letters out carefully, otherwise you will wrinkle the New Year's present" written on the envelope in his hand – this unconvinced me. How did Tschepotkin know what was enclosed in my letter if he didn't peek into it? It seems to me the temptation was very great. I don't want to accuse a person not knowing anything definite, only somehow this is all quite strange. Tschepotkin is clever in dealing with the police, but in this case, if he lied, he lied not quite tastefully. Why should letters from Koka sent through Melia not be unsealed? Hm!

Monday 10 Jan. Vallashka didn't feel very well so she didn't go to work. I received a letter from Leva: After you receive money sent by me Jan 2nd come to Liverpool at once. Ship remaining n port five months (undecipherable) So Meliashka will remain in Reval until she receives that money. The will go through Riga, Denmark and to Finland.

Tuesday 11 Jan. Valla went to work, tho she is not quite well yet. Nothing else could be done.....1/2 8. But Valla isn't here yet. Where is she? It's ten o'clock already. She hasn't come yet. I wonder if something has happened?At eleven, Vovka and I went to get her. What weather! Pouring rain, mud in the streets, a strong wind. How weird the howling

506

of the wind made me feel unearthly! It pierced to my bones and froze them. As it happened, Valla remained there overnight afraid of the storm. So we wait for nothing n such terrible weather, when even a good master wouldn't let his dog out in the street. I talked with Vovka till one o' clock he is afraid to oversleep so I have promised to watch until five o'clock in the morning so he will have a chance to take a little nap. He is resting now, I tis quiet around and I am writing I have decided to surely scold Tschepotkin and he can be angry or not.

Copy of Ivan Dimitich's letter. Regards to Christopher Andrevitch! Hearty Greetings and Congratulations in the Holiday of the Birth of Christ and the coming of the New Year! To you, Dorothea Ivanovna, Valantina Clavason, and Elvira Christopherovna. With great pleasure I recall the Christmas Holidays of the past spent with you at Nemme. The present year finds us all dispersed to different corners (!) and even countries and only by writing are we able to congratulate those with whom last year we spent the holidays so wonderfully. Peacefully yours (signature) Estonia, Reval Vana Kalinaja 38
R. 3

.....

12 Jan. 21 5 o'clock morning

So here I have tried to answer your question, how I spent the holidays. I repeat once more that there has been no place for impressions in this letter, I have taken only the bare facts, even these may be mixed up. But consider that it has all been written through the night of the 11th and 12th (for my own convenience I have written this from my diary) that a lot has been forgotten, that I have mixed up happiness, some of them I now remember but don't know where to place them in. If you compare the outline of my account with Tschepotkin's letter (if such a letter he has written you about spending the holidays) you will see that it is near enough. Mine is not rich in information but it will complete the letter of "The Irrisistable". Remember that I wrote this only by catching it up at different times, when the court detectives were asleep or absent. It is possible that in three days more they may be gone. "Plus quip arfect" then I will answer your last letter. There is no change in my personal life.

Ira

175

Mitava January 17, 1922

Received two letters at once. I am sorry that I scolded you. I am sorry twice.....

The most recent happenings have completely tied me, tied both hands and feet. The happenings to which I refer are already known to you through letters of Tschepotkin. You look at the matter through his eyes as he described events from his point of view. And in his opinion of course he is innocent. He is hurt but all I can say is if he could have only remained a man of honor, if he had only retained his common sense! (See one cannot always go unpunished, playing the roles of a criminal). Then many things wouldn't have happened. In my opinion Volodka is not guilty. At least he does not deserve such a severe punishment as he is suffering now. At present to look into the matter more closely, we are absolutely innocent of anything, are the ones who suffer the most, to which you will unquestionably agree. The task of running errands and chasing back and forth is put on me? Who else can do it? After running all day, towards evening as you get home there is the same conversation about the same things played, sorted over and over with all kinds of variations. What patience one must have for such a day, what depths of human sordidness one has to go into! Then after this mental suffering, one knows that at home the same things are waiting; even at night. I dream that Volodia is beseeching me to get him out or begging for a piece of bread. And what does the future hold for me? How I wish to fall into forgetfulness but then how to crowd out these pestering thoughts. At times, pacing back and forth, I say out loud to myself, "Stop thinking - stop thinking." Over and over again. In the same position you fellow brothers would turn to the spirit raising liquor and try to forget yourself with the bottle. But for us this is indecent.

I am complaining again, but I didn't mean to do that. So about the rest silence - - - - -

You understand my wish not to go into detail. It is not that I am afraid of uncovering anything but this wound is still too fresh. Maybe some time later when things have quieted down I will talk to you on this theme but not now - not now!

If all this written above really seems terrible to you it means that you weren't fooled by your suspicions. However, don't trust them in any other way for nothing else has happened to me. I am the same friend to you but as usual I notice in myself a certain lack of feminism. I don't know how to fall in love. Now we had better turn to you. I am happy to hear of your success at least my heart is content concerning you. When I think of you and of your future I am not afraid of sorrowful or black pictures, something I cannot say about others. Now you can plan your life to your own tastes, acquiring a bathrobe, an alarm clock and an organ. I have forgotten the arrangements for the canary...

Now a few words about our family. Melia is still in Liverpool waiting Leva's return. We received a letter today from the latter post marked the Argentine. Where they will go next I haven't an idea. Leva couldn't tell us anything definite, he may go to Australia or directly back to England. Leva and Emil both have decided that traveling is bad for married life (people).

Marusia deserted her husband in trouble (a model wife) going to Estonia, having first expised her character by a whole series of contemptable acts. - - - - -

Greetings from the Family. Father is busy with his work. Mother with the housekeeping, Vala in studying languages and I am running from Courts to Prisons (Fine entertainment).

How did we spend the holiday, you ask? No how. They passed unnoticed, no different from any other days.

This is enough for this time. Vala will add a few word.

Be Happy---

(Valla's letter in English)

For God's Sake, dear Koka. You must have some sympathy for me! My urn of patience has long ago over flowed, the fresh drops of sorrow still drip in, for troubles and troubles without and still pour in from all sides. I have completely lost the ability to divide enemies from friends. Everything is mixed up, changed, and really I don't know who I can trust and who I can't.

You still do not want to understand my question or I don't understand you. Next time do not write in English. As I do not know it very well it can have a double meaning.

"Not an answer, not a greeting from your Highness"I am glad that at least you notice the absence of my letters. I must confess that I had begun to think that my insignificance was not able to attract your person self. It is true that lately I have written you very little and to your last two letters I have been incoherent. Please understand me. During these last weeks, I have been through so much

that I haven't had a quiet moment. Often, very often I have been compelled to go to Riga, go to prison, petition, run to the court either to the clerk or the prosecutor, not to mention all the things that could be accomplished easily. Volodia with the Irrisistable got six months and then they were freed and I stupid, thought that – that would be the end. But not so, that was only flowers. Now berries began to appear. I have already written you that Marusia went away before ~~she went~~ going creating a big mess. What do you think she did? She took the Irrisistable's belongs, sold them, and then wasn't satisfied with that. She not only sold his things but she sold Volodka's. Poor Irrisistable; with what a distrustful situation he was confronted. And this in the winter too. Tschepotkin demanded his possessions through legal channels. Naturally they arrested Marusia in Reval and sent her back to Riga. With Marusia came her mother, the latter in a higher degree absolutely of (undecipherable.) You see, in her opinion, Marusia may raise a mountain of dirt but its up to Volodia to pile it over. I can't stand it, Koka, I can't! Why do I have to be involved! Volodia and Marusia had their own affairs, working them out together. Now suddenly they quarrel and in their bitterness they impose on the innocent. You don't

178

know what Maria Varichna can make of herself; Marusias mother. She is a real Petrograd merchants wife or saying it plainer, a fish wife. Lord, don't let me have any more transactions with her! It is a continuous terror, a night more!... I don't accuse the Irrisistable in that he sued Volodka, but it is possible that in conversation with Maria Varichna, he became excited and permitted himself over indulgence, then the latter of course added her own and splashed over. Again explanations, switching around, talk, talk, talk, hard! When will it end.... How I wish I could crawl out of this hole, and go far away from everybody

Marusia's conscience caught cold and the rats ate her willpower. She is the spring of evil and mother dips from this fountain of lies and gossip with Tschepotkin, thank God at least his conscience and heart are in the right place. You can talk with him. The matte of his belongings were arranged in a peaceful way. I don't know what the next day prepares for me I hear no chance to be discouraged one must live and fight all sorts of dark forces; this at least I will become strong

About all these "pleasures" you will of course hear from Tschepotkin himself or possibly through some other way. Volunteers can always be found.

So, dear Koka, this is how we live in Latvia. Somehow I couldn't make myself write to you before about all this. It is true, our situation is not very bright but at least so far, I have money for stamps (for the future I cannot guarantee). I am most thankful to you for the coupons. Don't waste money in the future on my letters, otherwise my scrawls will be too dear. By the way, about the coupons, if it doesn't trouble you too much, will you do something for my mother, that is, can you make a little investigation right there in America. Find for what denominations of stamps one can exchange in Latvia one coupon if foreign correspondence right here equals 15 roubles.

As soon as this mutual trouble is finished and the end of all transactions have come, I will at once start to arrange my own life. I have something in new but nothing definitely decided. Don't worry

about me. It is true we are having difficulty in living. One true exit is always on hand – that is the grave, but so far I don't want to go there yet (erasures which are undecipherable follow)

130

Mitava May 3, 22

My dear, good Koka!

After a long interval (I must confess I myself haven't written often which plainly shows in my handwriting) I received a few lines from you which gave me great pleasure...

It is clear that it is not with such haste that I am answering you that it can be proof of my happiness, but if my tempo is half as fast as there in America you must believe my words.-----

Congratulations on the holidays and best Wishes and may they be realized.

The week before Easter The Irrisistable called on us; he came to Mitava for a heart to heart talk in which I was obliged to take part. This time I had a thorough conversation with him, we exchanged our opinions, he begged to apologize for all past actions and permission to write, as he is planning to leave because it's not any sense to stay here any longer. And so a few days ago I received a post card from him from Berlin where he remained until 21.4.22. From there he planned to go to Paris. He obtained a Vis under the condition that he would join the French Foreign Legion and go to Africa to fight with negroes. Like a drowning person reaching for a straw The Irrisistable is willing to agree to such a proposition. However, he will try to aim for something better. So don't be much surprised if on some beautiful day he should appear to you in America. Anything can be expected of him. So far I haven't had any messages from him from France.

I am surprised that you are worrying about the silence of Ivan Dimitrich. Don't worry. He will find you when he will be in trouble. Evidently so far he is having a good (undecipherable).

Leva is somewhere near Europe; Melia with her little daughter is expecting his arrival from day to day.

Everything is the same. I cannot write about myself because I am in a depressive mood and my jokes bring no results. Ira

P.S. This letter is quite mediocre. The first chance I get I will write a better one. Do you have any messages from your parents?

Heart Greetings from all of us – Ira

Mitava, 26 May, 22

Koka, my dear! How I appreciate your messages. All about it is so horrible, so filthy that one shudders thinking, can it still be worse! Then your letter which cheers me so much that I can't find words to express myself.—

You write that you are sorry you can't help me more!.... What sort of help are you talking about. Material?! But how much one can help sometimes by a kind act, a shaking of hands at the right moment, welcome words. For instance, your letter which gave me light and life, for which no material help can be a substitute. And your self control should be an example for me. I am not a person loving only to swim in the ocean of extacy of laughter and pleasure. Oh no! Life in recent years hasn't especially favored me for I only just begin to recover from one blow when, lo! fate is preparing one much stronger. At times I can straighten things out, other times it is pretty hard. But in spite of all, these different happenings make me think deeper and therefore to become more reliant. It seems to me that I am tied hand and foot and sometimes such a gripping madness overcomes me and how I wish I could free myself. But wishes are not enough. They predict for me a hard disaster future life.

I write quite seldom to you now. It is not because I have forgotten you but give me a chance to spiritually recover and then my words will flow more freely.

You are surprised that I am mixed up in this well known story, but who could go but me? It is true, Marusia absolutely refused to do anything and not only that, but she interfered with others. Volodka finds excuses for her but for me there is no thanks. It is not for the sake of thanks then that I have done all this. More important to me is the realization of doing good. Furthermore, The Irrisistable was ^{as in a nightmare} in a (undecipherable) condition and thanks to my efforts, he was free to or three months earlier. (By the way I have heard nothing from The Irrisistable from Paris.) What could anyone do. I felt sorry for them. I even carried out requests passed through Volodka from other prisoners, absolute strangers to me. Last week, I was introduced to one, a fine young boy. He was n Archangel also with the English Legion. That is why he spoke such good English. He spent about a week in Mitava, now a little over a week and during all this time, we enjoyed beautiful singing and music. But Volodka can't get along with people of that temper and his estimate of them is not quite agreeable. They embarrass him and that is why he (undecipherable) a friendship with them. I don't know what could improve him for all that he has been through hasn't left an impression, not a mark on him. In this case the influence of fine people is absolutely powerless to do anything and unfortunately his friends are all specially selected. Decent people are afraid to make his acquaintance. -----

At present Volodka is at home. What he is scheming to do is unknown – not only to me but to him it seems to me. You see he doesn't think seriously enough about things yet.

So not counting the pile of small as well as the big unpleasantnesses everything is the same. What my scheme will be, I don't know. So far I have decided nothing. Everything depends on circumstances. I can't write you about my present plans because they may not mature.

Thanks for the coupons - - - - -

Ira

P.S. Leva has not returned from his trip yet.
05 Fella St.

Really Koka, I don't live in hell. This is a miserable little house, I confess, but it is far from Hell yet the the street itself is "Ella" (Russian for hell)

294

1.6.22 Rombas

Dear Kolishka!

I am hurrying to write you a little letter, this will be preliminary then after, I will write you a whole diary of what I have lived through from 26.8.21 to 1.6.22. I will write you in all detail what I have lived through and what I am living through at the present moment, I will write you how I got into Riga University and how I got out of there, in fact these details will be of huge interest to you and also about Elvira etc.

I am not going to send this letter to you now because I don't know where you are! It's a whole year since I have exchanged letters with you, and as soon as I receive an answer I will at once send you a whole package ie. a whole book of composition.

At the present moment I am living in France. I have settled down again, praise God, Luck has come to me at last. With great difficulty I have gotten rid of the French Legion and now, praise God I am free and never again will I crawl into such a porridge and all this has cost me some swat to get rid of it.

Regards to Mille Lindgren. Let her send a photograph of herself to me. Well Kolushka, I'm not so far from you now. I will work 5 or 6 months, then I'll be able to come to America like a Lord. Write quick an answer.

Waiting impatiently. I am finishing my writing now because I have to hurry to go to the factory to work!

Kissing you hard
Your true friend
Pavlick

P. Tschepotkin Rombas
Brauerhausen Aug.

Rue du Faubourg N-1900
% France Lorraine %
Moselle

This little place is 15 kilometers from the C. Metz and 600 kilometers from Paris

169

Mitava June 5, 1922

My dear old boy!

I am glad that you don't forget me and you still write me. It is good of you to do it.

Olga's going away

You are gradually taking in an American point of view. You wouldn't trust in Europe the first person you meet. You have your old friends and are always sure with the help of pen and ink to be understood. I agree that letters always seem dry but the point is not in the words. You don't need sympathy from Americans so let them slap you on the shoulder and you slap them. You must know tho that here in Europe things are changing and strong change too. We have here also a certain species of person with the American point of view only there there remains honorableness, gentlemenness and correctness. Here this is often absent –the person who treats another when he is down, nothing holy, no ideals. I hope to create my own little world so in order to do it I am going to be a Sister of Mercy (muse). Then I will have as my labor the care of the sick, for easing suffering will absorb my powers and energies. Besides, the weak and ill persons are different from the healthy in every way. I know that unmercifully heavy work faces me but I hope to be able to stand it. In it I will find the good side. For the future this is also better for me for at least there will be a piece of bread – security and independance. A few days ago I visited a home for the insane, terribly (undecipherable) but at the same time an interesting sight, I admit I am frightened when crazy people surround me, heard one saying something all the time imagining that they will all jump on me, so many of them I became terrified. I visited the mens ward and the childrens, where the patients were much more quiet.

They don't take people to train there so I must go to Riga and having the necessary recommendations I am sure I will get into the Red cross. Reading this you mildly protest, shaking your head, but what shall I do? In all my imagination I don't see any other exit. I am dreaming that after graduation if they don't make me a permanent nurse and if I am free to practice after three years of study, to get work on a steamer as a nurse and come to America. There we

170

might meet each other, only please, don't change yourself into too much of an American. I will like to find you as I used to know you. Don't grow into an American machine.

Well, the time will come when we will be together. See! The Irrisistable is already half way there.

By the way, if you write to The Irrisistable give him Greetings from me and tell him that there is a letter already written, waiting to go.

Greetings from Mama, Papa, Vola and Voldia

Ira

181

Mitava 11.6.22

Speaking of Leva – I received a few days ago a letter from England where they returned with a cargo but they go to France to discharge Melia and Tania and Leva will remain in Liverpool while they unload. I must explain to that you will not misunderstand. The Samurines have a daughter. Tania, born the 25th of January. I might send their pictures. I though Leva had already written you about such an important event. Evidently he was too busy during his trips. He said that he received all my letters just now as Melia couldn't get in touch with him for quite awhile.

From The Irrisistable I also received a post card from Berlin. He expressed himself short and to the point. "Christus is Risen!" 4th.4/22 living in Berlin of Berlin I have an indescribable enthusiasm to day at 8 o'clock in the evening. I travel to the city of Mainz and from there direct to Paris. Wishing you happiness and success in life kissing your little hands...." The signature follows. (I write this exactly with all the mistakes of which there are fewer now.) To-day on top of this I received from him "a couple of words" (a letter with four pages) from France. He visited different cities in Germany and France but now with the greatest difficulty having freed himself from the Service with this begins is working in a factory as "forabeters" with the remuneration of 18 francs a day. Of that he spends only 6 francs to keep himself and has 10 to 12 francs left over for clothes and amusement. But to continue immediately to America he is short winded as he expresses himself, he wants to rest himself after Riga University and restore his human appearance and only then will he start the trip to the country of dollars. He will write you himself I am sure about everything in more detail so its not necessary for me to spread myself.

There are no changes. Lev's thinking of going to Canada – nothing definite I

182

I am going to be a Sister of Mercy, a nurse. It is true I hardly know whether I am good for anything more than to quit my account with life. But this will be in reserve for my exit when the moment arrives when I am compelled to say, "Coachman, don't hurry the horses. I have come to the end of the way. I am tired of people, please give my heart a rest." Now I am trying to adapt myself. Where to begin? I can't teach or do office work. I don't understand the local language well enough, so I selected the other profession, only before I go I have to fight it out at home.

This is enough of futile talk. I have taken to much of your precious time.
Please write am waiting

Ira

My dear friend Kola!

You can't imagine with what joy I received today an answer from you for which I have waited so long ie, since 1st 6. And further more it's a year since I have had a single letter from you and to-day is such a happy day for me.

Dear Kola! I can't find words to thank you for your friendly sentiments toward me and for your moral support. Kola! It's a year since I talked with you. I haven't any other man with whom I can divide all that I have had had and that I have for all people are wicked, almost all, for inst. In "Latvia" the good and trustworthy turn to be scoundrels, crooks, and blackguards and to find a friend is impossible. Of course I didn't look for any because I already had you, but now Kolinksa, I am not the same as I used to be since "Riga University" taught me how to live. I'll admit I didn't flap my ears before either but now I can hear by the smell and know what is waiting before me and that's why I have decided to leave the borders of Russia ie. Latvia so as not to meet anymore such mean people. You can't imagine Kola@ how I wish to open my soul to you even for only a couple of hours and talk with you, kiss you, shake your hand, how it would satisfy me! But its not possible now so I'll try briefly to describe on paper all that I have lived through since 15.8.21 up to now and what I am ling through this minute.

Dear Kola! The last letter which I wrote you from liberty was last year 15.8.21 before starting for France, or so I thought, but things turned out otherwise and I was compelled to conquer my fate. On 20.8.21 I met that cur, Volodka and his wife on Alexandria Boulevard and he put up this proposition (combination) to me; that they knew a certain Captain, the owner of a schooner, doing a contraband business with Finland, Reval and Stockholm, and sailing under false papers. On this account it would be possible for some one to earn 100,000 Lettish roubles, providing he played his role well. Of course as I was in a critical position, I accepted and took on myself the role of the Assistant to

296

The Chief of the Riga Criminal Police Headquarters.

24.8.21 I presented myself to Captain A – on the schooner "Aga" and introduced myself by the above mentioned title. The latter trembling slightly of course showed me all his ships papers and all the cargo on the boat. It was difficult to accuse him for I didn't have the slightest idea about the papers and he was no blockhead either for in return he asked me for my papers. For documents all I had was a Northwestern Army passport but I didn't lose my head and invited him to take a trip with me to the Criminal Police Station. Then he was convinced that I was really the person that I said I was. Knowing his biography from 1919 to 1921 from the words of Volodka and basing them on that I presented him with 2 accusations; for not having the right to sail under the Finnish Flag and for transporting 40 kilo of cocaine. Then he without losing time got out a bottle of Fr xxx Cognac and "zakuska" and made an appointment for a rendezvous at 9 in the morning of the next day at the Café "Reiner" corner of K and H street to settle the conflict.

25.8.21 at 9 in the morning, we met at the Café, drank coffee, had a little talk about business but didn't find it comfortable enough to stay so moved on to the Bastroct Hill Café. There we opened a bottle, had "zakuska" and started to come to the point, I for the settlement of the conflict asked 100,000 Lettish roubles. He of course wouldn't agree on such a sum and suggested 50,000 Lettish roubles. 15,000 then and 35,000 on 26.8.21 because he said that at that time he had only 20,000 and that he must hace for the purchase of goods 35,0000 and had got to borrow but on the next day he would have money. I of course, to make the transaction more respectable didn't take the 15,000 and told him that he could pay the whole amount the next day. He thanked me and made a rendezvous at the Café "Grunwald" corner of Nicholovsky and Elizabeth Strasse for 6 o'clock in the evening of 26.8.21.

Volodka came to me 5 times a day to find out how the transaction was coming along. He was afraid that

297

I would double cross him but to tell the truth he wanted to double cross me when he found out what I had done he hurried to the schooner on 26.8.21 at 1 o'clock without telling me anything about it and spoiled the whole business. Introducing himself as my friend, he asked him for the money to deliver to me, saying that I would not be free as I was busy at my work. The Captain being no fool, suspected and had Volodka arrested. At 6 o'clock I walked into the Café and there Sst-sst! "Your papers" and there they gave me a ride to the Preparatory School." The next day they made out my charge and marched me to the police head quarters staying there 5 days they sent me to "Riga University" with Volodka. He didn't tell me anything about how it happened and only begged me to cover him ie. to take all the blame on myself because his wife was waiting without bread and for himself it would be bad to lose his officers rank and if it happened that I must serve that he would bring me something to eat, hire a lawyer and would try hard to get more free of course I felt sorry for his fate and so agreed.

1.9.21 they took me to the Riga Central Prison, before that taking us for questioning before the District Judge where I testified that Volodka didn't take the active part and had only talked jokingly to me about it but that I took it all seriously and did it without letting him know about it. Then the Judge demanded bail of 30000 Lettish roubles from him but my case they took to the higher court and me to the University. I forwarded to Volodka the keys for my room and my bureau and asked that he immediately bring me underclothes and clothes, a pillow, blanket, food, tobacco and all the necessities for prison life. He promised to deliver all immediately but I waited all the week and he didn't bring me anything

8.9.21 I was called out by an officer of the III d division of the Riga District Court and he informed me that Volodka had been arrested that day and sent to the University. Then I changed my testimony and told all the truth and the result was

such; 5000 bail or be held until trial from 5 to 12 months, nobody knew. Returning back home, sad, dirty and full of cooties, I took all measures to be transferred to the cell where Volodka was kept in order to investigate all, why he didn't bring my underclothes. On the third day I succeeded. My first question was why he didn't bring my underclothes etc. He gave as his motive that he had very little spare time because he was scrambling around trying to get me free and in the end got caught himself and he also added that he had been to my room and asked my land lady to prepare all my things and had intended to bring them Thursday but as you see he couldn't and got brought himself instead. I in my turn asked if it would be possible for his wife or Elvira to bring them as they visited him twice a week and brought him packages. He promised.

Again I waited two whole weeks but no one brought me anything and again I turned to how, why hasn't anyone brought my things? He answered "My wife is not a horse for you. She has no intentions anyway of asking an explanation from your land lady." Then without waiting longer, Sunday I wrote a petition in the name of the Chief of Police of the III court to have the Potter deliver my things mentioned on the list. The very same Sunday I wrote a letter to you and one to Elvira. I asked Elvira to bring my things or go to the police station and hurry them about the delivery of them. Also I sent her a list and an order for receiving my things. But I had no answer. The letter to you Volodka stole. I found it out after two days for he collected the mail from the prisoners and gave it to the next one above for delivery to the office and at the time kept it himself. Other prisoners told me about it. I provided his muzzle for it and we both served 3 days in "Karzer"; I don't steal 2d don't pound. The next Friday Marusia brought him underwear and I found out that the stockings and "Kalsow" were mine. Nothing could be done about it as there wasn't any proof. Now what did he and his sister Elvira put over on me?! She brought him a big package and he bribed the guard to transfer me to another cell. Of course there the prisoners beat me up. His sister picked up an acquaintance with the Assistant Superintendent of the prison and got him to pass Volodka cigarettes etc. buy they put full straw on me. In the month of October I received an answer from the Chief of Police of III d court and the remains of my things; 2 torn handkerchiefs

and 1 pair of torn "Kalsow": and a message, "All your things were seized by V. Rone" with wife 3.9.21 What was left for me to do? I reported to the chief of the prison and we searched Volodka and stripped him of my stockings, Kalsow and 2 handkerchiefs. The other prisoners punched his face because he had stolen from one who was already sitting here in prison, then I wrote a petition to the procurer about it and the latter sent a detective to investigate and make the charge. This charged sued him for 15,000 roubles Marusia lived in a terrible condition and sometimes sold herself and bough Volodka things to heat. Later on Marusia's mother came from Reval and took her home.

Christmas and "Maslanniza" (Maslenitsa) I celebrated very modestly. All my friends forgot me except one girl with whom I used to go to Business School and roomed in the same house with me. She wrote

me letters all the time and sometimes made me a visit, bringing something to eat, soap etc. anyway the necessary things. I am sending you 2 photographs and a letter of hers which I saved.

Now the time has come to go to my trial 3 d March 22.

At the trial I and Volodka each received a sentence of 6 months imprisonment which we had already served and it meant Liberty the next day I served in prison clothes because I didn't have my own and the next day at 10 o'clock in the morning they called out: "Stcheptokin, take your things and get out." Yes many things I had! I stripped off my prisoners clothes and stood absolutely without except a ragged "French" and some torn pants so that all my body was invisible, without hat or stockings and only prisoners slippers which I sewed myself because I had absolutely no shoes of any kind.

As we came out of the entrance there stood Elvira. She looked at me and smiled. She had come to meet Volodka. I nodded my head and quickly ran by. On the street there was still snow, melting, so that it was wet and chilly. From a distance of about 200 steps, without a guard, I looked back at the prison and burst into bitter tears and ran away, away from the terrible place. I went to the Immigration Committee and there found my luck. Colonel K. and the latter was able to get me a little help through the Commission. I received shoes, stockings, 1 pair of underclothes, soap and 100 roubles for a bath. Baroness L gave me a chance to get free dinners and a bed at the Commission, so this braced me up and I looked up some old friends and they all helped me the best that they could ie. Even Dora gave me 1500 Lettish roubles for cigarettes etc. 13.3.22 was the day appointed for the trial of the theft of my things from my room. On the bench of the defendant should be sitting V. and M. Roue' Marusia, as she was in Reval, the authorities tried to arrest her there but her parents put up bail of 25,000 Estish marks on the condition that she be present the day of the trial. 11.3.22 at 10 o'clock in the morning suddenly Marusia and her mother Maria V. dropped in

300

On me. I was nearly knocked unconscious but they cried and told me that I had ruined them to the finish as they had spent so much money to come and for other expenses. In my turn I answered, "I didn't ruin you. You ruined me. In the middle of the winter you let me go without pants on the street," and asked them to leave and not disturb me anymore as the 13.3.22 would be the trial and then the matter would be looked in to and whoever had something coming to them would get it. Then Maria V. started to cry harder and begged me to settle the matter peacefully ie. Not to let it go through the court so Marusia wouldn't have to stay in prison. But I brushed them aside, opened the door and asked them to leave and added, "I was staying, why shouldn't others? Thieves, especially should stay in prison. There is no place for them at Liberty, and with a loud voice I put them out of my room. The next day at 8 o'clock in the morning I was still in bed when a delegation presented itself to me for negotiations, Elvira and her sister asked me to agree to accept money for the value of my things. In the meantime Marusia, Volodka and Maria V came in. Volodka and Marusia apologized to me for what happened and asked me to take the money to which I agreed ie. I pitied them. The agreement was for 60000 Lettish roubles, Maria V. for Marusia put in 3000 Lettish roubles and Volodka gave 20000 and the other 1000 he promised for two days after the trial and Elvira gave her word of honor that if Volodka didn't pay after two days the 1000 roubles that she would pay herself.

At the trial I declared that I had found all of my things and that there was only a little misunderstanding so the Court found them not guilty. Marusia promised to send me Norachka's little pillow which she also stole and hat at house in Reval but up until now she had never sent anything. Two days later I waited for Volodka and his money and waited in vain, nor did Elvira come either. So they fooled me again out of 1000 roubles and so I left Riga receiving nothing.

3.4.22 I received a French and a German Visa and having in my pocket 700 Letish roubles with difficulty I left Riga. I traveled with a troop of Hungarian prisoners returning to their country. I got acquainted with a Hungarian officers and his wife---he married a girl from Moscow and both were very kind. They hid me on the train and supplied me with food as far as "Stettin". From Stettin to Berlin I traveled at my own expense and the ticket cost me 120 Marks.

Arriving at Berlin I went to the Fr. Consul, received money and hired a room at the Hotel Petrograd and began to look for Luck but I could find nothing favorable in Germany and so I decided without any hesitation to go to France and join the French Foreign Legion. 27.4.22 I started out from Berlin to Meins. There I went to the French Bureau and registered for the Legion. After that they sent

537

Me to the Doctor. This Commission found me fit so that business was over and they sent me to the barracks where I lived 1 week and waited to be sent on to Metz. When 25 of us "Soldiers of Fortune" had all collected they sent us to Metz. There they put us to work even until the final Doctors examinations which included signing the contract being outfitted and homeported to Morocco.

I really didn't feel like serving so I began to try out a few tricks and at the end the Doctor found me not healthy. They returned all my papers and told me to go in any 4 directions. I didn't have a single centeme in my pocket. What to do! I went to the Railroad Station where I slept 2 nights in the waiting room. I didn't eat anything for 2 days trying to get through the gates to go as a "rabbit" to Paris and the Consul. But I didn't succeed and on the third day I was just ready from hunger to throw myself in the river Metz when through my head flashed the last hope, to go to the Police Station. There they could do nothing for me but to send me to the Pefectura. At the Perfectura I picked up a conversation with girl. She talked with me in German. She helped me out, bought me some rolls, filled me up with tea and gave me 2 fr to travel to Rombach where I could get work, which I did and have worked until now and feel very happy.

When I got here I presented my discharge papers and received a position as Forarbeiter" (vorarbeiter) but with such a small salary, only 360 fr. So I decided to find work myself and now I am working in Walzuern. I am earning from 16-20 fr a day. One can live, isn't it so? Already I have bought myself 4 pairs of underclothes, 6 pairs of stockings, handkerchiefs, shoes, etc. 1.7.22 I will buy a suit of clothes, then I will everything I am thinking of working here with next year, till spring so I can buy what I need, clothes, suitcase, watch etc and save about 10000 francs then I shall go to the Center of Francis, the main reason for staying is that I will adopt the German language because everybody here speaks German. I will learn the Fr. Language in the center. Of course I will make a preliminary preparation for

my French here. I am dreaming how to go, the ticket costs 1200 fr which I will be able to earn in 3 months.

Write me how it is living in America. Is there work? How much can you earn? I wish you happiness and success and that you get to be a merchant of the 1st Guild in America.

Write me the address of Solevnoff and Dr. E. I may go back to Germany for a couple of weeks.

Oh, dear Kolichka! Many things have happened to me during

538

This time and many different adventures, for inst. When traveling to Germany with the Hungarian troops, a Hungarian officer and his wife gave me for a souvenir 250000 Soviet roubles. When I arrived in Berlin I took a beautiful girl, celebrated at her apartment 2 days at her expense and 13 times - - - - - and on the third day paid up with Soviet money and gave her 200000. She nearly lost her mind from happiness and even asked me to stay longer. She was Italian, 18 yrs old, had no idea about Soviet money tho 200000 = 8 marks.

I kiss you hard, your true friend,
Pavlick

Write quick an answer. Waiting impatiently
Write the address exactly

P. Tschepotkin Francie
Rue du Faubourg. No-19⁰
Rombas % Moselle %

P.S. Send me your photograph. I am going to have my picture taken also and send to you. Greetings to Edith.

16.7.22 will be my birthday. Remember how we celebrated in Reval? I am working every day, haven't missed a single holiday even since 30.5.22

On Trinity I worked 16 hrs You get 50% more on holidays.

Write me whether you received my letters from prison and from Germany.

Kiss

Pavlick

Tscheptokin

26.6.22

(document – prison discharge)

Dear Kola!

3 days ago I received your letter sent to Rombas for which I thank you heartily. Forgive me for not writing you for such a long time but I have been working like a madman even on every holiday. I will try briefly to draw a picture of my travels from Rombas to Paris etc.

I worked in Rombas about 2 ½ months, clothed myself a little better and saved 300 fr and so decided to take a trip to Paris for the holidays and I really enjoyed myself. The National holiday began the 13/7 at 7 o'clock at night and finished the 16/7 at 9 o'clock in the morning, in all lasting 3 days.

On all the streets of Paris the music played and the people danced without stopping, everywhere a bombardment of confetti etc. and all the head whirling stunts imaginable for instance, I stopped at the Hottel de France near Gar de Leste where I met a young Lieutenant and we spent all the time together, between us, he's a good fellow. As we came out of the hotel on the 14.7 at 8 o'clock in the evening ie. during the holidays, a merry company, 3 gentlemen and 3 ladies and 2 girls, their daughter came walking toward us. The girls innocently ran to us and asked permission to kiss us 3 times on the cheek, between you and me I was clever enough to kiss her the 3/d time right on the lips, and of course we were dumbfounded at all this, we didn't know what to make of it, while they with loud laughter disappeared. Of course we hurriedly returned to the hotel to find out what was going on. It was explained to us that this was a simple matter of custom so after that we helped our selves to this custom and put on several numbers. I stayed in Paris 3 weeks and corresponding with a friend in Montpellier which is situated on the coast of the Mediterranean Sea. I decided to take a trip to him. I went, stayed 3 days and was completely disappointed so I decided to go to Marseille. I arrived there, stayed 5 days and from there came here to work where I am situated at present. I am earning 14 fr for 8 hr work, paying out 6 fr 50 C. for complete pension and hair left over 5 fr a day, in other words, one can live. But I don't plan to live here very long and am thinking to go back to Paris or Nice. I must tell you one thing; its terribly lonesome here and so I am straining all my efforts to come to you in America but I'm having no luck. At Marseille I went through all the ships but nothing came of it. I am very sorry that America is situated beyond the ocean, if only America wasn't beyond the ocean but had railroad communication. I tell you privately I would have been in America a long time ago. Kola! Write me what measures I must take to go to America, can't you help me in this matter ie. About the Vis a and never mind about the fare which I can earn myself in 3 or 4 months.

22.8.22 I am concluding this page with trembling hands in the hospital after 7 days sickness. 15/8 after writing you this letter I went somehow to supper, when I got back home I felt very miserable and the next day my temperature was 40.7 % and so it remained for seven days. But I feel much better now and to-morrow I am sure I will be discharged from the hospital. I was sick with Malleriaja" (malaria) and in the near future after 2 months, I am going back in the direction of Paris for here it is not good for me.

Dear Kola, so I begin again the old story, write me as soon as possible and exactly how I can get to the coast of "Labrador." Thank you very much for the address of Solioff.

That rascal Volodka was de-graded and it was lucky enough he wasn't court-martialed for appropriating the rank of Major. Marusia left him way back in '21 in October as soon as her mother came, ie. Maria Vasilya. She came on purpose for that reason from Reval as soon as she heard of the trouble. Write me, Kola, as soon as you can in detail, waiting impatiently an answer, give my greetings to Edith. I am very glad that I met her. I very often remember her, there was Edith and

303

Then she disappeared some where, vanished from the horizon exactly as if she wasn't in existence or more exactly, as if she melted from sight. But, anyhow, its very interesting to have correspondance and to have a far distant friend. I will write her a little letter to-morrow, have her be sure to send her picture, because she already has mine. Also don't forget to send your own. Kola! the reason I am straining to get out of France is because also here among the workers, it is not so quiet. There is a communistic feeling and you never can tell where it will flare up. If it does, we Russian Patriots will be in a difficult position, take notice. Something may happen in Germany too.

My address is:

France
Compagnie Product Chimique
Bouches du Rhone
Salin de Girand
N. Falamanou
Pour P. Tscheptokine
22.8.22

304

Salin de Girand

Mou, cher-ami!..

Vous etez vraiment trop bou. Je vous donne beaucoup de piece d(e) le lettres.

Edith! First Good morning and second I began to write in French but I decided that it would come out better in Russian ie. That it would be more original than in French and so I will proceed in such a way and Kola will translate it for you. You may write me in any way you please but of course it would be much better if you wrote in French and still better if yin Russian.

Edith! A long time has passed since I heard from you, where did you disappear to? I of course on my part completely disappeared from the horizon ie. For 6 mos. I didn't have a desire to hear from anybody because I was as if in a cage instead of the nightingale. I hope you will forgive me for I am still a youn man and all that happened thanks to my inexperience. Now already for 6 mo I have been abroad. I was

in Germany, in Paris and lots of other cities, also I was in France and in Paris. A mass of new impressions! But all this did not interest me. Often, very often my thoughts were beyond the ocean and I wait and cannot wait that happy moment I will see you and Kola. Then we will all be together, pass on the same road and take holiday excursions on the coast of Labrador. At present, I am living all so lonely among the French people, a peasant without land. I am annoyed painfully by such an endless, lonely single life, but the trouble is I don't know how to get a Visa. Maybe you can help me out in my trouble and take an interest in getting one for me. I would be very glad and until my grave would pray to God for your health. I have been working every day, clothing myself a little better, until now again I have been lying in the hospital for 7 days. Today I am feeling wonderful and in about a day or two will be back at work again.

At what are you engaged now? And where is your permanent residence?

Edith! Keep your word which you gave me last

305

year ie. You promised to send your picture to me but up to now you haven't sent it. If you don't send it I will be angry. I am waiting impatiently the picture and an answer. Greetings to your family and Kola. Kissing your hand I am respectfully yours, Paul

Compagnie Product Chimique
Bouches du Rhone
Salin de Girand
N. Falamanou
pour P. Tscheptokine
France

Write me as soon as possible an answer.

Waiting impatiently. Of course with your picture enclosed. Wish you happiness and success.

306

Salin de Girand

Dear Kola!

Your letter of the 10th of September I received but up until now I have been unable to answer it. Today I find a free minute and am making haste to write you.

Kola! Of course you won't be angry with me because when I received your letter, I was sick and after, when I got well I went on a drunk, thanks to the misfortunes in regard to my trip to America. I had finally got in communication with Leoka and received an answer from him. He wrote that the only to come to America would be under the excuse that I wanted to do farming in Canada and start my own farm and that I couldn't get a visa earlier than spring. So, until spring I must live in France and if I will be able to go in the spring, God only knows. But anyway, I hope some how to hit the mark.

From Edith, even now I haven't anything, possibly she is lazy. Investigate for me.

My work consists of this; that I must work with pick and shovel in the salt mines.

Forgive me that I write so little but I have a terrible headache after yesterdays drunk, and just exactly at the minute the reaction has come. Write, quick an answer.

Waiting impatiently. Kiss you hard, your true friend
Pavlick

Cie Products Chimique
Salin de Girand
Bouches du Rhone

Tschepotkine

179

Mitava 7 XI 22

My dear!

What is the matter with you!

My life after a number of variations has slipped back into the same track again. I spent the summer in Libava. I had a wonderful time there! Among different people and different surroundings, I rested my soul, stood up strength and energy. Without blinking an eye, I can truthfully say that I am reborn. At the present moment, I am living at home. Papa was transferred temporarily to Riga but shortly after they sent him back to Mitava, where we were about ready to move to the Capitol. So again we are all here in Mitava.

Volodka has had time to already marry the second time and lives in Retchitza where he has a position. His spouse is Marusia the 2nd, of whom I have already written you once before. On the holiday I plan to go to visit them and I am anxious to see how these newly weds live.

The rest of us are as usual.

Please write. Only the Irrisistable is in the 7th heaven and bragging about the innumerable letters he is receiving from you.

Hearty greetings from Mother and Father
Ira

Salin de Girand 29 December

Dear Kolishka!

I received your letter of November 15. Yesterday and am making haste to answer. First, many thanks to you for your moral and spiritual support, and second, it came just in time I had just gotten myself together to go to Arlles" situated 40 kilometers from "Salin de Girand" unquestionably to the girls, but after reading your letter my trip was postponed and on account of that there are 100 fr. Left over in my pocket.

Kola! The fact remains; that really its true that I am keeping up my spirits with "Polundra" but this is only because of my misfortunes, unbelievable lonesomeness and my work is heavy, monotonous and on top of that I don't have any results about my trip to America. And more important than anything I am disappointed in this, why did God create such uncomfortableness; as America separated from Europe by the Ocean. If there was a connection with Europe even by a little strip of land, long ago I would have been in America.

Kola! I cannot give my word of promise but I will try to refrain from all kinds of "polundra" as far as possible but the fact is this. "Man is no Angel, he lives, lives and becomes lonesome." Now I ask you once more if you can give me any advise about my trip to America. I will keep in touch with Levka but if something turns up I won't flap my ears either.

Kola! write me why Edith doesn't write me. Do you see her or not?

Last week I wrote a letter to Levka. I haven't received any thing from Latvia for a long time, well, personally I don't write them.

Soon, possibly, I may change my place of residence and move to "Toulou" as there is a French lady there who speaks Russian very well as she lived in Moscow 8 years and was married to a Russian Guardian Captain. Now she is a widow and has returned to her country. I met her in Riga at the Consuls and we traveled together to Berlin. I keep corresponding with her and she invited me to Toulou and promised to get

308

me a job. I am sure I will take French lessons from her but probably in the near future everything will clear up and then I will write you.

I congratulate you on the coming holidays!

Write me often and I will answer you.

Kiss you, your true friend

Pavlick

P.S. My address is:

France: C^{ie}Produits Chingues
Bouches du Rhone
Salin de Girand

P. Schepotkine
Before you did not write it correctly.

309

9.1.23 Ellis Island

Dear Kolishka!!! I have already sent one letter to you through a passenger and a brief out line of my travels: 8.1.23. the King Alexander arrived at New York, on the arrival they immediately arrested me and today I am already on the island. "Ellis Island"

The examination on the island, "Ellis Island" (which is situated exactly opposite New York):

Judge: "Name?"

The guilty: "Schepotkin, Pavel Nikitish

Judge: "How old?"

The guilty "26 years"

Judge: "Where were you born?"

The Guilty: "Archangel"

Judge: "What occupation before the war?"

The Guilty: "Merchant of City of Archangel %had own saw mill%"

Judge: "And during the Civil War?"

The Guilty: "Served in North Western Army % as Rank of Lieutenant%"

Judge: "After the civil war?"

The Guilty: "Was laborer in France."

Judge: "Specialized in what?"

The Guilty: "Artist"

Judge: "Where are your relatives?"

The Guilty: "Shot by Communists in 1920"

Judge: "Whom have you in America?"

The Guilty: "Cousin N. Nichols – 101 Brigham St. New Bedford Mass.

Judge: "What do you intend to do in America?"

The Guilty: "To work with my cousin in my profession."

Judge: "Why did you leave France?"

The Guilty: "Unable to find work in my profession and not able to study at the Academy of Art."

Judge: "Education?"

The Guilty: "High school."

Judge: "Single?"

The Guilty "Single"

After all this questioning I was told to write a petition to Washington and was warned to get busy or I would be sent back to Europe.

310

I found out from conversations with other people, if you tell such a story you have 75% more hope to remain in America tho usually they don't say anything to you but quietly send you back. Kolishka, I ask you, if you can come here, for God's sake, come. Visitors are allowed and then you can explain everything. Come immediately because if after 10 days no measures have been taken toward my freedom then with the departure of the "S.S. King Alexander" I will be sent back to Europe. That would be for me just the same as throwing myself overboard, which I am sure I will do if I am not able to remain here. But I am full of hopes that I will remain in America.

Greetings to Edith Lundgren. Remaining waiting from you an answer to my letter at least. Yours truly, with burning love, kissing you, Pavlick.

Mr. Tschepotkin
Ellis Island room 2.06
N.Y. H.

P.S. I am very much interested to find out where Mr. Laurie, who was in Archangle at 465 Verst (at the front with the Y.M.C.A.) lives. I met him in 1921 in Riga. He knows me very well from being at the front and he can give me a good recommendation this ought to be almost enough to stay here.

Here they pay special attention to those who belonged to the White Army and have lost their country. It has happened in several cases that they have been permitted to remain in America.

Write immediately that Edith is sending her photograph.

311
Letter No. 2

Ellis Island 13. 1. 23

Dear Koka!

With what joy I received a letter from you for which I was waiting impatiently, thank you for not forgetting me at such a critical moment as "Ellis Island"

My situation is as follows, 11.1.23 I sent a petition to the Commissioner of Ammigration on Ellis Island enclosing all my documents and photographs. I am sending you a copy of it, I wrote it in the Russian language on the advise of the administrator. I haven't received an answer yet so I don't know what will happen. As soon as I hear I will immediately write you about everything. Anyway I will write you every day.

Kolishka! I thank you from all my heart that you have taken the matter in hand also I send my sincere appreciation to that madam and all the rest who are taking part in my liberation.

Kolishka! But I must warn you so that it won't be too late, the steamship "King Alexander" goes back to Europe about the 16th or 17th of the month so if by this time there is nothing done about my freedom they will send me back with that boat to Europe so please don't delay in writing to Ellis Island as well as Washington so they will permit me to stay on Ellis Island until the final word.

If you didn't receive my first letter please write then I will write all the details, from Marseille I sailed 24.12.22 and arrived 8.1.23 taking with me only one pair of underwear, 2 collars 2 handkerchiefs, the rest of my belongings I left at Marseille to their fate of course by now they have been sold, but I am not discouraged unless I lose my health, when I sailed, I had 60 fr. and now I have 80 ¢ left for stamps and cigarettes.

I am sitting on the "island of Tears" as are the rest of the III class passengers, the food is very good compared with Europe, and the view exactly of New York, gorgeous, seeing her both day and night, illuminated, its really beautiful, I wait and cannot wait that moment when I will be on the same side as New York.

I am kissing you joyfully
Pavlick

Waiting impatiently an answer 13.1.23
Ellis Island room 206
N.Y. H.
P. Tschepotkin

312

Koka! I have just talked with the Russian Representative and he gave me this advise; to ask the persons who are (undecipherable) for me or you yourself to send a telegram to the Senator in Washington from your district and this matter will be settled much quicker, my petition went to Washington. I just found it out this minute. I am in hurry to finish this letter as right now the mail for today is going out.

Copy

Your Honor, Mister Commissar!
Petition Of Pavel Nikitish Tschepotkin
born in the city Archangel
Russian subject

Arriving the 9th of January of this year on the steamship "King Alexander" as a "stowaway" and learning at the hearing on Ellis Island that I might be able to stay in America, accordingly showing my documents at this trial, I beg to ask you if it will be possible from your side, to show me the way, please

can I, being unable to return to my country, Russia, go to my cousin, formally an officer in the Russian fleet, Mr. N. Nichols living in New Bedford Mass, 101 Brigham St.

I am enclosing my brief biography, military and civil documents with photographs.

I was born in 1898 in the city of Archangle, I received a middle education (III classes in Gymnasium, worked at lumbering once owned a saw mill in Archangel.) papers remain with the Bolshevic.

From October 10, 1918 I served with the French Foreign Legion with the rank of "Sergent" a which was formed I the city of Archangel to fight against the Bolshevic, against which the soldiers of America also fought (I enclose 2 documents and one photograph)

October 6, 1919 the legion was demobilized and transferred to the North Western Army of Gen. (undecipherable) where I served until the liquidation of the Army with the rank of lieutenant (enclose documents and photograph/; in 1922 in the month of April I arrived in France where I worked as a laboror until now (see documents). My parents and relatives were shot by the Bolshevic in 1920 during the occupation of the city of Archangel.

Will you kindly look over my documents and please don't refuse to return them.

I assure you of my great respect. P. Tschepotkin

P.S. Please excuse me for not being able to express my desire in the English language

11.1.23

Ellis Island, room 206

N.Y. H

This of course is only a sketch but the real petition was written clean, and good, without any mistakes, thanks to an officer who in a few days will leave for America.

314

Dear Kolishka!

I just wrote you a letter 10 minutes ago and now I am immediately following with another.

I just now had a talk with the Russian representative and he told me the following: my petition, which I sent 11.1.23, in the name of ""Commissioner of Ellis Island" with all my documents and photographs were dispatched to Washington, he also told me the following: when I showed him your letter, that they should work through the senator of your district and especially this lady who is taking part in my liberation or your yourself, some how refer directly to the Senator and urge that; I as a Russian officer, having lost the right to my country, thanks to the Bolshevic, took part in the white organization, and that's why I can't return.

Anyway you know how to exert yourself, i.e. to get me out.
I gave my letter to the Russian representative.

129

[Note: This entry has no date, no salutation and does not follow contextually with p. 130 and the previous pages 103-128 have no entries. The transcriber is unable to determine placement of this entry from "Ira".]

You write: "I am anxious about you and also about Ivan Dimitrich. "Look here! I am jealous and I don't want to be divided up with anybody, so I request that you remove that word also. However your peace of mind is so dear to me so I will satisfy you. Ivan Dimitrich is still in Reval alive and well and seems to be quite pleased with his situation I heard about him through Marusia who met him and talked with him just before she left Reval. He writes neither Leva or Melia and obviously not me.

Greetings from Papa and Mama, Vala and Volodia, the long suffering husband.

Ira