4.2 July 5" 1928 Advanture ofter advanture. Again I am is a small Village for away from Civilisation ... Two days I travelled by Steamer and then 6, days an a Small launch-boat by the liver Kamehatka, which Nuns Night in the middle of this half island. my mission is a forast expedition" finding out the possibility of exploying the forests of Raunchotica. The climate here is quite good. It is indeed warm, The sun Shines as bright as any where in Central Europe, but ... oh . a pleque of mostitos making you curse the very day you set aut for This place. My face, Kneck & hands one one mass of led heisters, Smorting all ora. I yet, it and the beginning ... au party is to stay about here for at least 2 mauther. Now one can Stand This - heaven any knows. I have a veil for my face, glores & a Suit of clothas to answeer the purpose, but the missarable, ghasty creaters pene trale through any thing and paison your very flesh. The miser on experiment the capter to appre por of the haked body to administer hatural functions - it is hell ... It is indeed a hightemore. and yet, people live here, true not very many, but Still human life exists. They work, I seem more or an Satisfied. In winter time the atmosphere reaches 40-50 degrees below Berr, and summer brings a pleque of moskitoes & paisen the air .... I wander how you are now? I am held up here for a comple of days, as the liver hun bash I we can us ger acron to the place where we have to begin an work, I will have to hire horses I go on horse back for a few days through marshes. True capital adventures in front induce So .... However are this wice pos I I shall have have the experience denied to most. This wice remain in my memory for the lest of my life. But how difficult it Recues at times, almost impossible to bear it any longer. and yet I have all that is Cente possible to obtain here. Haw I would love the you all . How pracefull it must be where you are. The Garden must be looking beautifull, flowers, grint the.

To Sit in the Gorden under the tent is the Gorden chair with Here it is here! These things want give one a last even at hight time. They seem to work 24 hours a day. How tiresome ready ... Jeels 6th To day for 8, hours I experienced hell. Exploring The forest of Kamchatka Seemed a very interesting adventure at the beginning . Oh! leat I heren iwagined any thing of the Kind ... It is quite true that for a few daep it seemed quite a nice trip on a motor land on the wide tires Kancholica under a bright shining Sun will hothing else to do but real a book and look on the clear Sky & woods an either side of the liver. But now in the woods and here start of theme beastly, ghaste, maddening moskitaes who give you no chance to breath... Oh! I would give any thing in the world for one hours rest in a place where there are no moskits. and you exother to I breaks of these life is in fact a of the How will I stand it?!!!! an forced to show fight. Some results of the General Slaughter dre visible here on This paper. Thousands of lifes feel on one side and on the other - a Swelchi faice, hands fire of blister, legs bitter to the bones ... That how we live here. How much Thave Deen I lived Through is all written down and it will make a very interesting tak... I am beginning & feel though as Ithan had " onough of this and would eine to ein again But how can I do it? my pay here is fush double I what it is in the centre, and that gives me an opportunity to let my kiddie, Rontinue School the I should hot be able to do it alterwise. So I mush stick is a little bit lenger.

Inday toronning. g. July abed, abed? no such dreams of luxury. One room, where man & wife Sleep in one corner, I and my learned friend an forest questions in another Corner I aur assistant wooden floor. The room is full phostitus Their music Dounds, eite the master of a Butter word dance" and the question arises "The or hat the? I would not dream of touching Them, if only they would leave me alone. But they want do that. They attack You everywhere: Face, nack, arms, legs and lough at Jan. If you exterminate a pew hundred it makes bath, buan fast, go out into The gorden & sit down and a bear an Itupath. Is it has interesting?" Oh! But the moskitoes, charcut a part of my body pru of fites. For 2, days I am Reeping of going for tinte the Carating. It is simply impossible. I going Monday 9.ª July Jo day is already a week Since I Came I this little Stinking village, all drewned in besty moskitose, How long I dem going Memain here lafor I set out into This Drepedition on horse belen for 2 or 3 weeks where hardly a living Soul can be found I do us know. But I am trug Sich of Sticking here. Any where, but I can hot Timain here any linger. Expecting horses & ame from the fields the the day Thoke So. Hang for 6 days how being able & leave the town for fear of moskither.

ful 10th Al- lash we are going unto the words on horsebock. Six people allogether myself includet. The horses are Small & clumay, laden will all soils of things they look a sight worth looking at, and on typ of all we climbe we look eike riding on camels. At first it reemed Strange and a bit risky but Gradual I get used I this author I take it give Philosofically. The day is a wet one It rains slowly, but riding through thick woods one has enough to do to loss in front 20 as not to loose part of the face or an orthe the an we go slowed over hills, dates alakes, I am getting tired, we stop for a buott of Space & eight a camp fin mole tea, han a'rest, I proceed further on ..... Oh! the moskitose, terrible, imposible & Stand it !! it is Traddening, I can har thep pencie in my hand \_\_\_\_\_\_ and climb in, drive and are the hasty brook I make leur beds, Cover over head & go to sleep. After a whole days continues fighting will mosketose, the hight comes as a great the get I Skip weee, Y awake When some of the missorable creaters find their way into to book through the linen how herds of moskiton hower all around as though defieng you to come out. But and we mush come, as its time I start on and way. 14 the fue after 4 days in the woods the returned again I This small village. The same old beasty husty cuctures, even more than in The words. There at least when on the more it does not seen 20 bad. However we are going ant again the day offer I monow thank heaven, Of course I play the per time as I am at the head fit It is very hot we stop no and again, light a camp fire

make tea, have a lest for an hour or 20, and then proceed on. Nevers. The leason is This - you can not uncorn part of the budy my face whants are already more or less used to the sting? but anyotherport of the body can not Stand it. I shall have !! ald house a a man cires There. It is one of an so-called Stores I good for the propulations of the heghtouring villages a fait the trees in the words. Alter for inderidual to he lives have Rups on fighting brand. But he is above already tired T is leaving here as soon, as another man comes & Take his placed. The fill in This place is an example of how a human being can excist when circumstances porce him to excist in unbiorable conditions. He has a cow & gets touter, but the miles de will thospitose as many as to make a meaty pourge He himself does not mind. I made Cappe & drauk lent was Sick oftenwards. Here we stayd 2 days and again on home back proceed on fibrithe wit white Coming the many various bashes in the book there are a sort of "block current" nother Tost. They are caused "finelist" Royle here gather them in great quantities Moke Jam. But as many as one gathers, about those as many marity Stim my and moskilo Slings are got. 19. Itow offin 3 days in the works on horse back one feels a great bliefe & Come & a village, and be let into a house where one can have a hole meal in peace & sit for a while without being attacked all the time. Here I am gaing a real rest ... I can any slag 2 or 3 days

here. A clean little house of only 2 small Avours, but will a "vapour bath" attached. The family Consist of 2 people man awife, Russians, They are already old. They cin here for about 20 years, came from teter Ukraine, Bessents. They have a gorden chickens, a Caw, a horse, a Small hoat near the river which is at the book of the house, Do bir quile is peace here. But Complain though, that at times they fact a lone lines would with the letion back to reteraine, but are afraid they will hot get on 20 well there, as They receive letters from relatives and there, That life is very hord over there in ukraine. In they propare to stay where they are as they have practically all they held. They catch fish when they wart? Bepecial for about 4 months in the summer one one needs ? go and of the house into the book fare There is the tives full of "Salmare fish" have fam truly Sich of fish, allways fish, as meat in re. dea here: However if not for "moskilos" for about the whole of Summer, life would not be book here. The view are around here is amosing g pretty. Only but a few miles away (it sums a few yord away) These high mountains - Covered will Snow, glittering in the Sun, yet here below it is hot as on august dag in ette cif J. London... Glorious sun +Sky +... ah! mostailis.... 24<sup>a</sup> July after a werks stag in this little kellage we are starting out again on the river in a Small book. To dag it rains so we decider to start & morrow. In a frew days from now, we shall rock the pointfrom where on a steamer bound for Patroparlorsk She are to travele a couple of days mights; - than I think I am going to Veadivostick, and if true (I hope So) I am being Sent abroad .... This letter was recoursed 6th Gelober 1928

I wander how you all fare . Thave had a very hard time here. Nearly a fortnight - on horsebook and life of a Vagabound ... all my body is acking. I can hardly sit. down an my behind ... and bitter all over by heastly moskitos. It was interesting in a way but oh how hard. age is beginning to tell it's tale. Shall we meat this year ?!! Thope So .!! Nowever I am feeling quite fe and well. for must be wandering at why Sharent Writen such a long time. Of course as I said is my loss two letters that I shall be away for 2 a 3 months fim Where there is no chance of writing. I dare say you will be going away for a holiday, I hope you will, I will have a good time. 14." august. I am getting true of waiting for the Steamer While is due here in 9, or 24, days time. There now been away from Retroparlovsk for 2 months. all the time on the more, staying in villages for 1-2 is 3 days & some You read about These things. It is however a diferent mater When for Come face to face with reality ... 20 th Now at lost law boar at thisportovsk. Everything seems quite the same here. The weather is quite wice The high mountains are around have cleared of their which seems agraid to undress altrogether as it stants so hight nearly rearches the Sky and so keys still a layer of snow on its back 26," Joday Preceived a lelegram from habsarances asking me ti travele on a second bound from Kamefatica for Imain. but return immedially to Veadinostore via odera ... what can I do ? What will a few days stay in London gin me? It will probably mare things work -How can ago teme back ?!!

What shall I say? It's however best I go if my for the age the you all -of them - oh hang. - let ome what will I will go ...

### July 5th, 1928

L.

Adventure after adventure. Again I am in a small village far away from civilisation ... Two days I travelled by steamer and then 6. days on a small launch-boat by the river Kamchatka, which runs right in the middle of this half island.

My mission is a "forest expedition" finding out the possibility of exployting the forests of Kamchatka. The climate here is quite good. It is indeed warm. The sun shines as bright as anywhere in Central Europe, but ... Oh! A plague of "Moskitos" making you curse the very day you set out for this place. My face, kneck & hands are one mass of red blisters, smarting all over, & yet, this only the beginning ... our party is to stay about here for at least 2 months. How can one stand this? - heaven only knows. I have a veil for my face, gloves & a suit of clothes to answer the purpose, but the missarable, ghastly creaters penetrate through any thing and poisen your very flesh.

The misery one experiences when compeled to expose part of the naked body to administer natural functions - it is hell!! It is indeed a nightmare! And yet, people live here, true not very many, but still human life exists. They work, & seem more or less satisfied. In winter time the atmosphere reaches 40 - 50 degrees below zero, and summer brings a plague of moskitoes and poisen the air ....

I wander how you are now? I am held up here for a couple of days, as the rivers run fast & we can not get across to the place where we have to begin our work, & will have to hire horses & go on horse back for a few days through marshes. (5.7.'28)

True capital adventures in front indeed ..... — However all this will pass & I shall have had the experience denied to most. This will remain in my memory for the rest of my life. But how difficult it seems at times, almost impossible to bear it any longer. And yet I have all that is only possible to obtain here. How I would love to see you all! How peacefull it must be where you are. The garden must be looking beautifull, flowers, fruit &tc. To sit in the garden under the tent in the garden chair ----Here it is here! These things wont give one a rest even at night time. They seem to work 24 hours a day. How tiresome & beastly ....!

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moskito (smudge)

### July 6th

Today for 8 hours I experienced hell. Exploring the forests of Kamchatka seemed a very interesting adventure at the beginning. Oh! but I never imagined any thing of the kind... It is quite true that for a few days it seemed quite a nice trip on a motor launch on the wide river Kamchotka under a bright shining sun with nothing else to do but read a book and look on the clear sky & woods on either side of the river. But now in the woods with bullions of these beastly, ghastly maddening moskitoes who give you no chance to breath ... Oh! I would give anything in the world for one hours rest in a place where there are no moskitos. And yet another 6 - 8 weeks of this life is in front of me. How will I stand it?? While I am writing this, I am being attaked, and am forced to show fight. Some results of the general slaughter are

visible here on this paper. Thousands of lifes fell on one side and on the other - a swollen face, hands full of blisters, legs bitten to the bones ...

Thats how we live here. How much I have seen & lived through is all written down and it will make a very interesting tale ... I am beginning to feel though as I have had enough of this and would like to live again. But how can I do it? My pay here is just double to what it is in the centre, and that gives me an opportunity to let my kiddies continue school etc. I should not be able to do it otherwise. So I must stick it a little bit longer .....

## Sunday morning. 8th. July,

It is impossible to lie abed, abed? No such dreams of luxury. One room, where man & wife sleep in one corner, I and my learned friend on forest questions in another corner & our assistant in the middle of the room. All nicely on a wooden floor. The room is full of moskitoes. Their music sounds like the music of a "Zulu war dance" and the question arises "To be or not to be? I would not dream of touching them, if only they would leave me alone. But they wont do that. They attack you everywhere: face, neck, arms, legs and laugh at you. If you exterminate a few hundred it makes no difference at all ....

How nice it would be to get up & have a nice warm bath, breakfast, go out into the garden & sit down on the green lawn & read a newspaper. "What mad dreams"!!! But here I am going into woods on horse back with a rifle on my shoulder in case I meet a bear on the path. Is it not interesting?"..... Oh! but the moskitoes, I havent a part of my body free of bites.

For 2 days I am keeping of going into the lavatory ... It is simply impossible ------ I can not uncover my body ------

Monday 9th. July.

Today is already a week since I came to this little stinking village, all drowned in beastly moskitoes. How long I am going to remain here before I set out into this Ekspedition on horse back for 2 or 3 weeks where hardly a living soul can be found I do not know. But I am truly sick of sticking here. Anywhere, but I can not remain here any longer. Expecting horses to come from the fields today, I hope so. Fancy for 6 days not being able to leave the room for fear of moskitose.

July 10th. At last we are going into the world on horse-back. Six people altogether myself included. The horses are small & clumsy, laden with all sorts of things, they look a sight worth looking at, and on top of all we climb we look like riding on camels.

At first it seemed strange and a bit risky, but gradually I got used to this outfit & take it quite Philosophically. The day is a wet one. It rains slowly, and riding through thick woods one has enough to do to look in front so as not to loose part of the face or an arm etc... On we go slowly over hills, dales & lakes. I am getting tired, we stop for a breath of space & light a camp fire make tea, have a rest, & proceed further on . . . . Oh! the moskitose, terrible, impossible to stand it !!! it is maddening, I can not keep pencil in my hand ------

11th. 12th. The only rest we get is when we put up our tent and limb in, driveout all the nasty beasts & make our beds, cover over head & go to sleep.

After a whole days continues fighting with moskitose, the night comes as a great blessing. I sleep well, & awake when some of the misserable creaters find their way into our tent & begin their daily prey . . . . .

The tent is of white water proof linen. It seems dredfull to look through the linen how herds of moskitose hover all around as though defieing you to come out. But out we must come, as its time to start on our way.

14th. July. After 4 days in the woods we returned again to this small village. The same old beastly nasty creaters even more than in the woods. There at lease when on the move it does not seem so bad. However we are going out again the day after tomorrow thank heaven. Of course I play the tune as  $\underline{I}$  am at the head of it.

July 11th, 12th & 13th We travell on horse back in the woods. It is very hot. We stop now and again, light a camp fire, make tea, have a rest for an hour or so and then proceed on. I have not had a proper wash for weeks, though we pass many rivers. The reason is this - you can not uncover part of the body. My face & hands are already more or less used to the stings, but any other part of the body can not stand it. I shall have to wait a bit longer, perhaps in a few days we will reach a village & possibly have a bath .....

15th July. We came to a place where there is one miserable old house & a man lives there. It is one of our so-called

stores of goods for the populations of the neighbouring villages a few miles around. There are more moskitose here than leaves on the trees in the woods & the poor individual who lives here keeps on fighting bravely. But he is already tired & is leaving here as soon, as another man comes to take his place. The filth in this place is an example of how a human being can exist when circumstances force him to exist in unbearable conditions. He has a cow & gets milk but the milk becomes a mixture of white soup with moskitose as many as make a "meaty porridge" . . . He himself does not mind. I make coffe & drank but was sick afterwards. Here we stayd 2 days and again on horse back proceed on further into woods.

Among the many various bushes in the woods there are a sort of "black currents" rather tasty. They are called "jimelist" People here gather them in great quantities & make jam. But as many as one gathers, about twice as many moskito stings are got.

19. Now after 2 days in the woods on horse back one feels a great relief to come to a village, and be let into a house where one can have a hot meal in peace & sit for a while without being attacked all the time. Here I am going to stay a few days. I do so feel tired & need a real rest . . I can only stay 2 or 3 days here. A clean little house of only 2 small rooms, but with a "vapour bath" attached. The family consist of 2 people man & wife, Russians. They are already old. They live here for about 20 years, came from Ukraine, Peasants. They have a garden, chickens, a cow, a horse, a small boat near the river which is at the back of the house, & so live quite in peace here.

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But complain though, that at times they feel a loneliness & would wish to return back to Ukraine, but are afraid they will not get on so well there, as they receive letters from relatives out there, that life is very hard over there in Ukraine. So they prefare to stay where they are, as they have practically all they need. They catch fish when they want. Especialy for about 4 months in the summer one only needs to go out of the house into the back yard there is the river full of "Salmon fish" have your pick & cook your dinner. They tell me that they are truly sick of fish. Allways fish, as meat is rather dear here. However if not for "moskitos" for about the whole of the summer, life would not be bad here. The view all around here is amasingly pretty. Only but a few miles away (it seems a few yards away) these high mountains covered with snow, glittering in the sun, & yet here below it is hot as an August day in the city of London ..... Glorious sun & sky & ... Oh! Moskitos - - -

27th July. After a weeks stay in this little village we are starting out again on the river in a small boat. Today it rains so we decided to start tomorrow.

In a few days from now, we shall reach the point from where on a steamer bound for Petropovlovsk we are to travell a couple of days & nights; - then I think I am going to Vladivostock, and if true (I hope so) I am being sent abroad . . . —

I wonder how you all fare? I have had a very hard time here. Nearly a fortnight on horseback and life of a vagabound ....

(This letter was received 6th October 1928)

All my body is acking. I can hardly sit down on my behind ... and bitten all over by beastly moskitos. It was interesting in a way but oh! how hard. Age is beginning to tell its tale. Shall we meet this year?!! I hope so!! However I am feeling quite fit and well. You must be wondering at why I havent written such a long time. Of course as I said in my last two letters that I shall be away for 2 or 3 months from where there is no chance of writing. I dare say you will be going away for a holiday. I hope you will, & will have a good time.

14th August. I am getting tired of waiting for the Steamer which is due here in 3, or 4, days time. I have now been away from Petropovlovsk for 2 months. All the time on the move, staying in villages for 1 - 2, or 3 days & some days in the woods-forests. All seems so interesting when you read about these things. It is however a different matter when you come face to face with reality...

20th. Now at last I am back in Petropovlovsk. Everything seems quite the same here. The weather is quite nice. The high mountains all around here cleard off their winter dress of snow with the exception of one, which seems afraid to undress altogether as it stands so high - nearly reaches the sky; and so keeps still a layer of snow on its back.

26th. Today I received a telegram from Natzaranus asking me to travell on a steamer bound Kamchalka for <u>London</u> - - - but return immediately to Vladivostok via Odess - - - what can I do? What will a few days stay in London give me? It will probably

. . . .

make things worse — How can I go & come back?!. What shall I say? It is however best to go if only for one day & see you all - & then - oh hang . . . let come what will. I will go!!!

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