

Tuesday 21st Dec. 1927.

For 3 days & nights it has been continuously snowing. In places where the paths have not been cleared (and most of them are not cleared) the depth of snow is more than the height of a tall human being. The snow at that is soft like feathers and once you put your foot in it is like walking in a feather field up to your knee in it. Of course people here dress accordingly. A white over shirt covering your head & the top part of your body, but light in weight like air skin, and on your feet high fur boots right up to your very stomach, without soles of or heels. You grope as best you can fighting your way through the depths of snow. Younger folk walk on so called "Nastkor" broad boards.

But curious enough, it is not a bit cold. A thin over coat is quite enough to ^{keep} you ^{sup} warm. Altogether I have been here 3 weeks, so it is premature to say how the climate will prove for me. At present I feel quite well, although the first few days my head slightly ached every morning, and I was told that it was quite common for new comers, as the air here is electrified & one has to get used to it.

Of course you know that often there are earthquakes round about here. Only last week about 3. o'clk in the morning there was an earthquake lasting 3 seconds. I did not hear, nor feel it, - I was fast asleep, but was told about it the next morning. So there, you get all that for nothing. There is one thing which is quite unique in its way for me, after so many years life in such a town as London & then Moscow. The quietness of the night is marvellous. You hear no sound any where, except the noise of the "Nast-dogs" - dogs that are used for travelling sledges, they make such a pitting-crying noise that you feel as though you would like to shut your ears up not to listen to that.

I read a good deal, play chess or drink tea of an evening. Often there are meetings as every where ^{else} here in the U.S.S.R. people are active, always seeking, learning & etc. As while I am sitting writing this letter, I am watching

how the Snow is gradually rising to a level of my window at the office. The men have cleared the front door way several times, but it is of very little use. In one half hour it gets as high as 6 ft & 7 ft. and again you have to climb & pull your legs out as best you can.

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When I got home, after having dinner, I went round the next Str. to some friends who also came over the same time with me from Moscow. Generally it takes about 5 minutes to walk. Well I walked on for over an hour up to my belly in snow, and worst still I could not get back & had to sleep there as the snow was so deep that it was impossible to walk outside the door. Today all day it was not snowing, but it kept blowing about, and there were few people out. If it keeps on a bit longer like this, we shall walk out through the chimneys & walk on the roofs of the houses, as they say often the snow is higher than some of the roofs here.

I hope to get your first letter with the first ship arriving here about the beginning of April.

You can begin writing the end of Feb. or the beginning of March. Send your letters to Mr. Bogdanoff Vladivostok for me.

I sent you the address before & here it is again.

T. Boragubocmok, "Akko" Yuuya 25th Okmudpul
A. A. Bogdanov guly C. M. Ubariya
Ha Kaurapke.

Mr. Bogdanoff will send over all your letters to me. I hope you are getting the £30 per month. Nat'sarevus wrote me saying they are sending it every month, and I have no doubt they are doing so.

No bye bye love to you all
Sam.

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So bye bye

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Sam

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