

TRANSLATION FROM RUSSIAN

ITX # 166 and 167
Letter dated 12/10/62

Dear Karinochka:

I am writing to you again without waiting for your letter because I am afraid that when your letter comes I will not have time to wish you a happy new year. Dear little girl, Alek and June, I greet you on the approaching New Year and wish you a lot of happiness and success in all your undertakings! Let the New Year be for you the year of prosperity!

Karinochka, how do I live? Perfectly in all respects. Studies? So far everything is in order. I already passed two examinations: in History and German. I'm very much afraid of Mathematics and Physics. These disciplines demand serious attitudes but you know me, "a serious girl." Well, somehow I'll manage. Are you going to study further when June grows older? How are things with work? I imagine June is a great big girl already. You must send me her photograph for sure. You hear me, for sure! For I cannot wait any longer and I'm afraid I may die with impatience.

Everything here is fine. I am 23 years old; can you imagine? There were only friends (at her birthday party?) You apparently heard about them: Misha, Slavik, Zhenya. They are Tolya's friends. Well, and of course, Klimashovskaya. Everything was fine. As a matter of fact, everything was impromptu. I didn't prepare anything, but they came and somehow everything went well.

I am sending you this picture. In the center is Ninulya, my fellow student. The photograph is not very good but don't criticize. And here is one more for you; it was taken at the collective farm during my practical training, after I completed the first year. You cannot give me more than fifteen bars. (Years?) By the way, I keep on forgetting all the time to tell you about a new member of our family- Snezhulya. Indeed, this is a very prosaic name, but Leningrad snow suits him fine because he dirties himself very fast.

The dog is adorable! You see what I am doing in my free time? Everything. I am trying to make less white--(illegible)

Ppt. #12, 363, 1/7/64

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in my upbringing. This is a big boast. The other day I called up Nadya; I forgot her surname (you remember her, she was the only one among us, the inimitable one). She has troubles with her husband. Her girl is growing; right now she lives with her mother and is trying to put her nerves in order. Judging by a conversation with her, she hasn't changed a bit. As before, she likes to exaggerate everything and, just as before, she gets carried away with her own stories. She is sending you her warmest greetings. She expressed a wish to write to you but for some reason I didn't give her your address but tried to skirt around this question tactfully. How do you look at this?

I saw Tanya Boltenko and Zaitseva; the latter is so fat that I felt myself very svelts. Tanyusha is charming. She has blossomed out. They both work in pharmacies and I believe it suits them. Nadya works now at the chemical pharmaceutical plant in the shipping department as a comptroller. As far as I know this work it cannot bring much moral satisfaction but it seems it suits her.

Everything is fine at home. On Wednesday I am going to Moscow for three or four days. I have some compensatory leave and I am taking it. Most likely I'll go by air. You know it's cheaper than train, since they give 50 per cent discount to students. The round trip would cost me only eleven rubles. And I have someone to stay with; in short this will raise my morale; better mood and more energy; life is gay. I am anxious to get into the Palace of Congresses and the Kremlin. I saw it from the outside but I didn't get inside at that time. Because there was a Congress at the time. I will write to you about everything in detail.

The weather is typically Leningrad weather. At first it snows, then melts, then slush. Dank humidity. Fis! I am waiting for snow. We rented a room in Toksovo; we will ski. You can imagine what kind of skier I am! I have "unusual abilities" along this line. Oh well, I'll show you yet! Yes, indeed.

Your sister hasn't called me. I am waiting for a letter from you, and, if there will be something for her, I'll visit her.

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That's how it is, dear girl. By the way, did you know my neighbors? I don't recall. Well a neighbor died. Can you imagine? 31 years old. Nephritis. It's a terrible pity. Ancient grandmothers are still walking and here is quite a young man (died). But what will be, will be and, after all, how weak medical science still is. The human intellect reaches into the universe but the man dies because of some miserable human organs. This is stupid. Well let's not talk about this; it sounds like a requiem.

And how are things with you? What's new? Fears do you go? In short (I want to know) about everything. I am waiting with impatience for your letter with June's photograph. Once more I wish you a happy New Year and raise the first glass of champagne for you.

Regards to Alex and June. Regards from all my family.

(signed) Klya

Envelope

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