

Nov. 24 ?

Austin, Texas,  
Nov. 9, 1936.

Darling:

your dear letter of the 24<sup>th</sup> came to-day.  
Always I look at the mail box as I drive in. To-day  
I felt sure it would be there and when I saw it  
I rushed quickly back to the door. Also there was  
one from the <sup>U.S.S.R.</sup> embassy repeating what was in the  
telegram. I will have to reply somehow to them  
but I am afraid <sup>when they come</sup> the situation they will can-  
cel my chance to get the visa. I haven't yet  
gone myself to see Judge Moore. I am afraid I  
have something of a complex like yours. I  
hate to open up the case again. There is a feel-  
ing of dread about it. One doesn't know what re-  
prisals Hermann might have in store if I tried  
to get the decree changed. However he does not  
have his lawyer employed at the present time.  
But I think it can do no harm to see the judge  
and at least learn from him what possibilities  
of action there are. If the decree can be changed  
without another trial then I will try but if  
Hermann has to be notified and the case has to  
come up in court again then I think I couldn't  
stand another fight. I think I must try to see  
the judge to-morrow before I answer the embassy.  
I had been delaying partly because it was so dis-

tactful tasteful and partly because of a small  
hint you gave that you might return soon.  
But you didn't mention it again so I judge it was  
only a passing thought. One's hopes pick out such  
small things and magnify them. It isn't that  
I wouldn't gladly come to you. I would love it  
and little David would be willing to give up his  
chums and school if we could come but it is  
this battering against the decree and maybe  
starting another fight that worries me. The  
peace and quiet which comes from being isolated  
from Hermann, even though ~~though~~ perhaps temporary,  
is at least restful ~~if not joyful~~. If you came  
to this country it would be simple to get it changed  
to take David out of Texas. Hermann could hardly  
be concerned in the matter. But I must curb  
my feelings and go and see the judge and get  
the whole matter clarified. Perhaps there will  
be a simpler way out of it. At least I should  
get some definiteness. Darling, I don't want to  
wait until late next year to be with you.

There is no news yet of Vandiver's project. The  
application went in over a week ago but it  
might take a month or more for it to go through.  
And of course it may be rejected.

I sent to-day another package of cigar coffee.  
Just two months since I sent the last. I in-  
tended to send them every month but I was

(3)

so very sick for about a month with that cold  
that I could do only the essentials. But use  
them freely, dear, because I will try to make  
arrangements to have them sent regularly, per-  
haps from N.Y., if I come over. Also I sent  
another package of books. In it is the book  
of O. Henry's stories and Isadora Duncan's  
life. I think you will like them both. The  
latter I bought early last spring and had it  
packed in the box. I read it and found it  
very lovely. Of course she was the artist and not  
very scientific. It is a little hard for me to  
understand how she could lay bare before a  
generally depraved world the exquisite beauty  
of her experiences, both joys and sorrows. But  
perhaps she wrote for the few who could under-  
stand and was too courageous to care about the  
others. But even though a great artist she suf-  
fered from them. Perhaps that is why she  
wrote the book.

Also I included an old book of Hudson's.  
I thought you might like it too. It is "Tales  
of the Tampos". I remember you lent it to me  
long ago. Yes, I read "The Purple Land". I  
brought it at the same time I bought Isadora  
Duncan's. In fact I was looking for some of

Hudson's to send you when I ran across the other.

I wish I could be in Moscow to hear the symphonies. That would be a rare experience. This radio is very bad. The violola is not fixed. I got the one from up-stairs but its tone is so raucous that it is impossible to enjoy anything on it. So we have no good music at all. I can't even play the tangos I love so much.

I must go to bed now. It is almost midnight. I have improved so much since going to bed early that I feel quite well again. Except when I stay up to write letters I go to bed with David.

David is looking wonderfully well. I think he is gaining weight and his eyes are practically well. He looks vigorous too and has lots of appetite.

Mrs. Cudney sends her love to you. She is really very nice. She is a sort of simple, ingenuous soul and loves everybody. She seems to like being here and says it is just like being at home. Her nature is sort of child-like.

Parling, I may write another installment since I sent my last letter only last Friday.

Many kisses from your Jessie.

Nov. 11

Darling: I just got home from the office and am sipping some mate' for refreshment. I wrote to-day a letter to the embassy which our stenographer typed for me & I am sending a copy. I hope they will leave open the granting of a visa. I made it seem as hopeful as possible. I cannot see why it should be refused later since my status with respect to the Soviet Union would not be changed. Now I must try to see the judge and get the matter clarified. A combination of physical circumstances, my own and the weather, balked me yesterday or at least furnished my wavering courage with very valid excuses. To-day is a holiday so I was given another respite. I wish I were not so timid. But I am not indecisive so I can be thankful for that.

That application of Vandiver's really has not gone in yet, I learned to-day because it has to be made out on a new form. So I think it will be at least January before I find out about it and perhaps by that time I will be gone.

Mr. Olson takes one lesson a week in Russian from Mrs. Ludwig and that evening is a sort of celebration for her. He comes at eight and stays

five or six hours. For some reason she always leaves her door open when Mr. Olson comes. Perhaps she thinks she needs chaperonage but it makes it a bit inconvenient for my going to bed. I finally went to bed last night at 10:35, ~~com~~ - finally my preparations to the bath room. After that they made Kaffee Hag too times and Mrs. Ludwig said it was about three o'clock when she got to bed. I think she is about the biggest talker I ever saw but I can't say I find her thrillingly interesting. While I have been finishing this letter she came in and wasted about forty minutes of my time talking about such things as her eyes hurting her and her doctors & dentists, things which she has exhausted about a dozen times already and which have exhausted me. It is a good thing our days over leaf so little and that I am gone so much.

Now I am late in preparing supper but will mail this first so it will leave on the air-mail to-night.

Many kisses from

your little girl.

407 West 27th Street,  
Apartment B,  
Austin, Texas,  
November 11, 1936.

G. Gokhman, Chief,  
Consular Division,  
Embassy of the U. S. S. R.,  
Washington, D. C.

Dear Sir:

I want to acknowledge receipt of both your telegram and letter and apologize for my delay in answering. This has not been due to any change in my intention of joining my husband in Moscow, but to some difficulties of litigation with regard to taking my son out of the country. His father, Mr. H. J. Muller, now in Moscow, opposed in court my being allowed to take the child to the U. S. S. R. In view of this fact the judge granted full custody of the boy to me with the limitation that he cannot be taken to the U. S. S. R. and furthermore cannot leave the State of Texas. Considering that I am the sole guardian and support of the child such a limitation is obviously unfair and absurd and cannot be permanent. I am hoping in the near future to get this limitation removed. Until then the State Department will not grant me a passport for my son. It is impossible therefore to set a definite date for sailing but I will leave as soon as possible after obtaining a passport. I trust you will be able to extend for a longer time the visa privilege.

Thanking you for all your efforts in my behalf, I am

Sincerely yours,

Jessie M. Offermann.