

7: Letter sent to Sutzkever by two Jewish refugees in Tajikistan, April 1944.

Dear Unacquainted Friend,

Writing to you is a woman who lived on German Street, # 15/15—there, where Shirvind's Pharmacy used to be. My father was a tin worker—a tall, dark man with glasses. My mother was a housekeeper and I had a brother who was married. My brother was also a tin worker, tall with glasses, my sister-in-law was a washwoman. I read in the newspaper about what you went through and that now you are planning to travel home [to Vilna] again.

So I ask you to please write and tell me what has become of my parents. Maybe they're among the living and in case they are g-d forbid not, write me this as well. I am their only daughter. I, friend Sutzkever, write to you and ask you again to do this. I am alone with a child and my husband is on the front....

I will finish writing here. I hope and believe that you won't refuse my request. I thank you in advance. If I'm lucky I'll find out about my parents and they will hear about their only daughter.

From,
Esther Eydman

Second letter on the same page:

16.7.44

Permit me to write to you unacquainted. Friend Sutzkever, I have a request from you. I lived in Diasne street in Vilne, number 8. Apartment number 3a. [...] My parents stayed there with a 14 year old sister and a 6-year-old boy. Since I read about you in the newspaper, I understand that you are going to be among the first people to go back to Vilna. I ask you to look for my dearest ones. You are definitely a man of feeling. You understand how my heart is longing for home. We are all part of the same cursed people, whoever is left of us. I left home when I was 18 years old. My fate drove me away to Central Asia. I thank you in advance...(the name is illegible)