

Title: Jacob Volz's Corner

Subtitle: A Cry of Distress from Huck:

Huck, 28 June 1924

My dear brother and friend Volz:

With your permission, I am sending to you a short report to make you aware of our current situation and conditions.

With a heavy heart I move my pen and to describe with short words our difficult situation, in which God has newly placed us. Our dear Lord has again sent total misery to our land.

From the time of sowing until this very day it has still not once rained in Huck. The fruit of the fields, the same as all other plant growth, as a consequence of this is in a pitifully miserable condition. Here, people and animals weaken under the nearly insufferable heat. The earth thirsts for rain, the farmers are mournfully hanging their heads in defeat. Everything is as if it had been knocked down. Many ardent prayers and sighs rise up to God from fearful hearts daily, but all the calling, crying, supplication and begging remain till now without any results. God has closed heaven and commanded that the people not be permitted any rain. Instead of rain, wind is given to us. That is the recompense for our behavior. We must be harshly made aware of our very great sins. Heaven above us is aware of our many dark sins....Everyone has to finally bow down before the furious wrath of God, also those who formerly wanted to deny his Christian way. All the world must spontaneously come to the realization that the Lord is God!

This year before us, in my opinion, will be more difficult than that of 1921. All the forage and fodder for the animals and food for the people is there. Now already our farmers are without bread. A glance into the worrisome dark future fills our hearts with fear and deep worry.

America, our rescuer in 1921, will not want to open its helpful resources to us because they are fed up with the many despicable ingrates. But yet I have the firm conviction, that if all of you Americans could see with your own eyes the wretchedness, the half naked, children in tatters who are daily in front of our doors, begging for a piece of bread--then your hearts would soften, and you would certainly forget all that has passed, and you would unite anew and with your donations and save many from a death by starvation.

I am of the certain trust that many in America still have a place in their hearts for the suffering of their brethren and fellow believers in their old homeland. Don't close your hearts against us and we, in this coming year, will not deny (*refuse*) your support.

May I also ask that you please not forget me and mine. Because the community has nothing, I cannot expect to receive my annual salary. Could not my Huck countrymen organize a *Versammlung (Meeting of the faithful)* for me, to help me through, as I am graying before the specter of hunger already.

In the colonies of Balzer, Moor, Messer and Grimm the prospective harvests are somewhat more satisfactory because at the moment a good shower is passing over their borders. They will harvest, perhaps more than the sowing, but here it is clear and bright around us and we will perhaps harvest about 2 Pud per Desjatine. (*ed.*

note: Pud = 16.3KG = about 36 pounds// Desjatine = 117,600 sq ft = about 3 acres, that would be about 10 ½ pounds per acre at harvest. Extremely poor!)

Have a full life and accept heartfelt regards from me, Pastor Wagner.
You must not forget us.

Signed--together with warm regards

Jacob Rusch
Schoolmaster