MARGARETE HIRSCH
CORRESPONDENCE - FAMILY - TO SUSANNE HIRT 1944
My dear Gretl,

This is just the "official" Christmas card to wish you all the good things nobody else can wish you quite that much. I wonder whether all my packages will arrive safely.

I enjoyed your last letter very much, Gretl. I shall have to read it over again several more times. There is nothing new to report.

Nov. 25/44

IT'S CHRISTMAS
HOPE YOURS IS
A BRIGHT ONE

at this moment, except (and that isn't they either) that I love you very much and hope that you are well and will write much and often. A big Christmas kiss.

From your Sue.

12-15-45

Dearest Gretl,

I just had your letter from Nov. 16 (no air mail) and so glad about your being happy and may be even a little silly once in a while. Please do! I just still love to be silly for relaxation. There are a few girls there I can the wonderfully silly with. Do ask for parcels. I don't have to show the letter at the Post office. Hope you will have a nice American Christmas. Have lots of fun and do enjoy yourself! All the love in the world.

Sue.
My dearest Susie,

two lovely letters and the marvellous parcel — that's what I owe you; the answer and thanks for! I really am bad! But thank you very very much. You are a bad one, you know, to make me such an extravagant birthday present. You can imagine though, can't you, how much I enjoyed it? The
stockings are going to be kept for very special best occasions, while I am already making a feast of every bath with that wonderful soap. I can get plenty of ordinary soap of course, but this is something different altogether.

Last but not least, the paperhandkerchiefs. I have no far - touch wood - been very lucky and haven’t had a cold (I had 3 by this time last year) but they’ll be a blessing when
The cold comes along, which with wiping babies' noses all day long can hardly be avoided.

I've got to go on duty now. So long, my dear, till I get another chance of sitting down peacefully enough to talk to you.

18.11.44

Another little instalment:
It is Saturday night - just after 9 p.m. Newstime. I have had a very peaceful + restful afternoon, the sort I love occasionally.
I came home from the nursery.
at 1 1/2 p.m and went straight to bed; the next thing I knew was my landlady asking me if I would like a cup of tea; it was 3 45! After having the drink I got up and went out for a spot of shopping, buttons, damask cotton etc. and a telephone call to invite the twins to come down to Hayes to spend my weekend off with me next week. They have come to London to stay with their parents and so far everybody concerned (which somehow
includes me!) is very happy about it. They will be 5 years old next January! Which sounds fantastic, considering that they were 3 months old weeny little scraps when I first met them. They are now going to the nursery class of the school to which they will go as soon as they are 5. And they are very lovely although they are beyond the baby stage. Lily - the more advanced and intelligent one -
asks questions like: "What is a factory?" wanting explanations that nearly pass my technical knowledge. I wonder if you will ever meet them! Or any of my other friends here. I wish you could "fetch" me one day! Spending a few weeks or months here with me and then take me back with you. But this is just another castle in the moon, I suppose. But as for coming over to join you: I am going to write to the American
I calculate next week definitely. How to come back to my Saturday afternoon after coming back from the shops—they are quite good for a suburban town— I had some tea (again! I can drink as much tea now as any good Englishman or woman) and after that did a little mending in front of a very nice fire. My landlady has gone out for the evening so I finish this letter with...
you, mein Liebling.

Letter came to London today
and we shall see each
other tomorrow. I don't think
I shall get time for much
writing — I want to tell
you a bit about the nursery
next time — so I better finish
and post this. — I am just
now — for the last part weeks
since my holiday with the
Dhmonds — feeling extremely
well and fit and rather happy
too. More very soon and
I love you much more than I can say.
203, Station Road,
Hayes, Middle
11-8-44

My dearest Dulcie,
I have just — with a very
guilty conscience — found
this letter of mine from July 28.
How cordial of me! Please excuse
it, Dulcie.

I have come home
a few minutes ago to find your
letter of June 16. Thank you
very much indeed. Your letter
seem to take much longer than
mine as a rule, don’t they?
I hope very much that you
got the birthday telegram, which I sent off—probably much too early as to be on the safe side—on July 19th.

It is so nice and wonderful, surely, to have you to spoil me first that bit with sweet letters and ever so much sweeter thoughts—will so much love. I am so freedly where that is concerned and never seem to be able to get enough.
II. Thank you very much, but I don't need any sugar—or any other food for that matter. It might be that we have got used to a certain limited choice of foods—but we really get all that is essential and enough of it too.

I'll be glad when all kinds of things do come back—of course—only really good food though when we shall be able to enjoy them together.
About your going into the Service, as you can imagine that 1 in 1000000 chance of being sent to England has occurred to me as well. But then, the chances of not going at all or being sent to the Far East or to some other distant country or somewhere to Europe. And then, what then? I can not at all even I want you here just now, my darling, you are so much further away.
...from flying and other bomb. I am not nervous myself and also quite safe where I am but I shouldn't want you to be anywhere near. But let us leave all this for God to decide, shall we?

Last weekend was Bank holiday. I had 3½ days off and spent 1 day travelling, ½ day with Alex, Sid & Annie and two days with the twins. The family has just been given notice and it has been a shock for them because as...
you can imagine it is not easy to find a place with the certain amount of room that Alex because of his illness cannot do without. They are getting over it now and I hope they’ll soon find something suitable. Our relationship is rather a strange one, you know I know I am never behaving very openly, i.e. I don’t say or show what I really feel or think about them.
Because if I did I would report everything. So instead of being accused at their always feeling very real and important. I listen, to it all in a very detailed way, in a way you read a story because you happen to have that particular book, quite like that place, but wouldn't have gone out of your way to get it. I you understand?
I am very fond of her, all the same, but I feel a bit older than she is at times, funny isn't it? Don't feel too bitter, I suppose about their refusal to help Mother. It was not meant to be and they could not have been stronger than fate with the best of intentions, could they? I know of people whose mother came over here just in time before war started and then got killed in the bombing of 1940!
I. The twins - still and probably always very much "my" twins are a great joy; although they are also a great worry. It goes now seems to be definitely backwards, whether the reasons are purely emotional ones, lack ofsecurity and sufficient affection of the right sort, or whether they are inherited or what else we are not able to decide yet. They are both "problem children". Nobody of it is surprised about that as the whole
of their little lives has been one big problem ever since they were thought of. That "our Gretel," so far means something very secure and reliable for them is a fact that I am deeply grateful for and hope to be able to live up to. It is always "our Gretel," while rather significantly and sadly Lily said to me last Sunday when I asked her what Ulfa for the next
toy from: "Her ( ) mummy brought it." She had exactly the same toy before, but never mentioned it. She does not feel the same love (and feels it without being able to put it in words) and no toy or present in the world could make up for that. Susielein, I could go on talking for hours, but the letter is already much too long. I am going to write to the American Consulate
soon in order to find out
whether my No. is still
valid etc. It'll probably
take a good while before I
get an answer but I shall
let you know as soon as
possible.

To write a little note to
letter and to ask if possible
will you? They will so greatly
appreciate it. If you send
a letter to here to my
address I shall forward it.

I hope it won't be long before
we can live and not write
each other all the letters— and
wipe our mouths after it.

All my love! Freck.
203, Station Road,
Hayes, Middx.
28-7-44

My dearest Sisell,
just a tiny little sheet
before I go off to sleep
in my bunk in the shelter.
It is in a top one and I am
very comfortable and sleep
magnificently all night.
Before I went down to the
shelter tonight I listened to
a wonderful concert on the
radio, Mozart piano concerto
N.23 and Beethoven's 7th Symph.
Most of our children are away on longer or shorter holidays and we are having a very quiet time at the nursery too quiet for my liking.

There isn’t really anything else to tell you tonight but I’ll send this off just the same, you don’t mind do you? So as not too make too long an interval again.

All my love to you!

Yours sincerely
Mail/letter

Miss S. Hart
114 N. Orchard Street
Madison 5,
Wisconsin
From: Mr. Hirsch, 203, Station Rd.
Tages, Middlesex
203, Station Road,  
Hages, Md.  
7 Sept., 1944

My dearest Suey,  

I just realised that my  

laziness in writing letters is  

becoming cruel to you—for  

you must want to know—  

whether (and how) I survived  

the last few weeks. I am—at  

the moment—sleeping in my  

bed again and enjoying it  

greatly, but the shelter is only  

one minute from our house
so that I can go there very quickly should it be necessary again. Maybe it won’t ever be necessary again. How wonderful that would be.

I am at the moment enjoying my work more than ever — I am in charge of 9 babies (all under 18 months) and feeling very happy. I am also — not surprisingly — feeling extremely tired in the evenings (which is a real great effort) as we work from 7 am to 6.30 pm with a 2 hours’ break.
beloved.

Did I tell you that I had a Red Cross Message from Drigfald & Fundel last month written in June?

I was so glad!

All my very very best love.

My dearest little big sister.

Are you making post war plans for us?? The castles in the moon seem to be coming nearer to the earth these days, don't they?!

Yours forever.

[Signature]
The babies are lovely though.

I met a very nice English girl who plays the piano (Bach, Beethoven, Schubert, etc) and knows a good many German folk songs. We've been playing the recorder together too.

If I want to post this letter tomorrow (which I do want) I shall have to stop because I am so tired I can not write any more. I do not like having my holidays next month with you.
Helvend.

Did I tell you that I had a Red Cross Message from Brigitte & Fruudel last month written in June?

I was so glad!

All my very very best love my dearest little big sister.

Are you making post war plans for us ?? The castles in the Moon seem to be coming nearer to the Earth these days, don't they ??!

Your friend.
Air Mail

Miss S. Hirt
114, N. Orchard Street
Madison 5,
Wisconsin, U.S.A.
From: M. Krusc
203, Station Road
Hager, Middx.
203, Station Road, 
Hayes, Middlesex. 1 August, 1944

My dearest Sue - sister, 
this, now, is our 
preceed birthday - party! I am 
having my halfday which I 
spent sleeping, washing and 
doing nothing in particular and 
I am trying to picture you doing 
something nice and special! 
I hope you did! Will it be your 
last war birthday, Suelein?!
We shall keep on praying and 
wishing that it may be so, 
shan't we?
I am keeping fine; everybody tells me how well I look. You shall have a photo, my dear, before very long.

I am not having a holiday till October and I am quite satisfied that it is so. The weather hasn’t been too kind up to now — it’s sometimes very nice round about my birthday, you know — and it might be quieter to enjoy it then as well.

I am hoping to see the twins this weekend — bank holiday and perhaps other family as well.

All my very, very best love to you! Frodel.
U.S.A.

Miss S. Hirt
114, North Orchard Street
Madison 5,
Wisconsin
From: M. Mitchell
263, Station Road
Hages, Middx.
203, Station Road
Hayes, Middlesex
April 8, 1944

My dearest Susan,

this is the answer to your last letter (I got it the day before yesterday) written March 8th. Thank you very very much indeed for it. Your letters are among the best things that happen to me just now! It's like special little extra birthdays everytime. As I am practically living among toddlers (workdays as well as holidays) I am so used to pretend games! So let us play another one, you and I, and pretend I do sit beside you
on your studio couch. It is the Saturday before Easter and it just begins to look like Spring outside.

You can be pretty sure, surely, that I won't get mad with you about the hot-water bottle! I shall jump right up to the ceiling instead and perform a wild Red Indian dance if I happen to be alone.

Did you know that at times (rather often, really) I envy you very much indeed? Because I am still doing work that every pair of 18 could do — and not even do it well or efficiently. It has of course nothing to do with anybody but myself and that is the
worst of it. Now that’s where the pretend-game stops, because it is so hard to write things that you would like and very badly want to talk about. Do you remember that I always disliked (and still do) telephoning for the reason that you cannot see the person you are talking to. It’s very much the same with letter-writing if it has to go on for years and years. I am afraid very many people feel like that now. I am lucky because I am only disappointed with the letters that I write to you, but always thrilled and delighted with the ones I get from...
you — I went to hear the Messiah this week. It was very beautiful. I think I shall see the film "Madame Curie" next week.

I haven’t seen Lotte myself now for quite a while, but hope to do so soon.

I am just rereading your last brother letter (of Feb. 4th). You say there that you are dreaming a lot about your childhood. You know, 2 or 3 years ago you told me that when you were dreaming of us as children it was always with a guilty conscience towards me. I doubt if that still is so. I do so wish it was not and cannot quite understand why. Because having you
This is the very thing I am most grateful for life, despite of envy and of being so far away. In one point our main problem seems to be the same and that is where the opposite sex is concerned. I know that with me the reason is even now that I am not grown up properly but that cannot be the reason for you. I don't believe though that either of us is anything like too old for starting! Although I feel rather desperate about it times.

Do you hear from Eda occasionally? I saw a photo of Dora Landesberg's two youngest children recently at Fritz Schönbergh's. They look very sweet.
especially the little first Renate, six years old with dark eyes, pigtails a bit like Annie. She's live near my friends at Wembley and I met them in the street once.

My dearest little (big) sister, this has before a ragged bit by mostly old letter, but that's what it is, sitting by you on the couch it has done. It isn't the real thing - but it will be one day; let us both really hope and pray for it.

I love you so very much, always will. Yours with a big kiss forever.
Miss S. Hirt
114, N Orchard Street
Madison 5,
Wisconsin.
From: M. Hersch
203, Station Road
Hages, Middlesex
203, Station Road,
Hages, Madyx.

1st March, 1944

My dearest Sisela,

this is just a quick
note – there is neither time
nor energy for more – to tell
you that I am well and
perfectly alright. I hope you
have had all my letters and I
promise you that you shall soon
have more. Please don’t be too
disappointed about this one.

Letel, Alex and all my friends
are also well.

Good night, Sisela! You
know that and how much I love
you and always will don’t you?

Yours faithfully.
Miss S. Hest
114 N Orchard Street
Madison, 5, Wisconsin
U. S. A.
From: Mr. Hirsch
203, Station Road
Hayes, Middlesex.
203, Station Road,
Hayes, Middx. 10-2-44

My dearest Susel,

I am just now enjoying my week's holiday with Settel at Cambridge. I have a very nice comfortable room for this week, where a very nice landlady brings up my breakfast, usually waking me for it at a time when—in normal life—it's nearly time for the children's lunch! I feel already a bit fatter (which some people seem to think is the one purpose
of a successful holiday) although I don’t look it.

I went to a lunchtime concert of Schubert Songs and the Forellen Quintet and we had a very good lecture about Schumann in the Club. Delph and I went for a short walk and saw the crocuses put in the lovely college gardens. It’s not quite nice enough yet for real walks but there are lots of other nice things to do here. Cambridge is a very nice place for a winter holiday.
Linnea, I have so far been writing to you one letter a week, starting the first week in 1944; I am wondering whether you are getting them all in a bunch or fairly regularly. As I feel they have been most uninteresting, very nearly stupid letters on the whole, it does not matter at all which way you get them. I just like to talk to you, that's all.

We had a lovely surprise!
IV The day before I arrived at Cambridge a lovely Christmas parcel arrived from Uncle Fritz and Professor, a real "Festschrift." It is surprising that we are still feeling alright inside. Ibel is going to finish the letter, and I am going to write again very soon.

Very much love!

Dearest Susel, I was very interested to read your lecture about your work. I am glad that you are getting on so nicely. I changed my job and am a welfare worker at the Cambridge Refugee Committee now. It is of course much more satisfying kind of work. It is so nice to have Grisell here for a week. I am tired and will rather write to you some other day, when I feel more like it.

Love and Kisses Yours Sibel.
9 AM
12 FEB
1944

Miss J. Hirt
114 N Orchard Street
Madison 5,
Wisconsin
U.S.A.
203, Station Road,
Hayes, Middx.

1st February 1944

My dearest Susan,

It is just 9 p.m. and I have promised myself a very early night, so this is going to be just a short note, you won't mind, will you? I am going to settle to Cambridge for a week's holiday this weekend. She has taken a room for me near the Club where she now works full-time and also opposite Hills. This is very nice, especially as it is apparently not very well and I shall be able to
visit her frequently. I am very much hoping for and looking forward to a restful and nice holiday.

There is actually nothing else to tell you tonight, my Linnelein, and as you probably see by my writing I am cold because I am so tired — so bed will be the best thing to go to soon if.

Sorry my dear, but as I said above, this is not supposed to be a letter, just a means of telling you that I love you very very much.

Much love from Jottel.
203, Station Road, Hayes, Middlesex, Jan. 25, 1944

My dearest Susie,

this has been a very quiet week for me, nothing much happened and so there is not much to tell you either. But I do feel like having a chat with you about nothing in particular; I suppose that is what we would be doing, after coming home after a tiring day, just sit and talk by the fire. I feel a little extra worn out tonight, because last night, towards the morning I had two dreams which made me wake up feeling completely exhausted. It is most unusual for me now to dream anything unpleasant.
rather seldom dream at all. I woke from the first one shouting so that I felt I must have woken the whole of Station Road and from the second one, breaking my heart over a 4 that I had given for an composition, undeservedly as I felt. Not being able to live with my colleagues at the nursery as peacefully and harmoniously as I wish to and keep on making an effort to is the only reason I can see for the dream worries. I was screaming and shouting for my husband to come to my rescue in the first one! I suppose it's just to come
out sometime, don't you?
It is wonderful to see the warmer
and longer days come however
slowly. It is already beginning to
be light when I am out at 8 am
and not too bad when it is 7 am.
I shall probably have my holidays
the week after next and am very
much looking forward to it.
I think I better get myself
some supper now and then
so straight to bed— to make
up for last night.
Good night my dearest
Lucy. Do write soon to
yours forever.
203, Station Road,
Hayes, Middlesex.
January 11, 1944

My dearest Susie,

you see - I am making a New Year's resolution, i.e. not to make you wait for a letter as long as I have been doing! I won't promise myself or you one a week or anything like that because I might not keep it. Not too long, that's all.

I wonder whether you have already been transferred to the adults and how you like it? Tell me as much as you can about it, will you?
I have been transferred too, quite two months ago now from the "tweeneries" (1-3 yrs.) to the "toddlers" (3-5 yrs.). I did not like it to begin with, but during the last fortnight the teacher (a very nice girl though) has been away and I had to manage and as always — did manage alright and even enjoy it now thoroughly. The children are very nice and affectionate — a bit rough at times but I am still alive so it cannot be too bad.

I just had a letter from Selle which sounded happier than
I haven't seen her for a long time. She is going to leave a temporary job the day after tomorrow and has been asked by the Cambridge Refugee Committee to work for them full-time. She has already done some of it voluntarily at times and liked it, so naturally she is most pleased about it.

I might get a week's holiday quite soon and I shall go and see her then.

Lotte has been very unlucky; she broke her ankle and has to have her leg in plaster
of Paris. I haven't seen her yet but am going to nippy her up tonight (when) to take this letter to the letter-box) and hope to see her soon.

Shall I soon have a letter from you, Susan? I am longing for everyone of them.

I am feeling very well and happy now. I did not have the "flu" properly like most people but something like it without a temperature (cold, cough, etc.) and felt miserable weeks before and after. It's all over now! Lots and lots and lots of love from Sue, fribel.
Miss S. Hirt
114N, Orchard Street
Madison 5,
Wisconsin.
M.S.A.
203, Station Road,
Hayes, Middlesex
23-3-44

My dearest Eusel,
I seem to have been
very lazy again - please forgive me! I am starting this letter
while I am waiting for a very
specially favourite supper to
cook: spaghetti, leeks and liver.
It's already smelling delicious!
I got your letter from February
4th yesterday. Thank you very
much. It was just the sort of
letter I needed and wanted
not at all terrible, Euselii.
It is so good to know that you can at least write to me. It seems to become clearer and clearer in my mind that we shall find a way to live together after the war, at least in the same country—somehow! Do you realise that it will be 6 years at least that we last saw each other. It is incredible and seems much, much shorter to me.

I am most interested about all you tell me about your work. I do envy you a good bit about getting on so well with people.
I cannot tell you much about it; it seems to be very deeply rooted and has been— in a way— like that ever since my childhood, when I started to be such a dreadfully "good girl." You have always done your very best to snatch me out of this hole, but somehow I still seem to stick in it. It doesn't continuously bother me though, and I am quite content and happy on the whole.

I must go to bed now, Suelein, this again isn't much of a letter but I want to send it off.
tomorrow morning when I go to the nursery. I don't mind a bit if you write on your type writer, not at all. It makes such a marvellously long letter anyhow.

Good night, my dearest Suezel. I love you so very, very much! Always — you know that, don't you? Yours Gretel.
From: M. Hersch
203, Station Road
Hayes, Middlesex.
203, Station Road,  
Hages, Middlesex  
Jan. 18, 1944

My dearest Susan,
what a lovely surprise
you have given me with your
lecture about the Kerney Treatment.
Thank you very much indeed for
it. I found it most interesting
and have learnt a good bit from
it. I was - of course - thrilled with
the newspaper cutting! It looks
so 'famous' to have one's very own
little sister's name
printed in a paper!

I am terribly proud of you, anyhow.
I am afraid you'll have to be con-
tented with a very much less im-
portant sister - one that just tries
to be as nice as possible to some twenty or so children and get through the days without treading too heavily on other people's toes! This also is life and I am enjoying and feeling happy (except for the natural downs that belong to the ups inevitably).

There is one thing I am at present really very happy about: that is, my "digs" (is this too slang for you to understand? it means lodgings) and my landlady. They are both rather primitive and not too clean but I feel as near at home as possible really free and without any fear whatsoever of me.
I misunderstand or ado about nothing. Mrs. N. is as kind and sweet to me as any stranger could possibly be and tries very hard — and successfully so — to make life pleasant for me. That is lovely, isn't it? Just to give you some little examples: When I go away for weekends she always packs my notions of margarine, butter, sugar, etc. and there always is some little surprise off the ration in the little package. She lets me use her irons and everything else in the house (I have had very different experiences before) and even lends me her rubber boot.
water bottle which is a blessing, probably unimaginable to you. My own good old thing which had lived a good six or seven years has peacefully died last winter—how I should have got over the “flu” without Mrs. N’s generosity I don’t quite know. This and other little things like it make all the difference, especially if they are done out of kindness they seem to assume an importance far beyond their actual value. I am so grateful for little things!

You know, oldel, I wish you could have seen me last
Sunday going out, looking really nice and very nearly smart in your costume, which I simply love now and wear wherever I go anywhere—your white gloves and your beautiful scarf wound round my head! The scarf is just now "dernier cri" but I haven't seen one quite as lovely as mine walking about the streets!

Last week I went to a picture which I enjoyed quite extraordinarily. I wonder whether you'll have the chance to see it? It is called "Now, Voyager." I shall
tell you the story if you can't see it. It is a serious film, but not a sad one. I saw another one a few weeks ago, most amusing and very lovely, called: "In comes Mr. Jordan." It is the story of a young boxer who crashes in an aeroplane and after coming to Heaven refuses to believe that he is dead. He makes his point so strongly that Mr. Jordan (something in between St. Peter, the Lord, the guide through the capital of a foreign country and one's very best friend) agrees to let him go back to Earth as so obviously his soul is not dead! But as his body is
...dead, and has even been cremated, they have to go hunting for another body for his soul. He has one or two trials with other people's bodies and makes very extraordinary experiences in them — until finally he finds one that is really right for him and he goes on living until his natural death (the plane crash was apparently premature!) It is hard to say it in a few words; it was lovely acting too, and I laughed as much as I hadn’t done for a long time have you ever seen: The ghost goes
West? That was something of the same Excalibre! I saw it before I came over under the title: Das Gespenst auf Reisen.

Next Sunday we are going to have a reunion with the people I met at the camp during my holiday last summer. I am very much looking forward to it.

Last Sunday I spent with Lotte (her broken foot is getting better and Mrs. B. It was very very nice and gemütlich! Mrs. B. looks over so much better than she has done for ages.

I think I better go to bed, Excalibre! It is 10 p.m. and I am on duty at 7 a.m! I love you very, very much!!!
From: Margarete Hinrich
803, Station Road
Hoyes, Middx.

Miss S. Hint
114 N. Orchard Street
Madison 5,
Wisconsin
U. S. A.
My dearest Susel,

At last I had your two letters, one from Nov. 17 and the other Nov. 18 (airmail); they both arrived by the same post. Thank you very very much indeed for them. I promise you, just to worry about you. I know that you can put your teeth and keep your head up as well and most probably very much better than I. What a lovely surprise you
have given me with the beautiful gloves! I must certainly won't reold you. Thank you so much; they are lovely! They have just this afternoon (it's my afternoon off) had their first wash. I wore them the first time on Christmas day to church and the next time to our Nursery New Year's Eve Party. I had just a few weeks ago - lost a pair of gloves (I always do it is dreadful) so you can imagine how pleased I was. I could of
of course have bought myself some beer - I suppose - with the hoping for the end of the war not in too distant a future and a certain trip over the Ocean somewhere at the back of my mind - I am, subconsciously perhaps, or even quite consciously, becoming rather mean and misery (jeep). You don't mind this, do you?
I have had a very nice - not very eventful - Christmas. I was as always - for the last
five years with my friends.
The children had lovely presents
and were very happy. Thomas
(16 months old) gave us all a
present of his very own; he
walked for the first time properly
on Christmas Eve, bottering
amongst his toys, and thoroughly
enjoying them as well as his
new achievement and the whole
show. Susanne, the eldest one,
5 yrs. in February and I are be-
coming very good friends indeed.
It is so nice she should have
your name! And was frien-
it before we knew anything
of each other. We can spend
practically hours, singing and
saying nursery rhymes, reading
stories or doing puzzles. It is
strange, but I have always found
that little people can be such
good friends. I have also seen
the twins over Christmas,
they will be 4 yrs this month
and are very nice. Also we
hadn’t seen each other for
over 10 months, we still know-
- and love each other; especially Lily behaved nearly as if I had never been away from her.

The children in the nursery are also a great joy to me - I am with the 3-5 year olds at present; but unfortunately, like always, I don't find it too easy to get one with some of the adults. I do wish I could conquer that bit... minority feeling that is so strong that the others cannot possibly help - in the end seeing me as
I see myself. This is bound to happen and not so entirely my fault. My work is mostly looking after the children, i.e. bathing, serving meals, tidying, doing first aid and occasionally playing with them. I enjoy it very much - only sometimes or rather very often wish I had you near to "put me right." Your letter, though, do as much of this as possible I feel very guilty because?
haven't written to you for so long because I know that you are longing for and enjoying my letters. (however awful and insignificant mine often are!) as much I do 
yours.

So let us go on writing just as good or as bad as we are feeling — and loving each other - which goes without saying, doesn't it?? I love you a good bit more than I can say though!
From: M. Hirsh, 203 Station Rd, Hayez, Midde.

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