CIV. A.M. HIRSCH, 30151
GROUP "B", CIV. CEN. DIV.
USFET (MAIN)
APO 757, U.S. ARMY
C/O POSTMASTER NEWYOR

VIA AIR MAIL

U.S.A.
My dearest Susel,

I have got a few minutes—perhaps more—to spare and a typewriter at my disposal—so I’ll have a try.

I am slowly, very slowly getting used to "Army-Life." I am beginning to like the work and some of the people I am working with. We have ready all sorts of little improvements that make all the difference in this sort of life: The window (which was still missing from one of the bombings) in our room was fixed, we have a fire in the evenings, I had my straw sack exchanged for a proper mattress, we have now a "day-room" where we can spend the evening writing, talking, playing or listening in to the Radio etc. etc.

On Sunday mornings there is a non-denominational Church Service here in the house which only very few people attend but which I enjoy very much indeed. I suppose I shall do so even more in time when I manage to understand the Chaplain a little better. At the moment I find that very hard. You know, Susel, one thing I am terribly pleased about—I was in a way expecting it too: Living amongst so many Americans and hearing them talk about their beautiful country all the time helps me greatly to lose the remnants of my fears which I still had. So far I still could not help looking at it as more or less a second emigration with all the difficulties of "feeling a foreigner" not being wanted, starting from the very bottom again etc. But people here keep on assuring me that that is not so, that in America neither everybody nor else nobody is a foreigner and that life is incomparably easier and pleasant altogether. Even taking into account that they are all pretty homesick and dreaming day and night of nothing but going home—I still think there is a lot of truth in it, as a matter of fact your letters very much confirm all that. Few people seem to have had to work quite as hard as you do—but then that is the thing I would mind least of all. Susel, do you think a year is very very long?? I do hope the procedure with the Consul will go on alright in the meantime so that we shall only have to wait a few more months after I am back in England next Sept. What do you think of the suggestion of coming over to England at Christmas in 1946?? I am sure to be either back by then or else shall be able to have leave. Apart from everything else we might be able by then to talk over and plan quite practical and concrete questions: Like—the trip over, what things I should take or not take and how where we are going to live etc. etc. Won’t that be too wonderful for words?? I am getting quite excited as I am writing it down.

I would so very much like you to meet all my friends in England, they are so very much worth knowing, all of them and I would feel so much happier if you had met them before I come over. Can you understand that, Susel, or does it just sound terribly sentimental to you? I know Lotte also would be very very pleased to see you and to meet Roy—but then I already count him amongst those people as friends of mine that I want you to have met.

I think I better stop now—Are you very disgusted at the mass of mistakes that I make? I am trying to type with all ten fingers which I have never done before. As our evenings here are completely free I am trying to get a chance of learning it properly.

I am feeling just a wee bit downhearted this afternoon because I have been here for over a fortnight now and have only had one single letter from Settâ—a and that was written the day I left England which is nearly four weeks ago. * Do write soon and often, won’t you?

All my love for ever
Yours

Gretel

P.S.
Did I tell you that I am now a godmother? My little goddaughter Monica Ann Billing was baptised yesterday. It was very sad not to be able to be there as you can imagine. She is 3 1/2 months old and very lovely.

Love from Mrs. J.
203, Station Road,
Hayes, Middx.
24-1-45

My dearest Susel,
this was a very long
interval again, I am afraid
and sorry! I got both your
parcels Audilein, and thank
you very much! But —
and I hate writing this please
don’t send me any more
clothes, because for the last
three parcels, i.e. since last
year. I had to pay rather
a lot for customs duty, nearly
as much as you paid for them, especially so for the two Christmas blouses. And—quite honestly—I cannot afford it for things that I don’t absolutely need at the time. I like the blouses very much—but you see, I had to spend the money on the duty instead of buying a woollen jumper or something warm as I had planned. You see, I am not short of either money or coupons, but I’ve got to plan it beforehand.
and save and try bigger
sum spent on unnecessary
upsets the balance! Please,
darling, don't mind this
very open talk! Anyhow, I hope
we shall soon enjoy things to
better before too long, and
then—perhaps!—I shall
allow you to give me presents
at your heart's desire. The
hot water bottle of course
was too wonderful for
words and I didn't have to
pay too much for it. But you can be quite, quite sure, I don’t miss anything really and,
I suppose, we have all got very well used to doing without quite a few things and are
none the worse for it.

I haven’t heard from the U.S. T. Consulate yet, I’m afraid.

Surely, I should like to tell you some things that
It might be very important for my finding work when I come over:

Which hire do you think I ought to try and improve (or take some course, training, etc.)? What sort of a job do you think would be possible with my present knowledge and experience? I don't want a private post if I can possibly help it. What (just about) does Social Welfare work specifically
with children look like over there. Do you need any degrees? Which one? And would an English one be recognised? A lot of questions, poor thing. Try and find out about some of them, will you?

I've got to go on duty now. Please excuse this letter. It's a horrid one.

I love you so terribly much, all the same.

Yours truly.
W. Lawton Road
203 Station Road
Hayes, Middlesex
My dearest Susel,

no good apologising, is it? I'm always the same with me.

Thank you very much indeed for your letter from April 22nd. I am at the moment in Quentin with the Belvins. It started by being my fortnight's holiday. Then I had a little bit of the old liver trouble, not much, though, but the doctor told me to rest a little longer. I am up of course and after a few days in bed feeling much better than I have been for a long time before it. Mrs. B. of course is looking after me ever so well. I am going back at the beginning of next week and most probably going back to work the week after that. Promise not to worry, Susel, will you? Because there is nothing to worry about. Nature is very wise and seems to find ways where we cannot. I badly needed a rest but had no excuse whatsoever to take one. So now I've got it and I am enjoying it. I must tell you something that I know will please you. One of the younger teachers here has asked me a few days ago to go out to the pictures with him. We did so and it was good fun. And what is more – we are going again today to the Theatre this time. There is nothing more to it – but it has definitely raised my self-estimate (no, self-confidence, I mean of course!) and made me realize that I am not after all! It sounds quite incredible, but it is exactly 15 years ago since any man asked me to go out! But so far at least. I am only enjoying it, my heart isn't in it at all, nor is his.

I hope you got my last letter alright the one written in a form like this. because in it I gave you all the dates etc. that you needed for the application to Washington. Would you like me to write and thank the people in Philadelphia? I'd like to! Don't take my changeable mind in account, please. It isn't all that changeable really, it is only so terribly terribly slow to make up! So hard to settle and recollect. And once I have made it up it's alright. And I do want to see you! There is no vagueness about that, my dear! It's mind too long already so it is; 7 years is a cruelly long time, with more than one ordinary lifetime's happening. Counted into those 7 years! The one thing I am concerned
about is: how I shall be able to earn my living? There are two reasons for this. The first one is more or less selfish: I have got so used to being independent although in a very modest way where money is concerned that I should find it very hard to be dependent for more than a very short settling period on anybody, even you. And the second one is very near to it. I don’t want you to have to worry about me. But I don’t think it is much good asking you to look around - in case you’ll have plenty to do settling yourself in the new position. And, also, I feel more and more sure that I don’t want to spend all of my life looking after children, at least not in the way I have done so far. I am finding it increasingly strenuous and don’t think I can carry on for ever. I love children as much as ever, but I have to - somehow - find a new way. Keep your eyes and ears open a bit for me all the same won’t you?

Cordially, I wish you all the very very best for the new job! Tell me about it soon, will you, please!

I love you, as much as you do me. You know that, don’t you? Although I don’t always behave like it - all the breadcrumbs and their love did you know, FLT just married 3 weeks ago? Tottie is very happy - and lucky too. He is a very nice boy. They are getting married in August. All my love to you and your sister.

Yours forever,
45, The Avenue  
West Ealing, London W.13  
July 7th, 1945

[Handwritten text]

My dearest Susel,  
this year I wish perhaps more than ever that I could be with you on your birthday in the new and strange place with the new job etc. instead of having to write a birthday letter once again. My wishes you know all always the same, adding the one not a new one either that it might be the last birthday letter from across the ocean one way or the other...
I do so hope you are not going to be too lonely on August 7th, my dearest little sister! I am terribly anxious to hear from you about your job, the people, the young etc.!! I got your air mail a few days ago, went to the American consulate, only to be told to come back at the end of the month as they are expecting new informations. But I have written to the Consul all the same. (I could not see him of course) telling him all you said in your letter. As soon as) get his answer I'll let you.
know again by next mail.

I haven’t been too grand just lately with a bit of the old gavel and liver trouble. But I am under the doctor, hoping to get over it before long. It is not serious and you are not to worry.

I am only telling you for the sake of honesty!

My friends, the Brows of Wembly had a baby daughter, Monica Alice, on July 3rd. The two girls, Susan and Sabine, hoped for one; poor little Thomas! He is a grand little fellow, by far the most
contented and the happiest of the lot.

There is not much news besides. I am hoping to see Bettel here next week.

Have you thought about what I could possibly do (work I mean) if and when I join you? ! It is worrying me rather, you know.

All, all my love to you,
find the same as always
and for ever.

Your Gretel
My dearest Susan,

I got your air mail letter from June 27th from New York this morning. I rang the American Embassy straight away and shall go there tomorrow as they are closed this afternoon. I shall then write to you air mail which I hope will reach you before this letter.

I am so anxious to hear about Richmond and the new job! Will you have a different time finding yourself lodgings?
I suppose your next letter will tell me all about your journey, did you manage to meet the Evans's in Philad. and how was it in Washington? How are the projects? I suppose Walter is a very big boy by now. What did he say to you?

Will 8da try to find bright? I shall anyhow, we have been told that it is possible to try, although the success is more than doubtful. — Did I tell you that Delmont wrote from Australia? I haven't heard directly yet though. The Rep. Com. is forwarding my letter to him.
By air mail

Miss Susanne

H.K.T.

Y.W.C.A.

8, South 3rd Street

Richmond

Virginia

U.S.A. 31/2 Mc Donald St
From: Margarete HIRSCH
45, The Avenue
West Ealing
London W.13
England
for two days only at Quainton Rising, Quainton nr. Northampton
11-8-45

My dearest Susan, once again - it seems and I believe is - I am lying in my nursing in the sun in a beautiful house - the house & garden - the house is a good way off just trees and birds and ants about - writing to you.

There was only one thing that could have made Lotte's wedding yesterday more perfect for me - if you could have been with us, and I think Lotte herself would have been very happy too - I could could hear it in her voice and see it in her eyes when
she said good bye to me, thanked me for coming and said: Do write to Cissi and tell her everything. Well, I think the most important thing for you to know (it is for me too) is that Lotte in this last year has changed beyond recognition from the nervous unsatisfied girl she used to be into a happy warm person, with enough warmth & happiness even to go out from her to others. No doubt (besides the psychologist) Roy has his fair share in this!

I arrived yesterday from London, 2 minutes before the party went off to Church. It’s a lovely little village Church, the young vicar—
The married them is a friend of T.L. from the school, quite a few friends from the village turned up; it was a very nice, simple service - all English but for the feet that they exchanged rings and that Roy is wearing a wedding ring as well - which I think means a lot to little as it would to any of us.

The weather - for the first time in many weeks (not a drop of rain) was perfect and is so today, we had chairs out on a lovely terrace and later on, the ladies were masses of (not sandwiches) belegje Broke,
home made ice cream and tea. Mr. Bedread in the best English. I have heard from him, made a very nice little speech, we drank to the bride and bridegroom's health with cider which did beautifully instead of any wine.

Lotte wore a very nice plain blue frock with a necklace that looked gold but was, as you can imagine in this family - China! The gardener's wife had made her a lovely little wreath of pink rose buds, she did look lovely and so strabrecht. Hill, the
bridesmaid also looked very sweet. Ms. B. of course was in her element.
She had arranged and prepared everything wonderfully well.
Mr. B. also was very happy and if this last year has
changed anybody as much or
more than little Betty for the
better — it's her father!
Mr. K. left at 3.30. The visitors
went on enjoying a perfect
summer day, sitting in deck
chairs on the lawn, going for
walks, some playing tennis.
The news or at least rumours
of Japan's readiness to surrender contributed not little to all our feeling happy and pleased with the day.

I am fairly in today to see an English friend whom I met two years ago in a camp; she doesn't live far from here, but being ill that last time) was in hospital we did not manage to see each other before.

Luslieiu, thank you for 2 lovely letters! By the way, before I forgot, could you try and write the figure in my address (45 The Avenue) like this: 45, please
I have already the letters have gone to Nos. 75 or 95 and I was lucky to get them at all in the end. (That's just about what your figure normally looks like and I suppose the postman couldn't figure it out).

I am feeling much better. My gall (sorry about the gall!) has quieted down nearly completely. I am still very uncertain about my future. The Council has not answered my last letter and I am now going to ask the refugee committee to help me to
get anything out of him. You shall hear about any further developments. It would be too wonderful though to have you here next year for a holiday!! I should so much like you to have seen this country if you had left it before I leave it this year in a country, especially in times like that. Mean a lot, you know. They do to me anyway and I feel it would be easier somehow if you had been here once to see it all. But you know, this is all merely
Sentimental and if it is not meant like that I'll come to you without it. I wish we might be able to get into contact with Brigitte before, though! Do try and find yourself a nice man like Lotte, Luselin, I am trying hard most unsuccessfully — most people wouldn't! Call me when I am doing I try to though! It's hoping mailing.

Let this belle for today, my dear. I am sending you the photo that Lotte chose for you. We might try it send you a
piece of wedding cake but are dubious whether you'll ever get it!

All my love, Liselein!

Yours,

Herrliche Grüße Felix Behrend.

Dear Susi, first a little late my best wishes to your birthday. A longer letter follows. I hope Geill wrote all about the wedding and the place here and the family.

All the best with my love

yours

M. Behrend.
Miss S. Hint

c/o Dept. of Phys. Med.
Medical College of Virginia

Richmond, Va.

U.S.A.
From: Miss Margarete Hirsch
45, The Avenue
West Ending, London, W. 13
England.
45, The Avenue
West Ealing, London W.13
Aug. 14, 1945

My dearest Susan,

I have written a long, long letter to you only three days ago—but it was such a fat one I sent it ordinary mail. But today I feel like talking to you again and also I got my Polytopos which I had made taken about a month ago. I have never seen anything quite so awful! As they were specially meant for you I picked the few “best” ones out, not one of the rest is at all
possible! I hope you'll enjoy them a bit all the same! Luselun, you needn't worry about my gall (that's better, isn't it?) nor about my financial position. I am no prissy, but I haven't gone short of anything yet, not even little luxuries that I enjoy, i.e. pictures, weekend visits, etc. Leave alone chocolate or fruit or anything in that line. I'm not too keen on ice cream otherwise they would be included in the luxuries list. I told you all about Lottie's dress etc. in the other letter. I suppose...
it interests you too what I wore well — I had enough coupons left, so I was able to have a new frock, a sporty linsey one in a very nice blue and a pair of nice shoes, as well as a pair of white gloves (that I never put on once!) and a little blue cap to match the frock. With this I wore the little black velvet bolero (made out of my confirmation frock — do you remember?) which is even now absolutely perfect (it is only 18 yrs old and I wear it constantly!) — and it all looked rather nice. I’m not afraid of lipstick either —
any more, you may be pleased to hear?
There is still no further news from
the Consul but I have written to the Ref.
Comm. and asked them to help me to
get anything out of them. Let's keep our
fingers crossed.

My dear "Yank" Sined,
I do wonder whether we shall be able to
understand each other? I suppose
you'll find my accent as queer as
I shall find yours. Mine is still
very much a foreigner's accent, I am
afraid! I wonder shall I ever lose it?
can you speak German for any length
of time without missing English words?
I cannot nor can any of my friends
or acquaintances! That's all for today
All my love - always! Yours fretti.
Aug. 15, 1945

P.S.

This is Victory Day!
Peace on Earth" ran the headline of the papers; let us add
in praying "to men of good will" everywhere and for ever.

I had a lovely long letter from Helene (now called
Henry) Dreyer from Brisbane, Australia. I'll tell you about it
another time; I've got lots to do, everything seems upside
down with the war excitement.

Good bye and Wiedersehen,

my dear.

P.T.O.
The second post brought a letter from the Ref. Committee.

The passage that applies to you runs (literally):

"The next thing for you to do is to contact your sister and ask her to prepare a new affidavit for you, and if possible a second one from a friend of hers, and then send them to you."

(underlining done by me &.) In case he needs advice on the matter in the U.S. you should advise her to get in touch with the nearest Refugee Cen."

You (that is me) will get from this department all the help and advice you need."

Love to you. F.
Air Mail

Miss J. Hirt
c/o Physical Medicine Medical College
Richmond, Virginia,
U.S.A.
From: M. Hirsch
45, The Avenue
West Ealing
London W. 13
England.

Please write the figures 4 and 5 very clearly on your name (last) on the envelope.
45, The Avenue, West Berlin, IV 13
August 19, 1945

My dearest Carol,

I want tell you something rather exciting today! Not that I got engaged or anything in that line at all — so you can close your mouth again! But — I went to the U.S. Army H.Q. yesterday, who are advertising for posts for civil postal censors in their occupation area in Germany. I went — after somebody very slightly suggested that possibility to me, listened to what they told the applicants about it. Found it all sound rather interesting, filled in an application form miles long, passed the language test (German, English, French) with flying colours, the intelligence test with much less husk, and ended up — three hours after I had entered the place for the first time in my life by being accepted by this department.
There is a medical examination to come (X-rays, inoculations etc.) which might end the Lieutenant told us has cancelled it for many people. These the facts, my dear! But premature really to send you an air-mail letter about, but had you been here in this country I should have rushed to you or even made a long-distance telephone call to tell you first of all people. Now of course you’re not the first one, but I don’t want you to be the last one either. If nothing comes out of it — well, that’s that. There is one thing I want you to be assured of though, Strickland: if it does come off, it won’t mean my going back to Germany! I shall not sign the contract with this end at the back of my mind even in its farthest corner! I want it as a complete change, to get right away
from the nursery - but I have got into, to meet a different set of people altogether, to try out some of my mental powers (languages etc.) [I know how to wash napkins and bath and feed babies, much too well by now!] The contract will be for one year if not renewed after that, we have all been assured that we shall be taken back to this country and (as I asked the lieutenant specially) it will not interfere with my intention to immigrate into the U.S.A. in any way. It does however from the psychological point of view mean that I have at least made up my mind to come! It will also mean that I have already lived amongst (at least partly) Americans which won't be a disadvantage, will it?

The officer testing my language, very kind and most pleasant, said I should go to the States! When I said I was hoping to and
had you there, he said: "that's swell!" it sounded very unimportant, but I suppose it was the first object lesson — everything was so informal and easy! to keep your fingers lightly crossed that the mistake won't spoil it all. I have already learnt one American expression different from English: you don't say "upstairs" or "in the 1st, 2nd etc. floor (as we do); you say: one flight up! I might even be able to understand you, mightn't I, if I go on learning at this rate? And secondly, if it does come off — don't only cross your fingers, but please, or rather don't do that at all but pray to God that it might be the right thing for me and he might make it so — then it will mean that I shall have a little money to fall back on and provided I am allowed to transfer any of it to the
U.S. to have a little sum to start with and make it easier for both of us. I have been telling you the truth all the time when I said that I could manage on what I earned without going short of anything important or anything I wanted — but if I now tell you that the money from the U.S. would be exactly double the amount (£ 330 instead of £ 165) and that I would have food and lodging free on top of it (I had to pay for all this now except for meals while on duty) you can see that it has its material attractions as well, can’t you? Well, mind, don’t get too excited yet. I am not pretending that I am coming this morning (it’s Sunday morning) nor did I sleep a lot last night — but that’s different and by the time you get this letter it might all have passed through. That’s all for today. Write enough.
you will think and a bit more than usual!

All my love! To write and tell me more about your new place, work, people, etc.

P.S. Did I tell you in my last letter that you and Mr. Evans apparently have to send the affidavits to me now, before I can do anything else? The procedure is the same again as it was before the war. I only went to the U.S. Consulate in March 1939 after I had yours and Eda’s affidavit in hand, do you remember? Do make sure from your side, won’t you?

Love again from your friend.

Excuse the notepaper, please. I wanted to write before getting up and it was the most convenient to write on as the exercise book has a stiff cover.
Air Mail

12:45 PM
21 Aug 1945

W.13.

Miss S. Kist
Medical College
Richmond
Virginia

U.S.A.
45, The Avenue
West Baling, London W.13
Sept. 3rd, 1945

My dearest Uncle Schweitzerlein,

I have five minutes ago come home from Cambridge from visiting Settel over the weekend and found no less than 9! letters in the pillar box for me. But I definitely feel like answering yours first of all — it is the ordinary (not air mail) letter you wrote on Aug. 12. I have had two more recent ones from you since and you from me — so I do hope you are feeling happier about me as you did when you wrote the letter. My gall and
lier trouble is completely over, at least as far as it ever does with me. I always have to be a bit careful about eating bacon, similar fats, but then of course everybody has got a weak spot in his or her body, haven't they. It never is and never has been serious or dangerous in my case. And this time — to be very honest — I have made the very most of it. I fell ill before I realised that this was the way I was meant to jump out of a rut I had got into and did not seem to be able to get out of any other way. So you see, in the middle of the sickness and very definitely so towards the end I became grateful for it. It is all over now, though,
The funny doctor who did my medical examination tested it (and not gently either!) and I didn't feel the trace of pain. - What Letter meant by other troubles (in her letter to you) I don't know. I suppose it was the state of not knowing what was going to happen and what sort of work I was going to do - that she meant. I believe it worried her more than it did me though. I was rather relieved in a way all the time and only realized then that nursery life had been very much of a strain for me for a long time. I have just had a lovely time with Letter; she is so awfully sweet to me but she does get rather worried about her little
sister" and I have been rather cross with her once or twice recently for worrying herself and my friends as I feel unnecessarily. But we never quarrel and after all is said everything is always alright again.

Lincoln, don't think I want you or anybody else for that matter (except perhaps a husband!) to make me happy. I am perfectly happy in my way, with ups and downs of course, perhaps just a bit more honest about the "downs" than most people in our reserved world. don't you think? I am not worried about my future in the U.S. if you know! I'll find my place in the big world somehow.
even if it is not a very distinguished place. For the next year anyhow I shall not have to worry: the U.S. army will look after me, and I believe they are quite good at looking after people in their care. I shall be leaving on September 20th. I suppose I shall write an air mail letter to you before leaving, but this one has no very important news in it, so I'll send it ordinarily.

Amongst the 9 letters I got today there was also one from Axel. He is not very well, seems to have had gastric trouble for some time and that always is a depressing sort of illness, isn't it? He also asks
rather anxiously about you and seems very sad that you don't hear from each other. If you can spare the time for a letter to him—this I think it would be a great joy to him."

Keep your fingers crossed for me, won't you!

All my very best love to you!

your fretel.

* The address is

Upon Nervet Rectory
Reading, Berkshire

I do hope your new apartment will be a success and I wish you all the best for it.
From: W. Hirsch
45, The Avenue
West Ealing
London W.1 3
203, Station Road,
Haye, Middlesex.
28th Dec, 1944.

My dearest Lusel,
when I came home the night before last after a 5 days Christmas holiday in London to a cold + empty house (my landlord had not come back from her holiday) with frozen water pipes, an icy bed etc. There was one thing waiting to cheer me up: your lovely Christmas card. Thank you so very much for it! Lusel/n, how can you go on for ever being so nice to me and never getting anything in return?? I know that you are finding it hard to write to anybody expect me — but my
difficulties seem to extend to the very fact of sitting down to a letter, to find the minimum amount of quiet and concentration necessary for it. If only you knew (I hope you do) how sometimes of the sometimes constant conversations I am leading with you—of the moment more than ever. There is such an enormous number of things that I want to talk about and know I shall never be able to write about, that I am frightened of even an attempt to the impossible task, with the only result of being
I'm extremely ungrateful, selfish, nasty towards you; the very best things I want to be.

I wrote to the American Consulate 10 days ago but don't expect an answer just yet. I told them that my (and your) intentions were the same as 6 years ago and asked them to advise me what to do next.

You know, Lucel, I have recently been feeling rather unsettled again; the Nursery is alright, rather like as a matter of fact, difficulties with people though of course existent are not as great and disturbing as usual, the babies are lovely etc. But I feel I must get on and
further somehow but cannot see the way yet. I trust it will come in time but it accounts for my feeling unsettled and unable to concentrate.

I was very very pleased about your getting the American citizenship! It is hard for me to imagine exactly what it means for you at the moment. It is so hard and it sometimes makes me very sad to imagine anything about each other's lives, isn't it, Luskin? I am (with no special reason for it) feeling so guilty tonight that I suppose I should not post this
letter at all. Instead of putting it into the fire I feel like going on with it for ever.
Christmas is very much the same now every year and always very nice. I spent it like the last 5 ones with my friends at Christ Wembly. Susanne (who is my very special little friend -- is it the name ? ) is nearly 6 years old now, Sabine is 4 and Thomas who made his first toddling steps amongst last year's Christmas presents is 2 1/3 now and quite a big boy. If things go alright as we hope, pray, there will be a new
little baby (about 6 months old) under the next Christmas tree. Erika is for the first time not very well and a little afraid of possible complications. This last fact explains my cold bed last night, because as a Christmas present I lent her my hot water bottle as she needs a lot of rest and rather more care than she can possibly get. She is so nice, I wish you knew her! There is another very nice girl that I am very friendly with; her name is Erika as well; she is as much at home at Wembley as I am.
I spent the night to Christmas day together under the indoor table shelter — with lots of Christmas presents on top of us and the tree in front — for lack of other sleeping accommodation. We've done it before, in the summer for other reasons! But this time we slept beautifully. This type of shelter is a very comfortable affair. Apart from that Christmas night I have been sleeping in my own bed for many months now. Sincerely, when he wrote that "family letter", from Northampton
I am afraid you got the impression as if some sort of this happy living together is going on all the time. Well, my dear it isn't! I am very grateful to have all the B.'s here and I feel Lotte's and my being friendly has turned or is turning into being friends, due mostly to Lotte's development which is going on very happy lines indeed; but I have 14 days holidays in the year! All the rest is odd and very occasional hours with a long journey to get there and a mostly depressing journey back.
I am grateful for it and enjoyed it, just to show you that you are not missing quite as much as you might think--although you are being missed (by me) much, much more than you can imagine! I am very glad you met a nice friend as well now and I am much looking forward to meeting her. (I wish I could write: meeting him.)

I have been listening to "the Messiah" on the radio last night and there will be another half hour of extracts from it.
later in the evening, which just gave me a wonderful brainwave.

I love all your parcels and presents but apart from not being allowed to ask for anything it'll be so much nicer to have things that we can share! So when you feel very extravagant; what about buying a record (in case that's not the American word for it: grammophon plate) now and again and keeping them for us to play together? Have you ever heard Bach's: Sheep shall safely graze? I did last night and
I loved it! Toot of men's dying this minute. The film 'Wilson' is coming to London next week and probably to the suburbs in a few weeks' time. I shall go and see it. I have not seen anything for some time because there was nothing I wanted to see particularly.

Have you read Dorothy L. Sayers' book 'The Man Born to Be King'? If not, do read it!

Have thought any more about your taking a degree yet? Let me know when you do, will you? I am so glad you are thinking about it at all!
I'll tell you as soon as I have heard from the Austrian ambassador.
By the way, my fancy writing is due to the rather sad fact that I have lost my fountain pen and am writing with an ordinary pen and nib which I haven't done for years and years. Why have you changed your handwriting to lettering?
Or didn't you realize you had?

My dear, dear Susel,

You know I love you and how much, don't you, although I am terribly bad at letting you know? I want and need you very very badly!

The Christmas parcels you announced have not come yet. Yours furtel.
By Air Mail

Miss S. Hert
114, North orchard Street
Madison 5,
Wisconsin, U.S.A.
From: M. Hirsch
203, Station Road
Hayes, Middlesex.