3/17   CORRESPONDENCE - FAMILY - SUSANNE HIRT 1942-1943
Letters from Grebel to Sussi — England 1942 through 1-25-43

Margarete Hirsch
7361 Normandy Dr.
Reid, WA 23229

194
8, Hilleaft Crescent
Hembley, Middlesex
21-6-42

My dearest Cisell,

I am a nasty old thing, I really am! to let you wait so long. I imagine
you are right in the middle of your exams.
at the moment, and I am certainly crossing
all my four thumbs — more with pleasure
if I'd got them! — that you might get
the job in your hospital. Many many
thanks for those kind postcards of May
11th and 31st — I got them yesterday and the
day before yesterday respectively.

I am still enjoying my room
most thoroughly and very satisfied indeed
with my job. It is not very ambitious, but it is exactly the right thing for me at the present time. I was very glad indeed to hear that you are on good terms with Sue again. I suppose it does take a certain burden off your mind, doesn't it? Why her husband should be "bellicose and criminal" I shall never get quite clear. There is not very much to tell you about me, I am afraid.

I am realising more and more clearly that this lonely sort of life I am leading— with two or three friends of whom I am very fond—but with no real love—is entirely my
own fault or at least due to something that is absolutely wrong inside myself and I am even lacking the courage to try and put it right— not intensely and honestly enough anyhow. This living on my own definitely makes it more bearable, but at the same time consolidates and makes the best of that loneliness—which certainly is not right or normal. I am not always—rather seldom, as a matter of fact—miserable or unhappy, mind you; but it is there all the time, somehow. It is a very good thing to know you are there—however far away. It is not so terribly
for either, is it? If only I had a little more imagination to see your everyday life a bit more clearly, know the streets you're walking through, the people you are living and working with etc. That would be splendid! I did not hear from Lotte for some time, we are always very much at ease whenever we are together — but she never moves unless I descend upon her or fix an appointment definitely. And I don't feel like taking the initiative at the moment.

By the way, I always meant to ask you how are you getting on with your English speaking?
8, Hillcroft Crescent,  
Hemel Hempstead, Middlesex.  
May 11, 1942

My dearest Israel,

I am now quite nicely settled in my room — although a lot is still to be done. It looks quite nice and homely — only needs somebody to enjoy it with me. The work is rather nice.

I went to see Lotte yesterday; she told me that she had just finished a long letter to you. I told her that you would be very pleased, but that you couldn’t write so much because you were rather short of money at the moment and rather busy too. Do you ever go to a concert or to the theatre these days? I cannot
possibly imagine you without it.
There is not much to tell you just now! To write sometimes, but don’t forget of other essential things because of wanting to see you.

Excuse this rather scribbled note; I did so want to talk to you, but am rather tired and have still some odd jobs to do before I can go to bed.

Very much love, dearest!

Jours précé.
I hope I shall soon be able to tell you more about my plans.

Hearing the "Ave Maria" from the room underneath on the gramophone reminds me: have you got your film and records with you? I have never heard, whether they arrived safely. There is one little thing that I envy you a little; your wireless (radio). If ever I get up the ladder high enough to allow me any luxuries at all, a wireless will be the first. At the moment though, a coal-bucket and a pair of shoes are the "luxuries" that I am saving for! Never mind, there are lots of nice things besides wirelesses.
and lots of people who haven't got one ether and haven't got even more important things that I have got. It is just nice to build little castles in Spain sometimes. Especially as the big castles are built much much further away than in Spain. One of those (biggest) castles is to work near or even with you! Stop it, Gretel!!

The carrots are by now done (not burnt which is an exception with me) so please wait a few minutes until I have eaten them.

--- That is that! and they were good too. And now I think I shall knit a few more rows of the
pixie cap for one twin for Christmas and then go to bed and to sleep. I am also making a doll for Susanne — with long brown plaits, out of old bits of wool, stockings etc. I think it is going to be rather cute and it is great fun doing it. She gets a new (old) doll's pram for Christmas and her old doll "Annabella" is two years old, very much loved but no more very beautiful. I shall spend Christmas Eve with them but have not made any plans for the rest of the days yet.

Good night, Lieslein, I shall soon write more and I love you so very very much! Yours for ever-freheit.
46, Barn Way,  
Wembley Park, Middlesex.  
March 12, 1942 

My dearest Susan, 

I am now staying with my 
friends, enjoying a short rest. I have not 
made up my mind definitely what to do 
afterwards, but it will be decided during 
the next week or two. I shall go to see Settel 
in Cambridge on Monday and am looking 
forward to it. 

I had a letter from Maria yesterday; she is 
working hard in a domestic job with which 
she earns her and her husband's living, she 
is looking for a post as teacher of Mathematics. 
She is asking how you are and also asking 
for Marian. She says Lotte has not heard 
from her for such a long time. 
Lotte is working for a magazine or something 
like that and Kili is teaching in a boarding
school.

I shall soon write again. There is nothing new or interesting to tell you about myself at the moment. I saw the Twins in Accra Friend's Nursing last Sunday. They are lovely.

I do hope you are alright!

Do write soon and often I please!

ever so much love

from your Sister.
Trincote Hall,  
16-2-42

My dearest Susel,

many, many thanks for your letter from Feb. 3rd which I got today. I was so glad to get one a little more cheerful than your last ones.

I suppose you would like your questions about my work and the nursery answered even if it is nearly in the past now. This is a big country house—right in the middle of the country. Part of it is occupied by our 20 babies aged between 2 and 4½ years. We are 4 people looking after them, all living in, and a nightmare—one of the girls, a music teacher aged 27, and the nightmare are extraordinarily nice and I am very sorry to leave them. But I just must not go on at the present moment. I know this for sure. And I feel—before I start again
with children, which I certainly shall some time—
I shall want to learn a great lot more about
children. You are mentioning Anne Freud's
book in your last letter. Did I tell you that
I met her last summer? My twins are
staying in a marvellous nursery, run by
Miss Fr. and an American friend of hers.
If her theories are as good as the practice—well!
The twins (and all the children there) are in
a perfect mental—physical state. —(As for your
question about time off and money. The salary
was rather good—time off not quite as good.)

How splendid that all grades
so far have been so good! It does show that
your first choice of profession was the right
one, doesn’t it? And how good that you could
go back to it after all that!
My dearest Susie,

I am so glad and so relieved to have your letter at last. I feel we have both taken it the same way: secretly cried for some hours, then bitten our teeth together and got on with our work. Is that right? And I think it is the right thing to do too, don’t you? I believe we shall have some news through the Red Cross or at least know where Mother is - within a few months’ time. Both Settel and I have made applications for enquiring immediately we had the news. Susie, don’t waste your energy by being furious about things that went wrong over three years...
ago! you say in your last letter: why didn't
mother get over the same as Lettel + me and
 everybody else got over. There are so many
everybodies who did not succeed, darling!
Those who did had to have a guarantor in
this country, relatives or friends, which we
didn't. When Lettel met our father's friends,
very shortly after she had come, they most
kindly and readily offered a guarantee
and everything was started for Mother's
emigration; but then the war broke out
and it was just too late - exactly the same
thing - and the same terrible disappointment
for us - that has happened now when you
had mother's permit + visa + every-
thing ready - just too late! Lettel and
I. by the way, as you probably know,
did domestic work for the first years (letter still does) and came over here on domestic permits, which was the only way besides guarantees and was only possible for people under 50 years old. Excuse this lengthy explanation and don't scumble with your old sister!

I am afraid this letter is a bit overdue again! Did I tell you already that I have a new job since a fortnight ago? It is a rather nice one - a small private factory, much more like a workshop, cutting, sorting, weighing etc. of material patterns - exactly the right thing for me at the moment; it doesn't need any mental energies at all and I feel ever so much better for it.
The other even more exciting thing is, that I have, since yesterday!, a room of my own! It was an unfurnished one and I had my own furniture moved into it which had been stored since I came here and only gave me trouble & expenses up to now. I am writing this letter, sitting at Aunt Betty's writing desk, on one of the chairs that stood in our sitting room, to my right is Mother's lovely big wardrobe and the nice small settle, (sofa), behind me the couch on which I slept all the last year at home. It is a very nice room, with room in the afternoon & evening just right for when I come home at 6.30 p.m. I am cooking my own breakfast & supper and dinner
on the weekends. I believe it is going to be very good. I so badly needed a completely different sort of life. I shall most definitely go back to children's work later on but not yet— and shall try to find some daily work, so that I can go home at night. The last months were pretty hard and I am most thankful that I was able to arrange things like they are now. There are some things missing—trees must not grow unto the sky! and one of them is you! We shall see each other again! Do let us say it to each other from time to time. It helps. I am so anxious to hear about your
work and your exams. Don't 'bluff,' too much, will you! It might ease your conscience a little to hear, that I am smoking now and enjoy it. One cigarette a day, which is just about 100 times as much as I used too! Rather silly to start it now as they are so expensive.

How nice if you would get a job in the hospital where you are working now. Are all the children incurable or cripples or are the doctors able to help them a lot and cure some of them?

Ich hab dich, schrecklich, schrecklich lieb, mein Kleines!

Viele viele Grüße und einen dicken Kuss von Deiner Gretel.
I have, you, still got very much of an accent - I am afraid I have although I have no difficulties whatever in understanding and not in expressing myself either as long as I am not tired or irritated. I often wonder - shall we two be able to understand each other - or shall we be talking a different language altogether. There is a curious process as regards language going on amongst most of the refugees - we are more and more mixing the two languages - using more and more English words whenever speaking German and not actually
forgetting but finding it hard to find the German word in a sentence quick enough. I am seriously trying to keep one of it - to speak either German or English - one at a time anyhow! It is not easy though. Susanne says: "Are you going to wash my Blines", and "May I help you dolly upstairs?" little Sabine, just 17 months old, sees my necklace and says: "This Kettle!" Horrid, isn’t it? With the babies it sounds sweet but with us grown-ups I don’t like it at all. I wonder, and am rather interested to hear, whether you are noticing anything
I am spending this Sunday afternoon on my terrace in a quite nice garden belonging to the house in which I live, on my own — it is delightfully hot — you know I like it! — but this explains and so I hope — excuses my horrible handwriting.

I do so hope it won't be long before the first news of Mother reaches us. Trust Trute sent Lettel and me a lovely big slab of milk chocolate each the other day. Sweet of her isn't it? Only, funny enough, I got so used to plain
chocolate that I found it rather rich and did not like it quite as well as I used to.

Well my love, this is a rather bit-and-scrap letter. I hope it'll reach you soon and I am longing for your next one. This is not supposed to be a birthday letter yet, but if it happens to arrive as late as your birthday, then you know that a very, very great lot of love is coming with it.

It is so grand to have a sister like you and be allowed to love her so very much! Many kisses, my dear little one! Yours forever.
My dearest Susel,

I do hope this letter will reach you in time to give you all I can give you for your birthday, lots and lots and lots of love and the very confident hope that one day we shall have a birthday party together, mother and you and me—when all the hardship and worries are over.

I am terribly anxious to hear about the result of your examinations—and of the new job! I hope you have not been
living on cigarettes and coffee, have you??

I heard from Lotte yesterday, she is quite well but rather busy and sends you her love. Lotte might come to London for her holidays and then she will probably come out here and spend a weekend with me. That'll be great fun "at home" for the first time.

Let me soon hear from you, will you?

Very very much love and many big fat birthday kisses from yours Gretel.

Did you hear that Felix is released and is lecturing at Melbourne University?
8, Hillcroft Crescent
Wembley, Middlesex,

6 July 1942

My dearest Susel,

I came home ten minutes ago - a bit tired and not too full of beans - to find your letter of May 16, which made me wake up and feel a lot better. Now - while potatoes and peas are cooking we can have a little talk together, can't we?

I am rather disappointed that your job in the hospital did not come off - after all that thumb-crossing! But I am sure - as so many things - it will be.
for the best, one way or the other. Maybe by
the time I am writing this you are already
settled in some other very nice hospital &

I am not worrying about your not
sitting on my* settee, but still... it
wouldn't be too bad, would it? * Let us
say 'our' settee, that settles the argument.

You never wrote a single word about
any of your colleagues - nurses, doctors
etc. Is there any with whom you will
keep in contact after having left?

I am living at Wimbley which
is outside London, a sort of suburb
quite a longish way off the city but
with very good and quick connections.
I am working in a little town even further out of London. Wembley is half way in between the two. It takes me 30 minutes by train to get to my working place from Wembley, but there again the connections are very good indeed — direct trains every 2-5 minutes.

So you see it's all quite comfortable.

Yesterday I spent a very nice Sunday with Lotte and partly with Tilli. We had lunch together in Lotte's room and cooked by her, very good; then after a little rest Lot I went for a lovely walk in Regents Park. Tilli had to stay at home and work for an exam today.
For about two hours we sat on the grass in the park and enjoyed the lovely roses and other summer flowers. In the evening we went to Sotter Club, the International Students' Club, had nice supper there and afterwards an interesting lecture by an Egyptian student about Ancient Egyptian animal-poetry. I enjoyed it very much specially as a change from my usual very quiet Sundays.

That is all my news at the moment. I do hope you will do something nice on your birthday! Neither the Bedren's nor Settel missed your not writing at the moment. But I am delighted to be the one and only exception. All my love to you - and that is such a lot! yours fr. fr.
8, Millcroft Crescent
Wembley, Middx., 24-8-42

My dearest Susan,
it is high time for a letter once again, I suppose! I am so anxiously waiting for your news about exams and post! I do so wish and hope you might have a little easier time this year than you had last. What was your birthday like?? You won't let all those worries and heavy thoughts weigh you down, will you, darling? You know, we need you now— I cannot imagine what life would be like without this good and marvellous
thing: to get letters from you and to write letters to you! — we shall need you very badly one day when we shall all see each other — and you need yourself too. I know as well as you what swallowed tears taste like. Do let them come up and run down sometimes — it is just one of those natural things which we cannot continuously suppress without damage. And I don’t believe it means being soft, either.

I am very well, very honestly, with ups and downs, of course.

I have just read a book which I found most interesting + helpful as well: Psychology in Service.
of the Soul’ by Rev. Leslie D. Wheatherhead.

Susanne and Sabine got a little brother, Thomas, last Thursday. There is great joy and excitement and we are all looking forward to him and his mummy coming home next week. I went for a walk with the two little girls yesterday.

Susanne (3½ yrs.) was explaining to me: “Mummy is going to push Bing in the pram, and I am going to push the baby in my pram (which is the dolly’s pram).” Then she paused for a second and said in a very serious voice:
I think I can manage all the babies!" I could hardly help myself laughing aloud in the street! My work is alright, really quite nice, especially as I found several very nice people.

I don't hear much from anybody, Rehrends, Alex etc. - only because I am so schreibfahl, and nobody ever writes if you never answer - as a matter of course!

My bed is calling me rather hard - it is 10 p.m. and I must get up at 6.30 a.m. Do write soon & often - it keeps me going, you know! I love you so very, very much! Yours Gretel.
My dearest Susel,

I posted my letter to you this morning — and yours (the one from August 1st) arrived tonight. Many, many thanks for it! I shall cross all my thumbs available for your job! I have some good news which I could not have given you last night. I have to leave my room, because the landlady’s landlord might leave their house — and after looking for a new one for quite a while, I found one tonight. It is not a 1 room apartment! I am not as poor as my little sister. But it is a nice looking fairly big room, and I shall have a gas stove for myself, which is grand! I hope it is the right thing this time.

You can see from my handwriting,
that I need some matches to keep
my eyes open, don’t you?

I just wrote a letter to Lotte for her
birthday. I do hope you have written to
her as well. She is always so curiously
waiting for you to write to her. You know,
I believe she is extremely fond of you and
needs you somehow very badly. We get on
very well together whenever we see each other,
which is not too often, as we are both so
busy. Lotte wanted very much to take
a flat and share it with me. I am afraid it
was rather disappointing for her that I
refused. I just cannot. I need being able to
be quite on my own more than anything.
There are so many people around me at work all
day — and I enjoy it.

Much, much love to you on the shortest possible
way!
My dearest Susel,

you have never had three letters from me in one week, have you? Well, I've just come home to find your letter of July 27 waiting for me—and this is the sort of letter you have got to answer at once, I feel. Susel, darling, it is so wonderful to have you! I daresay I would sometimes prefer to have a good healthy row with you or even a quarrel or so— you call it pulling my hair—anything that means having you within reach—to writing affectionate letters. But I won't grumble! Affectionate letters are lots better than no letters and...
no MRI at all! Who—by the way—told you, that I prefer spending my Sundays lying alone on my turmeric in the garden to going out with a nice soldier? Anyhow if there is no nice soldier—a nice garden is better than nothing, isn’t it? But prefer it? Definitely not!

you tell me in your letter, that you saw “Mrs. Miniver”. Well, certainly, isn’t that funny? I thought it was a very good picture indeed—certainly real enough. It did remind me of one afternoon 2 years ago when a friend of mine came to see me with her 3 months old baby. I was with the twins then and they were 8 months old.
Instead of having a nice walk as we had planned we sat for a couple of hours under the staircases, our babies behaving like little angels, with bombs and planes around and ahead of us all the time. It does sound strange and boasting but I wasn’t frightened for a minute. I don’t know though how I would have felt or might feel now without any babies to have my thoughts and feelings concentrated on. It was exactly like that scene in the shelter, when Mrs. Miniver held her little boy in her arms. I am sure she was not frightened then, not in the ordinary way. But we definitely did not have it anything like as bad
as that afternoon. And after that I have never been near any raid again and I do thank God for it. He knows what is right for us, don't you think?

Many people who managed to get their mothers away from Germany in time, have lost them through raids etc. Perhaps our Mother is safer where she is now than she would have been had we had our way.

This thought does not always comfort me — but it does at times.

My Inselchen, I just cannot imagine how you manage to do all that work. You must be strong — and full of willpower!

I very much like the idea of that diagram: work, worship, play, love.
Work seems the only one of the four able to look after itself. But if you look at people there are very few who really live up to that balance, aren't there?

I must go to bed now, although I don't go to work on Saturdays (nor Sundays) but there is always plenty to do on Saturdays: i.e. dentist tomorrow, hairdresser if possible, shopping (the only day in the week when I can do it) washing, bathing etc. and tomorrow night I want to go and see the new baby and his nursing in the nursing home, which is a rather long way off.

Cross your thumbs (all of them!) that the new nurse and the new people are nice! They seem to anyhow.
I hope to move next week and shall tell you all about it then.

Good night, my dear, dear little sister (29 years is not true, is it??) do you still dream awful dreams about me, loving you, and wanting your being normal and natural? I do hope not!

Much, much love!

Your Gretel.

New address:

1, Waverley Avenue
Wembley
Middx.

I have sent your letter on to Sethel.
1, Waverley Avenue, Wembley, Middle
13-9-1942

My dearest Susel,

I got the removal safely over and I feel ever so much better for it! It seems to be alright this time—do cross your thumbs that it is! The other one was by no means bad, mind you—just a neurotic landlady quite nice all the same. When I left I felt more sorry for her than for myself. I don’t suppose she ever got on so well with one of her tenants before. But she wanted it so—and that is that. The new people seem to be quite nice—much healthier in their minds and more normal. Two
girls of 15 and 18 are at home, nice jolly girls, the younger one with an absolutely marvellous voice and very fond of classical music. Rather extraordinary for a shopgirl. They have quite a few very good records — I wish she could hear one of Maria Ivoguin's!

So you see there is something for me not to feel so much out of it and lonely. My room — I should say 'flat'! — is very marvellous, much the same as the former one, I could arrange the furniture in exactly the same way; but there is a kitchen as well — for my use only! You cannot imagine what a difference that makes.
I.

Just now - it is Sunday 7 p.m. I am expecting the Bunnings - my first visitors. They have never been able to see me in the old room, because Thomas was on his way and it was too much for Erika. She feels very well now and the baby is getting on well.

I hope to see Lotte next week.

I haven't seen her for a rather long time.

This is as far as I got on Sunday evening; it is Tuesday evening now and I just finished reading your letter of Aug. 8th. Well, my dear, honestly, I don't think I have had as great a joy as that for quite a long while! My very,

15-9-42
very heartiest congratulations for it! How wonderful, that the paid job followed the war too immediately — and in your hospital at that! I am pleased that you moved at once and I do hope you will be able to enjoy it.

If only it was not quite so far — well, Schwannia drifter. One day I shall be able to show, how proud I am of my little sister.

Do you always ask such silly questions as the one on the back of your photo? You are not the second to the left in the front row, are you? You didn’t get exactly fat either since I saw your last photo. I do so hope there will be a bit easier a life ahead of you now and you might at least have enough
money to feed yourself properly, my dearest Llucel.

I had to laugh aloud at your description of the last examiner. Well, I suppose the doctor knew what he was doing, don't you?

One question: do they say in America:

'you should have gotten' (instead of, got) or is it just a tiny reminder of your past struggles with foreign languages? Also, I think it is expensive (not expensive) which means something different. Excuse this "teacher-passage," please! And do tell me whenever you find mistakes or misprints in my letters, will you?

I shall send your letter on to Settel, and I suppose you don't mind if I let Lotte read it as well. She seemed a bit sad not to have had a birthday letter from you, I felt.
This seems to be all I had to tell you tonight
more so as the pen begins to drop out of
my hand. I came home rather more
tired tonight than usual — but your
letter woke me up quickly, and the
foto, that is going to live on my bedside
box — with one of Martha's stripy
and an old one of yours (from Vienna
with the green, striped frock, do you
remember?)

Good night, my love, and
all the best luck in the world to
your work — and not to your
work only.

Heaps and heaps of love to you
from your sister Gretel

(I seem to be picking up a bit of, slang, from
my workmates. Is it very bad, I wonder?)
1, Waverley Avenue,  
Stamfle, Middx.  
24-9-42  

My dearest Dusel,  
just a little chat - because I feel like it. I do so wonder how you are getting on with job + flat etc.?! There is not much news about myself today. Do you get any time for reading now? If so, do tell me whenever you have read a good book; I shall try to read it as well and then we can tell each other about it. I feel rather tired at night just now and have not been reading much lately.

This weekend I have been invited by one of my fellow workers to spend this weekend with her family. She is awfully nice; spoiling me terribly - always bringing me
some vegetables or fruit out of her small garden—or something to complete my growing household. Do you ever get some nice stamps? In case it is allowed to send them—which I do not know—I would love them for her little boy of eleven.

I saw the twins last weekend. They are 2 ½ years old now—very sweet, but as they had to leave the nursery and are staying with their mother at present, they are not at all well looked after—which makes my heart ache. They might go back to the nursery—I hope they will.

Tomorrow is blessing birthday. Do you think she knows, that I am always thinking of her?

Good night, my dear, dear Secret! All my love to you—such a lot it is!
My dearest Suebel,

it is Friday evening - I have just come home; very glad that a week is over and looking forward to two long weekend days. And there was your letter (from Nov. 1st), just in time to revive my spirits - a cup of tea has got to do that job on ordinary evenings - and now, while my carrots and potatoes are cooking - I can talk to you a little and thank you first of all for the letter. I am so glad that you have a few nice people around you now - at last and I am most interested to hear more about that
research work you have been asked
to do! How very marvellous! Now
at last all your hard work during
those $4\frac{1}{2}$ years of study was not all
in vain! Do tell me more about
it soon, please.

I feel the time is now
quite near for me when I shall go
back to children's work. I have no
very definite ideas about it yet; but
I intend to try and find work where
I need not live in, so that I can
keep my room which I love; I believe
that it is better in many ways,
don't you? Three months of complete
break were most necessary and
I don't regret a minute of them.
1, Waverley Avenue, 
Renvyle, Waddet.
13-12-42

Dearest Susel,

I just posted an ordinary letter to you, but it would be so lovely if this one would still reach you — because I found this lovely Christmas tree (did you remember it? I did) and also because there is something I want to tell you that — strange enough — wasn’t quite ready to be talked about two days ago.

You know these last two years have been rather difficult ones for me; partly for the same reasons of course that they have been difficult for everyone all over the world for outside reasons, but partly because of something inside that was much older than all the great present worries.
and sorrows. You know, Mrs. 
Kirsch has at the time helped 
me a lot, but not completely 
and anyhow it did not last. 
During the last year the 
depressions that I have had 
ever since I was about 11 years 
old (I hardly remember 
myself without them for 
your length of time) became 
so strong and so continuous 
that sometimes I could 
hardly bear it any longer. 
That was, why I left the 
children, because it is simply 
unpossible to work with them 
in such a state of mind. 
After a long struggle I decided 
to try once more and went to a
psychologist. I have gone to him now for about 7 weeks — it is very much different from what Mrs. K.'s methods were, much more with the feet on the earth, much more matter of fact and less deep and mystical but it seems — much more effective! I feel somehow relieved already and it has been rather bad before I can tell you! One of the problems that kept on disturbing me most deeply and just had to be solved was the religious one. I want to tell you this it is rather awful to write it out of the things one should talk about and not write about. But
hope, Svenlein, that you will understand me. I suppose you never really understood why I left the Christian religion — nor did I — I think it was all rather mixed up with emotions and complexes and that I knew from the beginning had nothing to do with religion really. It was certainly a step of desperation, driven, by the extremely abnormal outside influences of those years. It has — strange enough — brought me nearer than I have ever been to the real Christian faith and attitude — it will always remain a high aim to look
up to, of course which we will never and are not even meant to reach. I have gone back now—and with this decision something has straightened itself out. It is all still very new and you are of course the only one who knows, except Pastor B. and my friend, his wife.

Good night my dear, I am bringing for a letter from you and shall soon write again.

Give me a kiss and say that you are with me and understand me, will you. All my very best love!

your Gretel.

P.S. Never mind the luxury of the air mail stamp! I had 5 given to me (to my father) yesterday! Schick! nie!
1, Waverley Avenue,
Wembley, Middx.
1 January, 1943.

My dearest Susel,

how lovely that your letter
(of Nov. 25+26, Thanksgiving day) should be my
first letter in the New Year. This one that I am
writing is the first one as well, of course.

Susel, I am so glad that you
are writing to me without smiles - I am sorry
my dear I cannot even send you a handker-
chief, partly of a cold that doesn't want to
so and - I suppose - at times consists of
swallowed tears! - partly because of the
ocean preventing it. I am sorry dear, it is
a bit of balgenhumor. It seems that at
the moment one can only be either
very silly or deathly serious - the normal
medium has just disappeared.
We can only pray, Susan, for all these poor people and for our own mother amongst them and, perhaps thank God that he did not mean us to be one of them as well.
I feel, the song which you mentioned in your last letter "Wir treten zum Beten" at least its German words are very worldly and very unchristian. Of course he does, wonder Schlechten die guten knechten! What about Christ himself? They certainly treated Him badly! Where I think the song (and the whole attitude that it expresses) is all wrong is, that if God allows persecution and cruelty — which He does — it is because He has a purpose in all He does, we just cannot always see it or understand it. Don't you sometimes think that the very fact that we are now scattered all over the world and have to suffer...
such bitter things as separation and loneliness and helplessness to help our nearest ones, prevents Hitler from ever reaching his wicked aim of exterminating the Jewish people?

I can very well understand your feelings when you received that birthday - Red Cross Message! You know, reading it made me feel physically sick for a second. I do hope I won't get one like it. Although, mind you, it is done with the very best possible intention; I suppose we have to credit those people in Germany who are still brave enough to be our real and true friends - which is such a dangerous thing - with a good bit of sentimentality, due to the constant mental strain and conflicts. But I agree: your foto "mit Rosen umkränzt" is
a bit more than even a tough stomach can digest. But I know, it would hurt Mrs. Freundlich dreadfully if she knew that her kind words don't say the right thing. I don't know her either (I had a Redcross Message—very nice in the right way from her, very soon after Mother's deportation), but I know that she and her Jewish husband have been friends of the Behrends for years. Mutti only met them after I had left and I think they have been very kind and very helpful to her. She must have lived with them during her last days in Berlin as her last Red Cross letter to me in January was addressed from their flat at Bokes Alle undamm. ——

He had a quiet New Year's eve last night with a brand new "Leonoren Ouverture"
under the Christmas tree - and falshen
Heringsalat consisting of beetroot + apple.
On Christmas eve it was a proper one,
with real herring (or some sort of a
herringsy fish anyhow!)
you know, Surel, it is so
marvellous to have you to talk to, but
I often feel I need you so badly for
those everyday life things that one
does not write about, especially if they
are unpleasant ones. They are mostly
"gone with the wind" before the letter
has left the letter box - but still
they just make up a good part of
"life" and it means not to be able to
have just this part of life with you, or
anybody for that matter.
I am hoping to see Surel
Lish and Annie and the twins
next Saturday.
Letter, I think is a very brave woman, and life is hard for her - she isn't very young any more, you know! But she copes with it so bravely and cheerfully.

I do wonder, why all the three of us don't seem to be able to mix with other people in the right way and to find a husband!

Thank you, Susel, for what you wrote about Gotthard. I am glad and relieved about it. He would not have made you happy and that I would have minded more than you can imagine. — You see by the Kreisel-kraabel that it is time (10:15 pm) to switch off my "swell" new bedside lamp, don't you? Good night my very very dearest little sister. And a kiss for 1943.

Yours Fredel.
1, Waverley Avenue, Wembley, Middx. 25th Jan. 1943

My dearest Susie,

in an hour or so it will be exactly four years since I saw Mutti for the last time — . I have just read the official report of the happenings in Poland; — and last — though least — I have this morning lost the chance of a post which I would have liked very much.

For all this there is only one little consolation: that is, writing to you. You won’t be surprised if it is not going to be a very cheerful or nice letter. There is nothing wrong with me on the con-
I am feeling very well; but the hard facts are, I should think, more than enough explanation for not always being cheerful.

I was going to start work at a day nursery for babies at Wembley today; it was meant to be temporary until the beginning of March, when I was to start a Special 8-weeks' Training Course (Refresher Course). After this course I could have come back to the same nursery in a little higher position and better pay. This was - it seems - too good to be true. It turned out that the Training Course is beginning this week already; and in order not to lose the chance of this course I had to give up the nursery job. I might get a similar one after the training; it is just the new uncertainty (and my mother empty purse) that has upset me a little. But I won't be "downed" for long; I promise you that, Sue! I refuse to lose the hope to Work again as well!

My next letter will be from the training course; I suppose I shall have to tell you quite a lot...
the week. I hope things will be the same next week.

The families are each very very good friends—especially when things go wrong. The youngest member of the family is just 5 months old, a very yellow little fellow!

Lusleen, I feel somehow that a cup of tea and bed are (after this little chat with you) the best thing to do in my present (temporary) state of mind.

It’s good to have you, my dearest. And I love you so very much!

It is also 4 years today, of course since I saw her last. There are times when I miss her as terribly as I miss you and Mother. Wonder how she is!
Beseitigung der Eheschließung.

Zwischen dem

wohnhaft in Charlottenburg

und der

wohnhaft in Königsberg bei Berlin

ist vor dem unterzeichneten Standesbeamten heute die Ehe geschlossen worden.

Charlottenburg, am 23. Dezember 1909

Der Standesbeamte:

[Unterschrift]

My dearest Susan,

your letter from Jan. 26th came this morning. Many thanks! You had my airmail letter from last Friday in the meantime – the hardest letter I have written. I have heard in the meantime – that conditions in those deportation camps in Poland are better now than they have been in the beginning. I know it is very little comfort for us. But we don’t know whether Destiny (or God) did not use this way however hard and cruel to save Mother from greater dangers. And you know, people like Dr. Szwarcensky, Karl Frankel and others came out of concentration camps – healthy in mind and in body. And if any woman her age does, I think Mutti is
one of them, don't you?

You'll very soon hear from me again; I am going to leave Demme to morrow, without any plans for the future yet, looking forward to a short rest.

My wire, saying 'don't worry' had no other reason but the one to let you hear from me the very quickest way as I had had three letters from you, saying that you had not heard from me since September last.

Go on building castles in the air! (rather than in Spain, I should think!)

Mine is ready - it is a tiny one, but you and mother are living just round the corner! I feel love is the only thing that gets more and more by being used a lot! I am sending you all mine.

Yours, Gretel.
14, St. Barnabas Road, Cambridge
21-3-42

My dearest Susan,

Sett & I are having a very lovely week together. Sett only works until the early afternoon (while I am being just lazy) and in the afternoons we go sightseeing, to the pictures etc. The Cambridge Colleges are very beautiful indeed.

On Monday, day after tomorrow, I shall be going back to London. I shall very soon be writing again and hope to hear from you too.

Darling Susan, it is so lovely to have you here. She is living with me in my furnished room which I have since 9 months. We talk so much about you and that it would be ever so nice to have you here too. Your looks quite well, better than when I saw her back 9 months ago. If only we would hear about Mathis whereabout, won't never always take a long time first. I am so glad to hear that your work is going fine. Please keep your thumbs and chin well up. Have you any nice people to be with in your spare time. I am very excited in that way.
here and enjoying it very much. C. is such a nice place to live in. All best wishes and lots of love

Vettel

dove & kisses from me.

Yours, Vettel.
My dearest Susel,

you naughty girl!!

Sending me such a lovely suit!
It arrived yesterday and you can imagine my surprise. Thank you very very much — but you really must not make such great expenses for me.

It makes me feel very ashamed too because I never seem to think of you as much as you do of me — in material terms at least! You never had the tiniest present from me for over three years, did you? Quite
apart from all that of course I think it is very very sweet of you; but since I want you to know that although I have still got to keep my purse very tightly shut for unnecessary things - I don't even mind that awfully - I have never yet been in need of or missed anything essential - food or clothes or even little luxuries like chocolate or an occasional movie - or a brownie when I don't feel like walking.

I very very often wish - nearly every day at meal times - that you and even more Male could see how extremely well
we are keeping. I don't think
or cannot remember that you,
and I in the so-called normal
times have ever fed ourselves
very differently (excepting fresh
fruit perhaps) from what we are
being fed now. Our whole life
here from the material point
of view at least and from many
other aspects as well is one
great cause to be very very
grateful.

Since I read yesterday none of your old letters to
me, 1940 or 1941 ones, and was
struck by the difference in them
to the ones we are writing to each
other now: the things we are have
been writing about them and now and our attitude to them seems utterly different. Which shows that we have altered and to me it seems in a very positive way. For one thing we seem both much more settled inwardly and outwardly and somehow so very much nearer to each other. Do you ever feel that too?

Quite practically I am at the present moment not very settled yet, i.e. I am not yet in a new job — I hope and expect to hear more definitely tomorrow. But that is not what I
1, Waverley Avenue
Wembley, Middx.
15-2-43

My dearest, dearest Susel,
I just got 2 of your letters forwarded - one from Dec. 28 and on from Jan. 4th. Thank you very very much indeed! Don't worry about those November letters! I would not want to miss one word of them. If we should not share our sorrows as well as the pleasant and enjoyable things of our lives - it would not mean anything to write to each other at all, would it? And you are the only person in the world with whom I can talk about it. Really —
The same as I am the only one for you. Which is only too natural, isn't it? as we two are the ones that are worst and the only ones that are really deeply concerned. But don't lose hope, Cwelling. I won't either, although it sometimes seems quite improbably hard not to do so.

We shall find a way after the war to live together - even though I like England very much and you like Americ.

"Where there is a will there is a way!"

My three bedmates want to go to sleep and so do (it is 9.10 p.m.!!)

I love you so very much! Yours, [signature]
My dearest Susel,

Please! excuse the long interval; it is just business—nothing else.

I am at the moment having my holiday in the camp in a lovely part of the country. It isn't a real camp at all; we are living in a most beautiful big country house in lovely grounds. There are about 15 people, all round about.
age, some younger, some older. They are nice and very much alive and interested. I shall go back on Sunday as I have only a week’s holiday. I am looking forward to the nursery work is so lovely.

Suselein, I must make you a confession! I have been wearing your costume for the last 4 weeks. It suits me, fits me and I love it! I am very sorry indeed to have been so negative about it a first. You know I am very slow in everything. Please forgive me.

I saw little neveral
times lately. I feel we are at last getting a bit closer to each other and that also she is just beginning to out of the worst of her depression.

I shall have to tell you more about this Fellowship camp later. I am too much in the midst of it yet. I hope I shall have many letters from you soon.

All my very best and deepest love forever.

Yours forever.
203, Station Road
Haseo, Middlesex
10-6-44

Mein liebeses Lieselie,

I am sure you don't
realize just how wonderful
you are — it is a good thing
for once that you are not
near enough to me; because
if you were I would have
squeezed you much too
tightly for your liking,
perhaps even given you a
kiss in spite of your dislike
of such things!! But the
parcel that came yesterday was much too good for just an ordinary "thank you very much". A hot water-bottle of all things - to everybody's great envy! Now there won't be a puddle in my bed the next winter as there was the last few nights of this one. What a comforting thought. And as if you could have anticipated my completely new interest in my hair and the new - much anester -
I love style - the brush and comb are about the
most useful things that you could have
given me. Many many thanks! I am trying hard
to think of something really
tastic and unique. I would be allowed
to send you for your wedding.
So far the thinking hasn't
been at all successful.
I am feeling very fit
now, much fitter than for
months before the boils
appeared. I am a good bel
happier again too. Do wish me that it might be lasting. There are a lot of changes going on in the nursery - Nelson and teacher have left so far the outcome might be for the food but is not clear yet. The spring is so lovely and I am enjoying the warm long evenings tremendously. After a wonderful performance on the Radio of Schubert's 9th Symphon. I shall now go and post this letter and finish the day with a short evening walk.

Good night my dearest dearest little sister. I love you more than I could ever say or show you. Your forever.
24-1-42

I had a letter from Settel this morning, saying that she has got a post as a cook with very nice people, working five hours daily. She seems happy and alright again.

Her address is:

14, St. Barnabes Road
Cambridge.
1, Waverley Avenue, Wembley, Middlesex. 4.1.43

My dearest Susie,

so he is a little refugee now - the little Hummel-angel with his fiddle, playing us a Christmas tune in spite of all! He does it with a serious face though. I was so glad when I saw him on your Christmas card which came tonight, Susie! You know I still had a few old cards and pictures left, most of them from the Ars sacra press, which also made your Christmas card. I sent nearly all of them away this Christmas because they are so lovely. But I did it with a tiny sad feeling somewhere round about my heart; because I thought I should
never see any of them again. And along comes the little fiddle angle, telling me on the back of his card that the Ato
Serna is now safely living in New York. That is nice to know! And if ever you should feel like sending a birthday present or so — excuse my greediness! — ask them to send you a catalogue and send me 1 or 2 of their nice little pictures. I am sending you the “Teckings Off.” I suppose it will just arrive in time.

By the way: fiddle! Do you ever play the violin — or the recorder — or piano? 2. You never mentioned any of them in your letters. Only the wireless! — I must not spoil you! you will get used to my fits of writing 3 lettering week — and then none for 2 months! Poor Susel! But I love you very very much — frequently or unfrequently.

Goodnight and many kisses! [signature]
Duncton Hall nr. Worcester, Northants
30-11-41

My dearest Susie,

I do hope this will arrive some time near Christmas and as there are no other presents possible at the moment give you all the love and all the good thoughts and wishes I have for you. Again like all these last years Christmas is no cheerful or happy feast but one that reminds us that nothing but love—to give and to take—survives all the horror and all the sadness that men inflict upon each other. And we aren’t very far away from each other, however differently maps might tell, are we?

You cannot imagine, Susie, how happy your last two letters have made me and what a different feeling it is now to think of you. Because I did feel all the
strain and worry you have been going through during these last months even if you were so silent about them. I am so very glad you have found such a happy home with people you like! Let us hope it will last. But most important of all, of course, is the change in your work. How marvellous that you have found your own old line again! You must tell me some more soon, about what you are actually doing and training for and what a future job will look like.

I have now been in the Nursery for 2 months but do not feel quite settled and satisfied yet. It developed into a rather bigger place than I expected it - with 22 children - and run on lines more like School life than like family life which I hoped and wished it would. I feel it rather hard and difficult to deal with a large number of children and am not as good and efficient as I should be.

I am thoroughly enjoying the friendship with Susanne's and Sabine's parents; it is growing steadily and we try to see each other whenever I get a weekend off or so. The little girls are nearly 3 and 1 year old now. Very sweet and lovely! I am so pleased you have a chance now in your Reverend's family to live in the same happy and peaceful family atmosphere which I enjoy ever since I stay with them - very much as one of the family now!

Do tell me more about it if you can, please! We had a lovely weekend together last week in a new little house outside London, enjoying the children and spending the evening: listening to "Kleine Nachtmusik", Beethoven sonatas and other lovely things, looking in between at your "Botticelli", lying on the carpet on our tummies. -

I have still not quite got over the parting from my twins - I doubt whether I ever shall. They
are staying at a Nursery in London now and I haven't seen them for 2 months. You can imagine, dear Ernie, that there is one great hope and wish for Christmas: to hear that Mother is alright and well! And that all this misery might end soon!

Well, my dear, I send you many many kisses — and such a lot of love and good wishes all across the ocean. And give them to Mother as well.

Yours Gretel.
Nuncote Hall, nr. Towcester, Northants.
9-2-42

My dearest Susie,

I do so hope you might have got
my wire in the meantime as well as more
than one letter, did I say already that I am
going to leave my present post? I don't know
when yet, because nobody to relieve me has
been found so far. I hope it won't be too
long. I feel at a seriously dead point
at my work with children at the moment
and I know for certain that I have got to
stop it for the time being—unless I want
to turn into something like Mielke—or
much worse rather. I don't know quite what
I am going to do though.

My good little sister! I don't
blame you for smoking cigarettes! Why should
I? I am sure I would do the same if I
liked it, but not even the lack of chocolate
has made me like cigarettes. It is still little more than politeness if I ever do smoke—about 5 pieces per year! What I do blame you for is the fact of being so near to a breakdown that you need it! I know what it means to be cut off so completely from everybody we love and I know what a dreadful blow it is for Mother. But there must be some meaning in it and something to learn and to realise. I am so sure of this! Do relax a little now with your worries and leave it to—well—God to put all our lives right. Right as he means and wants it. Try the same and very rarely succeed. — News from Letter 3 clear and fairly good.

All my love, and that is such a lot and many kisses

From yours Gretel.
August 9, 1942

My dearest Susel, excuse a postcard, please! But I did not want this day to pass without having even a tiny talk with you. I suppose I shall have a letter from you with the same date one day. We can do so little to show each other that we belong to each other in spite of all oceans and everything else between us. But we know— and so does Mutti—and that is all that matters! Many thanks for your letter from July 12. I am so very very pleased (and a wee bit proud) about your examiners. Don't let the rest of it get you down. Please!! We want you afterwards. I am fine—mostly and I love you very much. Yours. Gravel.
From: Margarete Hirsch,
8, Hillcroft Crescent, Wimbledon, Middlesex.

Post Card
The Address to Be Written on This Side.

To: Miss Susanne Hirt,
116 E., Gilman Street,

U.S.A. 911 Clymer
Madison, Wisconsin.
mean by being settled.

My room and my friends
of course are the two great
factors that make me feel so
much more at home. I have
been wondering for some time,
Sue, whether I ever gave you
the right impression of this
friendship with the B.'s. I know
I told you several times about
the children etc. but that is not
all. It really has become the
nearest to one's own "family"
that you can imagine. They
have been helping me not
only by giving me this friend-
ship and the feeling to belong to
them, but they are both, briefer
as well as her husband sharing all my great and little worries.
For example: A few days ago I got a letter to say that I should apply for a nursery post.
I showed it to them and when I went away at night Wolfgang said to me: tomorrow morning we must write that application (I was of course going to write it by myself) and when I came in the morning it was already written “in Uneiven” and very good too and I only had to alter one or two little things. They have recently helped me financially as well and in a way that made it easy to accept.
Erika's mother (who is near 70 years) and I are very good friends too, which is a great comfort to both of us at times.

I wish I could tell you much more of my everyday life, my dearest and know more about yours! It is as necessary as the great things, don't you think so too?

I am hoping to be able to go and see Ethel next month. There is going to be a Church meeting in C. and might be able to spend a night and a few hours with her.

I saw Lotte last week. Do you correspond fairly regularly?
I am rather curious to hear from you what impression you get from her letters. I was honestly not very pleased with her condition. I like her very much, that is why it made me feel rather sad to see her last time. She is never well physically but I cannot help and never could help feeling that her illnesses are an unconscious excuse for something wrong in her life. She is struggling but to me seems to stop where it begins to be hard and essential. She does not seem to have the right (for her) kind of friends either but I don't know all that well enough to judge.

"More very soon my dear Julia. I must stop now. I love you to very, much. Nobody has quite as good a little sister!"
203, Station Road,  
Hages, Mddx.  

May 11, 1943

My darling Susan,

there isn’t a letter from you yet, but I shall keep on writing otherwise you will be the next one to wait for one!

I am now settling down in Hages; the work is nice and so is the room and the landlady. Nothing very exciting, but decidedly nice.

I am enjoying the wireless, sometimes talkies yesterday, Mozart Quintet for flute & harp, & Handel! It is grand to be able to have all this without having to spend a penny.

By the way, I had my first cheque and that set me over
all worries and debts - expect the one to you! As I cannot even make it up in kind, could you accept a little kindness instead?

It isn't much, but it is all I have got - and you may call it love! Excuse this nothing-but-silly letter. I am at the steele again where I feel I want to talk. to you, not write!

Write to me soon and often, will you, please!

As much love and as many kisses as will go into the envelope.

Yours for ever Gretel.

* May the Lord keep you and ever prosper!

I hope England is warm. If the weather is good I mean to stay there.
My dearest Sisal,

Your letter from March 22nd came this morning—at last! Don't apologise for not writing—I am lazy without having to prepare for lectures!

Thank you very much for the jolly little Beyder-Bra—I have taken his advice. 'Have fun' straight away—at least I hope you will accept it as such: I went this afternoon to buy a lovely little silk-blouse—red ground with whiteish-grey-black flowers. Because I feel really fed up with all those serious old and still much too good things I bought with me—they...
will last another 10 years! The new blouse will not, but it makes me feel jolly inside. I was just about spending the same amount of coupons though much less money on wool for cardigans for the twins — when I thought of the little boy and our moun-
tain climbing — and got the blouse instead. You agree, don't you?

I heard Schubert's Unfinished Symphony yesterday and Beethoven's IVth a few days ago. We'll have that for the first on your phonograph one day, shall we? — I have just written to Lotte, I hope to see her soon. I think it was 'gastric flu' she had, but as I told you...
such luxuries?
You promised me a photo from you one day; you haven’t forgotten that promise, have you?
I was trying to imagine the other day, what it will be like when you (or we?) meet me (or you!) at the station! Children are allowed their fantasies and wish-dreams — why not me. I am only doing that sort of thing in my “time off” though.
Good night, my dear little sister.
It is 11.30pm — and my 7am week starting tomorrow.
Soon more! yours kind.
In a previous letter to you, I think the main trouble is mental with her.

I am at the moment reading a book "Sinn und Geheimnis der Geschlechter; Grundzüge einer evangeli schen Sexualkunde." by Prof. D. Otto Piper. It has been translated into English; because it was when I saw it advertised in an English Church paper that I came to read it. It is happened to possess it. I like it very much so far; it is interesting and helpful. What are you reading? Or have you notice at all for
lieber Papa,

muss verlassen, da also den 60. Geburtstag fern von
hause und wir alle können für
mir schriftlich unsere brinche
senden, ich sogar nur mit Blei-
stift, da ich gerade auf Wache
bin, und die Federn schmächtig
kratzen.

Seit Freitags Abend bin ich
wieder im Fett. Der Bataillonsarzt
hat mich zur Zeit "garnisondienst-
fähig" gemeldet, es bleibt mir
also nichts übrig, als abzuwar-
ten, bis er mein Bein für gut ge-
nommen hält, nur mich wieder ins
Feld zu schicken.

Hier beim Regiment hat
sich mitanstalten eine ganze
Anzahl meiner Regimentska-
meraden von 205 eingefunden,
die wieder sowohl hergestellt sind,
dass sie garnisondienstksam
könnten. Wir bilden zusam-
men eine Kompanie.
Gesundheitstrotz gelte mir gut. Ich fühle wohl, dass mein Knie noch geschwacht ist, doch glaube ich den hierigen Anforderungen gewachsen zu sein. Ich hoffe doch gleichfalls wohl und bin sicher, dass diese Reise ins deutsche Belgien für sehr viel Interessantes bietet wird.

Mit den herzlichsten Glückwünschen und Gruss und Küss

sein Alex.
I, Waverley Avenue
Hambley, Mid dt.
14-1-43

Darling, what a lovely, lovely Christmas present! I couldn't help explaining, 'knish,' and 'gosh' quite loudly when I opened the parcel last night, although it was 11.15 p.m. and I had already had a good hour's sleep when my landlady's daughter knocked at my door and told me I hadn't seen my mail and a parcel tonight. It is dark in the hall, you know. And about your warning concerning colours: I don't suppose I would have had the
courage to choose for myself anything quite so much my taste!! It is absolutely perfect, Susie! The first new bit of clothing that I have had for about well over two years (except my many macintosh). It is on me now; I am today going to rehearse my work (with permission though) and am going to an interview for the new post (in the new sweater! it's bound to be successful, isn't it?) and afterwards to mind my friends' babies. Susanne (4 years next month) is the most critical of all my friends, what dresses are concerned. I can already hear her saying as soon as I enter the room: What pullovers have you got on? What
I want (or sometimes what shall
have you got on? etc? She will tell
me whether she likes them or
not! Well, after all that
tongue introduction - thank
you very, very much indeed,
my love! You know, I am
thanking you for the thought as
much as for the thing itself.
It is nice and warm, by the
way.

Now I must tell you about
my last weekend. I went to
Newburg first. Axel is even so much
better physically. He walks on
one crutch (or walking stick rather)
by himself and can take little
ten minutes—walks by himself without companions. Mentally he is always the same, so is list. You know I like him very much realizing all his pretensions and ignoring them—and I shall never get very warm with list although I do not dislike her and very much appreciate what she is doing for Real and how she is doing it. Always cheerful and full of energy.

They both always will feel very important, whatever reality says to it—but as they are helping other people through this feeling of importance and awareness of themselves—helping
people — I don’t see the right
to criticize it. Although I would
do it, like it. And now to the
third member of the family:
Amore! IA (purring) is that all
I can say a lovely little person!

Amore, IA (purring) is that all
I can say a lovely little person!

I didn’t know her up to now!

I didn’t know her up to now!

For a long time (whipping a bus
when I came her playing in the street
for I know she was not meant more than
for a day! Last year I knew her
last year, last year, last year,
last year, last year, last year.

She was not meant more than
for a day! Last year I knew her
last year, last year, last year,
last year, last year, last year.

We were weathered by of each other

Yet and of this bus under to her

She was not meant more than
for a day! Last year I knew her
last year, last year, last year,
last year, last year, last year.
then, and Annie was gingly a bit awkward, and I was dis-
appointed. But this time! We were friends within ten minutes,
She told me all sorts of things on a long walk and finished by
saying: you are so much like
Shrinking (!), meaning the nicest
thing she could possibly say!
I needn't say "Uncle" to you
and you are not so "high up"
like the other aunts. She doesn't
remember you, my dear!
She makes herself dolls out of
rags and plays with them, at
the same time reads Shakespeare
and enjoys it (whether
and how far she understands it (I don’t know, but certainly enjoys it). Apart from that she mothers "my" little twins, who need mothering so badly, better than a grown up could do, feeds them, plays with them, bathes them and - loves them. She is also a very normal little girl of 9 years — not a bad report altogether, is it?! The twins are happier than I have seen them for a long time.

I am afraid, scolding, I must finish now — I could go on for hours — but I must go to that appointment
and shall soon write again.

I simply love the green cardigan and the scarf
— well, I didn't know anything so pretty existed
any more — not for me anyhow!

I love you very, very much, my dearest little
sister — cross all your
finger as lightly as I did for your exam. — for a nice new
job, please.

Many many kisses!

Yours forever.
at: The Norland Nurseries  
Chislehurst, Kent.  
permanent address: Naverley Ave,  
Wimbledon, Waddesdon.  
14-2-43

My dearest Russell,

it seems ages

since I last wrote to you!

Which shows that I spoil myself as much as I probably did you by writing 2 or 3 times a week - because it is only a fortnight really.

I have been at this

nursery for just over a fortnight now (for 8 weeks' training). I am enjoying it very much indeed. It is quite fun to live in a community of young girls for a change -- and for 8 weeks!

I shall be thrilled to go back
This would be enough for today, I reassure you also for the sake of duty.

too my own room afterwards. I am hoping to get a job in a Wembley Day Nurseries immediately after the completion of this course. Keep your fingers crossed or better even: press all your thumbs tightly.

I am feeling very much better in myself; still a bit wobbly at times with fits of rather uncomfortable self-consciousness etc. The anti-semitic problem keeps cropping up as well at times and I have not always got enough strength to face it yet. Fresh wounds are rather sore, you know! But I am more than ever at peace with the religious problem. And that helps so wonderfully. Only I am not always ready to be helped.
1. Waverley Avenue
Rembly, Middx. 7-1-43

My dear Sunel — there is certainly not another letter due to you! but I seem to be rather talkative at the moment and also there seem to be so very many things to talk to you about. So excuse my flooding you with letters, please! (Don't take the excuse too seriously, though.)

I meant to tell you in my next letter how I spent my last Sunday, because I know it will please you — but a little incident that has just happened tonight when
I tidied up my writing desk drawer made the story so amusing that I can't wait any longer before telling it to you. Here it is:

Last Saturday night I was just leaving the Public Library without a book that I was really keen on. I suddenly discovered Goethe's Werke in the Foreign Department, felt like choosing the volume with "Iphigenie" (which I had never read before) took it home and on Sunday after lunch lay down on my couch and read it in one stretch. Unnecessary to say that I enjoyed it very very much. I was terribly frightened up to the very last scene they would kill each other or one or all.
I. For dear you know my literary education has never been up to your standard. But I certainly got the pure unspeakable pleasure out of it! I think I shall read it again before I return it. So far about reading "Ulysses". Tonight when I looked through my papers I found a curriculum from the Committee which I get every month with all sorts of notices and things of interest in it. In this was the announcement of a performance of "Ulysses" played by a Cambridge Refugee Theatrical Group - in London on Sunday 3rd Jan. at 2.30 p.m. - at the very same time
at which — by pure chance unless you call it: by subconscious reminders.
I was reading this play, for the first time in my life! What do you say now? I am nearly waiting for you to write that you have read it as well — getting quite substitutions or something like it.
There is no news about my new job yet — but you will hear as soon as I know.
I am still a bit wobbly with regard to my mental ups and downs — but much better on the whole. No more tonight. I shall have such a spoiled sister! Never mind.
Your little fiddle angel is watching me carefully. He is sweet! Much, much love! Frede
1, Waverley Avenue, Hendley, Middle
20-3-1943

My dearest Susan,

there are - I just notice - two unanswerved letters; one of Jan. 1st and the other one - the one with the cup of coffee after the Sunday service - of Feb. 7th.

I am so very glad that you feel like being really together with me now. And you do understand it all so well.

It had been a step of desperation more than anything else. And it is of course no coincidence at all that the feeling of desperation and depression has now vanished and vanished for good at least in the way it has been haunting me for the last years. Because in one sense I shall never be alone anymore because at least I was prepared to accept the "home to me all ye whose heavy burdens." I don't feel an outsider any more in a Church - as I always used
to do. And no bidders in the world could ever drive me out again. I read the other day in Paul's Epistle to the Romans, 1st chapter, I believe: "Denn es ist eine Kraft, die das religiös macht alle, die daran glauben, vornehmlich die Juden und die Heiden." But I am afraid it has been rather a problem; now it is solved and I am so very grateful for it.

You need not be frightened though, Susie. It all was not by far as bad as what you have experienced with your people at Washington — I was not ill, only very worried.

Your last letter made me feel very proud of my little sister. I am so glad that they appreciate your work and you as you are.

We are going to finish our training course next Thursday. We shall know about our new job on Tuesday and then I shall tell you. — Good night, my dear little sister. I've got to go and have my bath. Thank you for