CORRESPONDENCE - FAMILY - Susanne Hirt 1943
Liebe Susi!


sant über das Land dort und die Verhältnisse. Ich wollte nur
er würde heiraten, damit wenigstens eins mal anfängt damit.
Marga in der Schweiz, wo ich so lang war, hat drei reizende
Kinder, zwei eigene und das erste Kind von der verstorbenen Frau.
Sie hat sich sehr als tüchtige Hausfrau und Mutter erwiesen.
hir Mann ist ein sehr lieber Mensch und sehr guter Zahnarzt.
Schreibe mir mal ausführlich von Deiner Tätigkeit und
dem Leben in Amerika. Hast Du je was von Marion gehört, ob ihre
Mutter wohl noch nach Amerika gekommen ist von Irland aus, wo
sie Anfang des Krieges war?
Meiner Mutter die jetzt 79 ist geht es soweit gut.
Aber von meines Bruders einzigen Sohn haben sie keine Nachricht
mehr. Zwei Neffen von meinem Mann sind auch gefallen.
Hast Du nette Freunde und Familien in denen Du verr-
kehren kannst? Stehst Du noch in Verbindung mit Weichert, wo
Du so lang warst?
Herzliche Grüße von uns beiden

Seine
M. Behrend.
Miss S. HIRT
114, N Orchard Street
MADISON, 5
WISCONSIN.
U. S. A.
203, Station Road
Hayes, Middlesex
17.11.1943

My dearest Susan,

I have just had your letter from Oct 16, thank you so very much for it! And I realised that this actually should be my Christmas letter to you. My dear dear “little” Susanlein, I know we both cannot possibly wish each other a merry Christmas this year, and we cannot feel any of the jolly part about Christmas, can we? But that is not the only side of Christmas and I don’t even feel that it is the real and the essential one.
either. "Witten im kalten Winter-
wohl zu der kalten Nacht"; there isn't
anything very jolly and merry about
that; but that very same fact has
helped many millions of people to
live through sadnesses as great and
greater than ours.
I am afraid I am going through a crisis
in my work at the moment and I
am not feeling quite as happy about
it as I used to. But I very much hope
it will blow over. It's nothing really
that I could put my finger on. I wonder
whether I shall ever feel quite safely
at home and at ease anywhere in my
work. I do, of course, with my friends,
very much so, but apart from that
I am still (or again) struggling with
one to you? Don't worry about it just yet — we shall find a solution. I am very confident and sure about that.

My dearest Linol, give me a great big kiss for Christmas! I am sending you one as well and all my love for ever.

Yours gretch.

I want to go on and on talking but I just must go to bed.

good night, darling!
the difficulties of mixing with people.
It is so wonderful that at least with this one family I am so completely secure and happy and without any fears of losing it.
I am so glad that you feel so happy in your nice room! You are keeping the couch for me, aren't you? Though, seriously speaking I know already that it will break a bit of my heart (not the part that belongs to you!) if ever I should have to leave this country. Is the idea of your coming over here to live (after the war, provided circumstances and money allow it) a very impossible
one to you? Won't worry about it just yet — we shall find a solution. I am very confident and sure about that.

My dearest Linne, give me a great big kiss for Christmas! I am sending you one as well and all my love for ever.

Yours, greets.

I want to go on and on talking but I just must go to bed. Good night, darling!
203, Station Road, 
Hayes, Middlesex. 
Nov. 14, 1943

My dearest Suseel,

It is more than ever difficult and awful to write to you—just now—and not to have you here. I find it very difficult too to be brave and to appear cheerful—I am trying hard though and do succeed—at times. I am anxiously waiting for your next letter—my dear Suseel! I only wish you had such real and near friends as I have in Enika and Wolfgang. They have proved their friendship to me most wonderfully in these days. It is such a good
thing too to have Selte here who indeed is a true and faithful friend as well and has loved Muthi so dearly in spite of all the little frictions and difficulties that at times existed between them.

I have seen Lotte several times lately; she is at last on an upward way, thank God.

Suseliein, do love me as much as I do you, always will you?

It seems as if one can do in life without practically anything -- except love.

A big kiss from yours, Frehel.
U.S.A.

Miss S. Helt
114, N. Orchard Street

From
W. H. Besheer
803, Station Rd.
Hayes, Md.

Madison 5
Wisconsin
Mein liebes Liselein,
ich bekam gestern aus Berlin
die Rot-Kreuz Nachricht, daß Mutti
eines friedlichen Todes gestorben ist.
Mein liebes, liebes Liselein, es ist
go grausam, dir das so in ein paar brutalen Wörtern schreiben zu
müssen und so schwer, dich
nicht hier zu haben. Ich weiß,
daf du mich so nötig brauchst
wie ich dich. Bitte, bitte, mein Dir-
Meine Vorwürfe, daß du (oder wir)
nicht feinig getan haben, um Mutti vor dem zu bewahren, was falsch ist. Es liegt nicht in unserer Hand.

Meine liebe Lusi, bitte! Denke nur, dass ich Mutti so lieb habe - wieder -

wenn es auch manchmal nicht so ausgesehen hat.

Ich schreibe Dir bald, bald wieder

und bitte Dich in Gedanken sehr, sehr fest. Ich habe Dich so unendlich lieb. Ich danke Dir für alle die Opfer, die Du für Mutti gebracht hast. Sie sind ja doch nur für diese Welt unumsonst gewesen. Mutti hat be-
stummt alle Deine Liebe jaur
körperlich gesprüst und nie hat
ihr bestimmt geholfen. Ich muss
Dir noch etwas erzählen. Vor ein
paar Monaten – es muss Ende
Juni oder Anfang Juli gewesen sein –
habe ich von Mutti geträumt.
Aber "Traum" ist nur ein faul
unglaubliches Wort. Es war faul
einfach Wirklichkeit! Ich schlief
und wachte halb auf dadurch,
ab sich Mutti auf das Ende
meines Bettes setzte. Ich fühlte
wie das Bett unter ihrem Gewicht
etwas nachgezogen und spürte die Bewegung ihres Körpers. Und dann sagte sie sanft, deutlich und in ihrer richtigen lieben Stimme:

"gute Nacht, mein Schatz." Leibniz habe ich eigentlich gewusst, dass er nicht mehr in Polen oder der Tschechien ist, sondern ganz, ganz nah bei uns – und immer bei uns.

Liebes, sei nicht zu traurig – aber es gibt nicht viel so gute Menschen in dieser Welt wie unsere Mutter.

Ich schicke Dir alle Liebe!

Deine Stella.
Miss S. Hint
114, N. Orchard Street
Madison 5,
Wisconsin
U.S.A.
From: Margarette Hersch
203 Station Road
Hager, Midd
203, Station Road,
Hayes, Middlesex.

Sept. 29, 1943

My dearest Susel,

I wrote a long letter to you last night, but that was posted before I got yours tonight, dated Aug. 20 +21*, with the change of address. Thank you very much, most of all for the photo! I want to be very honest and say that I don't like it awfully. I cannot somehow imagine you quite looking like that. But it is lovely to have it, all the same! I believe I told you a little while ago that I have still got the one from Vienna always on my dresser. I do like it so very
much indeed! But I suppose that is being conservative + sentimental.
But — after all, I love you so very very much indeed — so why worry about a foto — and I don’t worry anyhow.

I am very sorry that you had to give up your flat with Lucille. What a chance! But you know, I have been counting the other day how many changes I have had since I came here: 18! in 4½ years! But I feel I only just begin to understand the meaning of it. We are not meant to settle and feel at home and “at rest” in times like that, are we?
II.

I am glad you are seeing Dr. S. sometimes. I liked him quite a lot at one time, you know! But—trust your sister—I hardly went as far as even admitting it to myself! But you know—life is so strange! I had a postcard from him just before he left England for the U.S. in which he said I should let him know if ever I came to America. My reaction to this was: I shall never find him in that vast country! Funny, isn't it? Give him my kindest regards, will you. I think...
You were right not to tell him about my religious experience, because it might hurt him. If ever we meet again, I shall have to tell him, of course. He has been very kind to Mitty and she liked him too. What is he doing in Madison? Has he got a congregation there?

I went to a Baptist Harvest Festival last week and the sermon held by a very young minister was one of the best I have ever heard. He spoke about St. John, chapter 15, especially verses 5. He said (among other things)
using the picture of the vine that has
to be pruned in order to bear fruit — that
God takes from us things, people,
friendships, habits which we might
regard as being very lovely and good
for us — but He takes them be-
cause He knows what is really
good for us and what hinders us,
however much we treasure it
and make an idol of it. It hurts
very much while it is happening
but it is necessary in His plan for
our life. Lincoln, while I am writing.
I am listening to “Samson and Delilah” on the wireless (sorry: radio!) - what beautiful music!

The work in the Nursery is still the same - very very nice indeed.

We have about 35-37 children in now, we are very well staffed though. 2 of them are under a year (5-6 months and 10 months) and we shall have another 4 month baby soon.

That's all for tonight, my dearest Carol. I don't feel like shopping at all but I must get myself some supper and then go to bed.

Yours forever, Janet.
203, Station Road,
Hayes, Middlesex.
Sept. 28, 1943.

My dearest Susel,

I know it is much too long since I last wrote to you properly; please don’t be too sad about it. It is mainly a question of energy and the only—though very weak—excuse is that there is no table in my room and it seems so difficult to write to you unless I am quite by myself. But it is no excuse really (where there’s a will there’s a way) and I shall just shut my eyes and ears for the outside to-night.
First of all I want to tell you: My costume seems to fit me better every time I put it on (I am not losing weight though!) and everybody likes it. Last Sunday Erika came home telling me that an acquaintance of ours who had just met me in the street had told her how well I looked and how smartly dressed I was! Just imagine that! It needs a sister in America to produce that effect!

Sueellen, your last letter came last week and was the one written on your birthday. Thank
I very much indeed for it.
Please do talk as much "nonsense" in your letters to me as you like.
It's the only thing worthwhile writing because we can both talk and write "sensibly" to lots of people, can't we? I want to do it badly very, very often, believe me!
Thank you very much for all you told me about Kindergarten-jobs.
I suppose I shall have to find out which is the right one if (or when?) I come over. Of course the war--has made the question of
finding the right jobs extremely easy in this country and I shall just have to wait and see what is the right thing to do after the war. If we have any say in the matter at all it seems to me more and more reasonable to try and spend the rest of our lives with less than an ocean between us. But God will decide that for us and I am not going to interfere even with my thoughts until the right moment has come. But there is one plan that I am going to make and
that is: either you must come and visit me or I am coming over to you—no matter when and how! Do you get moments when it is absolutely inconceivable to you that we are not together? I get them from time to time, and then I must remind myself in a way that I cannot take the bus that passes the house and pop in to see you for a 2 penny ride? It is a sort of a day-dream, I suppose but it is quite real at times all the same. — Lotte has been very
silent again lately; I shall have to write a postcard with 3 ??s as I have done before to make her come out of her mousehole!

I am still doing "Health + Beauty" (Gynaeckik) and enjoying it very much. I did not go to the pictures for quite a while as I had no urge to go whenever and there was nothing I wanted to see badly enough.

I am going to see Alex, Lise & Annie next Sunday. Last weekend we had a very nice and happy birthday party for Elis's birthday. Did I ever tell you that she is exactly
one day older than Brigitte! A
strange coincidence, isn't it? I wonder
whether she knows how often and
I think of her? How much I am
longing for her? I wish she knew!

Well my dearest, this isn't
a grand letter by no means but
I could go on just chattering for
hours. It is bedtime though
(I am on duty at 7 o'clock tomorrow),
and I don't want to wait any
longer: you know that I love
you very very much for ever!

Many kisses (may?) from
yours Freda.
S. A.

Miss S. Hint
227, Clifford Court
Madison 5, Wisconsin

U.S.A.

From: M. Hersch
203 Station Rd.
Hayes, Middlesex.
203, Station Road,
Hages, Middlesex
24-11-43

My dearest Susie,

I am still anxiously
waiting for your letter to say
that you are alright.
There isn’t very much to tell you
about myself just now. I do hope
you are not overworking your-
selves! If you work from 8-7:-
do you get any time off or just
for meals? I would like you
very much to tell me a bit about
your sister Kerry’s treatment.
Would you mind? I went to see
Betty wished the other day—do you remember? Betty Zeidel's blind friend. She told me about the treatment and said that it was a hot water treatment. The next day we talked about Infantile Paralysis in the Nursery and our notion to said that it was a psychological treatment! "Da steh ich nun, ich armer Tod....." Is it both or neither?? I am so glad, Florence, that you say you are not a very smart and very grown up "lady"! You know the thought keeps popping up and worrying me at times
that we haven't shared any of our grown-up life really. But I don't want to grumble or to be ungrateful because it is so wonderful to be able to write to you and to have just you as a sister! I'd rather have you across the ocean than no sister at all or have a sister live next door and not love her quite as much as I love you! And I still feel, what a blessing those few and rushed days 5½ years ago have been for both of us, don't you? Do you ever hear from Uncle or Irene or any of your other friends? Did you know that I wrote
to Melissa once— it is nearly 5 years ago I suppose, but I never got an answer.

Do you sometimes go to the pictures (”flicks” I suppose!) I have been 5× during the last 7 months— which isn’t a lot, is it? I went last night though. Both films were apparently American, and I liked them both. The first one was about the fighting on the South Sea Islands or somewhere thereabout. "So proudly we hail": very good, but much too real to call it enjoyment or anything near it. It is about a group of Red Cross Nurses who are sent to the Island
I heard of Pearl Harbour and about their incredibly wonderful work amidst the very worst of the fighting.
The second one was a "Documentary" about the World Food situation before, during and after the war, or rather as it should become after the war, called "World of Plenty". Very interesting and at times amusing.

Are you still waiting for your holiday - or have you had it in the meantime?

I am afraid this letter is rather a bits-and-pieces letter.
I hope you don't mind. I feel just like chatting to you and nothing else. — How is your doctor, the one you were telling me about who was not getting on too well with you? Is he a bit more sensible now?

I'll soon write again! My eyes keep shutting and my hands are getting a bit stiff.

All my love! Your fretel.
Miss S. Hert
11 + N Orchard Street
Madison 5,
Wisconsin
U.S.A.
203, Station Road
Hayes, Middlesex.
July 8, 1943.

My dearest Susel,
You'll just have to pretend
that I am one of your guests
at your birthday party for
your 30th birthday! We are
having candles and a nice
cake and all our very favourite
gramophone records. And
we'll ask the other guests for
tea only and have a good walk
in the evening - and a good
talk and know there'll be
more days like that to come. — It will be like that one day, darling! And all my thoughts will be with you, so near that the ocean and the few thousand miles don’t really matter.

To keep well and as cheerful as you can possibly manage.

I had a nice weekend with Leffet in Cambridge.

(Tell only saw those letters of yours about your work, room, money etc., not the ones that were just our private talks.)

Except this short note as a birthday letter. Very soon more love all my love
South Atlantic Air Mail Service

A.T.

Miss S. Hirt
227, Clifford Ct.
Madison,
Wisconsin.

Margarethe Hirsch
203, Station Rd.
Hayes, Middx.
203, Station Road, 
Hayes, Middx.  

11-8-43

My dearest Susan,

I only posted a letter to you the day before yesterday but it was such a wretched one - and also, I just got your letter of July 5th; I always feel like answering immediately, don't always succeed though. It is so much more like a conversation! Do you know, everytime I read a letter of yours I keep on thinking all the time: If only I would never come to the end of this letter.

I can never hear enough from
you! I am sorry about the postponement of your holiday, but if the weather is anything like it is here you might get a very nice spell in Sept or Oct. I am expecting bloombs for my own holiday at the beginning of Sept.

You know, really, lately I have been thinking a lot.

It is well over 5 years now since we last saw each other and a good 10 years since we were living the same life in the same place, isn’t it? I also feel more and more that our future life must be together as
I soon as circumstances allow
Don't let us worry about the
"when's* whereas and how's"
yet !) It is so strange to think
that actually we only know
each other as proper "grown
ups" through our letters.
I do so wonder what it will
be like ! Sometimes I find
it unspeakably hard to wait.
So do you, don't you ? Have
you become a very smart
and reserved lady ? (From
the outside, I mean -- I know
the inside well enough, not to
ask such a silly question !)
I am afraid I have not !
I don't even think my looks have changed a lot. I still shock people everywhere they find out that I am nearly 32! You are asking about the photo; the last one I got was the snap with one of your little patients. Do you mean that one?

Have you heard from little recently? I try to keep in contact with her—writing postcards with 3??2? etc., and seeing her whenever I can, but that is not too often and she seems to be in such a dreadful depression that...
I feel as a loss as how to help. I hoped she would spend her holiday (which coincides with mine) at the camp with me, but she writes to say she will probably be too "lame." I read the word "lame" with the meaning of "too afraid," but I don't for a second think she is really to bear that truth; so saying it would destroy more than it would help. Don't you think? She is struggling so hard; if only she was not so very intellect and her reasoning powers — I feel — are spoiling her life!
She also thinks what is right and good for Felix is food for herself and that is another great kindness in her way.

How do you like your new flat and life with Lucille (or what is her name?) is the nice? The teacher at our nursery, she is 22, very newly married, is a very nice and intelligent girl. We are still far from being "friends", but I like her and we have been having quite a few very good discussions that gave us both a lot. It is so strange to think that ten years ago (at the
same age as she is now) we have been living in the same world of ideas and ideals and life had only shown us its easier side. She is not at all superficial and arts and music are her work with children are the most essential things for (I suppose love as well! But don't know her well enough for that yet) I feel 10 years ago she would have been a perfect friend for you. She makes me at times feel very grown up — the most rare feeling for me to have!
I know I could go on and on writing — how many
nights do you think shall we spend talking? 2

Susanne spent the first week-end of her 4½ years old life with me last week. I showed her your picture (the one on my dresser from Vienna with the green + white striped frock) and she couldn't quite understand that this was "my" Susi! She probably thinks she is my Susi, as we are very good friends. Sabine is a little fellow of 2½ and Thomas, who is a lovely little chap, will be a year next week.

I love you so very, very much, my little sister! Yours Petel.
203, Station Road,
Hayes, Middx. 8-8-43

My dearest Susel,

this is only going to be
just a short note — as I really
ought to go to bed — but I have
been treating you very, very
badly this month, and there is
actually no excuse for it. Please
don’t be very cross or sad!

I am very well indeed and
work in the nursery is getting
nicer and nicer. — —

This month of August
with its birthdays ———
I had to swallow very hard in church last Sunday (Aug. 12) and this morning!
I do hope you have enjoyed your holiday and done something pleasant on the first of Aug.
Tell me lots about it, please!
I am looking forward to my holiday week, which starts on Aug. 27. I am going to a camp arranged by the German-British Christian Fellowship in wartime.
Did you, by the way, know...
11. That there is an Evangelical Lutheran Church in Madison? I saw it mentioned in a Church Magazine from the U.S.A. which I found in Wolfgang's waste paper basket!

What sort of Church (what denomination I mean) is Dr. Kennedy's? I meant to ask you this question very long ago.

Please, my dearest Eusel, excuse the darkness
of this letter, it's bad English and difficult. Hardly know how to write to you.

I had to write to you, I feel better now and feel you would laugh if you saw how I feel.

My heart aches over my dear. I would have seen you today, I guess what front I wore.

The dark green blouse (with a yellow blouse) that you made admuit! all my love for ever and good night. Peace and good night. Peace
Miss S. Hirt
227, Clifford Court
Madison, 1, 34
U.S.A.
Wisconsin
From: M. Hirsch, 203, Station Road, Hayes, Middx.
My dearest Susan,

I had just - very reluctantly - decided that one or two of your letters must have gone astray, when yesterday two arrived! I had been longing for them!

One was from April 10th and the other one from May 1st.

I am afraid the first one has had a good rest of about 3 weeks or so at 1, Waverley Avenue. They had promised me to forward your letters immediately - but there you are. I can see by the Wembley post stamp that it arrived 3 weeks ago.

And now after having had these two beautiful letters, I feel terribly in your debt, somehow. You know, for the last months I have been feeling so very near to you that my letters to you have become more and more “personal” - the sort of thing we would write to each other if there was only a few hours' train journey between us or talk about if...... It certainly is a positive and good thing in a way but I hope you don't feel I am letting you down by becoming so very materialistic.

One side of myself certainly is that - I don't feel ashamed of it anymore as I used to do; but the other side is sometimes desperately in need of a partner - (like) you, my dear!
Tonight I feel like writing letters to you; every sentence in your 2 letters needs to be answered.

So let me start systematically: the 1st letter from April 10.

By the way, if you had my letter from March 20 (as you say) by 10 April, that was marvellously quick, you know! My dearest Lancel, I know I didn't thank you enough for the lovely suit you sent me. Please excuse it. It is very very nice, but it does not fit me too well; you seem to be a good deal thinner than I am. I have not had the courage to alter it yet, both coat and skirt are rather tight; but please don't be disappointed.

I hate telling you this because it was soooo sweet of you! I shall do something about it, because I like it very much. If alteration meant spoiling it would you mind very much if I gave it to somebody who could wear it as it is (perhaps Lottie or anybody) and ask for something in exchange? I did not have to give up ration stamps (clothing coupons in English!) for your present; but I have got plenty of them as up to a very short time ago I found it much more difficult to find the money than the coupons!

But even that calamity is over now; I have already started to have a bit every month. I got one lot of money from you Securely; just about the day I
I needed it worst! But, darling, please don't send me any again - I cannot help it - it weighs heavily on my mind and I keep on feeling I must give it back! The same with anything else. I don't really need anything, shall we both try and open a little savings campaign, putting it in war certificates for the time being, not for a rainy day but for the bright and sunny day (it may pour with rain, we shall't care!) when we shall live together in your flat?!

Let's!! It might even help to make that very day come a few seconds earlier. I have for some little while been feeling much more practically confident about it. Have you any idea about the possibilities of children's work over there? Is there anything similar to our day nurseries here which are rather like the Kindergarten we used to work in? Do they have anything like nursery nurses in hospitals, looking after...
the children apart from their illness?
A part from the practical impossibility I don't want to consider all this seriously until after the war because I want to stay, work here until it is all over. Besides, I just love my work now! It isn't hard for me in many ways to leave this country - very hard indeed, but we must after the war find a solution so that we can live together. It is too dreadful and unnatural like that.

I saw Lotte twice last week; I feel we are now getting a bit nearer to the root of her troubles. I wish she was a little less intellectual, or what do you think it is? I am very very fond of her and I believe she quite likes me too which is rather good as it helps her. I wish she could find the attitude of: Kommst her en mir alle, die ihr wirklich beladen leid... She is trying so hard. I shall soon see her again.
single barrier (or condition) between God and us and that is faith. Faith is a bit more than belief don't you think, inward? Sorry, that'll come into the next letter. I spent the morning I do have the same experience as you—leaves coming up, but there isn't the lump in my throat any more, because I let the tears run down. After I read your last letter where you say this wanting to say prevents you from going to church, I suddenly found an explanation, at least for myself.

you know, living as I am again now with children from 1½ - 3 yrs. makes you realize what an enormous long way we adults have gone since babyhood in repressing all our feelings, especially unpleasant ones, physical as well as mental. Peter most naturally sclerodermic (with large tears, running down his cheeks) when heumbles over his own feet and bumps his knee; John (as a matter of course) cries when Ann says to him: “I don't like you”. What do we grown-ups do? I fell off my bicycle last week, had a bump as big as my fist on my leg and a few drops of blood running down. When a kind lady came and asked me, had I hurt myself? I said, smiling, no thank you very much, I am
quite Alright! This for the physical pain. And the mental one? We know that millions of people hate us (as anti-Nazis or as Jews or whatever reason for), and they certainly say: "We don't like you," don't they? And we read of thousands of people killed and tortured – but we are hardly ever able to cry as much as a single tear about all that misery. The reason is: we are grown up.

Now I think that Jesus knows why He always calls God His Father, and our Father and calls us His children. Now if you take this thought down from the high shelf and take it as it was meant and said: In relation to God we are children, and that is why, when we are near Him or His Word, we are free to cry and I am sure we are meant to cry (there is ample reason for it) about all that is wrong inside us and in the world.

You know the both, you read), think quite a lot of psycho-analysts; I now feel that it is very, very good used as a medicine, for sick people to make
them well. But I feel it is wrong to regard pag. as a way of living (or even life), the same as it is wrong to take a medicine once the illness is cured by it. But religion means life, the right sort of life, when man is re-connected (re-ligere = wieder-verbinden) with God.

My dearest C., I do hope that neither the censor nor you will be very cross with me because of this very long letter. I just cannot stop yet.

I am anxious to hear more about Miss Roberts. Don't you think it is only natural and even right that all we unmarried women about 30 should feel unsatisfied and frustrated at times, more or less admittedly and either in a healthy or in a neurotic way? After all, we are made to be mothers or wives (like a flower - vase that might look very pretty if it is made of lovely china or cut glass; but it is empty all the same as long as there are no flowers in it.) I won't say anything about Lotte today; I hope to see
her room.

Thank you very much for the sweet Hummel card! It is great fun to get them.

And last but not least: Thank you!!! for the snap. I love seeing you laugh — I know only too well that the camera had a lucky wave shot, my dear!

Crossing your fingers has certainly helped to find the right job for me this time. I'll tell you more about it another time. It is very very good!

I hope you have had more than one letter since March 31, the one you were carrying about with you when you wrote your last one. Yours is my handbag too!

It's good to have you, my dear, dear little sister; I feel we still understand each other fairly well — even if you go to the 'flicks' and I go to the 'pictures'; it'll be the same place when we queue up for it together one day, won't it? I love you very, very, very, very much!

Let us sometimes pray together for Mutti. Yours, Gretel.
U.S.A.

HAYES
11 45 AM
2 JLY 1943

Mrs. S. Hist
227, Clifford Ct.
Madison,
Wisconsin.

B 39 590
after 830

Telephone
203, Station Road,
Hayes, Middx. 26/5/43

My dearest Susel,

It is once again high time for me to go to bed — but there are quite a few rather nice things I’ve just got to tell you first. Nothing very exciting — so don’t look around for a chair to sit on so as not to pull on your back or anything of that sort.

It is just this: I have started to go to a health and beauty class (Rhythmische Gymnastik) once a week and I am thoroughly enjoying it. I am, of course, stiff as a stick, after so many years of neglecting my muscles and limbs — but they'll get used to it. It is already better now than it was last week and you know, there is a rather strange and new feeling of relaxation and peacefulness that I am at the moment experiencing physically.
and mentally. It is very wonderful. The health and beauty class which I only started last week is a new result of that new feeling - not the other way round. Another thing that I started doing - you will nearly need a chair now - is playing the piano! And most extraordinarily I find it easier than I have ever done before. So far I am trying all the old things out of our music books from Miss Diamand (do you remember her??) And to my greatest surprise I find that I can play a good many of them. "Von Blatt", slowly of course but there is none of all that tension and vertigo that I used to have when playing.

I am also finding the work with children very very enjoyable, most of the last year’s frights and nightmares.
are slowly disappearing as already gone.
I have been extremely lucky with my
new nursery. It is as nice as can possibly
be and — repeating one of your sen-
tences — the people are swell to work
with!

And first, the very best about all this
is that it all started the very day when
I made up my mind to go back to the
Christian religion. I have not been reall
lonely and depressed from that day.
It says somewhere, 'For whosoever believes
in me — all things become new' — doesn't
it? I believe it is that which I am ex-
periencing, don't you think so too?

I could write for hours tonight,
my darling, but it is nearly 11.30 p.m.
and I have a bad conscience if I
go on very much longer. I have been
writing fairly regularly to you lately about once a week. I hope you have got them all. Yes, there was one more thing I must tell you. One morning last week I had woke up with a rather vivid dream about a letter from Dr. Swans. I believe it is months if not longer that I did not even think of him, leave alone dreaming. I went down for breakfast to find your letter in which you tell me that you have had a long talk with him. Funny isn't it? Have been trying to have a talk with Wolfgang about the Jews and Christ for a long time - he is of course right in the middle of all those problems, but he is so busy and if not busy always so tired that we didn't manage it yet. Do you talk about these things with Dr. Swans? Write soon and let, please!!

Good night and all my very best love to you.
Miss S. Hirt
911, Clymer Place
Madison,
Wisconsin

Margaret Hinch
205 Station Rd.
Hayes, Mddx.

227 cliff Road
203, Station Road  
Hayes, Middlesex.  
May 3rd, 1943

My dearest Susan,

It's been rather a long time since I had your last letter - so I am very much looking forward to the next one!

I have now been four weeks in the nurseries; the month has gone incredibly quickly. I am feeling very happy indeed about the new work. The matron is extremely nice and sensible. There is a very happy atmosphere in the place - resulting in very good and sweet children.
(no little angels though!) and an satisfied and efficient staff.

I'm afraid I have become a little bit superstitious through my last experiences—a bit afraid of my spoiling it again as I have done so often before—but I do really feel very good about it (so far). We are working from 7-6 or 7-5 in alternative weeks with 8-6 or 8-5. We are having one afternoon off from 1 p.m. apart from Saturday afternoon and Sunday free. Not too bad, is it? Actually it is marvellous, especially as the
money is sufficiently staffed so that there is never a rush. I am quite satisfied with my digs as well; I have a tiny little bedroom but also the use of dining room and sitting room — including piano and wireless. That is grand! It takes only an hour to get to Wembley and less to the City so that I don't feel at all 'cut off.' Did I tell you that we listened to 'Leonore - Ouverture' and 'Egmont - Ouverture' on the gramophone the week before last? Wolfgang had a new record given to him for his birthday.
last week: 6. Brandenburgisches Konzert von Bach! Do you know it? Silly question! But I didn't - and it was so wonderful! I switched the wireless on half an hour ago just in time (without knowing it) to listen to some Beethoven.

I saw the twins' parents last week end. The children are quite well and happy and I am hoping to be able to see them some time as it is not too difficult to get to Newbury from here. Do you know that Alex is not living in Newbury any more? Their new place is even nearer to me. Lofte has been spending
a short holiday with her parents. I hope she will feel a bit better for it. I have such a strong feeling that I should keep in closer contact with her but I am afraid I am rather weak about it. You know I told you we had a talk about religion a few weeks ago - I feel more and more sure the root of the trouble for her (and the rest of her family) lies there; their great intellect has separated them from religion - let me call it God in writing to you - it is difficult to call by its real name when talking to her.
because I can practically feel waves of objections coming up by simply using the word.

Last time Bette gave me the answer. Felix has found the solution and his peace on a different way.

I didn’t understand quite clearly which way she meant. She might have meant science and the satisfaction of work.

But of course this would only be one little knot in the net of God’s work — and there is no other way — is there?!

I simply must get some supper — my landlady is away for 3 days — it is 9 p.m.; my sending “Knowers” and I must get up at 6 a.m. so lots and lots and lots of my allerbest love.
th Atlantic Air Mail Service

Miss S. Hirt
911, Clymer Place
Madison
Wisconsin

Margarete Hirsch
203, Station Road
Hayes, Middlesex.

U.S.A.
203 Station Road,
Hayes, Middlesex.
23-4-43

My dearest Susel,

this is Good Friday morning.

I have an Easter Holiday until

Tuesday morning. I have had a

good long 'lag in', a nice break-

fast and now we can have a

little chat. I shall go to hear

an oratorio tonight in the

Methodist Church.

My room is small but quite

nice - I have evacuated all

the flower vases, bowls and

pictures that didn't quite agree

with me - there are just you

and your two lovely trumpels

cards (the little boy putting the
lamb and the little white rabbit in the field) on my dressing table and a couple of drawings on the wall. That is sufficient to make me feel it is my room. The landlady seems quite nice too — she smokes non-stop, even when she talks — I do hope you are not quite as bad! but if you are, never mind! She is friendly and I suppose I have struck quite luckily.

The work is alright — very nice really. I don’t feel quite settled yet, but that is just my fault.

There is not much to tell
neaver to Alex now direct train going from here to where they are hiring since the day before yesterday. — I never hear from Lotte unless I actually butt into her — as I did the other Sunday morning.

I shall be at Wembley on Easter Sunday + Monday.

I hope you are doing something nice as well.

You'll be cross, Susie, I always feel when I am in the middle of settling down. I cannot write properly. You understand that, don't you?

I love you all the same though!! Many kisses

Your Jetel
I. you at the moment did I
say in my last letter that I
can settle a fortnight ago in
Cambridge? She was very sweet,
but she is rather depressed.
She misses us — and family
life — so dreadfully. It is aw-
fully hard to lead this rather
lonely sort of life at her age
don't you think? She would
so wish to live with me; but
I cannot make myself do it.
It would be easier in certain
ways, for both of us but very
difficult in others. So write to
her some time when you can
spare a little time, will you?
I am living much
Miss S. Hirt
911, Clymer Place
Madison, Wisconsin

rch,

tolef Avenue

swibley, Middx.
203, Station Road,
Hayes, Middlesex.

from next week.

12-4-43

My dearest Susie,

last week's note did not
get posted as I was rather
extra-busy. Now — very first
of all — I have got to thank
you so much for the money
you sent me! You do make
me feel thoroughly ashamed!
It came absolutely as a gift from
heaven though at the time it
arrived. I shall get my
first salary after a month's
work — that means just
struggling through another fortnight

not struggling any more now with your help, my dearest. You have had the same experience last year, haven't you? But no sisters to help you over it! Because settled has helped me too. But surely I just cannot understand, how you do it especially on top of the marvellous suit. I wonder whether you really earn quite a bit or whether you are so extremely economic? Do you mind telling me how much you earn? It would be rather interesting to be able to compare.
that but I find it terribly hard to save anything for a "raining day." (that is a saving and means: einen Notprosch eindecken) as there seem to be so many "raining days"!

"But - as I said in my last letter - I have never been in need - and it is a great experience to learn to manage on not too much, I find.

I went to see Settel yesterday - it was very nice.

I need matches for my eyes again! So good night, Musselin.

I promise you a less materialistic letter very shortly. All my love!
The sum which you sent me was in English money:

2 £ 10\(\frac{1}{2}\) (2 pound 10 shilling) = 50 shilling

(1 £ = 20 shilling
1 shilling = 12 pence; 1 shilling is roughly the value of 1 Mark.

And 2 £ 10\(\frac{1}{2}\) is just a few shilling less than my weekly salary.

Up to now I had to pay lodging and all food from this. Now I shall get breakfast, dinner, tea during the week free.

Is that about the same with you? I wonder? My rent is now 1 £, including supper.

I can very well manage on
My dearest Sue,

Just a very short note!

I have got a job! As staff nurse in a Day-Nursery. I started yesterday and — up to now — it is very nice. I shall have to tell you more about another time; it is too early to do that and I am of course very much in the settling-down process yet.

The one sad thing about it is that I have to give up my nice room! It would mean one hour’s bus drive twice a day if I would keep it and that is not workable, especially as
we start at 7 a.m. on alternate weeks. working hours are 7 a.m. - 4 p.m.
or 8 a.m. to 5.30 p.m. - it is not too far though to go and see my friends or to go to London on weekends or half days.
The furniture is going to the flat of a friend of the B.I.O. She lets rooms for weekends etc. and I might even spend my weekends occasionally in my own bed etc.
It is a very good solution really and I see all the good points about it. It is a little bit sad all the same of course. It was so nice and homely. I spent my afternoon today at Labour exchange, police station hunting for a billet etc. - so my eyes need matches badly and my legs a bed to stretch. Good night my dearest friend!
U.S.A.

Miss S. Hirt
911, Clymer Place
Madison
Wisconsin

Magdalen Hirsch
24 Station Road
Hayes, Middx.
My dearest, I had your letter of Dec. 2nd this very minute, coming home from work. Susie, I have been writing quite a lot of letters to you lately — one sent off only this morning — and they might make you think: "How can she write such cheerful letters, hasn’t she any feelings at all?" Yes, Susie, I have. Right underneath I pray and hope just as desperately as you do — as
we all do - and I will not
live in and stop hoping
and praying for a miracle
and have to tell myself
at moments just as you do
that it is foolish - but these
moments are rare. Because
miracles do happen! And
we might see Trutti again.
I promise you, my dearest
little sister, that we two
shall see each other at the
earliest possible moment!
Where? - let Destiny decide that.
Don't you think you are
fighting the Nazis even if
you cannot do it with a gun,
being a woman? Don't you think that thoughts and prayers for all those that suffer under these are very mighty weapons? They might prove mightier in the end than all tanks and bombs — if we believe in them and practice them.

I am so very, very glad that you have your work and that it satisfies you so deeply. I am very much looking forward to going back to children. I believe it will happen within the next
North Atlantic Air Mail Service

900 S. Nint
911, Clymer Place

Madison,
Wisconsin,

From:
Margaret Hitch
1, Waverley Avenue
Wimbledon, W.14.

U.S.A.
Waverley Avenue
Wembley, Middlesex
29/11/42

Mein liebstes Susel,
es ist erster Advent-
Sonntag - eben habe ich auf
meinem Kaminkreis ein
wirkig kleines Kerzenauge
baut, auf der einen Seite
steht Briefles hier letzter-
weihnachtsgruß, auf der ande-
ren eine Gruppe wunderschöner
beschneiter Bäume: – die Kette,
die Du mir 1934 aus Wien
nach Caputh geschickt hast.
Und damals hast Du geschie-
ben: „Mein liebes Grell, trotz
allen hört es ja nicht auf,
zu weihnachten, und so wünsche ich Dir alles, alles gute Schöne, was man sich nur wünschen kann. "Liebes, schöneres passende Worte kann auch ich heute nicht finden, für das, was wir uns gegenseitig zu diesen Weihnachten zu sagen haben.
Das Weihnachtslicht, das ein kleines Feuerlein (auf Bri's Karte) durch den Winterwald trägt, müssen wir allerdings in diesem Jahr sehr sehr, unheimlich suchen, es brennt tief, tief versteckt hinter all dem Furchtbaren, das wir Menschen uns gegenseitig zufügen.
Aber es brennt! Und wir dürfen einen winzigen Schein sehen, weil wir uns so lieb haben; und, das glaube ich,  
unerschütterlich fest, mit unserer Liebe zu einander und zu ihr helfen wir auch Mutti, weil sie des ja  
spielen muss!

Süßlein, gib mir einen  
langen, schönen Wachmachts- 
kuss, und du kriegst jeden  
so einen von mir.  
Alles, Alles Liebe  
und Thumbs up Lead up!  
I do the same. Deine Gretel.
U.S.

Miss S. Nett

911, Clymer Place

Madison, Wisconsin

Written in German.
Margaret Hirsch
1, Waverley Avenue
Wembly, Middt.