

Vienna 18.,  
Ferrogasse 7,  
Austria.  
September 28th 1945.

Dearest Anny,

You must look upon these lines as an annex to my last letter. The chance of getting another letter dispatched has occurred rather unexpectedly and with my time filled to the brim, I am unable to write at full length. However, the main-point to-day is Mama's little note, which I enclose, hoping with all my heart that it will reach you. Mama naturally could only write in German which fact may cause a delay when passing the examiners. But I imagine the joy it will be to you seeing her own hand again - though you will find it the pains-taking scribble of a trembling hand. Just remember 82 years of age!

The other day I spoke to you of the misery of our existence, I forgot to mention the calamity of the total shortcoming of the supply of wood and coal. You can hardly imagine how heavily this difficulty weighs on the house-hold. To prepare one warm meal a day is a problem, supper already has to be managed on "paper-fire", which is our invention, (I am collecting all rubbish of the waste-paper basket in my office), besides any dispensable piece of furniture is sacrificed for the benefit of the "community-table". Frieda and I have to come away in the mornings on a dry piece of bread only - without a warm drink, that was not so bad in summer but will be a trial for the winter. We have become beggars indeed - a very humiliating fact, but we trust and hope for the help our liberators will bring us.

As perhaps you know Frieda Sack is living with us since October 1944. When Mama saw herself before the alternative to let two rooms which we were bound to give up to take in strangers, she at last consented for Frieda to come. So finally the long





discussed plan was carried out and even Mama is convinced now, that this was the best arrangement. Mama is not inconvenienced in the least Frieda being away from the house from 7 a.m. until 7 o'clock at night. Frieda has taken up her beloved work in school again and is teaching in the Staatl. Lehrerinnenbildungsanstalt, Hegelgasse. The friendship with Frieda brings happiness into my rather lonely life. You may not have heard that Gerty and her husband were killed in an air-attack. From Emy I have not heard for ever so long.

Carl-Steffy are same as always, I do not frequent their house, but I speak to Carl whenever I meet him. Erich-Mizzi are simpler and far easier to deal with but we neither see much of each other. Wetty is as much a help as she is a burden, ever grumbling but at the same time most trustworthy.

I dare not ask, when will you be coming over, things do not look as if that could be done soon. Yet it is our most longed for wish!

Anny dear, do please let my old English friends know that I have not forgotten them and give them all my dearest love.

We all send our fondest love to all of you

Ever Your old sister

