

Berlin January 26, 1947

My dear Uncle Gustav!

Again I will write a letter to you. It is because of a sad occurrence and I do it only for the reason so you will not write any more letters to your sister-in-law Emma because on January 17 she was found dead in her apartment, murdered. It is horrifying but I must write to you and tell you how it is. At first I wanted to wait until she had been buried but the body has not been released which under the circumstances can take a long time, I can write you again about it at a later time. You know that she had a Cigar shop; tobacco goods, money and jewelry had been taken/stolen; these types of invasions/robberies and murders happen here on a daily basis. She was all alone in her shop and could have taken someone in; her son Herbert still has not made any contact; by the way three days ago a letter from you arrived; as expected the Police confiscated it, no doubt they will return it to you, and when the package you sent, which she very much anticipated, arrives that will not be returned; it will be distributed by the local authority, there is nothing one can do and it shows how quickly a human life can be ended with such a forceful act. She was 56 years old and managed to survive through the air raids/bombs and overcame everything and now someone comes along and beats her to death. If they ever find the perpetrator then I will write to you about it again.

I also received very sad information these days that one son of my sister Berta's died in a Field Hospital in Kopenhagen^a on April 10, 1945. She has now lost two young, in the prime of their lives humans-children at the ages of 22 and 25 in the war; regarding all the others she has no knowledge of their whereabouts. I now have the sad responsibility to pass on to her the sad news. May God give her the strength to endure and to not become calloused. Her destiny/life has been full of sorrow I lack the words to express it.

We keep going; at the moment we are not only suffering because of hunger but also are enduring the cold but this too will pass and Spring will come again. Now my dear Uncle will I hope that this letter finds you in the best of health; affectionate greetings to you and your children and Aunt Helene your nice Anna and Adolf

^a Copenhagen-Capitol of Denmark; 1940 occupied by Germany during WW II