

Berlin April 14, 1947

My Dear Uncle Gustav!

Just now we received your dear letter dated April 5, for which we thank you very much a few days ago your other letter dated March 19 arrived and now I can thank you for both at the same time. I have never anything joyful to report, yes, I am ashamed that we are in such a poor state and that we have to beg from you, but you can not imagine our situation and I can not really put it into writing. I believe I wrote to you that our son Werner came home to us and we were very happy about it since he was not with us for a long time. However, our joy did not last long and became clouded; he had problems to register. He could not obtain ration cards for groceries for over 4 weeks to live on, in order to feed/sustain us; we had to sell whatever we still had to sell. In March we spent 500 M on additional bread, not for much, only 10 loaves, 100 pound of potatoes cost us 400 M. Everything is so expensive since we have to buy it on the black market; the only ones that can live in Germany are the racketeers who sell their goods on the black market; now we have sold the last and bought food which is gone. All we have left are our wedding bands, but we really do not want to part with them; I thought about selling mine to buy a pair of shoes for Werner since he has none, but 100 M for one pair of shoes made me change my mind, now he can not go outside. The shoe repairman does not even take his old ones in to be sewn up because there is no way for him to sew them anymore.

I have cried bitter tears that our returning soldiers must walk around like that; it is not possible for him to take on a job dressed in rags nobody will hire him, so much for the joyful reunion. My husband is also ill; one or two days ago he fainted and became/was unconscious, the doctor said he is weak and malnourished, there is nothing the doctor can not prescribe to restore his strength; since we have no means to buy butter, eggs or bacon we might have to give up and go away; now we have had a little hope again but have lost it in the anticipation, we lost too much.

Two years ago we were all still together, on April 7 was my mother's birthday, it was so pleasant, sister Berta read in the bible that a long life is a gift from God and now all is gone only the memory and that is painful.

I actually need to thank Emma Augustin for initiating the correspondence with you, now I have something to look forward too, almost as it was with my parents, it is unfortunate that Emma had to end like that, again, we have no additional news to report, should we find out any new information we will write to you.

Now dear Uncle I will close, hope that these lines reach you in good health; with this we also want to thank your dear daughter Ella for the effort she put in for us and greet her sincerely; for you dear Uncle as always with many heartfelt greetings your nice Anna and Adolf as well as Werner.

Affectionate greetings to Aunt Helene and all your loved ones.