

November 3, 1940

My dearest child,

I must write even though the clipper is not going. Someday, I hope, these lines will reach you.

I was so overjoyed with the telegram that I broke out in tears before I opened it. I was so lonely and worried. When I read it and learned that you and Franz are together again I was so relieved, because it is completely different to know that you are secure. If only one knew more about each other. Can you imagine how this time without news depresses one? Today I had another letter from Bubi dated the 25th, who wrote enthusiastically about your cable telling him about the help for his studies. I am so happy and thankful and have only one wish, that he can go over to you. He should get a scholarship for his magnificent tests and special aptitude for mathematics. This optical factory where he is employed to go now, probably has a good future, but he could achieve more if he had someone to arrange it. Bubi is too shy to push his great intelligence forward. These things are reached only when one understands how to make their own light stand out.

I am still receiving birthday presents and good wishes. It is very difficult now to give something and one needs so little since one doesn't go out. In the office there is a tremendous amount of work. The nicest thing is that I still have a little bit of coffee, which was sent to Mrs. Halberstamm for this purpose. I would like some more coffee if you can send it, as we miss it more than anything else. Even more I am overjoyed about the promised picture. Please try to send it through Siberia, maybe then I will get the letter. In any case, you must try always to send us news, otherwise life is not worth living. At least now the terrible cold has abated, we both could not stand another winter like this one, I hope it will not be necessary. Just think, the chances for getting passage are very limited. There are hardly any passports through the committee as there is no money. So, Mrs. Wrzesinski and many others are still here who had their

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visas for Bolivia a long time ago, and their children are waiting there for them. I always try to comfort them by saying that they are better off than I, as it doesn't seem likely that I will ever see you again. If it was not for my work I would not be able to stand life. I only have one wish now, news from you, that you are well and that everything is alright. I hope I will receive something from you very soon bringing only good news. Please write about everything.

Thousand kisses,

*Mother*