

## Letters Supplied by Robert Beecher

Mr. Beecher's uncle, a Viennese gynecologist, was arrested for no other reason than the fact that a Nazi doctor desired to take over his practice.

Letter 1:

Specialist for Women's Diseases  
Dr. Bruno Kriss  
Vienna-1-Rathausstrasse 3

New York 5/18/1939

Dear Pauli and Georg,

We are known to be decent people and that is why we write with every boat. On Saturday another ship is leaving from the eastern coast, and we are writing again.

Today is our first wedding anniversary, mother got her first papers and had the news that I passed the written English exam and will now be admitted to the oral one, which is good because the oral one seems to be easier. The written one was not easy. Therefore, for one day, all pleasantries.

It is very hot here and wonderful that we are all together all the more so since we receive horrible letters from Vienna. \_\_\_\_\_ the poor guy who was discharged from the K-Z with me, was arrested again shortly before his departure, is still "sitting" and his wife was denied any intervention. One has the feeling one doesn't deserve the luck.

I am studying furiously for the medical exam, which requires enormous material but does not give a rule for medical knowledge. It is a stupid learning by heart and cramming. Saphir in Chicago unfortunately doesn't behave as he should, writes cold letters and advises we stay here. He wants to get rid of us. For me, who thinks human beings are pigs, and am surprised if one is not, this is not a surprise. I will advance also without him. One has to look at one's colleagues as enemies who will only trip you, but will not help you so at least one doesn't have any obligations!

Please, dear Georg, read the statement to Tini, so that I can get some money from her. I do need it. I hear nothing from Cuba. If I were you, I would write a letter to the English consulate there and request a follow-up. We will write about that soonest. At the same time, a letter will go to Italy to his campagnon and an inconsiderate one to Friedmann in Vienna. One should not be stupid and take care of others. Always, first and second and third, think of yourself. The others also do it. I have no reason to leave anything untried.

A day here is simple. In the morning Edith, who has a job already, goes to her office and I clean the apartment which means I clean the carpets and the floors, dust, and make the beds and clean every second day the bathroom and kitchen. Mother washed the dishes from breakfast. Then I go shopping, which is easy here since most food is in cans and one doesn't ask for great quality, because everything is first class. Only wish the purchase of meat I disgraced myself. In due time I will shop cheaply. About 10:30am I am finished. Then I study till noon or go downtown to buy something. At 1:00 is lunch. I usually make lunch quite simple, eggs or a sandwich with sausage or cheese and fruit. In

the afternoon I am at Dr. Ruben's twice weekly at Mt. Sinai hospital, a friend of Halben four times weekly for a medical course. Sometimes I visit in the morning a doctor in his office just to "kibbutz." In the evening at 7pm, Edith comes home and cooks a complete dinner and then we chat or go for a walk or we are invited. Sundays we frequent at Tini's, who has rented a house near Brooklyn about 12 miles from us and we spent there the afternoon or the whole day. Tini and her husband are wonderful people, I just don't understand how they could preserve their respectable attitude here. I also point to his lack of success in business. He is like Papa, very serious but not quick enough and with a lack of competition, I think. Last Sunday we were with Dr. Weiss and wife on the Hudson—very pretty, but not to be compared with Donau or Wienerwald. (He is the colleague who was released in June and "admitted" everything to the Gestapo. In reality he completely broke down which I understand and don't hold against him. In the evening we were home—we have a pleasant house and like to stay at home. Luckily Edith is like me.

Today I will describe to you a day in the camp. First of all, some explanation. Our transport from Vienna did not happen because we were declared as in protective custody, but because of the crisis in Czechoslovakia, we did not enter the concentration camp directly, but were put into a partitioned part of the police prison camp. Here we were housed in emergency barracks, where one was lying in 4 cots, one above the other with  $\frac{3}{4}$  meter space between each. The cots were, for reasons of ventilation, open and had no roof. The outside temperature sank to 22 degrees below zero and besides there were constant storms in Buchenwald. Though while you were in protective custody, you didn't have to work. The others were very jealous. I am describing a real part of the protective custody camp: It is 4:00 in the morning here and there in the barracks things began to move already to the streets of the camp sharp whistles. The oldest "campers" run from one barracks to the other and call "Get up!!!" One gets up. In the rooms where one sleeps, where 3 beds are one above the other there is a wild crush. People who have been injured at work, (And there are many of those, are always helpless and can hardly move) nobody helps them because everyone is nervous to arrive on time to the roll call. It is hardly worth it to go to the washroom. First of all, mostly there is no water (because Buchenwald has hardly any drinking water—it was typhus contaminated) and if there was water it was so little and mostly frozen. On top of that, 380 people crowded into the small washroom of 10 meters with 15 faucets so that one rather did not waste one's time. In the day room, one dispensed coffee meanwhile, a sad liquid of dried acorn, but warm. In the bread satchel, in which everyone carried their entire belongings (otherwise it will be stolen within five minutes) one carries one's daily portions of bread (about 70 kg) and cheese (about 5 kg) for midday meal—is already packed. Outside is roll call. Lighting on puts on one's coat made of stinging nettle (Breunessel) material which is still soaked from yesterday's rain and is very heavy, puts on the derby, also wet shoe. The injured are being taken as well as possible over 3 steps into the camp street. It is pitch dark. The piazza for the roll call is between the barracks and the command building—a huge piazza slightly dropping from the came is the bright daylight lit by 8 searchlights. The spotlights are standing on a gallery of the commands building, where 3 posts are covered with men in steel helmets and with a draped pistol and a machine gunner ready to be shot. The lights on a wire which surrounds the camp, is disrupted every 30 steps by a 10 meter high tower with a post, spotlights, and machine gunners, are still burning from the night, which means this is live wire. The most popular method of suicide in the camp: One

runs into the live wire. Either the soldier or the man in the post sees you and shoots you or you reach the wire and are killed by the electricity and burn like a piece of paper. One then finds a corpse completely burnt, hardly resembling a human. I have witnessed once 3 such suicides in one day [14 November 1938]. In the meanwhile, the prisoners have assembled (according to their barracks, called blocks). It is freezing cold, one is tired, hungry, and unwashed. Everyone stinks, of course. The loudspeakers of the tower scream, demanding quiet or pushing for faster movement. Finally everyone stands in proper rows from every block. An SS man of about 22 years, to whom the block is delivered for death and life. He himself is tired and in a bad mood and he beats here and there people without reason with a riding whip. Now the commands sound from a loudspeaker: Take off your caps—everyone removes his cap, because if it doesn't work it is to be repeated. I once attended for 2 ½ hours at 12 degrees below zero in deep snow "caps off." Then comes: "Eyes to the right" and then one lets us stand without caps for 10 minutes. Slowly the ears, nose, and fingertips are freezing. Then comes: "Put on caps," and the work commando steps forward. This means that everyone has to run to his foreman and report. Unfortunately it isn't always like this. Frequently comes that that moment the execution. A thrashing started with a riding whip for many prisoners who have misbehaved (my god, what kind of sins, for example, one did not greet an SS man properly the second one ate a piece of fat or bacon, despite there being a \_\_\_\_\_, the third was rubbing his hands during work, etc.) The prisoner got on the \_\_\_\_\_ 25 beatings on the \_\_\_\_\_, a dangerous fact because the parts were horribly dirty and the occurring wounds were immediately infected. People got deep abscesses sepsis, lying for many months in the hospital and after, died of sepsis. One SS man, a known whipping guy, beat the people always on the same spot so that deep necrosis and apathy occurred. He knows it and that is why he does it. The beaten prisoners are to report to work immediately even if they were bleeding. After work they were sent with high temperatures to the hospital. Even though these people were envied because there is an even worse punishment: the tree. The arms of the delinquents were tied on their back and with the bound arms he was suspended on a tree where he hangs one hour or longer from a tree. When he is taken down, both arms are without feeling and very swollen. Immediate massages help after but unfortunately it often results in permanent paralysis and in some cases, it was necessary to amputate. I know someone who, in order not to tell the name of another prisoner, hung for 3 hours—we said nothing. He still had a paralysis when I left but it seemed to get better. It was worse still to get into the bunker, which means: camp arrest. There are 2 ways: the normal bunker is horrendous and one hears nightly the screaming of the beaten men, and that of the men who were left to starve. The door and the windows of the cell were closed for 8 days and after 8 days the corpse went to the crematorium. It concerns in such cases people who came to the camp with the recommendation not to leave the camp or people who knew of some thing and could possibly talk about it. The so-called night arrest was better. There people were imprisoned who, during the day, had to work like the others, and had to stay at night in the unheated barracks on a hard floor with covers with only half of the usual ration. Windows were not opening in summer of winter, also any light was forbidden. Those are the usual camp punishments. There are many more: The "punishment company", those are people who were permanently punished, preferably those who committed 'Rassenshände'[note: Rassenshände are those who had intimate relations with

Christian women] and homosexuals but also those “persons” who were sentenced to it. The “Punishment Company” consists of 400 men who have to work very hard in the stone quarry, got half rations, had to fast each Sunday and stand 5 hours in the afternoon on the parade grounds (Sunday morning is a normal workday). They receive no mail, are not allowed to buy anything in the canteen, cannot smoke, and have to work until deep into the night. The mortality is very high—release is unlikely. No one remains in there less than six weeks (frequently more than ½ a year). That people can survive this ordeal is a miracle to me. I digress from the topic. After the beatings, the working groups march to the gate, where the camp music begins, played by all prisoners. Mostly march music, either old Austrian military music or the Buchenwald song, composed by a Jewish inmate (Leopoldi), lyrics by another Jewish inmate (Beda-Loehner). It is very catchy Viennese music. I know it by heart and can send it to you. The groups are headed by a foreman and someone makes sure that everything is in order. The groups are divided into various task forces, ie. street construction, building of barracks, plumbing, etc, in all, some 3000 people. Everyone has to pass by the camp commander who counts them and makes sure that everyone marches hard. On this occasion, the ones to be punished in the afternoon are already selected. The outside work is very difficult, much more so than people who stay in the camp. The guards constantly fear escapes and therefore any sudden movement can cause the guard to shoot and bring death. Besides that, outside the camp the guards are not supervised and often shoot or beat prisoners to death. I have often closed these people’s eyes when they were brought back to camp in this final condition. A simple method is to chase these people in a prohibited area and then shoot them like rabbits. That is the way the 23-year-old man of the great “Lumpen-Bunzel” died in Dachau. Another method is to chase individuals who carry heavy loads to the point where they have a heart attack and collapse. Very young SS men who were bored were particularly dangerous. There were, of course, group leaders who wanted to endear themselves to the SS. These people beat the prisoners to death. The group leaders were, for the most part, convicted criminals, murderers, and thieves. These people had been sent to the camp in order to “improve” and now wanted to “play with the big ones.” All these people accepted bribes and if one could give them something on a weekly basis, one had peace from them. However, the poor prisoners were the victims. They died in silence. The work on the outside was hard. At noon was lunch. One was permitted to eat the bread and cheese and received a mug of warm oak water. It was strictly prohibited to rest during work and if this was disobeyed, it was the cause of many floggings right on the spot. The head of the commando went with a beating stick from one work commando to the other and beat people right there. The distance from the camp to the place of work was 6 or 7 kilometers. On the way back everyone had to bring back a rock that was to be used for the construction of a road. One was punished if the rock was too small! One of the prisoners, a physician from Vienna (you know him) was hit over the head for that reason, causing him to have a concussion and a deep wound. He had to be hospitalized for fourteen days. At 4:00 or 4:30, it was afternoon roll call and the number of prisoners had to be accurate. If someone was missing, for example, if he had collapsed during work or had fallen into the latrine and drowned, or indeed had fled, everyone had to stand until the individual was found. At the end of 1938, during an unusually cold spell, the entire camp had to stand for most of the night since 2 prisoners had escaped. During that night, 7 people died and were taken dead or dying to the hospital. One may not forget that the

body as well as mental resistance due to the poor nutrition was zero and that the clothing was insufficient. One must not forget that the people had to stand completely still, even those who had injuries. If all went well and no one was flogged after half an hour, the roll call was over. Everyone ran to the barracks and received their main meal, consisting on one liter of some soup made from pod legumes and 1 or 2 grams of meat or lard. If one had bad luck, one got nothing. The soup was completely consumed and extended with breadcrumbs. If there was no restriction on using the canteen, which for Jews was 3 weeks out of every month, then one could buy for a high price some inferior food items. Food containing vitamins was nonexistent. Everyone suffered from lack of vitamins which resulted in gum infections, skin disease, etc. If one was permitted to smoke, everyone did, including this writer himself, who hopes to lose this habit now, due to constant hunger. The time between the roll call and 8:00 was free, and one could do what one wanted. However, everyone tried to sleep since one was always tired. Non-Jews and Jews were permitted to visit each other; otherwise, they were completely separated. One tried to do some business, make connections, and, by way of presents to the foreman, make personal contact. If one was skillful and had money, one could buy oneself better conditions. This was always dangerous and the threat of being flogged was always a reality. In general, the skilled one had a cushy job after 3 or 4 weeks for which they had to pay weekly rent and interest. If one missed one day, on the next day, the person was thrown out. Anyone who left the barracks after that hour was shot from the tower without warning. The writer often extracted bullets from the bodies of people who tried to make such nightly excursions. The floodlight slowly passed every minute over the entire camp, and whoever slept near a window had difficulty falling asleep. The traffic to the toilet during the night was tremendous. Firstly, the toilet served as the smoking area and the "stock exchange," and secondly was the reaction to the beans and the rough bread. In general, one slept well because one was always very tired. News from home was disturbing and had adverse results. Everyone thought of going home and had hope, even when they knew that their chances were very dim. People hoped for pardons, especially on such dates as Hitler's birthday, Christmas, or other Nazi holidays. That, of course, never happened. Political discussion took place only among good friends since that was extremely dangerous. Nevertheless, individuals were caught and beaten. After all that, I am sure that you will understand that there is very little that can upset me. I always think of Buchenwald and in comparison to that, every worry seems minimal and laughable. One should not make one's life unnecessarily difficult.

The political situation is catastrophic. Hitler teased Roosevelt in his last speech and the people here say: He was not as violent as before. They simply do not want to see the bandit although they know what kind of bandit he is. Here one is informed about the camps. In spite of that, the people cannot understand that one was innocent in a camp. Always the question: why? Yesterday the World's Fair opened without participation of Germany. One hardly noticed it—one ignores it slowly, the commerce with Germany is completely ruined because of the 25% tax and boats arrive empty. The representatives of German firms are almost all closed. We are very well—toi toi toi—and we move today to our new apartment in New York City. Please write to us there.

Many greetings to you, Siehs and Hahns

Your old,

Bruno

Please send us a photo of all four of you and write with each boat. Especially the “brats” should write or else the delivery of stamps will be suspended—we have new stamps now. I am terribly tired from the move and we are by far not finished. Next time more.

Edith.

Dear Pauli,

Yesterday I made the written exam in English—it was in no way easy but I have the impression I did well—there is only one thing wrong: I am here only for three weeks. Normally people take this exam for instance Brings (in September) after three months. The officials don't like it if one takes the exams after a short time and one has assured me that regardless of the real result I will flunk because of the above mentioned reasons. I really don't care, since I cannot do that medical state boards before September (cause one needs the first papers of citizenship which one gets after six months sometimes with pushing after four months) and the worst scenario will repeat the English exam in September. In one word: Bittere Daiges (troubles), which I hope you will understand as irony. At the exam I met Jenny who came especially from Washington for this purpose. Unfortunately we couldn't talk very much and after the exam I didn't find her in the large room. We made the exam in the New York State opera; there were no less than 600 students of all professional categories. The whole parquette and ground floor were full. A very sad sight are the many old gentlemen of 60 or more who have difficulties to learn. I met one man who has taken the English exam for the fourth time. That is understandable because the exam here has nothing to do with the everyday language. One examines grammer (not medical terms) and one has to read scientific works(mostly pedagogical) on which one has to answer the subject matter. Besides that one has to explain English words and name synonyms, all these that one really has to learn. It therefore happens that a good scholar passes easily and that a man who has been here tow years on business and speaks perfect English flunks it. As much as I like it here, the system of exams I do not like. Can you image that the medical exam (also of the students here) is only written. You never see a patient and can (in theory) become a doctor without ever having examined a patient or operated on him. There is (understandably) a great fear of the public of young doctors. Doctors are presented here with a long, white beard or well-shaven or grayish. But as I said I had such troubles all my life. I have to laugh when I see people, especially because colleagues walk around here with troubled faced. All look pale and cram like wild people. I am gaining weight and Edith has looked suspiciously at the beginning of my increasingly fat look. Since I left the camp I have gained 7 kilo which is little and can only be explained that I lost relatively little (10 kilo). A colleague has lost 17 kg.

I want to tell you in each letter something of the camps. Please hand it around without source. The same is true for Georg and the boys. I can bring witnesses for tall the things I tell you (as long as they were not secret).

Dr. Kriss writes again to his family, wanted to tell them about the event that took place in Paris, viz. the assassination of a German diplomat at the German embassy, by Gruenspan. He assumes that his family is not fully aware of the full extent of that event. However, the consequences in Germany were horrendous. All Synagogues in almost all of Germany were burned down and approximately 60,000 Jews were imprisoned and sent to concentration camps, where hundreds perished. All Jewish stores were closed down or destroyed. In Vienna alone, 16,000 Jews were taken prisoner and some beaten to death. During the uprising in Vienna and the destruction of the Synagogues, 100 Jews were killed. Those in the concentration camps found out of the event from those who worked outside the camp, who found out about it from the citizens, who cursed them. During roll call, the commander of the camp gave a blood-chilling speech in which he continuously spoke about shootings and hangings that would result. Shootings and hangings were the result after the Gustloff murder, and therefore we were aware of what we may expect during the night. In the evening we all said goodbye to each other, exchanged addresses of our families with each other and went to sleep fully dressed. No one slept that night, but nothing happened to us. The reason for that was that the anger was directed towards those Jews who were still free. This event, as described above, was named the "November Jewish event." Dr. Kriss was taken prisoner during the "May Jewish event." Within three days thereafter, 10,000 Jews arrived at the concentration camp (KZ). Buses arrived and between 2 rows of SS soldiers, the prisoners were beaten and chased through the gate into the camp. Among the arrivals were individuals in their 70s and older who could not run but crawled slowly through the gauntlet. All those who arrived at already been at the Gestapo in their city of origin, and arrived beaten up, with broken bones, deep wounds, broken noses, broken ribs, and some were about to die. Those were dragged by their feet onto the parade ground and left in the cold November temperature. Dr. Kriss and one other man crawled under the cover of darkness to give these people some water and medication. He was caught by the guards. He is not sure whether he has already written to his family about this, but if not, he will tell them at a later date. Many of these people could not be helped, and they died. Another means of killing was to chase people around. Old people were chased by SS tramps from place to place until they collapsed and died of a heart attack. The 10,000 new arrivals were distributed into 5 old barracks which were in dire need of repair and had room for only a maximum of 500 people per barrack. It is difficult to imagine how these people were housed and as a result, severe intestinal infections resulted. They were not permitted to leave the barracks at night or else a guard would shoot at them. I have personally removed several bullets from the bodies of some people who were shot. It is unimaginable how the barracks looked after three days. He pleaded and even hit the people not to relieve themselves all over the barrack, but it did not help. He feared an epidemic and had no choice but to spread chlorinated lime all over the floor and hope for the best. Eventually, an epidemic did break out. During the first night at camp one Jew jumped into the latrine and suffocated, while three others ran against the electric wire; two burned to death, the third was shot by a guard. Since there were not enough SS guards available, so-called "reliable guards" were brought in. These were individuals who had completed their prison terms and were now being used for guard duty. They were convicted murderers, thieves, pimps, burglars, and counterfeiters. These people had preferred status with the SS because they had not been politically active; they were neither Communists nor Jews. They had found many

former colleagues among the SS. They caused terror and demoralization in the entire camp—no one dared counteract them. Shortly before Dr. Kriss left, one of the ex-convicts got involved in political matters and was caught by the SS. They found among his belongings a box full of gold watches and 5,000 marks. When these “guards” first came to the camp, they broke into barracks, stole from the dying, and then from the others as well. Some of the younger Jews who tried to defend themselves were beaten; one was killed and his body was thrown into the latrine. They heard the noise in the barracks, but because it was during the night, they were not permitted to leave their barracks and were told the next day what had happened. He saw SS soldiers wearing jewelry belonging to Jews, which they had received from the so-called guards as hush money. [note: he refers to these guards throughout as “Berufs Verbrecher”—professional criminal] At home, terrible circumstances reigned. Someone told Dr. Kriss that he had been forced to jump out the window onto another Jew who stood in the street. He did not hit him, but broke one of his own legs. The circumstances at camp were even worse. Some of the prisoners had not received food for 40 hours. And, as they were mistreated in general, 145 Jews from among the 10,000 lost their minds. What happened next took place in back of the five barracks. There was a so-called washing barrack that had a broken roof, could not be heated, and was surrounded by a sea of excrement. The crazy people were taken to this barrack, tied to posts, or simply tied and thrown on the floor. Many refused food. They died slowly either from heart weakness or lack of circulation. Due to the coldness, some developed pneumonia and died. Very few became normal again and were returned to their barrack. Dr. Kriss remembers the nights he was on duty in this barrack—all night long crying, screaming, praying, asking for parents, wife, asking for water and cursing Hitler. With all that darkness, cold weather, the constant calling by the guards—these remain unforgettable impressions. The camp physician, who only came once during the first few days in camp, had to rush out since he was about to get ill and faint. That was an SS military physician, a young, healthy and strong man of 27. Dr. Kriss thought him to be personally a decent person. Thirty crazy people screamed an unusually large amount, which was caused mainly by the fact that SS men came to this insane barrack on their days off and made fun of these people or forced them into saying anti-Hitler slogans and consequently beating them. Finally, the most bestial action took place; these 30 worst cases were taken to the camp prison. All died, not one person was left alive. Some were beaten to death, and Dr. Kriss saw the bodies torn to pieces. Some of the prisoners died from hunger and yet others became ill. Dr. Kriss writes about one handsome young man whom he wanted to save. He spoke to him for hours, trying to calm him down, but it was no use; every time he saw an SS soldier, he cursed Hitler. Dr. Kriss saw him again only as a corpse, and recognized him only by his name. One day all “special Jews” had to “sell” their cards. One of the company heads, an SS man with a salary of 90 marks a month, was suddenly driving an elegant American car that he had “bought” at that occasion. Extortion from the so-called “special Jews” was the order of the day. For example, a sick Jew received from his Gestapo office the information that he was to be released if he were to reveal where his safe was located, since his wife did not know. The Jew would give the information and indeed, was released. It was very difficult to understand the setup in which the Jews had to hand over money, real estate, stocks, jewels, etc. Naturally, no one who was experiencing this situation refused to comply. Everyone rightly feared this same destiny! Many people



died, so many that in one day, in the confusion, they found four unknown deaths. What did they do? In the evening, one of the dead who had died during the day was laid on a board, flagged on each side by a man with a lamp. The floodlight was directed towards the body and all 10,000 people had to go by the body. Eventually he was identified. This was also a way of scaring the other prisoners. The Jews turned their fortunes over without any objections. After about 6 weeks, they began the release of the “special Jews.” At this point, it became obvious which Jews had money or good friends. The SS physician told this to Dr. Kriss. During the months of November and December, 800 human beings died; that is to say, calculated on the basis of that year, 25% of the prisoners had died. How many died after they had been released as a result of their treatment is unknown. In the Jewish communities of Leipzig, Munich, etc., at the time of the writing of these letters, there were still many people in hospitals or had died there. For example, Julius Schreiber, porcelain dealer, son of the Orthodox Schreiber family, died in Leipzig as a result of the pneumonia he contracted in the KZ.

Here you have another chapter—Pass it on without giving a name and without that one notices that it is from me. Better to be sure. Last week the publisher of an anti-Nazi book was captured. Now the Nazis have nothing to laugh about—La Guardia really does all possible.

How is your business doing? Edith will add something to the letter maybe on business. Please write soonest and extensively. Also let me know if I should write you further about K-Z events. Greetings to Ellinko and husband, also to Hahns and all other acquaintances.

Bruno.

How I am you can imagine. If I had a voice I would have sung and danced in the last few days as you did, Tilli. But I have to behave with dignity and act according to my age. I only want to write to you that I am very happy. Since Edith still wants to write I finish for today and send you my fondest greetings.

Yours, Mary (?)

Dear Pauli and Georg—

Did we already thank you for your long and interesting letter. Also about the letters of the children we were very enthusiastic. I have one position and, on top, in a factory for ties, which I got because of advanced age. Salary is very poor but since the work is the same as the one in Vienna—which means it depends on personal taste—I hope to soon get a raise in salary. About the representation of the ties, Pauli for you, I cannot now negotiate with any other firm but at the proper occasion I will talk to my boss. Bruno is very good and very capable. You would not recognize him. Do you still remember the \_\_\_\_\_ toothpicks on your house at the Rathausstrasse. Well, that all changed, basically. He is the most orderly and industrious and attentive person. With Tilli we get along very well. It is a pity that you are not here, but that would be too much of a good thing. Write soon, and also let me know what he reports from the K-Z.

Edith