

**Guide To The  
Papers Of  
Leo  
Glueckselig  
1900s-2003**

**REEL 2**

AR 25193

1/10

Leo Alveekselig Collection

1989-2002

Alveekselig, Leo

Incoming

WIEN

STAATSOPER





**PRIORITY  
PRÉCÉDENT**

An Herrn  
Leo Glueckselig  
110 Heaven Ave. Apt. 13  
New York, N.Y.  
U.S.A.

VERLAG BAYER, BEATRIXGASSE 3, 1030 WIEN, TELEFON 71

WIEN - STAATSOPER BEI NACHT  
VIENNA - THE OPERA HOUSE BY NIGHT  
VIENNE - LE THÉÂTRE DE L'OPERA ILLUMINE  
VIENNA - IL TEATRO DELL'OPERA DI NOTTE

Lieber Leo, 19-5-77  
Wenn Du diese Karte bekommst, bist  
Du schon längst wieder zurück  
von Deinem Trip in die Himmel.  
Ich dachte, dass ich Dir zur Erinnerung  
eine Karte schicke. Gerade habe ich  
in einem Cafe und habe mir einen  
Toppfenstichel von Hagen gekauft. Ich  
habe die Ausstellungseröffnung sehr ge-  
loffen und freue mich sehr für  
Dich. Viele liebe Grüsse  
Deine Mutter

Nr. 115

P.S. Ich musste Dir einfach diese Karte von der Oper  
schicken.

REPUBLIK ÖSTERREICH



MR. LEO G LUECKSELIG  
70 Heaven Ave  
NEW YORK 10032, N.Y.  
USA

**FLUGPOST  
AIR MAIL  
PAR AVION**

NER GRAZ · VERTRIEB STIEPANDRUCKGESMBH  
4.7.87

LIEBER LEO,  
ICH DANKE DIR SEHR FÜR DEINEN  
DIESE KARTEN FÜR DEN "LYNKELUS".  
NACH WIEN WIEDER ETWAS ANZUSCHNELLEN, TROTZ  
DEM MIESEN WALDHEIM IST ÖSTERREICH IMMER  
NOCH SCHÖN - UND BESONDERS AUCH WIEN!  
WENN MAN NICHT AUSSPARSAMKEITSGRENDEN  
EINIGE MUSEEN "ZUGSPITZ" HAT, NA, JA, AUCH  
DEN KOLLOSCHKA HAT MAN SEINERZEIT NICHT AN-  
ERKANNT, JA, ES GESCHENEN MANCHMAL SELT-  
SAME DINGE IN DIESEM LANDE. ABER, WO NICHT?  
EVEN, IN GOD'S OWN COUNTRY" GESCHENEN  
DINGE, DIE NICHT SO GANZ ASTREIN SIND,  
GELINDE GESAGT. ABER, FREUEN WIR UNS  
DES LEBENS - UND TRAGEN WIR LIEBE IN UNSERE  
LIEBE BUNGE, SEHR HERZLICHE GRÜSSE KOMMEN  
AUS BIR VON DEINER TANKO

SEZSSION · WIEN

Best. Nr.

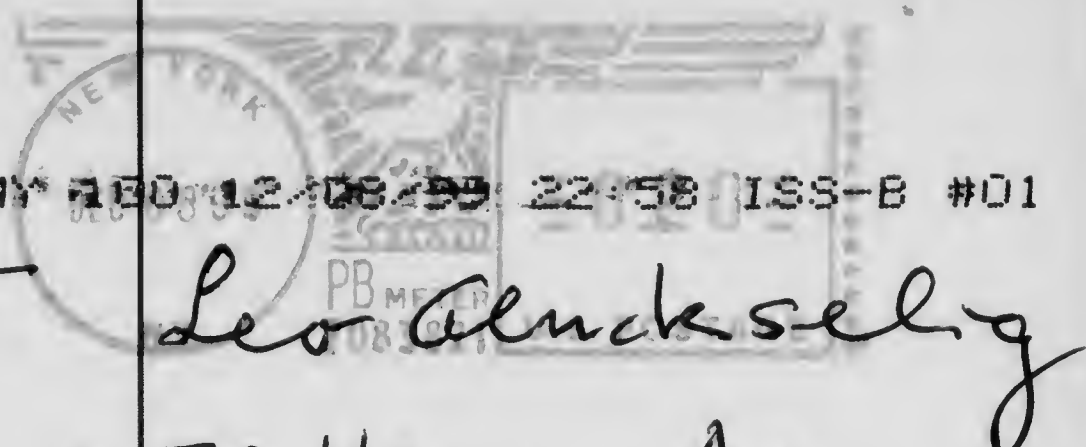
# Sail Safely into the Millenium



Ingrid 99

Gouche color image by Ingrid Greenburger  
30 Park Avenue, New York NY 10016

Dear Leo  
with my best  
wishes  
the old Ingrid



Leo Aluckselg  
70 Haven Ave  
New York NY 10032



Universität Salzburg  
Institut für Geschichte  
Dr. Albert Lichtblau  
Rudolfskai 42  
A-5020 Salzburg

Leo Glueckselig  
70 Haven Ave.  
New York, N.Y. 10032  
USA

Datum: 11. April 1996  
☎ (0662) 8044-4743  
Fax: (0662) 8044-413  
E-Mail: albert.lichtblau@sbg.ac.at

Im Rahmen der von mir und Helga Embacher durchgeführten Exkursion zum Thema „Melting Pot New York - Mythos und Realität?“ veranstalten wir wieder eine Lesung, um Gelegenheit alle unsere Bekannten und Freunde einladen und wenigstens kurz treffen zu können. Wir wählten sehr bewußt ein Thema, daß den Generationen gewidmet ist, die nach dem Nationalsozialismus geboren wurden, die aber mit der „Bürde der Vergangenheit“ leben müssen. Damit dies auch für die New Yorker „2nd/3rd Generation“ verständlich ist, wird die Lesung und Diskussion in englischer Sprache gehalten.

Daniela Ellmayer ist eine unserer Geschichtsstudentinnen, die bereits mehrere Preise als Literatin gewonnen hat, Paul Berczeller ist der Enkel des Arztes Richard Berczeller und Carol Bergman ist die in New York lebende Tochter einer Wiener Emigrantin.

Wir sind schon sehr neugierig auf die einzelnen Beiträge und hoffen vor allem auf einen interessanten Dialog.

Wir hoffen aber auch auf zahlreichen Besuch und auf ein Wiedersehen  
am Dienstag, den 7. Mai, 7p.m., im Literarischen Verein [6 East 87th Str.]!

Albert Lichtblau

*Her & Arvid freuen uns auf Dich!*





Paul Berczeller  
Carol Bergman  
Daniela Ellmauer

## »Memory & Diversity«

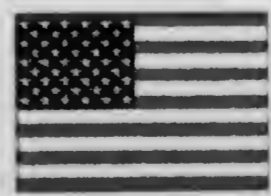
– *The Post-War Generations* –

Austrian Writers & Writers of Austrian Origin  
Reflect Upon the Common and Diverging  
Histories of Their Parents and Grandparents

*Literarischer Verein (Liederkrantz)*

Tuesday, May 7, 1996, 7 p.m.

6 East 87th Street, New York



GZ: 214.003/003-II/7/2002

Abteilung: II/7  
SB: Mag. Olga Okunev  
Tel. 53115/7573, Fax 53109/7573  
e-mail: olga.okunev@bka.gv.at

Herr  
Leo Glückselig

70 Haven Ave. 1B, New York  
10032 New York  
Vereinigte Staaten



Sehr geehrter Herr Glückselig!

Wir möchten uns sehr herzlich für die wunderbare Ausstellung und für die herrlichen Bilder, die Sie uns dafür zur Verfügung gestellt haben, bedanken!

Es war uns eine Freude, uns mit diesem Ausstellungsprojekt zu beschäftigen und Ihre Werke in unserer Nähe zu haben. Frau Dr. Patka bemüht sich um weitere Ausstellungsmöglichkeiten, um Ihr Schaffen in Österreich zugänglich zu machen. Wir werden sie in diesem Bestreben unterstützen.

In der Anlage dürfen wir Ihnen zunächst die Fotos der Ausstellungseröffnung schicken. Der Videofilm kommt mit separater Post.

Wir dürfen Ihnen nochmals herzlich gratulieren und verbleiben

mit freundlichen Grüßen

Wien, 16. September 2002

Für den Bundeskanzler:

SECKY

Universität für  
angewandte Kunst Wien

Sammlung

A-1010 Wien, Postgasse 6/Mezz.

Lieber Leo,

Wien. 6. September 2002

Wir sind alle noch ganz erfüllt von dem großen Ereignis Deiner Ausstellungseröffnung. Jetzt sind die Fotos fertig und ich schicke sie Dir sofort, damit Du das schöne Palais sehen kannst, innen und außen. Mit schönen Aufnahmen von Nina!

Die Presse ist noch nicht komplett erschienen, die Artikel schicke ich dann extra. –

Kataloge haben wir schon viele an Museen und Bibliotheken verschickt.

Frau Zeitlhofer im Kulturforum New York habe ich informiert, damit sie Dich gleich verständigt, wenn Deine 100 Exemplare eingetroffen sind. Das Kulturforum erhält auch 50 Stück mit der Bitte, sie an die richtigen Leute weiterzugeben! Ich hoffe, sie tun es!

Ich bemühe mich nun, die Ausstellung noch an andere Orte weiterzugeben, so in den nächsten Monaten hoffentlich! Denn es waren alle Besucher so begeistert davon!

Ich hoffe, Nina hatte eine schöne Zeit in Florenz und ist gut und glücklich wieder zu Hause! Ich glaube es war ein erfreulicher trip für sie!

Wir alle grüßen Dich sehr, sehr herzlich

*Erika + Peter*

Erika

P.S.: Herr Lichtblau hat uns die CD mit den Witzen geschenkt, - Du bist köstlich und so lebendig! DANKE

Mr.  
Leo Glückselig  
70 Haven Avenue

New York, N.Y. 10032  
U. S. A.

Wien, 11.10.1991

Lieber Herr Glückselig,

vielen herzlichen Dank für Ihren Brief vom 7. Oktober und die Fotos Ihrer drei frühen Wiener Arbeiten. Ich bin Ihnen sehr dankbar, daß Sie so schnell meine Bitte erfüllt haben und wollte Ihnen eigentlich sofort nach meiner Rückkehr schreiben. Aber es hat natürlich so viel Arbeit auf mich gewartet, daß ich ganz damit beschäftigt war, die Rückstände aufzuarbeiten, statt mich brieflich bei meinen amerikanischen Gastgebern zu bedanken.

Ich bin Ihnen auch sehr dankbar für das lange Gespräch, das wir führen konnten. Ich habe sehr viel dabei gelernt und auch für mein Forschungsprojekt - die österreichischen Architekten in Amerika - war es sehr fruchtbar. Man versteht viele Entwicklungen eben erst, wenn man solche wichtigen Gespräche führt.

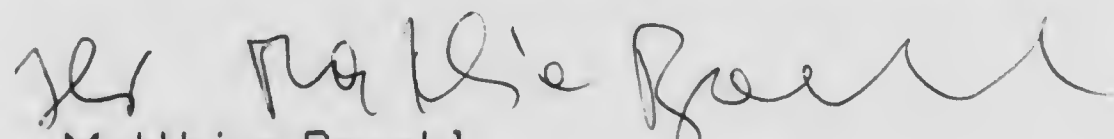
Ich habe aber noch eine Bitte, die Sie hoffentlich nicht allzu sehr belästigt. Sie erwähnten in New York, daß Sie mit einer Verwandten jener Dame Kontakt hätten, für die Sie zwischen 1939 und 1941 das Wohnhaus in New Jersey entworfen haben. Natürlich bin ich nach wie vor sehr an diesem Projekt interessiert, weil es einfach spannend wäre, zu sehen, wie ein Architekt von der Kunstgewerbeschule auf die amerikanischen Verhältnisse mit architektonischen Mitteln reagiert und was vom "Geist" der Kunstgewerbeschule sozusagen noch sichtbar ist. Vielleicht ist es möglich, Fotos der Pläne zu bekommen oder Pausen oder irgendein Dokumentationsmaterial, mit Hilfe dessen man das Projekt einigermaßen rekonstruieren kann.

Ich habe in Amerika auch mit einigen anderen ausgewanderten Österreichern gesprochen und glaube, daß man doch genug Material zusammenbekommen könnte, um eine schöne Ausstellung daraus zu machen. Ich hatte aber leider keine Zeit mehr, nach Seattle zu fliegen, um Herrn Fast zu besuchen. Ich müßte ihm demnächst wieder schreiben und wäre auch hier für Ihre Hilfe sehr dankbar.

Mich interessiert, was er nach seiner Ankunft in den Staaten gemacht hat und wie seine weitere Beschäftigung mit der Architektur verlaufen ist. Immerhin ist er ja einer der wenigen 1938-er Architekten, die an die Westküste gegangen sind (außer ihm fallen mir sonst nur Victor Gruen und Rudolf Baumfeld ein).

Haben Sie nochmals herzlichen Dank für Ihre Hilfsbereitschaft und vor allem auch für die liebe Einladung Ihrer Schwägerin, zu der wir kommen durften. Meine Freundin Elisabeth interessiert sich auch für bestimmte Aspekte der Emigration und möchte Ihrer Schwägerin einmal ein paar Fragen stellen. Ich selbst stelle gerade die Ergebnisse meiner Recherchen in Amerika zusammen und möchte Ihnen bald wieder schreiben, wenn sich das Wissen "gesetzt" hat und ich neue, konkrete Fragen an Sie habe.

Mit herzlichen Grüßen, auch an Ihre Frau

  
Matthias Boeckl

Mr.  
Leo Glückselig  
70 Haven Avenue

New York, N.Y. 10032  
U. S. A.

Wien, 17.6.1991

Lieber Herr Glückselig,

vielen herzlichen Dank für Ihren informativen Brief vom 12.6.91. Ich hoffe, Sie haben sich gut von der Operation erholt und bin Ihnen für die bevorzugte Behandlung beim Briefeantworten sehr dankbar. Es freut mich ganz besonders, daß Sie in intensivem Kontakt zu einigen anderen unserer ehemaligen Schüler stehen, die emigrieren mußten. Auf diese Weise helfen Sie mir sehr viel bei der "Rekonstruktion" der gesamten Künstler-Emigration und ich bin Ihnen ganz besonders für die Adressen dankbar, die Sie mir geschickt haben. Natürlich schreibe ich die Damen und Herren gleich an, um mehr Informationen zu erhalten.

Maria Fenyö habe ich schon seit längerer Zeit gesucht, aber bisher noch keine Adresse von ihr erhalten. Das erste Mal tauchte sie bei einem Gespräch mit Herrn Prof. Pierre Zoelly auf, das ich mit ihm in Zürich führte. Professor Zoelly hat in der Nachkriegszeit bei Hans Adolf Vetter am Carnegie Institute of Technology in Pittsburgh studiert. Vetter hatte dort ja, wie Sie wissen, seit 1948 eine Professur für "Architekturphilosophie" inne. Über viele Umwege habe ich Herrn Zoelly's Adresse herausbekommen und ihn genau über seine Zeit mit Vetter befragt, das Interview habe ich mitgeschnitten und transkribieren lassen (wenn Sie Zeit haben, möchte ich selbstverständlich auch Ihre Erfahrungen auf Band dokumentieren). Herr Zoelly erwähnte dann, als ich ihn fragte, wen auf meiner Liste er kenne, Frau Fenyö. Ich habe ihre Daten dann aus unserem Archiv recherchiert und unter anderem auch Frau Lisa Frank und Herrn Robert Haas (beide in N.Y.) gefragt, ob sie Frau Fenyö kennen würden. Leider ergebnislos. Daher bin ich jetzt sehr froh, die Adresse von Ihnen zu erhalten, ohne daß ich Sie direkt gefragt hätte.



Herrn Alfred Fast kenne ich noch nicht. Ich bin sehr gespannt, was er seit seiner Emigration gemacht hat. Auch von Frau Grete Weiß hatte ich bisher noch nichts gehört.

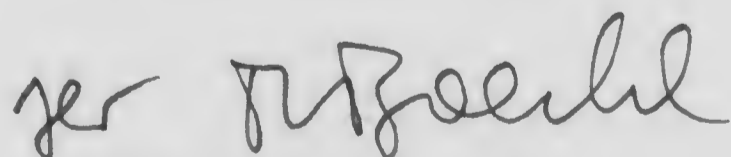
Sie erwähnen in Ihrem Brief auch, daß Sie Felix Augenfeld flüchtig kannten. Mittlerweile habe ich von Frau Lisa Frank die Adresse von Frau Augenfeld (der Witwe von Felix) erhalten und ihr natürlich gleich geschrieben. Leider hat sie bisher noch nicht geantwortet. Über Augenfeld hoffe ich auch noch aus anderen Quellen zu erfahren. Er hat angeblich noch während des Krieges einige Inneneinrichtungen in N.Y. realisieren können. Stimmt das?

Mich interessiert auch besonders Walter Sobotka, über den ich bisher überhaupt nichts herausbekommen konnte. Angeblich war er - wie Vetter - in Pittsburgh, aber das scheint mir eine falsche Information zu sein. Auch Laszlo Gabor, der Maler und ehemalige Werkbund-Sekretär, soll in Pittsburgh gewesen sein. Ich wäre Ihnen also sehr dankbar, wenn Sie mir noch einige genauere Angaben bezüglich dieser Herren - soweit möglich - machen könnten, damit ich mich wieder weiter vortasten kann.

Zwei Hinweise noch: Frau Dr. Clementine Zernik, 225-10, 106 Avenue, Queens Village, New York 11429, hat viel Material über Emigranten gesammelt und steht auch mit dem österreichischen Generalkonsulat in Verbindung. Ich habe vor einem Jahr mit ihr telefoniert und auch Korrespondenz geführt, aber seit einigen Monaten höre ich trotz zweier Briefe an sie nichts von ihr. Kennen Sie Frau Dr. Zernik? Ein weiterer Emigranten-Forscher ist Professor Spalek von der State University in Albany, New York. Er weiß allerdings hauptsächlich über die deutschen Emigranten bescheid, scheint mir.

Ich danke Ihnen nochmals ganz herzlich für Ihre Auskunfts- und Hilfsbereitschaft und freue mich schon auf September, wenn ich Sie in New York besuchen darf. Vielleicht darf ich vorher noch die eine oder andere Anfrage an Sie richten. Als "Zwischenstand" sende ich Ihnen in der Beilage eine Liste jener Künstler, die mich besonders interessieren. Die Namen, die Sie mir angaben, sind bereits darin enthalten.

Mit herzlichen Grüßen

  
Dr. Matthias Boeckl

1900-1918

Paul Theodor Frankl (1886-1958)  
Rudolf M. Schindler (1887-1953)  
Joseph Urban (1872-1933)

1918-1937

Herbert Bayer (1900-1985)  
Josef Binder (1898-1972)  
Wolfgang (1900-1963?) und Pola Hoffmann  
Friedrich Kiesler (1890-1965)  
Fritz Malcher (1888-1933)  
Richard Neutra (1892-1970)

1938-1945

Felix Augenfeld (1893-1984)  
Rudolf Baumfeld (1903- )  
Joseph F. Dex (1899-1945)  
Alfred Hans Fast  
Maria Fenyö (Maria McVitty) (1916- )  
Josef Frank (1885-1967)  
Laszlo Gabor  
Leo Glückselig (1914 - )  
Victor Gruen (1903-1980)  
Arthur Grünberger  
Gerhard E. Karplus  
Leopold Kleiner (1897- )  
Ernst H. Lichtblau (1883-1963)  
Gertrud (1908-1971) und Otto Natzler (1908- )  
Emanuel Neubrunn (1888-1973)  
Walter Sobotka (1888-1974)  
Hans Adolf Vetter (1897-1963)  
Helmut Wagner-Freynsheim (1889-1968)  
Grete Weiss (Greta de Aleksi)  
Valy Wieselthier (1895-1945)  
Oskar Wlach (1881-1963?)



Jahr	Klassentyp / Person ist	Titel / Leiter
	Schüler	
1933/34	Werkstätte für Schüler	Möbel und Innenbau Karl Witzmann
1934/35	Kurs für Schüler	körperliche Ertüchtigung Major a. D. Oskar Zambach
1934/35	Hilfsfach Schüler	Kaufmännische Fächer Dr. Ludwig Hink
1934/35	Hilfsfach Schüler	Deutsch Stufe I, Gruppe A Dr. Stefan Suchanek-Fröhlich
1934/35	Hilfsfach Schüler	Techn. Zeichnen Eduard Anker
1934/35	Allgemeine Abteilung Schüler	Ornamentale Schrift, Heraldik Hertha Larisch-Ramsauer
1935/36	Hilfsfach Schüler	Baukonstruktionslehre Friedrich Böhm
1935/36	Hilfsfach Schüler	Bürgerkunde Dr. Ludwig Friedrich
1935/36	Hilfsfach Schüler	Deutsch II. Stufe Friedrich Jirasek
1935/36	Hilfsfach Schüler	Kirchliche Kunst Dr. Anselm Weissenhofer
1935/36	Pflichtfach Schüler	Kunstgeschichte ao. Prof. Dr. Anselm Weissenhofer
1935/36	Werkstätte für Schüler	Möbel und Innenbau Regierungsrat Carl Witzmann
1936/37	Hilfsfach Schüler	Baumechanik u. graph. Statik Ing. Hermann Kränzl-Hollan
1936/37	Hilfsfach Schüler	Allgemeines Aktzeichnen Reinhold Kiaus
1936/37	Fachklasse für Schüler	Architektur III Oswald Haerdtl
1937/38	Fachklasse für Schüler	Architektur IV Franz Schuster

## WEISS Grete

## STUDIENGANG

Jahr	Klassentyp / Person ist	Titel / Leiter
1924/25	Werkstätte für Schüler	Keramik Michael Powolny
1931/32	Fachklasse für Gast	Bildhauerei V Eugen Steinhof
1932/33	Fachklasse für Schüler	Architektur III Regierungsrat Dr. Oskar Strnad
1933/34	Fachklasse für Schüler	Architektur III Dr. Oskar Strnad
1934/35	Fachklasse für Schüler	Architektur III Dr. Oskar Strnad

Universität Salzburg  
Institut für Geschichte  
Dr. Albert Lichtblau  
Rudolfskai 42  
A-5020 Salzburg

Susanne Dechant  
Schottenfeldgasse 60  
A-1070 WIEN

Datum: 4. Juli 1996  
☎ (0662) 8044-4743  
Fax: (0662) 8044-413  
E-Mail: albert.lichtblau@sbg.ac.at

Ingrid Fischer hat mich ersucht, die beigelegten Dokumente/Bilder für den Ars Electronica-Katalog an Sie zu schicken.

Es liegen folgende Dokumente bei:

1. Reisepaß von Leo Glückselig
2. Foto des Geschäftshauses [Antiquitäten J. Glückselig & Sohn]
3. Die Eltern von Leo Glückselig in der Bronx ca. 1947/8
4. Leo Glückselig mit seiner Tochter Nina
5. Ita, die Frau von Leo Glückselig nach ihrer Ankunft in New York am Empire State Building (späte 40er Jahre)
6. Leo Glückselig in der US-Armee, Februar 1942
7. Die Glückselig-Kinder - von links: Leo, Lisl und Fritz [der Lyriker Fritz Bergamer].
8. Xeroxkopie einer Zeichnung („Arbeit mach frei“) - benötige ich nicht mehr [Von dem Bild hätte ich einen Fotoabzug hier.]

Da es sich um Originale und somit unersetzbare Dokumente handelt, die ich zurückgeben muß, bitte ich um größte Sorgfalt. Ich habe leider schon schlechte Erfahrungen machen müssen und bitte Sie deswegen darum, mir den Erhalt zu bestätigen.

Mit freundlichen Grüßen,  
Ihr

  
Albert Lichtblau

Susanne Dechant  
Schottenfeldgasse 60  
A-1070 WIEN

An

Institut f. Geschichte  
Allbert Lichtblau  
Rudolfskai 42  
A-5020 Salzburg

Ich bestätige den Erhalt folgender Dokumente

1. Reisepaß von Leo Glückselig
2. Foto des Geschäftshauses [Antiquitäten J. Glückselig & Sohn]
3. Die Eltern von Leo Glückselig in der Bronx ca. 1947/8
4. Leo Glückselig mit seiner Tochter Nina
5. Ita, die Frau von Leo Glückselig nach ihrer Ankunft in New York am Empire State Building (späte 40er Jahre)
6. Leo Glückselig in der US-Armee, Februar 1942
7. Die Glückselig-Kinder - von links: Leo, Lisl und Fritz [der Lyriker Fritz Bergamer].

(Susanne Dechant)

W D R  
Programmgruppe Ausland  
Redakteur Therbrath  
Fernsehen  
Appellhofplatz  
50600 K ö l n

Heinz Schneider  
Schlendorfer Oberweg 13  
07749 J e n a  
Tel. 03641 448293

Jena, den 19.06.1997

011 49 36 41 44 82 93

Ich nehme Bezug auf das Ferngespräch, daß meine Frau am heutigen Tag mit einer Mitarbeiterin Ihrer Redaktion führte. Es handelte sich dabei um die Sendung des BR. am Montag, dem 16.06.1997, 19,30 ( Lebenslinien Glückselig in New York Stammtisch der Emigranten). Ich habe durch Zufall gegen Ende der Sendung einen kleinen Ausschnitt gesehen. ( Wir wollten die 20.00 Uhr Nachrichten sehen). Beim nachträglichen Studium der Fernsehzeitung TV TODAY fiel mir der Name Leo Glückselig auf, was sofort Erinnerungen an die erste Zeit meiner Gefangenschaft weckte. Die Militärpolizeieinheit Komp. SA des 795. MP-Bataillon forderte im Sept. - Anfang Oktober 1944 aus dem Kriegsgefangenenlager in St. Thégonnec Gefangene zur Arbeit an. Ca. 10 Gefangene, ich hatte mich gemeldet, wurden damals von Leo Glückselig in seine Einheit gebracht( er war damals Corporal ), wo er uns dann auch weiter betreute. Wir wurden erst sehr reserviert aufgenommen und zu Außenarbeiten herangezogen.

Später habe ich gemeinsam mit Leo Glückselig in der Autowerkstatt gearbeitet, wobei sich ein enges Vertrauensverhältnis entwickelte. Im November erfolgte der Umzug der Einheit nach Rennes, wobei außer mir noch 2 Kriegsgefangene mitgenommen wurden. Wir wurden vom dortigen Kriegsgefangenenlager täglich zur Arbeit abgeholt. Leo Glückselig war es, der mich beim Erlernen der Englischen Sprache unterstützte. Im Verlaufe unserer gemeinsamen Arbeiten kam es auch stärker zu persönlichen Gesprächen. U.a. berichtete er mir, daß er beim Einmarsch der Deutschen Wehrmacht aus Wien, wo seine Eltern eine Apotheke betrieben, in die USA emigrierte. Wenn ich mich noch recht entsinne, war er Architekt.

Im Verlaufe des 1. Halbjahres 1945 wurde die Einheit verlegt, und damit riß der Kontakt zu Leo Glückselig ab. Durch die gemeinsame Arbeit mit ihm hatte ich mich so spezialisiert, daß ich die anfallenden Arbeiten bei der nächsten Einheit selbständig durchführen konnte. Im Mai 1946 wurde ich aus der Gefangenschaft in die damalige besetzte Sowjetische Zone entlassen.

Leider war der Filmabschnitt, den ich noch sehen konnte, so kurz, daß ich mir kein Bild machen konnte. Falls eine Aufzeichnung oder ein Video dieser Sendung existiert, wäre ich Ihnen sehr dankbar, wenn Sie mir eine Kopie gegen Bezahlung überlassen könnten.

Falls Ihnen Lebensdaten des Leo Glückselig bekannt sind, die in etwa mit den von mir erwähnten Daten übereinstimmen, würde ich Sie bitten, die Genehmigung von Leo Glückselig vorausgesetzt, mir die Anschrift zu übermitteln.

In Erwartung einer hoffentlich positiven Zuschrift verbleibe ich

*Heinz Schneider*

Heinrich Burczyk  
Karlstr. 81  
38106 Braunschweig

38106 Braunschweig, 20.6.97

WDR Köln  
Postfach  
50600 Köln

Glückselig in New York; Beitrag von Jürgen Thebrath

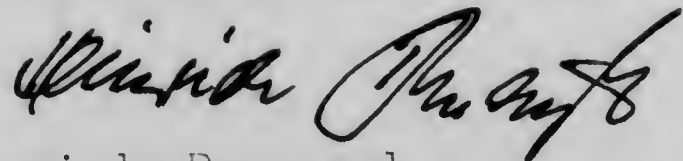
Sehr geehrte Damen und Herren,

mit großer Faszination habe ich unlängst eine Wiederholung des WDR Glückselig in New York verfolgt. Autor dieses Beitrages war Jürgen Thebrath. In der Sendung ging es um aus Deutschland vertriebene Juden, die sich in New York zu einem Stammtisch zusammengefunden haben. Die Emigranten berichteten von der verlorenen Heimat, von der Entwurzelung, vom Verlust der Sprache etc. Das alles hat mich sehr berührt und angesprochen.

Ich würde gern mit diesem Kreis Kontakt aufnehmen und bitte Sie daher sehr herzlich, mir doch eine Adresse zu nennen, unter der ich den Stammtisch erreichen kann. Oder auch nur die Adresse einer einzelnen Person. Ich möchte dem Stammtisch ein Buch schicken mit Gedichten einer jüdischen Dichterin. Ebenfalls Emigrantin. Sie hieß Mascha Kaléko, und sie gehörte in Berlin Anfang der Dreißiger Jahre zur schöpferischen Boheme. Auf der Verkaufsliste deutschsprachiger Gedichte steht sie -nach Goethe- gleich an zweiter Stelle. Im Exil hat sie wunderbare Gedichte geschrieben, von denen ich denke, daß sie diesem Kreis große Freude machen würden.

Daher wäre ich Ihnen sehr dankbar, wenn ich von Ihnen Adressenmaterial bekommen könnte.

Mit freundlichen Grüßen



Heinrich Burczyk

*Anlage: Freimarsberg*

Heinrich Burozyk  
Karlstr. 51  
38106 Braunschweig

38106 Braunschweig, 20.6.97

WDR Köln  
Postfach

50600 Köln

Glücklich in New York: Beitrag von Jürgen Thebrath

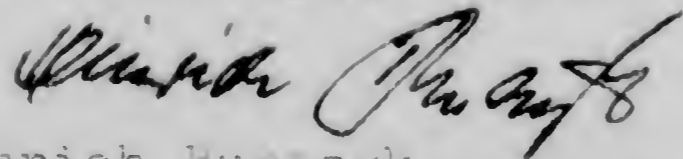
Sehr geehrte Damen und Herren,

mit großer Faszination habe ich unlängst eine Wiederholung des "Glücklich in New York" verfolgt. Autor dieses Beitrages war Jürgen Thebrath. In der Sendung ging es um aus Deutschland vertriebene Juden, die sich in New York zu einem Stammtisch zusammengefunden haben. Die Emigranten berichteten von der verlorenen Heimat, von der Entwurzelung, vom Verlust der Sprache etc. Das alles hat mich sehr berührt und angesprochen.

Ich würde gern mit diesem Kreis Kontakt aufnehmen und bitte Sie daher sehr herzlich, mir doch eine Adresse zu nennen, unter der ich den Stammtisch erreichen kann. Oder auch nur die Adresse einer einzelnen Person. Ich möchte dem Stammtisch ein Buch schicken mit Gedichten einer jüdischen Dichterin. Ebenfalls Emigrantin. Sie hieß Mascha Kaléko, und sie gehörte in Berlin Anfang der Dreißiger Jahre zur schöpferischen Bohème. Auf der Verkaufsliste deutschsprachiger Gedichte steht sie -nach Goethe- gleich an zweiter Stelle. In Exil hat sie wunderbare Gedichte geschrieben, von denen ich denke, daß sie Sie den Kreis große Freude machen würden.

Daher wäre ich Ihnen sehr dankbar, wenn ich von Ihnen Adressenmaterial bekommen könnte.

Mit freundlichen Grüßen



Heinrich Burozyk

Anlage: Freundschaft

Liebe Leo,

entschuldige, dass Du die  
Briefe verspätet bekommst.  
Um das gut zu machen,  
habe ich Dir einen "Sex Guide"  
über Deine ehemalige  
Heimat bei, das ich aus  
dem "Internet" (Computer)  
bekommen habe.  
Viel Spaß und in  
glücklichen Sinne

Yoshi



Jena, den 08.01.1998

Lieber Leo!

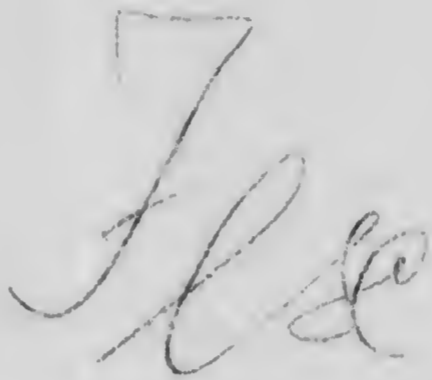
Mallorca ist vorbei, der Weihnachtsbraten gegessen, der Silvesterkarpfen verdaut und das Silvesterfeuerwerk war das letzte das gesprüht hat. Und nun verlangt meine Frau, daß ich meinen Geist sprühen lasse. Was ~~das~~ soll das schon werden. Lassen wir Tatsachen sprechen. Überall im Haus türmen sich schon Kleiderberge, Schuhhaufen und leere Koffer. Unsere nächste Reise wirft ihre Schatten voraus. Am 13. Januar 11.35 Uhr, wenn alles gut geht, erhebt sich unser Flieger vom Flughafen Leipzig in Richtung Türkei, und wird in Antalya landen. Ca. 60 km östlich wird dann unser Aufenthalt für die nächsten 8 Wochen sein. Damit Du in dieser Zeit nicht ganz ohne Nachricht von uns bist, senden wir Dir die Durchschrift des Briefes vom Oktober des vergangenen Jahres und die verlorengegangenen Bilder von meinem Aufenthalt bei Dir. Ich hoffe, sie bereiten Dir und Janet einige Freude sowie auch den Mitgliedern des Stammtisches. Für uns und besonders für mich, sind diese Bilder immer wieder eine Freude und eine Erinnerung an eine wunderschöne Zeit! Herzlichen Dank für die Bilder von unseren beiden Lümmels, sie haben uns hoffentlich nicht zu sehr blamiert.? Am Wochenende ist Ursula wie an jedem Wochenende bei uns zu Hause, und als ich Hubert am Telefon mitgeteilt habe, daß als Abschiedsessen vor unserem Urlaub eine Gans das Leben lassen mußte und es dazu echte Thür. Klöße gibt, war er nicht mehr zu bremsen - also - er erscheint auch. Arnold war mit Familie über die Feiertag und Neujahr in Obsteig/ Tirol. Mittlerweile hat der Alltag uns wieder, und nur wir Rentner zählen die Tage zu unserem Start, immer darauf hoffend, daß das Wetter nicht noch schlechter wird, als es bisherschon ist. Wir waren heute zu Besorgungen in der Stadt und haben bei herrlichem Sonnenschein und ca. +10°C unsere letzte Thür. Bratwurst vor unserem Abflug verspeist. Das war es eigentlich für heute, und wenn es eigentlich das Letzte war so machen wir jetzt Schluß, grüßen Dich, Janet, die Stammtischrunde und alle anderen Bekannten recht herzlich.

Ein kleiner Nachtrag noch. c Wir hstten die Lange Fassung von Leo Glückselig aufgenommen und auch kontrolliert, ob Du wirklich da bist. Du warst da, doch als wir jetzt zu den Feiertagen Hubert und Ursula unser Kunstwerk vorführen wollten, hatten wir nur schwarze Streifen auf dem Band. Das war Anlaß genug für meine Frau sich mit Frau Busch vom WDR in Verbindung zu setzen und um eine Aufzeichnung des Filmes zu bitten. Wie es von Frau Busch nicht anders zu erwarten war , hat sie das schnellstens erledigt und sogar einige persönliche Worte zum Jahreswechsel ~~z~~geschreiben. Am Wochenende erfolgt nun im größeren Kreis die Aufführung des Filmes.

So Leo, nochmals alles Gute , bleib gesund und falls es Dir im Moment nicht besonders gut geht, bemühe Dich diesen Übelstand abzuhefeln, denn Du weißt ja, wir erwarten Dich!  
Herzlichst

*Kling in Flg*

Lieber Leo, jetzt vertraue ich Ihnen ein Geheimnis an. Verraten können Sie mich ja nicht, denn wenn der Brief bei Ihnen ankommt, ist bereits alles gelaufen. Unsere Söhne haben auch eine Woche im gleichen Hotel gebucht. Das Gesicht von Heinz möchte ich sehen, wenn sie uns am Frühstückstisch erwarten. Sie werden es bestimmt erfahren.  
Nun aber endgültig Schluß

Heinz Lidest 

Jena, Sonntag, den 26.10.97

Lieber Leo!

Heinz ist soeben weggefahren, um Ursula in ihr "Betreutes Wohnen" zu bringen. Sie war ja dieses Wochenende wieder zu Hause und hat auch viel von der Reise erfahren. Ich halte mich nicht an die Verabredung keine Briefe zu schreiben, sondern ich versuche, einen zustande zu bringen. Schön wäre es, wenn die Gedanken die Briefe gleich schreiben könnten, dann wäre dieser Brief schnell fertig und ohne Fehler. Wir haben ja heute eine Stunde "gewonnen", denn unsere Uhren wurden um 3.00 Uhr zurückgestellt (von Sommer- auf Winterzeit). Wir haben die Zeit genutzt und am Vormittag den Garten "winterfest" gemacht. Heinz hat sich gefreut, daß er es gepackt hat, denn gestern früh waren die Schmerzen so stark, daß er sich nach dem Frühstück noch einmal ins Bett gelegt hat. Trotzdem gab zu Mittag noch das Nationalgericht "Thüringer Klöße". Heute haben wir den Rest verspeist, insgesamt waren es 13 Stück. Die Zeitverschiebung hat Heinz noch immer nicht ganz überwunden. Am ersten Tag hat er 14 Stunden geschlafen. Innen hätten Tag und Nacht die Ohren klingen müssen, denn wenn wir zusammen waren, hat er laufend erzählt. Natürlich habe ich mir auch die Kassetten angehört, die er und Sie besprochen haben, danke. Leider reicht meine Phantasie nicht aus, um mir das alles bildlich vorzustellen. Für Heinz waren Sie, all die Anderen die er kennenlernte und New York ein Erlebnis, das er nie vergessen wird.

Inzwischen ist Heinz zurückgekommen und hat sich "breitschlagen" lassen noch einige Worte anzufügen.

So Leo, nun bin ich dran. Nach den vielen Stunden die wir gemeinsam verbracht haben, und es immer wieder neuen Gesprächsstoff gab, und wir trotz allem Bemühen noch immer nicht zu einem Ende gekommen sind, was soll ich da noch sagen? Verabschiedet haben wir uns schön - beim Danke schön sagen wolltest Du mich verriegeln, sodaß ich hier gar nicht noch einmal damit anfangen. Der Aufenthalt bei Dir in New York wird mir ein unvergeßliches Erlebnis sein. Die Bekanntschaften mit den vielen Menschen, die einfach auf mich zukamen, gehören zu diesem Erlebnis. Herzliche Grüße noch einmal an alle, besonders aber an Deine Schwägerin, Jeanette, Claudie, Yoasa und Frau. Besonders möchte ich noch Dein "Küchenwunder" erwähnen, die um mein Wohlergehen so besorgt war.

Ich wünsche Euch interessante Tage in Berlin und dazu natürlich schönes Wetter. Hoffentlich habt Ihr Zeit, wenigstens etwas außerhalb des Kongresses von Berlin kennenzulernen. Wendet Euch vertrauensvoll an unsere Söhne. Ich hoffe, sie werden Euch gute Fremdenführer sein. Vielleicht kann unsere Enkeltochter Sorina mit ihrem holprigen Englisch Jeanette etwas unter ihre Fittiche nehmen. Sie hat schon als kleines Mädchen Tanzunterricht genommen, mußte aber leider auf Anraten des Arztes aufhören.

Der letzte Satz ist schon wieder " auf meinem Mist " gewachsen. Heinz hat sich zurückgezogen, Fußball gucken. Morgen geht ja nun noch einmal das " Siebentagerennen " los, Arztbesuche, Besorgungen, einkaufen, Bankgeschäfte regeln, am Donnerstag Ursula holen, denn am Freitag, 31.10. ist bei uns Feiertag (Reformationsfest). Nachbarn haben sich auch noch angesagt. Heinz hat dann beim Kofferpacken Schwerstarbeit zu leisten, denn am 2.11. 15,00 Uhr verlassen wir das Haus Richtung Erfurt, um von dort 17.55 Uhr gen Mallorca zu starten. Vor unserer Abreise melden wir uns natürlich noch einmal telefonisch, außerdem freuen wir uns auf den Film am 1.11.

Unsere Söhne waren natürlich auch neugierig und haben gleich angerufen, als Heinz wieder zu Hause war. Bei unserem nächsten Zusammentreffen gibt es dann auch viel zu berichten. Da man die Anschriften und Tel.Nr. nicht so gut telefonisch durchgeben kann, mache ich es lieber schwarz auf weiß:

Arnold Schneider

Alt Zepernick 4  
16341 Zepernick

Telefon: privat           030/ 94414849  
          Büro                030/ 94414141  
          Auto               0171/ 3424579

Hubert Schneider

Mulackstr. 31/32  
10119 Berlin

Telefon: privat           030/ 2835905  
          Büro                030/ 8520014  
          Auto               0172/ 24175205

Bei Gesprächen in Berlin fällt die Vorwahl 030 weg!

Ein Ortsgespräch kostet DM0,30.

Unsere Söhne hinterlegen sicher eine Nachricht im Hotel oder melden sich bei Ihnen.

Valerie Weidenburg

Kortümstr. 18

30171 Hannover

0511 - 2831453

11. Nov. 1997

Liebes Leo!

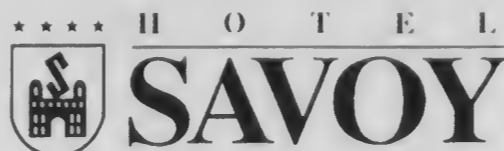
Tausend Dank für die Einladung  
zu Deinem Kaffeeklatsch im  
Hotel Savoy am Freitag - ich habe  
mich sehr gefreut und komme  
unheimlich gerne, um Dich endlich  
einmal wiederzusehen. Seit August  
lebe ich als Journalistin in Hannover,  
deshalb kann ich bei den Veran-  
staltungen am Mittwoch und Donnerstag  
nicht anwesend sein. Leider! Aber  
am Freitag habe ich mir extra Urlaub  
genommen, um zu Deinem Kaffee-  
Klatsch zu kommen! Ich wünsche Dir  
eine schöne Zeit in Berlin und hoffe,  
Du hast auch etwas Zeit. Bis alles

in Ruhe anzusehen.  
Wenn du den Freitag kenne,  
bringe du Dir meine Magister-(Examens)  
Arbeit mit, bei der du mir ja im  
Frühjahr 1996 so sehr geholfen hast.  
Es alles liebe, bis Freitag!

Deine Valérie

P.S. Falls sich irgend etwas an dem  
Formular ändern sollte, sag' mir bitte  
Bescheid! Habe mich so gefreut, dass  
du an mich gedacht hast!

4 1/2  
2 afternoon



FASANENSTR. 9-10 · D-10623 BERLIN (CHARLOTTENBURG)  
TELEFON 030/31103-0 · TELEFAX 030/31 10 33 33

11 Goldman  
14 Deutsche

00177-2839  
232

für  
NACHRICHT / MESSAGE

für / for / pour Hr. Glückselig Zimmer Nr. / Room No. / Chambre No. 101  
Aufgenommen am 10.11.97 Uhrzeit 11<sup>20</sup> Uhr  
von K. Zier

Herr/Frau Mr./Mrs. M./Mme. Fr. Spangenberg  
Telefon Nr. / Phone No. / Telephone 0177/2839232

- Hat Sie angerufen / Has phoned you / Vous a téléphoné
- Ruft wieder an / Will phone again / Va rappeler
- Erbittet Ihren Rückruf / Return call requested / Vous demande de rappeler
- Wichtig / Urgent / Important
- War hier / Came to see you / Etait ici
- Möchte Sie treffen / Wants to see you / Voudrait vous rencontrer

3pm afternoon - 1/2

NACHRICHT / MESSAGE

Interviewtermine :

14<sup>00</sup> Hr. Hermann (Morgenpost)

15<sup>00</sup> (Deutschland Funk)



Taxi 10 mens -

Tuesday

Dear Joe,

Here is name of the  
painting that I want a  
reproduction of from  
Charlottenbourg Palace

WATTEAU

à l'Enseigne de Gersaint  
(Gersaint's Shop Sign)

Don't come back without  
it! Only joking.

Paul  
xxx

Lebermann  
Shagall

Lebermann  
George Grosz  
Shagall

Lieber Leo,

Hier eine Einladung zu Mimi's Festen  
Fest. Vielleicht sehen wir uns!

Sehr Liebe Grüße und beste  
Wünsche

herzlich  
Lika

2

~~St. Michael's~~

Gring

5

210-  
Jim Davies 1954

✓ Friday Nov. 7 1997

✓ mail Max present  
deposit Austr. checks

✓ ~~call babyfax~~

call Frika

✓ call Rebecca

✓ ~~call Ute about hotel~~

get some Dollars

Ferganese Return

Fax ~~est~~ 0049 711 692937

84.-

Elisabeth Mülhofer.

~~Stuttgart~~ Stuttgart

30.81  
28.63  
68  
50.12  
6.28  
7.26  
21.67  
8563

011-49-711-692937

Fax  
Jensurplan sender.

LEO BECK Inst. Fax 212-988-1305  
Gaby Gluckselig

12+7

Nandya  
666 8968

Genial (Michel Alpert)  
666 5078

10+

9-7  
0

Jim Dwyer  
210 1954  
1030

~~Sehr geehrter Herr Dr. Nachman~~

Sehr geehrter Herr Dr. Nachman  
vielen Dank für die Einladung am Kulturtag  
teilzunehmen.

Meine Damen + Herren

"Germany ~~so~~ seen with my Jewish eyes"  
Deutschland mit meinen jüdischen Augen  
gesehen.

Dr

Sehr geehrter Herr Nachmann

Sehr geehrte Damen und Herren - ~~meiner~~ ~~ein~~

~~83 Jahre alt~~ ~~hat~~ ~~über~~ ~~seine~~ ~~Rede~~ ~~erhalten~~  
Rede zu halten

meiner war ein leichter Anfang für einen  
83 Jahre alten Herren, der nie in  
seinem Leben eine Rede gehalten hat.

Da kommt noch dazu, daß ~~mir~~ mir  
der Titel dieser Veranstaltung etwas  
Sorge macht:

"Germany seen with my Jewish eyes"  
übersetzt: Deutschland mit meinen jüdischen  
Augen gesehen"



CLUB HOTEL CALA MANDIA

TEL. 558255--FAX. 558135

C/. FEDERICO GARCIA LORCA S/N-PORTO CRISTO NOVO-07500 MONACOR

-TELEFAX--TELEFAX--TELEFAX--TELEFAX--TELEFAX-

FECHA : 10. 11. 97

FAX N° : 07 49 30 31 103333

DIRIGIDO A:

DE/FROM : Hilma Ilse Schneider App 1335

N° DE HOJAS : \_\_\_\_\_ REF. : \_\_\_\_\_

Hotel Savoy  
Fasanenstr. 7-10  
10623 Berlin

Für Mr. Leo Glückselig und Begleitende

Lieber Leo! Liebe Jeanette!

Winn sind Ihr in Berlin!

Ger hätte wir Euch persönlich empfangen und begrüßt. So wünschen wir Euch auf diesem Wege schöne, interessante Tage. Hoffentlich spielt auch das Wetter mit. Wir können uns in dieser Beziehung nicht beklagen, denn hier herrscht z. St. etel Sonnenschein. So hoffen wir, daß sich auch Berlin nicht mit wettermäßig von seiner besten Seite zeigt.

In Gedanken sind wir bei Euch und grüßen herzlich

Hilma Ilse



FASANENSTR. 9-10 · D-10623 BERLIN (CHARLOTTENBURG)  
TELEFON 030/31103-0 · TELEFAX 030/31103333

NACHRICHT / MESSAGE

für / for / pour HERIN LEO Zimmer Nr. / Room No. / Chambre No. 107

Aufgenommen am GLUECKSELIG Uhrzeit \_\_\_\_\_

von \_\_\_\_\_

Herr/Frau Mr./Mrs. M./Mme. \_\_\_\_\_

Telefon Nr. / Phone No. / Telephone \_\_\_\_\_

- Hat Sie angerufen / Has phoned you / Vous a téléphoné
- Ruft wieder an / Will phone again / Va rappeler
- Erbittet Ihren Rückruf / Return call requested / Vous demande de rappeler
- Wichtig / Urgent / Important
- War hier / Came to see you / Etait ici
- Möchte Sie treffen / Wants to see you / Voudrait vous rencontrer

NACHRICHT / MESSAGE

liebe Leo, liebe Janet,  
es war sehr schön Euch zu  
sehen, vielen Dank nochmals für  
die Einladung. Alles Gute und  
eine schöne Reise

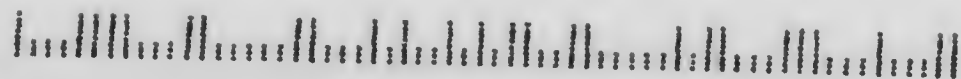
(Die erste CD schicke ich Eure Güte  
an Dich Leo, Du mußt sie dann in Amerika ver-  
markten!)

Your thoughtful  
expression of sympathy  
has been a great comfort  
during this time of sorrow.

THANKS FOR YOUR FRIENDSHIP AND LOVING  
CONCERN, WHICH WARMED MY HEART. IT'S A  
DIFFICULT TIME FOR ME, AS YOU WELL KNOW,  
BUT I AM FORTUNATE TO BE WITH MY SISTER IN  
DENVER, WHO IS A GREAT HELP.  
GREETINGS ALSO FROM ROSE *Hilde*



MR. LEO GLÜCKSELIG  
70 HAVEN AVENUE  
NEW YORK, N.Y. 10032





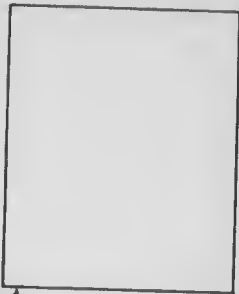
*Handwritten signature or name, possibly 'Karl Schinkel'.*

MITTELMEERISCHE BÄNNING.

W. Helms & B.

Michael Mathias Prechtl:  
„Die Versuchung des W. B. durch  
Anna Blume mit Kurt Schwitters“,  
Aquarell auf altem Papier, 1986.

IFM 9.2.01



Lieber Leo, als ich diese Karte sah,  
dachte ich, die gefällt bestimmt dem Leo,  
kaufte sie und jetzt - Schwupps -  
mutiert sie zu einer Valentineskarte  
mit einem saftigen

Love you Leo  
kommt sie zu Dir  
großen Teich.

Deine Kunstauze  
über den großen,

Mit Luftpost  
Air Mail  
Par Avion



27.4.-3.5.2001  
Handwerks-  
messe



LEO GLUECKSELIG  
70 HAVEN AVE # 1B  
NEW YORK  
NY 10032  
U.S.A.

**LUFTPOST**

PAR AVION  
PRIORITAIRE



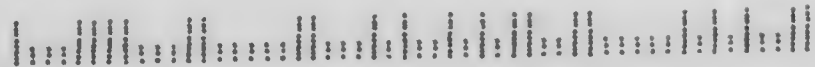
K. HOLTZMANN  
S.J. RÜTZEL  
HEERSTR. 213  
60488 FRANKFURT  
GERMANY



AIR MAIL

TO  
LEO GLUECKSELIG  
70 HAVEN AVE  
NEW YORK NY 10032  
U.S.A.

15532X2652 17





Working for children for over 50 years, UNICEF promotes the rights of all children to good health, basic education and protection from discrimination and helps ensure that these rights are upheld in times of emergency.

(Euwant en faveur des enfants depuis plus de 50 ans, l'UNICEF favorise les droits de tous les enfants à une bonne santé, à une éducation de base et à la protection contre la discrimination et s'efforce de garantir le respect de ces droits dans des situations d'urgence.

El UNICEF, que trabaja desde hace 50 años en favor de la infancia, fomenta los derechos de todos los niños a una buena salud, a la educación básica y a la protección contra la discriminación, y contribuye a que todos estos derechos se respeten en tiempos de emergencia.

PRINTED IN SWITZERLAND

Fonds des Nations Unies pour l'enfance  
United Nations Children's Fund



For the well-being of the world's children \* Pour le bien-être des enfants du monde \*  
 Por el bienestar de los niños del mundo \* Ha Graro becx rreçh mnpa \* 造福世界儿童 \*  
 \* Für das Wohlergehen der Kinder dieser Welt \* *لحیور ورفاهة اطفال العالم*

Reinhold Fürst \* Germany \* Allemagne \* Alemania \* Deutschland \* Frankfurt \* Franfort \*



lieber Leo,

20. 11. 00

Ende November gab es in einer Stadtteilbücherei eine sogenannte "Les-Bar", d.h. an einem Abend konnte jede und jeder, der wollte, eigene oder fremde Texte vortragen, dazu gab es Getränke und in den Pausen spielte ein Jazz-Trio. Nur ein verbindendes Thema war vorgegeben: Grenze. Wir haben aus Deinem Buch die Erfahrungen von Dir und Fritz bei der versuchten Flucht nach Holland ausgewählt und ich mußte vorlesen, weil ich Lehrer bin, hat Konstanze gesagt. Es war ein gelungenes Abend, weil sehr unterschiedliche Beiträge, von Ernst bis ironische kamen und Du warst auch "dabei". - Wir hoffen, dass nicht zu oft der kalte Wind über New York weht und wünschen Dir für's neue Jahr Glück und Gesundheit. Josef + Konstanze

Nordwijk, den 14. 11. 1997

Lieber Herr Glückselig,  
wenn habe ich doch nicht am gleichen Tag  
geschrieben, ich habe mir den Brief „aufge-  
spart“ bis heute. Ich bin für eine Woche  
an die Nordsee gefahren weil ich mich  
von einer Grippe los nicht so bekommen kann,  
Sie sehen es sieht aus wie eines zithrigen  
Handschrift, für die ich mich entschuldigen  
müß.

Ich möchte mich etwas vorstellen: Internist  
in zweiter Ehe, habe ich zwei erwachsene Tö-  
chter aus meiner ersten Ehe. Bis vor drei Jah-  
ren habe ich als Arzt gearbeitet.  
Dann kamen Operation und Rollstuhl,  
Krücken und jetzt, nach einem Jahr  
wieder meine eigenen Beine, was ich  
natürlich herzlich frische. Arbeiten in  
meinem Beruf kann ich nicht mehr, so  
bin ich jetzt nur noch Hausfrau, was mir

Zeit für viele Aktivitäten läßt. Ich erfülle mir  
in einem Klindheitsraum auch gerne das Kla-  
vierspiel, wobei mir sogar das den Klindern  
verloste Klavier <sup>über</sup> ~~spiel~~ großen Spaß macht. Da  
wir ein Wald wohnen genieße ich jetzt wieder  
das Spaziergehen und zwar bei jedem Wetter, Ich  
lese gerne und viel, habe einen Computer und  
eine Internet-Adresse, liest mir drei Katzen,  
die <sup>in</sup> alle als Katzenbabys am Wegstrand ge-  
sendet habe. (hier ist ein beliebter Wegwerf-  
platz für überzählige Tiere, mein Mann setzt  
jedem Frühjahr mit Baugeln entgegen?)

Ich hoffe, Sie haben einen kleinen Eindruck ge-  
nommen über mich aber ich sollte noch sa-  
gen, daß ich Unrecht in keiner Weise ertragen  
kann und daß ich - wenn man es so aus-  
drücken kann - ein Menschenfreund bin

Mit meiner ältesten Tochter habe ich über die  
Sendung im Fernsehen gesprochen und sie  
hat über die erste Sendung, von der Sie  
gesprochen haben, auch gewußt. Als ich ~~ich~~ ihr

von unserem Telefongespräch berichtet habe und  
was ich von Ihnen noch erfahren habe, vor al-  
lem von Ihrer Begegnung nach über 50 Jahren  
konnte sie ~~mir~~ kaum glauben und meinte es wäre  
ganz sicher eines der Wunder die immer wieder  
hier auf Erden geschehen.

Lieber Herr glücklich, auch wenn Ihre Reise  
nach Berlin einen traurigen Verlauf hatte, hoffe  
ich doch, daß Sie viele Freunde und Bekann-  
te getroffen haben. Wenn ich es gekonnt hätte,  
ich meine gesundheitlich, wäre ich sicher für  
einige Tage nach Berlin gekommen, da dort Ver-  
wandte meines Mannes leben. Es hätte mich  
sehr gefreut Sie persönlich einmal zu begrüßen,  
vielleicht hätte es Ihnen auch Spaß gemacht.  
Wenn es mir gelingt im nächsten Jahr nach  
New York zu kommen und einen Platz an  
Ihrem Stammtisch zu erhalten wäre ja dieses  
Treffen nach zuholen.

Mit den Besten Wünschen für Sie und

für die Damen und Herren des Stammtisches  
verbleibe ich als Freund

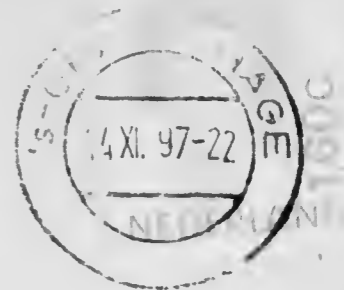
Ihre liebe Grüße

MARLIS GRUEHSEN  
REEWOUDE 33  
6075 NK HERKENBOSCH  
THE NETHERLANDS

TEL: 0031-475531826

PS: Für entschuldige und nochmals für die  
schlechte Schrift sind die durchgestrichenen  
Stellen, es ging im Moment nicht besser!

lg.



To  
Mr. Leo Glueckreig  
70 Street - Haven Avenue  
Apt. 1 B  
New York - New York 10032  
USA

10032-8003 10032-8003

Mr. Leo Gluedselig  
c/o Hotel Savoy, Berlin  
Fax 030-311 03 333

Köln, 11. November '97

Lieber Leo,

herzlich Willkommen in Berlin. Ich hoffe, Du hattest  
einen angenehmen Flug und kannst nun erstmal ein  
wenig entspannen. Ich freue mich, Dich am  
Wochenende zu treffen!

Liebe Grüße,

Manion aus Köln

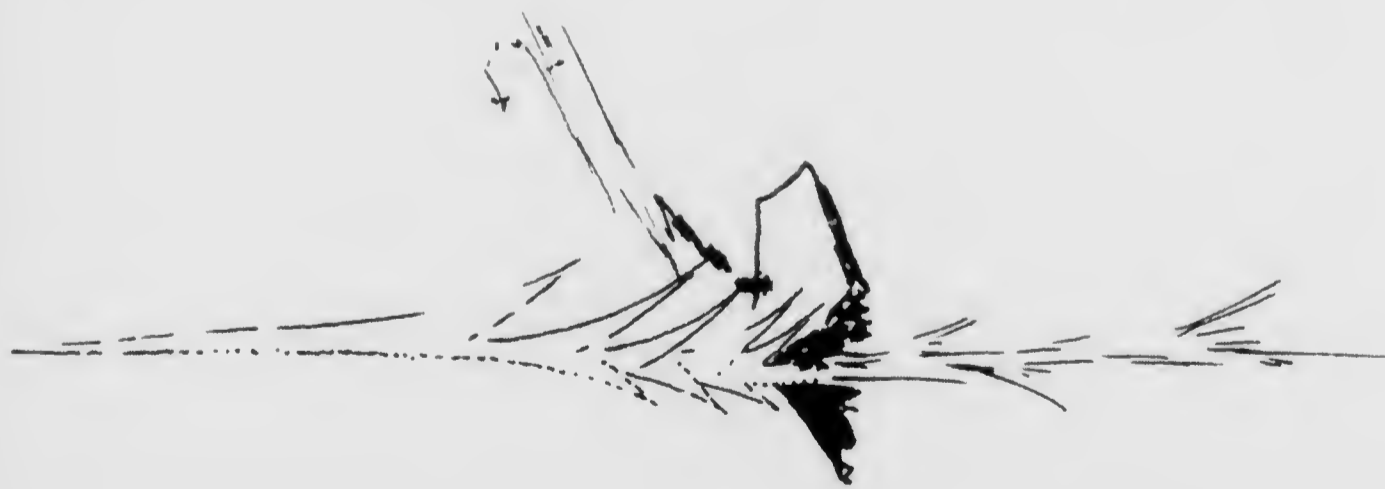




Frohe Weihnacht  
und ein gutes  
Neues Jahr!

4

W. Scholz



Das Rathaus  
im Dämmerlicht  
mit Blick in die Sterngasse  
und dem Weihnachtsbaum!



Verlag Dr. A. Defner, Eichlerstrasse 6, A-6080 Igls/Tirol, photo Wilfried Scholz

D 208

Pavel Pepperstein  
(aus dem Buch *Winterliche Kommentare zu Freud*, 1993)

Павел Пепперштейн  
(из книги «Зимние комментарии к Фрейд», 1993)

Lieber Leo!

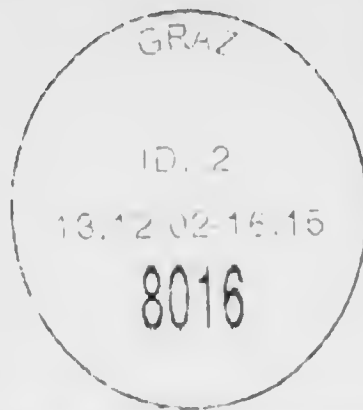
Wir wünschen Dir eine wunder-  
bare Weihnachtstzeit und einen  
Guten Rutsch ins Neue Jahr 2003.

Alles Liebe aus Graz  
senden Dir

Andrea + [Signature]

Institut für Slavistik + Kulturzentrum bei den Mönchsteilen (Innsbruck) für Edition S PRESS (München)





BAR FREIGEMACHT  
TAXE PERÇUE  
AUTRICHE



000109

To Mr.

LEO GLUECKSELIG

70 HAVEN AVE

NY 10032-2602, New York

U.S.A

**PRIORITY  
PRIORITAIRE**





Liebster Leo, Du wirst mir immer einen  
lieben Schwachspond, der mich immer  
riesig freut. Wir haben in Wien jetzt eine  
"Neue Verblühte Ausstellung" in deren  
Katalog ich gesehen las, dass auch ihre  
Auflösung das bekannte Haus Gleditsch  
eine Zeit, in Verantwortung hat. Und  
da ich auch recht öfter an die weitere  
Zukunftzeit denke und da ich einmal  
meines Familienbildes hab gemacht  
hat: Voila. Die Ausstellung ist  
noch dazu in meinem Haus:  
Kunstgewerbemuseum. Alles Liebe Dir und  
den Deinen. He  
MORGEN SCHICK ICH EUCH DEN KATALOG:

Lieber Leo,  
hier also unsere Vereinigungen,  
vor allen Vieren geht's gut. Mir  
macht die Arbeit am Verwaltungsgericht  
in Potsdam weiter viel Spaß. Deine  
Zeichnung hat wieder einen "prominenten"  
Platz gefunden und erinnert mich an  
die schönen Stunden mit Dir und Eddi.  
Ganz herzliche Grüße,  
Marc

*Sophia Marianthi*

\* 20. Juni 2002

Sandra und Dr. Marc Grohmann  
mit Paul  
Ringstraße 73 a  
12205 Berlin





Schönes Sauerland



Grafschaft im Hochsauerland 10. Aug. 02

Lieber Leo, eine Wada haben Josef + ich  
gemeinsam Zeit in Ferien zu fahren.  
Es soll nah + unge-  
kamt sein.

2 1/2 - 3 Std. Fahrzeit in nordwestlicher  
Richtung landen wir in einem mit total  
frunden Landstrich. So u bisschen Vermont  
+ aber tiefere Täler, an Stelle der Ludianer,  
leste anno duzemal der Kette hier. Der  
hat aber auch nicht geschrieben, des wegen  
weiß man nicht sehr viel über ihn.  
Das schränkt die historische Betrachtung  
ein + wir gehen uns dem wandern  
mit. Die Postkarte gibt die Abend-

dammerung sehr schön wieder. Es ist  
lieglich, romantisch + naß, but I'm singing  
in the rain! Herzliche Grüße von Dewier



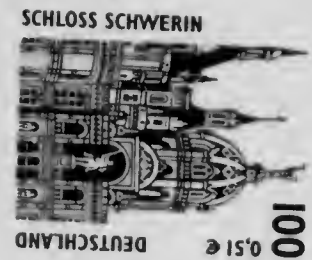
Post  
+  
Kontak  
Stanz

© Herst. u. Verlag Schöning & Co. + Gebr. Schmidt · Sauerl 30  
Tel. (051) 310 310 0 · Fax 310 310 0 · Internet: http://www.schoening-verlag.de

Deutschland ist schön - wir zeigen es!

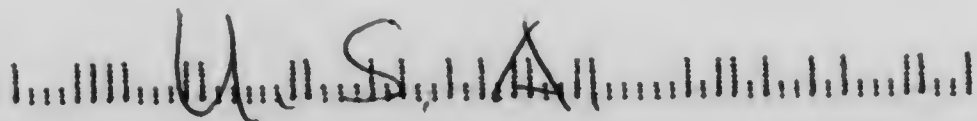


Mit Luftpost  
Air Mail  
Par Avion



LEO GLUECKSELIG  
70 HAVEN AVE # 1B  
NEW YORK  
NY 10032

17





Wilfried + Gisela KÖRFER  
Ignisstr. 6, D-50858 Köln

Köln im Oktober

Presse + Informationsamt der Stadt Köln

Foto: Ventur

creation 13

13. Oktober '02

P.S.

Wir gedenken am  
21. Oktober Deiner  
ITTA, die an dem  
Tag vor 11 Jahren  
gestorben ist (1991).

Schade, dass wir sie  
nicht kennen =  
geliebt haben!

Hallo, lieber  
before a month  
zunderbaren An-  
Bilder im Palc  
Herrengasse. In  
Dokumente da  
kleinen Überblick  
Liebe Grüße, Deine Freunde aus  
Köln Wilfried, Gisela nebst Guido, Petra!

Stadt Köln

Wilfried + Gisela KÖRFER  
Ignysstr. 6, D-50858 Köln

Köln im Oktober  
Presse + Informationsamt der Stadt Köln  
Foto: Ventur

13. Oktober '02

P. 5  
Auf  
is mal an 21

Hallo, lieber Leo, heute (just  
before a month) waren wir in der  
wunderbaren Ausstellung Deine  
Bilder im Palais Percia in 2ten,  
Herrengasse. Dabei einige Foto-  
Dokumente dazu, die Dir einen  
kleinen Überblick geben sollen!  
Liebe Grüße, Deine Freunde aus  
Köln Wilfried, Gisela nebst Guido & Petra!

creation 13

Stadt Köln

Bundesministerium  
für auswärtige Angelegenheiten

A-1014 Wien · Ballhausplatz 2

T. INDOEN V.2 -



*Handwritten scribble*

Sg. HERB

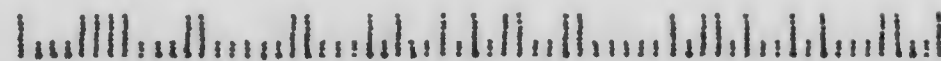
LEO EWACKSELI

70, HAVEN AVENUE

NY 10032

NEW YORK

10032/2602





**COIFFEUR**

**&Shop**

**Manicure**

**Solarium**

## **Herr der 1000 Zöpfe**

12. August 2001  
WIEN

Lieber Leo,  
ja, die Sache mit der Schokolade,  
(dass Du hier in Wiens ins  
Schoko-Business involviert bist)  
war ja ziemlich klar. Denn  
die Leo-Schoko ist  
wirklich  
überall.

**1010 WIEN  
ROTGASSE 6  
ROTENTURMSTR.19  
BAUERNMARKT 16**

Abu das 2 auch ins  
Haar - Business Model  
ist, DAS wusste ich nicht.  
Ein extravagante Haar -  
Künstler mit 3 (!) Salons  
in der Innenstadt! Sa  
Samba! Und wie war das mit  
der Graffiti Kunst ???

Rich Bussi,

his friend, [Signature]



# Leo COIFFEUR

## Herr der 1000 Zöpfe

präsentiert:

New Century



Jetzt NEU!

Haarverdichtung & Haarverlängerung

Great Lengths  
Das Original



Haarteile • Zöpfe • Perücken

**OB DU HELLES, BRAUNES HAAR  
ODER LANGES, GOLDENES HAAR  
ODER EINEN KURZEN, FRECHEN  
HAARSCHNITT ODER ALLES ZU-  
SAMMEN. DU HAST DIE WAHL,  
VERÄNDERE DICH, SOOFT DU  
WILLST UND WANN DU WILLST.  
DAS IST DAS AUFREGENDE IN  
DER WELT DER HAARTEILE UND  
PERÜCKEN. HAARTEILE UND PE-  
RÜCKEN SIND DAS OPTIMALE AC-  
CESSOIR, WICHTIGER ALS EIN  
NEUES KLEID ODER MAKE UP. DU  
KANNST DICH DAMIT VERÄN-  
DERN, VERSPIELT, SEXY ODER  
EXTRAVAGANT AUSSEHEN. UN-  
SERE HAARTEILE UND PERÜCKEN  
SIND FEINSTE QUALITÄT UND SE-  
HEN UNGLAUBLICH ECHT AUS.  
WIR PRÄSENTIEREN ÜBER ZWEI  
DUTZEND ARTEN DAVON IN VER-  
SCHIEDENEN FARBEN UND HAAR-  
LÄNGEN. DU KANNST SIE SCHNEI-  
DEN, SELBST WASCHEN ODER  
AUCH IM STYLING VERÄNDERN.  
DEINER FANTASIE IST KEIN LIMIT  
GESETZT.**

Watercolor by George Kalmar



Sold to benefit the work of the Camphill centers in North America.

CAMPBILL is an international movement for social renewal through community living. In its centers people share life and work with mentally handicapped children and adults and others in need of special care. There are over seventy Camphill schools and villages throughout the world, seven of these in North America.

Camphill is a not-for-profit organization.

CAMPBILL VILLAGE U.S.A. INC., COPAKE NY 12516

*Kalmar*

Holiday Greetings  
to you, dear Ita and Leo,  
and all good wishes  
for good health  
and happiness  
in 1989,  
from  
George & Vera

**DANKÉ**

How are you ??

Hello, Mr. Glückselig or shall I say Leo?!  
I'm sorry. I know, it's very late to say  
thank you for your nice letter! (+ photo).  
I'm always very busy, working 10 hours  
a day, 7 days a week (almost) to  
extend my firm in trading with Hungary.  
Hard times now for self-employed people  
with own firms, companies in Austria.  
Nevertheless I'll fly to the U.S. A) <sup>(within a few months)</sup> and -  
if you don't mind I'll get in touch  
with you! In the meantime stay well + be happy!  
Dagmar

B ö s s o w , Hildegard  
Bülowstr. 49  
10783 Berlin  
Germany  
Fon & Fax: (49)30/ 216 77 13



Mr.  
Yoash Tatari  
200 W 60th St. # 35 D  
New York, N.Y. 10023

Berlin, den 15.09.1996

Sehr geehrte Mitglieder des Stammtisches der Überlebenden!

Entschuldigen Sie bitte, daß ich in Deutsch schreibe, aber mein Englisch ist nicht besonders gut.

Wir sind eine Gruppe von 12 Personen und alle in der Sozialarbeit in Berlin tätig. Die Mitglieder dieser Gruppe haben eine unterschiedliche Geschichte, weil wir je zur Hälfte aus der ehemaligen DDR und aus West-Berlin kommen.

Wir werden vom 5. bis 12. Oktober in New York sein im Rahmen einer Studienreise unter dem Motto: „Die soziale und multikulturelle Wirklichkeit in New York - Ein Ausblick auf die Zukunft hierzulande?“ Da wir aber nicht nur Interesse an den Fragen der Zukunft haben, sondern auch an denen der Vergangenheit, wenden wir uns an Sie. Einige von uns haben von Ihrem Stammtisch in der Talk Show von Biolek gehört, sie waren sehr beeindruckt von Ihrem Auftreten dort und haben den Wunsch geäußert, Sie persönlich kennenlernen zu wollen.

Daher unsere Frage und Bitte: Ist es möglich, ein Treffen in diesem Zeitraum mit Vertretern Ihres Stammtisches zu organisieren? Diese Anfrage ist leider sehr kurzfristig, aber die Reise ist insgesamt sehr spontan-konkret entstanden.

Geben Sie uns bitte eine Nachricht mit den Zeiten, die Ihnen möglich erscheinen. In New York werden wir im YMCA Hotel wohnen.

Wir grüßen Sie Alle sehr herzlich!

Dr. *Stefan Appelius*

Dr. Stefan Appelius \* Artillerieweg 38 \* 26129 Oldenburg Germany

Leo Glückselig  
70 Haven Avenue  
New York NY 10032  
USA

21.7.1996

Lieber Leo,

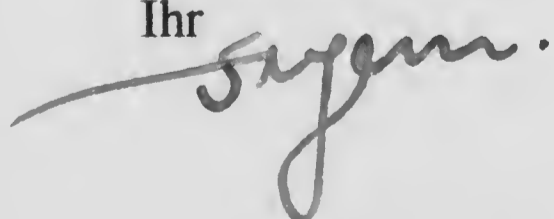
vielen Dank für Ihren Anruf. Es tut mir leid, daß ich mich erst jetzt melde. Ich lag zum Zeitpunkt unserer Verabredung mit einer Grippe im Bett, bin aber natürlich längst wieder in Ordnung. Ich habe mir natürlich die Talkshow im deutschen Fernsehen angesehen. Sie waren sehr gut! Ich hoffe, Sie hatten eine schöne Zeit in Deutschland und Österreich.

Mein großes Zeitungs-Porträt über den Stammtisch für die „Frankfurter Rundschau“ hat sich etwas verzögert. Da das Ehepaar Olsen aus mir offen gesagt unverständlichen Gründen ja leider nicht zu einem Gespräch bereit war, mußte ich - notgedrungen, da ich natürlich nicht zweimal dieselbe Geschichte schreiben kann - eine andere Hauptperson für die neue Version (ich schicke Sie Ihnen bei Veröffentlichung) finden. Sie ahnen sicher schon, welche Lösung mir ohne große Begeisterung als einziger Ausweg geblieben ist...

Am So., 24.11., komme ich von San Francisco nach New York, wo ich bis zum 6.12. im Leo Baeck Institut und im Institut for Jewish Research zu tun habe. Claudia (die sich um ein Volontariat im „Aufbau“ bemühen will) und ich freuen uns darauf, Sie bei dieser Gelegenheit wiederzusehen. Bitte grüßen Sie auch Harry Asher ganz herzlich. Ich freue mich darauf, ihn wiederzusehen.

Bitte beachten Sie meine ab dem 1. August geltende neue Adresse und neue Telefonnummer.

Herzliche Grüße,  
Ihr



Dr. *Stefan Appelius* - ARTILLERIEWEG 38 - 26129 OLDENBURG - TEL.: 0441 - 76982  
LANDESSPARKASSE ZU OLDENBURG KONTO NR. 021 - 106562 (BLZ 28050100)



*C* *Claudia*  
*Taake*

Claudia Taake \* Artillerieweg 38 \* 26129 Oldenburg Germany

Leo Glückselig  
70 Haven Avenue  
New York NY 10032  
USA

12.08.1996

Lieber Herr Glückselig,

wir haben uns im Februar in New York kennengelernt, als ich Sie zusammen mit Stefan Appelius besucht habe. Ich habe Diplom-Sozialwissenschaften an der Universität Oldenburg studiert und beginne zur Zeit mit der Vorbereitung meiner Disseration. Ich habe mir ein New Yorker Thema ausgesucht, und zwar:

„Geschichte der deutschen Einwanderer-Kolonie im New Yorker Stadtteil Washington Heights“ (1880 - 1990)

Hätten Sie Lust und Zeit, mir Ende November / Anfang Dezember in New York den Stadtteil und einige der noch vorhandenen deutschen Geschäfte einmal zu zeigen? Über Ihre Antwort würde ich mich sehr freuen.

Mit herzlichen Grüßen, auch von Stefan Appelius,  
Ihre

*Claudia Taake*

*Claudia Taake* - ARTILLERIEWEG 38 - 26129 OLDENBURG - TEL.: 0441 - 76982  
LANDESSPARKASSE ZU OLDENBURG KONTO NR. 013 - 143854  
(BLZ 28050100)

PLUS  
MARK ®  
*An American Greetings Company*



[www.americangreetings.com](http://www.americangreetings.com)  
America Online Keyword: AG

200A 15292-2  
©AGC, INC. MADE IN THE U.S.A.

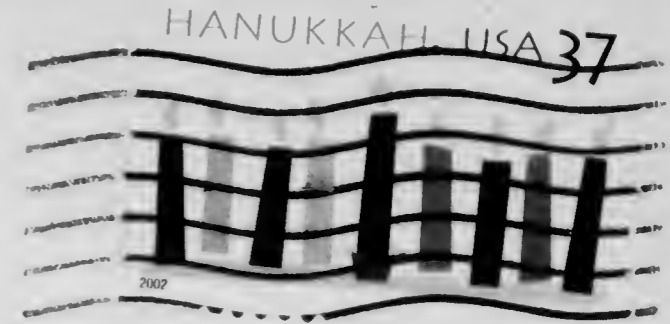
Lieber Leo!

Happy  
Holidays!

Bleib gesund und  
munter. Ich denke an dich,  
wenn ich in Wien und Budape-  
st bin. Im nächsten Jahr  
2 mal pro Monat. Das ist  
ein Befehl. Du suchst dir aus, wann es dir passt.  
Alles Liebe.  
Anna

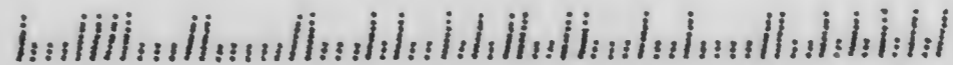


Anna Steegmann  
454 St. Nicholas Ave. 4 S F  
New York, NY 10027



MR. LEO GLÜCKSELIG  
70 HAVEN AVE #1B  
NEW YORK, NY 10032-2608

10032+2608



29. August 1996

GISELA KÖRFER

Hallo, lieber Leo,

endlich möchte ich mich doch auf Deine liebe Post melden! Du hast so nett geschrieben und vor allen Dingen: **Deine Zeichnung**, die Du gekonnt angefertigt hast - sie gefällt uns sehr! Du bist ein echter Künstler! **Wir bedanken uns für alles!**

Anbei ein paar Zeitungsausschnitte, ein paar Postkarten, die die deutsche Bundespost ihren „Benutzern“ zur Verfügung stellt (kennt man in den USA eigentlich das in Deutschland äußerst populäre Würzmittel „Maggi“, das es in flüssiger und Würfelform gibt, oder die leckeren Süßigkeiten „After Eight“, bestehend aus einer Pfefferminz-Paste mit Schokolade ummantelt? Und ganz besonders populär ist die „Nivea“-Creme, bestimmt schon seit 60 Jahren bekannt?) sowie ein Artikel über den *Moloch* New York. Ihr scheint einen durchgreifenden OB zu haben in Person dieses *Rudolph Giuliani*! Es ist sicherlich ein Riesen-Problem, in solch einer Mega-Stadt, wie der „Big Apple“ eine ist, einigermaßen für Ordnung zu sorgen.

Als weiteren Zeitungsartikel (alle stammen aus der Kölner Tageszeitung „Kölner Stadt-Anzeiger“) füge ich eine Fotokopie von: „*Gedanken über Oskar...*“ bei (das Original habe ich an Olsen's geschickt, Alex hat einen sehr netten, für ihn typischen, heiteren Antwort-Brief geschrieben, ich hatte ihnen auch die Fotos geschickt). Auch Rose Reetz hat uns geantwortet.

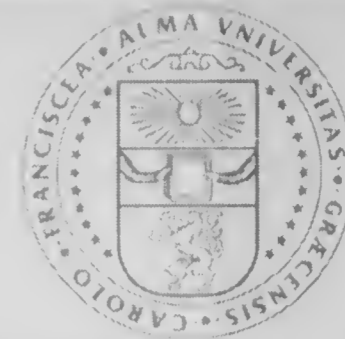
Ich glaube, ein Held hat Oskar Schindler bestimmt nie sein wollen, es hatte sich nur alles so ergeben aus der damaligen Zeit und seiner eigenen Situation heraus, oder sehe ich das falsch? Wir haben übrigens den Film „Schindler's list“ nie gesehen; erstens bedarf es bei Wilfried und mir dieses Films **absolut nicht**, um der ganzen entsetzlichen Dimension des Holocaust zu gedenken und ihn nie zu vergessen (in diesem Zusammenhang gab es bei uns nach dem Krieg zahlreiche fundierte Dokumentar-Filme und einige, obwohl - oder besser gesagt. **weil** nicht so spektakulär wie „Schindler's list“ - sehr eindringliche Spiel-Filme). Und zweitens sträubt sich in uns etwas, einem Regisseur, der „ET“ und andere science fiction-Themen gedreht hat, den seriösen und ernsthaften Willen abzunehmen, sich einem solch diametral anderen und extrem-realistischen Thema zuzuwenden. Der Name Steven Spielberg klingt in unseren Ohren einfach nach Mickey Mouse und Riesen-Spektakel ... Hinzu kommt natürlich noch, daß auch dieser Film bestimmt nicht den Anspruch erheben kann, die grausame Realität vollkommen vermitteln zu können, was sagt wohl HILDE OLSEN dazu? HILDE, die alles ja erlebt hat, kann mit Sicherheit die einzige realistische Auskunft geben, andererseits denkt soll sie am besten gar nicht mehr daran!!

Bei uns ist inzwischen mit Pauken und Trompeten der **H e r b s t** eingekehrt, begleitet von starken Stürmen und ergiebigem Niederschlag (wie die TV-Wetterfrösche stets den Regen bezeichnen), die Temperaturen sind kräftig gesunken. --- Ich kann nur hoffen, daß wir im lieblichen MERAN/SÜD-TIROL (Ober-Italien) wenigstens noch schöne Spät-Sommer-Tage erleben, denn wir wollen jeden Tag einen Ausflug unternehmen (vom 15. - 29. September werde ich mit meinen Eltern dort sein, Wilfried wird uns besuchen kommen).

**Wir hoffen, daß es Dir und Deinen Lieben** (damit meinen wir Deine Stammtisch-Freunde, Tochter Nina, Schwiegersohn Chuck und Enkel Max, Freundin Janet und Katze Hotchtu) **gut geht!** Ich habe gestern zu Wilfried gesagt, daß wir eigentlich im kommenden Frühjahr einmal in New York auftauchen müßten, um Dich zu besuchen und bei dieser Gelegenheit eventuell auch den einen oder anderen Deiner Freunde kennenzulernen. Jedenfalls wären wir begeistert!

*Herzliche Grüße an Dich u. Deine Lieben, immer Deine*

*Wilfried, Guido und Gisela!*  
P.S. Ich wäre interessiert, wie Ihr alle das Thema „Schindler“ seht!



INSTITUT FÜR GESCHICHTE  
ABTEILUNG ZEITGESCHICHTE  
Attemsgasse 8/III, 8010 Graz  
Tel.: 0316/380-2615  
Fax: 0316/32 79 50

**UNI  
GRAZ**

Manfred Lechner  
Andrea Strutz

To Mr.  
Glueckselig Leo  
70 Haven Ave # 1b  
New York, 10032 New York  
USA

Graz, am 31.5.1996

Lieber Leo!

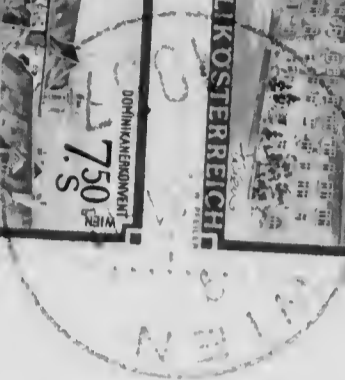
Leider ist unser Aufenthalt in New York viel zu rasch zu Ende gegangen. Wir möchten uns aber noch einmal für Deine herzliche Aufnahme und Gastfreundschaft bedanken. Die Arbeit am Film wird noch einige Zeit in Anspruch nehmen, wir freuen uns aber schon auf die Fertigstellung.

Vielleicht gibt es ein Wiedersehen im Sommer, wir würden uns jedenfalls sehr darüber freuen.

Mit herzlichen Grüßen aus Graz

*Manfred Lechner*  
*Andrea Strutz*

1. Fellerer  
1032, Wien  
im Hohenaparkt



Leo Glückselig

70 Haven ave,

New York 10032, N.Y.

U.S.A



Gen, 9. Januar 1991

Meine Lieben! Alle Jahre wieder - zu dem Festen.  
Alle alle guten Tunde! Danke, auch ich danke  
oft an Euch, und an New York. In der  
Kaffeezeit auch von Euch zu hören, wie es Euch  
geht an Beside. Wir leben, wir sind so weit  
gerückt. Die großen Sorgen sind ja jetzt  
des allgemein und wir haben alle die gleichen.  
Andreas und Frau sind wieder Euch auch  
sehr herzlich! Er hat mich bei uns nicht sehr  
viel verändert - keine Eichelhäute. Was  
sich Euch? Wir haben sehr schöne Gedanken  
gehört, mit allen unklaren Vorbereitungen,  
alle bei uns. Ein schneidendes was für uns  
neben dem Kommen des Tod meines  
Andreas' Erbi: es was eine Schenung  
auf zu lösen, Arbeit für ein halbes Jahr.  
Körnung, weil auch des künstlerischen  
Nachlass verorgt sein soll. Ist sei Dank  
bin ich noch relativ mobil, wenn auch unter  
Schmerzen und kann noch manchmal ganz  
mich (wie Gegenatz zu meistens nur mich)  
sein. Das Foto zeigt die große Baustelle  
von Andreas (in Graz.) Eine kleine Schule,  
als sehr die Baustelle der Bibliothek.  
Die Bitte Euch nicht nur einen Bericht, wie  
geht es Euch?

Ich meine Euch sehr.

Love  
The



hochschule für  
angewandte kunst  
in wien

Herr  
Leo Glueckselig  
70 Haven Avenue  
New York  
N. Y. 10032  
USA

Wien, 1984-11-13

Sehr geehrter Herr Glueckselig!

Vielen herzlichen Dank für Ihre beiden Briefe und die Proben und Fotos Ihrer Arbeit. Bitte verzeihen Sie, daß ich Ihnen nicht sofort geantwortet habe, aber die Vorbereitung der Ausstellung läßt mir sehr wenig Zeit. Ein kleines Mißverständnis muß ich korrigieren: die Ausstellung hat den Arbeitstitel: "Verfolgte österreichische Künstler während dem nationalsozialistischen Regime", d. h. ihr Ziel ist eine Dokumentation über das in der Zeit zwischen 1938 und 1945 für Österreich verloren gegangene kulturelle Potenzial. Wir zeigen nicht nur Maler, Bildhauer und Architekten, sondern auch Musiker, Schauspieler, Literaten usw.. Künstler, die entweder in dieser Zeit emigriert<sup>ely</sup>, oder sonst in irgendeiner Weise in ihrer künstlerischen Tätigkeit behindert waren (Berufsverbot, Kündigung, Ausstellungsverbot etc.). Es handelt sich also nicht nur um ehemalige Schüler der Kunstgewerbeschule, wenn auch sehr viele, der gezeigten Künstler aus ihr hervorgegangen sind, oder hier Lehrer waren. Wir haben bis jetzt ca. 1500 Namen gesammelt, davon können wir in der Ausstellung nur ca. 250 Künstler mit Arbeiten präsentieren, alle anderen werden wir nur mit biographischen Daten im Katalog berücksichtigen können. Da die Zeit sehr, sehr knapp ist, die Ausstellung wird am 10.1.1985 eröffnet, haben wir uns entschlossen, aus dem Material, daß Sie mir zukommen ließen, 2 Arbeiten, ich denke vorallem an die Bucheinbände, in der Ausstellung zu zeigen. Ich hoffe sehr, daß wir einmal die Gelegenheit haben werden eine Ausstellung zu organisieren, die ausschließlich ehemaligen Kunstgewerbeschülern gewidmet ist, wo wir dann mehr

von Ihnen und Ihren Freunden zeigen können.

Ich habe in der Zwischenzeit von Herrn Matulay, Frau Spandorf und Herrn Kalmar Briefe bekommen.

Von Herrn Matulay habe ich von Herrn Epler bereits Arbeiten ausgeborgt. Von Herrn Kalmar möchte ich gerne ein Bild zeigen oder im Katalog abbilden. Leider muß ich auf Werke Frau Spandorfs verzichten, wie gesagt die Zeit wird zu kurz, der Katalog muß Anfang Dezember fertig sein.

Ich bitte Sie sehr, nicht allzu traurig zu sein, daß wir nicht viel zeigen können, und möchte mich nochmals herzlichst für Ihre Mitarbeit bedanken.

Mit den besten Grüßen

Ihre



Dr. Gabriele Koller

PS: Gestern war ich in der Ausstellung "Versunkene Welt", eine Photoausstellung über das Judentum in Österreich. Dort fand in ein Photo: Leo Glueckselig mit einem Fahrrad (1827) (Geschenk zu einem Fest). Ich bin fast sicher, daß Sie das sind.



REPUBLIK ÖSTERREICH  
BUNDESKANZLERAMT

FRANZ MORAK  
Staatssekretär für Kunst und Medien

A-1014 Wien, Ballhausplatz 1  
Tel.: +43/1/53 115/2228  
Fax: +43/1/53 115/2869  
e-mail: franz.morak@bka.gv.at  
DVR: 0000019

GZ: 214.003/002-II/7/2002

Abteilung: II/7  
SB: Mag. Olga Okunev  
Tel. 53115/7573, Fax 53109/7573  
email:olga.okunev@bka.gv.at

Herr  
Leo Glückselig  
70 Haven Ave. 1B, New York  
10032 New York  
Vereinigte Staaten

Wien, am 30. September 2002

Sehr geehrter Herr Glückselig!

Ich hatte die Freude vor einiger Zeit Ihre Ausstellung im Kunstraum Palais Porcia eröffnen zu dürfen und darf Ihnen sagen, dass mir Ihre Arbeiten sehr gut gefallen haben. Ich bewundere Ihren Witz, die sanfte Ironie, die Sie meisterhaft mit einer, wie mir scheint, tiefen Philanthropie in Verbindung bringen können, Ihre Fähigkeit, zeitkritisch und zugleich menschlich zu sein! Die Sammlung der Universität für Angewandte Kunst hat durch Ihre großzügige Schenkung einen Schatz erhalten. Dafür möchte ich mich, als Staatssekretär für Kunst und Medien herzlich bedanken und darf Ihnen versichern, dass wir uns bemühen werden, Ihre Werke weiterhin einer breiten Öffentlichkeit zugänglich zu machen.

Ich wünsche Ihnen weiterhin viel Erfolg und freue mich, daß Sie, wie Sie auch in Ihrem berührenden Video sagen, entdeckt wurden und wir das Vergnügen haben konnten, Sie kennenzulernen.

Mit freundlichen Grüßen



ALFRED BADER FINE ARTS

DR. ALFRED BADER

www.alfredbader.com

ESTABLISHED 1961

October 30, 2002

Mr. Leo Glueckselig  
70 Haven Avenue, #1B  
New York, NY 10032

Dear Leo,

I am just leaving for England but must send you a brief note to thank you for that beautiful catalogue just received. You are really a very able artist and I very much hope to have a chance to visit with you before long.

With my thanks and best regards I remain

Yours sincerely,

Alfred Bader  
AB/az

*By Appointment Only*  
ASTOR HOTEL SUITE 622  
924 EAST JUNEAU AVENUE  
MILWAUKEE WISCONSIN USA 53202  
TEL 414 277-0730 FAX 414 277-0709  
E-mail: alfred@alfredbader.com



ALFRED BADER FINE ARTS

DR. ALFRED BADER

ESTABLISHED 1961

March 15, 2002

Mr. Leo Glückselig  
70 Haven Avenue #1B  
New York, NY 10032

Dear Leo,

Thank you for confirming that the girl in the white dress is Hertha.

I have just received one copy of the announcement of the exhibition,  
Xerox enclosed. I find this very satisfactory.

*Sold* I was in London last week and saw a magnificent Rubens that will be  
~~shown~~ in London on July 11<sup>th</sup>. It is being sold for a lady in Vienna whose  
father bought it from your father. I enclose description and wonder  
whether you can tell me to whom your father sold this painting.

As soon as I have the first copies of the Matulay catalogue I will of course  
send you a copy.

With fond regards as always I remain

Yours sincerely,

Alfred Bader  
AB/az  
Enc.

*By Appointment Only*  
ASTOR HOTEL SUITE 622  
924 EAST JUNEAU AVENUE  
MILWAUKEE WISCONSIN USA 53202  
TEL 414 277-0730 FAX 414 277-0709  
E-mail: baderfa@execpc.com



Purdue University Galleries

West Lafayette, Indiana

Laszlo Matulay:  
*Images for Words*

MARCH 25 THROUGH APRIL 28, 2002  
*Robert L. Ringel Gallery, Purdue Memorial Union*

EVERY FIVE YEARS SINCE THE EARLY 1980'S, DR. AND MRS. ALFRED BADER HAVE GENEROUSLY PRESENTED A PORTION OF THEIR EXTENSIVE COLLECTION IN EXHIBITIONS AT THE PURDUE GALLERIES. THIS EXHIBIT OF THE WORKS OF LASZLO MATULAY IS SPONSORED BY THE BADERS IN CELEBRATION OF THE 90TH BIRTHDAY OF PURDUE PROFESSOR EMERITUS AND NOBEL PRIZE LAUREATE DR. HERBERT C. BROWN. ILLUSTRATED BOOKS AND ARTWORKS ARE BEING LOANED FROM THE ARTIST'S FAMILY AND THE BADERS' COLLECTION.

**THURSDAY, MARCH 28 4:30 TO 6:00 PM**

JOIN US FOR A RECEPTION IN THE RINGEL GALLERY

*IMAGES FOR WORDS* PRESENTS A RECORD OF MATULAY'S LIFELONG CHALLENGE TO CREATE ART THROUGH ILLUSTRATION AND PERSONAL OBSERVATION, PERHAPS BEST EVIDENCED BY A PORTFOLIO OF SMALL STUDIES WHICH REFLECT HIS DAILY EXPERIENCES IN WORLD WAR II AND AN ILLUSTRATED, WORDLESS, BOOK OF HIS LIFE.





"LASZLO MATULAY IS A VIENNESE... HIS WORK IS SHOT THROUGH WITH TRACES OF HIS ORIGINS, THE HERITAGE OF AUSTRIA: HUNGARIANS, VIENNESE, ORTHODOX JEWS, ROMAN CATHOLICS, SOCIAL DEMOCRATS; WORLD WARS, REBELLIONS. HE IS AN AMERICAN, AND HIS WORK REFLECTS WHAT HE IS, WHAT HE WAS AND WHAT HE HAS BECOME IN THE DECADES OF HIS LIFE IN AMERICA."



HIS FRIEND, FRIEDRICH BERGAMMER, FROM THE FOREWORD TO *THEN AND NOW*.

ALL GALLERIES EXHIBITIONS AND EVENTS ARE FREE AND OPEN TO THE PUBLIC.

*The Property of a Lady*  
Sir Peter Paul Rubens  
The Massacre of the Innocents  
Oil on panel, comprising five planks, joined horizontally  
142 by 182 cm.

*Provenance:*

Recorded in 1698 when discussed in a letter of 13 December 1698 from Marcus Forchoudt in Vienna to his brother Guillaume in Antwerp;

Presumably sold by the Forchoudt brothers to Fürst Johann Adam Andreas I von Liechtenstein in Vienna by 2<sup>nd</sup> August 1702, when an account refers to the division of the payment equally between the three Forchoudt brothers;

Recorded in the Liechtenstein collection by 1733 (bears their seals of that year on the front and back of the panel), and certainly in the collection by 1712, when Johann Adam Andreas I died, since no pictures were bought between then and after 1733;

Thence by descent in the Liechtenstein family in Vienna:

In the Stadtpalais in Bankgasse until 1807;

In the Gartenpalais der Rossau until after 1873;

Until sold by them to the Viennese dealer Glückselig in 1920;

By whom sold in the same year to the father of the present owner, in Dresden.

The picture remained in Dresden after the death of the present owner's father in 1923 at the age of 41. His widow placed it on loan to the Zwinger, where it is believed to have been exhibited, and in the early 1930s it was with the dealer Metzenmacher in Dresden on commission, but was not sold. Subsequently it was sent to the present owner, then living in Vienna, and hung in her husband's office until removed in February or March 1945, shortly before the building was destroyed by bombing, and sent outside the city. It was stored in various locations until 1973, when placed on loan to a religious institution, where it remained until recently.

*Inventories:*

Vincenzio Fanti, *Descrizione Completa di tutto ciò che ritrovasi nella Galleria di Pittura e Scultura di Sua Altezza Giuseppe Wenceslao del S. R. I. Principe Regnante della Casa di Liechtenstein*, Vienna 1767, p. 104, no. 523, as by Francesco Neve (Frans de Neve), in the 12<sup>th</sup> Room, 1<sup>st</sup> Wall;

Anon., *Description des Tableaux et des Pièces de Sculpture que renferme La Gallerie de Son altesse François Joseph, Chef et Prince Regnant de la Maison Liechtenstein, etc.*, Vienna 1780, p. 246, no. 706, as by Jean van Houck, ou Houck (Jan van den Hoecke);

Johann Dallinger, manuscript inventory (*Catalogus*) of the Liechtenstein picture collection taken in 1805, , no. 369, as by Jan van den Hoecke;

Anon., manuscript ground plan of the Gartenpalais Rossau with elevations of each wall of each room and with the disposition of each picture, with description and valuation, entitled *Aufnahme und Katalog der Hochfürstliche Liechtensteinsche Majorats Bilder-Gallerie*, 1807-1815, Room 6, 2<sup>nd</sup> Wall, as Jan van den Hoecke, valued at 1,500;

Anon., *Katalog der Fürstlich Liechtensteinischen Bilder-Galerie im Gartenpalais der Rossau*, Vienna 1873, p. 24, no. 186, annotated as sold to Glückselig;

Note: not in the 1885 Gartenpalais inventory, so presumably earmarked for sale and taken down, as were many other pictures.



**F**rohe  
Weihnacht  
und viel  
Erfolg  
im neuen  
Jahr



Lieber Herr Glückselig

Wir möchten uns erst  
einmal bei Ihnen  
herzlichst bedanken.

Sie haben uns nicht ver-  
gessen!!!

Auch wir wünschen Ihnen  
ein gutes neues Jahr.

Wir hoffen alles es  
möge besser werden

Es grüßt Sie vielmals

Fam. Neuhold

HERRN  
LEO GLÜCKSELIG

70 HAVEN AVE.

NEW YORK N.Y. 10032 U.S.A.





JOHN F. COAKLEY  
CHIEF OF POLICE

DEPARTMENT OF POLICE  
CITY OF WORCESTER

MASSACHUSETTS 01608-1172  
(508) 799-8600



December 18, 1990

Mr. Leo Glueckselig  
70 Haven Avenue  
New York, N.Y. 10032

Dear Sir:

In reply to your correspondence inquiring about the whereabouts of Richard Daly, please be advised:

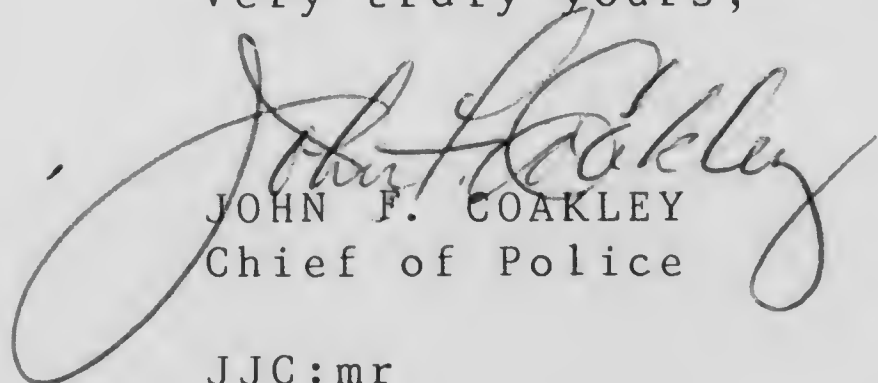
Richard Daly was a Lieutenant on the Worcester Police Department and was retired several years ago.

He now resides at 106 Rio Way, Ormond Beach, Florida, *Fl. 32174*  
Tel. No. 1-904-677-4520.

Dick happens to be a very good friend of mine and I see him a couple of times a year. I am happy to report he is in very good health and enjoying his retirement. I am certain he will be happy to hear from one of his old service buddies.

Happy holidays, and if I can be of any further assistance to you please call me at any time.

Very truly yours,

  
JOHN F. COAKLEY  
Chief of Police

JJC:mr

106 Rio Way  
Ormond Beach Fl.  
32174  
Jan. 23, 1991

CEK:SR

Dear Leo: -

I hope you will forgive the lack of real writing paper, but when you are married to an attorney you write on legal pads.

It has been weeks since I spoke to you on the phone and I have been writing this letter every day since, but finally here I am. I was so excited talking to you that I forgot to ask you for your telephone number so I could give you a jingle now and then. I also hope you can read what I ~~have~~ have written, because it would sure be tough if you had to take it to your local physician for deciphering.

Since we lost track of each other years ago much has happened. My ex wife and I had five children, two girls and three boys. Our second oldest boy is an adopted son, but we have had him since he was seven days old, but that is a story in itself. Our oldest daughter is now 48 and when I mentioned to her on the phone that you had called, she remembered you and she also has a sketch you made of me somewhere in Europe. My oldest boy would be 44, but as I told you he died as a result of wounds he received in Viet Nam, but at least we had him for five years and he left me a granddaughter whom I will see next month down here in Orlando. She is a junior at the University of Connecticut. She will be 21 in April.

Before I forget it, my mother, whom

you met on the journey from Worcester back to Taunton, Mass., is still alive, she will be 93 in April. She is not as good as she could be but at least she's still here. My father whom you also met died thirty years ago.

My second oldest son is 39 and works for digital during the day and U.P.S. at night, he is still single and can't smoke. My second oldest daughter is in the process of a divorce and has a twelve year old daughter. My youngest is a young man 33 and between he and his wife they have three girls. He also will be down to see me next month. My oldest daughter as you probably guessed never married.

My brother and his wife are coming to see me next Monday the 28<sup>th</sup> of Jan, but of course we just saw them all at Christmas. The weather has been great but we need rain very badly. The last few days have been cool and it is supposed to continue through the week.

To go back, after my wife and I separated I had an apartment of my own and of course I was still working as a Police Lieutenant. The young lady that I am married to now came into the Department as a Police Service Aide. We became friendly as she was in the process of a divorce and started dating. She became a Police Officer and finally our divorce became final and we married in a civil ceremony. I retired and she resigned and we moved to Florida. She decided she would like to go back to school, so she started at D.B. C.C. which of course is Daytona Beach Comm. Coll. From there she went to and graduated.

from University of Central Florida, from there she went to Stetson University College of Law in St. Petersburg, so while she was there we lived there during the week and here on the weekend. As I told you on the phone she is now an assistant State Attorney in Daytona Beach, as a matter of fact she has a big case going now and went down yesterday and watched for a while. It should be completed and go to the jury today. It's a boating accident case in which three men were killed and her boss felt she was the most qualified to handle it. She has done absolutely well and I am very proud of her. I am also very proud of me for backing her.

I guess that pretty much covers the main stuff and it has all been great, a few setbacks but everyone has those. I guess I told you shortly after we moved here, I had a quadruple bypass but I am great now. In July 8 or 89 I was operated for Cancer and they took out 18 inches of my lower bowel but that turned out good too, so aside from fighting the fact I am in good shape, just to heavy on the short, I'm not sure which.

I sure hope I don't take as long to write you again and give you some more of what's new with me as it has since the last time I wrote, but I'll do my best to keep you up on things.

It sure was great to hear from you and if you get a chance send my love please.  
 Your old pal  
 Dick

Bert C. Hersch, O.D.  
100 Thorndale Dr. No. 271  
San Rafael, CA 94903

March 1, 1989

Dear Leo:

Your beautiful invitation to your art exhibit received and the real regret that Edna and I experience is that we cannot attend. The description given by Wechter fascinates. Your art must be beautiful. And intriguing.

We see your daughter and new son-in-law occasionally. They are getting along real well. This is a good marriage and we are all very happy. We are hoping they can soon find outlets for their ambitions.

Edna joins me send to you and your wife our very best regards.

Bert





Mr. Leo Gluckselig  
70 Haven Ave 18  
New York, NY  
10032

Moja Kochana!

Obiecałam Ci ten list już parę tygodni temu, ale miałam okropny miesiąc. Były straszne upały (hamsiny) i miałam prawie chroniczny ból głowy. Uspokajał się po pigułkach i wrócił z powrotem. Teraz też mnie jeszcze łapie, ale tylko raz dwa razy w tygodniu to już lepiej. Postanowiłam robić akupunkturę, ale to trzeba przez lekarza to musi trochę potwać. Mojej koleżance z pracy bardzo pomogło (na migrenę) i nawet przestała palić też za stałe chodzą okrzemione pigułkami i to <sup>też</sup> bardzo się dzieje na ulkusa i dostaje ranki w ustach - Afta, jeśli wiesz co to jest. Mama to też nieważna. Odchrzątyłam pewnie "dobrze" zęby. A teraz "fuchles".

Papiery do Polski wysłałam 10 Oktober. Mam nadzieję że je już otrzymała. Posyłam Ci odpis. Co do tego placu za fabrykę to jeżeli były jakieś papiery to są u Ciebie. Za ten zrobiłam porządek z Mamy papierami. To było robota nie staj ziemi. 2 torby i woreczek plastikowy pełne listów rachunków i czegoś nie. Wybraś sobie że otrzymała rachunki od Westheimera, z Fleiszerem, listy z Uro od doktorów i t.d. Musiałam to wszystko przejrzeć, żeby nie wyznici czegoś potrzebnego. Znalazłam

Dear Leo!

I am writing to you special because all the "megiles" in english was too much for my poor head. Ita will translate it to you. But if you will be a dear sweet brother in law you will write us from time to time: a letter with all news and happenings, in family of course.

We are now very famous in T.V. and newspapers, but what will come up from this who knows. Let hope for the best!

We are all OK and send you best

regards and kisses  
Lilka Shmuel Michelle and Adi

adres Hanki (jeśli by był potrzebny) Toli Plawner,  
Crumora. Nie wiem czy to trzymać?  
Jeśli chodzi o pieniądze to żeby nie było "bed feelings"  
można obliczyć i podzielić na równo.  
Te 100.000 Marek które zostały, były warte 2 miesiące  
temu, 57.000 \$ ~~teraz~~ Teraz kurs poszedł w górę to jest już  
mniej. Ty też dostała od Mamy to co mi wiadomo  
w 792. 100.000 Marek + 16000 \$ które była na moje i  
mamy konto w Harlem Bank of. Ona wtedy likwidowała  
wszystkie konta. Czy było coś jeszcze to Ty sama wiesz.  
Wiesz także ile te sumy są teraz warte. Te marki w  
swoim czasie były wartości mieszkania i dlatego też  
mama powiedziała że mieszkanie jest dla mnie. Teraz  
mieszkanie jest warte plus minus 70 tys. \$. To też zależy  
czy od rynku i ile minister Sharon buduje. Oblicz sobie  
ile ci się należy, do ratime nie pójdziemy i mam nadzieję  
że nie popsujemy stosunków. Chciałabym też zobaczyć  
telefony. Jak my się znamy to listów żadna z nas  
nie będzie pisać więc trzeba ustalić czas i raz na  
dwa tygodnie na zmianę będziemy mówić. Problem  
jest że u nas tenie rozmowy są codziennie ale od 15:00  
w nocy do 8 rano. O której wy chodzą spać?  
bo mnie o 6 tej rano by było nie ile drwoni. Do mnie  
to najlepiej w niedzielę o 7<sup>30</sup> - 8 i później wieczorem.  
To też trzeba obliczyć.

U nas tutaj ogłaszają w gazetach (prywatne biuro)

~~Wiem~~ że Niemcy mają <sup>III</sup> płacić żydom z Sosnowca i Łodzi za pracę w Gecie. Warto Ci się dowiedzieć, bo Ty przecież pracowałaś przez cały czas. Najlepiej zadzwoni do Uro. Sekoda im darowai. Ja nie pracowałam w Gecie w ogóle.

Mam Ci tyle do opowiadania, ale kto ma siłę tyle pisać. Mam nadzieję, że się na wiosnę zobaczymy. Nie lubię robić planów, bo później się psują, ale to jest w projekcie.

Piszę po drugiej stronie listu, żeby nie był za ciężki i żeby nie musiała chodzić na pocztę.

Ce w Was słychać? Jak zdrowie i co u Niny? Nie liczę na odpowiedź, ale poproszę Leona to może on napisze.

Michał jest teraz przed egzaminem, specjalizowała się w „premature babies” (jak to jest po polsku?) Avi i Sumel w porządku.

Mam zamiar do Was zadzwonić, jak nie będę spała, może w Sobotę czy piątek.

Bardziej mi zdrowi i wszystkiego dobrego  
Lilka

**BY AIR MAIL**

Shabtay  
36 Sokolov St.  
Ramat 72205  
ISRAEL

Mr. & Mrs

Leo Glneselig  
70 Haven Ave  
New-York, N.Y. 10032  
U.S.A.





Josef S. Rützel  
Modern Languages Dept.

26. April 2000

Herr  
Dr. Leo Glückselig  
Haven Street  
New York NY

*Lieber Leo,  
Vielen Dank dafür, dass Du Dich bereit erklärt hast, unseren Schülern  
etwas über Deine Bilder und Dein Leben zu erzählen. Die Äußerungen der  
Schüler nach dem Besuch machten deutlich, dass Deine Erklärungen sehr  
zum Verständnis der Bilder beitrugen, zumal viele von ihnen einen  
biographisch-historischen Hintergrund haben, der den Schülern nicht  
vertraut ist. Die Bilder gefielen ihnen durchweg gut, wobei „Kreuzzug“  
besonders oft als sehr beeindruckend genannt wurde und auch in der Klasse  
noch zu einigen Diskussionen führte.  
Vielen herzlichen Dank nochmals!  
Mit den besten Grüßen*

*Josef S. Rützel*

30 Rockefeller Plaza  
New York, N. Y. 10112

Room 5600

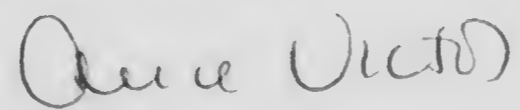
(212) 649-5600

March 14, 1989

Dear Mr. Glueckselig:

Mr. David Rockefeller, who is out of the city at the moment, asked me to reply to your letter, inviting him to the reception at the Lowenstein Library Gallery on March 18th. Unfortunately, he will be out of town that day, but hopes to visit the gallery and see your works another time.

Sincerely,



Alice Victor

Mr. Leo Glueckelig  
70 Haven Avenue  
New York, NY 10032



William H. Scherman  
5 Willow Spring Circle  
Hanover, New Hampshire 03755

April 1, 1989

Dear Leo --

This is no April Fool letter -- it's the real thing. Some time ago we got notice of your show, and for a time, expected to be in New York during it, and we were going to surprise you. Unhappily -- or maybe happily, as far as everything else about going to New York is concerned -- we weren't able to make it, hence the letter. If there's anything else printed about the exhibit, or your work, we'd love to see it. We don't save Christmas cards, but we always welcome yours as among the more artistic and personal that we ever receive. My daughter Betsy, you may be interested to know, is getting her degree in landscape architecture this June from Harvard (!) -- having never even graduated from high school. I don't know whether you ever met her second husband, Dick Smith, whom I guess you would characterize as a non-objective painter -- though for a while, he was the grand old man of the young artists of the late-lamented British Pop Art movement. She has two sons, the only grandchildren I have, 23 and 18. Our other kids are dispersed around the country, and the two that Gerry and I have, whom I guess you have met only through our Christmas cards, are emerging in the world, the older one a foreign exchange trader for the Bank of Boston, and the younger going for his PhD in English at Duke U. I hope indeed that Ita and Nina are well, and yourself also, although I fear that after these many years, you would all be completely unrecognizable!

I did tell you, did I not, that several years ago we went to the wedding on Marthas Vineyard of Dave Rich's son Tim? He is the police chief of one of the small towns there, about 6'7" and 275 pounds, and people got a big laugh when I (5'4") was introduced as his godfather. Of course I had not seen him since he was in a bassinet.

All the very best --

Bill S.

JIM FULLER

3/3/89

DEAR LEO -

WE LOOK FORWARD TO  
SEEING YOUR SHOW DURING  
ITS STAY AT THE HOWENSTEIN -

YOUR FAVORITE PASTE-UP  
GIRL NANCY DOES TOO!

PLEASE SEND YOUR INVITE TO:

NANCY FULLER COATES

312 16TH ST.

BROOKLYN, N.Y. 11215

WITH WARM REGARDS -

A large, stylized handwritten signature, likely "Jim Fuller", written in dark ink. The signature is composed of several sweeping, connected strokes, with a prominent loop at the top and a long, curved tail that extends across the width of the page.

"COLORED SAILS" 9581

From an Original footpainted by P. DRIVER  
Published by the Association of Handicapped Artists, Inc.  
Litho in U.S.A. by Holling Press, Inc., Buffalo, N.Y.



Dear Leo J. —

Congratulations to the exhibit —  
that's great news.

If I can't make it to the opening  
I certainly will want to see your  
work in the Lowenstein Library.

Thanks so much for letting me  
know.

Best wishes

Ellen Wall

3/5/89

leo glueckselig 70 HAVEN AVENUE, NEW YORK, N.Y. 10032 • TELEPHONE: WA 3-2824

30. März 1989

Christian  
lieber Herr Witt-Dörning,

Etwas verspätet sehe ich gerade die Einladung zu "Austrian Art in America". Leider werde ich an diesen Tag nicht in New York sein und somit das Symposium vermissen.

Besonders leid tut es mir Ihren Vortrag nicht beizubringen zu können und auch ~~noch~~ daß ich nicht die Gelegenheit hatte Sie zu meiner Ausstellung in der Fordham University einzuladen.

Ich habe nämlich in meinen graphischen Arbeiten ~~mit~~ viel von meinen ursprünglichen "österreichischen" Einflüssen mitgenommen und verarbeitet. Ich absolvierte die ehemalige "Kunstgewerbeschule (1934-1938) wo ich unter Prof. Strued, Prof. Härtel, Prof. Niedermoser studierte.

Es würde für mich sehr viel bedeuten wenn Sie instande wären noch diesen "Exil-Künstler" bei seinen Arbeiten kennen zu lernen.

Sollten Sie instande sein, diesen Besuch,  
während Ihres wahrscheinlich viel beschäftigten  
Besuchs <sup>Aufenthalts</sup> in New York; doch zu vollziehen, würde  
ein Anruf von Ihnen genügen mich schnellstens  
zu der Gallery zu bringen.

Ich bin 74 Jahre <sup>alt</sup> geworden und dies ist  
meine erste größere Ausstellung!

Ich wäre Ihnen sehr dankbar, wenn Sie  
meiner Arbeit eine <sup>kleine</sup> Urkunde geben würden.

Fremdlichst

Leo Gluckstein

923-2824

P.S. Bitte verzeihen Sie mir, wenn etwas bedienter  
Deutsch - in meinen graphischen Arbeiten  
ist der Accent ungestört!

WILLIAM BERNSTEIN  
215 MIDDLE NECK RD-BLD.7  
GREAT NECK, NY 11021

April 14, 1989

Dear Leo,

I wish to express our thanks for the repro of your drawing that so touched Lil and me. However I'm returning it for your signature and caption. How could I possibly frame an anonymous picture that means so much to us and particularly from a friend that I so highly respect. Make sure that your signature and caption is within the picture area because it is going to be cropped to approximate size as the original.

I'm enclosing herewith money for return postage. I'll let you pay the extra 5¢. It was great to see you and Itka again, the family and some of our mutual friends.

The next time I go into the city I'll call before and see if we can get together.

Best regards to all

Bill

20 March 89

Dear Leo -

Thank you for the invitation to the reception for your exhibit. I wish that I could have made it, but I had already made plans to be in Ithaca, NY.

Chuck + Nina are always in my thoughts. Surely they will be able to make it through these hard times + triumph.

Give my best to Ita.

Yours —  
John



Miller



LAFAYETTE COLLEGE

Department of Government and Law  
Kirby Hall of Civil Rights  
Easton, Pennsylvania 18042

Mr. Leo Glueckselig  
70 Haven, 7B  
NYC, NY  
10032

AR 25193

2/5

Glueckselig collection

1943-1945

Glueckselig, Leo  
outgoing

Aug. 23rd 1943

My dearest Lise & Paul,

At last I sit down to write to you both, something I haven't done for a long time. You weren't too busy either in this respect and so both parties have to forgive each other - or should do so at least. I for instance am unjust enough to complain bitterly about the lack of mail and naturally have an "good" excuse prepared, why I am not better than you. But to tell you the truth I am really glad to write to you. It should be a sign for you, that my duties are better now and so the circumstances. It is very hard to describe really and to give a right picture of our work in Fankouville during those last 2 months. It consists of so many details and misances. Despite knowing that it is better to do duty over here it doesn't help always to know that, if the circumstances get hard, if you had an average of 5 hours sleep in 24 hours - in short - if you get sleepless without a chance of respite or relaxation. Duty and Training, 24 hours a day, 7 days a week, crowded quarters, immense heat and a hateful command, unconsiderable in the most necessary petty details. You know how small minded

military characters can be sometimes. The duty I am performing now, doesn't exactly belong to the nicest ones, but it is heaven ~~to~~ in comparison with the former one - and besides that - which duty is really a nice one in a war? There are only glorified ones - and those which are not - but altogether ~~they are~~ ~~a~~ dirty business. The only good thing is, what friendships and comradeships grow in that surrounding. I have a few boys here, where I know, that we have grown together, without loosing a word about it.

I have written to the parents about a spoiled stomach I had. You can assure them, that it is completely over and I think it resulted mainly from the unusual prespiring and drinking of very much - usually ice cold water, which is not to well tasting in Jacksonville. The injury I had on my ~~thin~~ ~~skin~~ ~~slim~~ was a nasty infected wound, which healed very slowly - but is a only <sup>small</sup> scar by now. I fell over a log the morning we moved to Jacksonville and I had no time left to look at it, because the trucks were waiting. I didn't know that I had a open wound - it just hurt like the devil and when I took my leggings off in Jacksonville I had my legs full of blood - and next day the infection came out. It took about a month until it closed and started to heal up. It never got to nasty - but was enough to leave me uncomfortable and occupied.

Now I am back at Blanding on detached duty and we don't know whether it will be a long job or merely a matter of days. I wish it would last a little bit, because despite of much work I ~~have~~ am able to rest up. That is like a vacation for me.

I hope that you really had a fine vacation and I think it was ~~really~~ good, that you had it together. I bet you enjoyed it 100% better that way. Write again and soon - and you write in English.

With all the love I am yours

no

Nov. 14<sup>th</sup> 1944

My dearest Brother,

I just finished a letter to mother, writing her ~~a~~ letter to her birthday. And I continue to write one to your's. You are not in bad company - When I sit down to speak to you at home - specially at occasions like this one, then I write very slowly, because there is so much I want to express - so many thoughts and emotions and only words at hand to bridge the distance. ~~The~~ Saying the word "distance" - it contains much more than can be counted in miles. It is the whole situation, the reason, why I am not with you, all the happenings of our time and in the end the ever returning realisation, that I am not able to dream away the fact, how far I am away and how strong and uncertain the currents are, separating us. Writing then - I draw everything which concerns me with you into my mind, ~~to~~ - I place myself far away from where I actually am and try to touch you. It is always trying and my own letters seem so poor in relation to what I actually want to say. That all, because I don't like to talk, where I can live. And love is life - but I have to talk to you, because I am not with you. This letter must replace an evening spend with you and baby, celebrating your birthday. It would be an evening, with good things to eat and casual talks - either serious or plain fun and laziness and my sheer presence

② would be sufficient to explain all my thoughts, my friendships and my love to you my brother. Well - because there is no casualness possible, my words seem serious. But that only because I have to long for you so far away - but it is for that unexplained and certain atmosphere I am longing. For the knowledge of our relation, which doesn't need words. For those hours of relaxed certainty and warmth. For your intelligence, which I like and for <sup>your</sup> childishness - for all those stupid things, which you can do -

Everything is my mind now and I greet you. Be happy on this day and when you drink a toast on this evening, drink one for me. It will be the answer to one I shall drink to you over a glass of French wine. A toast to your luck, a toast to your wife - pardon - Gaby, a toast to our friendship and to our love,

your brother

Leo

Oct. 7<sup>th</sup> 1945Manila, Phil.

Oh my dear —

let's stop right there and thank

God.

If I would have written this letter about a week ago - there would have been a marked difference. Certainly there has much happened during the last years, since I heard of you last and I would have to tell you from the beginning to the end - but a few events in the last week have changed my mind considerably and so I start with the latest news.

I received a telegram from my father notifying me of the receipt of a letter by an U.S. soldier in Europe, who met Hka. Imagine - she is alive, went through almost certain death. I am still not able to comment on it properly —

Second - a few days before I received a letter from France - from a girl "Tundi Fremel". I can't place her, telling me about Erika Raab - married in C.S.R. and Kurtl alive in Vienna having resumed his medical study. Their poor parents died in some concentration camps.

And now you my dear Max.

② What all this means to me, will be better ~~understandable~~ understandable to you, when besides the near human point you hear a few facts of my life. I joined the Army Aug. 5, 1942 - what a veteran from the Leopoldstadt - and ~~and~~ went to England, through the campaigns of France and Germany and after victory there was transferred to the Philippines directly.

What I have seen over there is beyond my ability to describe right now - but my small hopes shrank and my heart sunk deeply. I wouldn't do a thing in this Toluca valley and then had to leave, before things settled a little. And now so far away I find her - can't even write a letter yet - only send telegrams.

Well - this time I want let a stone returned - to bring her over and to be united for good. I even have the intention to reenlist for one more year, if I can succeed to be transferred again to the European Theatre. Isn't life strange - we are real gypsies of fate!

Have you contacted your relatives already? Max - no nonsense. I expect to see you soon in the States - and become a settled man - if that is possible with you. Funny - as much I was concerned for the life of everyone I loved and who lived far away in danger - you were the man I was



③ least concerned, regarding the survival. This only because I felt that this guy can't be gotten so easily. Even not by the Son of God and his conquering Armies. You are one of those God's children, who go through hard life, without losing their smile - I hope I am right and you are still the old one - or better the young one - I knew.

last week - after a very long time I wrote to Teddy & Lucy. Through my Aunt I heard, that he is still very successful in the Palestine orchestra.

It is <sup>like</sup> awaking from a bad dream.

looking around after the battle and licking the wounds. Thanks God - many of our friends came through - and there is only a small percentage, who did all together. The losses and destruction are terrific.

Max - it is so impossible to write the right letter - so many sentiments are getting me.

I shall say - that I am happy that I can talk to you again - continue where we left off - a good friendship. Do I need to say more?

All the love and write soon

yours always,

W.

Gen. Leo G. Bueckele  
32410629  
HQ. DET. 795<sup>th</sup> MP. Bn.  
A.P.O. 75 c/o PM.  
San Francisco, Cal.



Mr. Max Steigman  
Shanghai  
Postbox - 1425

China

AR 25193

1/11

Leo Glueckselig Collection

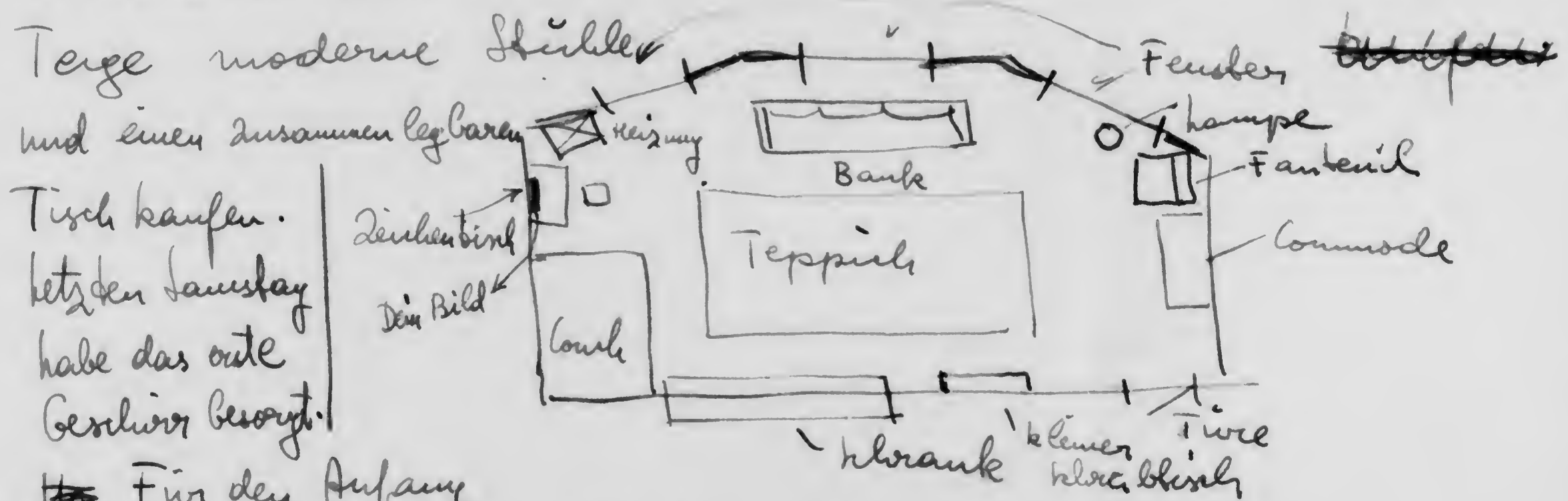
1945 - 1946

Glueckselig, Leo to Glueckselig, Ida

Letters are addressed to Janina Sklaska, name ~~used~~  
by Ida Glueckselig during the war

③ Ärger mit meinem Buch - musste \* Umänderungen machen und habe viel Arbeit gehabt, welche ich meistens am Abend erledige. Jetzt ist es druckreif und in den nächsten Tagen wird es sich entscheiden, wie groß die Auflage sein wird. Halt den Daumen für mich —

Nh wohne schon in meinem Zimmer. Muhs - wenn Du würdest, wie die Holzknausheit ist - ich habe einen Hauptbrenner gemacht und bin viel beneidet. Das Zimmer ist vollkommen separiert - das ist keine Wohnung sondern ein „Roominghouse“ wie eine Art privates Hotel. Nur Badezimmer und Küche gemeinsam mit 3 anderen. Hast Deine eigenen Schließel. Bettwäsche und Handtücher jede Woche angestellt und natürlich zentral geheizt. Das Zimmer ist für N.Y. Verhältnisse sehr groß, mit 3 Fenstern. Der Grundriß sieht so aus: Nh werde diese



~~Das~~ Für den Anfang kann nicht zu viel elegantes und feineres besorgen - bin noch nicht so reich, aber habe ich mir gedacht - das erste soll schon sein und habe ein erbsenbendes keramisches Frühstückes geschirr für uns beide in zwei verschiedenen Farben gekauft. zusammen werden wir schon alles zusammen kriegen. Also wenn Du kommst, hoffe ich, daß ~~ich~~ ich das Zimmer schon viel besser hergerichtet habe, so daß

④ Du ein nettes provisorisches Heim hast, bis es uns gelingt eine Wohnung zu bekommen. Wenn Du kommst wirst Du hier leben und (natürlich die Khlübel kriegen) (ich muß Dir doch nicht sagen, daß ich ein zweites Paar machen lasse) und ich werde mich halt traditions gemäß wo anders einquartieren müssen ~~wenn~~ bis Madame es sich überlegt „ja“ zu sagen - ich meine bei der Hochzeit (!) Dann gibt es keine Entschuldigung mehr - ich meine wegen der Khlübel. Also Munk - brauchst Dich nicht sorgen - ich bin nicht wie ein losgelassenes Tier - trotz der unendlichen Sehnsucht nach Dir - und Du brauchst Dich auch nicht zu sorgen, daß ich es zu wenig bin. Ich habe Dich zu gut in Erinnerung - und wenn Du eine gute Erinnerung hast, wirst Dich auch ~~erinnern~~ <sup>wirden</sup> <sup>wissen</sup> ich meinen Willen <sup>Wesen</sup> angepaßt habe. Ich bin trotz „Dummheit“ und „Heißheit“ ziemlich gewiß was ich will - und bin auch vollkommen sicher mit Dir Fußgewiss glücklich auszukommen. Glaubst nicht Kleines?

Grüße Fern herzlichst von mir - heute bin zu müde noch an Sie zu schreiben. Nach diese Wochen werden Strümpfe an Dich und sie abgehen. Sage ihr, daß ich mit Ediths Schiller gesprochen habe, ~~die~~ <sup>die</sup> ich sehr freute von ~~ihm~~ dem jungen Mann zu hören. Ich kann mich auch genau an ihn erinnern. Edith ist zum zweiten mal verheiratet - ihr erster Mann beging hier vorfabren Selbstmord. Konnte die Emigration nicht ertragen. Auf die Photos warte ich mit Ungeduld - sende Dir inzwischen ein par von mir

Bezug - es ist 1/4 nachts!

Sei geküßt Geliebte - ich umarme Dich  
und bin immer bei Dir

Schreib an die alte Adresse bitte!

Dein

heo'

30 Nov. 1946

Liebste Itka,  
Ich habe Dir doch ueber \* Herrn Pierre Samson Geschrieben und heute habe ich  
Antwort von Ihm erhalten .Ich will Dir schnell die Uebersetzung seines Briefes  
schreiben, da er franzoesisch schreibt. (Gaby uebersetzt es fuer mich)  
Lieber Herr,

In Beantwortung Ihres Schreibens vom 19. November, welcher heute  
angekommen ist, bitte ich Sie, Ihrem Sohn Leo zu versichern und zu beteuern,  
dass alles notwendige geschehen wird, um Fraeulein Goldberg zur Zeit ihrer  
Durchreise durch Paris zu helfen. Sie wird behandelt werden als ob sie aus  
meiner eigenen Familie kaeme - ich bedauere nur, dass Schwierigkeiten  
technischer Natur es mir unmoeglich machen, sie bei uns wohnen zu lassen -  
aber ich werde mich mit ihr befassen und mich ganz zu ihrer Verfuegung stellen,  
damit sie eine gute Erinnerung an ihren Aufenthalt in Paris bewahrt - und  
dass ihr nichts fehlen soll.

Zweifeln Sie nicht, lieber Herr Glueckselig, dass es mir ein besonderes  
Vergnuegen sein wird, Ihnen angenehm sein zu koennen. Ihnen oder Ihrer Familie.

Sagen Sie der jungen Dame, dass Sie sich nicht vor mir genieren muss,  
und dass sie mich gleich nach ihrer Ankunft aufsuchen soll.

Sie kann mich an jedem Morgen zwischen 10 und 12 Uhr, 7 Rue Beranger  
erreichen oder in der Ruhestunden 19 Boulevard Flandrin ( Privatadresse ).

Ich habe schon Gelegenheit gehabt, einer gewissen Anzahl von ~~Krakauer~~  
Refugees zu helfen; im vergangenen Monat habe ich mich um eine ganze Krakauer  
Familie gekuemert, die nach Australien auswanderte - um sich dort als  
Antiquitaetenhaendler zu etablieren.

Man ist in dieser grausamen Zeit zu einer bruederlichen Solidaritaet  
verpflichtet - und das ist eine ganz selbstverstaendliche Sache.

Zuehlen Sie auf mich, und seien Sie auch versichert, dass es mir leid  
tut, Ihren Sohn Leo zur Zeit seiner Durchreise durch Paris ~~nicht~~ verfehlt  
zu haben.

Ich verbeilbe herzlichst Ihr

Pierre Samson

Also wie Du siehst brauchst Du Dir es nicht eine Secunde ueberlegen, im Gegen-  
teil rechne ich hundert prozentig, dass Du Herrn Samson aufsuchst. Er ist den  
Vater seit sie junge Maenner sind ~~si~~ bekannt und sind wir hier seine Vertreter,  
also ganz in enger Beziehung. Wir haben mit ihm auch abgemacht, dass wenn Du Geld  
brauchst, dass wir es hier fuer ihm zurueckzahlen. \* Was mich am meisten in  
der Sache noch interessiert ist, dass er Franzose ist und sich in alle Dinge  
natuerlich gut auskennt und Dir von grosser Hilfe sein kann. Bitte Itka folge mir  
und suche ihm auf - ich hoffe, dass Du nicht in Schwierigkeiten kommen wirst,  
aber Du bist allein in der Fremde und es beruhigt mich zu wissen, dass du mit  
jemandem im Kontakt bist, der Dir behilflich sein kann und zu dem man Vertrauen  
haben kann. Ich rechne jetzt nur mit diesem Mann, da er die beste Beziehung ist  
und glaube ich, dass Du nicht die anderen Adressen, die ich Dir sandte brauchen  
wirst. Ich sende Diesen Brief gleich weg, daher beende den Brief schnell. Ich werde  
Dir gleich wieder schreiben, wenn ich andere Sachen Dir zu sagen habe. Muck Gute  
Nacht und komme schon

mit aller Liebe bleibe ich immer  
Dein

Leo.

15. Juni 1946.  
N. Y. C.

Meine geliebte Janna,  
Seit vielen Wochen habe ich keine wie immer  
geartete Nachricht von Dir. Ein Telegramm, welches  
ich Dir vor ungefähr einem Monat gesandt hatte  
bleibt unbeantwortet. Ich bin sehr besorgt um  
Dich und nervös. Die letzte Nachricht, die ich von  
Dir erhielt war der Brief, der über Schweden ging  
in welchem Du mir mitteilst, daß Du zu Kurt  
gehen willst. Ich habe inzwischen noch von Paul's  
Schwager, Herrn Schöpfer gehört, der Dich besuchen  
wollte und dem man sagte Du seiest nicht  
mehr in Budapest. Dann hörte ich von Le Roy  
(amerikan. Soldat) der Dich sah, aber der Deinen  
Brief nicht wegsenden konnte, da dies nicht mehr  
erlaubt ist. So habe ich diesen Brief nicht  
erhalten. Ich teile Dir dies alles mit, damit  
Du verstehst, warum ich so nervös bin. Mein  
„lawyer“ hatte mir schon vor zwei Monaten  
gesagt, ich sollte ihm gleich verständigen, wenn  
Du nach Wien kämst, denn dort hin hat er  
Verbindung. So wartete ich auf Nachricht,  
aber jetzt weiß ich wirklich nicht, wo Du bist  
oder was mit Dir los ist. Und ich ~~so~~ brauche  
doch darauf etwas zu unternehmen. Aber

② Wo bist Du jetzt? Vor ungefähr zwei Wochen habe ich an Kurt eine telegraphische Anfrage gestellt und nach 24 Stunden hatte ich seine Antwort. Daß er Dich „jeden Tag“ jetzt erwarte. Das war vor 14 Tagen. Munk - ich will doch nur deshalb alles so genau und schnell wissen, weil ich nur einen Gedanken habe - nämlich wieder mit Dir vereint sein. Wenn ich heute erfahre, daß der Konsul definitiv Dich nicht hierher läßt - was ich bezweifle - will ich herüberkommen. Ich habe Dir schon gesagt, daß ich dann ein Jahr dort bleiben müßte. Ich will wissen, was Du dazu sagst. Ich stelle mir vor, daß Du doch lieber früher weg willst, obwohl Du als Frau von einem Amerikaner augenblicklich anders leben würdest. Bitte antworte mir das ~~absch~~ absolute von Deinem Standtpunkt - denn der ist mir der wichtigste. Für mich ist das überhaupt keine Strapaze und Mühe. Ich wäre am liebsten sowieso schon herübergefahren. Mein ganzes Leben seit ich von Dir weg bin war nur ein Zigeunerleben und wird nicht anders werden, bis ich wieder mit Dir zusammen bin.

Momentan ist es nicht gar so leicht hier - speziell für jemanden, der wieder



(3) beginnen muß. Du wirst z.B. nicht glauben, daß ich bis jetzt nicht imstande war ein „Zimmer“ für mich allein zu bekommen, so eine Wohnungsnot gibt es. Aber ich will nicht klagen. Seit ich zurück bin, habe ich 15 Pfund zugenommen - werde sie schon wieder verlieren wenn ich Dich wieder treffe. Nur passieren soll es schon - ich bin einfach fertig und will nicht mehr warten sondern mehr handeln. habe mich womöglich bald über was mit den Papieren ist. und was Du zu meinem eventuellen Plan mit der Amerikan. Militärregierung für ein Jahr zu arbeiten, sagst.

Von Deiner Mutter habe ich endlich Post erhalten. Der Brief war über 1 Monat alt und sie sagte, daß sie seit 3 Wochen von Dir nichts gehört hatte.

Für Dich und Deine Freundin habe heute 2 Pakete vorbereitet und sende sie am Montag fort.

Mum - ich schne mich sehr nach Dir -  
in Tiefster Liebe und mit vielen Küßen  
Dein  
ho

19, November, 1945  
Manila, Philippinen,

Meine geliebteste - Janina,

Oh meine Liebste - seit ungefähr zwei Monaten weiß ich von Dir. Mein Vater schickte mir den Brief des Amerikanischen Soldaten, der mir sagte, daß er Dich in "Austria" sprach und ich sollte Dir an die alte Adresse schreiben. Seit dann habe ich Dir Telegramme und Briefe geschrieben - alle an die alte Adresse und keine Antwort noch erhalten. Vor einigen Tagen - mein Vater sendete mir einen Brief, den Hilka aus Italien an mich schrieb. Darin erfuhr ich, daß Du in Budapest lebst - und Deine Adresse. Meine liebste Kind - ich weiß nicht, ob Du diesen Brief jemals erhältst, und ob Du die anderen bekommen hast und so wiederhole ich in jedem Brief dasselbe, in der Hoffnung, daß Du doch einmal ein Schreiben von mir erhältst.

Was es für mich bedeutete von Dir zu hören ist schwer so oft zu wiederholen. Vielleicht kann ich alles damit sagen, daß ich durch alle diese Jahre niemals aufgehört

② habe Dich zu lieben und zu hoffen. Wenn ich das Wort  
„liebe“ gebrauchte so meine ich die Agonie ~~der~~ dieser  
Zeit, die Unklarheit über Dein Schicksal und die  
klare Realisation, daß unsere Trennung nicht ein  
Träumen eines unerfüllten Wunsches ist - sondern  
einer dieser Millionen Gewalttaten, die so viele  
Menschen schicksal in eine unnatürliche Lage brachte.  
Wann immer ich an Dich dachte - spürte ich  
den Moment, wo der Zug sich in Richtung setzte  
damals in Wien, als ich Dich das letzte mal  
sah. Damals geschah etwas mit mir - und es  
hatte sich bis heute nicht geändert. Du hast  
damals etwas von mir mitgenommen -

Während dieser ganzen Zeit habe ich  
gelebt - viele Jahre ein anscheinlich normales  
Leben - nur ich weiß wie verdreht es war - manches  
mal rücksichtslos brutal um mich weiter zu erhalten  
- das Ziel zu erreichen - den Tag wo ich von  
Dir wieder hören ~~würde~~ oder wissen werde; daß ich  
niemals Dich sehen werde. Für mich existierte  
Du lebend und tot - und beides wollte ich  
frei bleiben. Es war manches mal schwer,  
weil ich ~~so~~ persönlich warste, wie schwer  
es ist mit Unklarheit und Angst seine  
Tage zu verbringen - und weil ich Dir dieselben  
Schwierigkeiten als Privileg gab. Ich warste

③ in welcher Lage Du warst und mein Denken war nicht  
Träumen in den alten Tagen - Realisation, daß Du in  
der Hölle ~~bist~~ und alter geworden bist. Die Erinnerung  
war nur ein Hintergrund für das, was ich mir vorstellte,  
daß Du geworden bist in dieser Zeit. Meine Liebe ist  
daher nicht stehen geblieben - wenn ich Dich wieder treffe  
will ich Dich als das treffen, was Du heute bist  
und ich werde nur eines suchen - Deine Liebe, ohne  
Fragen zu stellen. —

In kurzen: Ich bin selbst seit dreieinhalb  
Jahren in der Amerikanischen Armee. Stelle Dir  
vor meine kleine - ich war in England, habe die  
Invasion von Frankreich mitgemacht und war  
am Ende in Deutschland, bis ins Ruhrgebiet hinein.  
In jeder deutschen Stadt bin ich in die Lager  
gelaufen, wo politische Sklavenarbeiter waren, in  
der Hoffnung vielleicht - vielleicht Dich zu finden.  
Je weiter ich vorkam, desto schwächer wurde  
meine Hoffnung. So viel Verbrechen und  
Gewaltat.

Kurz nach dem Sieg wurden wir plötzlich  
nach dem fernen Osten geschickt. In letzter  
Minute versuchte ich transferiert zu werden  
- ohne Erfolg. So reiste ich über 16000 Meilen  
und hier mußte ich erfahren, daß ich so nahe

④ Zu Dir war. Ich ~~werde~~ werde niemals den Augenblick  
vergessen, wo ich Vaters Telegramm in der Hand hielt.  
Ich war ganz schwach vor Freude - und ich wußte, daß  
mir eines fehlte mich hilflos weinen zu machen - Dich  
wieder in meinen Armen zu halten. Ich werde mich nicht  
schämen, wenn es so weit sein wird - In viel Jahren  
habe ich mit trockeneren Augen gesehen.

Meine Kleine - in ungefähr einem Monat werde  
ich die Heimreise antreten und aus der Armee  
entlassen werden - das bedeutet, daß ich noch  
ungefähr 2 Monate die Uniform tragen werde.  
Daß ich alles tun werde, um so schnell wie  
möglich mit Dir wieder vereint zu sein - muß  
ich Dir nicht erst versprechen. Von hier ist es  
kaum möglich etwas ~~für~~ richtiges zu tun -  
besonders solange ich noch Soldat bin. Ich  
habe einen Gedanken - vielleicht wird es das  
beste sein, wenn ich persönlich nach Europa  
komme - diesmal gibt es nichts, was mich  
zurückhalten wird, Dich fortzutragen - ich wünschte  
ich wäre nicht so weh gewesen vor einigen  
Jahren.

Ich will Dir noch sagen, daß ~~Hier~~ ich  
gehört habe, daß Kurt wieder in Wien ist, um  
sein Studium fortzusetzen - aber ich habe noch  
niemals mit seiner Adresse, seine Schwester Erika

⑤ ist in der Slowakei. ~~Für~~ Ferner habe ich Max  
Steigman in Shanghai ausfindig gemacht. Er  
ist wohl auf und in seinem ersten Brief, hat er  
sich um die „anne“ Itka gleich erkundigt. Was  
ist es, daß Dich soviel gereut haben? Meine  
kleine ~~witz~~ rothaarige Hexe - ich hoffe Du  
kommst noch immer herein - und wenn nicht  
ich verspreche ich mache Dich wieder, trotz der  
Grenze und all der Bitternis.

Hier beide haben wahrscheinlich nicht mehr  
viel Illusionen übrig über das Leben, wir  
haben zuviel gesehen und gelernt, zuviel  
Klarsicht und Bewußtheit ist in unseren  
Hörzen und Seele gebrannt worden - aber ich  
weiß, daß in Deiner Armen - zwischen uns  
kann etwas gefastet werden, das keine  
Gewaltat verändern konnte. Es mag gelitten  
haben und gebogen worden sein - wenn ich  
diese Liebe wiederfinden werde, wird sie mir  
muss teurer sein - es wird das einzige in  
unserem Leben sein, wo wir reines Sentiment  
haben können, mit Vertrauen und Freude.

habe mich Dich küssen und sei stark  
meine Geliebte

/.  
/.

Dein  
hw.

P.S.

Hast Du die Schwester von meinem  
Schwager Paul aufgemerkt? Ihr  
Name ist

Schaeffer, Jokeiter 10 Budapest.

Auf jeden Fall ~~\_\_\_\_\_~~ (pardon!)  
gebe ich Dir Erika's Adresse

Maudlerova Erika

~~hit~~ ~~hit~~ hitomerice <sup>✓✓</sup>

Vančurova 3, C.S.R. <sup>✓</sup>

AR 25193

2/6

Leo Glueckselig Collection

1946

Glueckselig, Leo to Glueckselig, Ida



10, Jaenner 1946

Meine Geliebteste Itka,

Es ist lange seit ich Dir das letztemal schrieb und ich wuerde gerne wissen ob Du ueberhaupt einer meiner vielen Briefe erhieltst, welche ich Dir ueber verschiedene Wege zu schicken versuchte. Jeder Dieser Briefe war so geschrieben, als wuerde er der erste sein den Du von mir erhaeltst. Daher ~~mit~~ wiederholte ich vieles -aber das macht nichts. Es sind so viele Jahre, dass ich einen Gedanken immer und immer wiederholte -Dass Du leben sollst-dass ich Dich liebe. Wenn alle Briefe, die ich in letzter Zeit schrieb, alle meine Freude und Liebe grundsatzlich wiederholen-so fuerchte ich mich ~~XXX~~ nicht, dass dies langweilig fuer Dich werden wird-ich habe die Absicht es Dir fuer den Rest unseres Lebens fuehlen zu lassen, ohne dass Du genug davon bekommst. Ich konnte Dir fuer ungefaehr zwei Monate nicht schreiben, weil ich eine lange, lange Reise hinter mir habe. Wie Du jetzt vielleicht schon wissen wirst, war ich ueber 3 1/2 Jahre in der Amerikanischen Armee und bin ich jetzt nach Amerika von den Philippinen zurueckgekehrt. Momentan bin ich in einen Lager ausserhalb New York und warte von der Armee entlassen zu werden was ungefaehr eine Woche dauern wird. Gestern Abend habe ich nachhause telephonierte und mit den Eltern zum ersten mal gesprochen, welche mir gleich mitteilten, dass Du Paul von seiner Schwester in Budapest einen Brief erhalten hat in welche sie schrieb, dass Du bei ihr warst. Sie muss einen verrueckten Geschmack haben-sie schrieb wie schoen und gescheit Du bist-sonst sagt sie nichts, ob Du etwas momentan brauchst. Ich muss Dir so viel sagen meine Geliebteste, weil ich nicht weis ob Du die anderen Briefe erhieltst und mein Herz ist mit tausend Dingen voll. In kurzen will ich wiederholen, was ich in der letzten Zeit getan habe. In Juni 1944 bin ich von Amerika nach England gegangen, und kurz nachher nach Frankreich, wo die Invasion einige Wochen vorher stattgefunden hatte. Spaeter durch Belgien und Holland nach Deutschland. Ich kann Dir jetzt kaum alles schildern, was ich alles sah-Du weisst ja selbst genug-aber so weitv es Dich anbelangt sank mein Herz und Hoffnung immer tiefer und tiefer. In Deutschland rannte ich trotzdem in alle die Lager die ich finden konnte, wo Polen lebten und sah durch die Listen. Es waren so viele und es war so hoffnungs los, aber ganz zu tiefst habe ich niemals die Hoffnung ganz aufgeben koennen-obwohl ich pessimistischer und pessimistischer wurde. Oh meine Kleine manchmal dachte ich werde verrueckt. Jedenfalls ein par Wochen nach der Deutschen Kapitulation kam der ploetzliche Befehl fuer uns sich fuer den "Pacific" vorzubereiten. Es war eine schreckliche Enttaeuschung. Wir dachten, dass wir unseren Teil schon getan haetten und ich persoendlich wollte da bleiben-weiter versuchen Dich zu finden. Nichts half -bevor ich es wusste war ich am Wege -16000 Meilen Fahrt und die Invasion fuer Japan war in Vorbereitung in dieser Zeit. Du kannst Dir wohl vorstellen wie ich mich fuehlte. Es war eine sehr lange Fahrt und wenn ich schliesslich ankam ~~in einem~~ war ich in schlechter moralischer Verfassung. Kurz nachdem ich dort war erhielt ich die Nachricht ueber Dich von den Amerikanischen Soldaten. Itka es ist mir unmoeglich Dir irgendwie einen Begriff zu geben was das fuer mich bedeutete. Ich kann Dir viele schoene Dinge sagen-und eskoennte dir nicht die richtigen Eindruck geben. Ich war sehr aufgereggt -damals wusste ich ploetzlich wie ~~zu~~ ungluecklich ich alle diese Jahre verbracht hatte, in welchen ich nichts von Deinen Schicksale wusste. Wie ~~XXX~~ verdreht alles in mir war-alles das ich inzwischen getan hatte war ein Zwiespalt. Zur selben Zeit war ich sehr enttaeuscht dass ich nicht in Europa geblieben war-so nahe zu Dir und zur Loesung unsere Problems Und hier so weit weg von allen und unter den Umstaenden, die ~~ort~~ existierten kaum eine Moeglichkeit etwas zu tun. Ich wusste nicht einmal ob Du meine Briefe oder Telegramme jemals bekommst. Alles zusammen-Deine Existenz und mein Wille Dir zu helfen-meine Lage in welcher ich nichts

(2)

tun konnte-meine Liebe zu Dir und alles das ich am Herzen hatte -das Leben in den Tropen, die Muedigkeit Soldat zu sein-alles zusammen brachte mich in eine schwere Krise. Dann ploetzlich war der Krieg vorbei. Viel schneller als wir jemals dachten. Das lange Warten fuer die Rueckkehr begann dann. Ich war sehr ungeduldig, schrieb Briefe durch das Rote Kreuz, verschiedene Organisationen, direkt an Deine alte Adresse etc. Dann kam die Nachricht dass Du in Budapest bist-dann ein goldiger und erschuetternder Brief von Lilka von Italien-alles war so unklar und ich wuenschte ich koennte Dir mehr Gewissheit geben. Der Gedanke Dass Du wartest und wartest und ~~vielleicht~~ vielleicht nichts von mir hoerst machte mich sehr ungluecklich.

Das in sehr kurzen Zuegen die letzte Zeit. Ich bin jetzt zurueck in der U.S.A. und in ungefaehr einer Woche bin ich wieder Zivilist. Die 3 1/2 Jahre Armeelieben waren ein Leben in sich selbst und wird dir Rueckkehr eine grosse Umwandlung bedeuten. So weit es mich anbelangt, wird mein Leben nicht zum normalen zurueckgekehrt sein, wie der abnormale Zustand unserer Trennung aufgehoben sein wird. Und das ist was ich mir als erstes Ziel voraussetze. Unsere Zukunft wird wieder beginnen, wenn wir unsere Haende wieder halten werden. Alte Vorstellungen sind begraben-ich werde es mir nicht ueberlegen, welchen leichteren oder konservativen Weg ich gehen soll um Dich hierher zu bringen-ich musste Dich so viele Jahre in der Hoelle wissen, weil ich einmal nicht genug Willen aufbringen konnte, gegen alle Ratschlaege das zu tun, was ich fuer richtig hielt. Aber dies vorbei und kann nicht mehr geaendert werden und ich weiss nur, dass ich diesen Fehler nicht wiederholen darf.

Da ist noch etwas worueber ich Dir vorher schrieb und was ich wiederholen will.

Ich liebe Dich Itka wie ich niemals ~~jemandem~~ vorher oder nachher jemandem geliebt habe. Es war nicht eine Erscheinung oder ein Ideal, das ich in Dir Gewonnen hatte oder zu lieben glaubte, sondern Du so wie Du warst als etwas lebendes, Deine Existenz mit allen Vorzuegen und Fehlern die ein Mensch hat-bedingungslos. Du warst sehr jung, wenn ich Dich traf und ich hatte das Erlebnis mir Dir mitzuwachsen und zu spueren, wie Du Deine Augen zu vielem im Leben eroeffnetest. Und jemehr ich Dich wachsen sah umsomehr habe ich von Dir absorbiert. Etwas von Dir ist in mich uebergegangen-und es hat mich niemals verlassen.

Lange -sehr lange war ich ohne Dich und nebst Zeit haben uns schreckliche Erlebnisse getrennt. Ich weiss was ich in dieser Zeit getan habe weitergelebt-nicht schoen-aber doch weitergelebt. In all dieser Zeit habe ich Dich nicht wie ein Medaillon der Erinnerung mit mir getragen-sondern wusste, dass Du so wie ich weiterlebst-vielleicht unter viel schwereren Umstaenden-oder sogar das schreckliche Ende erleben musstest, so wie viele andere. Ohne Logik hoffte ich fuer Dein Leben-aber wusste dass dies eine schwere Aufgabe fuer Dich war. Wenn ich Dich in Deiner Suessigkeit unseres Studentenlebens erinnerte-so wusste ich dass heute dieselbe Person mit einem schweren Leben zu kaempfen hatte. Erinnerungen waren schoene Bilder-ich hatte eine gesunde Vorstellung von Deinem Leben in der Zeit unserer Trennung. Ich machte mir keine suessen und romantischen Vorstellungen -das Leben war zu realistisch in seiner Haerte. Meine Hoffnungen bestanden hauptsaechlich in zwei Vorstellungen, dass Du imstande sein sollst die Nazihoelle zu ueberleben-das auf jedenfall-und zweitens wenn Du imstande bist so zu tun-dann wuenschte ich Du solltest was die Umstaende auch waeren mich nicht vergessen-mich nicht vergessen, wenn Du auch Dinge machen musstest Dich zu erhalten, die ein normales Leben niemals verlangt haette. Die Bitternis dieses Lebens und alle Umstaende die es mit sich brachte sollte unsere Verbindung nicht zerschlagen. Ich habe Dich in aller dieser Zeit als eine normale Frau gesehen-nicht als ein Traumgebilde (so sehr ich ueber Dich getrauert habe-) die Frau die ich liebte und habe Dich leben gesehen. Ich wollte Dich lebend wissen-und dann von Dir wieder hoeren. Ich wusste, dass nichts in mir gestorben war seit dem Tag wo ich Dich das letztemal sah und hatte viele Komplikationen seit damals zu bekaempfen. Ich habe Dich nicht mit anderen Augen gesehen Itka, als ich

3

mich selbst gesehen habe. Es war nicht leicht, aber der ganze Krieg war nicht leicht - und nur so wusste ich dass ich Dich gesund wieder sehe ~~würde~~ und mit Dir leben werde können. Ich bin älter geworden und Du hast meine Liebe Itka - und ich werde Dich um nichts anderes fragen als um Deine so viel kostbarer gewordene Liebe.

In ein par Tagen werde ich zuhause sein - und dann wird der Kampf beginnen. Dich so schnell, als möglich hinaus zubringen. Ich weiss, es wird nicht blitzschnell gehen - aber ich weiss, dass es gehen wird. Sei hoffnungsvoll und stark - wir haben das ärgste hinter uns - unsere Hoffnungen jetzt sind real und wirklich - was auch kommen mag - wir werden zusammen sein ~~wird~~. Schrecklich viel ist in dieser Zeit zerbrochen und wird nie mer wieder kommen wir beide habe trotzdem durch diesen Stuermen etwas erhalten, was uns keiner wegnehmen kann. Wenn auch das Leben schwer sein sollte - das haben wir und zusammen werden wir zumindest unsere kleine Welt unzerbrochen tragen können.

Wenn ich zurueckgekehrt sein werde, werde ich gleich ~~zu~~ beginnen an unserer Vereinigung zu arbeiten und meine Briefe werden dann reale Tatsachen bringen - dieser Brief ist der Gruss meines Herzens - eine andere Realitaet - meine ungetruebte und lebende Liebe zu Dir

ich kuesse Dich meine Liebstes

Dein

no

A.S.

Ich mache eine zweite Kopie von  
Diesem Brief an Dich.

March 1st, 1946

My Dr ling Itka,

So gerne wuerde ich schon eine Antwort an Dich schreiben-leider ist noch immer nicht nach dieser langen Zeit ein Brief von Dir angekommen. Paul war gluecklicher in dieser Beziehung, er hat schon zwei Briefe von seiner Schwester erhalten und um ehrlich zu sein, ich beneide ihm. Ich wundere mich, ob Du jemals Post von mir erhalten hast, ich habe viele lange Briefe an Dich gesandt. Noch von Manila, als ich in der Armee war und von hier als Civilist. Ich habe so viel immer wiederholt und hoffe ich von meinem ganzem Herzen, dass wenigstens ein Teil der Briefe ankam. Ich habe mein Herz so oft ausgeschuettet, dass es mir schon komisch vorkommt, wie oft ich Dir dasselbe sage, aber ich glaube ich kann Dir gar nicht oft genug sagen, wie sehr ich mich mit Dir freue und wie lieb ich dich habe.

Das Zurueckkommen nach sovielen Jahren in der Armee ist nicht so leicht. Man ist vollkommen aus dem Alltagsleben herausgerissen und der Glorienschein eines Soldat gewesen zu sein, ist sehr schnell verblasst. Nicht darueber zu sprechen, dass einem alles wie verrueckt vorkommt, wenn man so viel Unglueck und Zerstoe- rung gesehen hat und dann ploetzlich zurueckkommt und nichts als Reichtum und Luxus sieht und die Leute das als sowas selbstverstaendliches ansehen, als koennte ihnen nicht das passieren, was momentan und in der Vergangenheit den Menschen in den Rest der Welt passiert ist. Manchesmal fuehle ich mich, als muesste ich weglaufen. Aber das ist natuerlich eine selbstverstaendliche Reaction-wir alle haben an unseren eigenen Koerper soviel erfahren und mit- gemacht, dass uns das Schicksal aller Menschen ausserhalb Amerikas nicht als etwas Entferntes vorkommt, sondern in unseren Herzen brennt-und all das Gute um einen herum erscheint wie eine Anklage.

Du wirst ja inzwischen mein Telegramm und ich hoffe auch meinen Brief erhalten haben in welchen ich Dich bitte, Dich beim Consul anzumelden, da ich das Affidavit fuer Dich schon dem Statedepartment uebergeben habe. Ich bin so schrecklich ungeduldig-ich wuenschte es wuerde schneller gehen-aber alle diese Dinge sind ein Kampf. Wie ich Dir schon sagte habe ich die Angelegenheit einen ausgezeichneten Advocaten uebergeben, welcher die richtigen Beziehungen in Washington hat. Darauf kommt es naemlich an-wem Du kennst. Jetzt waere ich auf das Resultat, ich werde naemlich hier wahrscheinlich schon erfahren, ob sie mir bewilligen Dich hineinzulassen. Ich moechte Dich nochmals und nochmals versichern, dass ich alles in meiner Macht tue, um Dich so schnell wie Moeglich hinaus und zu mir zubringen. Ich habe grosse Hoffnungen, dass dies mir als Veteran ~~g~~ gelingen wird und lege mein Schwergewicht auf die Tatsache dass ich solange gedient habe. In ein par Tagen erhalte ich noch ein Affidavit von einem Amerikanischen Geschaeftsfreund von uns und wird es nur helfen, wenn nebst den Affidavit von mir und den vom Vater noch eins von einem Freund dazu kommt. Meine Papiere sind schon zumindest seit drei Wochen abgegangen und hat es viel laenger fuer ihm gedauert, weil ich ja gar nichts anderes im ersten Monat getan habe als mich um diese zu kuemmern. Ich schreibe Dir das alles damit Du wirklich gewiss sein sollst, dass wir alles so schnell machen als es in unserer Macht steht. Ich bin fest entschlossen mein Kind, dass wenn die Sache nicht so geht, wie ich es haben will und wuensche-etwas was ich wirklich nicht ~~erwarte~~ erwarte-dass ich mich zusammenpacke und auf eine weise nach Europa komme und Dich persoendlich heraus~~bringe~~ bringe. Ich bin in dieser Zeit ein Zigeuner geworden-ich glaube nicht mehr an finanzielle Sicherheit und Boden- ansaessigkeit-ich glaube nur an menschliche Beziehungen, die sich als gut und wertvoll erwiesen haben. Leben werde ich immer koennen und habe ich noch nie gehungert, wenn es auf mich selbst ankommt. Ich wuensche gut zu verdienen, wie jeder anderer, aber ich lasse nicht ~~das~~ mein Leben davon versklaven. Ich habe schon zweimal in meinem Leben von neuem beginnen muessen und jetzt wo ich es zum drittenmal mache habe ich noch immer keine Angst-ich will es aber nur mit Dir tun meine Kleine-ich bin nur muede allein zu sein oder verrueckte oder zwiespaeltige Sachen zu erleben-ein Betraeger seiner eigenen Seele zu sein. Ich erzaehle Dir wahrscheinlich in diesem Punkte nichts neues-Du wirst ja deine eigenen Sachen erlebt haben und da ich Dich als einen normale Frau erwarte

und begrüessen moechte muss ich wissen und zur Kenntniss nehmen, dass es gar nicht anders gewesen sein kann. Dies ist nicht eine Anspielung Dich etwas zu fragen-ich sehe dies alles als ein Teil unseres schweren Trennung an und allem was damit verbunden ist. Die einzige Frage, die ich an Dich zu richten habe ist ob Du mich noch liebst und den Wunsch hast mit mir zu leben. Wir haben eine gute Grundlage von Liebe zueinander gehabt und mit richtigem Verstaendnis und Klugheit brauchen wir keine Angst haben vor den Veraenderungen, die vielleicht die Zeit mit uns angerichtet hat. Grundlegend glaube ich nicht, dass sich ein Mensch veraendert-nur gewisse Zuege eines Characters moegen sich unter den Umstaenden der Zeit verstaerkt oder verschwaecht haben. Wenn ich allen diesen Dingen meine Sorgen um Dich entgegenhalte, welche ich in allen diesen Jahren fuer Dich hatte-diese lebende Angst und die ~~von~~ concreten Vorstellungen, so waren das nicht die verliebten Trauemere eines jungen Menschen sondern die lebende Reaction zu unserer tasaechlichen Situation. Ich hatte mir immer vorausgenommen gehabt, dass wenn Du es ueberlebst dass ich Dich unter allen Umstaenden wieder zu mir nehmen will-was auch mit Dir geschehen sei-nur wenn Du es auch haben willst und noch zu mir immer staendest. Das besagt, dass ich es auch verstehen haette koennen-dass Du unter irgend welchen Umstaenden-ich wusste ja nichts von Dir- Du mich fallen gelassen haettest. Dies war kein schoener Gedanke und quaelte mich sehr, besonders da ich persoendlich ~~ni~~ niemals den Gedanken hatte-aber ich konnte mir nicht vorstellen, was Du durchmachtest und musste alles erwarten-alles mit demselben Gewissen unter welchen ich fuer das beste hoffte oder fuer das aergste sorgte. Was es fuer mich bedeutete endlich von Dir zu hoeren-in der ersten Verbindung zu erfahren, dass Du lebstest und dass Du mit mir sein willst-es ist schwer zu schildern. Jetzt warte ich so schrecklich auf ein Schreiben von Dir Itka-Dich sprechen zu hoeren und ein wenig doch nur von Dir zu wissen. Zu erfahren, ob Du wirklich weisst wiesehr ich auf Dich warte und ob es fuer Dich auch soviel bedeutet. Wenn es so sein wird wie ich es glaube, dann werde ich nicht nur eine Frau neben mir haben, die ich liebe sondern einen Kameraden der das Leben als das erkannt hat was es ist. Nicht viel Illusionen sind uebrig geblieben-ich wuerde nur gerne an eine Sache ganz fest glauben-an unsere Beziehung zueinander und ich wuensche ich koennte Dir diesen Wunsch auch vollkommen erfuellen. Ich versuche Dir diesen Brief auf einen anderen Wege zu senden und versuche mir auch so zu antworten. Letzte Woche habe ich und Lisele auch je ein Packet an Dich gesandt und hoffen wir, dass Du endlich etwas erhaelst. Ein par Conserven, Seife, cigarette etc. und werde ich Dir in dieser Woche wieder eins senden. Ich habe schon alles tgekauft, aber darf man nur einmal in der Woche an dieselbe Adr. ~~xxxxxxx~~ senden.

Meine Liebste sei fuer heute gegruesst und gekuesst-ich moechte Dich schon so gerne in meinem Armen halten und Dir nur Dummheiten ins Ohr fluestern, denn verge~~se~~ nicht-trotz aller schrecklichen Erlebnisse-wir haben noch immer ein Stueck Jugend in uns -und ich will Dich daran wieder erinnern

Immer Dein

he

30 Maerz, 1946

N.Y.

Mein liebstes Maederl,

Der gestrige Tag war ein grosses Ereigniss fuer mich. Wir erhielten Deinen ersten Brief von 9. Jaenner. Das hat aber wirklich lange gedauert. Ich war schon so verzweifelt und wusste nicht mehr, was ich mir denken soll. Lisl hat inzwischen einige Briefe von Pauls Schwester gekriegt und war ich ganz deprimiert ohne ein Zeichen von Dir zu sein. Speziell da ich nicht wusste wie es Dir geht - die meisten Berichte, die ich aus Budapest sah waren alle mehr oder weniger sehr schlecht. Ich hoffe nur, dass Du von mir wenigstens einige Briefe erhalten hast. Ich habe versucht durch Erika (Kurtls Schwester) und ueber Schweden und auf noch einen anderen Wege an Dich zu schreiben. Ich wiederholte so vieles in den Briefen, damit Du bestimmt das Wichtigste erfahrest.

Das letzte Telegramm, dass ich von Dir erhielt fragte mich ob ich nach Europa kommen koennte. Mein Liebstes, ich habe das vom Anfang im Gedanken gehabt, nur waere dies ein Entschluss, der genau ueberlegt werden muss. Es wird fuer mich nicht der geringste Zweifel sein es zu tun, wenn ich sehe, dass es mir nicht moeglich sein wird Dich von hieraus hierher zu bringen. Ich werde dann nicht einen Moment laenger warten. Warum ich es nicht gleich getan habe werde ich Dir jetzt erklaeuern. Wie Du weisst bin ich dreieinhalb Jahre in der Arme gewesen und muss ich natuerlich jetzt wieder von vorne anfangen. Alle meine Verbindungen und Anfaenge sind inzwischen verloren gegangen und ist es wieder ein Anfang. Ich bin nicht besorgt darum, aber das ist die Tatsache. Vaters Geschaeft ist nicht meine Zukunft und auch nicht ausreichend fuer die Zukunft. Nun, wenn ich nach Europa geh will so ist das nicht ein Entschluss, dass ich einfach herueber fahre. Das ist eine finanzielle Frage und muesste ich zum Beispiel einen Posten mit der Amerikanischen Arme annehmen. Ich koennte gleich eine haben, mit nicht zu schlechter Bezahlung - ich habe mich gleich danach erkundigt - aber ich muesste zumindest ein Jahr in Europa bleiben. Mein Wunsch ist es aber Dich schneller aus Europa herauszubringen - so muessten wir noch eine Zeit in dieser nicht zu schoenen Umgebung bleiben. Das ist der einzige Grund, warum ich es noch nicht getan habe und erst den Weg von hieraus probiere. Ich habe heute Nachricht bekommen, dass alle Papiere fuer Ida direkt an den Konsul gegangen sind und wenn dieser Brief ankommt solltest Du schon eine Verstaendigung erhalten haben. Mir wurde versprochen, dass bei Anfang Mai werde ich schon ganz bestimmtes wissen.

Rene Swarc - ihr Name ist jetzt Renee Magalhaes Cardoso - ist momentan auf der Fahrt zurueck nach Portugal und will sie Ida auch bei sich haben bis sie hierher kommen kann. Ich hoffe, dass es nicht notwendig sein wird, aber wird sie mir sehr mit allen Transportationsfragen helfen koennen. Sie hat sehr viel Einfluss durch ihre Heirat und hat schon sehr vielen geholfen. Mit Dir ist sie speciell sentimental und erinnerte sie mich immer, dass ich es ihr zu verdanke habe, dass ich Dich kenne. Am 5. Maerz war sie bei uns oben und haben wir anlaesslich des Datums einige Glaesschen getrunken.

Mein ~~LKW~~ Anwalt hat mir heute die ganze Sache sehr optimistisch geschildert und habe ich Berechtigung fuer meine Hoffnungen. Sei nicht ungeduldig mein Liebstes, ich tue alles soweit ich kann und mit

Reue's Adresse:

Reue Magalhães Cardoso

Ave Berne III-20-E°

Lissabon Portugal

guter Ueberlegung. Ich muss Dir nicht erst erzählen, wie sehr ich die Tatsache schätze, dass Du lebst und wie sehr ich weiss was ihr durchgegangen seid. Nicht zu reden von mir selber, der schon ganz verhungert ist nach Dir - Mein Leben allein war voll mit Irrtümern und ich war ohne jede Ambition. Ich habe oft daran gedacht - seit ich wieder von Dir hörte, ob Du noch den Verlobungsring hast - und ich wollte Dich nicht fragen, weil ich nicht daran glaubte. Ich habe deswegen daran gedacht, weil ich einen Ring von Dir habe - kannst Du Dich an den ersten Silberring erinnern, den Du gemacht hast und ich habe ihn an meinem Körper getragen seit ich Dich verliess - durch die Nazihoelle und durch den ganzen Krieg. Er ist ganz schwarz und leicht verbogen, aber er ist ein Teil von mir geworden. Ich werde Dir ihn einmal geben, als ein Geschenk, weil er so viele Gedanken und Fragen in sich trägt - es war das einzig angreifbare, das ich von Dir hatte, wovon ich wusste dass Dues berührt und geformt hattest. --

Ich habe vor einigen Tagen einen Brief von Salzman s aus Paletina erhalten worin sie mir die Ankunft Lillkas im Lande mitteilten. Lillka schrieb ihnen einen Brief aus dem Ankunfts-lager und hatte noch keine bestimmte Adresse. Im nächsten Brief hoffe ich kann Dir schon näheres mitteilen. Mir kam das sehr ueberraschend - ich hatte ihr noch Sachen nach Italien geschickt, auch Fotos von Dir was sie sich erbeten hatte - und auf einmal ist sie in Palestina. Das Kind ist voll mit Zionismus und ich glaube nichts hätte sie davon abhalten koennen dorthin zu gehen. Sie hoffte immer noch Dich oder Mutti zu sehen und hofft jetzt, dass Mutti ihr nachkommen wird. Das sind die Kinder von heute und solltest Du erst die Briefe von ihr lesen. Ich habe alles aufgehoben und wird es doch so viel zu erzählen geben - ich glaube fuer drei Jahre werde ich ueberhaupt nicht zu Worte kommen. Wo ist Deine Mutti jetzt. Ich habe an sie nach S. geschrieben und ihr auch Telegramm wegen Lillka geschickt. Ich hoffe, dass ich jetzt bald ein par mehr Briefe von Dir erhalten werde und ein wenig mehr erfahren werde, soviel haben wir erraten muessen und ich weiss nicht, ob wir immer richtig geraten haben.

Nochmals will ich Dir wiederholen, dass ich Dich auf jeden fälle heraus bringe mein Kind. Als Veteran habe ich Bevorzugung und solltest Du etwas anderes gehoert haben, so lasse Dich nicht entmutigen - Beamte ueber der ganzen Welt sind die Gleichen und es hat mich auch einige Zeit gedauert bevor ich definitiv das Gesetz herausgefunden habe - Mein Affidavit ist auf Grund dieses Gesetzes ausgeführt. Wenn es doch nicht gehen sollte - was ich nur als eventualitaet ersehe - so werde ich es mir weiter nicht ueberlegen sondern, komme herrueber. Was sagst Du dazu? Heute bereite ich wieder ein Packet fuer Dich vor und bin ich schon neugierig ob Du welche erhalten hast. Ich hoffe die Sachen schmecken Dir und in den packern ist immer eine Portion Liebe dabei. Ich weiss, dass sentimentale Gedanken nicht den Magen fuellen, aber wenn Du Dich niederlegst zum Schlafen - zumindest denke einen Moment an einen Kuss von mir - ich kann es noch immer mein Liebstes und habe viel aufgehoben.

Lebwohl fuer heute und habe alle meine Liebe - alle meine Gedanken sind mit Dir. Unter Tags sehe ich Dich neben mir und zeige Dir schon alles. Lebwohl Liebste  
ich bleibe Dein

hw



6. April, 1946

Meine geliebte Itka,

Gestern erhielt ich Deinen ersten Brief an mich-es war eigentlich das Schreiben auf welches ich seit November vorigen Jahres gewartet habe. Letzte Woche erhielten wir den Brief an meine Leute, was ich Dir schon bestaetigte. Ich hoffe Dass wir jetzt halbwegs normale Verbindung haben werden. Dieser Brief war von 24 Februar, also nicht mehr so schlecht. Was er fuer mich bedeutete ist kaum zu schildern, weil so viele Fragen beantwortet wurden und er so viele sturmische Gefuehle in mir hervorrief. Als erstes muss ich Dir sagen-bevor ich ueberhaupt auf den Inhalt eingehe-dass ich Dich sehr sehr lieb habe und dass meine Einstellung zu Dir in vielen Punkten nur noch staerker geworden sind. Eine Sache muss ich ~~KKXXXX~~ kritisieren und das ist, dass Du glaubst, dass ich vielleicht ueber Dich boese sein koennte. In allen den Briefen, welche ich Dir bisher schrieb, habe ich viele Sachen wiederholt, da ich nicht wusste, ob Du jemals meine Post erhalten wirst. Ich will Dir erklaehren warum ich soviel Wert darauf legte. Schau mein Kind-wir haben uns sehr lange nicht gesehen. In dieser Zeit habe ich zuerst einige schreckliche Sachen in Wien an Haenden der Nazis erlebt. In Vergleich was spaeter passierte war es vielleicht gar nichts-jedoch war es genug um eine ganze Welt in mir beinahe zu zerbrechen. Ich war in einer sehr schlechten Verfassung als ich nach Amerika kam und dauerte es sehr lange bis ich langsam mich wieder auf die Fuesse zu stellen begann. Wie sollte ich mit einer solchen kurzen schrecklichen Erfahrung ueber Euch denken. Die Zustaende wurden immer schlechter und fuerchterbar und schliesslich wusste ich nichts mehr ueber Dei persoehliches Schicksal. Wir erfuhren nur was alles passierte, Daher musste ich mit der Tatsache rechnen, dass eine der vielen Dinge Dir passieren koennte-leider war die chance zu ueberleben nicht zu gross-In all der Zeit wo ich nichts von Dir wusste, hatte ich die schrecklichsten Vorstellungen-nicht in einer hysterischen Weise sondern mit der Kaelte der Realitaet in welcher sie passierten. In meiner Liebe zu Dir habe ich mir vor allen und bedingungslos gewuenscht, dass Du ueberleben solltest. Dass ich gewuenschen habe, dass ich Dir erhalten ~~xxx~~ bleiben soll habe ich mit aller meiner Liebe doch diesen ersten Wunsche unterstellt. Ich habe an Dich nicht wie ein Traum gedacht, sondern versucht zu erklaehren, wie wird sie es ueberleben. Dazu musste ich mir unter den Druck der Umstaende Vorstellen, dass in dieser Zeit alles passieren koennte. Ita ich gebe Dir mein ehrlichstes Ehrenwort, dass ich Dich unter jeden umstaenden zu mir genommen haette, wenn Du mir nur gesagt haettest, dass Du es wirklich willst. Alles dies kommt aus der Erwaegung, dass ich an Dich geglaubt habe und da ich Dein Schicksal nicht kannte, in dieser Zeit nicht ~~xxxx~~ Begriffe anwenden konnte, die in eine normale Zeit hineinpassen. Dass Du die Zeit so ueberlebt hast, wie Du mir sagst ist ein solches Geschenk von Dir, dass ich nur hoffe dass ich es Dir einmal richtig bezahlen kann. Ich haette Dich nichts gefragt itka, nicht aus Angst-sondern aus Respekt zu der Hoelle, die durchgegangen bist. In all den Erlebnissen sind viele Begriffe ueber das Leben als solches ganz anders geworden-ich glaube nicht mehr an eine wirkliche Sicherheit im Leben-ein Begriff ist mir immer erhalten geblieben und das warst Du. Wie ich an Dein Leben zweifelte ist mir die Tatsache, dass Du nicht mehr ~~ix~~ leben solltest so ins Blut gegangen, dass ich glaubte ich muesste dieses Leben mit einer unausgesprochenen Liebe zuende gehen. Denn auch ich habe nicht mehr mit jemandem anderen leben wollen. Itka-in Spass hast Du mir oft gesagt, ich sollte nicht zu sicher Deiner sein-ich kann mir nicht helfen ich werde Dir immer glauben und solange ich glaube, werde ich Deiner sicher sein. Dies ist nicht die Vorstellung, dass ich mir erlauben kann was ich will, dass Du mir hoerig bist oder so etwas, nein mein Kind-ich kenne Dich gut und weiss dass Du ein unabhengiger Mensch bist und was Du willst tust Du-und ich empfangen Deine Liebe mit der groessten Freude und Genugtuung und versuche sie Dir genauso zurueckzugeben. Und solange ich Dich liebe werde ich an Dich glauben. Das war eine lange Erklaehrung und ist es doch nur ein kleiner Bruchteil dessen was ich Dir sagen koennte. Lasse mir nur eins sagen, dass ich keine Spur von boese sein kann, in Gegenteil nur wieder gluecklich bin, dass Du lebst und Deinem Freund Wldek eine Dankbarkeit gegenueber habe, die in Worten schwer auszudruecken ist. Zur praktischen Seite jetzt. Ich habe Dir zwei Telegramme geschickt die ich wie ich hoffe Du richtig verstanden hast.

Hosanna  
Bewusst  
Du wuelt die  
Klaer  
Per  
Fami  
li  
-  
re  
Kaber  
so wuelt  
uber  
Dul  
per  
Bewusst  
sein

2.

Dies ist die Erklaehrung. Von Lilka haben wir in einem Brief erfahren, dass Du auf Arischen Papieren lebst. Das war alles. Ich habe selbst solche Faelle als Soldat in Europa getroffen und stellte die Papiere daher so aus, wie sie in einem solchen Falle ausgestellt werden. Auf beiden Namen. Die Amerikaner wissen, dass tausende sich so gerettet hatten und machen daher keine Schwierigkeiten in diesen Punkte. Die Papiere gingen alle nach Washingto noch bevor ich von Dir die Nachricht erhielt, dass Du sie nur auf einen Namen ausgestellt haben willst und da konnte ich sie nicht mehr aendern. Jetzt erst verstehe ich alles. Inzwischen sind die Papiere mit Diplomatischer Post schon abgegangen, nachdem sie von Washington geprueft und fuer gut erklahrt wurden. Ich habe heute mit meinem Anwalt gesprochen. Er sagte mir, wenn Du keine Schwierigkeiten haben solltest, sollst Du Dich scheiden lassen und wenn Du gefragt wirst beim Konsul erzaele ihm ruhig die Wahrheit und erklahre ihm wie Du Dei Leben gerettet hast. Erzaehle keine Unwahrheit in diesem Zusammenhang, denn sie wissen was fuer verrueckte Sachen Leute machten, um sich zu retten. Wenn Du falsche Angaben machst kannst Du Dir Die Immigrations moeglichkeiten schaden. Ich verlasse mich da sehr auf Deinen Verstand. Erklahre, wenn Du ueber naehere Details gefragt wirst, dass Du falsche Papiere und falsche Heirat gemacht hast um Dich zu retten und das ich davon weiss und das es mir nichts macht. Jederzeit bin ich bereit dies zu bestaetigen und dass ich Dich unbedingt hier haben will. Der Anwalt hat eine Konferenz gehabt in welcher ihm gesagt wurde, dass dei einzige Schwierigkeit momentan ist in der Ausreisebewilligung und auch diese wird hoffentlich bald behoben werden. Ich wiederhole, dass dies nicht ein gewoehnliches Affidavit ist, sondern dass Du als Braut eines Amerikanischen Veteranen das Recht hast hierner ausserhalb der Quote auf ein Visitorvisum zu kommen. Du faehst nicht auf einer Nummer, sondern kommst hierher, wo ich Dich heiraten werde und nachher suchen wir um eine Einwanderungsnummer an-wenn Du bei und mit mir bist. Dies ist der Wortlaut des Gesetzes welches am 25. December 1945 herauskam. (Das gesetz heisst hier "GI Bill of rights" und versichert die sofortige Ankunft von Veteranen Ihren Frauen und hat die vorher erklahrte Provision fuer Braete von Veteranen) Ich erklahre dies damit Du es vor den Konsul wissen sollst. Ich habe das Gesetzblatt selbst erhalten und wurde es mir selbst hier bei der Armee gegeben. Ich wiederhole nochmals, dass ich nicht nach Europa kam, weil bei alles menschlichen Logic Du auf diesen Wege schneller das sein solltest. Ich werde es mir jedoch nicht ueberlegen sollten irgend welche Schwierigkeiten erscheinen, was ich nicht fuer wahrscheinlich halte. Bitte bleibe solange in Budapest, bis Du genau weisst was beim Consul los ist. Er muss jetzt schon meine Papiere haben, die vom Vater und noch ein Affidavit von einem Geschaeftsfreund. Mein Liebstes habe Vertaren in mich, ich werde alles tun-ich will Dich nicht eine Secunde laenger dort haben als es geht. Schreibe mir, was Du machst und wie es Dir geht. Heute habex ich Dir ein kleines Packet geschickt und Gaby ein grosses. Die ist ganz naerrisch mit Dir. Ich wieder hole nochmals, dass Lilka schon in Palestina ist. Ich habe nur die Verstaendigung von Teddy und noch keine Adresse. An Deine Mutti habe ich ein Telegram darueber geschickt. Ich werde Euch gleich verstaendigen, wenn ich die Adresse erfahre. Liebste Itka-hast Du jemals erfahren, was mit Pawet geschehen ist? Ich denke sehr viel an ihm-erwar mir sehr teuer. Bevor ich schliesse-ich sah, dass Gaby einen Lippenstift beilegte. Hast Du Dir das schon angewoehnt?

In meinem naechsten Briefe werde ich Dir von mir mehr zu erzaehlen beginnen. Von den vergangenen Jahren und von jetzt. Es ist nicht so leicht jetzt wieder hin alles hineinzukommen-leider war ich nur ein Soldat und kein Kriegsverdiener. Ich sage nur leider, weil ich gerne jetzt viel Geld haette fuer Dich-persoendlich wuerde ich in dieser Zeit nicht hiergeblieben sein. Ich bin kein geborener Soldat aber da war mein Herz dabei. Wir haben so viel durchgemacht und Sorge ich mich nicht. Wir sind jung Ita und werden uns schon sehr gut fortbringen, dass wir leben und uns lieben ist der groesste Reichtum den wir uns in dieser Hoelle retten konnten. Hier hungert man nicht, wenn man nur ein bisschen arbeitet-aber darueber naechstesmal. Gruesse Wladek und Du mein Liebstes sei in alter Liebe umarmt

Ich bleibe wi immer Dein

9. Juni 1946.

Meine geliebteste Tania,

Das letztemal hörte ich von Dir vor einigen Wochen,  
als ich Deinen Brief erhielt, der über Herrn Lönn  
in Schweden ging. Seit her bin ich ohne jede  
Nachricht und da Du mir in Deinem letzten  
Brief schon sagtest, Du wollest zu Kurt gehen,  
so bin ich schon sehr ungeduldig. Ich weiß nicht  
wo Du bist und wofür ich mich wenden soll.  
Von Kurt habe ich telegraphisch eine Antwort  
auf meine Anfrage wo Du bist erhalten,  
in der er mir mitteilte, daß er Dich jeden  
Tag bei sich erwarte. Nun - daß war vor  
3 Wochen. Munk - wenn ich nur mehr  
von Dir wüßte, damit ich weiß was  
ich tun soll. Ist alles mit Dir in Ordnung?  
Bitte - lasse mich alles über Dich wissen.  
Schau mein Liebster - die Zeit, wo Du Sorgen  
allein tragen mußt - will ich gerne  
Dir abgewöhnen.

Ich muß unbedingt baldest wissen

was das definitive Resultat ist mit den  
Papieren ist die ich Dir gesandt habe



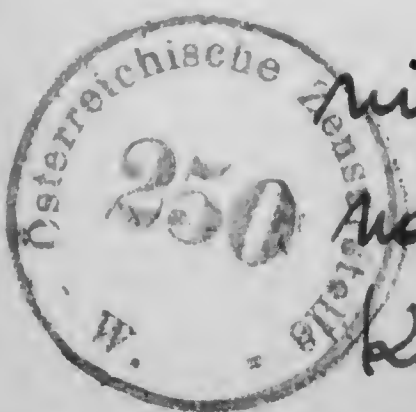
② Das wirst Du erfahren wenn Du ~~ist~~ bei Kurt bist. Ich wurde instruiert, daß seit ~~dem~~ 1. Mai auch in Budapest neben dem Consul an Wien arbeitet. Aber das weiß ich nicht zu genau. Aber auf jedenfall muß ich genau wissen, ob Du auf diesem Weg vorwärts kommst. ~~Das wird~~ Du wirst das bald erfahren, denn sonst müßte ich doch ganz andere Pläne beginnen. Meine Beliebte - glaube mir, daß ich alles tue und machen will, daß ich Dich möglichst schnell herbringe. Wenn es nicht so schnell geht, wie wir beide es haben wollen, so glaube nicht, daß es an sich hier liegt. In dieser Zeit, wo alle die Weltspannungen sich auch hier auswirken ist die Zeit für mich, der jetzt zurückgekommen ist nicht leicht. Ich beklage mich nicht - es geht nur doch hier, wie ~~es~~ im Paradies im Vergleich zu Europa, ~~es~~ aber nach dem ich erst aus der Armee zurückkam, ~~aber~~ hatte ich keine ~~Gelegenheit~~ Gelegenheit an der Kriegskanfabrik mich zu beteiligen, wie die meisten es getan haben, die nicht Soldaten waren. So muß ich nun vorne anfangen und im Grunde bin ich zufrieden, daß ich Soldat war. Alles das hat



③ menschlich helfendigt - war doch mein ganzes Herz  
und Seele in diesem Kampf. Nun mein Liebster -  
ich hoffe noch immer, daß ich Dich so wie es  
jetzt geht herüber bringe. Aber mein Kind - ich  
habe mich fest entschlossen, Dich zu ~~holen~~  
holen, wenn es wirklich nicht klappt. Daher  
muß ich bald wissen, was vorgeht. Das  
Herübergehen ist auch nicht leicht, weil ich  
nicht so viel Geld habe um einfach herüber-  
zukommen und beide wieder zurückzugehen.  
Ich müßte dann meine Fäbrik irgendwo  
mit einer Arbeit verbinden. Wenn ich als  
Privatperson fahren will, ist es überhaupt  
schwer ein "Exit permit" zu erhalten.

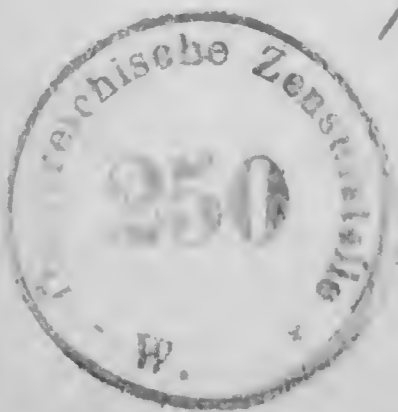
So hoffe ich bald von Dir zu hören - soll  
es nur das Beste sein. Ich sehne mich  
menschlich nach Dir. Es ist der Gedanke,  
Dir ein besseres Leben schon zu geben und  
persönlich gesprochen ist mir dieses einsame  
Leben schon so zuwider.

In Deinem letzten Brief hast Du  
mir die erste Photo gesandt. Ich war ganz  
wunderbar. Dasselbe Gesicht - halt aus einem  
Kind - eine junge schöne Frau geworden?



(A) Munk - Du siehst so aus ; wie ich mir in meinen  
Träumen es gewünscht habe - aber kaum getraut  
habe zu glauben. Ungebrochen und festere Trüge.  
Ich hab Dich lieb -

Außerlich - meine Janina hat gelernt  
kippen stift zu gebrauchen - macht mir  
überhaupt nichts - viel wird nicht auf Demen-  
Mund bleiben, wenn Du in meine Arme  
kommst. Noch etwas. habe mich Dir einen  
Rat geben. Hier ist es ganz anders Mode  
gekommen sich die Augenbrauen zu rasieren.  
Seit zwei - drei Jahren sind die Frauen  
ganz davon abgekommen und lassen sich diese  
ziemlich natürlich wachsen. Willst Du beginnen  
sie nach wachsen zu lassen - sonst wirst Du  
anders hinein sein ; Ich bin neugierig, ob  
ich Madame in diesen Punkten etwas  
rügen laßt - wenn nicht erinnere Dich, wiewehr  
ich ~~es~~ verprügeln kann - außerdem bin  
ich heute zweimal so stark. Meine liebste - ich  
hoffe bald von Dir zu ~~hören~~ hören, noch  
mehr Dich bald in meine Arme zu lieben zu  
können. Mit den besten Grüßen von den Eltern  
und Geschwister, ~~so~~ grüßes ich Dich mit aller  
meiner Liebe  
Dein Leo



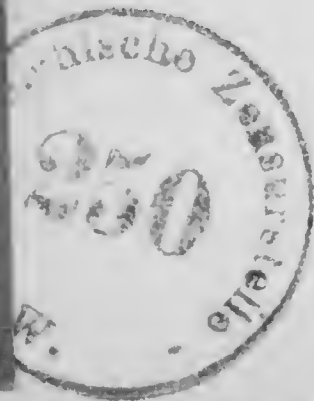
VIA AIR MAIL



Mr.  
Kurt Raab  
Biberstraße 26  
Vienna I

III. St. Tür 6A

Austria



7. August 1946  
N.Y.C.

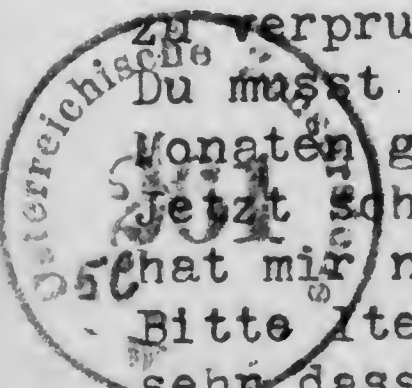
Meine geliebte Itka,  
Vor ein par Tagen Habe ich Dir ein Telegram gesandt und da ich noch keine Antwort habe so denke ich mir, dass Du wieder wartest, bis Du etwas definitives weisst. Am Tage nachdem ich das Telegram an Dich sandte, kam natuerlich Dein zweiter Brief aus Wien. Du weisst gar nicht was das fuer ein Festtag fuer mich ist. Ich ersah aus diesen Brief, dass eigentlich die Hauptschwierigkeiten momentan am Polnischen Konsulate liegen, da Du ueberhaupt nichts vom Amerikanischen erwahntest. Ich waere sehr neugierig, wie Du dort empfangen wirst. Itka glaube nicht, dass ich ein Vollidiot bin, weil ich so oft dasselbe wiederhole, aber Du musst die sichere Einstellung haben, dass Dein Status wegen Immigration nicht der gewoehnliche ist, sondern dass Du bestimmt weisst, dass meine Applicationen fuer Dei Hierherkommen auf einen speziellen Gesetz beruhen. Du wirst nichts mit der Quota zu tun haben und lasse Dir von niemandem so sagen. Du kommst auf ein 3 monatiges Visita visa und ich erlege hier 500 Dollar als Sicherstellung dass ich Dich waehrend dieser Zeit heirate. All dies steht in den neuen Affidavit darinnen und hoffe ich, dass Du es schon erhalten hast. Zur Vorsicht habe ich nochmals meine "Honorable Discharge" (Ehrenhaftige Entlassung von der Armee) mitgesandt. Soviel ich weiss wirst Du auch durch die Armee transportiert werden. Also ich hoffe, dass Du alle Deine Papiere mit den Polnischen Konsulate bald in Ordnung haben wirst.

Wie jede Woche habe auch letzten Samstag Packet Nr. 4 mit Essen an Kurts Adresse gesandt. Ich wuerde gerne wissen ob Du schon welche erhalten hast. Im letzten Packerl habe wie gewoehnlich Fleischkonserven, ~~XXX~~ Kaffee, Cacao, Zucker Chocolate etc gesandt-auch "Lipton Suppe" Ich hoffe sie schmeckt Dir gut.

Momentan bin ich noch immer Strohwitwer. Die Eltern kommen naechste woche Montag zurueck. Ich haette beinahe vergessen zu erzaehlen dass ich wieder zwei alte Briefe aus Budapest zurueckbekommen habe, die niemals Dich erreichten. War auch ein Brief von den Eltern dabei. Jetzt ist nicht mehr so schlimm aber als ich einen Brief zurueckerhielt und nicht wusste wo Du warst, da war ich schrecklich deprimiert. Noch etwas. An Deine Freundin habe ich schon lange ein Packet und einen ~~Brief~~ Brief weggesandt, habe aber niemals eine Antwort erhalten. Was macht Wlad jetzt? Habt ihr alle genug zu essen? Gib mir seine Adresse, ich moechte auch Ihm mich erkenntlich zeigen.

Mein Liebstes, es ist mir so schwer zu sprechen, obwohl mir sehr viel am Herzen liegt. Es ist keine Unannehmlichkeit Dir gegenueber sondern vielmehr mein eigener Zustand. Ich bin so muede allein zu sein-und ohne Dich werde ich immer allein sein, wenn ich noch so viele Menschen kenne. Fuer das wirkliche und echte im Leben gibt es keinen "Ersatz" und bin ich ganz verhungert nach Dir. Es hat Zeiten gegeben wo ich wirklich glaubte ich werde wahnsinnig, weil mein Leben, mein Innenleben sich so im Gedanken abzuspielen begann. Dabei bin ich von Natur aus temperamentvoll und war ich so oft in den schwierigsten Zustaenden. Das sind nicht beginnend Konfessionen noch Entschuldigungen, denn von Dir bin ich nie gewichen noch habe ich je Zweifel gehabt. Aber schoen war es nicht und habe ich grosse Sehnsucht nach Frieden und Ruhe-soweit es mein Ego anbelangt zumindest, denn Frieden und Ruhe wird es kaum mit Dir roten Hexe ~~kommen~~ geben. Aber das macht nichts ich bin zweimal so stark als fruener-gewachsen bin ich auch sagen alle-und meine Lust Dich zu verpruegen, wenn Du nicht ~~parierst~~ parierst ist auch gestiegen.

Du magst mir auch ein bisserl mehr Tratsch schreiben. Kurt hat mir vor einigen Monaten gesagt, dass er eine Freundschaft mit einem Maedchen abgebrochen hatte. Jetzt schreibst Du mir Du wohntest mit seiner ~~Freundin~~ Freundin zusammen. Der Halunke hat mir noch gar den Report darueber abgestattet.  
Bitte Itka, schreib bald wieder und erzaehle mir wie alles steht. Ich wuensche sehr, dass die Schreiberei sowieso bald aufhoeren soll und Du bald Gelegenheit hast mir alles zu erzaehlen.





1. Januar 1944

Ich habe immer das Gefuehl, dass Du ungefaehr im October das sein wirst. Wenn es frueher ist, werde mich nicht beschweren- aber unterstehe Dich nicht spaeter zu kommen.

Gruesse Wladek und gruesse Kurtl herzlichst von mir.  
Du meine geliebtes Kind sei umarmt und mit aller meiner Liebe Gekuesst  
ich bleibe immer Dein

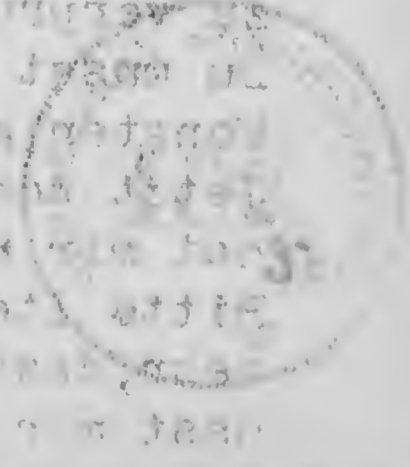
W

Die Tage werden noch so langsam vergehen, bis Du endlich da bist. Ich habe immer das Gefuehl, dass Du ungefaehr im October das sein wirst. Wenn es frueher ist, werde mich nicht beschweren- aber unterstehe Dich nicht spaeter zu kommen. Gruesse Wladek und gruesse Kurtl herzlichst von mir. Du meine geliebtes Kind sei umarmt und mit aller meiner Liebe Gekuesst. Ich bleibe immer Dein.

Die Tage werden noch so langsam vergehen, bis Du endlich da bist. Ich habe immer das Gefuehl, dass Du ungefaehr im October das sein wirst. Wenn es frueher ist, werde mich nicht beschweren- aber unterstehe Dich nicht spaeter zu kommen. Gruesse Wladek und gruesse Kurtl herzlichst von mir. Du meine geliebtes Kind sei umarmt und mit aller meiner Liebe Gekuesst. Ich bleibe immer Dein.

Die Tage werden noch so langsam vergehen, bis Du endlich da bist. Ich habe immer das Gefuehl, dass Du ungefaehr im October das sein wirst. Wenn es frueher ist, werde mich nicht beschweren- aber unterstehe Dich nicht spaeter zu kommen. Gruesse Wladek und gruesse Kurtl herzlichst von mir. Du meine geliebtes Kind sei umarmt und mit aller meiner Liebe Gekuesst. Ich bleibe immer Dein.

Die Tage werden noch so langsam vergehen, bis Du endlich da bist. Ich habe immer das Gefuehl, dass Du ungefaehr im October das sein wirst. Wenn es frueher ist, werde mich nicht beschweren- aber unterstehe Dich nicht spaeter zu kommen. Gruesse Wladek und gruesse Kurtl herzlichst von mir. Du meine geliebtes Kind sei umarmt und mit aller meiner Liebe Gekuesst. Ich bleibe immer Dein.



Oct. 25<sup>th</sup> 1946  
New-York.

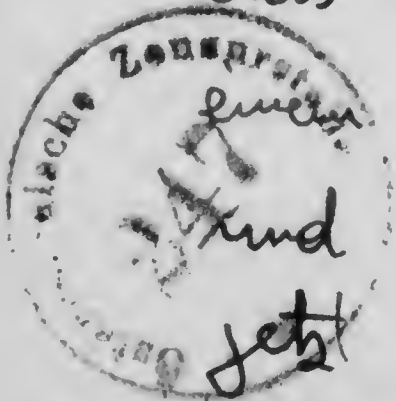
Meine geliebte Ilka,

Ein großer Stein ist mir heute vom Herzen gefallen. Gott sei dank ist der Kliffstreik vorbei. Ich hörte es gerade übers Radio, daß alle Kontrakte geschlossen sind und daß in ein- zwei Tagen die Kliffe wieder auf hoher See sein werden. Ich habe ~~an~~ Dir die amerikanischen Kliffkarte genommen - trotz des Streiks - weil das Arrangement das Beste ist, wie ich Dir schon im letzten Briefe genau erklärte. Ich studierte natürlich zuerst die Chancen auf eine baldige Beendigung und dachte mir, daß ich lieber ein paar Tage länger warte, als Dich auf unsichere Chancen einzulassen. Es ist sehr schwer bli nahe wenn möglich auf die paar großen Schiffe, der großen hinien ein Ticket für die nächste Zeit zu erhalten und auf spanische oder Portugiesische Kliffe wollte ich Dich nicht fahren lassen. So verbrachte ich eine verrückte Woche, kaufte im Tage 10 Zeitungen um die Verhandlungen im Streik zu studieren. Immer hing die Sache an einem Haare und war ich schon ganz außer mir, wie von Tag zu Tag sich die Sache verzögerte. Dazu kam noch, daß ich noch keine Antwort auf Dein Telegramm erhalten hatte und nachdem Du so weit weg bist und die Tatsachen nicht so genau kennst, war ich besorgt, Du wirst denken, ich bin verrückt eine Karte für eine streikende Linie hinie zu nehmen. So haben wir doch einen Vorspannung gewonnen - man muß manchmal sich trauen, etwas zu riskieren. Mir wurde zugesagt daß Du in ungefähr 5 Wochen nach dem Streik fahren kannst - vielleicht früher. Jetzt ist leider Samstag Abend und muß ich leider bis Montag Früh warten, bis ich wieder auf das Büro (Tausig) gehe. Ich sende Dir heute auf jedenfall noch einmal ein Telegramm, so daß Du auch Montag zu Reisebüro „Kundobona“ gehst. Ich



② hoffe, daß Du inzwischen den Brief mit den genauen Erklärungen erhalten hast. Ich wiederhole kurz, daß in diesem Ticket die Bahnfahrt nach Paris sowie von Paris zum Schiff und das Hotel und Verköstigung in Paris inbegriffen ist. —

Noch eine gute Nachricht. Ich kann Dir kaum schildern, wie strahlend schwer es ist, hier Wohnung oder nur auch ein Zimmer zu kriegen. Ich war schon ganz verzweifelt. Also habe ich ein großes Zimmer in einem „Roominghouse“ gekriegt. Das ist eine amerikanische Angelegenheit — ein separates Zimmer, eine große Küche mit ~~ein~~ Eisbank und Badezimmer, die man gemeinsam mit ein paar anderen haben hat. Der Raum vollkommen separiert. Unter den heutigen Umständen ein unglaublicher Glücksfall — unsere Mutter ging gerade vorbei als die Tafel hinausgehängt wurde und bat den Hausknecht bis Abend zu warten. Dann kam ich und nahm es gleich. Vom 1. November beziehe ich es — so haben wir ein Dach über den Kopf. Hier wohnen da 1 Minute von Eltern und Paul, was auch sehr angenehm und praktisch ist. Nur nun Dir eine Idee zu geben, wie schwer es ist etwas zu bekommen — ich würde von einer 2 Zimmerwohnung. Der Mann der aussieht darf legal kein Geld verlangen — so verkauft er die „Möbel!“ Für alten verwanzten Kram verlangt er 650 Dollar — und dann kommt erst der Hausknecht dran — kannst Dir vorstellen, wie es da in solchen Dingen zugeht? Weißt Du — selbst wenn ich wirklich Geld hätte würde ich es mir gut überlegen diesen Asgeron das zu geben — so sehr mein Herz daran hängt, Dich mit einem guten Heim zu begnügen. So werden wir halt warten und ich würde mich an für eine der Neubauten, die jetzt überall geplant werden und wo Veteranen bevorzugt werden. In Zeit werden wir nur noch herauf



③ arbeiten - ich Sorge mich nicht. Ich bin jetzt voll Ambitionen und kann mir erst vorstellen, wie es sein wird wenn Du kommst.

Meine Schwester hat - erzählt mir jeden Tag, was sie Dir zeigen wird, während ich arbeite und jeder ist ganz aufgeregt mit Plänen. Ich habe höflichst gefragt, ob ich in all den Plänen erlaubt werde ein paar Minuten für mich allein zu haben. Du brauchst keine Angst zu haben - wir alle lieben uns sehr - aber respektieren unsere Freiheit. Das macht uns nebst „Eltern und Geschwister“, auch gute Freunde.

Also mein Engel - ich hoffe in den nächsten Tagen Deinen genauen Termin zu erfahren - vor allem Du sollst es wissen und wenn man dann die Zeit weiß, fällt es einem nicht mehr ganz so schwer. Viel Liebe kleine - ich warte auf Dich in großer Ungeduld und ~~to~~ liebe

immer Dein

les.

P.S. Hast Du zwei paar Strümpfe erhalten?



December 5th 1946

Muck, Muck Muck,

Ich will Dir nicht den Eindruck geben, dass ich der bin der mehr nervoes ist, aber die letzten Tage haben mich ganz naerrisch gemacht. Um alles klarer zu machen muss ich Dir erst von meiner Seite aus erzahlen. Als ich von Dir das Telegramm bekam, dass Du am 9. Dezember wegfaehrst und Dich am 14. einschiffst war das Datum schon 9. Dezember. Das heisst, dass Du schon Wien verlassen hattest. Die letzte Bestaetigung, die ich von Taussig hatte, war dass Du auf der Liste fuer den 30. Dezember warst. Also natuerlich rannte ich gleich zu Taussig, die aber von 14. Dez. gar nichts wussten und auch sehr skeptisch waren. Du musst naehmlich wissen und wirst es auch schon herausgefunden haben, dass in Paris sonderbare Dinge vorgehen. Hier fuehren sie (leider) das Geschaeft korrekt und in Paris scheint ein schoener schwarzer Markt in Schiffskarten zu herrschen, der es eben fu hier ziemlich schwer macht schnell und definitiv zu arbeiten. Daher war es uns recht, dass Du auf jedenfall einmal aus Wien herauskommst, denn wenn Du in Paris an Ort und Stelle bist wird es bestimmt leichter gehen. Nun warteten wir hier mit grosser Ungeduld auf Deine Ankunft in Paris - nachdem Taussig erklaehte er koennte auch nichts anderes tun als abwarten. Samstag Mittag kam Dein Telegramm ich war auf den Weg zu Taussig und rief nocheinmal zuhause an bevor ich hinauf und da war Dein Telegramm. So bezahlte ich augenblicklich fuer die Flugkarte - aber liess auf jedenfall auch die Schiffskarte bezahlt, so dass Du was frueher von beiden kommt nehmen kannst. Dann rannte herunter und sandte ein Telegramm an Palextours und eins an Dich. Leider hast Du mir nicht Deine Hoteladresse geschickt und das Pagage hier weiss es nicht, so musste das Telegramm an Dich auch via Palextours schicken. So hatte das eckelhafte Gefuehl, dass Du bis Montag fruehe nichts wissen wirst. Wirk sind hier ungefaehr 8 Stunden zurueck in der Zeit und das Telegramm erreichte natuerlich dann Paris ~~XXXX~~ nachdem das ~~XXXX~~ Buro schon gesperrt war. Ausserdem hatte noch einen Schrecken. Ich sandte Dir fuef Briefe in der letzten Zeit nach Paris mit Ratschlaegen und ein Brief kam zurueck. Ich hatte anstatt "Boulevard" "rue des Capucines" geschrieben und wie schon die franzoesische Post ist haben sie einfach "Inconnue" draufgeschrieben und zurueckgeschickt. Jetzt wusste nicht, ob Du ueberhaupt einen Brief von mir hast, Daher sandte ein Telegramm und wiederhole jetzt, dass Du ~~XXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXX~~ unbedingt Mr. Pierre Samson aufsuchen sollst. Er ist ein sehr gut Bekannter von Vater, den er seit seiner Jugend kennt, mit dem wir auch jetzt in Geschaeftsverbindung sind und der ein Franzose ist. Er hat sich angetragen sich um Dich zu Kuemmern und nicht nur dass ich bin in Verbindung mit ihm, dass er Dir Geld gibt, was Du brauchst und wir verrechnen das hier mit ihm. Also Muck, keine Sorge wegen Geld, wenn Du brauchst - und Du wirst brauchen, wenn Du noch eine Zeit da bleibst, so ist er die Quelle. Qusserdem waere es gut wenn Du eben auch probierst im Reiseburo etwas zu schmieren. Du wirst gleich die Resultate sehen. Leider leben wir in einer so wundervollen Zeit, wo auch mit dem Schicksal von Menschen Handel getrieben wird. Ich hoffe, dass Du ihm inzwischen schon gesehen hast, entweder im Buro 7 rue Beranger oder zuhause 19 Boulevard Flandrin Paris XVI. Bitte Muck sei nicht zu nervoes, ich habe getzn was nur maschenmoeglich ist, ich habe Dir es nicht immer ganz geschildert - ich bin schon froh dass wir so weit sind. Dir Zeitungen sind hier voll mit Burschen, die nicht einmal im Lande sind ihre Frauen hierher zu bringen und die haben es doch etwas leichter wie wir. Ich bin ueberzeugt, dass Du nicht zu lange warten wirst und denke, dass Du in den ~~XX~~ naechsten Tagen sogar ein Airplane kriegst. Sorge Dich nicht, Du wirst sehen wie schoen fliegen ist. Vor par Tagen sprach mit einem alten Ehepar 78 Jahre alt, die herrueberflogen und ganz begaistert waren. Nur eines bitte ich Dich. Lasse mich nur rechtzeitig wissen, mit welchem Schiff oder Aeroplan Du kommst, denn ich muss den Bond fuer Dich deann an der rächtigen Stelle zur rechten Zeit noch erlegen sonst haben wir einen Wirbel bei deiner Ankunft. So vergesse nicht gleich genau zu telegraphieren wenn Du genau weisst wie Du und wann Du kommst. ~~abdelux~~

Ich bin so froh Itka , dass es mir gelungen ist bisher alle Ausgaben ganz allein zu zahlen, es ist viel besser so, wir sind dann niemandem jemals verpflichtet. Paul, den es jetzt ganz gut geht war sehr nett und wollte mir helfen, aber ich dachte es ist gescheiter so, wenn wir beide wissen wir haben es allein gemacht. Mucki, wenn Du glaubst, dass Du uns dringend anrufen musst auf jedenfall gebe Dir ~~XX~~ die Nummer von den Eltern und tue es nur , wenn Du Dir ausgerechnet dass bei uns schon spaeter Nachts ist. (Ungefaher 8 Stunden Differenz-wir sind hier zurueck) Die nummer ist "Tremont 8-8375" Ich kann mir vorstellen, dass Du sehr ungeduldig bist und speziell in einer fremden Stadt, deswegen bitte geniere Dich nicht Herrn Pierre Samson zu sehen, der ein Jude ist und selbst viel erlebt hat. Er befasst sich mit Leuten , die auf der Durchreise sind und hat uns versichert dass er Dich wie ein Kind seiner Familie ansehen wird. Wir haben ihm ununterbrochen auch Esspakete gesandt und ist er uns sehr dankbar. Er hat Geld, ist ein bekannter Porzellanfabrikant und sollst Du nur hingehen. Ausserdem soweit das Gold anbelangt streckt er es Dir nur vor, denn ich bestehe darauf es ihm zurueck zu zahlen. Ich rechne , dass Du hingehst, sonst musste ich Dir anderwaert Geld schicken. Also lasse mich wissen. ~~XX~~  
~~XXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXX~~

Ich glaube nicht, dass Du lange warten wirst muessen, aber reisse Dir nicht das Herz herunter, wir tun alles um es nur so schnell wie moeglich zu machen. Sollten noch einige Tage sein in denen Du warten musst, vergesse nicht, dass Du in Paris bist und schau Dich noch ein bisschen um. Es ist doch eine gottvolle Stadt.

Wir alle warten mit grosser Freude auf Dich und bist Du unser ganzes Denken und ununterbrochener Gesprachsstoff. Wir sind jetzt auf den letzten Stueck von unserem Weg und werden sehr bald vereint sein. Lasse mich von allem gleich wissen und ich werde mein Moeglichstes tun. Uebrigends hoffe ich , dass Du diesen Brief nicht mehr kriegst oder ihn nur als Lektuere fuer Deine Reise mitnimmst. Servus Rote

mit vielen Kuessen und innigster Liebe

Dein phantasyloser und liebeskranker Zukuenftiger

~~hoo~~ hoo

Leo Glueckserig  
1894 Walton Ave Bronx  
New York 53 N.Y.U.S.A.

PALEXTOURS  
pour Mlle. Ida Goldberg  
7 Boulevard de Capucines  
PARIS

FRANCE

personal



AR 25193 1/12

Leo Glueckselig Collection

1946

Glueckselig, Leo to Glueckselig, F D A

incl. letters by Max & Glueckselig



18 November 1946

Bon jour Mademoiselle,

Hoffentlich hast Du eine gute Reise gehabt und ich begruesse Dich auf Deinen Weg nach Amerika. Jetzt wird alles schon weiter gut gehen und geniesse nur jeden Moment. Die ganze letzte Woche spekulierte ich, ob ich Dir schreiben sollte, damit Du nach Paris gehen sollst, aber ueberlegte ich es mir noch, weil ich so gar keinen Termin wusste und ich nicht haben wollte, dass Du dann vielleicht fuer lange Zeit ganz allein in Paris sitzt. Die Verhaeltnisse sind dort auch noch nicht zu rosig - obwohl sicher besser als in Wien, aber doch hast Du mehr Freunde und Beziehungen dort. Nun als ich Deinen Brief erhielt, dass sie Dich im December buchen erhielt ich auch kurz nachher die Verstaendigung von Taussig mit demselben Inhalt. Da ueberlegte ich es mir nicht mehr und telegraphierte Dir nach Paris zu fahren. Ich bin ueberzeugt, dass Du so schneller wegkommen wirst und ueberhaupt bist Du dann auf Deinen Weg und kannst Dir noch ein bisschen Paris ansehen, was sicher besser ist als nervoes in Wien zu sitzen. So bist Du halt in Paris nervoes - aber das ist schon ein bisschen naener zu mir und eine bessere Atmosphere. Die ersten 7 Tage sind bezahlt und auf dem Reiseburo muessen 20 Dollar in Deinem Namen liegen. Mir wurde gesagt dass bei den jetzigen Verhaeltnissen um allein in Paris zu leben man ungefaehr 5 bis 6 Dollar rechnen muss. Nun 20 Dollar ist da nicht viel Geld. Hoer zu Itka. Als erstes und auf jedenfall gehe und suche folgenden Herren auf. Mr. PIERRE SAMSON, 7 Rue Beranger, Paris das ist in der Naehel vom Place de la Republique. Das ist ein grosser Porcellan fabrikant und guter und alter Geschaeftsfreund von unserem Vater. Ich schreibe ihm mit derselben Post einen Brief, dass Du ihm besuchen wirst und ~~xxx~~ ersuche ihm Dir an die Hand zu gehen und soviel Geld zu geben als Du brauchst welches ich hier zu dem Geld lege, dass der Vater fuer ihm hat. Also Sorge Dich nicht er schenkt Dir nichts, sondern ich arrangiere es nur so, weil es praektischer ist. Ich weiss nicht wie lange Du da bleibst und wieviel Du brauchen wirst und Du hast so Gelegenheit auch mit jemandem zu sprechen, der sich in Paris auskennt und Dir ueber locale Dinge Rat geben kann. Ausserdem werde in naechsten Brief noch ein paar Adressen schreiben, so dass Du wenn Du Zeit hast Leute aufsuchen kannst, von denen ich weiss dass sie verlaesslich sind. Da hilft mir Ingrid - das war die erste Frau von Janko - den feschen Polen in Wien -, die vor zwei Wochen mit ihrem Kind aus Frankreich kam. Ich sprach mit ihr und heute schon schrieb sie nach Paris wegen Dir. Muck wenn Du so allein bist und Anschluss haben willst oder Rat brauchst gehe nur dorthin. Die eine Adresse weiss ich schon, das ist eine Schweizerin, die auch Deutsch spricht und die ihrer Gesinnung nach ein sehr feiner und hilfsbereiter Mensch sein soll. Ihr Name ist Angelica Haffner, 20 rue Guelham Paris XI und berufe Dich auf Ingrid Horak. Dann die Adresse von einem jungen Kuenstler (Ungar) dort rufe aber erst an, wenn ich Dir im naechsten Brief schreibe, weil ich vielleicht durch ihm auch an Dich Geld sende. Da warten wir erst seine Antwort ab. Auf jedenfall seine Adresse Geza Duna 95 rue Froidevaux Paris XIV. Tel. 7458. Das ist auch ein Freund von Ingrid aber wissen wir noch nicht, ob ich es durch ihm machen koennen. Du wirst ja einige Briefe von mir vorfinden - welche ich am couvert ~~adressierte~~ nummeriere und werde ich in diesen Punkt noch weitere Erklaerungen geben. Aber auf jedenfall sehe Herren Samson, den ich zuerst erwaehte.

Auf jedenfall will ich Dich noch aufmerksam machen, dass in Paris die grosse amerikanisch juedische Organisation Hias auch eine Filiale hat. Ich glaube nicht, dass Du sie in irgend einer Sache brauchen wirst, aber auf jedenfall will ich Dich darauf aufmerksam machen. Ausserdem Itka bitte vergesse unter keinen Umstaenden bevor Du auf das Schiff gehst, das heisst wenn Du definitive weisst, welches Schiff

Du hast - mir zu telegraphieren. Ich muss das Schiff und Datum rechtzeitig wissen, weil ich erst dann den Bond fuer 500 Dollar erlegen kann, ohne welchen Du nicht hier landen kannst. Ich hoffe wir kriegen Dich auf die Ille de France welche Anfang December abgeht. Also viel Glueck und bon voyage, wir warten hier wie im Fieber fuer die gute Nachricht und wenn sie kommt wirst Du mich sicher ueber den Ozean schreien hoeren. Sei gegruesset Geliebte und ich warte auf Dich sehr ungeduldig. Ich kuesse Dich innigst und verbleibe mit aller Liebe

P.S. Schreib oder telegraphiere immer Dein  
an die alte Adresse 1834 Walton Ave. *W.*

Meine geliebte Itra,

1. Feb. 1946

Ich bin jetzt schon seit ueber zwei Wochen zuhause und beginne mich langsam an das civile Leben zu gewoennen-wenn man das schon gewoennen nennen kann. Gefuehlsmaessig ist der Krieg fuer mich noch lange <sup>NICHT</sup> vorbei. Alles erscheint mir jetzt in einem anderem Licht-und mit den practischen Angelegenheiten, wie verdienen ist es auch nicht so leicht. Man ist als Soldat im Kriege sehr gefeiert, aber sobald man die Uniform auszieht, geht der Glorienschein sehr schnell fort. Ich habe seit ich zurueck bin sehr viel zu tun gehabt. In erster Linie habe ich mich gleich um Deine Angelegenheit zu kuemmern begonnen. Zur gleichen Zeit musste ich mich um Arbeit umsehen. Das Geschaeft meines Vaters geht so, dass es gerade bescheiden und anstaendig fuer meine Eltern und Fritz reicht. Es ist momentan nicht das richtige fuer mich, zumal, dass ich an unsere Zukunft denken muss, wo wir mehr brauchen werden. Wir haben zwar auch im Geschaeft eine sehr gute Chance jetzt-wir sind die einzigen Vertreter fuer eine sehr grosse und feine franzoesische Fabrik und die Leute von ganz Amerika interessieren sich sehr fuer Lieferungen, aber es wird sicher noch ein Jahr dauern, bis Lieferungen beginneb werden richtig herein zukommen. So habe ich begonnen mich selbst umzusehen. Vor einigen Tagen habe ich mit einem jungen Wieher zu arbeiten begonnen, der in Reklame arbeitet. Er ist der Mann von Martha Selz (Ihre Mutter hat Dir waehrend des Krieges geschrieben-die arme Frau ist auch verschwunden) Er war nicht in der Armee und hat wie alle die nicht darinn waren, schweres Geld verdient und sich gut eingefuehrt. Fuer mich war das eine sehr gute Chance, weil ich sehr befreundet mit ihm bin mit einem ziemlich guten Anfangsgehalt beginne und eine gute Gelegenheit habe mich in eine Sache einzuarbeiten, die eine der groessten Verdienste bietet. So ist es das dritte mal in meinem Leben, dass ich vom Anfang beginne. Zwischendurch habe ich ein Affidavit von einem reichen Geschaeftsfreund meines Vaters fuer Dich erworben, ~~er~~ Vater stellt eins fuer Dich aus und selbstverstaendlich auch ich-das sind drei in allem-Bis alle Papiere erledigt sind dauert immer eine Weile, speziell mit mir, weil ich in einigen Dingen nach Washington schreiben musste und offizielle Antworten immer eine Weile auf sich warten lassen. Wenn alles fertig sein wird, werden wir die Papiere an Dich senden und Du musst sie zum Konsul bringen. Es ist natuerlich so gut, dass ich diesmal mein eigenes Affidavit ausstellen kann-es ist leider nicht zu gross aber auch nicht schlecht. Du wirst ja selbst sehen -ich habe mir waehrend des Krieges etwas erspart ungefaehr 1000 Dollar in Geld und Anleihe und habe mir meine Kriegsversicherung ins Civileben mitgenommen (10.000 Dollar) Ich wollte sie auf Deinem Namen umschreiben lassen, aber leider geht das nur fuer Frau oder Blutsverwandte. Aber will ich ja gar nicht, dass Du das letztere fuer die naechsten 80 Jahre verwendest, aber ist es gut zu zeigen. Dann habe ich einen sehr ruehrenden Brief an den Konsul beigelegt, welcher die ganze Information ueber uns beide gibt und wuensche ich, dass Du diesen uebersetzen laesst fuer dich, so dass Du weisst, was ich ihm alles gesagt habe. Ich warte jetzt auf eine Antwort von Washinton ~~one~~ ohne welche ich die Papiere nicht wegsenden kann. Ich bin schrecklich ungeduldig-es geht mir viel zu langsam. Von Dir meine Geliebte habe ich noch nicht einen Brief erhalten und warte auch auf eine Antwort auf mein Telegramm mit bezahlter Rueckantwort, welches ich Dir gleich nach meiner Ankunft vor ueber zwei Wochen gesandt habe. Meinen letzten Brief habe ich an Dich durch einen Amerikanischen Soldaten in Budapest gesandt (Privat Le Roy) welchen Gaby, meine Schwaegerin kennt. Ich hoffe, dass er Dir schon die Post ueberbracht hat und wenn er lieb genug ist sende Deine Briefe durch ihm an mich.

Inzwischen haben wir viele mehr Briefe und Berichte aus Europa erhalten. Auf Vaters und Mutters Seite sind alle Verwandten erschlagen und verschwunden-es ist grauenhaft und ich bin mehr und mehr ueber Dich meine Geliebteste aufgeregt. Letzte Woche habe ich einen Brief erhalten, der mich auch

Unerhoert aufgereggt hat. Ich habe von Kurtl und seiner Schwester Erika einen Brief erhalten. Seine Eltern sind tot und die zwei Jungen leben, indem es ihnen gelang im letzten Jahr aus einem Lager zu fliehen (in der Slowakei) und mit den Partisanen zusammen zu sein. Erika ist in Trencin verheiratet und Kurt ist in Wien um seine Studien zu beenden (Seine Adr. Kurt Raab, Wien II, Leopoldsgasse 43). Er hat sich nach Dir erkundigt und wenn Du die Moeglichkeit hast schreibe ihm ein par Zeilen. Es geht ihm nicht sehr gut und fuehlt er sich sehr einsam-niemand da.

Letzte Woche habe ich ein Packet an Dich abgesandt-11 Pfund schwer mit Allerart Conserven, ein par Packete Zigaretten und Waschseife und ein par Wollhandschuhe, die Gaby noch in letzter Minute fuer Dich kaufte. Von nun an werde ich Dir aber lieber 4 Pfund Packete senden, weil ich erfuhr, dass so viele 11 Pfund Packete niemals ankommen und man nur 4 Pfund packete versichern kann. So werde ich lieber kleine und oefters senden. Ich hoffe nur dass es ankommt, weil ich gute Sachen ausgesucht habe-aber hoffentlich wirst Du das alles nicht mehr lange gebrauchen-

Noch etwas faellt mir ein. Ich habe noch eine legale Abschrift von dem Affidavit, welche Vater Dir im Jahre 1941 (3Feb) ausstellte. Das lege ich mit allen Papieren bei, so dass der Konsul sieht wie lange wir uns schon bemuehen Dich hierher zubringen. Wenn Du einmal mit ihm sprichst lege Gewicht darauf, weil das sicher wichtig ist.

Vor ein par Tagen habe ich seit langer Zeit von Fredl Fast das erste mal gehoert. Im Kriege haben wir Kontakt verloren, weil er auch in der Armee war und ich wusste nicht wo er war. Was erhalte ich? Eine Heiratsanzeige. Der Lauser hat gleich nach seiner Rueckkehr von der Armee ein Amerikanisches Maedel geheiratet und lebt ziemlich weit weg von mir. In Antwort zu meinem Schreiben kam ein langer Brief, dessen Inhalt ueber nichts anderem geht, als ueber Dich-auch er freut sich schoecklich ueber Dich-wir alle hatten so boese Gedanken gehabt. Er scheint sehr gluecklich zu sein und wenn ich von seinem Briefe schliessen kann, ist er der alte geblieben. Itka wir muessen uns eilem-wir sind die letzten-aber Gott werden wir nachholen-ich bedauere Dich jetzt schon.

Meine Suesse-wie siehst Du aus-Du bist bestimmt noch dieselbe rothhaarige Furie-Aber alles um ein par Prozentsaetze gesteigert, schoener ein bisschen viel gescheiter geworden, eine Frau und sehr unabhaengig. Ich sage Dir jetzt schon, dass ich keine Angst habe und wenn Du mir noch so viele Drohungen in halb ernst und halb Scherz schreibst-erwarte dass dich derselbe "Weichherzige" Leo erwartet-Gott ich ~~ahbe~~ habe mich ja nicht geendert-aber einen Teppichklopper habe ich mir doch zugelegt. Wie Du siehst male ich Dir eine bewegte Zukunft aus und es wird uns bestimmt nicht langweilig sein.

Nochmals bitte ich Dich, dass Du mir schreibst, ob und was Du brauchst. Ich hoffe jetzt jeden Tag Post von Dir zu erhalten. Ich warte schon so sehr dringlich darauf. Wenn ich Dir nur sagen koennte, wie sehr mein Herz danach langt Dich gluecklich zu machen und Dich bei mir zu haben-Papier ist kaum das Medium dazu und will ich Dich schon in meinem Haenden haben-ich war ohne Dich immer nur ein halber Mensch. Sei gekuesst meine Geliebteste und bleibe gesund und stark-Hoffnung ist nicht mehr ein Traum heute, sei gewiss dass die Zeit vorbei ist, woder Gedanke unserer Vereinigung mehr ein Wunsch als einen Realitaet war-heute trennen uns nur mehr technische Punkte und es ist eine Frage der Zeit-wo frueher es ein Renne n mit Tot und Leben war. Denke wieder das dieser Gedanke heute eine Tatsache ist, greifbar und das ein Mensch mit Fleisch und Blut fuer Dich sorgt und wartet.

Ich gruesse Dich mit aller meiner Liebe

Grüße von meinen Eltern!

Dein Leo !

P.S.

Wo ist Deine Mutti jetzt? Has sind  
Ihre Pläne? Grütze und Rühbe Lie  
Bon my.

Lein

*[Faint, mostly illegible text, likely bleed-through from the reverse side of the page. Some words like "Mutter", "Pläne", "Grütze", "Rühbe" are faintly visible.]*

10

Bein

Grütze und Rühbe

August 30, 1946

Liebste Itka,

Gestern erhielt ich Post von Kurt. In den letzten Wochen ist das der beste Weg fuer mich von Dir zu hoeren. Nachdem er Dich sehr gerne hat und natuerlich mein Freund ist, erwaeht er immer Dich- Gottseidank, sonst waere ich ziemlich spaerlich informiert. Er erwaeht, dass Du dieser Tage vielleicht ein bisschen ins Gebirge fahren wirst und natuerlich wie immer bei grossen Entfernungen beginnt man gleich zu speculieren und ich "sorge mich", ob Du ganz gesund bist. Ich habe Dir schon einmal gesagt, dass ich nicht von Dir verlange mir ununterbrochen zu schreiben-es sind sicher viel Gruende, weshalb schreiben nicht mehr einen befriedigt, aber es gibt doch ein Minimum, damit man weiss wie es einen geht und dass man auch laufend von den technischen Dingen informiert ist. Ich will Dir nicht zu sehr erklaehten was es rein menschlich fuer mich bedeutet ein par Zeilen von Dir zu erhalten, ich glaube nicht in diesen Punkt erst bitten zu muessen. Aber vielleicht hast Du Gruende, die wirklich nicht in meinem Blickfeld liegen und ich tue Dir Unrecht, wenn ich in irgend einer Richtung meine Meinung ausspreche. Das will ich unter allen Umstaenden verhueten und ich lege Dir nur die Tatsache ans Herz, dass ich seit langen nur sehr spaerlich von Dir Post erhalten habe. Wenn du etwas am Herzen hast mein Liebstes, habe keine Angst zu mir zu sprechen. Du darfst nicht vergessen, dass ich zu tiefst auch Dein Freund bin-und in all diesen Jahren des Leidens sind wir nicht nur aelter und reifer geworden, sondern viele Begriffe muessen sich geaendert haben. Vom Anfang an habe ich Dir erklaeht, dass ich Dich erwarte mit allen das Du bist und erlebt hast und dass mich nur eines interessiert um unser Zusammenkommen zu ermoeeglichen-naemlich ob Du mich noch liebst. Ich kenne Dich als eine Person, die ehrlich und ungeschminkt ist und ich hatte das glueckliche Erlebniss und die Erfuellung so vieler Jahre von Angst. Du gehoerst zu mir. Ich will wirklich nicht Probleme erzeugen-aber wenn man solche Zeiten durchgemacht hat und so nach einander ausgehungert ist, muss diese lange Stille zwischen Deinen Briefen, ob ich es will oder nicht, Sorgen in mir erzeugen. Das ist nicht Zweifel an Dir mein Kind sondern einfach das Gefuehl, dass vielleicht Dinge in Deinem Leben gibt von welchen ich eben noch nicht weiss und welche Dich noch sehr beschaeftigen. Ich habe Dir auch noch sehr viel zu erzaehlen und habe praktisch noch sehr wenig erzaehlt, aber ich hebe das fuer ein Zusammen sein auf, weil es mich momentan nicht in gerinsten zurueckhaelt mit Dir wieder zusammen zukommen und weil alles mehr oder weniger Vergangenheit ist, welche mein Leben jetzt nicht mehr beruehrt. Wenn Du aber Probleme hast, die Dich momentan beschaeftigen, vergesse nicht mich Deinen besten Freund und den Mann, der Dich und Dein Leben liebt. Ich bin immer fuer Hilfe da. Und wenn alles was ich schreibe keinen Hintergrund hat-dann muss ich mich einerseits freuen und ~~sonst~~ andererseits aergern, da Du einfach schreibfaul bist. Unsere Nerven sind nicht mehr wie sie waren und sind wir viel mehr sensitive geworden. Ich habe Dich lieb und es waere nicht so wenn ich mich nicht sorgen oder aergern wuerde. Nun genug von der Predigt.

Nun endlich hat Kurt das Kleiderpaket erhaltenwelches ich vor Monaten weggeschickt habe. Ich hoff er kann die Sachen brauchen. Dieses Packet sandte ich durch eine private Gesellschaft, bevor noch Postverbindung mit Oesterreich exestierte. Hast Du noch immer kein Packet von mir erhalten? Seit den Tag wo Du nach Wien kamst habe ich ununterbrochen Packete gesandt und hoffe wirklich, dass sie bald zu erreichen beginnen. Letztes mal sandte wieder ein Packet durch die CARE Organisation, welches ein 15 Kilo Packet ist. Auf jedes Packet schreibe ich auch Kurts Namen darauf. Wenn Du einmal weggehst und auf Die Reise Dich machst sie an ihm ausgefolgt werden koennen. Heute zum Beispiel erhielt ich einen Brief aus Budapest, von Pauls Schwager in welchen er sich fuer ein Packet bedankt, dass ich an Dich sandte und welches an ihm jetzt ausgefolgt wurde. Ich habe auch als zweite Adresse seinen Namen darauf hatte und Du nicht mehr da bist. Von Deiner Mutter erhielt ich einen sehr suessen Brief wieder



Und sind wir in dauernden Kontakt. Sie schreibt mir, dass sie nur telegraphisch von Dir hoert(???????)

Von Lilka habe ich schon lange nicht gehoert. Alle die Zustaende in Palaestina machen mir au viel Kopfzerbrechen.

Und was gibt es jetzt mit Deinem Sittenzeugnis. Ich moechte so gerne genauestens alles wissen. Ist sonst noch etwas nicht in Ordnung. Ich moechte gerne selbst nach Washington fahren aber natuerlich moechte ich doch genauestens informiert sein, bevor ich das tue. Links und rechts erwarten und empfangen junge Maenner jetzt ihre Brauete und je laenger man warte desto langsamer geht es.

Ich hoffe bald von Dir zu hoeren und soll es immer nur das beste sein. Mit vielen Kuessen und mit meiner ganzen Liebe verbleibe ich wie immer

Dein

lew

NO MAIL FROM  
YOUR SWEETHEART!!!



N. Y. 30. July 1946

Meine geliebte Ika,

Vor ungefähr einer Woche erhielt ich  
Dein Telegramm, in welchem Du mir mitteiltest, daß Du  
Klärung beim Konsul hättest. Du kannst Dir  
wohl vorstellen, daß ich nicht sehr glücklich darüber  
war. Ich sprach gleich mit meinem Anwalt, der  
sogleich ein Telegramm an den Konsul schicken wollte,  
aber dann entschloß ich mich auf Deine nähere  
Brief zu warten, da Dein Telegramm mir nicht  
sagte, was für Klärung Du hättest. Wir können  
es mir nicht vorstellen, weil die Papiere soweit  
meiner Wissen reicht, in Ordnung sind und  
auch ~~bereits~~ die ersten Transporte von Bräutern  
von Amerikanischen Soldaten bereits hier angelangt  
sind. So wollten wir auf Deine nähere Erklärung  
warten, um nicht ins Blaue hinein zu spekulieren.  
Bis morgen früh war ich und wenn dann  
noch immer nichts von Dir gekommen ist,  
werde ich an Dich telegraphieren. Mir wäre  
ein Brief natürlich viel lieber, weil man in  
einem kurzen Telegramm nicht viel sagen kann.  
Also mein Kind - ich bin jetzt so absolut  
hoffnungsreich - das ist jetzt nur eine  
Beduldsprobe - und ungeduldig bin ich sehr.  
Hast Du schon mein neues Affidavit erhalten?



② Ich sandte es an Dich in 4 Briefen aufgeteilt, da man nur eine „Dunce“ Gewicht pro Brief mit Luftpost senden kann. Ich hoffe Du bist schon im Besitze dieser Papiere. Mein ~~privater~~ Brief an den Konsul in Budapest geht natürlich genauso an den Konsul in Wien und ich hoffe, Du hast diesen auch bei Dir. Bis Du diesen Brief erhältst, hoffe ich ja sowieso, daß wir schon viel mehr wissen und daß wir schon weiter vorgehen können sein werden.

Hier ist nicht viel Neues. Ich bin momentan noch weiter. Die Eltern sind auf 14 Tage auf eine kleine „Farm“ gefahren. Sehr einfach, gutes Essen und Ruhe. Karl und Paul fahren Ende dieser Woche weg — sie wohnen doch neben im selben Haus und so werde ich allein da sein. Zuerst wollten die Eltern haben, daß auch ich wegfahren sollte, da ich seit ich aus der Armee zurück bin noch keine freie Zeit mitgenommen hatte. Aber ich spare für uns beide — ich könnte es mir jetzt nicht allein leisten und würde keine Ruhe haben — ohne Dich am hand zu sein.

Mit meiner Arbeit geht es Schritt für Schritt weiter. Ich habe mit einem lächerlichen Gehalt begonnen — nur um schnell wieder zu beginnen. Diesmal mit Ambitionen, die ich seit 1939 nicht mehr kannte.





③ Oh Itha - mein Leben vor dem Kriege war kein Leben, sondern Vegetieren. Ich will nicht in der Vergangenheit klagen - ich werde Dir das ja mit der Zeit alles persönlich erzählen - aber ich erwähne nur, wie lange mein Leben ohne wirkliches Alltagsziel war. Ich wartete nur auf die kommende Explosion und ich strengte mich wirklich nicht zu sehr an. Wozu auch? Du wartest nicht bei mir und ich wusste antizipiert, daß vor dem Krieg würdest Du nicht mehr kommen. Und ich wartete für den Krieg. Zuerst nahmen sie mich nicht - ~~ich~~ einmal war ich Ausländer, und einmal mein schlechtes Auge. Zum Schluß gelang es mir in die Armee zu kommen. Trotz all den Erlebnissen und trotzdem ich kein Militarist bin - vor damals an begann mein Leben wieder irgend einen Sinn zu kriegen. Zumindest durch Kämpfe konnte ich mich etwas tun gegen das Übel unserer Zeit. Du mein Geliebtes bist so verwachsen mit meinen Erlebnissen und Gedanken in diesen Kampf. Daß Du am Leben geblieben - und auch wohl mich liebtest war mehr als ein Sieg - Du bist für mich die Bestätigung eines Glaubens - die meisten sind doch zugrunde gegangen in diesem Elend. Wie gut es sein wird Dich wieder zu berühren und diesmal wirklich ein Leben miteinander aufzubauen. Ist es nicht wunderbar



Ⓐ daß wir wieder zusammen kommen? Oder - wir waren niemals  
wirklich auseinander. Ja - solange waren wir getrennt,  
durch Zeit und physische Ereignisse, aber wir  
acceptierten die Tatsache niemals. Ich hatte es nie  
acceptiert - was natürlich soziale Komplikationen  
in meinem Leben brachte. Du wirst ja selbst die  
sonderbaren Wege gegangen sein, die diese unnatürliche  
Trennung mit sich bringt. Immer wieder beginne ich  
Dir Sachen zu erzählen, obwohl es in Briefen kaum möglich  
ist. -

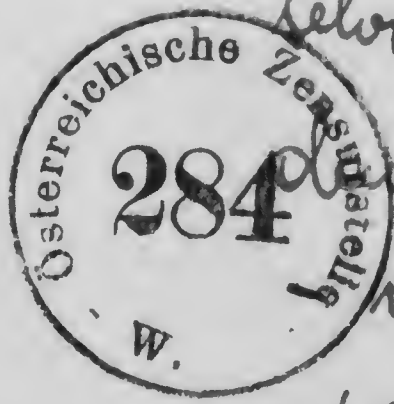
Ich bemühe mich sehr, eine kleine Wohnung zu finden. Es ist  
eine unangenehme Wohnungssituation und die meisten Veteranen  
können kaum etwas ruhiger finden. New-York ist sehr  
überfüllt und ganz Amerika geht durch Nachkriegs-  
erscheinungen, wie Terrorungen und Angst vor Inflation  
u. s. w. Aber mit allem diesem Unannehmlichkeiten geht es  
mir hier doch recht gut. Ich persönlich brauche ja  
nicht viel um glücklich zu sein - ich war es schon lange  
nicht. Ich arbeite jetzt nebst bei an einem kleinen Hand-  
buch, welches hoffentlich nächstes Weihnachten erscheinen wird  
und habe ein anderes in Vorbereitung. Also einen  
Millionär wirst Du nicht hier treffen - aber ich  
habe keine Minderwertigkeitskomplexe darüber. Es wird  
mir nicht schlecht gehen. Ich schreibe das, damit Du  
keine Sorge haben solltest. Ich liebe Dich nämlich  
und deswegen habe ich größere Ambitionen, als ich  
für mich allein hätte. So - schimpf jetzt nicht - es  
hat keinen Sinn - wenn ich nur gearbeitet sein würde  
wäre es keine wirkliche Liebe - doch ist es eher Arbeit  
Dich zu lieben. Komme bald Drumherum rum, Dein bes



July 10<sup>th</sup> 1946  
N. Y. C.

Mein Liebster Itka,

Ich erlicht heute Deinen ersten Brief aus Wien und aus vielen Gründen bedeutete er viel für mich. Erstens ist es der Abschluß einer Periode in welcher ich mich sehr um Dich sorgte, dann ersehe ich nun wieviel näher Du zum aktuellen Ziel bist. Was Du jetzt miternimmst sind wirkliche Schritte für Dein wirkliches Hierherkommen. Das ist nicht mehr Phantasie und Hoffnung, sondern wirklich. Ich weiß ganz bestimmt - und hoffe Du hast es auch schon erfahren - daß die Einreisefälle von „fiances“ von Amerikanischen Veteranen bereits behandelt werden. Itka - nochmals: Du kommst auf keiner Quotavisa hierher, sondern auf ein 3 monatiges Visita visa. Dies ist ein Teil des sogenannten „G. I. Bill of Rights“, welches eine besondere Gesetzgebung für zurückkehrende Soldaten ist. Diese Gesetze sind besondere Vorrechte in vielen Dingen. Und das ist eines. Das heißt, Du wirst nicht auf die polnische Quote warten müssen, die sehr schwarz und klein ist. Bedingung für Dein Kommen hierher ist nur, daß ich Dich heirate - und ich glaube nicht, daß Du da irgendwelche Schwierigkeiten in diesem Punkte haben wirst. (Oder glaubst Du ??) In diesem Zusammenhang will



② Ich Dir gleich eine Frage beantworten. Vor einigen Wochen habe ich schon an Deine Mutti geschrieben gehabt und auch schon Antwort erhalten. Damals sagte ich Ihr schon, daß Sie nicht glauben soll, ich hätte an sie verzeihen. Was mein Plan ist, will ich Dir sagen. Du weißt doch Hka, daß ich nicht ein reicher Mann bin und verhältnismäßig ist mein Vermögen nicht so groß, nur 2 heute auf einmal herzubringen. Das heißt soweit die Angaben in meinem Affidavit es anbelangt. So will ich Dich erst hier haben und nach einer Weile kann ich und Du ein Affidavit ausstellen, was den Vorteil hat, daß ein Blutsverwandter unterschreibt. Wenn ich heute ein Affidavit für Deine Mutti ausstelle, würde es kaum beachtet werden, weil gesetzlich bin ich weder verwandt noch in irgend einer Beziehung momentan. Verstehe mich richtig. Ich will Dich und Deine Mutti glücklich sehen und habe schon vor langer Zeit daran gedacht, sie auch hier herzubringen. Aber es ist eine Unmöglichkeit sie mit Deinem Affidavit zu verbinden, weil dieses Bewerzung nur von Soldaten sich nur auf "Frauen" oder "Bräuten" bezieht. Ihr Fall müßte separiert behandelt werden. Auf jedenfall hast Du mein Wort und Versprechen, daß ich alles tun werde um sie auch hierherzubringen. Einreisebedingungen sind schwer und ich will erst durchsetzen Dich hier zu haben und dann können wir alles daraufsetzen um dasselbe mit Ihr zu machen. Hilla hatte ein par mal Post, auch von Teddy, welche sie zu Besuch hatten. Teddy's hury vernehmen mir, daß sie in ausgezeichneten Zustand ist und sie selbst schreibt mir glückliche Briefe.



③ Ich habe schon begonnen Dir Pakete zu packen und hoffe ich nur  
dass diese baldigst und in gutem Zustand zu Dir kommen. Ich bin  
freudig, dass Du mir die Karte gesandt hast. Die meisten Dinge habe  
ich Dir so wie so geschickt, aber ein paar Dinge nicht. Z.B. Seife.  
Im nächsten Paket werde ich es nachholen. —

Es war sehr angenehm von Dir in die K. G. S. zu gehen. Du  
wirst launen - vor ein paar Tagen hat meine Mutter gesagt, ob Du  
wohl in die Schule gehen wirst. Wenn Du wieder hier gehest bitte  
tue mir den Gefallen und nimm Prof. NIEDERMOSER auf und  
gebe ihm meine Grüße. Hier haben sehr gute und feine Berichte  
über Ihn hier erhalten und ~~will~~ habe ich ihm auch geschrieben,  
aber niemals eine Antwort erhalten. Nachdem er sich in anderen  
Briefen nach mir erkundigte, denke ich, dass vielleicht mein  
Brief verloren ging.

Ich bin sehr gespannt, was Du wohl vom ~~Konsul~~ Amerikanischen  
Konsul zu erzählen hast. Die Papiere, die ich Dir versprochen habe  
sind noch nicht alle fertig, doch hoffe ich diese in 1-3 Tagen  
Dir senden zu können. - Ich finde es absolute richtig, dass  
Du jetzt Deine persönlichen Papiere in Ordnung bringst  
weil das in der ganzen Prozedur nur \$ gut sein wird.

Und nun - über die hierigen Verhältnisse zu sprechen  
ist sehr schwer. Dieses Land hat so einen verschiedenen  
ökonomischen Aufbau, dass man ihn mit europäischen  
Begriffen nicht versteht. Man verdient in Dollar & viel  
und das Leben ist auch teuer. Der Standard ist viel  
höher, daher Begriffe von Arm und reich ganz  
verschieden. Als Arbeiter kann man nirgends große  
Sprünge machen, trotzdem kann es sich Dinge leisten  
die anderswo unmöglich sind. Was kosten Kleider?



④ Du kriegst hier alles in allen Preislagen - aber vor allem kaufst Du fertige Kleider - in der ganzen Welt kannst Du nicht so eine Auswahl und Qualität an fertigen Dingen haben. Die Mode ist für Alltag sehr praktisch und einfach - Frauen kleiden sich mehr und mehr komfortabel - nackte Schultern, große Ausschnitte auch auf der Straße - viele ganz flache Klunker - vom Ballet beeinflusst. Haare sehr viel hinaufgekämmt wie auf Deiner Photo - im Sommer ganz kurze Haare. Die Mode ist momentan sehr feminin - jugendlich und geht mit dem Körper ohne aufreizend zu sein. Man gut angesogen zu sein kann man verschiedenen Stilen folgen - es für viel Geld ~~und~~ erziehen - aber absolute auch mit wenig. Nicht zuletzt ist die Mode hier immer von Paris beeinflusst - aber die ~~Es~~ Amerikanische Frau trägt sich verschieden. Stärker betont in Farben.

New-York wie immer ist aufregend, grandios, überfüllt häßlich mit allen Komfort - kann schön sein, wenn man lernt nicht mit europäischen Augen zu sehen. Voll mit Kontrasten und Tempo. Kleinstadt und Metropolis zusammen. Hier werden hier leben und sehen. Ich weiß nicht, ob wir immer da bleiben werden. Ich liebe N.Y. - doch nach einer Zeit spürt man, wie diese Stadt einen verbrennt. Ich will Dich nicht beeinflussen - Du wirst selbst sehen und lernen. N.Y. ist unique - auch in Amerika. Und Amerika - die United States sind nicht nur ein Land, sondern ein Kontinent und viele verschiedene Arten von Leben sind hier möglich. Oh Ika - so viel für Deine Augen wird es hier zu sehen geben und so viel zu lernen. Das Land muß man lernen, unerschwinglich zu verstehen und zu lieben. Ich werde Dir da viel helfen können - nicht nur weil ich länger hier bin, sondern weil ich in der Armee die

⑤ Gelegenheit hatte mit Amerikanern von allen Teilen des Landes zu leben und weil ich auch viel herumkam. Wie viele Kontraste, Widersprüche, Verschiedenheiten und doch ein Ganzes. Das Land ist jung und noch im Werden, unbändig manchmal, doch stark. Ich glaube Du wirst es verstehen können und lieben.

Für mich beginnt das Leben hier seit ich zurückkam. Vorher hatte keine Ambitionen. Da war nur ein Ziel - zu warten bis die Zeit des Kampfes kam. Ohne Dich Ika und mit der Welt in diesem Zustand war mein Leben nichts. Manchmal glaubte ich, daß ich verkommen werde. Ich habe viel als Mensch gelernt und hoffe, daß ich es verwerten werde können.

Ich könnte Dich viel fragen - doch unterlasse ich es lieber. Die Antworten auf alle unausgesprochenen Fragen werden alle allein kommen - früher oder später - indem wir uns wieder treffen und wieder finden werden. Meine Horizonte sind heute sehr weit Ika - ich will Dich glücklich machen - und hoffe ich wir haben eine ähnliche Grundlage für dieses Ziel.

Schreibe oft mein helles - ich warte sehr darauf und hoffe Du wirst bald bei mir sein. Grüße Heidek - ich weiß kaum, was ich über ihn sagen soll. Das Gute, das er Dir getan hat - wird auch von mir geehrt werden - kann man da nur dankbare Worte gebrauchen? Ich wünsche er würde in Deinen Respekt und Sentiment auch meinen Teil empfangen.

Sei gegrüßt Beliebte

ich hoffe Dich bald zu umarmen

Dein

Leo



New York 14th 1946

Mein geliebtes Itkakind,  
Heute erhielt ich Deinen Brief von Anfangs September. Mein liebstes Kind, Du scheinst gerade nicht in sehr guter Stimmung zu sein. Ich kann Dir es nicht verargen, weil ich sehe wie viel Zeit verloren geht mit diesen verrueckten Papier angelegenheit. Ich selbst zerspringe schon vor Wut- aber wenn ich Dir guten Rat geben will, muss ich erst selbst bei mir anfangen und mir sowie Dir Mut zureden. Ich habe eben einen langen Brief beendet, welchen ich an einen unserer groessten ~~XXXXXX~~ Generaale geschrieben habe. Er war ~~XXXXXX~~ einer unserer besten in Kriege und ist jetzt der Vorstand fuer die Veterans Administration. Ich habe ihm alles erzaehlt und bitte um seinen Beistand. Ich werde jetzt von Pontius zu Pilatus rennen. Ich verstehe nicht, warum gerade wir solche Schwierigkeiten haben sollen, wo tausende andere hierherkommen und sogar noch Oesterreichische Maedels, die noch vor kurzen als "Feinde" angesehen waren, waehrend Du doch wirklich zu einen Alliierten Nation gehoerst. Mein Anwalt behauptet er koenne nichts machen, wenn sie das Sittenzeugnis wollen, weil ~~dasXXXXXX~~ die Anschaffung dieses Papieres nicht in Amerikanischen Haenden liegt. Der weiss auch nur wie er Geld verlangen soll und tun tut nichts. Mein liebstes Kind, ich bitte Dich nicht verzweifelt zu sein, das ist eine Geduldsprobe und wir muessen es ausschwitzen und nicht nachgeben fest dahinter zu sein.

Ich bin sehr froh, dass Du zumindest jetzt die Packete kriegst, damit Du ein bisschen etwas hast, solange Du da sein musst. Seit ungefaehr zwei Wochen ist hier Schiffs streik und somit gehen keine Packete weg. Ich werde wieder ein Care Packet bestellen, denn diese sind schon in Europa und daher nicht abhaengig von diesem Streik. Ich persoenlich sende lieber individuelle, aber was kann man machen. Muck- im Deinen letzten Schreiben erwachnst Du gar nichts von Kurt. Seht Ihr Euch den nicht oder habt Ihr Streit gehabt? Ich hoffe alles ist in Ordnung.

Heute bin ich selbst in nicht zu guter Verfassung. Ich war so gescheit mir ein Vorunkel am Nacken zuzuziehen und mir tut der ganze Schaedel weh. Ich kann kaum meinen Kopf bewegen und auf der Strasse muss ich mich ganz umdrehen, wenn ich einen huebschen Maedchen nachschauen will. Das ist unpraktisch, so bleibe ich zuhause und gebe mir heisse Kompressen ~~XXXXXX~~ anstatt. Mit den Handtuch um meinen Kopf sehe ich wie ein Pascha aus(????) nur meine Favoritin fehlt mir. (Bitte keine Zwischenbemerkungen-ich habe Dir gesagt dass ich mir heisse Kompressen mache "Anstatt"--)

Ach Gott mein kleines -es wird ja doch bald der Tag fuer uns kommen.

Ich bin ziemlich ueberzeugt, dass trotz aller Schwierigkeiten, ist es nicht mehr zulange, dass ich Dich bei mir habe. Wenn ich nur wuesste, ich habe so und so lange zu warten und dass alles sonst glatt geht. Was mich nervoes macht sind diese unklahren Angelegenheiten. Ich hoffe dass es nur das Sittenzeugnis ist und dass die Herren nichts neues erfinden. Das ist schon genug.

Ich verstehe nur nicht, dass Du keine Antwort erhaeltst obwohl Du Telegram mit bezahlter Rueckantwort geschickt hast. Vielleicht halten

Deine Freunde zurueck, bis sie etwas deffinitives wissen, sowie Du es oft getan hast. Mein Liebstes sei nur hoffnungsvoll, ich weiss Du wirst bald kommen. Ich bin nur froh, dass Du inzwischen oft ausgehst, dass Du imstande bist Dir ein bisschen Abwechslung zu schaffen. Der Name des Maedchens, wo Du lebst ~~xxx~~

Franciska Klein kommt mir sehr bekannt vor.

Nicht, dass ich mir einbilde alle roten Maedchen in Wien zu kennen-ich habe mit keinen Beispiel genug- aber ohne Spass der Name kommt mir sehr bekannt vor.





Heute wollte ich urspruenglich am Nachmittag in die verschiedenen Geschaefte schauen und nachsehen, ob ich fuer Dich Modelle fuer Deinen Pelzkragen sehen kann. Aber leider kann ich es nicht und mir dauernd Umschlaege gedulden bitte. und wie Du auf vor Stolz platzen. Pelzarbeiter? artig koennen. Pelze gesehen, so hin, dass Du weil ich nicht zu vermute ~~ich~~, dass zu erzaehlen geben. darfst Dich nicht beklagen, und Briefe soll persoendlich zusammen zumindest nicht in Krach machen willst. Ich zittere noch immer wenn ich an diesen "Du alter Schurke" Brief denke.



machen, da ich wirklich so grosse Schmerzen haben muss. So musst Du Dich ein bisschen geben. A propos - Du wirst wirklich elegant sein der Zeichnung siehst werde ich beinahe Weisst Du Muck - hast Du einen wirklich guten Naemlich das ist etwas, was sie ganz gross - Du hast bestimmt noch nie solche gut verarbeitete wie sie hier haben. Ich nehme alle diese Sachen Dir das alles leisten kannst (Gott sei Dank) viel Fragen stellen will, aber neben viel Glueck Du auch ziemlich gescheit warst. Da wird es viel Ich bin ja eine sehr neugierige Person und Du dass ich Dich zuviel frage. Aber ueber Distanz und kann man nicht so sprechen, als wenn man ist, obwohl ich bemerken muss, dass Du Verlegenheit kommst wenn Du brieflich

Ich weiss nicht, weshalb wir und immer so bemuehen Dich als eine Hexe hinzustellen So eine richtige rotharige Furie - waehrend ich doch zutiefst Dich wie einen Engel in meinen Traeumen sehe. Ist das vielleicht meine Blindheit - oder bist Du ein richtiger Engel - naemlich dass Du auch ein Stueck Teufel in Dir hast. Well - was es auch sei, ich will Dich nicht anders, Du sollst nur noch Deinen Humor haben, Deinen Lebenslust und Deinen Verstand und Deine Empfaenglichkeit fuer eine grosse Liebe. Wir alle sind nicht vollkommen und haben Fehler

und der Erfolg in menschlichen Beziehungen ist nicht, dass etwas vorluegt sondern mit allen guten und schlechten Punkten sich versteht und liebt und sie meistert. In diesen Jahren der Trennung habe ich sehr gelitten wenn ich an Dich dachte, da in erster Linie Dein Schicksal mit unbekannt war und ich alle schrecklichen Vorstellungen hatte und dann war meine Eiskaltigkeit da die keinen Hoffnungsstrahl sah. Diese Sehnsucht ist wie ein Teil von mir geworden und jetzt nachdem ich weiss dass Du lebst, musste ich mich buchstaeblich aus diesen Leid gewoennen. Manchesmal denke ich Dich wirklich zu spueren und Du Mir als Lebende gewiss. Ist es nicht eine ganz grosse Sache in un - Leben meine Kleine, dass wir uns so lange erhalten geblieben sind? Zu mein Engel - Teufel ich warte auf Dich - nicht idealisierend - viel mehr - sowie Du bist und ich <sup>hatte</sup> nur immer, dass Du auch noch weisst wie meine Arme sind und meine Freude ~~max~~ Dich zu haben. In diesem Punkte will ich nie aelter werden - nie niemals. Mich immer um Dich sorgen gluecklich sein wenn ich meine Augen auf Dich werfe und wissen dass Du zu mir gehoerst - sowie Du es wissen sollst, dass ich Dir gehoere. Genug - sonst glaubst Du wirklich noch, dass ich Dich lieb habe ---



Muck ich hoffe bald wieder von Dir zu hoeren und dann gute Nachrichten. Ich moechte Dich schon Seekrank wissen. Mein liebstes sei umarmt und mit aller Liebe gekuesst, ich



Immer Dein

*Handwritten signature*

29. Oktober 1846

liebste Hka,

Ich kam gerade nachhause und fand Dein Telegramm  
vor - dieses welches mir sagte - "lasse Dich nicht verdrehen!"  
Das ist echt Hka und mußte ich lachen. Muck - Du  
mußt schon sehr nervös sein - ~~und~~ und ich kann es mir  
gut vorstellen, weil ich momentan auch nicht ein gesundes  
Beispiel für Ruhe und Geduld bin. Aber ich muß  
Dir ein paar Dinge erklären - leider kann man das  
nicht gut genug im Telegrammen. Ich habe Dir das  
Telegramm auf jeden fall geschickt, weil es absolut nicht  
schaden kann, wenn man von beiden Seiten andrückt.  
Natürlich tue ich alles hier, das nur gemacht werden  
kann und bin dauernd mit Tausig in Verbindung.  
Das Bild ist folgendermaßen: Der Streik der Amerikan.  
Schiffe ist ~~schon~~ vor ein paar Tagen zuende gegangen  
und Schiff für Schiff wird wieder in Dienst gestellt.  
Es ist nicht so wie in den Vorkriegsjahren, daß man  
einfach in ein Office geht und gleich mit bestimmten  
Termin die Karte kaufen kann. Erst zahlt man und  
dann bemüht man sich einen Termin zu erhalten. Die  
Zusage war, daß Du ein Schiff in 5-6 Wochen  
bringen wirst - selbstverständlich kann es auch  
früher sein. Momentan bemüht sich Tausig Dich  
doch auf ein die "De de France" zu kriegen, was  
November wäre. (Das ist ein Franz. Schiff.) Ich  
hoffe, daß wenn Du diesen Brief erhältst Du schon  
den Beweis meiner Bemühungen hast - nämlich  
ein definitives Datum. Als ich Dir das Telegramm



② sandte, dachte ich, daß Du auf jedenfall auch in Wien  
regieren sollst - wie oft werden Plätze in letzter Minute frei.  
Also Sorge Dich nicht - niemand verdreht mir den Kopf  
und ich glaube, daß ich schon das Richtige mache, bisher  
habe noch keinen Fehler gemacht. Bei Tausig verhandelte ich  
mit einem sehr ausländigen Angestellten und glaube mir,  
daß wir alles tun, um so schnell wie möglich Dich abzu-  
fertigen. Ich gestehe, daß mein Telegramm Dich irreführt  
haben muß - aber kann man alles in Telegrammen  
klar machen?

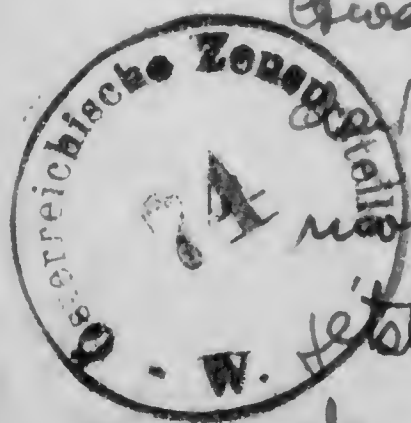
Jetzt wird bald die Zeit kommen, wo wir alles  
persönlich uns erzählen können - alles wird dann  
viel besser aussehen. Und wenn Du freier wirst, kann  
ich mich einfach hinüber setzen und Dich über's Knie  
legen - momentan juckens mir die Finger und ich  
muß Briefe schreiben.

Hör zu Dumme - sobald ich definitiv weiß  
schreibe und telegraphiere ich. Die Sorgen, die wir  
jetzt haben - sind „keine Sorgen“, und ich bin  
überzeugt, sie werden auch bald vorbei sein.

Sei gegnüber für heute und mit vielen  
Küssen und Liebe verbleibe ich

Dein  
Leo.

Mein liebster - gerade geht mir  
etwas durch den Kopf. Es kann passieren,  
daß Du bald nach Erhalt dieses Briefes los fährst. Ich  
möchte Dir ein paar Ratschläge geben - ich bin doch  
jetzt wirklich schon viele hunderttausende Meilen mit  
dem Schiff gefahren und weiß viel über Seekrankheit.



③ Sekrank werden heute, ganz ohne Zusammenhang ob sie stark oder schwach sind. Manche werden und manche nicht. Viele werden, weil sie angst haben oder andere krank sehen. Also Munk - habe erstens keine Angst und zweitens und das ist das Wichtigste. Wenn Du etwas zu spüren beginnst unter keinen Umständen lege Dich nieder unter am Bett. Merschere fleißig in der Luft und erbe wenn Du auch gar keine mit hast. Erbe unbedingt und mache viel Bewegung, dann wird man so sicher, daß das Schiff am Kopf stehen kann und man spürt nichts. Und es gibt nichts schöneres, als ~~man~~ eine bewegte See, wenn man nicht krank ist heute haben angst und falsche Vorstellungen über die Wellen. Du sollst keine Angst davor haben und lieber die Einstellung haben die Grandiosität des Meeres zu bewundern als sich davor zu fürchten. Also denke daran - wenn ich mit Dir wäre, würde Dich nie viel unter lassen, sondern immer in Bewegung halten - so mußt Du es allein tun!

Auf jedenfall - glückliche Überfahrt  
und fürchte Dich nicht -

Kurtze

Leo



N.Y.16 October 1946

Meine liebste Itka,

Gestern Nachts schrieb ich Dir einen Brief, welchen ich heute fuenh  
wegsandte. Ich moechte Dir jetzt noch gerne ein par Zeilen schreiben,  
weil ich von meinem Congressmann, noch einen Brief Heute erhielt. Ich werde  
Dir ihm uebersetzen.

"Lieber Herr Glueckselig;

Ich habe den Fall ihrer Braut, Miss Ida Goldberg den commandie-  
renden Officier der Amerikanischen Mission, Wien Oesterreich zur  
Kenntnis gebracht und habe ihm um seinen Beistand gebeten. Ich werde Sie  
von weiteren Nachrichten verstaendigen

Etc etc

Also mein Kind, ich erhoffe ziemlich bestimmt, dass dies eine Beschleu-  
nigung bewirken wird und habe jetzt grosse Angst, dass Du vielleicht  
zu Deiner Mutter auf Besuch faehrst. Kind -so wichtig es erscheinen mag,  
dass Du etwas Geld kriegst, es bedeutet nichts, wenn wir wieder etwas  
riskieren. Bitte tue es nur, wenn alles erledigt ist und Du es nicht riskierst  
dass Du vielleicht ein wichtiges Treffen oder Vorladung beim Consul oder  
bei einer der Armee stellen versaeumst. Soweit ich von hier aus urteilen  
kann, wird es bei Dir in kurzer Zeit zu einer Entscheidung kommen und Itka  
ich kann Dir nicht erlauben gerade in einem solchen Zeitpunkte weg zu sein.  
Vielleicht ist schon in der <sup>Zeit</sup> ~~zwischen~~ bevor dieser Brief ankommt  
etwas geschehen, dass meine Angst unbegrundet macht-ich bin so weit  
weg und ich bin daher in meiner Entscheidung so zurueckhaltend. Ich apelliere  
daher an Dich eindringlich die Sache wirklich kuehl zu ueberlegen, denn  
wenn ich bei Dir waere und das Gefuehl haette, dass Du vielleicht eine  
Vorladung versaeumen wuerdest, wuerde ich Dich zurueckhalten und wenn ich  
Dich am Bett anbinden muesste. Muck-das soll Deinen Stolz nicht verletzen-  
wenn ich so rede-ich will nur das Beste und ausserdem muss man manchmal so  
sein. Ich mache mir heute noch Vorwuerfe, dass ich nicht schon frueher etwas  
staerker war. Also Kinderl, werde mir nicht verwirrt sondern ueberlege es Dir  
ganz genau, was Du machst. In Deinem letzten Brief Z.B. schreibst Du, dass  
Du eventuell von Polen aus nach Amerika kommen willst. Kind-wenn Du dieses  
Visa kriegst, faehrst Du doch durch die Amerikanische Armee. Weisst du noch  
nicht, dass alle Frauen und Braeute durch die Armee transportiert werden?  
Muck -ich bin so nervoes- aber meistens, weil ich jetzt sehr zuversichtlich  
bin-und soll ich nicht nervoes sein wenn ich Dich baldigst erwarte? Also gut  
Glueck mein Liebstes und hoffentlich sehe ich Dich bald.

Mit den besten Gruessen an Feri, Wladek und Kurt verbleibe ich  
Bein Dich ewig liebender

Heo

Grüße von den Eltern!



From:

Leo Glueckselig  
94 Walton Ave  
New York 53  
N.Y. A.



B

To Miss:  
Ida Goldberg  
c/o Kurt Raab

**VIA AIR MAIL**



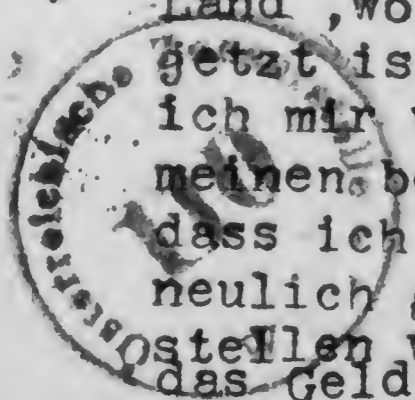
VIENNA XVIII.  
Ferrogasse 5

A U S T R I A

5. July, 1946

Meine liebste Itka,

Bei Gott, ich weiss gar nicht wo ich beginnen soll. In kuerze-ich bin sehr gluecklich von Dir gehoert zu haben. Stelle Dir vor, dass seit ich von Dir weiss, habe ich nicht mehr als 4 Briefe im ganzen von Dir erhalten und in der letzten Zeit bist Du buchstaeblich fuer mich verschwunden gewesen. Ich kann mir gewiss vorstellen, wieviele Schwierigkeiten es heute in Europa gibt und dass man nicht so sehr die Ruhe hat Briefe zu schreiben aber die ganzen Umstaende machten mir viel Sorge. Ich hoerte lange nichts von Dir, dann begannen Briefe, welche ich Dir im Maerz geschrieben hatte als "unbestellbar" zurueckzukommen. Es gibt nichts hoffnungsloseres als einen eigenen Brief wiederzukriegen. Deine Mutter und Lilka schrieben sie haetten nichts von Dir gehoert und ich war sehr verzweifelt. Inzwischen hat der Congress hier definitiv beschlossen ~~XXXX~~ auch Braeute hinzulassen. Und ich wusste nicht wo Du warst waehrend kostbare Zeit verging. Itka sei nicht boese, dass ich Dir das sage, aber wenn ich mich nicht um Dich sorgen wuerde, waere es noch viel schlimmer. Stimmt ?? Ich hatte so viele verschiedene Vorstellungen und wollte schon alles hinhauen und nach Europa gehen. Mein Kind, wie es jetzt aussieht war ich doch im Recht, dass ich mit diesem Gesetz speculierte, weil du auf diesen Wege schneller hier sein wirst, als wenn ich herueber gekommen waere. Es dauerte zuerst auch eine Weile bis sie anfangen die Frauen von Soldaten hierherzu bringen und natuerlich warteten sie ein bisschen laenger mit den Braeuten. Die Frauen kommen jetzt seit ~~XX~~ einer Zeit in einen ununterbrochenen Strom herein und mit Dir wird es jetzt auch ernst. Schau mein liebstes. Da gibt es noch viele andere Probleme mit welchen ich Dich nicht belasten wollte aber welche ich doch jetzt erwaehnen will. Nach dreieinhalb Jahren Armee zurueckgekommen stossen wir Veteranen auf Hindernisse, die wir uns in den Schuetzengraeben nicht ~~XX~~ getrauert haetten. Ich will Dir nicht die Vorstellung geben, dass ich ungluecklich oder unbescheiden bin, aber wenn Du einmal einige Zeit hier gewesen sein wirst, wirst Du das alles besser verstehen. Unser Standart ist so viel hoeher, dass mein Leben jetzt noch immer etwas wie ein Traum fuer ein Europaer sein muss. Und ich weiss das ganz genau. Aber wenn man in einem Land mit so einem Standart lebt, will man doch zumindest einen Teil dessen auch fuer sich erwerben-speciell wenn man sein geliebte Maedel erwartet dass so eine schwere Zeit hinter sich hatte. Waehrend des Krieges haben sie sich die Leute die nicht gekaempft hatten in den Kriegsindustrien krumm verdient-und dass waren Millionen von Arbeitern und Arbeiterinnen die unerhoert gute gehaelter bekamen. Jetzt wo wir zurueckkamen ist es ein ~~XXXX~~ bisschen enttaueschend wie schweres ist unterzukommen und wenn unter welchen Bedingungen. Ich wartete nicht lang und war nicht lange traurig sondern begann zu arbeiten so schnell ich nur konnte schaute nicht viel auf den Gehalt, wollte nur wieder so schnell als moeglich beginnen ein Mensch zu sein. Mein Gehalt ist in der kurzen Zeit schon heraufgeklettert und spuere ich wie ich mich langsam vorwaerts arbeite. Die Zeiten sind hier nervoes wie ueberall in der Welt, aber vergesse nicht mein Liebstes, dass so eine Weltkatastrophe nicht ohne Folgen vorbeigehen kann. Momentan bemuehe ich mich mich eine Wohnung zu bekommen-das groesste Problem fuer Veteranen. Sollst Du nur schon hier sein, wirst Du bald darauf kommen, dass alles hier so anders ist. Improvisierte umstaende bedeuten gar nichts und ist das ein Land, wo man mit Jugend und Gesundheit alles haben kann auch so wie es jetzt ist. Nachdem ich zurueckkehrte war ich manchmal mal deprimiert, weil ich mir wie ein Millionaer vorkam, was ich mir alles leistete auch mit meinen bescheidenen Mitteln. Ich musste so lachen. Vater und Mutter wollten dass ich auf ein par Tage wegfahren soll um mich zu erholen. Nun ~~XXXXXX~~ neulich gaben sie mir ein par Dollar um mich wegzuschicken. Kannst Dir vorstellen wie sehr ich den Kopf habe ~~XXXX~~ allein auf Reisen zu gehen. So nahm ich das Geld und legte es in eine Schachtel



und setze fort hie und da etwas hineizulegen-mit diesen Geld werden wir ~~z~~ zwei wenn Du hierher kommst zusammen auf Urlaub gehen.Es wird uns beidengut tun und wird es auch gut sein wenn wir zwei allein sein werden um so viel nachzuholen was in unseren Leben geschehen ist waehren wir separat waren.Fuer den Anfang will ich irgend wo in der Naeh von meiner Familie einen Raum oder eine kleine Wohnung finden,denn Itka in dieser ungeheuerlichen Stadt waerest Du verloren wenn ich zur Arbeit gehe und Du allein bist.Du kannst Dir diese Stadt nicht vorstellen.Liserl ist eine feine Frau und so jugendlich geblieben.Ich habe sie noch viel lieber als ~~xx~~ ich sie je vorher hatt. Am Anfang hatten beide ~~xxxx~~ eine sehr harte Zeit,doch geht es ihnen jetzt gut. Sie traue~~tx~~ schon wie sie mit Dir ausgehen wird und mit Dir die Geschaefte ansehen gehen wird ,welche hier im centrum der Stadt fantastisch sind.Aber genug ge~~baudert~~ ~~jaixx~~-gehen wir jetzt zu realistischen Dingen ueber.Gestern war ein Feiertag und bin ich das erstemal auf die Kueste ausserhalb der Stadt gegangen,wo eineinhalb Millionen andere New Yorker dieselbe ~~ixix~~ Idee hatten. Nachmittags rief ich zuhause an um die Eltern zu fragen ob es etwas neues gaebe und beide schrien durchs Telefon die Neuigkeit.Also Du kannst Dir vorstellen, dass ich heute den ganzen Tag wie verrueckt herumliief.Zufaeelig ist mein Chef ueber Wochenende weg und ~~ich~~ ich war heute frei.So ging ich zu meinen Anwalt, der mir sehr obtimistische Auskunft gab.Also hoere mein Kind.Ich sandte Dir heute ein Telegram ,welches ich Dir jetzt naeher erklaehren will.Du hast doch sicher noch alle meine Papiere welche ich Dir vorher geschickt hatte.Nun sende ich Dir eine Wiederholung meines Affidavits ein.Du kannst inzwischen das andere verwenden,wenn Du zum Konsul gehst.Ich tue es deswegen,weil eine neue Sache bei diesen Gesetz dazu gekommen ist.Wenn ich als ehemaliger Soldat meine Braut herueber bringe,so kommst Du auf ein Visum,dass auf keine Quota geht. Dieses ist ein Besuchsvisum(Visita visum)welches drei Monate Gueltigkeit hat. Nun-indiesen drei Monaten muss der Brauetigam die auslaendische Braut heiraten was zurfolge hat,dass sie hier als Emigrant bleiben kann.Nur wenn verheiratet. Um Schwierigkeiten zu verhindern hat die Regierung festgelegt,dass der Brauetigam einen Bond von 500 Dollar erlegen muss welcher der Regierung verfaellt wenn er nach drei Monaten nicht geheiratet hat.Von diesem Geld bezahlt die Regierung die Rueckreise.Heiratet man,dann natuerlich wird das Geld zurueckgestellt.So habe~~x~~ ich in diesem Affidavit das ich Dir schicken werde noch hinzu gesetzt ,dass ich natuerlich diesen Bond erlegen werde und Dich gleich nach Deiner Ankunft heiraten werde.So sollte der Consul darueber sprechen so zeige ihm das Telegram welches besagt ,dass ich Dir diese Zusicherung gemacht habe,Leider wird sich die Austellund ein par Tage herausziehen weil jetzt einpar Tage Feiertage sind und so vi~~z~~ gesperrt ist.Aber ich hoffe mitte naechster Woche schon imstande zu sein alle die neuen Papiere einzusenden.(Itka -in diesem Affidavit ist noch eine Bemerkung,naemlich dass Du meines Wissens nicht schwanger bist.Ich moechte Dein Gesicht gerne jetzt sehen! Das ist natuerlich nicht meine Idee,sondern eine der komischen Fragen ,die man fuer Immigration beant worten muss.) Jetzt zur Packeten frage.Es ist ein komischer Zufall dass man von heute an Packete mit der Post nach Oesterreich senden kann .Bisher war das nicht moeglich nur durch privaten Gesellschaften und natuerlich dauerte das sehr lange und war sehr teuer.Ich packe gleich etwas fuer Dich und werde jetzt fortlaufend an Dich senden.Ich weiss nicht wie lange es dauert,bis Du etwas erhaeltst aber hoffe es wird nicht zulange sein.Fuer Kurt habe ich vor zwei Wochen etwas Kleider und Essen gesandt und an seine Schwester ein Packet letzte Woche. Die Packete die ich an Deine vorige Adresse gesandt habe-was mit diesen geschehen ist weiss ich nicht. An Deine Freundin habe ich auch eins gesandt und Liserl will eins an Deine Mutter. senden.Von Lillka habe ich auch Post und die Kleine ist eine scharfe Zionistin geworden und gibt mir lange Instruktionen warum ich nach Paletina mit Dir gehen soll.Das ist ein gescheites Maedel fuer Ihr Alter.Hat auch genug Erfahrung fuer ihr ~~ixix~~. junges Leben.



Also Itka ich hoffe baldigst genauen Bericht von Dir zu haben. Wenn ich alles weiss ,kann ich ja viel mehr von hier aus machen. Momentan ist alles vom Konsul abhaengig und ich erwarte mit Spannung seine Reaction. Bitte teile mir auch

mit ,ob es wahr ist, dass die Amerikanische Armee auch die Verlobten vom Amerikanischen Veteranen transportiert. So wurde es mir naemlich gesagt. Ich wollte mich naemlich wegen Schiffskarten erkundigen und erhielt diese Auskunft. Mir waere das ziemlich recht ,wenn es wahr waere. In Deinen naechsten Brief schreibe mir auch ueber Kurtl, wie er aussieht und alles. Der hat auch viel ueberstanden und bin ich gluecklich ,dass Du jetzt mit meinen besten und aeltesten Freund zusammen bist. Gruesse ihm von mir herzlichst und bitte ihm um Verzeihung ,dass ich ihm in letzter Zeit so mit Briefen und Telegrammen wegen einer kleinen Rothaarigen Furie bombadiert habe.

Also Servus fuer heute ich umarme Dich und kuesse Dich herzlichst. Ich hoffe dass es mir wirklich baldigst gelingen wird, Dich heraus zubringen und bei mir zu haben.

Immer in Liebe

Dein

hls.



July 19<sup>th</sup> 1946  
N. Y. C.

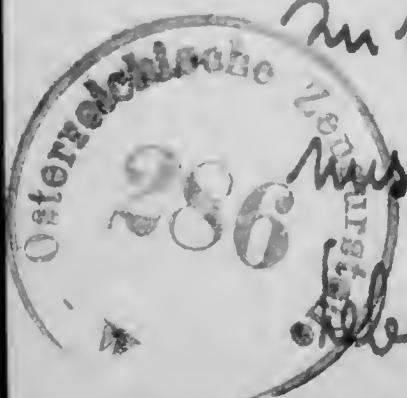
Meine geliebte Ita

Besten erhelben über Dein Telegramm

welches uns benachrichtigte, daß Du Schwierigkeiten  
mit Deinen Angelegenheiten hättest. Ich warte natürlich  
jetzt sehr ungeduldig auf Deinen nächsten Brief,  
der ~~was~~ mir alles näher erklären wird. Ich hoffe  
Du wirst mir das genau schreiben, denn habe ich  
doch hier einen Anwalt, der sich um die Angelegen-  
heit auch kümmert und werden wir von unserer  
Seite auch mit dem American Consul in Verbindung  
treten um Deine Angelegenheiten zu bereinigen und  
zu beschleunigen. Momentan können wir uns gar  
nicht vorstellen, was in Unordnung sein könnte  
denn haben wir alles getan, was das Einwande-  
rungsgesetz verlangt. Es sei denn, daß er  
ein anderes Affidavit von mir verlangt, welches  
die neue Klausel beinhaltet, nämlich, daß ich  
einen "Bond" für Dich als Garantie ~~für~~  
ausstelle. Dieser Affidavit habe ich vor unge-  
fähr einer Woche abgeholt und ist schon per  
Flugpost am Wege zu Dir. Nachdem man  
nur "1 ounce" im Gewicht per Brief schicken  
kann ist dieses Affidavit in 4 Briefen aufgeteilt.



② Ich habe wieder 3 Kopien gemacht, von welchen 2 an Konsul gehen und eine Dir gehört. Ich hoffe, daß dies Dir viel helfen wird. Mit Deinen Papieren hoffe ich wirst Du nicht zu viel Schwierigkeiten haben. Hier sind heute angekommen, die kaum irgend welche eigenen Papiere besitzen außer den Amerikanischen Einwanderungspapieren. Mein Liebster - seit Du in Wien bist, habe ich sehr große Inversicht. Ich weiß, das ganze ist ein Gedulds-  
spiel - ich bin sehr ungeduldig - aber jetzt weiß ich, daß Du bestimmt kommen wirst - und zwar in - absehbaren Zeit. Es ist nicht mehr Spekulation und Träumen, sondern beginnt Wirklichkeit zu werden, nachdem unsere Hoffnungen absolute Basis haben. Hast Du nicht vergessen mein Liebster - unsere Forderung ist auf ein Bestes gestützt und Verzögerungen werden nur technischer Natur sein - wenn überhaupt viele auftreten werden. Mir beginnt es schon schwer zu fallen alles zu schreiben, was ich an Befehlen habe meine Kleine. Es ist soviel schwerwiegendes vorgefallen und Menschlich haben wir zwei in all dieser Zeit so viel erlitten - und trotzdem haben wir nie die Hoffnung aufgegeben - wenn <sup>auch</sup> wahrnehmlich manchmal mal wir verzweifeln und der Gedanke uns wieder zu sehen sehr unwahrscheinlich erschien. Daß es uns gelungen ist, ist ein Geschenk in unserem Leben, daß sehr wertvoll ist. Mir gibt es eine



③ starke ~~me~~ neue Perspektive. In all diesem Elend und  
enttäuschenden Trübsal unserer Zeit ist man sehr disillusionsiert  
worden, aber wir zwei haben zumindest für uns als Individuen  
eine uns gehörige kleine Welt und reinen Glauben erhalten.  
Hka - das ist ein großer Reichtum und wollte Gott  
daß wir zwei das für unser Leben und für alle  
Zeit glücklich erhalten. Hier werden uns doch so viel  
zu erzählen haben - ich weiß zumindest wie viel ich  
zu Dir ausschütten werde müssen - mein Leben war  
so voll mit Erlebnissen und Befahren. Dem Hierher  
kommen wird auch für mich die Heimkehr sein -

Heute habe ich das dritte Enspaket an Dich  
weggesandt. Auf der Innenseite der Hkaubel habe  
ich zu nummerieren begonnen. Heute sandten Vater  
und Mutter das Paket, die darauf bestanden dafür  
zu bezahlen. Die zwei weisen runter Brochen, wenn  
sie von Dir reden und Mutter steht dauernd in  
stillen Diskussionen mit Hisk, wie und wo unsere  
Hochzeit sein soll. Die zwei sind auch älter geworden  
- die Kriegszeit und die Sorgen haben ihre Spuren  
zurückgelassen. Von den Geschwistern der Eltern, die  
zurückblieben sind alle zugrunde gegangen - ein  
Cousin in Europa hat überlebt. Ich muß Dir  
da doch nicht erst erzählen -

Mmh - ich schreibe mir immer auf was ich  
Dir mitteil, so daß ich wechseln kann. Ich hoffe ich



④ sende Dir die richtige Auswahl. letzte Woche habe ich außerdem auch ein Paket durch die C.A.R.E. Organisation für Dich und Kurt bestellt, welches ungefähr 45 pound Gewicht haben soll. Hoffentlich kommen die Dinge bald.

Heka - bitte tue mir den Gefallen und schreibe an Paul's Schwester in Budapest ein par Zeilen. Ihr Mann hat sich sehr bemüht Dich zu finden in der Zeit, wo wir ~~fr~~ von Dir nichts wußten. Ich will heute nichts schuldig bleiben.

An Deine Mutti habe ich wieder geschrieben und ich möchte nochmals wiederholen mein Kleines, daß ich wirklich nicht an Sie vergeben hatte. Hier werden sie schon hierher bringen - nur auf einmal wird es kaum gehen. Hier senden an sie auch Pakete. —

Babi hat mich um Deine Adresse gebeten. Sie möchte an Dich schreiben, weil sie glaubt eine Frau kann besser über die Mode hier schreiben. Vielleicht hat sie recht.

Also kleines - ich werde bald wieder schreiben und sobald ich weiß, was los ist, werden wir versuchen auch von hier aus alles zu beschleunigen. Bitte schreibe mir nur alles.

Ich sehne mich so sehr nach Dir  
mein Beliebtes —

immer Dein

leo

P.S. Ich habe  
nie die  
Lernzeit  
bis zum  
Du  
beim  
auf  
ein  
immer  
Dein  
Leo

No. 28<sup>th</sup>. 1946.

Meine liebe Hka,

Ich sitze ~~ist~~ wie im Fieber seit ich Dir das Telegramm geschickt habe, in welchem ich Dir vorzuschlagen suchte nach Paris zu fahren. Ich bin seitdem ohne Nachricht und erkläre mir das mit den vielen Wegen und Aufregungen, die Du sicher noch haben wirst. Natürlich Sorge ich mich, daß mir alles gerade gehen soll. Ich erwarte jetzt jeden Tag, ~~da~~ eine Nachricht von Dir - es ist heute schon der 28. November und noch immer nichts - kein Telegramm, kein Brief der mich von Deiner Abreise verständigt. Ich fand schon wieder sichere Gründe weshalb ich Dich in Paris haben will. Paris ist der absolute Platz, von wo die Verteilung der Schiffskarten von sich geht und habe ich auch bestimmte Beweise, daß heute dort ohne jede weitere Voraussetzung sich Schiffskarten in Kürze besorgt hatten. Natürlich wie alle diese Dinge heute in Europa gehen - mit etwas Geld an der Seite. Vor zu Munk - in dem anderen Brief schrieb ich Dir von meines Vaters Geschäftsfreund Mr. Sanson (7 rue Beaupère) welchem ich geschrieben habe Dir Geld vorzustrecken, wenn Du es brauchst und welches vor hier für ihn zurückzahlen. Bitte - wenn Du ~~die~~ Möglichkeit hast Dir mit etwas Geld, die Sache zu beschleunigen, ~~Dir~~ unbedingt das Geld zu verlangen. Du mußt rechnen, daß wenn Du in Paris warten mußt, Dich das auch Geld postet und ich will Dich so schnell wie möglich hier haben.

Die einzige Nachricht, die ich habe, ist vom Reisebüro in Wien, welches die Depeschen bestätigt.

und sagt, daß sie dich rechtzeitig von Wien abfertigen werden. Also ich hoffe, daß alles gerade geht.

Ich werde bald wieder schreiben - und bitte habe mich genau und schnellstens wissen, was du alles brauchst.

Ich bin sehr nervös und ungeduldig - aber tief in Liebe

immer Dein

hed

21. Oktober 1946.

N.Y.C.

Meine liebe Hba.

Diese letzten Tage sind für uns alle - natürlich für mich speziell sehr aufregend gewesen. Seit ich das Telegramm erhielt, daß Du "reisefertig" bist, gab es keine ruhige Minute - aber ich beklage mich nicht - auf diese Aufregungen habe ich ja solange gewartet. Ich könnte Dir ja Seiten beschreiben wie glücklich ich bin - aber erstens muß ich Dir soviel actualles und wirkliches schreiben und zweitens will ich Dir doch nicht den Kopf mit "liebesschwärmerei" verlegen, sonst geht es Dir noch so wie mir. —

Als Du mir das Telegramm schließlich ging ich noch am selben Tag an Tausig. Ich überlegte mir alle Chancen und glaubte, daß Fliegen am schnellsten und vor allem mit den geringsten Strapazen von sich gehen werde. Außerdem gab und gibt es hier einen Amerikanischen Schiffsstreik - Englische und Holländische Schiffe an Belgien ist aussichtslos und auf spanische wollte ich Dich nicht schicken. So kaufte Dir Freitag Abends die Flugkarte und wollte sie Dir Samstag morgen senden. Inzwischen kam Dein Telegramm, daß ~~Du~~ in dem Du erwähnest, Du hättest Angst. Das war für mich Grund genug, um mich gleich dagegen zu entscheiden. Ich bin der Ansicht, daß in wichtigen Angelegenheiten, soll ich - wenn ich überzeugt bin, daß ich recht habe - auf Dich einen Einfluß haben - doch will ich unter keinen Umständen Dich beeinflussen, wenn Du Dich fürchtest, obwohl ich persönlich glaube, daß Fliegen heute so sicher oder unsicher wie alles andere ist. Am Samstag war leider schon das Büro gesperrt und mußte mir bis Montag warten. Ich war sehr nervös, wegen des Schiffsstreiks und wollte nicht was sein wird. Sonntag Abends kam über das Radio die Nachricht, daß im Schiffsstreik <sup>in den</sup> ~~den~~ wichtigsten Punkten eine Einigung herbeigeführt ist und daß in ein paar Tagen der Streik vorbei sein wird. So erlaubte ich mich für die Amerikanische Linie die Karten zu nehmen. Ich sende Dir beiliegend eine Erklärung mit, die ich für Dich übersetzen werde. Die Schiffe selbst sind gut - nur noch nicht sehr abganz für Friedenszeit hergerichtet - weil sie im Kriege für uns Soldaten verwendet wurden. Natürlich sind sie

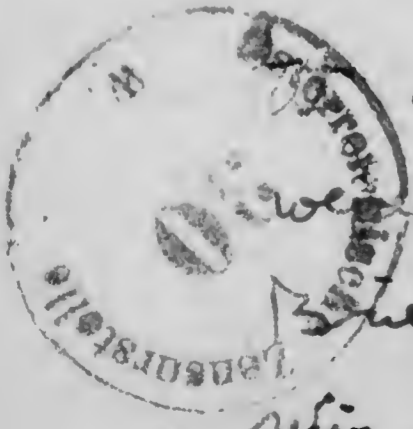




die Einrichtungen nicht so, wie für uns - uns fehlt die Eleganz wie  
es sonst im Frieden war. Aber das soll das Beste sein. Tausig sagte  
mir, daß in ungefähr 5-6 Wochen wirst Du dran kommen. Frühere  
Termine gibt es nicht. Wie ich Dir schon telegraphiert habe, <sup>ist</sup> ~~ist~~ im  
dem Preis auch Bahnfahrt bis Paris, dort Hotel und Verpflegung, Fahrt zum  
Schiff und Schiff selbst einbezogen. ~~Die~~ Uhr Essen am Zug muß Du  
selbst besorgen. Dieses Arrangement kriegt ich nur bei der Amerikanischen  
Linie. Ich hoffe, daß ich das richtige getan habe.

Heute erhielt ich einen Brief von Dir, in welchem Du schon ahnst, daß  
alles bald gut gehen wird. Den Brief, den Du beim Consulat gesehen  
hast ist nicht aus Budapest, sondern sandte ich vor ungefähr 3 Wochen  
an den Consul. Ich arbeitete daran eine halbe Nacht und ist so abgefaßt,  
daß irgendwas entstehen mußte. Ich bin nicht eingebildet - aber es war  
ein sehr diplomatisches Document, geschrieben mit Mut, Vorwitz, kühler  
Überlegung und tiefster Verzweiflung - aber das habe ich nicht gezeigt.  
Ich habe eine Kopie davon und werde Dir einmal vorlesen. Also  
Munk, sei nicht zu nervös jetzt - (ich gib Ratschläge!) in kurzem  
wirst Du reisen und wünsche Dir jetzt schon eine frohe Reise  
und gesunde Seeskrankheit. Ich hoffe, daß Du in ein paar Tagen  
aufbrechen wirst, welches Glück Du kriegst - nach dem Streik  
wird alles wieder glatt gehen. Ich möchte noch erwähnen, daß wenn  
Du Rat brauchst in persönlichen Dingen bezüglich der Reise gehe zum  
Amerikanischen Robert Kreuz, daß für Amerikanische Soldaten sorgt  
und auch deren Bräuten und Frauen an die Hand geht. Ein Teil  
Ihrer Aufgabe ist es in solchen Dingen zu helfen und sind sie auch  
mit Tausig in Verbindung, wegen ~~des~~ Mädels, die scheinbar nicht  
sehr gut in solchen Dingen bewandert sind. —

Gott-Kind ich bin so froh und glücklich - mein Kopf  
wie ein Bienenhaus. Trotzdem muß ich beyspieln -  
wegen Deines heutigen Briefes. Munk - Du wirst Deinen eigenen  
Briefe durchlesen und mir zeigen, wo und wann Du  
mir über den Affidavit erhalt geschrieben hast. Wahrscheinlich  
lieh bin ich so verärgert, daß ich nicht mehr lesen kann.



Ich habe das Gefühl, daß Du leicht los rumpfst - Bis zum - man kann sich leicht von Ikea - frag doch erst bevor Du mir etwas vor- wirfst. Wenn ich ein oder das andere vergessen habe - wir alle tun das heute - alle unsere Menschen sind nicht mehr so wie sie waren. Überlege Ikea - ob ich Dich nicht auch nur ein paar kleine Sachen gegeben habe - die Du nie beantwortet hast. Vielleicht bin ich dumm - aber ich habe mir selbst Entschuldigungen dafür gefunden.

Momentan arbeite wie sonst. Ich habe Schwierigkeiten mit meinem Buch und muß noch wieder Änderungen daran machen. Mir ist schon nichts davor - aber aller Anfang ist schwer & und diese schwere Arbeit kommt man hier zu nichts.

Munk - mein Goldiges (mache gut heut' Nacht) - bald wirst Du hier sein und Du wirst die Welt wieder von einer anderen Winkel aus sehen lernen. Die Jahre werden wie ein Traum sein und Du wirst kaum glauben, daß sie einmal wahr waren. Du wirst lernen, Dich wieder an jemanden anzulehnen und Leiden der Enzspannung werden kommen. Ich warte auf Dich, wie ich es in all den Jahren getan habe -

mit geteilter freudiger Hoffnung

Dein

Red

P.S.

Heute erhielt den Brief an Headeles Onkel als unbestellbar zurück. Ich werde versuchen seinen Onkel durch eine Zeitung zu finden, welche solche Suchlisten hat! Also er wohnt nicht mehr an dieser Adresse.



Träume nachdem ich Deinen Brief las!

Angsttraum →



Vergeltung ↗



Wunschtraum  
(und Wahrheit habt  
uns hoffen!) →



③ Helt aufzubauen. Ich fürchte mich nicht um die Zukunft, obwohl sie nicht zu gut aussieht. Ich sehe der Tatsache ins Gesicht und mache mir nichts vor. Ich habe nur eine große Sehnsucht, die einen starken Grund hat und das bist Du. In dir sicherlich kann ich den größten menschlichen Erfolg gewinnen. Sonst gibt es keine Garantie für die Zukunft. Es gibt nur Hoffnungen und Bestrebungen - aber keine Garantie - soweit das Alltagsleben anbelangt. Das haben wir in unserer Zeit lernen müssen.

Das soweit es mich anbelangt. Und Du? Und Du mein Liebster? Ich bin überzeugt, daß Du von allen Problemen, die ich vorher berührte, auch Dein eigenes Liedchen zu singen weißt. Ich fordere Dich nicht auf zu singen zu beginnen - ich erwähne es nur. Mit der Kenntnis, das wir beide - jeder auf seiner Art - mit dem Problem fertig wurden - nämlich mich für einander zu erhalten - mit dieser Kenntnis und mit dem folgenden Erfolg, brauchen wir keine Angst zu haben uns zu treffen.

Leo (der Klunke) hat kein mehrwertiges Gewissen Dies gegenüber und erwartet gespannt den Auswurf. Und wo Fäuste nicht helfen werden, werden es Küsse. Ob ich Dir jetzt treu bin? Jede Nacht halte ich eine Frau in meinen Armen - sie hat rote Haare und ist wohl ziemlich atmosphärisch.

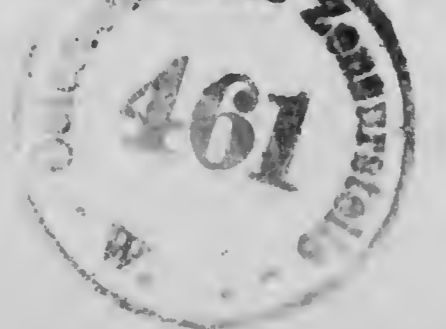
Hea ich sehne mich nach Dir - seelisch und körperlich. All die Jahre haben mich ausgemergelt gelassen - aber ich bin gesund und normal - ich sehne mich nach Dir - Du als meine Frau - und das sagt alles.

P.S. Wie glaubst Du sehe ich aus?

In ewiger Liebe

Der ausgelebte

Schurke? →



oder



(Griechischer Gott?)

Leo'



SO COMPLIZIERT?

September 28 1946

Mein liebstes Itele,

Gestern erhielt ich endlich wieder Post von Dir und nachdem Du mir ueberhaupt nichts Neues ueber Deine Ausreise erzaehlen konntest war ich sehr ungluecklich. Mir ist das ganze vollkommen unverstaendlich und gibt es nur eine Erklaerung, dass da etwas nicht in Ordnung ist, wovon ich einfach nichts weiss. Ich meine damit, dass da intern etwas nicht ganz klappt, dass sich Dir sowie mir entzieht. Es ist einfach unvorstellbar, dass Du, die doch als Juedin in dieser schrecklichen Zeit, versteckt oder mit falschen Papieren oder auf weiss gott was fuer eine aufregende Art ueberlebt hattest, jetzt wegen eines Papiere der Ungarischen Polizei aufgehalten werden kannst, die bestaetigen soll, ob Du ein anstaendiger Mensch warst, in einer Zeit wo sie die Juden auf die kriminaellste weise jagten und ermordeten. Ich kann es nicht verstehen-es ist widdersinnig und ich habe auch nicht die Absicht stillschweigend mir das gefallen zu lassen. Die Ungarische Polizei wird sicher nicht der Factor sein, der Dein Schicksal Deiner Einwanderung nach Amerika entscheiden wird. Hast Du niemals eine Antwort von dort erhalten oder ist es ueberhaupt schwer ein Sittenzeugnis von Budapest Behoerden zu kriegen. Ich werde naechste Woche mit den Kongressman meines Districtes zusammen kommen und schaefersten Protest einlegen. Wir beide wurden durch Naziinvasionen und Krieg fuer solange auseinander gehalten und jetzt ein Jahr nach dem Frieden da ist sind wir noch immer nicht zusammen. Ich als Veteran habe das absolute Recht durch das Gesetz Dich hierherzubringen, ob der Herr Konsul es will oder nicht und ich werde zu meinem Recht kommen. Bitte Muck sei nicht ungeduldig, ich tue alles in meiner Macht Dich hierherzubringen. Es ist nicht meine Absicht zu denken, dass es nicht zu arg fuer Dich sein wird in Wien zu bleiben-ich bin ueber Die Verhaeltnisse sehr gut informiert-aber was passiert wenn Du nach Polen gehst? Dann kann man von ganz vorne anfangen. Und ich habe trotz der momentanen Situation, die feste Ueberzeugung, dass ich Dich bald herausbringe. Denn Dein Fall ist nicht eine Sache des Glueckszufalles-sondern ich kann Dich absolute hierher bringen und musst Du das momentane Steckenbleiben als eine typische Sache ansehen, die immer passieren kann, wenn man mit Beamte zu tun hat. Du hast mir zwei Sachen nie richtig erzaehlt ~~was~~ Was sie Dir eigentlich beim Consulat gesagt haben-mit wem Du dort verhandelt hast und ob der Rest der Papiere in Ordnung waren -und dann ob Du das neue Affidavit erhalten hast, dass ich Dir nach Wien sandte. Ich muss genau informiert sein. Zum Beispiel spreche ich naechste Woche mit dem Congressmann und kann ihm nur breite Erklaerungen geben. Ich weiss nicht, ob der Consul Dir sagte, dass Du dann gleich gehen kannst oder ob sie zu Dir nett waren und Dir Hoffnung machten oder nicht. Itka dies ist Amerika und die von uns erwaelten Vertreter in der Regierung kummern siech um uns, wenn wir unsere Anliegen vorbringen. Ich bin Amerikaner und war im Kriege und habe mit Dir einen sehr guten Fall. Du wirst nicht wegen einer technischen Sache haengen bleiben. Es ist nicht Du ein Auslaender der um eine Einreise bittest, sondern ich ein Amerikanischer Veteran, der seine Regierung um das ersucht, was sie ihm durch Gesetzgebung ermoeeglicht zu tun. In erster Linie muss ich alles fuer Dich erledigen, daher bitte schreibe mir alles detailliert. Immigration ist heute nicht zu leicht aber die ehemaligen Soldaten bringen ihre Frauen und Braeute alle mit der Zeit herueber und wenn sie nicht gerade schwer krank oder Verbrecher sind, kommen sie hierher- beides trifft doch bei Dir nicht zu!!! Also mein Liebstes sei nicht verzweifelt-das ist ein Gedulds spiel-in dem ich selbst nicht zu geduldig bin. Aber ich weiss, dass ich Dich sehr bald hier haben werde.-

Und nun zu den andern Teil Deines Briefes. Muck ich glaube Du hast etwas missverstanden. Als ich das letztmal Dir von den Kinderbuch schrieb, sagte ich Dir dass ich gerade daran arbeite. Ich wuenschte ich waere schon so weit Dir ein Exemplar zu schicken. Momentan liegt es bei den Verleger und machen sie Arrangements es zu drucken. Ich haette Dir doch als erste ein Exemplar gesandt wenn es schon so weit waere. Bei der momentanen Teuerungen und unsicheren Verhaeltnissen drehen sie sich zehnmal herum und versuchen verschiedene Sachen, bevor sie sich endlich entschliessen loszudrucken.

endlich entschliessen loszudrucken. Am Montag werde ich wieder einen der Herren treffen und erfahren wie weit wir sind.

Und um wieder einmal zu unserer alten Diskussion zurueckzukommen--weisst Du Muck ich moechte es gar nicht eine Diskussion nennen und auch nicht wieder in eine Polemik eingehen. Wir beide koennen unser Verhaeltniss wie Erwachsene ansehen und von einem etwas hoeheren Standpunkt ansehen. Alle diese Gespraecher erwachsen hauptsaechlich aus der Tatsache, dass wir uns eigentlich solange nicht sahen und vielleicht tief in uns Fragen tragen-eine kleine Unsicherheit und wir wollen einander von Vorhienein wissen lassen, wie es um uns steht. Mir ist das in Deinen letzten Brief so klahr geworden, wo sich hinter den paar Worten von Dir noch sehr viel andere Gedanken verbergehn. Vergesse eines nicht-wir beide sind aelter geworden, aber um Gottes willen ich habe Dich nicht vergessen und auch nicht was ich an Dir liebe. Aus jeden Wort, dass Du sagst, hoere ich das wonach ich mich all die Jahre sehnte. Ich bin auch bestimmt grundlegend derselbe geblieben und daher hat es keinen Sinn, dass Du mich auf gewisse Sachen aufmerksam machst. In meinem Konzept mit Dir zu leben, Habe ich nie die Tatsache getragen Dich zu hintergehen, daher auch mein willen Dir soweit die s in Briefen geht ~~zu~~ Dir eine Vorstellung zu geben, wie verdreht mein Leben war. Ich werde Dir nicht treu sein, weil Du eine stolze Person bist und mich verlassen wirst, bei dem kleinsten Anlass, noch weil Du wie Du glaubst eine schwierige Person bist. Ich werde zu Dir soweit es mein Charakter erlaubt anstaendig sein, weil ich Dich lieb habe und respektiere-eine Tatsache die Du in Deinen Leben an mir schon kennen gelernt ~~hast~~ hast. Ich erzaehle Dir nicht mein Kind, ob ich kompliziert bin oder stolz sondern erwarte in Deiner Liebe zu mir den Respect dem man jeden Menschen, dem man gerne hat gibt. Und um ganz sachlich zu sprechen-Du bist eine wirkliche Frau und bei Gott, wenn Du es auch zehnmal nicht zugibst, wirst Du doch nur mit einem Mann ganz gluecklich sein, der keine Angst vor Dir hat. Und ich kann Dir Versichern, dass ich Dich mit Freude erwarte... Ich habe keine Angst vor Verschiedenheiten-nur uninteressante und banale menschliche Verbindungen gehen ohne Reibung. In meiner Liebe zu Dir war ich nie raffiniert und ich weiss wie Du mich immer als "weich" gefrozelt hast. Ja ich bin weich, weil mich Waerme weich macht und ich habe meine Zuneigung zu Dir nie verstecken koennen und wollte es auch nicht. Und es hat Dir nicht missfallen-aber ich weiss zutiefst wie verbissen ich an etwas halten kann worann ich principiell glaube und wenn ich es auch nicht mit faeusten und Schreien zeigen kann so kann ich fest an etwas halten, -~~zu~~ dazu gehoert auch mein Stolz. Also mit zwei stolzen Menschen, die den Wert dessen gut zu schaeetzen wissen-an sich selbst, ist kein Grund gegeben nicht den des anderen zu verstehen. Glaubst Du das ist nicht richtig. Siehst Du-da sitzen wir und sprechen grosse Worte, nur weil wir so weit auseinander sind und Sehnsucht nach einander haben -ich weiss wenn uns beiden das Leben das wirkliche Leben gegeben sein wird, dass wir nicht soviel darueber zu sprechen haben werden. Ich weiss, dass wir uns gut ersetzen-Du bist so viel praktischer als ich und Du hast auch immer einen guten und grossen Einfluss auf unser Alltagsleben gehabt-genauso wie ich genau wusste wo ich Einfluss auf Dich hatte. Und ich weiss es wird erstaunlich wieder so sein. Also genug fuer heute mein Liebstes und gebe Gott, dass wir bald vereint sind.

Mit aller Liebe und den besten Gruessen an Vladek und Francisca verbleibe ich wie immer Dich sehr liebend (und mit Angst in meiner Hose-denn dort ist mein Herz)

Dich innigst kuessend

Dein

les'



N.Y. 18 October 1946

Muck-

ich bin so aufgeregt, dass ich nicht weiss wo ich beginnen soll. Haben wir beide nicht gesagt, dass October wird der Monat sein. O Gott ich bin so dankbar, dass endlich wir so weit sind und dass der lange, lange Weg den wir gingen zu einem Ziel fuehrt. Meine Geliebte-da sind so viele Gefuehle, dass ich Seiten anfuellen koennte, aber ich muss jetzt zum praktischen kommen-und ich muss sagen, dass auch bei diesen "praktischen" Worten mir jedes Wort Freude macht. Also hoere zu. Als ich dein Telegramm erhielt war ich schon im Office und natuerlich telefonierte Mutter gleich und vor lauter Freude konnte sie sich nicht fassen. Ich ging gleich am Nachmittag zu Taussig und besprach alles. Ich nehme lieber Flugkarten fuer Dich aus folgenden Gruenden. Erstens ist momentan schon wieder ein Schiffsstreik und die Karte Die ich fuer Dich kriegen wuerde, koennte erst drei bis vier Wochen nach dem der Streik vorbei ist drankommen. Nun wissen wir vorlauefig gar nicht wann der Streik vorbei ist. Dann ist die Reise von Wien bis Paris ziemlich langwierig und fuer die Verkoestigung auf der Bahn kommt die Reisegesellschaft nicht auf. Alles in allen denke ich wird es viel angenehmer fuer Dich sein, sagen wir eines Tages um neun Uhr frueh in Wien einzusteigen und ohne Umsteigen naechsten Tag um 4 uhr nachmittags Amerikanische Zeit auszusteigen. Was sagst Du dazu? Itka fliegt uebers Meer!! Gestern natuerlich war ich ganz unvorbereitet und konnte die Karte nicht nehmen. So sandte Dir am Abend das Telegramm mit dem Namen (Franz Terlicher) von dem Vertreter von Tausig bei der Pan American Line im Hotel Bristol Am Kaerntnerring. Heute habe ich schon die Karte genommen und bezahlt. Dieser Gelbe Zettel ist das wichtige Dokument fuer Dich und damit gehst Du zu Pan American Line. Beim Fliegen ist auch eine Wartezeit von ungefaehr fuef Wochen und wahrscheinlich haben sie Dir schon genau erzaehlt was alles los ist. Du musst immer bereit sein auf einige Stunden Notiz gerufen zu werden ~~XXX~~ um abzufliegen. Hoere zu Muck. Du kannst nur 66 Pfund (ungefaehr 33 Kilo) Gepaeck frei mitnehmen jedes Kilo ueber das kostet ein Vermoegen. So beginne gleich alle Sachen die Du nicht brauchst per Postpakete hierher zu senden, so wie alle Soomersachen etc. Einen Mantel ziehe Dir an und nehme einen ueber den Arm-so wirst Du wie die se prominenten Leute aussehen. Itka -ich weiss dass das Fliegen viel leichter und unkomplizierter geht, anstatt der langen und in dieser Zeit nicht zu komfortablen Reise bei Bahn und Schiff. ~~XXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXX~~ Ich war schon so schrecklich nervoes, dass Du zu Deiner Mutter fahren wirst, weil ich ueberzeugt war, dass jetzt bald etwas kommen wird. Es wird mich sehr interessieren ob Du inzwischen dieses vertrottelte Sittenzeugnis erhalten hattest oder ob alle die Schritte die ich unternommen hatte einen Einfluss hatten. Natuerlich ist das jetzt alles nicht mehr so wichtig, nachdem ich wir gottlob so weit sind. Nach etwas Itka. Wenn Du ~~ixp~~ in persoenlichen Dingen in Zusammenhang mit dieser Reise rat oder Hilfe brauchst, so gehe zum American Red Cross, welches wie ich hoere Frauen und Braueten von Veteranen beisteht. Ich hoffe, dass alles bei uns sowie s jetzt in Ordnung gehen wird, aber denke nicht zweimal nach wenn Du eine Auskunft brauchst. Ich kenne diese Organisation und ihre groesse. Wo immer Amerikanische Soldaten sind, haben sie auch ihre Organisationen und Du hast natuerlich auch das Recht hinzugehen. Mit dem Ticket wird schon alles in Ordnung sein-es ist vollkommen einschliesslich der hiesigen Steuern gezahlt und das einzige, dass Du zu tun hast ~~m~~, ist mit Deinen schoenen Augerln zu bewirken, dass Du bald in einen Flugzeug sitzt. Bitte benachrichtige mich gleich vom Erhalt des Tickets, weil der einzige Weg ~~ixt~~ diese nach Europa zu schicken ist bei Post-men kann es nicht telegraphisch avisieren-und natuerlich ist man ein bisserl nervoes, ob es gut zu Dir kam. Ich schliesse jetzt, damit ich gleich das Ticket wegschicken kann. Viel Glueck Haserl und jetzt wirklich auf baldiges Wiedersehen. Bei uns ist alles in grosser Afregung -zwischen Mutter und Lisl gibt es ununterbrochen geheimnisvolle Wispelein-weiss ich, was die fuer Plaene haben? Eins weiss ich-dass viel Liebe Dich hier erwartet. Und ich kann Dir verraten, dass zumindest ein kleiner Prozentsatz von dieser Liebe bei mir ist. Servus Rote--komm schon

immer Dein Leo



Liebe Mha, wir alle, freuen uns sehr dass du  
bald bei uns sein wirst. Viele Küsse, auf baldiges Wieder  
sehen

Lisl.

Liebe Mha, Fritz und ich haben uns so sehr dein Tillygramm gefreut. Hoffentlich bist du sehr bald hier, dass ich  
indlich küssen können kann. Ich bin sehr ungeduldig. Viel Liebe von Fritz & und Gaby.

September 1946  
New-York.

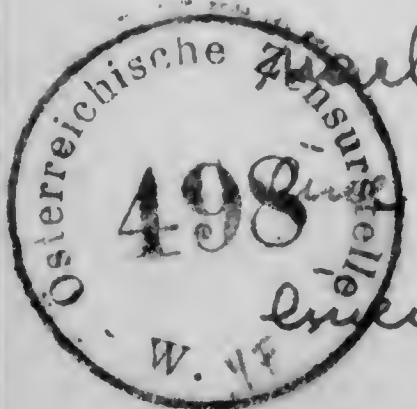
Mein geliebtes Hele,

Dank Dir für diese Woche. Zwei Briefe und einen an  
meinen Eltern. Du nimmst es veröhlen. Wenn dies so  
ist - bitte veröhole mich weiter. Ich freute mich  
selbst - und viel mehr als das. Man mein kleines - ich  
langere nach Dir und die langen Pausen machen mich  
schrecklich nervös und einsam. Ich sollte Dich eigentlich  
ger nicht ~~um~~ schreiben bitten, denn dies soll  
nicht als Gefährlichkeit gesehen.

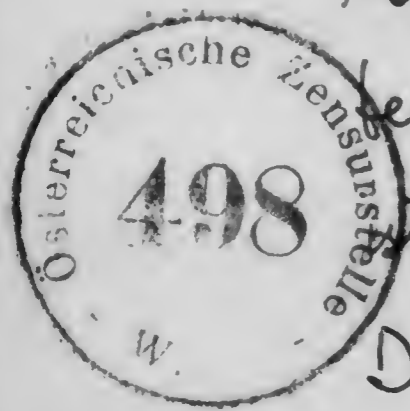
Jedenfalls bin ich froh,  
denn nicht nur freut es  
mich von Dir zu hören  
in diesen letzten Briefen  
hatte ich das Gefühl,  
daß die Atmosphäre  
unserer langen

Trennung irgendwo  
gebrochen war und  
ich spürte Dich  
wirklich zu mir  
reden. In Deinem  
letzten Brief kamst  
Du endlich mit etwas  
heraus, worüber ich ernstlich

mit Dir reden will. Ich will nicht zu viel Worte  
gebrauchen. Mein liebster - wir - meine Familie  
hatten das unendliche Glück noch rechtzeitig  
nach Amerika zu kommen, nachdem wir nur  
kurze Zeit unter Hitler waren und nur  
einen Vorgeschmack von der Hölle bekamen, die



② dann später losbreche und durch welche Du ganz durchgehen  
mußtest. Du mußt natürlich glauben, daß wir hier gar  
nicht wissen können, was alles passiert ist. Hka - glaubst  
Du wir wissen nicht, was es heißt 6 1/2 Millionen Juden  
gejodet - kein Verwandter außer einem Cousin hat es  
von unserer Familie in Europa überlebt. Über 40 Tote.  
Ich war noch selbst im Kriege - und Du Munk hast noch  
irgend welche Bedenken - braust Dich überhaupt zu glauben  
daß wir Dich „als arme Verwandte“ anschauen werden? Mit  
dem vollen Wissen und mit dem Schmerz der in dieser Welt  
geschehen ist, können wir nicht mit solchen alten Begriffen  
leben. Daß ich Dich noch besitze, Dich allein ist ein  
Reichtum und Deine größte „Mitgift“. Ich bin kein  
fränkischer Idealist mehr und kenne sehr gut den Wert  
des Geldes - ich hab hier am Anfang gehungert und es  
ist nicht romantisch. Aber menschlich werde ich mich  
solchen „Wertbegriffen“ ob man ~~§~~ was hat oder nicht,  
nie unterstellen. Geld ist ein „praktischer“ Begriff  
und sonst nichts. Es ist verdammt praktisch viel  
oder so viel zu haben, daß man gut leben kann. Aber  
ich - oder meine Leute sind doch nicht so besessen  
daß wir Dich werden werden, ob Du was hast oder  
nicht. Das einzige was uns an Menschen <sup>interessiert</sup>, die uns so  
feiner sind wie Du, die diese Hölle überlebt haben  
ist, daß Du gesund bei uns sein sollst und daß  
Dein Gemüt nicht gebrüht ist. Wir haben Köpfe und  
Hände und sind jung, um uns unser eigenes Leben



③ aufzubauen. Ich hoffe Du weißt jetzt, daß wir nie - niemals mit solchen Begriffen nur gerechnet haben. Du kommst zu uns, als einer von uns. Was Du haben wirst ist gut und was Du nicht hast werden wir uns erwerben - aber daß ich Dich habe und das heilsal soll es geben, daß ich Dich auch so glücklich mache, wie ich mich durch Dich fühle - diese Tatsache ist das große Ereignis in meinem Leben, das mit materiellen Maßstäben ~~so~~ bestimmt nicht gemessen werden kann. Du Dumme - ich hab Dich immer so genannt - ich liebe Dich mit allem Zorn den ich habe und so mehr. Dein Stolz —

Wie ich Deinen Brief heute las sah ich Dich und mich auf der Couch bei Fella am Tag vor der ~~deiner~~ Abreise. Wir weinten wie kleine Kinder - schon für die vielen Jahre der Elends und des Alleinseins. Damals sind viele Dinge zerstört worden, viele Begriffe verloren gegangen. Vergeben wir sie und komme zu mir mit dem einzigen, das uns erhalten blieb - unsere Liebe. Die soll uns auch Stärke und neue Hoffnung für ein neues Leben geben, das wir uns aufbauen wollen.

Ich hab' Dich sehr lieb H. K.

: Dein

P.S.

Du kannst Dir nicht vorstellen, wie glücklich meine Eltern mit Deinem Brief waren.

Vielleicht schreibe ich morgen wieder - ich muß wegen Deiner Ausreiseangelegenheit mit Dir reden - heute macht wolke ich Dir nur einen langen Kuß geben.!



10.



Munk-

skandels es

sich noch

immer

so

gut ?





E. W.

Delaware  
1925

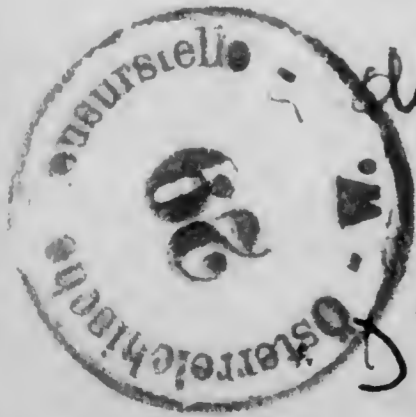
Sept. 9<sup>th</sup> 1946  
New - York.

My dearest little Tika,

Momentan sitze ich beinahe nackt da - es wurde wieder so schrecklich heiß - und ich hoffe Du hast doch nichts dagegen. Wirst Dich ja an diesen schrecklichen Anblick gewöhnen müssen -

Ich bin Samstag herumgelaufen und habe nicht viel erledigen können. Überall wurde mir mitgeteilt, daß das Sittenzertifikat eines der Papiere sei, welches ein „muß“ ist. Nun - die Beschaffung dieses Papiers ist eine Sache mit welcher die Amerikanischen Behörden nichts zu tun haben - das heißt, daß ich kaum etwas von hier unternehmen kann in diesem Punkte. Ich bin wütend - weil ich gerne Dir helfen möchte um das zu beschleunigen. Hast Du schon Antwort von Deinen Freunden aus Budapest? Ich bitte Dich bleibe in Wien. Gestern sprach ich mit Maria - kannst Du Dich an Sie erinnern? Sie fährt bald von hier weg - nach Ungarn. Sie will mir gerne helfen - aber bis sie dort hin kommt, möchte ich schon alles ~~so~~ früher erledigt sehen. Sage mir Hele - mit wem hast Du am Konsulat gesprochen? Und wie haben Sie sich sonst gestellt? Ich hoffe, daß doch meine Papiere in Ordnung sind.

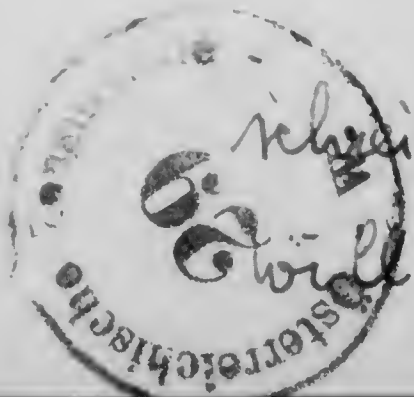
Letzte Woche ist mein Parket nicht an Fuß abgezogen - wir haben einen Kliffsstreik



② zur Abwechslung. Es wird aber nicht solange dauern  
hoffentlich.

Munk - Du schreibst über eine eigene Wohnung. Ich versuche  
alles um eine zu bekommen - und so tun einige zehntausende  
andere Veteranen. Es ist eine schreckliche Wohnungsnot -  
während des Krieges wurde nicht gebaut und New-York ist  
noch voller als vorher. Du kannst Dir wohl vorstellen, wie  
sehr viel mir daran liegt, Dir bei Deiner Ankunft ein eigenes  
Heim zu präsentieren. Nun verliere nicht den Mut. Ich habe  
eine kleine Chance - hier im Hause. Es wäre ein richtiges  
Wunder und halte fest den Damm. Ich bin schon herumgelaufen  
und habe amonciert - nichts und jetzt wird hier im  
Hause vielleicht ein Heilbar muscled. Gott - ich wäre  
so glücklich, wenn es so wäre. Gesprochen habe ich schon  
mit ihm - vielleicht gelingt es. Jede zahlte oft ein  
Vermögen - nur um die Wohnung zu erhalten! ~~Wut~~  
Aber mit all den Sorgen - hätte ich doch gerne hier.  
Man kann in diesem Lande besser improvisieren, als  
irgendwo anders. Das kann ich Dir nicht genau schildern,  
aber wirst Du sehr bald sehen, nachdem Du hier  
angelaugt bist. Dies ist ein Land noch lange nicht  
fertig - tausenderlei Dinge improvisiert in gewisser  
Weise und nun unterbrochen finden Veränderungen statt.  
Und das führt auch am Leben ab - alles ist in Gärung  
und voll Widersprüche.

Was sagst Du - wieviel ich in letzter Zeit  
schreibe? Tu ich Dich verzeihen? Gott - mit Dir  
wird ich nicht rechnen - wenn es Dir glücklich





③ macht und ich rüfandl: Bin - will ich Dich ja verwöhnen.  
Verwöhnen und verderben sind zwei verschiedene Dinge  
und ich sage es Dir gleich jetzt - daß ich ja auch von  
Dir aus erwarte verwöhnt zu werden. (Beginne nicht  
mit einem Holungelächter - Bestie, sonst muß ich einen  
Vorhang vor Deinem hübschen Gesicht hängen - sonst werde  
ich zu verwöhnt eine schöne Frau zu haben - )  
Königsh - es wird interessant sein mit einer Frau  
die ich seit so langem liebe - zu flirten. Inlang  
werde ich Dir wahrscheinlich nicht den Hof machen  
- ~~das ist mir nicht möglich~~, denn wenn ich Dich  
widerscheu, hoffe ich werden die vielen Jahre  
unserer Trennung, wie ein böser Traum sein  
und wir werden uns wieder gefunden haben, wie  
ich Dich verliert. Möge es schon so weit  
sein.

Mum - schreib bald - und hoffentlich ist es  
eine gute Nachricht diesmal.

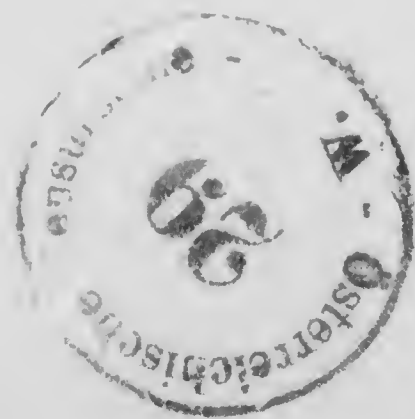
Die Eltern grüßen Dich herzlichst und  
sich von mir mit aller Liebe unruent und  
geküßt

Out' Nacht - sweetheart

ich habe D ich lieb

Dein

les'





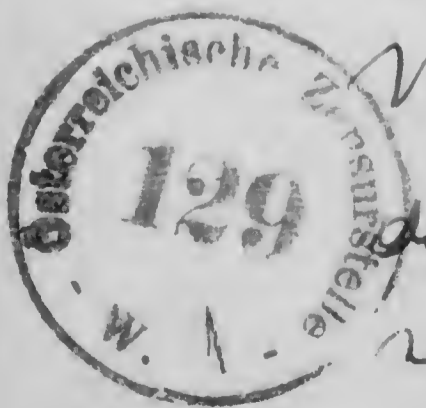
MANCHMAL IN DER NACHT...

Aug. 24<sup>th</sup> 1946  
N. J. C.

Mein liebster Itkalein,

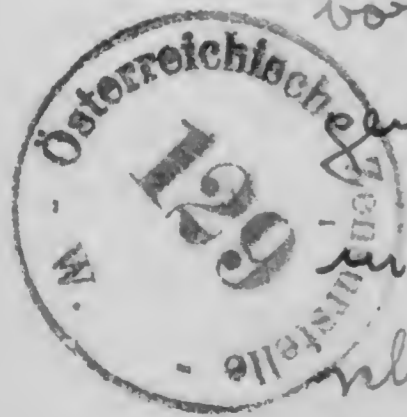
schon wieder ist eine Woche um - und die einzige Nachricht in den letzten 2 Wochen, die ich von Dir erhielt war ein Telegramm vor ein paar Tagen. Es besagte mir, was Kurt schon von der Bratislava an mich geschrieben hatte. Ich kränke mich sehr, daß man wieder eine Verzögerung eingetreten ist, da ich mit großem Weid sehe, wie viele Bräute aus England, Frankreich, Australien etc. schon hier eingekampt sind. Ich hoffe sehr, daß Du bald das erledigen kannst und deine Blöde Sittenregeln aus Budapest erhältst. Wenn ich nur mehr wüßte - leider bist Du so schreibfaul. Gibt es sonst noch welche Schwierigkeiten? Sind alle anderen Papiere in Ordnung - hast Du überhaupt das neue Affidavit erhalten, welches ich Dir in 4 Briefen aufgeteilt, gesandt habe? Wenn es noch etwas gibt, möchte ich persönlich an den Konsul schreiben - aber ich weiß ja gar nicht, ob Du ihm schon gesprochen hast, oder ob Du nur mit einem Beamten zu tun hattest.

Mein liebster Kind - ich verstehe ganz gut, daß Du nicht gerne schreibst. Man hat so viel im Gedanken und Phantasie gefast



② und schreiben fällt einem schwer, wo man schon so nahe einer Realität ist, die für so lange unvorstellbar schien. Es ist schon poetische Liebesbriefe zu erhalten, aber ich verlange gar nicht von Dir sie zu schreiben, wenn Du zu ungeduldig bist mir lieber einfach in Härlichkeit nur den Hals zu fassen und anstatt zu reden wirklich zu lieben und zu leben. Was ich von Dir haben will, ist daß Du mir möglichst oft mitteilst, wie alle Dinge stehen und daß Du gesund bist und wie ich hoffe alles in Ordnung ist, soweit man heute in Ordnung sein kann. Es kann mir nicht gleichgültig sein, wenn ich große Sehnsucht nach Dir habe und mit Ungeduld warte, daß man Dich wie viele andere tausend Mädels herbringt, für 2 Wochen ohne ein Wort von Dir zu sein. (Sei nicht erstarrt Ikon - ich ärgere mich!)

~~Ich~~ Um - ich kenne Dich ja - ich weiß ganz genau, was für einen Charakter Du ~~hat~~ hattest und kann mir genau vorstellen, wie Du Dich mit allen diesen unerklärlichen Erfahrungen entwickelt hast. Du warst stark veranlagt - hast es bewiesen daß Du es wirklich bist und ich möchte es sehr. Ich kann mir vorstellen wie sehr selbstständig und unabhängig Du geworden bist. Ich erinnere mich noch an eine Stelle in einem Brief der letzten Briefe, die Du mir schriebst, bevor Amerika in den Krieg ging. Du erzähltest mir, wieviel auf Deiner blauen



③ war und wie viel Verantwortungen Du zu tragen hast. Das habe ich dann später näher verdoppelt und verdreifacht. Ich habe keine Angst vor einer selbstständigen Frau - ich weiß es ist sogar gut für einen Mann eine energische Frau zu haben, aber ich will Dir von vornherein spüren lassen, daß hier ein normales Leben wieder für uns beginnen soll und daß wir uns unsere Sorgen teilen werden. Wenn es mir gelingen wird, werde ich Dich beröhlen, aber das auch sein wird, sollst Du wissen, daß Du einen Mann neben Dir hast, der obwohl er sein Leben und Hoffen auf Dich gebaut hat, Dich auch oft ganz klein und schwach auf seinen Armen tragen kann. Das ist symbolisch gesprochen - und wird Dir ganz gut klumeken. Hka, wenn ich Dir das schreibe, glaube nicht, daß ich mich für ein gewisse Dinge Sorge, oder einen „Fahrplan“ für unser Leben mache. Ich liebe Dich - das ist die ganze Grundlage meines Denkens und laß Dich an mich herankommen ohne in menschlichen Dingen fixe Pläne zu machen. Ich denke immer daran, daß wenn zwei Menschen, durch alle diese Erlebnisse sich entschlossen haben für einander zu arbeiten, daß dann neben Liebe und Sentiment auch eine klare gute Freundschaft da sein muß, die es erlaubt über alles zu sprechen. Hka ich warte sehr auf Dich und kann unser Leben wenn wir fertig sind, nebst der Befriedigung unserer Liebe auch ein interessantes und lohnvolles Erlebnis sein.

Ich hoffe bald von Dir zu hören und soll nur das Beste sein. Grüße Kurt von mir und sei Du wie immer in größter Liebe  
immer Dein  
Vormant

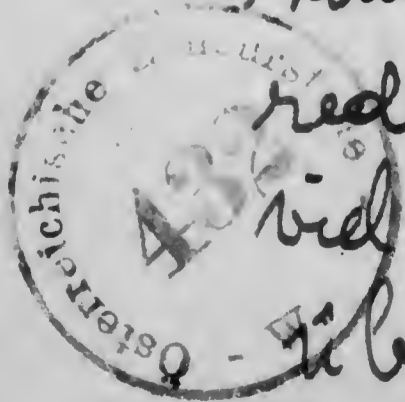
Herzliche Grüße von den lieben Eltern! Ho!



Samstag, 17. Aug. 1946  
N. F. C.

Meine geliebte Hka,

Vor zwei Tagen habe ich Post von Kurt aus Bratislava erhalten, worin er mir nur kurz mitteilte, daß Du schon Deine politischen Papiere erhalten hast und daß der Amerikanische Konsul von Dir ein Sittenzertifikat aus Bud. verlangt. Ich hätte gerne mehr Details von allem gewünscht aber habe ich weder einen Brief noch eine Antwort auf mein Telegramm von Dir erhalten. Du Faulpelz Du - warum erhalte ich so wenig Post von Dir? Ich weiß, daß ich selbst nicht so fleißig schreibe, wie ich gerne wollte, aber ich glaube Du schlägst mich noch immer, wenn wir vergleichen wollten. Ich bin sehr böse über diese Sache mit dem Sittenzertifikat, weil ich fürchte, daß dies wieder eine Verzögerung bedeutet. Wie lange rumst Du denn z.B. in Wien, um, daß Du eines von den dortigen Behörden verlangen kannst? Hast Du an Bekannte in Budapest geschrieben, die das für Dich zu erledigen versuchen könnten? Mein Munk - ich möchte Dich schon hier haben - ich renne herum und rede zu Dir im Gedanken und habe so viel Pläne und zerbreche mir den Kopf über tausend Dinge. Trotz aller Schwierigkeiten

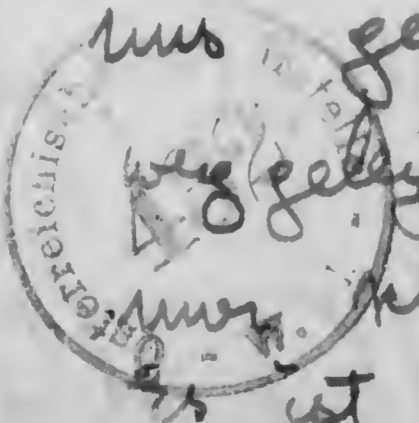


② weiß ich wird alles im Ende viel besser gehen, wenn Du hier bist. Ich muß eingestehen, daß ich gerne viel weiter sein möchte, so daß ich Dich wirklich so verwöhnen könnte, wie ich es mir erträume. Ich ~~zu~~ fürchte immer, wenn ich so schreibe, daß ich Dir Angst machen werde, aber ist es ein Bödium, wenn ich Dir nicht endlich schreiben würde. Im Verhältnis zu Tausenden und Tausenden Veteranen, bin ich ja schon ziemlich weit. Es ist für uns wirklich nicht leicht gewesen wieder hier auszufangen und viele leiden noch unter großen Schwierigkeiten. Ich selbst bin noch lange nicht zufrieden, denn für Dich habe ich große Ambitionen aber ich kann die Welt nicht im Handumdrehen erobern. Wie Du weißt habe ich einen Posten, der mir momentan \$ 40.- in der Woche trägt. Das ist nicht schlecht für den Anfang, jedoch die Temperaturen in den letzten Monaten spürt man empfindlich. Ich habe Aussicht für Aufbesserung und wird mir auch etwas mehr bleiben, wenn ich verheiratet bin, da ich jetzt mehr Steuern als hediger zahlen muß. In meiner Freizeit habe ich ein kleines Kinderbuch fertig gemacht und laßt mich hoffen, daß dies ein Erfolg wird. In dieser Linie will ich mich aufarbeiten. Ich habe Architektur aus vielen Gründen aufgegeben. Es ist fürchterlich schwer in dieser Linie selbständig hinein zu kommen.



③ Die ganze Sache ist sehr monopolisiert und wird man meistens ein Angestellter in einer großen Firma. Individuelle Berufswahl verschwindet mehr und mehr und zieht sich mehr und mehr auf „Society“ und reichliche Leute zurück. Außerdem habe ich viel mehr Lust an diesen Dingen. Was Du an mir in der Schmiererei und solchen Dingen gekannt hast, ist als ein stärkeres Talent hin ausgekommen. Und was ich an Schulung vernannt habe, habe ich in diesen Jahren mir selbst angeeignet. Ich habe nun Spaß sogar ein bisschen gemalt als ich noch in Amerika als Soldat diente und ~~Witze~~ Erfolge gehabt. Nun dies ist nur Vergnügen für mich und nicht Beruf. Worin ich mich jetzt wirklich festlege ist Reklame und Illustration und Ika, Du hast keine Ahnung was dies für eine große Sache hier ist. Mir diesmal will ich dabei bleiben und nicht mehr herumexperimentieren. Gernung Jahre verendet mit nichts. —

langsam beginne ich auch daran zu denken für uns Kleinigkeiten zu kaufen. letzte Woche habe ich wiße Hellederker für uns gekauft. Die Mutter hat mysteriöse Pakete weggeholt und sagt die gehören uns. Wenn ich noch eine kleine Wohnung finden könnte. es ist einfach wunderbar um eine kleine etwas





④ zu bekommen und leben die meisten jungen Ehepaare momentan provisorisch in gemieteten Räumen oder mit der Familie. Das möchte ich nicht. Aber all das ist nicht so wichtig - wenn Du nur schon hier wärest, damit ich Dich in meinen Armen haben kann.

Bevor ich diesen Brief zu schreiben begonnen hatte, habe ich wieder ein Paket an Dich an Kurt geschickt. Ich wäre so froh zu hören, daß Du schon eins erhalten hast. Es dauert so lange. ~~Das~~ Heute sandte Paket No. 6. Ein anderes Paket welches ~~nicht~~ ich Dir sandte ist durch die "C.A.R.E. Organisation" gesandt. Hast Du dieses noch immer nicht? An Kurt habe ich ein Kleiderpaket vor ungefähr 9 Wochen gesandt!

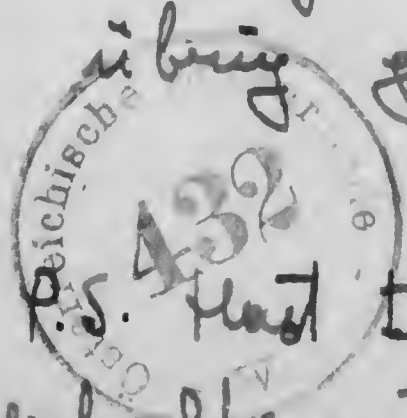
Hast Du in letzter Zeit von Hilka gehört? Wir sind hier fortwährend aufgebrannt über die Palästina Situation. Es scheint, daß wir Juden die einzigen sind, die den Krieg auf allen Fronten verloren haben, obwohl wir diesen bestimmt nicht wollten. Dazu haben 33000 Jungen in Palästina volontiert während des Kriegs - ~~wat~~ und haben als "Tommys" gegen Faschismus gekämpft! Wir leben in einer glorreichen Zeit!

Ich hätte Dich gerne bei mir - wenigstens ein bißchen Glück wünschen, daß auch diese Zeit nicht zerstören konnte. Meine Beziehung zu Dir ist ~~das~~ das einzige Ungetriebene und das einzig klare Ideal übrig geblieben -

Ich hab Dich sehr lieb -

Hast Du mein neues Offiziers  
erhalten?

mit vielen Küßchen Dein Leo.

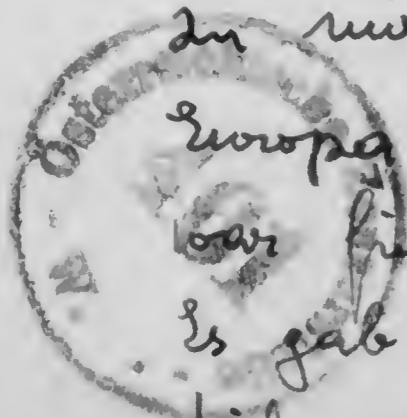


3. September 1946  
New-York

Mein liebster Hka-Kind,

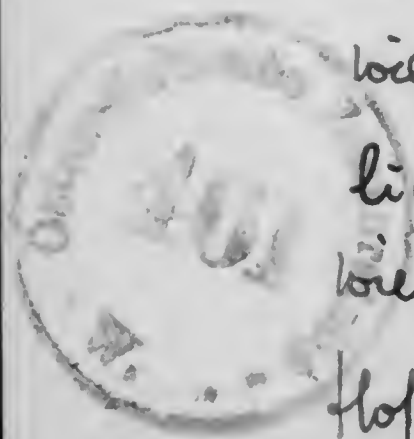
Vor ein paar Tagen habe ich Dir geschrieben - aber ich muß heute wieder schreiben, nachdem ich von Dir heute endlich Post erhalten habe; und dazu noch so einen langen Brief. Ich las den Brief in der "Subway" und die Leute wunderten sich wahrscheinlich weshalb ich so viel lachte. Ja - das war ein komischer Brief - und Du hast Dich in Deiner Art auszudrücken auch nicht sehr verändert. Es war ein komischer Brief, aber wie in jedem Humor, steckt auch da ein bißchen Wahrheit darin. Und lerne nicht ab, daß Du auch ein bißchen Wahrheit durchsickern hast lassen wollen. Nun - da muß ich mich halt beeilen Dir schnell zu antworten, damit meine "Schwärmereien" ein bißchen abgeschwächt werden. - Bevor ich aber damit beginne, möchte ich nur erwähnen, daß ich ~~sehr~~ sehr ungeduldig wegen der Konsulatangelegenheit bin. Vielleicht werde ich morgen etwas mit Washington unternehmen, um die Sache zu beschleunigen. Ich werde meinen Koffer sehen, der morgen Abends nach Washington fährt. Die Wartezeit geht mir schon schwer auf die Nerven - ich möchte schon sehen, daß etwas geschieht. - Kurt schreibt mir, daß er das Paket schon erhalten hat. Ich bin sehr erstaunt, daß er Dir gar nichts verlehrt hat. Ich sandte an seine Adresse alle Pakete und hoffe, daß Du sie bald erhältst - es ist schon so sehr lange seit ich das erste versandte. In Deinen B. letzten Briefen hast Du mir nicht gesagt, ob Du das letzte Affidavit erhalten hast, welches ich Dir vor einigen Wochen gesandt habe.

Und jetzt zur Antwort auf Deine wilde Attacke. Nun - das ist keine Angst auf meiner Seite - noch eine sogenannte Perlefertigung. Ich lache noch immer über Deinen Humor und verstehe auch einen Witz. Trotzdem war Dein Witz, die Antwort auf etwas Ernstes, das ich sagte. Ich verstehe ganz genau, daß Du im Ernst nicht darauf antworten hast wollen. Das ist eine kleine Unübersicht, die daraus entstand, daß wir noch nicht so viel zueinander sprachen. Und auf jedenfall will ich etwas vermeiden - nämlich, daß Du Dir eine Meinung zu bilden beginnst, die mit der Zeit ein Vorurteil wird, mit dem Du zu mir kommst. Vorerst sollst Du wissen, daß mein Leben, seit ich Europa verlassen mußte sehr unglücklich war. Die erste Zeit hier war finanziell sehr schwer und psychisch war ich vollkommen ausgeleert. Es gab nur einen positiven Gedanken - und das war meine Liebe zu Dir. Das klingt sehr poetisch - aber wenn einem dieser Gedanken



② jahrelang vom Selbstmord zurückgehalten hat - ist es nicht mehr Poesie sondern  
eiskaltes graues Alltag. Ich habe nichts vor Dir zu verstecken und will  
mich Dir so präsentieren, als die Jahre ohne Dich mich geformt haben.  
Für mich gab es nie Ersatz - sondern Zeiten des vollkommenen Alleinseins  
und Zeiten in welchen ich körperlich und seelisch ein Haack war und offensichtlich  
und ungeschminkt mich an jemandem klammerte um nicht runter zu klappen.  
Wenn ich „offensichtlich“ sage - so meine ich, daß in keinem Falle ich nicht  
von vornherein Dich erwähnte und meine absolute Absicht bei Dir zu  
stehen als erste Bedingung hinstellte. Das klingt kindisch - aber in der  
Wirklichkeit ergab es erstens sehr selten eine Gelegenheit um überhaupt  
etwas zu werden und wo es war, zahlte ich ~~nicht~~ gut und teuer. Ich sage  
Dir das nicht, um Sympathie zu kriegen, sondern es ist das, das Ergebnis  
eines abnormalen Zustandes - der nur abnormale Ereignisse gebären  
kann. Dies ist nicht das Resultat & meines „Temperaments“ allein  
- wenn ich das alles nicht durchgemacht hätte, würdest Du einen  
Krüppel begreifen. Nahe dazu war ich sovieso - rein medizinisch  
gesprochen - ich konnte einfach nach 3 Jahre allein sein nicht nur mehr  
mit Phantasie begnügen. Hka - wenn ich Dir nur mit Worten begreiflich  
machen könnte was ich damals durchmachte und wie gequält ich  
war einerseits wegen Dir und andererseits notgedrungen und egoistisch  
zu handeln. Dann kam der Krieg und die dreieinhalb Jahre in  
der Armerie gaben mir nicht viel Gelegenheit „mir es gut gehen zu  
lassen“. All das ich jetzt erwähnen habe ist nur ein kleiner Bruchteil  
von allem. Ich erwähne es, um keine Missverständnisse erwecken zu  
lassen. Und sollten Dir gewisse Bedenken doch noch Plage machen,  
dann werde ich Dir alles wirklich erklären, wenn Du allein in  
meinen Armen ruhst - und ich werde dann auch nicht reden  
müssen.

Wenn ich Dir manchmal nervös erkeine - entschuldige bitte.  
Ich bin vielleicht mehr sensitive geworden und ich denke viel daran  
wie wir uns treffen werden. Ich weiß von Dir und mir, daß wir uns  
lieben. Wir haben noch gar nicht miteinander reden können, wissen  
wie es um unser Denken steht, um unsere Interessen, um unsere  
Hoffnungen, wie wir gedanken unser Leben in dieser unsicheren

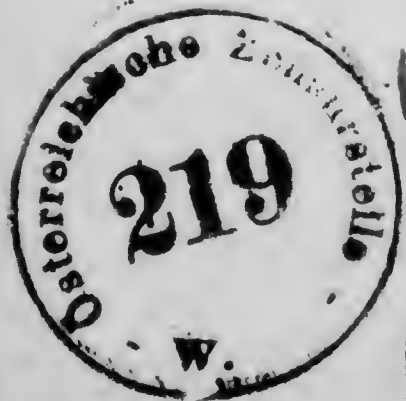


October 14, 1916.

Meine liebste Ibra,

Seit ungefähr 14 Tagen bin ich wieder ohne Post von Dir. Ich glaube aufhören zu müssen, Dich zu bitten mehr zu schreiben, denn Du tust es doch nicht. Ich wundere mich, ob das an mir liegt, ob Du mit mir nur auf die deine Briefe, oder weil Du in der letzten Woche wegen aller Schwierigkeiten bist. Ich selbst bin sehr enttäuscht, daß die Dinge so langsam gehen und auch nicht wenig deprimiert darüber. Ich tue alles, alles ~~das~~ das in meiner Macht steht, um die Sache vorwärts zu bringen. Wie ich Dir schon in dem letzten Briefe mitteilte, sah und sprach ich mit meinem „Congressman“, und er schrieb an den Consul. Ich erwarte auch persönliche Antwort vom Consul, nachdem ich an demselben geschrieben habe. Vor paar Tagen sprach ich mit einem Mann, der wegen Dir an eine höhere Persönlichkeit in Wien schrieb. Solltest Du eine Vorladung vom Justizministerium bekommen, erhebe dich nicht - dies würde eine Reaction zu diesem Brief sein.

Momentan bin ich sehr müde. Ich plage mich sehr, um vorwärts zu kommen.

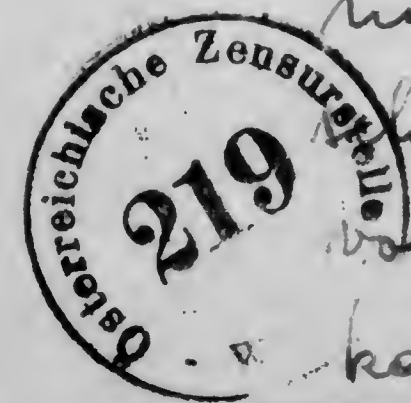


② Die Zeiten sind nicht leicht und für uns Veteranen, die von vorne beginnen mussten, ist es nicht so leicht. Vielleicht sind das nicht nur äußere Gründe - sondern es liegt sicher auch an uns selbst. Armer Leben und alles, das damit verbunden ist, reißt einem ganz aus dem Alltagsleben und der Weg zurück ist psychologisch nicht so leicht.

Bis jetzt habe von Dir noch keine Verständigung erhalten, ob Du jemals ein "Care"-Parket ~~schalt~~ bekommen hast. Letzte Woche sandte auch eines an Kurt. Ich wünschte ich wäre wieder, daß ich mehr senden könnte. Ich wollte Dir noch eines fragen. Ich weiß ja nicht, wie Du finanziell stehst, aber wenn Du es fun kannst, bringe eine Heier oder Polley flex mit.

Wie ist es überhaupt in Wien? Produzieren schon Fabriken für Export? z.B. Porzellan oder schönes Glas. Vielleicht hast Du eine gute Idee?

Wenn Du einmal ein bisschen Zeit hast, besuche Herrn Hobmeyer - er ist der Besitzer von diesem herrlichen Glasgeschäft, das immer in der Rändererstraße war. Der Vater ist mit ihm in Verbindung getreten und



schreiben zu einander. Stelle Dich als die Braut von dem jüngeren Glückselig vor - Du kannst ihm auch den Brief zeigen, vielleicht

③ wäre es ganz gut, wenn Du mit ihm sprechen könntest.

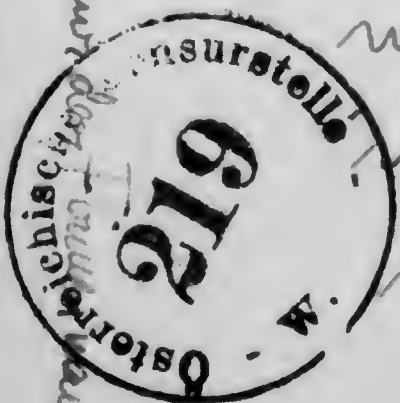
Hier gibt es sonst nichts Neues. Ein Tag nach dem anderen verläuft mit viel Arbeit und Hoffnungen. Gestern Abend traf ich zum ersten mal seit ich zurück bin Hilky (Jellinek) jetzt heißt sie Rossi. (Das ist das Mädch, zu welcher wir beide in Wien gingen, als ich von Uta's auf der Straße, von Dir wegverhaftet wurde - kannst Dich erinnern?) Sie ist mit einem Italienschen Correspondenten verheiratet und geht in den nächsten Tagen nach Europa. Vielleicht wird sie auch nach Wien kommen und hat deshalb Deine Adresse genommen. Aber ich hoffe, daß bis dahin wirst Du nicht mehr in Wien sein.

Was hörst Du von Hilka? Ich schrieb zu ihr vor ein par Wochen und erwarte bald Antwort. Hast Du jemals von Teddy und Lucy gehört? Sie sandten Dir noch vor langer Zeit ein Telegramm nach B. aber ich weiß nicht, ob Du es jemals erhaltst. Auf jedenfall gebe ich Dir ihre Adresse: Theo Salzman, Tel-Aviv, Balfour 19, Palestina.

Munk - ich bin leider heute sehr nervös und entschuldige wenn ich Dir so einen sachlichen Brief schrieb - nächstbestenweniger sollst Du Dir immer gewiß sein, wie sehr ich Dich liebe - in guter und schillerter Laune - immer mit meinem ganzen Herzen -

Dein  
Ker

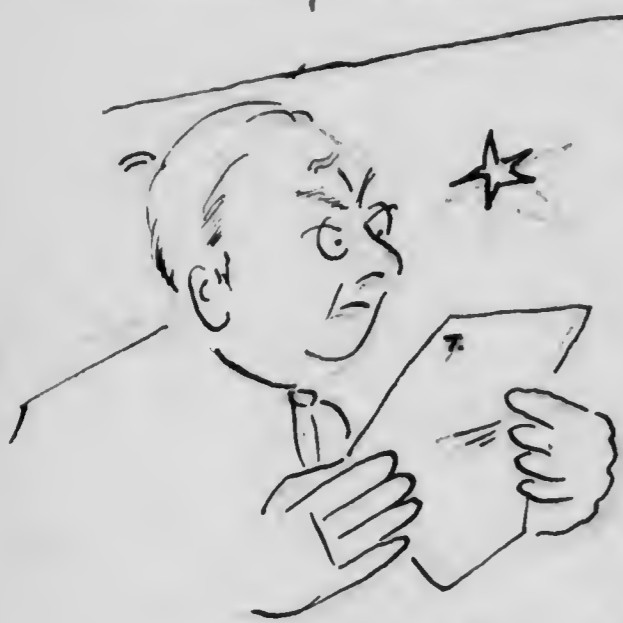
P.S. Das Rossiter  
beni, Hofweger  
heißt Herr Rath  
fr. Hofweger ist



11. 10. 1946

liebste Itka -

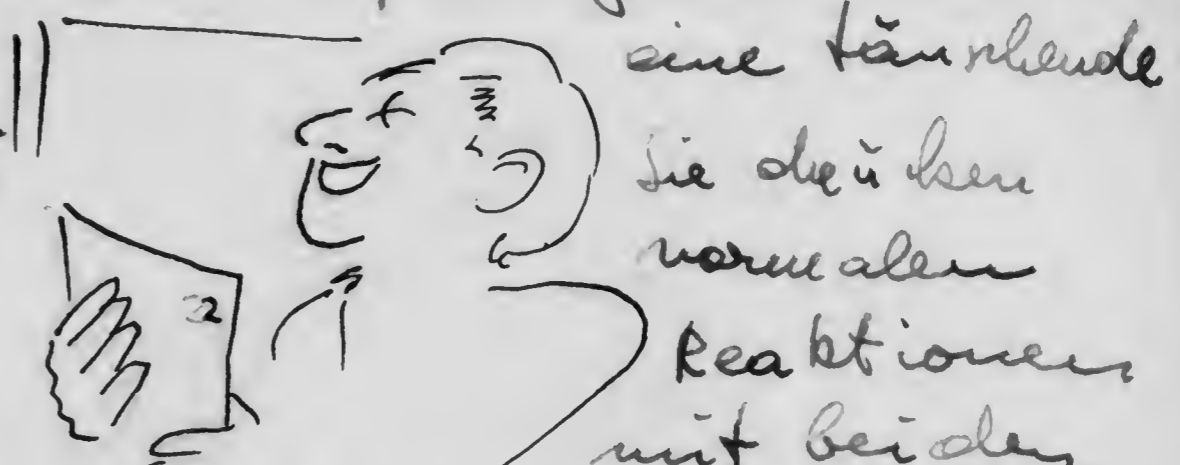
Gestern versäumte ich den Briefträger und Vater telefonierte mir, daß 2 Briefe an mich gekommen waren und er hätte diese



in Geschäft mitgenommen. In der Mittagspause holte ich sie mir ab und las diese im Autobus am Rückwege. In einem Beobachter muß ich ungefähr so ausgesehen haben, als ich die zwei Briefe las - und ich weiß bestimmt, daß Du weißt, um welche Briefe es sich handelt. Ich kann nur

sagen, daß ich froh bin, daß ich beide Briefe zugleich erhalten habe - Briefe sind manchmal und daher gefährliche Angelegenheit.

einem Moment aus ~~und~~ unter Umständen eine weitere Kette von gewesen wären - kommt nichts. So Briefen in der Hand ist ein ähnliches Ausgleichen da und Du wirst auch nicht so unglücklich sein, daß einmal die Post spät war.

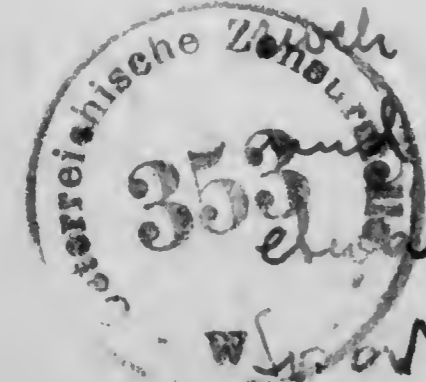


Itka - ich will nicht jetzt den „großzügigen“ Herren spielen und ~~noch~~ quasi von oben herab sagen ich bin nicht böse. Ich bin Dir nicht böse, weil ich Dich gerne habe und

wenn das prinzipienlos aussieht - so stelle Dir vor, daß vielleicht in großer Liebe man in stande ist verletzt zu werden und nicht in stande ist böse zu sein. Es wäre so billig einfach zu sagen ich verzeihe Dir - wo Du Dich wirklich ehrlich entschuldigst.

Das habe ich immer respektiert und in diesem Falle, kann ich es auch nicht anders. Es ist nur ein Punkt, der mir am Herzen liegt. Jeder Mensch kann einen Fehler begehen oder z.B. auch keine große Phantasy haben - er muß deshalb nicht so neugierig sein. Und wenn ich vergeben hätte

nicht Dich überrascht hätte - Itka Du hast mir da geschrieben, was ich nicht verdient habe - weder im Sports noch im Ernst. Diese Bemerkung mit Blumen Dir aufs Grab zu senden - ich weiß nicht, ob ich eine große Phantasy



② habe - aber während all diesen fahren habe ich <sup>nicht</sup> um Dich so viel zu  
gesorgt, nur Dein leben und meine Phantasy war da nicht klein - das  
Du so was sagst, hat mich sehr gekränkt. Entschuldige, wenn ich  
Dir das alles schreibe - aber es ist nicht gut etwas zurück zu halten und ich  
fühle mich besser nachdem ich es gesagt habe. Munk - ich bin kein  
Engel - noch einige male in unserem leben mag es vorkommen,  
daß ich etwas falsch mache und Du eine Klut kriegst - Du selbst  
weißt, daß man Fehler machen kann - bitte lieber zeruehmetere  
einen Seibel - oder etwas in der Kueche - vergesse nicht, daß  
wir uns gegenseitig respectieren wollen - immer Meine Geliebte



ich will Dir wirklich keine Predigt halten - ich  
habe das - wir haben einen kleinen Streit gehabt  
und vorbei ist vorbei. Und wenn es Dir auch  
peinlich ist, was ich sage - antieft würdest  
Du es nicht wollen, daß ich lächelnd über  
alles hinweg gehe. Dazu habe ich Dich zu lieb -  
- viel zu lieb und Du mußt mich nicht zweimal bitten,  
Dir zu sagen - daß ich Dich lieb habe - Teufel - noch  
lieber kann möglich.

Um jetzt auf das praktische überzugehen. Inwieweit habe ich  
noch 3 par Strümpfe gekauft und wollte nur die Bestätigung ab-  
warten, ob sie Dir passen. Heute sandte gleich ein par per luftpost ab  
und sende den Rest in den nächsten Tagen. Ich möchte eventuell  
auch gerne Deine Freundin mit einem paar überraschen - sie  
wird sonst Herzweh haben - bitte sage mir ob sie größer als Du  
ist.



Ich bin nur froh, daß sie Dir passen - ich habe  
die kleinste Nummer gekauft No. 8 1/2 und bitte sei jetzt  
nicht so stolz - sonst rennst Du noch so wie  
da auf der Straße herum - und ich kenne  
Amerikanische Soldaten - ich war <sup>selbst</sup> <sup>einer</sup> doch  
selbst einer! Ich habe noch  
immer nicht die letzten 4 Briefe durchgelesen, aber





③ glaube nicht, vergessen zu haben. eine Sache ist Dein Pelz. Ich  
Kleine - ich schrieb Dir, dass ich ein sehr schlimmes Vorurteil hatte  
- es beschäftigte mich für 3 Wochen und ging so wenig als  
möglich aus. Außerdem ist es schwer für mich jetzt - ich bin  
sehr, sehr beschäftigt und mit jeder freien Minute aus. So werde  
ich Dir ein Modemagazin senden. Dennoch glaube ich, dass Du  
Dir den Pelz hier verarbeiten lässt - natürlich in Europa wird es  
billiger sein. Dann bist Du mir, dass ich an Verwandten  
von Heidek schreiben soll - ich werde auf Antwort - habe  
schon geschrieben. Well - und später werde ich noch die Briefe  
lesen und sehen, ob ich noch etwas vergessen habe - wenn ja  
- entschuldige - wenn nicht - eine Tracht Pünktel mehr auf  
Dein Konto.

Bestenfalls erhalte ich eine Antwort von meinem Congressman,  
in welchem er mir mitteilt, dass er in Deiner Angelegenheit  
interventiert. Werden wir sehen was geschieht. Außerdem hat er  
mich sehr interessiert, was Du mir vom Consulat mitteiltest.  
Wenn Du von der Budapester Polizei, das Sittenzertifikat  
nicht erhalten kannst, so dachte ich mir immer, dass die  
Prüfung investigieren kann. Schließlich haben wir kompetente  
„Prüfungintelligente“. Mit allen „Displaced Persons“, welche  
hierher kamen ist es so gewesen - diese haben doch vom Anfang  
an überhaupt keine Papiere gehabt. Ich glaube, dass  
dies der wirkliche Ausweg ist und hoffe wenigstens  
dass sie bald investigieren, was Du für eine  
brave Person bist. (Mir sollen sie lieber nicht  
fragen -) Über Deine Reise zu Deiner Mutter, weiß  
ich wirklich nicht recht, was ich sagen soll. Ich weiß,  
dass ich ein schreckliches Vorurteil habe - einmal haben  
wir wegen so etwas darauf gezahlt. Geld ist doch näher

353  
steirische  
Kongress

④ gut - und bei Gott es würde ~~mir~~ gut sein etwas mehr zu haben,  
aber ich bitte Dich nur dann zu gehen wenn Du - wie Du sagtest -  
beides hin - und Retourreise bewilligung hast. Und dann nur  
auf kurze Zeit - weil ich bei Gott nicht haben will, daß Du  
etwas vernünftig. Wenn ich nur alle Details genauer wüßte,  
würde ich viel definitiveren Rat geben - so lege ich an ~~dein~~ Dein  
Herz und Verstand genau zu überlegen was Du machst.  
Sag Itka - was machen die Aufnahmen? Sage Feri,  
daß ich ~~ein~~ Dir einen speziellen Kuß sende - wenn ich die  
Aufnahmen bald bekomme - das ist eine Versprechung und keine  
Drohung! Ich erwarte selbst jetzt ein par bessere Aufnahmen  
und werde Dich dann mit meinem neuen Kauterfei be-  
glücken. Übrigens warte nicht solange und komme  
bald Dir es selbst anschauen.

Ich liebe Dich

Ich liebe Dich sehr

Ich liebe Dich wirklich sehr

Ich liebe Dich wirklich sehr stark

Ich liebe Dich wirklich sehr stark - und sogar ein bißchen mehr

Du goldige Bißgewur

- Dein  
Leo.

P.S. „Spray“ kann ich seit Wochen  
nicht kriegen - daher sende soviel „Bacon“  
weil das Fett auch gut zum Kochen ist.



Meine liebste Tika.

Wir freuen uns immer unendlich sehr, wenn von Dir Brief kommt an unseren lieben Leo gerichtet. Er erzählt uns dann, was Du ihm schreibst (natürlich nur das was er will) das macht aber mir nichts). Ich wäre zwar manchmal sehr neugierig, — aber dann lacht Leo und <sup>bin</sup> auch so zufrieden und auch glücklich, da ich sehe wie Leo glücklich ist wenn er Brief von Dir hat. Wie Leo mir sagte so bist Du schon sehr ungeduldig — wir sehnen uns ja auch auf Dich — aber Du <sup>musst</sup> Geduld haben — bei den jetzigen Zeiten geht ja alles immer sehr langsam. Da erinnere ich mich, wie wir noch in Wien waren — wie wir auch schon alle Papiere hatten und trotz dem so lange auf das amerikanische Visum warten mussten. Wir waren damals auch schrecklich ungeduldig, aber schließlich kam das Visum doch — und so wird es auch mit <sup>bei Dir</sup> Geschäften und schließlich wirst Du auch das Visum bekommen — und dann, dann wird es ein großes, glückliches Wiedersehen geben, auf das wir uns alle sehr freuen werden. Von uns persönlich kann Dir mitteilen, dass wir <sup>alle</sup> wohl gesund sind, was ja schließlich die Hauptsache ist. Man ist so eine ganze Woche immer fleißig in seinen Beruf, kommt dann Abend immer müde nach Hause, aber dann sitzen wir zusammen, auch mit Leo beim Abendessen und erzählen uns wie man den Tag verbracht hat. Letzter kann gut schmusen und da sprechen wir sehr viel von Dir. Was mir möglich ist macht Leo um seine „Kleine Tika“ so bald als mir möglich ist, herüber zu bringen. Also mein liebes Kind, lege recht wohl, laue es Dir nur immer recht gut gehen und ich wünsche Dir alles erdenklich Beste und Gute. Ich grüße Dich innigst und umarme Dich in meinen Gedanken und küsse Dich herzlich. Dein Vater



Meine liebe Tika!

Auch ich habe den grossen Wunsch  
Dich recht bald bei uns zu haben,  
und wie ich hoffe recht bald.  
Sei nicht ungeduldig, letztes Kindes  
wird schon alles gut ausgehen.  
Mein liebes Kind, bleibe weiter recht  
tapfer, und ich hoffe Dich recht bald  
in meinen Armen schliessen zu  
können. Inzwischen lasse es Dir  
recht gut gehen, bleibe gesund  
viele herzlichste Grüsse und Küsse  
in grosser Liebe, Deine

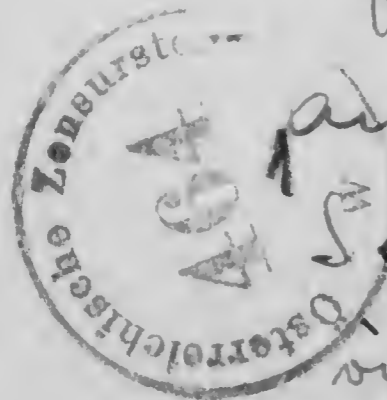
Mutter

New-York, 6. Oktober 1946.

Mein liebster Kind,

Hier gewöhnlich - am Sonntag morgen schreibe ich Dir von Lieben. ~~Dann~~ Ich habe etwas länger geschlafen und wachte in hellem Sonnenschein auf. Die Fenster sind offen und es ist so warm wie im Frühling. Herbst ist hier die schönste Jahreszeit - aber bei diesem veränderlichen Wetter kann es innerhalb einiger Tage strenger Winter werden. Von Dir habe ich letzte Woche nichts gehört und bin schon auf den nächsten Brief gespannt. Inzwischen habe ich einige Dinge unternommen, die ich Dir mitteilen möchte.

Ich erzählte Dir, daß ich meinen Congressman sehen will und daher nach Washington fahren wollte. Nachdem der Congress momentan auf einige Zeit vertagt ist, habe ich ihn in New-York erreicht. Ich erhielt ziemlich schnell ein „appointment“ und ging zu ihm ins Office, wo ich persönlich mit ihm sprach. Ich mußte ihm nicht viel sagen - nachdem ich ihm unsere Angelegenheit genau vorgetragen - erklärte er augenblicklich positiv für uns - und wie er sagte, sei es die Unmöglichkeit daß ein Sittenzeugnis von B. zu bekommen eine Sache, die nicht in Deinem Markt bereich läge zu überkommen. Daher ~~und~~ <sup>würde</sup> er gleich

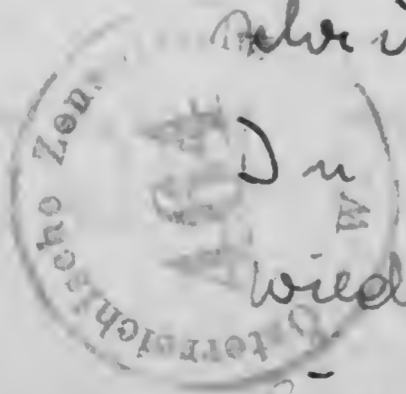


an den Wiener Consul schreiben, um diese Sache zu bereinigen. Ich erhoffe mir wirklich viel davon. Ich möchte Dir nur noch einen gleichen Fall erzählen, wo ein deutsches Mädchen die

② hier keine, vor dem Kriege in Frankreich nicht imstande war  
Papiere aus ~~Frankreich~~ Deutschland zu erhalten. Sie zeigte  
dem Konsul, die Bestätigungen von eingeschriebenen Briefen  
auf welchen sie nie Antwort erhielt und zuletzt sah von  
diesen Papieren ab und gab ihr das Visum. Also - ich  
will Dir nur beweisen, daß alle diese Dinge geordnet werden  
können - und in unserem Fall - werden und müssen. Wer  
nicht den Kopf verlieren.

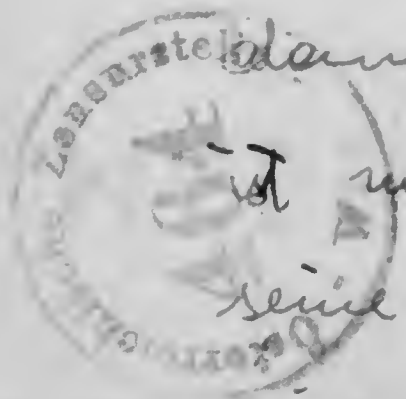
Außerdem habe ich an den Wiener Consul persön-  
lich auch einen langen Brief geschrieben, welchen er - wie  
ich glaube kaum übersehen wird. Ich habe mich genau  
an die Tatsachen gehalten, daß Du alles beisammen  
hast und daß unsere Angelegenheit nur am Sittenzeugnis  
stehen geblieben ist. Ich bewies ihm, wie lange ich Dich  
hierher bringen wollte, erinnerte ihm, daß ich solange  
in der Armee war und daher das Recht habe  
Dich auf weit bevorzugter Weise hierher zu bringen und  
daß es nicht unsere Schuld ist, wenn wir dieses eine  
Papier nicht bekommen können, weil wir zwei kleinen  
Individuen bestimmt keinen Einfluß auf gewisse  
Institute in Europa haben können. etc. etc.

Außerdem schrieb ich auch einen Brief an Renee  
Schwarz - kannst Du Dich an Sie erinnern? Ich  
schrieb über Sie zu Dir - aber weiß nicht, ob  
Du diesen Brief jemals erhieltst. Sie ist jetzt  
wieder in Portugal, wo sie lebt. Sie ist mit  
einem höherem Diplomaten dort verheiratet und



③ solltest Du einen Brief von einer „Renee Magalhães Cardoso“ erhalten, so ist das das Mädl, die davon ehuld ist, daß ich Dich kenne. Das heißt, sie hat mir in Wien geholfen, Dich kennen zu lernen und stellte mich Dir im Buffet der Schule vor. Kannst Dich erinnern? Ich weiß nicht, wieviel sie Dir helfen wird können - ich weiß nur, daß sie während des ganzen Krieges, ihre Stellung dazu benützt hat sich zu helfen. Sie war vor einiger Zeit hier auf Besuch und besprach mich sich nur Dich zu kümmern, nur war sie in der Zwischenzeit erst in England und ist jetzt erst nach Portugal zurück. (Renee ist eine geborene Polin, die mit Dir immer polnisch sprach - ein Bißchen verwirrt, aber sehr gutherzig!) —

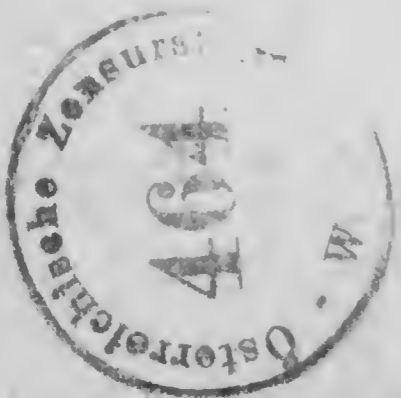
Also - die Feiertage sind vorbei. Für meine Eltern war es eine große Sache. Es ist das erste mal seit Jahren, daß ich da war und kannst Dir vorstellen, daß sie es sehr glücklich machte. Wir Kinder sind ja nicht sehr religiös und sie üben es, aber es gibt keine Schwierigkeiten in diesem Punkt. In unserem privaten Leben, lassen sie uns damit in Ruhe und wir respektieren sie, wenn es in diesen Tagen kommt, indem wir alle zusammen kommen. Natürlich bist Du es dann, der immer fehlt. Besten Abend nach dem Essen sind wir alle jungler dann zu Toni und Martha gefahren. Toni ist mein Freund und jetziger Chef und Marthas seine Frau ist Gabie's Cousine. Mit denen haben wir immer große Hetz - sie sind gut verheiratet



④ und jetzt es Ihnen jetzt sehr gut. Wie ich nach Amerika kam war Martha Hansgeleit für. Toni traf ich später - durch Martha die ich später kennen und lieben lernte. Der war nicht in der Armee und in den Kriegsjahren, wo es an Männern sehr mangelte, hat er sich sehr gut eingefügt. So sitzen wir immer zusammen - drei Paare, Paul - Ines, Fritz - Gabi und Toni - Martha und sind drei verheiratete Ehepaare über welche ich entschieden viel lache und dann fallen alle über mich her und warnen mich, was ich für ein Ehemann sein werde. Welt - momentan habe ich noch gut lachen - werden wir sehen was für ein Stiefelheld ich sein werde. (Du sagtest immer „Stiefelhalter“!) Zufällig fällt es mir jetzt ein - hast Du Gabi schon beantwortet? Du bist so faul —

~~So~~ Also Kleine - für heute genug. Schreibe bald wieder - und ich hoffe, daß Du nicht mehr oft schreiben mußt. Inzwischen sei wie immer von mir auf das herzlichste gegrußt und obwohl Du es schon ein paar mal gehört hast - möchte ich Dir noch einmal sagen, daß ich Dich eigentlich liebe. Glaubst Du mir das? Besser gewöhne Dich daran, denn ich tue es sehr —

immer Dein



100



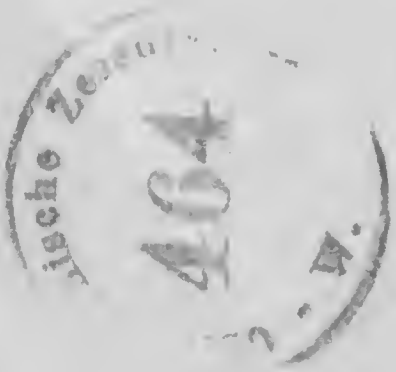
Meine allerliebste Itka,

Wir waren sehr überrascht und haben uns wirklich riesig gefreut mit Deinen Telegramm an den Feiertagen. Wir haben diese Tage sehr gut verbracht, und haben fleissig gebetet, auch mit unseren Gedanken bei Dir, liebe Itka, und so hoffen wir dass uns der Allmächtige erhören will, und das Du auch recht bald in unserer Mitte sein kannst. Leo war im Tempel an meiner Seite dieses mal, nach so langer Zeit, auf das ich so viele Jahre gewartet habe. Ich wünsche ich Dir auch alles erdenklich Beste und Gute und sollen uns auch alle Wünsche in Erfüllung gehen. Ich grüsse Dich nochmals recht herzlich und sei innigst geküsst von Deinem Vater

Meine liebste Itka!

Auch von mir die besten Wünsche, und so will ich hoffen, dass wir recht bald mit Dir beisammen sind. Bleibe weiter recht tapfer, und gesund, viele herzlichste Grüsse, küsse Dich recht innigst, Deine

Mutter



22. Sept. 1946

21. 9. 46

Meine liebe Ibsen,

Seitdem ich Dir das letztemal geschrieben  
- das war letzten Samstag - habe ich eine unau-  
genheure Woche verbracht. Ich schrieb Dir, daß  
ich ein Formikel am Halsen hatte - also jetzt ist es  
bereits im Heilen - aber bis es so weit kam machte  
ich ziemlich viel mit. Es war sehr tiefgehend und  
sehr schmerzhaft. und ich war so damit beschäftigt  
daß ich kaum arbeiten konnte. Nun ist es gottwei-  
denk vorbei - und ich kann mich wieder ohne  
Schwierigkeiten nach den lieben Mädchen wenden.  
Kannst Dir vorstellen, was ich mit gemacht habe - eine  
ganze Woche konnte ich nicht.

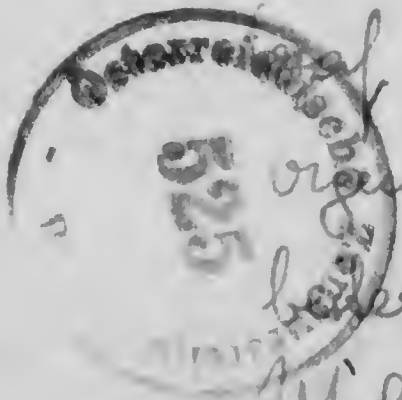
Von Dir Bessie, habe ich die letzte Woche gar  
nichts und so muß ich mich über Wochen ende  
wieder gedulden, weil es da überhaupt keine  
Post gibt. Ich bin mehr als ungeduldig etwas  
von Dir zu hören. Ich verstehe es nicht ganz, warum  
der Consul in Wien gerade so schwierig ist. Ich  
will Dir Dein Herz nicht schwer machen, aber wirklich  
habe ich telefonisch mit einem Mädchen gesprochen, die  
mit dem selben Papieren, die ich Dir gesandt habe, in  
London innerhalb 5 Minuten das Visa bekam.  
Hör zu Munk - glaubst Du, ich soll an den Wiener  
Consul schreiben? Ich habe mich mit Washington  
in Verbindung gesetzt und erwarte jetzt Antwort.



Jetzt geht es so schwer. Die Welt ist verrückt.  
Diese Woche habe ich an Dich wieder ein CARE  
Paket bestellt, weil wegen des Schiffverkehrs ich Bismarck

② für 3 Wochen nichts senden konnte. Aber der Streik ist schon beigelegt und hier hat auch ein Paket an Dich gesandt. Ich kämpfe sehr, um für uns eine kleine Wohnung zu kriegen. Munk - Du kannst Dir nicht vorstellen, was es für mich bedeuten würde, eine zu kriegen, aber Du hast auch keine Vorstellung, wie schwer es ist erfolgreich zu sein. Es wird kaum etwas frei und wenn einmal sich etwas zeigt, so sind hunderte darum sie zu bekommen. Und wer am meisten Protection hat und am meisten schminkt - der erhält sie. Vielleicht habe ich doch Glück - halte fest den Dammern.

Sonst gibt es nicht viel Neues. Ich arbeite viel und hart. Letzte Woche mußte ich ein paar Tage zuhause bleiben wegen meinem Formikel. In meiner freien Zeit sehe ich meistens alte Freunde oder mit Fritz & Geby oder Paul & Lisl. Kannst Dich wohl an Jünger erinnern - der junge Schauspieler, der oft bei uns oben war - den sehe ich oft, dann Friedl Berger und seine Americanische Freunde (er war Kollege von mir.) Die und da sehe ich Dagmar - ein Mädel von der Schule, die Du aber nicht kennst - sie war vor Deiner Zeit in Wien. Sie ist mit einem Americaner verheiratet - sehr nett. Und dann ist noch ein guter Freund da, - Billy - ein seiner Mädel, mit der ich hoffe, daß Du Dich gut verstehen wirst. Ich kannte Billy nicht in Wien, sondern erst sie durch Fredl Fast, vor dem Zuge. Er ist irgend wie verwandt mit Her. Sie ist vielleicht mein bester Freund hier - hatten niemals irgendwelche Mißverständnisse und in der Zeit, wo mir am liebsten war ein Mensch mit dem ich reden konnte



3) und mit dem 3. meine Zusammenkünfte ein großes menschliches  
Halt bedenkete. Hast Du noch erinnert, vor dem Krieg  
sandte ich Dir Photos mit einem „Irish Setter“ - das war  
bei ihrer Familie dran. Momentan haben sie 9 Setter!  
Wenn Du schon da wärest würde ich einen nehmen - aber  
so kann ich leider nicht. - Dann sehe ich noch die  
und die Burschen mit denen ich ~~diene~~ in der Armee  
diente - und immer wieder fragen sie nach Her. Sie  
alle kennen Dich - habe ich doch eine große Photo von  
Dir über die ganze Welt mitgetragen und wo ich immer  
nichts zum schlafen legte, hast Du mich augenblicklich  
sonst tue ich nicht viel. Ich arbeite noch manches  
mal für mich allein - experimentiere - ich muß ja  
sehen, was ich noch anfangen kann. Die Zeiten sind  
jetzt verwirrt und ~~schlecht~~ es ist nicht leicht gerade  
jetzt zu beginnen. So muß man viel arbeiten.  
Aber ich bin voll mit Ambitionen - Hoffnung. Daran  
bist Du schuld.

Mink - ich sehne mich sehr nach Dir  
und träume schon von dem Tage, wo Du bei  
mir sein wirst. Wir alle hier warten, um Dich  
in unsere Mitte zu nehmen.

Ich hoffe bald das Beste von Dir zu hören. Ich  
umarme Dich in innigster Liebe und sei  
vielmals geküßt  
von Deinem



red

25 September 1946  
N - Y - C.

My Darling,

du mein liebster - gerade als wir uns gestern zum  
Freitags nacht wahl niedersetzen kam Dein  
Blickwunschtelegramm und nachdem wir alle  
gerade beisammen waren, kam es gerade  
zur richtigen Zeit. Du kommst Dir wohl kaum  
vorstellen, wie sehr wir uns alle freuen - und  
natürlich gab es gleich viel Tränen. Wirklich  
wenn ich Dich nur schon bei mir hätte - jedenfalls  
danke ich Dir die Anale und sollen nur alle unsere  
Wünsche bald in Erfüllung gehen. & propo -  
hast Du jemals meinen Brief und Telegramm erhalten,  
welche ich Dir zu Deinem letzten Geburtstag  
sandte? Du hast es mir bestätigt.

Heute habe ich frei und war ich für eine  
Weile beim Vater im Tempel. Für ihn bedeutet  
das sehr viel - war das doch sein Wunsch in  
all den Jahren, wo ich wegfahr weg war.

So trug ich heute noch langer Zeit wieder  
einmal einen Hut - ich glaube ich muß  
mir einen neuen kaufen - der ist mir  
etwas komisch geworden. -

Heute Sonntag bin ich auch wegen  
einer Holzung muß erkundigen gewesen -  
habe mit einem Agenten verhandelt.  
Man muß mit diesen Leuten wie mit  
Prinzen umgehen, denn sie sind jetzt



②

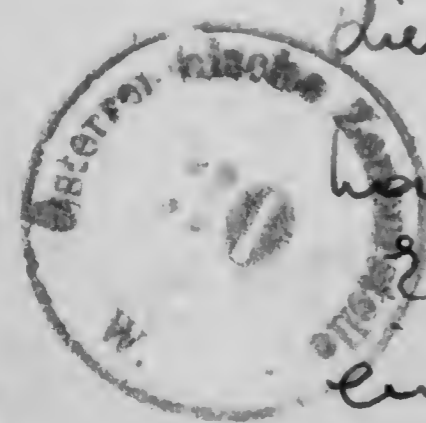
sehr umworben und verwöhnt. Hunderte Leute betteln



um Wohnungen und gewöhnlich wird die Sympathie jenen zugewandt der am meisten bittet. Mit der ich heute verhandelte scheint etwas anständiger zu sein -

Jedenfalls ließ er mir etwas Hoffnung und wenn wir Glück haben - ~~es~~ werden wir bald etwas haben. Bitte halte den Dammern kleine.

Von Dir Munk habe ich jetzt die zweite Woche keine Nachricht und fröhliche daher, daß Du noch nichts weißt. Hast Du jemals von Deinen Bekannten in B. Antwort erhalten? Mir kommt das alles so verdeckt vor. Erst ~~ratet~~ Dir der Consul in B. an nach Wien zu gehen und dann in Wien ~~§~~ verlangt er Papiere von B. Ich bin überzeugt er könnte ~~es~~ Dir das Visa ohne dem Papier geben, wie so viele andere ohne diesen hier ankamen. Ich bemühe mich alles jetzt um Einfluß auf Deinen Fall zu erhalten. Bitte mein Liebster sei nicht zu verbos - alles dies werden wir bald bestimmt überstanden



haben. Eben diese Münze habe ich von Kurbel eines Brief erhalten. Er scheint mir

3. dass es so sehr beschäftigt ist, dass es nicht. Ich weiß nicht warum - aber empfinden, dass zwischen Euch eine Hoffenliebe habe ich Unrecht. Er kündigt nicht sehr glücklich in seinem Brief.

Dies sehr wenig ich habe so das das kleine Spannung ist.

Mache heute nacht träume ich, dass es mir zu Bunt wurde und ich nach Wien ging. In der Kumpelgasse - das ist ganz nahe bei Dir - bin ich gerannt und konnte ~~so~~ nicht dem Haus finden und fragte jeden ob es vielleicht Frä. Franziska Klein kennt. Du siehst ich träume schon sogar. Aber das befriedigt mich nicht - das macht mich nur noch ungeduldiger und ich werde es solange sein bis ich Dich wie auf dieser Leihung in meinen Armen halte.



Schreib ein bisschen mehr

Du elender Faulpelz oder die Begrüßung wird eher so wie ~~das~~ das aussehen.



Trotzdem liebe ich Dich - und umarme Dich, mit tausend Küßchen immer Dein  
kes

AR 25193

V13

LEO Glueckselig Collection

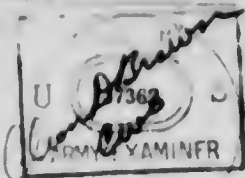
1942-1945

Glueckselig, LEO to Glueckselig, MAY and Pauline



provided. See opposite, don't cut, or punch. Write plainly. Very small writing is not collectible.

No



INSOR'S STAMP

To  
MR. & MRS.  
MAX GLUECKSELIG  
1894 WALTON AVE.  
BRONX, NEW-YORK.

From

TELE. B. LEO GLUECKSELIG 32406  
[Sender's name] 29

HQ. DET. 79574 MP. Bn.  
[Sender's address]

A.P.O. #35040 PM. N.Y., N.Y.

SEPT. 24<sup>th</sup>, 1944.  
[Date]

My dearest Parents,

In the last few days I wasn't able to write a word to you. I was very, very busy and didn't find a minute time to do it. I write now early in the morning, because I don't know what this day will bring and I want to be sure to have a letter going out to you. In your last letter you told me that you had no mail since 10 days. I hope you got a few of them, because I never waited that long without writing.

All the last days, ~~was~~ were very interesting, - if I can call it that way. I have seen a lot of things, - things I shall never forget in my life and which I wish people could see, who have the good fortune to live in security and far away from war.

I shall have to tell you much stories, when I come back, from the rigors of war and from the strength of human beings, to live on with just their hope and nothing else of worldly possessions. And I have seen only a small part - it looks that way all over Europe.

Still they can smile - and I am happy about that. We all do - with the hope of a better world ahead.

With all my love

yours

Leo.

V - MAIL



FORT CUSTER  
BATTLE CREEK, MICHIGAN

May 1st 1944,

My dearest Parents,

The first day is over again and I was in noovy with ~~of~~ a few of the boys. Coming back I want to write quickly a few lines to you.

I was pretty busy today, but it was pleasant work. I made some lettering on an Army insignia, which our Colonel presented to an inspecting officer. He was very satisfied and I was busy with it all day long and before I knew it the day was over. Naturally I feel a little blue, as it happens allways in the first days after furlough, but I will get in again very quickly.

I found out something today which made me very happy. I told

you, that all the other boys in the companies got only 5 days furloughs. Well - I found out, that 15 minutes after I had left - they were looking for me and the other 2 fellows from H.Q. They had changed their mind. If I would have been still there I would have come only ~~one~~ for 3 days also - so they let us run. I have one principle - if I get a pass, I get out, as fast as possible, because they always are liable to change their mind in the last minute.

This principle paid dividends this time and I am I happy, that I was able to stay that long with you.

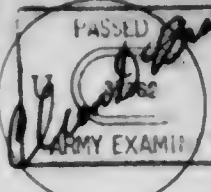
Otherwise there is no news - everything as I had left it. Today it was raining very much, after a beautiful spring day yesterday. It seems I brought the bad weather with me.

Good night my Dears, best greetings to every single one and be kissed a hundred times

in love

yours

Leo.



(CENSOR'S STAMP)

TO: MR. & MRS.  
 MAX GLUECKSELIG  
 1894 WALTON AVE  
 BRONX, N.Y.

SEE INSTRUCTION NO. 2

FROM  
 TEL. S LEO GLUECKSELIG  
 32410624  
 HQ. DET. 79574 MP. Bn.  
 A. P. D. #352 c/o P. H. N. Y. C. N.Y.

(Sender's complete address above)

August 17th, 1944

My dearest Parents,

This will be again a letter, written in a hurry. I hope you know then, that it is a matter of time. I had again pretty much work to do - but feel excellent and fine. By the way I took the measles off one week ago. I looked terrible - it was a real ugly bright blond. And I feel better without the brown in my face too.

Today I received with much pleasure your candies and have my mouth full since then - and a few English kids will be happy too. Many, many thanks my Dears - it is really kind and I enjoy it very much.

Other wise there is not much to report I am very well and dreaming to be a lazy again. But that will have to wait for a time.

Be greeted - as always with all my love and from my heart  
 yours  
 Leo

HAVE YOU FILLED IN COMPLETE ADDRESS AT TOP?

DELIVERED BY V-MAIL

HAVE YOU FILLED IN COMPLETE ADDRESS AT TOP?

U. S. GOVERNMENT PRINTING OFFICE: 1943 10-21408-0

Postage and insurance charges on post matters in the post office and your return address to the agent provided on the right top typewriter, don't list, or don't pencil. Pencil or small writing is not suitable for photographing.



(CENSOR'S STAMP)

TO: MR. & MRS.  
MAX GLUECKSELIG  
1894 WALTON AVE  
BRONX, N.Y. U.S.A.

SEE INSTRUCTION NO. 2

FROM:  
TELE. LEO GLUECKSELIG 3240629  
HQ. DET. 795th MP. BN.  
A.P.O. 350 c/o P.M. N.Y., N.Y.

(Sender's complete address above)

July 1st 1944

My beloved Parents,

The mail from home is still coming in slowly - but I hope that will change soon. There are always several days between each letter and I wait very for them very anxiously. Outside of my work I haven't done much lately - the weather has been so miserable that I haven't much inclination for long walks. Last time I was out I met a little girl - rather was introduced to her - and she was from Vienna. Isn't it funny... My main occupation in time off is to read books or take walks. I was only once in the movie. Otherwise there is not much more to do. Here one really doesn't see young people without uniforms. Girls or boys are in - and most of the civilian men have some volunteer work on the side.

I am very sorry that I am not able now to see any of our friends here in England. I always hoped I would be able in case I come over here. So I have to wait for a later opportunity.

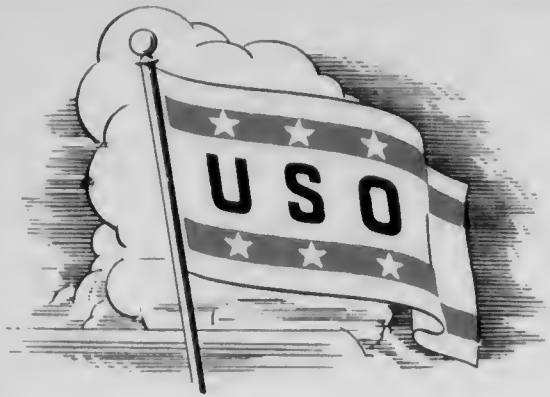
There is nothing else to report, besides the fact, that I feel well and that I am in the best condition. To Paul, Nick, Fred and Gabby my best greetings. You two be kissed many times, your loving

HAVE YOU FILLED IN COMPLETE ADDRESS AT TOP?



HAVE YOU FILLED IN COMPLETE ADDRESS AT TOP?

U. S. GOVERNMENT PRINTING OFFICE: 1944 10-34140-0



1-15-1944

My dearest Parents,

That is my first day in town. I was not on the duty list over weekend and we have now permanent passes, which allow you to go out, whenever one is not on duty. So the temptation was too big. I haven't been in such a situation, since many months and so I went out with 4 other fellows. He took a room together - that doesn't cost too much. ~~so~~ Meanwhile I lend some pennies and try to enjoy the freedom a little.

I think I told you already that our "nice" commanding officer was transferred on the day before we left. He got a young man now and it is unbelievable how

much our moral has risen. It is an entirely different atmosphere now and we returned to a normal life.

Columbia is a smaller town than Jacksonville, but the first impression I got was, that this is more town than the other one.

The U.S.O. I am in now, is a big one and has everything a soldier can wish. library, music, art, crafts room movie shows etc. and the people I seem to be very friendly. This is mainly a soldiers town - nearly no sailors or marines - and has therefore a different character. The only physical thing is - there is a midnight walk for us - which didn't exist in Jacksonville.

I hope to get mail from you very soon - I haven't heard from home for a long time now. Give Paul, Hisele, Fred and Baby my best regards and you be kissed with all my heart  
your loving  
Leo



UNITED STATES ARMY

June 17<sup>th</sup> 1944.

My dearest Parents,

I didn't write to you for the last few days - I was too busy.

Time is very short now and I rather write less and more often. This time no much time is at hand - so I just let you know that everything is all right and that I feel very fine. We live out in the open and it is very nice around here. I wish I would hear from you more - the mail is pretty irregular yet and will get better I hope soon.

I send you my check which I endorsed so that father can cash it.

Give love, Paul, Fred and Baby my best greetings and be kissed in biggest love

yours always,

Leo





CAMP BLANDING, FLORIDA

Nov. 5<sup>th</sup> 1942

My dear Parents,

Yesterday I wrote a long letter to Paul & hisl and hope you have read it - because it was too late for me to write to you too. When I write one or two letters most of the evening is gone and that is the reason, why I dont write to many people. There are a few letters I have in mind to write since a long time and I never have the time or better am left in a hurry to write.

Today as I told in hisles letter I have not much to do. That means I should not have - but in fact I worked almost the whole day. But I am very happy about it and this free day was quite a happy coincident. Yesterday a man from Headquarters comes to my company and handed to me a

strip of paper, with a note of - the Lt. Colonel. There he ordered me to make a few rough sketches for a "code of arms" for our outfit. He had a certain idea, which symbols and inscriptions I should use and told me "to make it today and to submit to Mayor Owen." So I didn't wait long, jumped to the table and made a few sketches. Then I went to Headquarters, awaiting to meet the Mayor, but expected to meet incidentally the Lt. Col. too. As he is unbelievable strict as I told you before I repeated all way long how to report.

At Headquarters - the Top sergeant - which I know incidentally - told me to wait and brought the sketches into the "holy office". He called me after a few minutes in. I jumped up and with much snap ~~prapped~~ stepped into the room - there was only one table occupied - the mayor - and before I could salute and say my first name - he said "all right sit down there my boy." In comparison to the Lt. Col. he is the most pleasant and humorous gentleman. He told me right away the sketches are too good, because he has a better idea. If I could make some of his. Naturally I accepted and as I liked his idea much better too - I worked all day long today and made 2 fine executed ones for him. I just was over there, but wouldn't talk with him, because he was occupied

(2)



CAMP BLANDING, FLORIDA

with the Lt. Col. Nevertheless he gave me word through the sergeant, that they are very good and that he will talk to me some other time. I am glad about it, because it is good to meet this "sirs" and to do something, which pleases them. Now the afternoon goes to an end. My company just marches in and they will wash themselves, change clothes and then we have retreat. One day over again.

This weekend in case I am off I'll go to St. Augustine. I am already very curious. That is the oldest city of America and ~~there~~ ~~is~~ is supposed to be beautiful. It is about the same distance as Jacksonville, but until now I never went there, because I wanted to stay always with the Rosenbergs. A propos Rosenberg - you wrote to Mrs. Rosenberg and never mentioned her. In fact she is doing the most

of all - she writes to the boys - and even  
she wrote to you. So when you write again  
you must speak to her too (Ann Rosenberg)

Hell - I have to hurry now too  
and get ready for retreat.

Be greeted and kissed heartily  
as always

in love

yours

her

March 29<sup>th</sup> 1945

Some where in Germany

My dearest Parents,

I am at a new place now. It is being quiet here and the first time for many months I see a place, which wasn't touched by war in it's appearance. Looking around over lovely countryside and gardens the only apparent signs are the white flags, which still hang out on many buildings. We have very nice quarters and to top everything - I found a regular bed with springs in the attic and feel like ~~like~~ a king going to bed. In fact - the first ~~so~~ evening I couldn't fall asleep of so much pleasure. It is again pretty cool here, real April weather, rain, and sunshine changing continuously, but I sleep very comfortable now in my sleeping bag. That is something I would like to keep after the war.

We are all settled here again, but one never knows how long we stay. It is a continuous moving and that gives a lot of work. Still it seems like a dream to me, that I am in Germany.

(2) It is very strange. One can't understand why they still fight, seeing the terrific punishment they take.

Oh - there will be so much to tell when I come back. So many impressions and so many thoughts. I have already a small collection of very interesting snapshots, which until now I couldn't send to you. They will be ~~an~~ a valuable thing to keep for me.

I have a few shots I want to send you, but no chance at the moment to get prints of them. I have the promise of one of my friends to do it, as soon as he can. Until then you must be patient please.

It's the film here send to me. If you send me one again

XX please send a 35 mm (millimeter), because there is a better camera of this size. I wish I would have taken one along in the first place.

Today I can't write much - I am very tired. I just let you know, that I feel very fine and that we all feel very hopeful.

Give my best regards to everyone and be greeted with all my heart

all love

Yours

Leo

CAMP BLANDING SERVICE CLUB  
CAMP BLANDING, FLORIDA

Nov. 2<sup>nd</sup> 1942.

My dear Parents,

I hope you are not nervous because of not getting mail for such a long time. He came back from our march Saturday. We were out all the time in the free nature, marched during the day and made camp in the open during the night. It was a very interesting experience about which I must write you much, once I get enough time to write a long letter. In short I just want to tell you, that I liked it and that I got a thrill out of our own work. Building a small tent city with in a short time, with streets, kitchens, latrines, hospital e.t.c. and leaving the place in the morning with not even leaving a match stick. You must imagine 500 soldiers with some 50 trucks and what not. We even got your mail every day. There was only not much time to answer. But I shall write everything in one of the next letters. Now I want to ask about Mutterle. I got some chills when I read about

her sickness. Thanks God it was only a easy attack  
and thanks to our Paulschles help and ~~my~~  
magic medicin it was over soon. I am glad you  
report about everything - and hope only that in  
the future it may allways be good news. I have  
so much to answer, that I dont know where to  
begin.

I just want to tell you, that when we came  
back we were very tired. But please dont think  
that we are staying here. We live a very healthy  
life and it is surprising how close by they watch  
our health and well being in every respect. When I write  
"tired" then I may be really very tired, but in  
a healthy way with a sleep of a baby following. I  
dont recall to ~~be~~ <sup>have been</sup> so fit as I feel lately. So dont  
worry, when I write less sometimes and excuse my-  
self with being tired.

Today for instance I dont write as much  
as I would like because it is late and I had  
a lot to do. He must clean everything we had on  
our way - and you should have seen us, when we  
came back. A cloud of real soldiers smell must have  
been around us - but subdued and longing for  
sleep like young boys. I think I can send you  
some snapshots in about a week from the hike.  
hike & Fritz will get some too this time.

Send to all my dears my love and greetings  
and be kissed in everlasting love

from your soldierboy  
his



O.J. 13<sup>th</sup> 1942

My dear Parents,

In the last few days I didn't write much and I have a bad conscience already. Specially, as I get your letters regularly every day. But there is no intention or laziness in it. It just happens sometimes in the Army that one is more occupied for a couple of days. This weekend I stayed in again - I got special duty for Saturday. ~~After~~ and Sunday. Not hard ones - but enough to keep me in camp. Don't think that I got it as a penalty - I am still only a private and we have to do the main work and it just happens sometimes that one's turn comes on weekend. I said "after the 7 fat years - the 7 hungry come" I ~~was~~ was out ~~at~~ every Sunday in the beginning and all that time, there were poor other boys, who had to stay in and work. Now I got a taste of it - only unfortunately two Sundays in a row. Yesterday I had latrine duty - that means clearing the place in the morning and to keep the

fire burning in the boy's room for hot water.  
That didn't give much work during the day  
but I had to be near all day long and  
to check once in a while. I was very tired  
yesterday from last week's exercises, which  
were a little harder, than those before. So  
I slept much during the day. It was very  
quiet, because yesterday our company as  
a reward for good work, got off already  
in the morning - there was no parade - and  
all left early for town. Evening I celebrated  
Saturday evening in the P.X. over a couple  
of bottles Coca Cola and went to bed  
early. I slept very, very good and feel  
refreshed today. My work today is table-  
waiter in the mess hall. I have only to serve  
at the time of eating - otherwise I am off.  
It is now about 10 o'clock in the morning,  
wonderful sunshine and warm. Would be  
nice to take a walk with you.

This coming week, we shall go out of  
camps for a couple of days for exercises, so  
don't worry if there is no mail for a short time.  
I shall write at once, when we come back.

While I write this letter - you are  
moving. I gladly would like to help you  
and I hope, that you haven't got too much

② work to do. I wanted to ask father to send me a small sketch explaining the new apartment and now he promised me alone to send one. I will be very glad ~~with~~ to see it. Explain me too please, where the windows are and which view you have. It is good to know all those details, as one allways tries to visualize how everything goes on at home and I have allways pictures in my head. On the little photo I send you last week, you see my hut - Nr. 16. In a few days I shall send you a few more photos. It takes about one week to get copies of photos and it wasn't my film. So I ordered at once copies of all the pictures, where I am on - and I got only this little one, where I am <sup>on</sup> alone last week.

I think I shall leave in a few days. The termin I shall become a citizen. There are a few more here, who with me together will get it. In our company there is a second Viennese, then the little Philippino, a Czech and a few more in the other companies. I am rather excited and wonder if they will make a ceremony or just give us the papers. Meanwhile a few boys

got already promotions. They are previous service men and naturally all those have the first chance to get it. By the end of this ~~next~~ month there will be a few more, but I am sure I won't get anything. I am not this type of men, who like in high school try to push themselves in the foreground - and there are plenty of them here. It is not so bad to become a corporal or sergeant - one gets more pay and doesn't do the dirty work any more, but it means ~~to~~ more responsibility. I never would refuse it - if I would get it - but I don't fight for it.

Until now I made good friends with a few fellows. I like especially the little Phillipino in my hut, who is one of the nicest guys here. Quiet and clean, one does not hear or see him, but the best comrade one can imagine, who is always at hand if one needs some help. He have <sup>also</sup> a Chinese in our company - his name is Ho. Always laughing and by good humor and everybody likes him. I sketched him once and he comes all ways to my hut since then to talk with me. He is ~~Chinese~~ Borne in China and can't pronounce the "R" and says all ways "L" instead. It was hard in the beginning to understand him - but I got

(3) used by now. There are a few more I like very much - for instance a corporal with the name Heimbann. A Jewish boy 4th generation down South and you wouldn't understand a word he talks. I didn't either in the beginning. But don't ask me about the trouble he had to understand me. When he hollers orders it sounds like piping which is understood. He is very popular in the company, because he is a real very fine boy. I would write more about all the guys here - but I haven't so much time to cover all. With those I don't like - and naturally in such a big bunch one can't like all - I had no bad experience so far. Hell there happened a few small arguments, but you know if necessary I get a mouth, as quiet I may look to some. We are mostly very peaceful and only once a fight was between two boys, which was stopped very quickly ~~but~~ by others.

When I write about much work don't think that we slave like hell. I never felt better in health than now and I feel daily how much better my condition is. My muscles are harder on my arms and when we make gymnastic I am not like a piece of wood anymore. Only good air, much food, much sleep affects a body - the only trouble is

that one becomes homesick once in a while.  
But we have to get through with all that.  
It has no sense to maltreat himself by  
thinking - there is nothing one can change  
at the moment. He really knows, why this  
war is on and why we have to bear all  
those things; there comes a day I am sure  
where all will be over and I can be with  
you again in a better time - let's hope.

As usual I send my love to all,  
to Fritz Gaby, Paul and Hisele. I didn't  
hear for a long time from Fritz and Gaby. Did  
they get my letters? I am not angry if they  
don't write so often - I know that writing letters isn't  
the strong side of Friedl - I am only happy  
to get a few lines once in a while. But neverthe-  
less he should write only, if he feels like it - I  
know also with non writing, that we are always  
together in touch with our hearts.

I kiss you my dearest with all my  
love

I am longing for you very much

Yours

hw.



Oct. 19<sup>th</sup> 1942.

My dearest,

lately I haven't been very busy in writing, but I hope you allways know, that it is not out of lazyness. You write me every day and I am so thankful for it, because it is nice to get a letter from home so often and then they are allways so full of kindness and love. You cant imagine how much that means to me. I realize too that you are waiting for mail and that it must be disappointing for you to see find an empty mail=box - but as I have explained you before - sometimes ~~it~~ it cant be

**IDLE GOSSIP SINKS SHIPS**

helped. Specially as we are a little advanced in our training, they logically expect more from us and ask it too. Specially the last two weeks filled our time much more. In the weeks before I started sometimes ~~a~~ letter in the half hour after lunch (we are off and finished it evening. Now we go out of the mess hall and lay down for this time and rest, doing nothing.

Today I got a letter from Mrs. Stork. How I surprised. At first I didn't want to open the envelope, because I was not in the mood to read a mad answer. The letter I wrote to her was very angry and I didn't care to hide anything away what I thought about their behavior, besides not paying me. Surprisingly this letter was at least an excuse to an certain extend confessing in a circumventing way, that she had so much trouble and "discussions" with her husband that





she can't stand it any more. He is fully pleased and she promises to pay in small amounts from her own and I shouldn't bother anyone more to do anything with him. She writes too, that she promised already the same to you, but that she wasn't able yet. She begs me for it. All right - I am going to write to Mr. Stankey that he should drop it - it wouldn't pay at the moment to <sup>so much</sup> have trouble with this hard-boiled "Gammer" for this relatively small sum. I have her letters and his contradicting one in my hand and can any time start it again if she should not come up to her promise. I am already so disgusted - but at least I stopped them kidding and insulting me. I think her letter to you, was tasteless and I told her so. I used very strong expressions throughout

**IDLE GOSSIP SINKS SHIPS**

the letter and it seems that is the language  
she understood properly at least.

I hope you are now all most  
settled in the new apartment  
and I wish you much luck in it  
and may we be united in it  
very soon and Father has to fight &  
me again out of bed instead an whistle  
which makes me jump out of bed, when  
the stars are still on the sky.

In case Lilly is still in N.Y. give  
her my best regards and thanks for  
her really nice letter. I enjoyed it  
very much and certainly ~~will~~ shall  
answer it soon.

To you and all my dears  
my love  
many good night kisses

Yours  
Leo

D. 11/19/21

My dear parents,

This time I wasn't so lucky to get out of camp. Saturday we had again a very crazy inspection. Our Lt. Colonel, who was with us until now, came back and wanted to see his Battalion. So we had to clean everything and worked the whole Friday from morning to night, practically turning our quarters upside down. After the parade I asked for a pass but this time I was out of luck. So I stayed in and made the best of it. Today we had a turkey dinner and I am still unable to move. We had turkey, filling, peas, sweet potatoes, pickles, ketchup and ice cream. Not bad....

I got two letters from you to yesterday. They are always so wonderful to read. When mail call comes everybody rushes to the man, who has the parcel in his hand and one can hardly wait until he starts to call out the names.

When I write to you I know always that I could write a 100 times more to tell you of everything. There would be so much - but once I start to talk to you I nearly forget everything because I

am there at home. Now I can't imagine how  
your rooms look, after you moved to your  
new apartment. I think it was a very  
good idea and I hope and wish only, that  
you are as lucky in the new one, as you have  
been in the old one. Write to me how everything  
looks now. Had you enough help on moving day  
or are't you in the new apartment yet?

In the last time father writes so often, that  
business is so bad. What are you going to do?  
I am very much afraid, that it won't pick  
up very much on the basis we have it now.  
But I can't imagine anything anymore,  
as far as business is concerned. Do you think  
a street business with cheaper things, would  
go better? Write about everything! I am  
so anxious to know about it.

I hope you had a nice Sunday  
with the car and I am sure you en-  
joyed it very much. Write me where you  
have been.

Excuse me for this short letter  
but I am so lazy and sleepy  
today

I kiss you in love

always  
yours

Mo

Message This Side



My dears,

I do not have my first free moment  
- it is 7<sup>30</sup>. He came much later to camp  
as I thought and had to go  
through a whole routine. I am  
very tired and shall go to bed  
early. Everything is O.K. and probably

Message Continued Here

To morrow I shall  
write more.

My Address:

~~Co.~~ Private L. G.

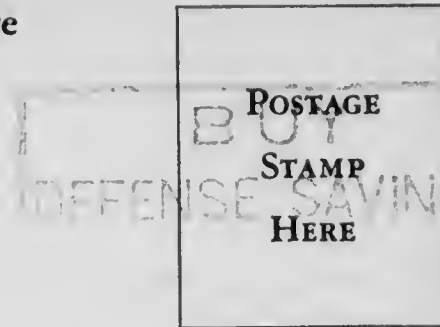
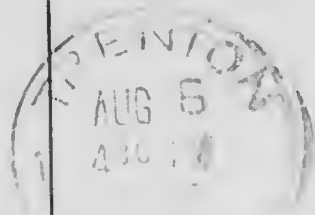
Co. A. 1229 Recept. Center

Fort Dix. N. Jersey.

Many many kisses

yours, Leo

Address Here



Mr. & Mrs.

Max Greenberg

1896 Walton Ave

Bronx, N. Y. C.



Oct. 20<sup>th</sup> 1942

My dearest parents,

As usual I got a letter from you today. I am very thankful that you write so much, because it means really a lot for me to receive letters from home.

From the young couple Ferial & Gabriele I haven't heard for a long time. I guess they were very busy with their first own apartment. I can imagine how exciting it must have been for them and am I really glad that at least they have it. If it looks still not completely finished - that doesn't mean anything. It is their own, they are their own masters now, not dependent to other people

IDLE GOSSIP SINKS SHIPS

and certainly happy in their own four walls. We all have to start here from the beginning and I am sure and hope so, that step by step both will build up their lives in a happy way. I wish it from my heart and I believe I have not to use many words about that. Baby is a real fine girl and I feel to her, as she would belong to us since a long, long time. And about Fritz I don't need to give any explanations to you.

Mutterle is "goldig", when she writes, that she ~~has~~ kept a few "deutsches" for me, when the time comes, she will have some for me. It's enough for me to know, that I have your both's love allways and I know that you both allways have lived for us children, giving us as much as you could, depending to the circumstances. You lived in all those hard last years very modest and never wanted more, then to provide us with the best of your



②



ability. He are no small children anymore to overlook such things though you never made words about it. But we know ~~it~~ and appreciate it and may the time come soon, where we can relieve you a little. There are so many things which one can express better, if far away for a time. One gets a certain distance to everything and I must say, that since I am in the Army, away from our common daily life, sometimes the last few years appear like a picture book and I feel that we have grown together by all the hardships and that I am today much more conscious of my love to you all, than before this eventful time started. Don't think, that I am sad, when I write that way, but it is so comforting, to express my-

IDLE GOSSIP SINKS SHIPS

self that way. All those exercises and this  
life now, is not my real life, it is a  
necessity. It is very occupying and  
all the warmth I am used from  
home is naturally not present. That  
means it is there in your letters and  
in their contents. If you would be  
there then, ~~it~~ it would be enough  
just to be with you and I wouldn't  
need to talk. Your presence alone  
would be enough - but as it is  
- I must talk ~~(to you)~~

and that is always in love  
and respect to you

yours

no

Oct. 23<sup>rd</sup> 1942

My dear Parents,

It is now 10<sup>30</sup> evening - I  
couldn't write earlier. I received a very, very  
nice letter from you and don't want you  
to leave such a long time without mail.  
I am very tired from the exercises in the  
woods we had the last two days. So I  
won't write much.

This was not the real thing. Next week,  
we will stay out for 3 days and two  
nights and cover a lot of miles. It is very  
interesting work and I shall write to you  
about it, once I have again a breathing  
spell.

Meanwhile I send you just many  
many kisses and all my love

always yours

heo

Nov. 27<sup>th</sup> 1942

Dear Parents,

Happy as I am this time - I am again in Jacksonvill. I left yesterday <sup>noon</sup> <sup>camp</sup> already and am very happy about the vacation. I slept very long and now on a sleepy Sunday morning I write to you.

I don't think I will write much - there is not much to write - except that I am already very impatient and wished the time of waiting would be over and I am sitting on the train home. I am not sure when I'll leave because that depends what duties I am on, on the last day. Nevertheless - let's hope everything goes right.

I just tell you all - that I am very much longing for you and - that I look forward to the visit with much joy.

For today I send you all many greetings and kisses

yours

her

CAMP BLANDING SERVICE CLUB  
CAMP BLANDING, FLORIDA

Dec. 10<sup>th</sup> 1942

My dear Parents,

Today I got 2 letters - from the 7<sup>th</sup> & 8<sup>th</sup> - and am I very happy, because I was nervous allready about this unusual delay. But you are not to blame for it, because the post-office here plays tricks sometimes and besides that you didn't write one day - a thing I can perfectly understand. Sometimes one simply can't sit down <sup>to write</sup> without special reason.

I wonder myself how it came, that I went down to the Service club today, instead of being in bed. We had a very nasty day - perhaps one of the hardest. We went out for a problem today and were caught by a tremendous rain in the middle of the woods. Those woods are sometimes like jungle here and the earth turned to a quagmire. Naturally we continued the problem to the end - you should have seen us how we looked, when we finally came back. Dirty and soaked wet - half the wood on our cloth and equipment. But don't worry - such things make us only more tough - after all we are young guys - and it is no mistake when we go through such experiences. Besides that you shouldn't imagine only the hard side

of the picture. It must have been a pleasure to watch how quickly the smoke started to come off the smoke pipes of every hut and how quickly every one had dry clothing on his body and the wet one hung up around the stove.

And then in the mess hall - thick soups, hamburgers, a few vegetables, coffee and cake. How fast were the used energies replaced!

Most of the boys settled down on their beds. I would ~~like to~~ have liked to do it also, but I was too uneasy. The air is now mellow and I walked down here slowly, my raincoat over the shoulders and sat down to say, "hello" to you my dears.

I know it won't be a long letter, but I am sure you will be glad with a few lines too under this circumstances. And it makes me feel well too, if I speak to you.

Good night my dear parents, greet all the children ~~from~~ with all my heart and be kissed many times

from your sleepy

her


Dec. 5<sup>th</sup> 1942

My dear Parents,

A week has gone again - it's Saturday and I sit in my hut and relax. Outside is much noise - we got a bunch of new guys - "rookies" and we look at them with much interest. We want to see in them, how we looked like not to long a time ago. It is unbelievable how much we learned in that relative short time - how promptly we move to orders and routine. Things which seemed to us as something we have to force ourselves to do - go automatically now. Well - there we stand and look at them - they are in uniform, but their behavior bears the freedom of civilian life. They look like dressed for a masquerade and on them we can notice how much we have changed in a short time. We are not aware of our uniforms anymore - it became our dress and we behave in it accordingly. I wonder sometimes - how it will be in the time to come - the time we can take it off again. How far away is that...?

The new men are partly from the south - another group from Michigan. The last ones feel very warm - ~~from~~ they had 10° under zero at home - and here it is pretty warm again.

They'll get only 4 weeks basic training and will be spread after that time throughout the Ball. and they will be then more or less under our care and learn all those hundred little details, which make a soldier.

There is another news. I got my first promotion. I have one stripe on my sleeves  - that means a "First-Class - Private" (Now you don't address <sup>me</sup> any more P.O. No. 6. - but "Pfc. 1. G.") It doesn't mean much - I still have to do all the work of a private, get only \$4. - more a month. But it is the door for further advance. A lot of more duties to fulfill e.t.c. It came as a complete surprise to me - I didn't expect anything for the coming time. But that is typical for the Army - one never knows anything... Is our mother all proud now - her boy a "Pfc" in the American Army?

It's funny - I didn't put the stripes on my shirts and coats yet. I will have to do it some time during the week - but



(2) somehow I have some sentiment to leave - this state of an ordinary private.

This weekend I stay in. I have K.P. tomorrow. It is much easier on Sunday because many are out - but still the day is gone. But after all - I had many Sundays off now - and there comes always a turn, where one is caught.

Today we were talking about the fact, - that many different kinds of work, don't bother us as much any more, as in the beginning. There are two reasons for it. First the attitude has changed. In the beginning one has always an opposition to all this work - sometimes stupid ones - and that disappears with the time. One learns - willingly or not - that orders have to be executed and that there is ~~not~~ no way of getting out of it - but to work fast - to be through as quickly as possible. One thing often - that the Army smashes all the individuals by - and it may happen so with some - but if one realizes, that such an organization which is bound to run like a precision machine - can't be run differently - if one has brains enough to see the reasons, why it must be that way - and why we are in it - then one can't hold back alone his own individual

thinking and acting - simply knowing that all this is a serving and not a forcing. That makes a big difference. Many are often much happy and rewording in their sentiment, because they feel like "the Army" personally is all about their private life. But "we" are the Army and it is one of the smaller sacrifices we have to give in this hard time. The second reason is that we all are much stronger and healthier now.

Tomorrow I can't write and I don't know, whether I shall be able to do so ~~tomorrow~~ on Monday. Monday evening we are supposed to have a night problem and don't think, that for that reason we'll get the day off.

So don't worry, if there is no mail for two days.

Hisler & Paul's Salami was gone within one day. It was delicious and a few guys still lick their fingers - including myself. Once more my best thanks for it.

I greet you all ~~from~~ with all my heart

and you be kissed in love

by your

"Pfc." her

March 8<sup>th</sup> 1943



My dearest Parents,

I told you  
in my latest letter, that I  
would be on R.F. on Saturday.  
Well - I was and very tired after-  
wards too.

Today Sunday I went  
to Jax. to have a little bid  
dance. Whenever I am in  
town, writing letters is hard.  
But, I don't want to let  
you without news again  
and so I went to the U.S.O.  
and write to you now a

IDLE GOSSIP SINKS SHIPS

short letter, to let you know,  
that I am o. k. and in  
good spirit.

Do you excuse me for  
not writing much today.  
I hope you will.

Anyway - I send you  
many, many kisses and  
much love

always yours

Love  
to Klaukey.



Nov. 24<sup>th</sup> 1942

My dear Parents,

Today I was without mail from you. I hope everything is in order at home. Nothing new has happened since I wrote you yesterday. Our training becomes sharper and more extensive. There will be more marching, more problems. The drilling on the field was already boring and I fell mentally asleep, when we were doing it for hours. He still repeat every day all those things, but not on the previous scale anymore. In the last few days we got new officers - young guys and ~~so~~ very nice.

I hope to come in contact with them even better than with the other ones. They are young and very intelligent.

IDLE GOSSIP SINKS SHIPS

and don't make any special fuss of being superior to us.

I am with a few guys now in Starks. We went together into the U.S.O. Club to meet the Jewish Chaplain here. We have now service in the Camp too and we want to meet him personally. He ~~was~~ arranged a meeting in the U.S.O. through the Jewish Welfare Board - probably there will be a dance too - but I mainly came down to see how he is.

So I can't write much - I just wanted to say hello to you my Dearest.

I hope to hear from you tomorrow and remain as always in love and devotion

Yours

he

CAMP BLANDING SERVICE CLUB  
CAMP BLANDING, FLORIDA

Nov. 25<sup>th</sup> 1942

My dear Parents,

It seems that I am now for once in a situation, like I left you a few times. I didn't get mail from you for the last days and am a little nervous about it. I am so used to get mail from you - even if I didn't write to you - that I became quiet spoiled. I hope there is no bad reason for it - specially as I received a while ago the parcel with the fine cakes of mother. You can't imagine how happy I am with those gifts. It's not only to have something awful good to eat - but when I open the box and unwrapped those fine little cakes - I know always, that they were in the hands of dear mother - I visualize how she made them and packed them up and then father takes it along and mails it up for me. That is so wonderful.

I am just in the service club with a few fellows of my company. We went all here to write letters. Before we sat down we went to the Cafeteria to drink a Coffee. But when I waited in line - I noticed a

soldier with a girl sitting on a table. I saw how their faces were familiar to me. Then it came like a flash - I knew ~~them~~ <sup>them</sup> since a very long time from Vienna. He sat together and talked of old times. It is - the second time in a short time that I met someone that way. Last time I was in Jacksonville - I went into a crowded restaurant and ran into a soldier - a boy whom I have seen for the last time, about 8 or 9 years ago, when I was skying in Pittsburgh. I don't know - I get all ways excited at such moments. In this big mix up of the last years to meet an old acquaintance in this complete change of circumstances is thrilling - and it brings back memories and times which are so far away.

Tomorrow is Thanksgiving. It is not a military holy day - that means the day starts with the normal routine. Nevertheless we will get at noon a tremendous Turkey dinner, with many different dishes and pies. Afterwards the afternoon will be off and we will probably be very lazy.

Thanksgiving - I wish I could with all logic for it celebrate this day with you. Still there is much reason in these hard days to be thankful. Just today I read again an article from the Polish Government in London about the Jewish situation in Poland - which let my blood ~~run~~ get cold. It's so frightful and such an agony - one doesn't realize, how happy we should be to have gotten out. But I am very depressed in regard to those news - and know therefore still better, why I have to be in ~~the~~ this Army. We are a million times better off .. only my phantasy ~~and~~ bothers me .. because there is no answer to my questions.

Bye, bye my dearest - I kiss you in big love  
yours / hu

2 Photos for Pans & helle



CAMP BLANDING SERVICE CLUB  
CAMP BLANDING, FLORIDA

Nov. 23<sup>rd</sup> 1942

My dear Parents,

Very quickly I want to write you a letter. It is late again and a soldier needs so much sleep. I got your letter today - & it was a short one - and then this one with the first papers. It may take [a] little time until I become citizen, but it is certainly in the last instances now.

About here I can't tell you much news now. So many changes have taken place lately, that I really don't know, where my chances are. But you can be convinced, that I don't do any hasty steps - in fact I am still in a waiting position. Specially since I know - that we stay at least in the U.S.A.

About Stork's - I wait until I come to N.Y. I am tired to bother with them in the Army. One has so little time and it seems so strange in this kind of living now - to be in quarrel about such things.

I am so much impatient about the furlough. I pray every day now - that

nothing may come in between. Let's hope so. I am really longing to be with you all. It seems like eternity, since I was the last time at home.

I see you always standing on that corner in Ft. Dix. How you became smaller and smaller whenever I turned around.

Please tell Paul, Hisek, Fritz & ~~Lee~~ Gaby to excuse me for not answering. I was so very much busy lately - I shall write very soon. Meanwhile give them my heartiest greetings. How is the matter with Fritz?? When does he go to the examination? Please don't forget to write me about it.

How is our Muttel? Do you really feel better now? I am always so happy, when I hear your voices. I wished we would have more money - so I could call you <sup>more</sup> often.

Good night my Dearest. -

A kiss you with all my love

I am always  
your boy

Lee



CAMP BLANDING, FLORIDA

Nov. 17<sup>th</sup> 1942

My dear Parents,

After a few days no mail at all I got yesterday 4 letters at once. (Nov. 11<sup>th</sup>, 12<sup>th</sup>, 13<sup>th</sup> and 15<sup>th</sup>.) I myself wasn't very busy in writing letters lately. I feel very bad about it - because I see, that you worry right away and there is no reason at all to do so. If I would explain to you, why I didn't write, you will think that I was just lazy. That is not the reason - there are sometimes days - where one just can't. Specially in the Army, we are sometimes very fussy and get nervous or mad about small stupid things. It may happen, that the sergeant hollered at you without justification - and one grieves about it all day long - it is ridiculous how one is caught by this new way of life, where one starts to polish shoes, with scientific interest.

I was very angry about one thing. You know me - I am not a bonus soldier and have not specific 'problems of honor' whether I get a rating or not. But one is always eager to ~~be~~ be recommended for the work one does. Specially in such a close organization as the Army. I never showed off, or was sweet with superiors to catch some promotions - but did my work as good as I can. I put behind my duties all the ideas, which stand behind this war and that is sufficient to be good. Well - To be short - the first ratings came out and it was just funny to see, that men, who by far stand behind me, became superiors to me - while I went out with nothing. That - in spite of recommendations of my platoon officer. I was so angry only - because I don't expected to see in this Army made differences between man and man - but it looks very much so. I didn't speak a word to anyone about it - but many spoke to me. Well - the whole thing is not worth to be really angry - it won't change ~~the~~ my attitude to everything and I shall continue to do my best. Sooner or later it will be recognized. Today I am on guard duty again.

(2)



CAMP BLANDING, FLORIDA

It is now morning - 8 o'clock a.m. and I am very tired. I was 3 times on guard during the night - 2 hours each. I didn't get much sleep - as one boy made a stupid mistake on guard, was caught by the captain and we were punished to read to each other guard regulations until about midnight. Such things happen sometimes in the Army and one has to take it with the chin up. Individuality in such a case, doesn't help ~~any~~ much.

I have your letters in front of me and I shall answer them now one after the other.

I hope - as ~~with~~ <sup>(mother)</sup> you write me - likes her work really and it doesn't strain her to much. As the household isn't big now she has some occupation and will earn something. Is mother ~~er~~ proud of the money? If I write about that, it looks so strange to me. I am not used to the thought of ~~an~~ <sup>an</sup> ~~un~~ <sup>un</sup> ~~der~~ <sup>der</sup> ~~er~~ <sup>er</sup> going to work. But I know - she does it with the

right spirit. In our times specially it is no shame at all to do hands work, though I would be happy already if I could ~~at~~ <sup>help her</sup> ~~relieve~~ <sup>relieve</sup> her from this obligation. But to day she is one of millions of other women and mothers, who turn from their homework to other occupations. I wish you mother much success and good humour and health. I know you can take it in good spirit and time will be there again, where you take it easier.

I don't understand that you didn't get the Photos from St. Augustin. but I hope that they arrived meanwhile. It would be a pity.

We have no synagogue in this camp, because the percentage of Jews is so small. That is the reason, why we got off on the big holy days and no one was kept back in order to let us attend services.

About your letters I want to give you once and for all a critic. They are all ways a big surprise to me because I never expected them to be as good as they are. Mainly - they don't seem forced - as it happens often, if one has to write in a foreign language.

(3)



CAMP BLANDING, FLORIDA

They are free and typical. Your main mistakes are "spelling mistakes" and those are usual such ones, which could be avoided if you would have more time to write. For instance - just to bring you a sample - you know that "to write" is not written "to ride" - but in the haste of the time - such mistakes happen. Anyway - I am so happy with your lines - because I am able to read them as natural, as if they would be written in our native language. And besides that - it is a priceless exercise for you and I hope, you have some profit out of it. Fritz writes an excellent English - and hisel should not worry so much. I rather have a long, freely written letter with mistakes from her, than a short and hard worked out. After all - it is the letter which counts and I am not a schoolmaster.

My dental treatment is over now and they have done a good job so far. Only it is not completed as I would wish I could have it. There are no provisions to make bridges for

an soldier, if he has <sup>(skill)</sup> so many teeth left,  
as I ~~do~~ do. I had no eye examination  
yet, but one of these days, I shall go  
over myself and have them checked.  
The only thing, where I have trouble  
with them, is shooting and they tried me  
to teach it with my left eye. ~~That~~  
That isn't so easy and was I - as I  
wrote you already - not so good. But  
don't worry about that. Everybody in  
the Army must know, how to handle  
a piece and it does no harm to know  
it. Perhaps I'll get once the honor to  
shoot a few Nazi leaders and I bet I'll  
do it then perfect with eyes closed. In  
any case, we have not the same training  
as infantry men, who stay for about  
two weeks on the range.

With my sketching is no news  
at the moment. I shall try very soon  
to ~~write~~ ask, for a transfer, but not  
before I am sure of a few circum-  
stances. I told you before - it has  
no sense to push in the Army with  
to much haste.

Now I ~~will~~ shall write you  
something nice. The final list is  
out and I'll come probably to N.Y.  
December 10<sup>th</sup> or 11<sup>th</sup>. I write "probably"  
because I got used, that in the Army



(4)



CAMP BLANDING, FLORIDA

nothing is definitive. It is pretty sure so, but just the same, ~~we~~ our outfit can be transferred mean while and then every thing is changed again. But let's hope, nothing comes in between and I shall be with you very soon. I am very excited when I only think of it.

The latest news in the world, brought at last some excitement in our outfit. Suddenly we all buy newspapers again and discuss. This indifference was more or less - disgust to know that we all ways have been on the receiving end. It was more than a relief to see once a good and important beginning. ~~It was~~ It was like a bombshell for me. I hope that now the stone at last started to roll. We know, that still a hard and long way lays ahead - but we are walking this way already and not as ~~of~~ before - hoped to do it once in the future. I think that the whole African incident, wasn't only a big military affair - but perhaps

was a bigger political masterpiece. Our president is - as known in political circles - shrewd like a fox. It is so good to get confirmed, what we all ways hoped - that Hitler has found his master in the American President - and there is no doubt, that the German people, will find their master too in the millions of ~~the~~ the normal world. —

In one of your letters you write that it was snowing a little bit. I can't imagine that. The so called cool weather started here too and it can be pretty chilly during the night. Still I didn't wear a blouse yet - not to talk about an overcoat. The only change in dress is, that we don't wear our suits any more. ~~and~~ He wears our winter uniforms, but 99% without the blouse - just in the shirt and pants. He has now a little stove in our hut and always put some paper and wood in it at evening. He still sleep very comfortable with open windows. In case the night becomes too chilly - and there the dampness bothers one more than anything - then we make a fire in the morning. It is warm within 3-4 minutes and we dress and ~~for~~ prepare everything in a warm room. That is the main

(5)



CAMP BLANDING, FLORIDA

problem of heating. Once the sun comes out - it gets unusually so warm that we sweat again. But as a whole it is very comfortable now. In comparison to N.Y. naturally it is absolutely warm.

I just found out, that I leave N. P. tomorrow. So I won't be able to write ~~to~~ and am I happy, that I took the chance to day to write much. I am squawking much, because two days in a row - is much - but a soldier without complaints is no soldier. On the other side I don't mind so much to get details during the week if I can be off on weekend.

Please one more - excuse me that I didn't write much in the last days - the real reason was, that I was a little in a bad mite, but it's over and I recovered my good humor again.

May I ask you a question?  
Did you call Karin - and asked about

me? After all, it would be only a question  
of behavior - you wrote me, that she  
called up, whether she could take something  
for me - what you didn't do. I think every-  
body would have done that. By the way  
it was a nice ~~thing~~ to have a visit  
here - in this impersonal life a change.

I shall finish now - and try  
to sleep a little. Tonight I'll go  
early to bed - tomorrow a hard day  
awaits me again. When I come to  
you my dears - I'll be so lazy  
- I shall loave around like  
a prince. I know at home I shall  
feel like one.

Be kissed in big love and  
greet, Paul, Hilda, Fritz and Gaby.  
I shall write to all of them soon  
again

I remain with my thoughts  
always at home  
yours

Leo

CAMP BLANDING SERVICE CLUB  
CAMP BLANDING, FLORIDA

Dec. 9<sup>th</sup> 1942

My dear Parents,

Since two days I have no mail from you and as I am so much used to regular mail from home - it makes me nervous. But it may be, that I shall get a few letters tomorrow. It happens sometimes that they are late. I hope so.

Here nothing special has happened. I am in our Service Club and after this letter is written I shall go in a Sketching and Painting Club, which was formed recently. He get all the material free and there are a few very talented boys there.

One very funny thing happened again. Last time I was there - I look at a few works pinned to the wall. One stroke me - I asked one of the soldiers, whether the man who made it came from Vienna. He said "yes". I recognized it as a very typical work from the "Kunstgewerkschule". When he told me the name - I remembered him, as a boy, who was on our school. I left a note for him and hope to meet him soon. Isn't the world small?

The boys who were on the last front line came back today and told us how cold it was in N.Y. Is it really - sometimes I can't believe it that we are already in December. I hoped so much to be in N.Y. on Mother's and Frieda's Birthday. What can one do? I shall be there with all my heart and you have my love no matter where I am.

Such things are part of the Army life and one has to expect such things continually. Our hope should be mainly concentrated on bringing this war to an good end - and end which will give us a chance to start again a normal life - where we can live again our normal and private life. Let's pray for that and take those smaller sacrifices with as much ~~good~~ strength as we can raise. There are bigger sacrifices - -

Many, many kisses to you all and all  
my heart

Yours

old hed

CAMP BLANDING SERVICE CLUB  
CAMP BLANDING, FLORIDA

Feb. 24<sup>th</sup> 1943

My dearest Parents,

I am very, very busy in the last days and have some special work to do. I can't write to much - I am too tired - and do it simply, because I don't want to leave you too long without mail.

I haven't heard from you in the last two days and hope everything is in order.

I just greet you today and send you many kisses

good night & love

yours

hw

Feb. 17<sup>th</sup> 1943

My dearest Parents,

Yesterday I didn't write. There was no special reason, but that I was only very lazy. Sometimes ones, doesn't feel like writing - that means, that just the writing itself seems to much. I hope you understand me. First I lay down on my bed with my shoes off - then I went to the service club and worked there for an hour and afterwards went with Murray (Fatty) to the movies. I saw a interesting and exiting picture - "Hitler's Children." Usually I don't like such pictures - they bring back to many memories to vividly. But I read about it in Life Magazine and was interested to see it - because it brought a subject, which ~~is~~ has not enough publicity in the ~~the~~ Anti-Hitler propapanda. It is a fairly good picture and I had long talks afterwards with boys I met there.

There is nothing new. Tomorrow



I am on R.P. and tomorrow night we'll make a night march, so I don't know, whether I will be able to write tomorrow. I wish it would be over already. We have now so many guys in the company - it is a hell of a lot of work in the kitchen now a days. But what can I do? Every body has his turn - and as long I am not a corporal I have to take all that.

Just now we get order to wash our equipment - as you see, they keep us busy. Now - after the day is over I'll take off my clean cloth again and then start to the latrine with soap and a big brush. Disgusting...

Oh my dears - sometimes I feel so lazy - then I dream of a big bed and sleep and doing nothing for days.

That is the "Kathenjammes" on the day before R.P.

Good night - I love you

- always yours

Leo

Dec. 8<sup>th</sup> 1942

My dear Parents,

It is Tuesday already and I haven't written to you this week. Only to Gabby & Fritz I wrote on Sunday, when I had a little time. I was on H. P. Sunday and I went to bed right after I was through.

Monday I couldn't write - we had no break. After supper we parked up and went out for a night problem for the first time. It was raining like hell and when we came back late, we were a little wet. Before going to bed, we were surprised with a hot coffee and sandwiches. You see - how they take care of us. Now - Tuesday evening I have the first chance to sit down again for a small talk. It is raining very much and we have a small fire in the stove. That is the winter in Florida. (The windows are naturally open.)

Today I feel a little blue. It is the evening, where I should have left

for N. Y. I hope so much it will work  
very soon.

I am going to send to you the  
check today. I could have used something  
of it - because my finances are very low.  
The ticket is \$27 and every month a soldier  
has a lot of small expenses. (Soap, cigarettes,  
shoeshines, Drinks &c.) - so I have only  
about \$6.- left, which is not very  
much in case I should stay a little  
longer. As you need the money, I didn't  
want to touch it and leave it up to  
you to send me a few \$ if possible.  
Don't think that I am in a jam - it is  
only unpleasant to be so short. But  
in case it shouldn't go - don't worry.

Money is a funny thing. It runs  
so quickly - even if one has everything  
as a soldier has. I just thought over  
where those other \$12.- went - as I  
haven't been out of camp. Besides those  
above mentioned things I just remem-  
ber, that I bought all the stripes (P.fc.) for  
my dress, that I bought cigars for the boys  
who fixed them on my shirts, that I had  
two suits dry cleaned and so bit by bit

② The money goes. I hate to write about such things - but you shouldn't think that I ~~will~~ throw my money away.

You will excuse me my Dears if this letter isn't big or interesting, but we all are ~~not~~ tired today. He had not much rest.

I just wrote not to leave you without mail so long and want to send you many greetings as usual. Give my love also to Paul & hisle and be kissed with all my heart

yours

hw

Pfc. Max Gembeskiy  
795<sup>th</sup> MP BN Co. "D."  
Camp Blanding, Fla.



Free

Mr. & Mrs. Max Gembeskiy  
1894 Walton Ave, Bronx  
N. Y.

Oct. 14<sup>th</sup> 1943.

My dearest Parents,

I got your nice letter today and was so much surprised to find \$10.- in it. You are really spoiling me. Yesterday I asked you to pay those \$7.- for me and today I get some more money. I don't want you to spend so much - I can imagine that you will need every penny now - and I shall at least pay you those \$7.- back in the near future. Anyway I thank you a thousand times.

As much I like to get some home made things from home, I really wouldn't enjoy it, if I would know, that our Mutterl goes and spent work on it after a days work. Such things are not "musts" and not a necessity, but very pleasant and it should be done that way. I really don't want you to put in some extra work and you don't need to worry, that I ever should misunderstand it. I am so glad to hear how you all chip in at the opening and building up of our new place, - it must look certainly very nice and I am happy to know, that you are satisfied so far. All my wishes go with you all and they are from the deepest

heart - that is the most I can do now at the moment.

I came off guard at noon today and I went with a friend to town again, where I sit at the Red-Cross now. I sketched a little, some of the girls here and they think that Michel Angelo personally came over from Italy. These places are so far away from a cosmopolitan life, that anything that differs from their life is a sensation. A foreign accent is something they encounter very seldom and somebody who knows a little sketching is an "Artist" if they can watch him. But they are all so friendly in this little sleepy town and sometimes I wonder, who is more pleased with our stay here - they or we; we both are.

Give everybody my love - I shall write soon to every single one.

You both be kissed and greeted  
in everlasting love

yours

Leo



Nov. 12<sup>th</sup> 1942

My dear Parents,

I just sit in Stark's U.S.O Club - at the Phonograph and play "Heavenly Blue". I think how I would like to dance it Mother. One can't forget the place, where one was home, despite all these frightful experiences. But this atmosphere - is only a dream anymore and certainly doesn't exist anymore.

I didn't write the last two days, because we had some exercises, which took much time away. I got your very dear letter. I think and hope that in a very short time I shall come for furlough and I think we will have a lot to talk - much better than I could now. Since I know that

**IDLE GOSSIP SINKS SHIPS**



I am so much impatient - that even writing is hard for me. Our basic training goes definitely to an end and we are more or less polishing up or solve military problems, but we don't learn anything new anymore - concerning the basic training. I am mighty curious, what will come next but as usual in the Army, we have not the slightest idea what. As a whole the days and weeks passed very quickly, thought moments ~~to~~ seemed endless! But they don't give you many moments and try to stamp out ~~as far~~ the individualistic way of life. Army life is team work in ~~any~~ way and line. Only the heart can't bow to it all ways - or at all.

I want to tell you - that the ~~the~~ last weekend was wonderful. Once I was not so impersonal alone and in a most interesting city. There was so much to see - I had no time to write. I was all ways in thought with you - how you would like. I was looking a long time until I could see pictures to give you

(2)



an idea how it looks there. St. Augustine is the oldest city of America. And still there are many original things and signs to see. As the city was originally built by the Spaniards - it touched me - to find absolute European atmosphere grown here. The fortress completely intact seems to me early Spanish Baroque - it so simple and in big great lines. When I was on the ~~top~~ roof of it I had a wonderful view over a big bay - in the bank a gorgeous lawn with old trees. <sup>Across</sup> ~~Over~~ the lawn there still is one of those typical "city gates" left. Over a small bridge one comes into a small long city street with old houses in <sup>partly</sup> Spanish style. It was exciting. There stands suddenly a old mill and then a old wooden schoolhouse from the pioneer time. It was one of the most ~~to~~ touching

IDLE GOSSIP SINKS SHIPS

sights I have seen in America. That was  
American history and tradition. Every thing  
in fact - in the most natural way - not museums  
like. One could practically hear the children  
come into the house, which at the same time  
was the living ~~room~~ quarters of the teacher. There  
is still an 80 year old woman, which was  
pupil at the time when it was the only place  
to send the kids - in the whole neighborhood.  
You would love that city. So quiet and  
sleepy at night. In the city there are those old-  
fashioned horse cars still functioning - and I drove  
around in one - with an old, old negro driver  
in top hat and he explained all the his-  
torical things in an very hard understandable  
dialect. Well - I guess - blood is no  
water - it touched me very much.

Well my dears - not so long anymore  
and I can tell so much more about  
everything. I shall need hours.

Be kissed in love

and ~~the night~~ greeted  
by yours  
/   
m

June 1<sup>st</sup> 1943

My dearest Parents,

I am very sorry that I don't write much, but I do so just not to leave you without news. I have and had very much to do - I was Charge of Quarters again - there is a tremendous heat - shortly I can't write much.

I am all right and full of wishes and dreams and ~~and~~ I am full of not-written letters, which I owe to all of you. I wish I could make good for it personally. In the best love and always with you my Dearests

I remain with many kisses

Yours

P.S.

Many thanks for the delicious Salamis!!!

no.



CAMP BLANDING, FLORIDA

Nov. 19<sup>th</sup> 1942

My dear Parents,

The last time I wrote to you was during Guard duty. I mentioned how tiring it was. But as usual - everything comes together. The following day I had R. P. It was a special busy day because the two sinks of the kitchen had to be repaired during the day and we were held up very much in our work - but had nevertheless to catch up - in order to be ready at schedule. When evening came and I was through I had just two thoughts - "shower and sleep." So I did. As a recreation for those two days work, we had a 10 mile hike today - full equipment - and the whole thing capped with a "problem"

which kept us busy all day long. Now it's coming again and we are back and you can imagine how I feel. My name appeared on the list for tomorrow again - "table waiter". That isn't so hard, but it just takes ~~one~~ the time for rest away, during the day's duties. So you see - sometimes it is tough - and then comes again a breathing spell. If I don't write much in such days - please forgive me. I am awaiting this weekend with impatience - I shall rest properly and relax. Please never get nervous, if there is no letter for a few days. Easier it is such a reason or many others can occur in military life, which you never know in advance. I have seen a few cases now, where boys were taken from one minute to the other and placed for a few days on a special detail outside of the camp. Yesterday suddenly 12 men ~~are~~ were sent away - destination unknown. Their parents won't hear

(2)



CAMP BLANDING, FLORIDA

for a few days and then get a letter from a new address in the States.

Since I know, that I might <sup>soon</sup> be very soon to N.Y. I am very impatient. Specially - because I pray nothing may come in between. Suddenly I feel so much the big distance I am from you. ~~At~~ Until now - I knew that there was no chance to visit to you - so the thought of you so far away had to become a daily thought, which could'nt be changed. I was longing for home - but there was no reality in it - it was dreaming of home. Now suddenly they set a date - and I hear the rattling of the train - see pictures of travelling - speedy trains - cities passing by - the stations

in N.Y. Snow - or rain - masses of people  
- subway - and then at home. I really  
coming in - in ~~a~~ my warm uniform  
which hangs still unused on the hangers  
and waits to be used.

It seems like eternity since I am  
away. All the experiences of the new  
life makes the time seem longer as  
it is. Then - as old I am - I am  
not used to be parted from you. I  
wish I have not to get used to it.  
So let's hope it will work out ~~good~~<sup>well</sup>  
and I am with you on the set date.  
You will hear in time the correct date.  
(about Dec. 11<sup>th</sup>.)

About Mrs. Ruskin's proposition I was sur-  
prised. I never thought to write beautiful letters -  
letters to be published. If they seem that way it is  
only the affection I have for you. I certainly  
wouldn't like to have my name connected to  
it - and if my letters help to give Americans  
an idea, how we foreign born feel - how great  
we feel - then I am only glad to give my consent  
to publish excerpts - though I really don't know  
which ones that could be. My thoughts are so  
much with you, when I write that I would  
think about be ~~historical~~ historic matters. I shall continue  
that way. Anyway many thanks and regards  
to her.

To you all my love - I am always yours  
/s/



CAMP BLANDING SERVICE CLUB  
CAMP BLANDING, FLORIDA

Jan. 15<sup>th</sup> 1943.

My dear Parents,

Today I was without mail from you. I myself believed I couldn't write, but there I sit and do it nevertheless. I have a cold too and headaches. The weather changes continuously between hot and cold and is it not surprising to catch something. I am so glad to hear that Mother is o.k. already and so does father. You always have been two "people & persons" and I wish you to stay that way.

I thought I might get the long advertised letter of hisel today, but was disappointed. Paul's letter becomes ambiguous meanwhile. Hisel shouldn't be so stupid - I don't expect a letter of a Professor in Engl. language (like Paul) but

24 AM  
42

want to hear from my younger sister - no matter how the "grammatical" is. From Friedl & Baby I hope I'll get news after the 23<sup>rd</sup> and I am sure it will be good news.

Here is nothing news. Tomorrow for a change I am on H.F. - and I wish it would be over already.

My dearest - I think often how it is now with rationing. Tell me about it. I don't feel it so much in the Army - that means - not at all and if I wouldn't read about it in the newspapers - I would hardly know anything about it. I believe always, that we never will go hungry in this rich country and if we miss one or the other thing - that is no sacrifice in comparison to that we have to win. I know that I don't need to tell you that - you are so easily satisfied.

My dearest, be kissed in love

I am always  
yours

Leo

CAMP BLANDING SERVICE CLUB  
CAMP BLANDING, FLORIDA

Jan. 16<sup>th</sup> 1943

My dear Parents,

Though we have Saturday today - it was a pretty busy day. We have a general visiting our camp and inspecting it - so you can imagine - everything goes upside down.

I just <sup>don't</sup> want you to leave so long without mail and send you quick greetings.

Later I shall try to go to Jacksonville - I need a little rest I am very tired. Perhaps I write you tomorrow.

With all my love and many kisses

always yours

her

CAMP BLANDING SERVICE CLUB  
CAMP BLANDING, FLORIDA

Jan. 3<sup>rd</sup> 1943

My dear Parents,

I got father's letter today - it was such a good hearted one. I missed Mother's hand writing underneath, but as he send it away from the office she I couldn't write. With her last longer letter I had so much joy - she writes like her good blue eyes look.

I wrote to you yesterday evening and not much new things have happened since then. He had a big inspection today - everything we got from the Army - down to the tooth brush I was inspected. They looked, whether any thing was missing or already in bad shape. Interesting was that this inspection was conducted by officers of an another company, while our officers did the same in the other company.

Now I sit in the Service club and a real sleepy weekend atmosphere exists here. Every body dressed up, writing home or talking with visitors, reading newspapers and hearing music.

I didn't write much lately as I ~~was~~ <sup>stated to</sup> you yesterday already. Well that was a busy week. On Monday obstacle course. That is a whole run with all kinds of obstacles over the whole length. Halking over poles climbing over a high wooden wall, jumping over hurdles, climbing a high wall over rope ladders and sliding down on poles, crawling through narrow tunnels, swinging over large dikes on ropes and a lot of more difficult things. We had a lot of fun, but were pretty exhausted after going through it a few times. I still feel a few minutes. But I am glad that I am so fit, because I nearly could do everything

Then as I wrote you, we had range duty. That doesn't mean only shooting. That wouldnt be so strainful. But everything connected to it - as for instance target duty, ammunition duty, score keeping etc. and everything in sharp discipline - makes you tired, if it is done over such a long time. One morning it was so damp and cold, that the first time in my life I took long woolen underwear. The others said, that I was stupid not to use it and I must confess, that I felt much better with it - though I hate only the thought of "gatsjes".

On Jan. 15<sup>th</sup> we make the exhibition in Jacksonville of our sketches and paintings. Meanwhile I made a few more which are considered good here. I will be represented by a lot of them - which were picked out by the man in charge of the ~~club~~ club. This code of arms you mentioned, hangs already in our messhall and looks very pretty. Now they want a few small pictures for the messhall and I was asked by the mess ~~sergent~~ sergent to make rough sketches, which he will show first to the captain, before I execute them. I have already two and will make a few more next week, if I have the time to do so. As you see I am kept busy even during my spare-time, only it makes me fun to do it - you know how I like to smear on white paper - if I ~~have~~ only the slightest chance.

It seems that we get a nice weekend. It cleared up - outside is now sunshine and warm. I shall meet a friend in Jacksonville, who's wife has come to visit him and we will spend probably the weekend together.

Be greeted and kissed in everlasting love  
and send all my love to Friedl, Gabay, Paul  
and hisel

yours  
Hes.

CAMP BLANDING SERVICE CLUB  
CAMP BLANDING, FLORIDA

Jan. 2<sup>nd</sup> 1942

My dear Parents,

That is Friday evening, after cleaning up - and the first free minute since <sup>3</sup> days. I told you in advance, that I was probably wont write and so I hope you didn't worry. We had again for a few days range duty - that meant 5<sup>30</sup> in the morning out of bed and coming back late evening - dog tired. In between we had blank out practice - so there was no chance of writing. But don't think I am worn out. I am in best shape again much more sunburned, - than you saw me - from the days in free sunshine. There are only times in the Army, which absorb you completely. A few days ago, we had an obstacle course (Hinderis - Kurs). I still feel all my muscles. As you see, we live a very healthy life and they toughen us up, where ever they can.

I wanted to write you more about the days here - but I must tell you that ~~is~~ the

news of Mr. Keans' death, came as such a shock to me, that I can't think of anything else. I got your letter a short time ago - and I wouldn't believe it at first. I was specially aggravated by your few remarks about the 2 women's behavior. There came only one thing out, which was true but hidden during his life already. He worked like a horse for them and for nothing else - and they considered him - as I think - for not much more. It's a tragedy - there I see him taking me at my arm and buying me a present, running around in the store, active and full of pep - and out. I can imagine, how father took it.

Now comes a weekend again and I shall write to you a longer letter. Today it is to late already - and tomorrow is a big inspection again.

Be again embraced and kissed in  
love and devotion

your  
Lico



MEMBER AGENCY—THE YOUNG WOMEN'S CHRISTIAN ASSOCIATIONS

Oct. 26<sup>th</sup> 1942.

My dear Parents,

It's Monday evening and I went out to Starke, that little town near the Camp. There is not much to see here, but just for a change of atmosphere it is good enough. The bus ride is 15 cents and takes about 20 minutes. I was in the movies and walked a little around. Now I stepped into the U.S.O. before going back to write to you a "good night" greeting. I am sleepy - here in the U.S.O. are sitting a few "girls" in fact the wives of soldiers, which are in camp. They followed them to be near to them as long as possible. A few have babies and they themselves are still kids. Those who are alone make sweaters or gloves for their husbands, the others sit arm in arm with their soldier husbands and kiss each other or try otherwise to enjoy their short visits as good as possible.

Now I shall say good night to you  
 my dears  
 in love yours  
 me



Sept. 30<sup>th</sup> 1945  
Manila

My very Dearests,

There is no much news now. I work again back in camp this time painting. The last few days were unbearable hot and I worked very slow, taking breaks once in a while. Today there came relief - rain and I am a different person.

Unfortunately I don't have as much opportunity to see the Bass-Family, as I wish I could. It is not so much a matter of time, then transportation. It is ~~impossible~~ impossible for me to get to see them on a weekday's evening. I wouldn't know, how to return. Today I shall see them at the

② Jewish well fare board, where there is a performance for children (Simchas Thora) I heard that Pauli is all excited - specially as he will see a magician for the first time in his life.

I have a little surprise for Bela. I had an occasion to buy a very good watch, which I took for myself and I shall give him the one I got in France. He has none.

I enclose letters from Bela again. I hope you will be able to help him - they are such fine people.

Be greeted with all my love - yours always

Leo.

UNITED STATES ARMY



CAMP BLANDING, FLORIDA

Dec. 8<sup>th</sup> 1943

My dearest Parents,

Just before laying down I want to write a few lines to you - otherwise I don't know, when I will be able to write again. We have very strenuous work now - not so hard in itself - but very tiring because of the length of hours. It goes day and night and I practically don't do a thing, but work eat and sleep. Going out or some time off is gone at the moment. It is some kind of guard-duty, where we have to be very careful and it makes you very tired.

So you won't get to much mail in the next time. There is no reason to worry - I just can't

explain it in detail.

I got your letter yesterday and was very glad with it - as always, when I read your dear words.

I am so tired, that I can't write on. Besides I have to get up again at 5 o'clock in the morning and tomorrow will be hard work and very little rest.

Be kissed and greeted with all my love

always yours

his.

# ARMY YOUNG MEN'S CHRISTIAN ASSOCIATION



## COMMITTEE OF MANAGEMENT

REV. C. H. ALLEN  
LT. COL. T. J. COLLINS  
D. C. JONES  
H. V. KNIGHT  
MAJ. F. O. LIND  
COL. D. W. MCNEESE  
N. STERNBERG  
A. J. THOMAS  
R. B. WEAR  
E. L. WILLIAMS  
J. E. WILSON

STARKE, FLORIDA

## OFFICERS

H. V. KNIGHT  
CHAIRMAN  
A. J. THOMAS  
VICE-CHAIRMAN  
REV. C. H. ALLEN  
TREASURER  
ROBERT B. WEAR  
EXECUTIVE SECRETARY  
GERTRUDE ELY  
ASSOCIATE SECRETARY  
MARGARET ERSKINE  
ASSOCIATE SECRETARY

Jan. 14<sup>th</sup> 1943

My dear Parents,

I got father's letter today and I am very happy to read, that Mutterle was out already. I hope it stays that way and that she has forgotten very soon, that she was sick at all. I will be very glad, when I ~~see~~ will see her handwriting again, which I missed so much in all (letters. When I open the envelope I get my first impression of seeing you both, by looking at those so different and for me so familiar hand writings.

How is your cold-father? I hope too that this is gone <sup>already</sup> as I know how hard you have it, once you catch a real cold.

I could ask you so many questions. I don't hear anything from all the others. Are they mad because I didn't write? My time was so short lately and I really want to convince them, that when I write to you parents, that my thoughts always are with them too. I know they ~~will~~ read your

letters and I put always my thoughts for them in it also. I hope Paulschelle had a big success with his first "Entbindung". Is he proud?

Oh - Paul. I still owe him money and I am afraid I won't be able to pay it back until the end of the month. I hope he won't be angry about it. It is not the sum - but I promised him to pay it back right away. But things turned out that way - that I would be very glad if I could wait until then.

I am in Starks today - after not <sup>have</sup> being here for a long time. I had to buy a few odds and ends and I went with two of my friends, who just went to ~~make~~ <sup>have</sup> photos taken of themselves. For wife and girlfriend and family. Well - we are always thinking and talking of home and the matter of a photo for home is a serious matter, about which they talked for days. I wouldn't send you such a photo - I believe they are always looking. You have good ones of me and besides I hope to get new always shots soon.

I will close for tonight. A week is almost gone again. Tomorrow evening I won't be able to write. I shall go to Jacksonville, where the exhibit of our work will be opened. I shall write again during the weekend.

Bye, bye my dears, I kiss you all  
with all my love

Yours

Leo.

CAMP BLANDING SERVICE CLUB  
CAMP BLANDING, FLORIDA

Jan. 11<sup>th</sup> 1943

My dear Parents,

I had K. P. today - and so you will understand, that once again my letter isn't long. I am very tired.

I send you a clipping from the "Jackson Times Union" - a big newspaper here. You can imagine, how surprised I was, when reading I found that notice. Coming back to Camp - every body greeted me, with ~~that~~ <sup>the</sup> news. I don't know, how that story travelled to the newspaper - but that is really funny.

I am mainly writing today - to send you the clipping and you will excuse me please if I ~~don't~~ finish so quickly - I'll jump right away to bed.

I kiss you in big love always  
your boy

hw

CAMP BLANDING SERVICE CLUB  
CAMP BLANDING, FLORIDA

March 22<sup>nd</sup> 1943

My dearest Parents,

I didn't write for the last days - and that's how it came.

I mentioned Heinkritz a few times in my letters - he was perhaps my dearest friend here. He left today for some special training. He knew about it on Friday and when Saturday came, we decided to be together on this day, as my name came up on the R. P. list for Sunday.

So we and a few other boys left Saturday right after the last formation and went to Jacksonville where we met two other boys who have their wives here. Both very nice U. S. girls.

We had a wonderful supper together in one of the biggest hotels



down here. He sat around a big round table and celebrated. Then we went to the dog races, where we enjoyed ~~ourselves~~ ourselves very good - but as I am never a good gambler - lost a few \$. Now I have not much left for this month - but that is a common occurrence in the Army.

Today he left - and personally I am very sad to have him gone. So many of my best friends left here lately.

When I was in Jacksonville I saw Mrs. Rosenberg for a moment and she is crazy about the present you sent to her. She told me, that she wrote to you and I wonder what. Tell me please.

Saturday I came back late - it was rather Sunday already - and then I went on R.P. You can imagine how tired I was afterwards - and that is, how it came, that I didn't write for a while.

(2)

CAMP BLANDING SERVICE CLUB  
CAMP BLANDING, FLORIDA

I didn't get any letter from you today - but hope so tomorrow.

You wrote me, that I don't answer you so many questions - I shall go through your last letters and try to find out, what it was.

At the moment I am in a big hurry with the writing. I went to the Service Club to write - but they have a noisy performance here for us - and light will go out any moment.

Those things are free for us - sometimes they have girls come here, giving dance & performances for us. Some times good - sometimes not - but it is nice and we have

always for.

Otherwise there is not much news down here.

What is the matter with the store? Anything new? I am very interested to hear everything about it. I hope it will be a success in the end.

Give everybody, Paul, Uncle, Friedl and Galey my love

and you be kissed with all my heart

Good night!

Yours

hes.

Nov. 30<sup>th</sup> 1943.

My dearest Parents,

There I sit again and write.

It is kind of hard to put it in ink, where everything is still so fresh in my mind. This ten days meant a lot to me and coming back here I really realize how starved I have been for those days with you.

Everything seems friendlier and I don't care what I have to work now. They put me on guard this morning from 7 o'clock until 1 p.m. and I caught myself whistling all the time. I arrived at noon yesterday and didn't return to camp until 4 o'clock. The time in between Pete and I went for a good meal and one drink and a little talk, concluding these way over furlough, enjoying a few more hours of it in this city, the place of our work. Our thoughts were at home and we talked about it.

The trip was pleasant - only the parting from you to much mixed up and to quick. I could only throw a glimpse at every one of you, where I would have liked to hold you in my arms. I run to my car excited and your faces in my mind, not noticing, how things dropped out of my overloaded hands until everybody started to yell after me. I got everything back and finally landed on a chair in the observation car, where all the service people without reservation ~~was~~ were placed.

I just dropped my ~~4~~ bags and magazines around me and as the train started to move I looked out to the empty platform thinking you would wave there, if you could have come down. I thought of all your dear faces and said "Good bye".

My place is fixed up again and my equipment in order. I even washed a few things yesterday night and went to bed very tired and sleepless for a long time. But it wasn't unpleasant. I just thought of those past days and ~~was~~ felt a deep satisfaction. You know it isn't politeness that I want you to know, how thankful I am. Everyone of you made me feel good and all that with not much, celebrating a giving me just that, I was longing for. Being ~~to~~ home, and warmth, and laughs, letting me be the son or brother again - in short breaking me with this old sweet love of ~~our's~~ home.

I hope it will make you happy to know that as it made me, to experience it.

Give my love to everyone, Paul, Mabel - I hope she is well by now - Fred and Gaby. You two, whom I love with all my heart be kissed and greeted from your

son

120

Nov. 26<sup>th</sup> 1945  
Manila, P.H.I.

My dearest Parents

This will be most probably the last letter from Manila. Finally it has come and I can barely believe it. The last days are full of excitement. The orders were, that I should leave to the Replacement Depot tomorrow morning and they were cancelled in the last minute. Instead we fellows will be transferred to our outfit, that goes home as a unit. Whether this will bring us home quicker or not I don't know. Anyhow I was not too happy about it - but if we only are on our way -

I said good bye to Jerry yesterday. I made it very quicky, because they all were very sad. As much, as they wished me to go home - it left them very much alone. Bela & Jerry were all pale in their faces and I felt a little depressed when I left. Bela asked me before I left I should write to you for a favor. You should give the two children of Erna \$ 10.- each for Christmas and ~~the~~ Bela gave me the \$ 20.- here. He insisted on it and wouldn't do it different. By the way your Telegram with \$ 30.- never arrived. I don't know what happened. I don't need it anymore anyway but I don't want it to be lost. I just needed the money before I left to meet all my bills and it was the end of the month. Now having the \$ 20.- of Bela I won't accept the Telegram, even if it comes before I leave. So please see to get it back - and excuse me for doing you so much trouble.

My very dearest - I am just thinking about one thing - the moment I will be with you again -

all my love  
Yours

Leo

AR 25193

2/8

Leo Alueckselig Collection

1942-1945

Alueckselig, Leo to Alueckselig, MAX and Paulina

incl. clippings

359  
Newspaper  
dipping

FRAGILE



at 10 A. M. today:			
	Gpfrt Boxes	Orngs Boxes	Tngrns Boxes
Rail shipments ...	30,454	122,411	43,434
Truck .....	3,808	13,949	3,329
Total .....	34,262	136,360	46,763
By cars .....	85.7	340.9	116.9

# Citizenship Oath Given 66 Soldiers

## Special Naturalization Hearing Is Conducted By Judge Strum.

The oath of allegiance was administered in Federal Court yesterday to 66 United States soldiers who renounced their alien nationality.

The soldiers became citizens of this country on order of Judge Louie W. Strum, who conducted the special naturalization hearing. Addressing the group on good citizenship, the Federal judge pointed out that the uniforms the men were wearing was evidence of their desire to defend the freedom and liberty promised all citizens of the United States.

As a soldier of the United States, he told them, it would be their highest duty "not to die for your country, but to see to it that the enemy soldiers die for their's."

Seventeen of the soldiers were of former German nationality and 13 renounced their allegiance to Italy, two of the Axis powers against whom they will fight.

The new citizens and their former nationality follow:

British, Thomas Frew, William Albert Whitby, Francis McKendry, Michael Coleman McEwen, Chester Stevenson.

Adams, Robert Valimore, Russell James Hess, Kenneth James Murray Garner, Carl Hanson Stevens and Wilfred Robert Smith.

Polish, Henry Kurzydowski, William Feldschreiber, William Ferrer, David Tothbaum and Frank James Lease.

German, Fred Kahn, Fred William Marx, Ernest Loeb, Paul Adolph Mayer, Karl Gold Smith, Willi Weinstock, Norbert Mattes, all of whom designated their former allegiance as "stateless"; Wilhem Boehmler, Max Gideon, Otto Fritz Ranke, Erich Otto Metter, Kurt Neuberger, Erich David, Henry Isidore Lind, Ernest Frederick Woschke, Ernest William Staedtler and Alfred Gerhard Lopas.

Italian, Dino Volano, Flavio Oreste de Filippo, Virgilio Giacomo Ientile, Domenico Gallucci, Salvatore Librizzi, Louis Zenone, Matthew Albert Surgenti, Anthony Sigismondo, Joseph Romolo Pierno, Vito William Perillo, Angelo LoCascio, Victor Macchione and Cataldo Cilano.

Austrian, Bernard Dorell Locker, Fred Tom Wang, Leo Gelbert, Leo Glueckselig, Willy Schoen, Frank Windisch and Frank Alexander Grashl.

Russian, Louis Radetsky, Adolf Jarrot (stateless) and Harry Greenberg.

Eire, James Joseph Buckley and Patrick Joseph Gray.

Finnish, Eero Erkila and Leonard Henry Mylly.

Hungarian, Lester Klein; Greek, John Nick Andrews; Dutch, Jan Dekkinga; French, Joseph Louis Cattin; Czechoslovakian, Anton Rek, and Filipino, Matias Manuel De-Ocampo.

## Main Idea of Women

Print the complete address in plain letters in the space below, and your return address in the space provided on the right. Use typewriter, dark ink, or dark pencil. Faint or small writing is not suitable for photographing.

*Handwritten signature*  
(CENSOR'S STAMP)

To: MR. & MRS.  
MAX GLUECKSELIG  
1894 WALTON AVE  
BRONX, N.Y.

From: TEC5 LEO GLUECKSELIG  
32410629  
HQ. DET. 795th MP. BN.  
APO # 517 4/2 P.M. N.Y., N.Y.

See instruction No. 2

(Sender's complete address above)

DEAR Parents

PLEASE ADDRESS ME AS SHOWN BELOW UNTIL OTHERWISE ADVISED.

REC. 5 LEO GLUECKSELIG 32410629  
HQ. DET. 795th MP. BN.  
APO No. 517 Postmaster, N.Y., N.Y.

The above COMPLETE ADDRESS should be placed on ALL MAIL sent to me. MY CODE CABLE ADDRESS IS

Normal signature *Leo Glueckselig*

NOTE.—Newspapers and magazines may need your old address for correct processing. When advising publishers of change of address, complete the following:

My old address was

See AR 15-200  
W. B. A. G. O. Form No. 971  
1 January 1944  
This form supersedes W. B. A. G. O. Form No. 971, 5 July 1943, which may be used until existing stocks are exhausted.  
HAVE YOU FILLED IN COMPLETE ADDRESS AT TOP?

V - MAIL

HAVE YOU FILLED IN COMPLETE ADDRESS AT TOP?

THE "ESQUIRES" I SEND PAUL  
FOR HIS "ORDINATION"  
AND YOU PLEASE KEEP  
THE DRAWINGS AND PAINT  
-THE GET RUINED LYING  
IN THE HUTS.

PO

LEO

My dearest Parents,

In short - this is a crazy week. We have a problem tomorrow - all day long and the following night. We in Headquarters had to prepare all the maps and so there was ~~so~~ <sup>very</sup> much work to do and no time for writing. Today it is late again and I write very short~~ly~~ - just send you many kisses, to let you know, that every thing is in best order. Tomorrow I won't be able to write and so - this week's mail is a little scarce. But if you know now about it and ~~no~~ there is no need to worry.

Give all my love to Fritz, Gabby, Hissell & Paul and you both dears be kissed and embraced

by your

her

Jan. 5<sup>th</sup> 1942

My Dears,

Today we were through  
late and I have to prepare for  
tomorrow morning. He are going out  
very early and will it be again  
a strenuous time. As I don't  
know, whether I will be able to  
write to you tomorrow & the days  
after, I better write today shortly  
then nothing.

I got your letter today and  
am very glad with every single  
word I hear from home.

I expected my drawings  
already and hope you will  
send them soon - I need  
them - because they go perhaps  
to an exhibition. I must have  
them before the 10<sup>th</sup> of Jan. I  
asked Friedl for this one I  
gave him too.

My dearest - be kissed in  
big love - today I just say  
"hello" to you - that is no real  
letter, but I hope it says as much  
as a long one, as far as my  
love for you is concerned.

yours

Paul

Give a kiss to every single one - Paul  
himself, Frieda & baby.

Service Club



U. S. ARMY

Fort Dix, N. J.

8/6. 1912.

My dear Parents,

You should see me now.

I sit in the Service Club, to leather  
Fandrels; behind me, somebody plays  
Piano.

So far I had only the Reception  
Routine, which covers a lot of things.  
Today we had our Intelligence Exam.  
We don't know the Results yet. Tomorrow  
will get the uniform. Besides that we  
are still in civilian dress, we had  
all the military Routine necessary  
in camp life. Though I slept very  
good, I am today again very tired  
but that comes not ~~from~~ so much  
from doing a lot of things. I guess  
we aren't used yet to all that  
stuff. I am very sunburned already

and look like a tomatoe. Besides the good air, there is really a lot to eat and very good too. Mother should see....

The other boys are very nice fellows. very, very humorous and I ~~a~~ had quite a number of good laughs. ~~At~~ There exists a fine atmosphere of comradeship and those, who know already a little bit - helps the newcomers.

For at least 14 days I want be allowed to leave camp, but will be able to receive visits. As I don't know at the moment, whether my stay here will be 3 days, 1 week or 1 month ~~so~~ you better wait until I ask you to come.

I think very much of you - you were so sweet all the time. You have really no reason to worry - I am absolutely fine - and so are all the others here.

Give to all - to Fritz, Baby, hischen, Paulschele - my love and you both

I kiss in love

yours

no





CAMP BLANDING, FLORIDA

Sept. 23<sup>rd</sup> 1942

My dear parents,

I just got your letter with the photos and I am very glad about it. I look at them continuously and think about those 2 nice days I had with you.

You write that you didn't get mail from me - but I hope that you get meanwhile a few <sup>letters</sup> because I wrote to you, with the exception of two days last week, which were very hard. Don't get excited at such occasions - sometimes we have much to do or we are so tired that the writing is too hard. It can happen that we make a long march and stay out of camp - so if there are no letters for a few days, that is no reason for excitement. I assure you, that I love to write to you - it

is allways - as I would sit on your bed and talk to you both.

In the last few days I got so much letters from home, that I dont know anymore whether I have answered every thing. I shall take the whole bunch of letters and read ~~them~~ through again. You cant imagine how liddy I am to get mail from you all and I am happy already when I see your handwriting on the envelopes.

Now about the last few days. Saturday afternoon I went for a few hours to a little town near to our camp and cashed the money order (Starks) I think I wrote you about that. To go to Starks, we dont need any pass and was it very clever to sign it that way.

Sunday I stayed in camp and was very lazy. He ate a big meal with chicken and pies and at 3 o'clock we got our pass. I had my newly pressed uniform and a second clean copy, which I bought and went with one other boy - it is this fat one - to Jacksonville. Naturally - as on Sunday not many people leave for Jacksonville anymore, our bus was almost filled



(2.)

CAMP BLANDING, FLORIDA

with Jewish boys. This time this other fellow - his name is Murray - and I had written to the Jewish Welfare Board before. So we went to the U.S.O. got tickets for "school" and a private invitation. It was late already, so we took a taxi, which incidentally are very cheap here - and drove to an older section of the city. Very nice - all one family houses on wide streets, lined with palm trees. When we arrived, the owner of the house stood in front of his house - a cigar in his mouth - about 40 years old. He said - "hello boys - my name is Rosenberg, get in, feel like at home and take your ties and shirts off." It was very hot - and we were very glad about this uniformed way. When we came in - 3 other soldiers sat there, sprawled over the easy chairs, smoking, reading newspapers etc. At first I thought that were his relatives - but oh no - that soldiers have been only there a few times and were very familiar with their hosts. ~~At~~ His wife a young nice looking woman and their very smart boy - the same uniformed way. At the meal we found out, that they have always a big bunch of boys in their home - sometimes

even about 20 and they slept all over the house, on ~~stair~~ chairs and on the floor. After a good and rich dinner, we went to the synagogue, which was filled and crowded - again many soldiers of all branches. There I stood and heard the Col. Nidek and was with my whole heart with you all at home, knowing that you were with me. That helped a lot.

After the service we took a long walk back. It was cool and a big relief after a very hot day. Murray and I found two empty beds and I had a good night's rest. Next day we got up at about 10<sup>30</sup> and I walked back. I had to leave a few times - because it was so hot - but in the afternoon it became better. The service was very nice and simple - allways the same melodies and naturally I thought much of Europe. Evening we went back to this people. He got a ride I in half the way back, with other people and had again a very fine meal. He stayed afterwards until 10<sup>30</sup> talking with them people and they brought us downtown to the bus station. When we left I told them, that I can't express my gratitude, because they made a real fine holiday for us and that my parents would be very happy if they would know how fine we were treated. They told us, that whenever we would come to town, we should come to them, we are allways welcome and the house would be open for us.

I came back at a quarter to twelve and went right away to bed with a certain satisfaction - at least to have been in a home this day. Let's hope, that next year we would be able to be together in a happier time.

Great all - Paul, Hilde and Fritz and Gaby  
love from me.

To you all my love  
with many kisses  
always yours

he

Sept. 28<sup>th</sup> 1942

My dear parents,

Over this weekend I was again in Jacksonville. He arrived there at about 4 o'clock in the afternoon and went directly to the store of those people. They send us home where we met their little boy. He made a few sandwiches for us - and then we took it easy. We slept there again and Sunday we didn't do anything but eating, sleeping and again eating - and how good and much. They drove us a little around with their car. Oh - you can't imagine, how wonderful people live down here. All small houses in modern style and palm trees and exotic plants. I thought the whole time how much you both would enjoy to live like that. In the afternoon they took us along to her mother - lives in a own nice house too. I would like you to write to them a few lines. But don't do it in a formal way because they are so informal and their hospitality is in a way, as it would be the most natural thing in the world.

The address is: Al Rosenberg, 1710 Moro Street, Jacksonville, Fla.

I got two letters from you. The letter of Mrs. Stork is just ridiculous and I even don't want to talk about it anymore. I wrote to Mr. Stensky a letter, ~~in~~ in which I

Thanked him and told him in short everything again.  
Don't discuss with her anything - I shall ~~but~~ write her  
a letter, which will be the appropriate answer.

Today it is raining and the first fine cool.  
I have been at the dental clinic and they are going to  
fix my teeth. The first thing was, that they pulled out  
two almost rotten teeth - one was so bad that I  
had an inflammation already. You should see that clinic.  
You wouldn't see it at a private doctor. The most modern  
technical installations and the "sirs" (Doctors) very  
friendly and thoroughly working. I went last Wednesday  
for the first time on my own initiative - two days  
later our whole company was looked over and every-  
body, who needs ~~it~~ a treatment will get it. They make  
everything from plain fillings to bridges and whole  
sets of false teeth. So far I have got 6 inoculations  
(Impfungen) against Typhoid & Tetanus etc. They  
check us very closely, look over our feet and next  
week - as I heard - they will check our eyes again.

I forgot to write you one thing - I hope I  
never will have to use - but nevertheless our com-  
pany commander told us to write home. In case  
of an emergency, when you want me to notify or  
to come to U. S. go to your nearest red cross  
chapter and let them handle it. They don't release  
you, before not notified by the red cross.

This week we'll get our first pay, which I  
need very badly already. I shall send hist  
~~to~~ and Paul their money then and will buy  
a few things I need.

We have made a lot of progress in our  
drill already and we are told to be the

② best company in the Battalion. In the beginning I had trouble to understand our sergeants, as they are all Southerners and speak a different dialect. But I got used to it.

Besides the Fat guy, which is my best friend here, I have a few other boys, I like very much. "Fatty" as I call him, is probably in a different company, but only a few minutes from me. Still it happens that I don't see him for 2 or 3 days, if we have a busy time. In my tent I sleep with 4 other fellows, which thanks God are all nice. An American boy, who had previous military service and probably will be very soon corporal or sergeant (we have a lot of those men and they will be the first ones to get promotions.) This boy has been in Vienna for a few weeks and we often talk about it. Then there is a Irish man - not a big mind, but exceptional fine and quiet fellow. He is very religious, prays every night before going to bed on his knees. He likes me very much and tried all ways to help me out with money lately. The third one is a guy which reaches to my belly. A Phillipino and I am in "love" with him. A very fine sport and he can laugh so heartily. The fifth guy - no there I could write 10 pages - your son.

I am always writing about myself. I was so sorry to hear that father couldnt make the business. I worry so much because he writes

so often that business is quiet. let's hope that it will pick up soon.

When you write me about home or about all our dears I always try to visualize everything. I see you all at home, or sitting at home, I see Paul riding in his car - proud, and I see Fritz and Baby dancing on Friday evening. It is so good to have such a family.

I will be very glad, when mummy sends sweet stuff but don't let her work to much for that reason. When I shall eat it I will enjoy the thought, <sup>that</sup> her good hands had made it - as I watched them making good things since I ~~was~~ a little boy. But I want you all to eat from it too - then it will taste better.

I send you a picture from a place in Jacksonville - in the center of the city.

Besides that I send you a form about Army Emergency relief to keep you informed about everything. There too I hope, you'll never will have to use it.

Good bye my very dears, give my love to Fritz, Baby, Paul & home

and you too be kissed in love

from yours

My best regards to Mr. Adler  
and Miss Ruskin.

W



Mon. 3rd 1942

My dear parents,

I have already a bad conscience, because I got so much mail and you had nearly none lately. But you know the reasons and I hope you are not worried or mad at me. Your letters are so much to me and I can understand that you on the other side, want to get as much letters as I do. I try my best and I must assure you, that I myself like to write to you. It's like talking to you and I myself miss it - when I am not able to do it.

Now I want to tell you a little bit about our march.

He left Thursday early morning. The whole Battalion went out. He had a certain amount of trucks available. The whole march was fixed and planned and we had to cover a lot of miles and to reach our different destinations ~~at~~ <sup>along a</sup> timetable. It was a so-called "shuttle" march. Half of us marched, the other part ~~we~~ rode in the trucks, where we loaded at a certain point. From there

as we marched, the trucks went back and picked the others off on a certain point and brought them to the final destination. In that manner we covered ~~about~~ with not too much strain about 120-130 miles in 3 days. The trucks with the kitchens and food went ahead. With them went a detail of men, whose responsibility was to prepare the camping field. When we arrived there we found a complete kitchen working all ready for our dinner, our different company streets outlined, the latrine ready, the tents for hospital and commanding officers prepared. He had just to move in, take our parts of. Then we picked from one truck our big rolls, consisting of tents and blankets and built our tents within 20 minutes. He marched with this time with a so called easy bag - we had only our Rain coats and Toilet articles <sup>and mess equipment</sup> in (Besides that we carried a gas mask, big belt and a gun - was just enough in that heat.) In ~~this~~ <sup>the</sup> big roll, I had a second set of Underwear, and clean socks a second pair of shoes and different tent = utensils.

So when we rode out that morning - we were ~~up~~ in good spirit and curious, how everything will turn out. He rode about

② 35 miles and - then <sup>(we)</sup> were shipped out. It was a big "convoy" as such a closed transport is called, with jeeps and Trucks and Red Cross cars and Technical personnel. On every important point soldiers from our own ~~unit~~ outfit, were already waiting, directing the traffic. They always go ahead & clearing the way for us.

Then we marched. Ten miles. I didn't know that ten miles - ten lousy miles can stretch themselves so long; if it is hot and one has to carry a lot, one learns it. At 12 o'clock sharp there we met a big kitchen truck, who had lunch for us. Sandwiches, fresh water and apples. Every soldier got a bag and we emptied them very quickly. Then we went on and the truck disappeared again.

Our officers and captain marched with us all the time - only the Lt. Colonel rode and the officer in charge of the vehicles. I think that is marvelous. They are not the youngest - but in fact they behaved that way.

When we reached the outskirts of this little town (7000 people) where we were supposed to camp - we met the other part of our outfit - now riding.

He marched together to the field and found everything prepared as I told you before. After we were through with setting up our camp, we got to our surprise last days mail. He had "rebreath" standing in front of our little tents and was that quite a picture, those tents (about 250) in rows, at every one 2 soldiers with arms ~~and~~ at attention, all quite under big trees, ~~and~~ dawn coming and the open fires of the kitchens laying a fine smoke against the sunset. Then we got to our surprise a third sunban uniform. He were supposed to get it since a long time - and they decided to give it to us at this occasion. After we were told, that we are ~~the~~ guests of the city, we changed quickly from a tired bunch of dirty boys into a laughing, clean bunch of soldiers. At first we had a show and then we were invited by local institutions. There were drinks (soft) and cakes and music and all the honorable ~~and~~ mothers of the town with their daughters. They havent seen so much soldiers and treated us with real hospitality. I nearly fell in love with an old lady, who has two sons in the service - some where - and who was like a mother to us. I created some sensation after one girl found out, that I was from Austria and after a while, I was the boy from "Australia". A few thousand miles difference.

③ on the map - but both are very far from this town anyway. He had coffee at 11 o'clock. I found my tent with some good luck and crawled in, where my tent mate was snoring already. One could hear the voices of the others for a long time - but I fell asleep at last and slept very, very good. I had one blanket on the ground and covered myself with the other. I woke up before the bugles sounded and shaved myself in the dark. Then the camp awoke. With much noise and fast moving shadows in the dark, we broke the camp off in no time. Then had a good hot coffee, ~~or~~ scrambled eggs, bread butter - and off we went after cleaning the whole place and burning ~~everything~~ all the brush.

This morning we started with the march. This time it was not so easy as the day before. First of all, we marched about 16 - 17 miles. It was awfully hot and the road stony. The last part, we were already very tired and thirsty. Most of the boys did the mistake, to drink too much during the march. First of all it is not good and then they had nothing left. When I came to the last

miles, & a few including me had still a lot left and shared it with the others. You should see, how good stale and warm water can taste, when one is thirsty.

At this last part a few had to fall out because they either had blisters on their feet or felt bad. But only after trying very hard to continue. They got right away treatment and the ride in the red cross car, which stopped every quarter of a mile and so was marching with us. But no serious case happened throughout the march. Here we happy, when we met at least our trucks. In we went and I slept right away.

This time we had a very elegant camping ground. It was the base = ball field of a bigger town, with big electrical lights. We were again guests of the town. This evening, they staged a big formal dance, with all the manuell's in evening dress. I danced with a beauty such a wild waltz, that they call me now the "Hinner Walzer" or "Waltz king".

Next morning again the same thing. Only the boys, who had sore feet, were brought back into camp by car. He

④ marched about 7-8 miles on Saturday and arrived in Blanching at about noon. Here we tired! Still we had to clean our rifles at first, which was quite a job as they become rusty very quickly in this damp climate. And a rusty gun is no good.

Then we had to clean our equipment and before we could stretch our bones evening was there again.

Now I gave you a detailed report of those days, because I think it might interest you.

I have to finish now, because it is late. That means - it is past eleven o'clock. In the huts - "light out" is at 9<sup>30</sup> and in our day room at 11 o'clock. The only place where light is all right long is the habing. That is no nice place to write letters, but if one has no chance to finish letters one has to use even that place. There are always a few sitting there on a bench, writing.

I hope ~~with~~ Mutterle is really perfectly O.K. by now. There is one thing which might interest you.

There is a nice Jewish boy in my company. A few days ago we incidentally found out, that we are neighbors! His name is Hieser, and he lives 1857 Halton Ave, - across the street. (At the school)

If you want to visit his mother - she speaks very good German and perhaps Mother would enjoy it to know somebody \* with whom she can talk.

Now good night for today. Tell Hieser I thank very much for her letter - for heavens sake - I nearly forgot - ~~to~~ I thank naturally Paul as he writes too in the letter. I shall answer them very soon. Give my regards to all four of the "children"

and be kissed as always in big love

yours

Leo





CAMP BLANDING, FLORIDA

Dec. 17, 1942

My dear parents,

He just came back from an exercise outside of the camp. I sit on my bed and the others lie in theirs and doze. He were caught by a terrific rain - but had fortunately our rain coats with us. Well we got enough. The first thing we did after coming back, was as usual to clean the guns. They must be taken care of first. Specially ~~if~~ when they get wet. As deadly those beast are, as touching they must be handled and it means more, that a gun gets wet, then if it happens to a soldier. That's how it is ...

I got your two letters yesterday evening. One with the form from Washington, which as I think - is needless to answer. To be sure, I shall inquire at Headquarters - but I don't think it will be necessary.

Then to my big surprise I got the check  
of Mrs. Stark. Well - what has happened...?  
I am keeping the check and will cash it  
in N.Y. and you will take the money  
then. O.K.?

Apropos money - today we got our pay  
\$45. - (insurance and laundry amount always  
to about \$5. -) Tomorrow I shall buy the  
Railroad ticket, which is about \$26. -  
(Roundtrip) The last week of this month  
I was broke - but usual I ~~to~~ handle the  
money pretty well. One doesn't under-  
stand how they money is spend. I don't  
drink - I don't play games and still the  
money runs like water. Most of the money  
is spent during the weekends out - where  
I usually eat well, ~~and~~ and enjoy a  
little my free time.

In <sup>a little more than</sup> about one week - if everything  
goes well - I shall start my trip to

N.Y. Can you imagine how I am  
longing for it?

I kiss you in love

yours

Red

1943

Jan. 12<sup>th</sup> 1943

My dearest Parents,

I am really a lazy guy. Today I had the intention to write a longer letter to you. I haven't written so much to you lately and I want to make up a little for it. Now - I went to the Service Club and wrote first a letter to Miss Hewison. I got the Pencil from her (Christmas) and besides I answered a letter in which her secretary asked me to ask for a letter from our Company-Commander for the Department of Justice. That thing is in regard to the bond, which will be lifted, if the Department is notified, that I am actually in the Army.

After I finished the letter - a few boys, who came with me, persuaded me to go to the movies with them. I grew weak,

and went - and now it is almost 11 o'clock  
in the night and not much time left to write  
Are you very mad at me? I hope not.

I saw a very "true" journey with  
"Meynerite", a picture about a child in  
London, during the war. Though not mentioned  
there is no doubt, that it is based on the  
house, which Anna Friend ~~is~~ & Mrs. Burlingame  
keeps for children in London. It was quite  
interesting - not too good and not too bad.  
Anyway - I didn't get a letter from you  
today - but hope to get some mail  
tomorrow.

What the news at home? Nobody  
writes me - what's the matter with the  
children? Anyway give everyone a  
hearty kiss from me

and you my two dears be  
embraced in everlasting love

Always

your

no

Jan. 13<sup>th</sup> 1943

My dear Parents,

After a pause of 2 days I got a letter today. Only father wrote and I was very sad to learn, that Mutterle caught that sickness again. I hope with all my heart that when Mutterle reads this letter, she will be out of bed again and feel better. I can imagine how you felt - specially as father had one of his strong colds. Please keep me informed exactly how you are - I wish you can write me only good things.

When I read this letter I wished I could have been with you together. Not that I ~~to~~ think, that I am essential - after all the other children ~~take~~ take care of you both, just the same - but at ~~to~~ such occasions, one feels so strongly, where to one belongs. I hope Mutterle will take it easy now and be care full.

Here nothing special <sup>has</sup> happened. It is raining again and nasty. He had after a long time an easy day. In the morning they checked our eyes and in the afternoon we went to the movies to see intension pictures. That was really

a break and I enjoyed it. All the last time I was so often tired - to lazy to write. I wish you would forgive it. Today in the noon I fell even asleep and it is good not to be caught at that. But the boys at the left and right took care of me, when the light went on - with one elbow each. Now I feel better.

As I told you - I answered Miss Lewisohn yesterday. This letter was very much influenced by a fact I found out yesterday. The company clerk showed me a letter they received - saying that my citizenship has been accepted. They will notify us about the terms to be sworn in. It is a thing I knew, <sup>too</sup> that it will come - but at the moment I saw it on the paper, it moved me very much. I don't want to use common places to prescribe, what I thought - it was more like a feeling. So many things I remembered - there I am an American citizen - something I could read on a piece of paper. Something that was once a dream or something nearly unbelievable - and at this moment would be the wish of millions of people to possess - there it was typed on a piece of official

(2) paper - cool and beautifully. Going back to my but I thought of the past - of this hard way leading up to that moment - a way, which is (comparatively) short in comparison to the road on which so many are still walking - or dying. There I am in the Army, go through moments and occasions, which seem sometimes hard to bear. Life seems interrupted and thrown out of its tracks. One is sometimes in danger to forget to quickly. What is that life I am ~~best~~ leading in comparison to that, we all escaped? Intentionally I compare them, because both forms are so closely connected. He escaped only with much luck and we would be the same completely helpless people, treated worse than animals - I don't dare to ~~picture~~. I think about it - as those who were not so fortunate, ~~as we are~~ to escape. Actually we live in a world, where those powers want to overrun us - there is no escape about that fact - and luckily we are in a country, which is the most powerful antipode against this murder. And it is fighting for its existence and has the power to do so - ~~something~~ He must hold this fact before



our eyes continuously - that this is our last chance - a chance so many would be happy to have. ~~the~~ <sup>those</sup> thoughts make it a lot easier for me. You know I am not a bones soldier, that any kind of militarism make me always sick - but I don't look ~~at~~ at my life now from this angle. We are in this Army now - to be able once again to take off the uniform - and to forget it. This attitude let's me ~~make~~ <sup>make</sup> for a easy through a routine life, where I am so much used to my individualistic going. Now I am going to be sworn in as an American citizen. I never could say, that I felt strange with all the other men I met in the Army - but it is unbelievable how much the form means in our life. It will be a certain difference - one step forward in getting into the American family. Without noticing it so many changes have taken place with me already anyway. That is one of the youth full powers of this country. It takes you more, than you <sup>can</sup> believe. Some where this old Europe will always be in my bones - but I wonder if I would be able or ever would have the wish to live there. I think I would be homesick for America.

It became our home - and that ceremony will be a formal and concluding act of that fact. I am happy to be here - with you all together.

In love

yours

neo.

Jan. 18<sup>th</sup> 1943.

My dear Parents,

I got today the parcel with the two Salamis. One is gone already. Steinkritz is my but got one too - but his wife send him some bread with it - pumpernickel - and there started a big eating right away. Thank you very much for it. Give hisel my heartiest thanks too.

I am very glad to hear that Motherle is fit again and I hope it was the last time, that she was molested with this sickness.

Friday evening I was in Jacksonville at the opening of exhibition. I forgot to write about it on Saturday. It is a very nice place - an Artstudio, owned by the city and open for servicemen. The whole thing is run by a few volunteers, mostly elderly ladies.

It was a big success, though

I had only 5 drawings there. There was some mistake - they couldn't find my sketches, which I had put in a safe place in the Service club here at the camp. They were looking all over for me and thought, that I had taken them back. ~~So~~ So on Saturday I showed them, where they have been and so they will be exhibited this week. The show will last 3 weeks. Most of those sketches you don't know and are a few relatively good.

Today I started to visit a school in our outfit. Communication. Every company has a few radio men and I am learning at the moment telegraphing. It's not easy and I was very much confused in the beginning.

The whole thing happened this way. A few guys were picked out for it - just on the day I had K.P. the last time.

Our work in camp now is very boring and I got extremely nervous. We have so many new

② men, that we have to repeat everything over and over again. One day I found out, that 2 men, who were at the ~~str~~ school, dropped out for some reason. So I went to the first sergeant and asked for permission to join the school. I got it and will work there now every afternoon. The whole thing doesn't mean much, but at least I am learning something and spend my time in a more intelligent way.

At the moment I have to learn the whole ABC in ~~to~~ the Telegr. code. .... - di di dah dah and my head sings still from trying the first time. I learned about 18 letters today - which is very much - but I wonder how I will be tomorrow.

It takes about 2-3 months until one can take messages, in a rather half quick way. But there are a lot of other interesting things to learn.

I am with Stein Britz together who joined the school from the beginning

But he had previous training and came in easily.

I wanted to ask you something since I a few days and forgot always. What is the matter with my watch? Could you please ask Mr. Uetter. I miss it very much here.

How is Friedl. I hope he isn't nervous. I am almost 100% sure that he will be back on the same evening with a 4F. Send him my best regards.

Do the same to the other "children" too -

and you my dearest be kissed in love

always your boy

P.S.

I am in the Service - And and forgot the stamps in my list. Thank you anyway -

Lu

CAMP BLANDING SERVICE CLUB  
CAMP BLANDING, FLORIDA

Jan. 21<sup>st</sup> 1943.

My dear Parents,

I just finished a long letter to Paul & his, but want to send a letter to you nevertheless. I had no mail from you today, but I know there will be some tomorrow.

Yesterday I had H.P. and I was to tired to write at night, after I came out. I was cooking together with a older man who is very weak and so naturally I did most of the work and the result was, that I fell into the bed right away after we were through. Incidentally we had chicken again and I partly made good again in eating a lot of those birds. Yesterday in the afternoon we laughed a lot. The cooks were baking pie for today and in a free moment I stole a piece of "Pie" and formed a Venus out of it, put some butter on it and baked it in the ~~stove~~ oven. Afterwards I reported it to the mess sergeant and was he happy about this art piece. He called her "a sun tanned Dame" and a few more nice names, which I hardly can write down, for such respectable parents

as I have.

Don't worry about those things I wrote to Paul. There are always times, where one is nervous, but that doesn't mean, that something is wrong. In the distance such things sound always different. I hope, that in case of a transfer, I shall be nearer to N.Y. - that would be wonderful.

I am ~~now~~ waiting very anxious for the 23<sup>rd</sup> and though I am sure that Friedl will be rejected, please let me know right away.

Did you please ask Mr. Metter for my wrist watch. It is such a long time already and I miss it very much. Another favor I would like to ask you. Could you find out how the address of Edith Einhorn is? (Dr. Köny) I want to know how she is and would like to write her a letter. Please don't forget to ask!

My dears - for to night I say again  
bye, bye. Be embraced and kissed  
many times

I am always your

old

Leo

Jan. 25<sup>th</sup> 1943

My dear Parents,

With great relief I received the news about Friedl. Logically I didn't believe, that they would take him, but one never knows, what might happen. I can imagine how ~~of~~ all were nervous at home and I had my small share here too.

At the moment I sit in the guardhouse - I am on Guard duty today. There is a new set up in our routine and it might be, that I get it a few days during this week. We started at noon today and are on duty until tomorrow noon - the afternoon then is off. I might be on again, on Wednesday. After that I wouldn't get it for about a month. I was walking my post that afternoon already and it was very hot and my head still hurts. After this letter is written, I shall try to sleep, because I will have some



walking to do during the night.

My cold is gone and you don't need to worry - I feel quite all right again.

I am always so glad, that you let me know about everything at home - about Mother's work, about business, about the visits and all those details

I don't understand, ~~th~~ how it came that you thought hises letter didn't arrive. I got Paul's & his's lines and answered them right away. Didn't they get my letter?

You asked me how it came, that I leave K.P. so often. He are reorganizing now the whole outfit with all those new men coming in. The first few weeks, they didn't get K.P. in order to catch up with us as fast as possible. Relatively I didn't get it so often, there are boys, who had it every week or - even twice a week.

I want write much today, because as I told you - a busy night lies ahead and then still half a day. I shall try tomorrow to write more.

Give Friedl my best greetings and tell him - now I expect to hear from him soon.

You are greeted and kissed  
in greatest love yours /  
ms

Jan. 29<sup>th</sup> 1943

My dear Parents,

Finally I got your letter after 3 days silence. I was a little worried already because you spoiled me with your dear letters. Naturally I am not angry at you, because there are days, where one simply can't write. I never would think on such an occasion, that you have forgotten me - I am happy to be sure of ~~that~~ your love. I just couldn't explain this long time and naturally the "air-mail" is to blame too, which takes sometimes longer, than regular mail. It is unbelievable - your letter from the 26<sup>th</sup> was in my hand on the 29<sup>th</sup> at noon. Now I am glad at least to see, that everything is in perfect order at home.

I was very disappointed, that you didn't write more details about the examination of Fritz. Though my main interest was, to learn the result, I would have been glad to know, how everything was. Don't forget, that you are in U.S.A. and that talking the truth is not forbidden here. We are silent out of our own need =

standing about military secrets and don't talk about things, which can do harm to anything involved in the war. But you certainly can write me about the examination of my brother at the induction center. Anyway - I am so glad, that everything passed by, as we wished and I hope only that he didn't take it too serious and will forget it soon.

Yesterday I didn't write - it was a rather busy week. Though it is Friday - the day where I usually don't write - I can do it, because I am on the easiest duty today, one can have. I come only every few months out - I am Supernumerary of the Guard. That means - you just stay around to replace a man in Guard duty - in case one gets ~~the~~ sick. One isn't allowed to do anything, one has just to be dressed and to be ready. So I sit in my tent - it is cool again - and I have a nice fire burning in my stove. I shall write this after - now a few letters I owe to people for a long time and will bring a few old things in order, for which one never takes time on any other occasion.

I send you a clipping from the Army newspaper "Jank", which touched me very deeply. It is ~~not a very~~ rather sad article, but it is a feeling in it, which overtakes me often, in case I feel lousy. Those articles are contributions of servicemen and are true and happened really.

Don't worry about me - if I am impatient and at ~~on~~ bad humor sometimes. I think, that happens to every soldier sometimes and at such moments it is good to empty one's heart. But if you would see me - you wouldn't worry anymore. I feel fine.

With many kisses for Friedl, Gaby, Karl, Paul and with all my love to you I remain always  
yours  
Her

Jan. 26<sup>th</sup> 1943

My dear Parents,

I wrote to you yesterday evening a letter. I was on guard then and had a busy night afterwards. I was so sleepy that I nearly fell asleep walking.

I was through with it at ~~about~~ 1 o'clock. Then I took a shower and as we had this afternoon off - I laid down on my bed and fell asleep soundly. That was like medicine - I feel now wonderfully rested. It is a wonderful evening - cool, and a most gorgeous sunset. No mail from you - that I am missing. The mail is very irregular. Sometimes I get a 3 cent letter from you earlier than a airmail - and then just the opposite - sometimes 2-3 letters together. I think there are not too many airplanes going anymore and the letters have to wait sometimes.

I wrote in my last letter to Paul & hisel about the atmosphere here a little. I hope you don't take it too serious. He

are all just nervous and expectant, because it looks as really <sup>something</sup> should take place soon. Every day new rumors go through the camp. I got one habit - not to believe anyone. In the last week alone we should have been sent over half of America - in rumors naturally. There is so much guessing - but one never knows in the Army anything before it really happens. So I never write about those things - it would make you only confused.

Our time is not exciting at the moment and that is the main reason, why my letters are relatively short. There is not much to report. He all complain - that we can't write, as much as before. But I know, that will change again.

You wrote me a few times about Mutterles work, but forgot to tell me, what kind of work she does. I want so much to know everything, that goes on at home.

I hope I can send you a few photos very soon. They are very good.

Bye, bye my Dearest, with greatest love and many kisses

I remain your  
heo

CAMP BLANDING SERVICE CLUB  
CAMP BLANDING, FLORIDA

Jan. 27<sup>th</sup> 1943

My dearest Vardern & Muddern,

Since two days I am without mail from you and it seems lately we have changed places and I start to write more than you. I am not angry, because I know, that you write whenever possible - it leaves me only disappointed.

Today I got still a greeting from you - in the form of two Salamis. (One from hisle - I know) I tried it out right away. ~~They~~<sup>It</sup> tastes specially fine with crackers, which I bought for that purpose. It is delicious. . . . Many, many thanks for it. Give the two kids downstairs my best thanks too.

At the moment it looks, as if the winter would be over here. It is warm and a lot of sunshine. This morning, when we got ~~of~~ out for Thalisteries (Freiübungen) it was still dark. Then came such a undiscribable sunrise - that we looked ~~con-~~ ~~tinuously~~ into the sky. long before the sun

came over the horizon - the clouds glowed in the most fantastic colours I have ever seen. Every second different and there was no end of changes all over the sky. As all ways here in the morning the earth was misty and completely colourless. Against this sky everything seemed sketched like with black ink. Then sun rose - a big fire ball and within a quarter of an hour - ~~it~~ is high on the sky. One can practically watch ~~for~~ it coming up.

That is one - or perhaps the only beautiful thing down here - the light. It makes often this poor country look so phantastic. If one is on the ocean then - like Miami - it is wonderful.

There is nothing new at the moment. Work and work in form of drilling, exercises and the execution of different duties.

I hope to have a letter from you tomorrow - hoping that everything is in best order at home.

Once again I kiss you very affectionably - give my love to all

I remain as always  
your loving

Leo

Feb. 5<sup>th</sup> 1943

My dearest Parents,

Two hours ago we came back from the bivouac and naturally we are very tired. I cleaned all my stuff now and before I go to bed I want to write quickly a few lines. Tomorrow I won't be able probably - I go to Jacksonville to be sworn in. And there is a rumor, that we have some manoeuvre over weekend. That means, perhaps we stay out again for a few days.

I shall try to write before if any way, but I just want you to know, so that you might not be worried in case there should be no mail.

The bivouac was very "romantic" - we slept in a wood and it was a cool, but beautiful night.

I got mail from you today



including the letter with the papers. I am  
very glad to have them tomorrow. It wouldn't  
have been a "bad" thing, if I wouldn't have  
had it - but I like to have ~~it~~ everything  
in order at this occasion. Sorry, that I  
didn't reach father in the office too. But  
I shall call again soon - to have  
a talk with you once again.

I send you today a money-order  
of \$ 15.-. \$ 10.- belongs to Paul and  
\$ 5.- is for Muddern. I made it  
out on the name of Paul, please give  
it to him with many thanks - and he  
will give you the \$ 5.- then.

Good night my Dears - I kiss you  
both in big love

I am sooo sleepy!

yours

no

Feb. 6<sup>th</sup> 1943

My dear Parents,

It is Saturday morning and I have a little time between the inspection and the parade. I didn't write much in the last few days, because as I wrote you, we were out on a bivouac. Thursday night I wrote to you only a small letter and then I slept very soundly until Friday morning - when a very important day started for me. I got my citizenship yesterday - and as funny it may sound - he ~~being~~ seting from the Pforzgaue is an American now. There were 3 men from my company - a little Italian, who hardly can speak English - a Czech - a typical khweyk, and a blue-eyed Austrian - no comment necessary. We dressed ourselves in the best uniform and went to Battalion headquarters, where we met about 15 other guys from my outfit. From there

To Camp Headquarters, where we met about 60 men from all over the Camp. There were many different nationalities and accents and there was a big questioning going on - to find out from each other all details of one's origin. Later on we were put on 6 Trunks and drove <sup>away</sup> in good spirits to Jacksonville. It was a beautiful day - Spring like - and the ride in the morning was very animating. In Jacksonville we drove to the big post building where the Federal Court is located and marked up there in formation.

When we were let into the Courtroom every body was caught suddenly by the atmosphere and all the boys moved as quickly as shadows. When we were seated there was such a silence, that one could have heard a needle drop. The whole procedure goes along a regular court session and after the clerk told us how to behave, when the judge enters, we waited like a kinder & gentler anxious and quietly. Finally the judge entered, we got to our feet and after seated again, the clerk opened the court. The judge first inquired the immigration officers, about the list of men - whether he found some body

(2) whom he would repeat and a lot of questions more. Then the boys of German and Italian origin were called up. They were the majority. They stood in front of the judge and he asked most of them individual questions. He asked many "What made you leave your country and come to U.S.A.? Whenever he asked a refugee that question - he got the answer "I am Jewish - sir." That was sufficient an explanation. After questioning he would read the obligatory demands to become a citizen and then they had to swear. Everything was done in a plain and simple way, without pathos, but everybody was taken by a sense seriousness. Then they ~~and~~ called all the other nationalities - in which I was included too. The whole procedure was repeated now. He asked me a few questions too - where I live, what I did before e.t.c. Then we were sworn in. I don't need to explain you in detail of what I was thinking. I just thought finally - how many millions people would like to stay in my shoes at the moment: I wished very much, you would stand in the bank of the room and watch it. You would have belonged there. After we were ~~to~~ sworn

in. The judge made a short speech - explaining to us, what it means to become a citizen and about the duties to be a good one. In all his seriousness and formality he finished humorously. But more than the words spoken I was impressed tremendously by something an American wouldn't notice - that is the way the whole ceremony took place. There was this very nice and bright courtroom, 66 boys sitting in rows - everybody his eyes pinned on the judge - a slim fellow, who conducted very well the whole thing with an air of authority - but one felt distinctly the power behind him and his way of speaking and asking was plain and human - taking away all nervousity, one could have. There were no words and acting necessary to let everybody answer with a voice of respect. One felt so much, that it was a governmental affair - and didn't feel the acting individual as much - as one would have felt in the old world at such an occasion. Everything was done with kindness and in a respectful way and what could have been shyness made room for joy and one felt so naturally happy to have come to this point. After every-thing was over I had not so much the

③ feeling to say "Thank you" to any one up there, but rather to walk on the street and to smile at the people passing by.

I'll never forget the moment I raised my hand. What a difference and what a change happened then for my coming days. It didn't change anything personal. I had my attitude to this country received a long time ago. But the actual fact, that I am a citizen now, is an actual change. I know, that I always will be a European, as far as my education and nature goes. That is something organic. But I probably can't figure out by myself how much this country has influenced me already. I am so glad, that I start to understand it. That's why I like it. —

After we were sworn in, there was a short recess and we were outside the courtroom for a smoke. Called back, we had just to sign the papers and framed our registration-cards in. (I got them promptly on Thursday.) He sat there still for a while - watching the others sign - as if we couldn't believe, that everything was over - and then one by one left.

Going on the ~~the~~ street I met Mr. Rosenberg and he invited me for dinner. He went to a Jewish restaurant

where we had a truly Friday ~~to~~ lunch. Kreplach soup and  
Bifille Fish. It was delicious.

It was very hot now and I went back with Mr. R.  
to his shore, where I left my blouse and ~~to~~ then started  
to walk around. I could have met the two others, but  
I wasn't in the mood to celebrate the day as they did.  
So I walked around all afternoon. Once in a  
while I would go in a bar and have a nice  
drink. It was quite a lonesome afternoon, but I  
was so occupied with my thoughts, that I felt it only  
when the day was over. Besides that - I was no  
"schicker" - but I felt the whiskey in a fine way - and  
with every drink I was drinking to the occasion and  
to home. Later I met a very nice boy, who is painting  
in our club and we were together for a while.

At around 7 o'clock I started to look for  
the two boys of my company. I guessed the  
right place and found them there - fools were  
they drunk. They had celebrated the afternoon  
as much as they could - girls and alcohol -  
and stood there, the Italian trying to sing Czech,  
the Czech singing Italian, practically no money  
left, bottles hanging out of their pockets and not  
knowing whether they are in Africa or on the  
moon. I had quite a job with them. Finally  
I brought them to the bus and brought them  
home. First the Czech was roaring and singing  
in the bus (homestead) - later both fell asleep.  
When we arrived at the Gate of our camp -  
we have our pass inspected there - we were not  
able to awake the Czech for 20 minutes. I

(4) thought already he is dead - but he was only sleeping.

All right - finally I brought them home. I was very, very tired. It was a strange day and I confess I was a little home sick.

Now - I slept very well and today not much was to do so far. He are still restricted to lamp and may leave today or tomorrow on a week long problem. But it is not sure yet.

I forgot to write you about something. A few days ago - I was working in the Art club. A boy comes in, watching me at work. He started to talk. Then he asked me from where I was. He told me, that he lived in Budapest. And after talking a while about this and that he told me that he had an uncle - an Art dealer - in Vienna. And who is that - Mr. Richard Kitzner. He is a Donath. Isn't that funny, how I meet people there. He seems to be a nice boy and we probably will see each other.

Today - I am writing now after lunch - I got a lot of mail from you. From the 2<sup>nd</sup>, 3<sup>rd</sup> and 4<sup>th</sup> and hisels letter too. That is always a nice day, if I



get so much mail. I am glad you like the photos. I have such a serious face, because ~~as~~ I was counting the shots for another guy shooting and putting them down on a chart, which is in my hand. The targets were ~~at~~ 200 yards away and they show you with different signs, what shot was done and one has to be very carefully not to make an error. Please must not take away your photo, I'll send in a few days, the same to her and to the other two also.

I don't remember anymore, which Salami of those you send me, was the ~~better~~ <sup>bigger</sup> one. I liked one better - it was not as fat as the other one. But both were fine.

There is still a lot to answer, but I shall finish now and be a little lazy. It is a long letter anyway - isn't it?

Bye, bye my Dearest I greet you  
in biggest love

I kiss you

your little

American Baby,

Feb. 9<sup>th</sup> 1943.

My dearest Parents,

I sit in front of my tent - sunset is coming and very soon darkness will be complete. It is now the second night out already - and there is nearly no time left for writing. We are through, when the evening comes and in the future there is no electric light. That is the reason, why I didn't write yet and don't know, whether another chance will be. Anyway - I take this occasion today to let you know, that I am alright - sunbrowned and healthy. The nights are cool, but I am rapped up properly and slept very well until now. Yesterday evening we build big campfires and sat around singing merry and sentimental songs. I wish you could see us once. One boy played the Crutcher and we saw lumps. How young all looked and how unconcerned. The world would really be a nice place to live in.

It is dark now and I write already  
by the light of a fire. That hurts my  
eyes. So I finish, though I could  
write more.

So - good night my Dearest -

In greatest love

always with you

your  
hus

P.S.

I shall write at the next chance  
I have.

Feb. 13<sup>th</sup> 1913

My dearest Parents,

Yesterday we came back from the bivouac. We were tired and very very dirty. So we practically jumped out of everything and washed ourselves, cleaned our stuff a little and fell into bed. How sweet a bed tastes after sleeping one week long on the ground. The nights were very cool - and so we enjoyed the stove in our tent yesterday too. Now it is Saturday - inspection is just over and when I look at the other boys I must smile. Everybody clean and neat - how did we look yesterday!

We marched out - two companies with all our equipment. It wasn't a long march - only a few miles and then built the camp on a place with high grass and trees scattered all over. It is amazing how quickly such a little city grows

out of the ground. I slept this time with one of my best friends in one tent. He spread our raincoats over the ground to keep the dampness away, on top of it two woolen blankets to soften the ground.

Such a bivouac functions like the ordinary camp. There is the kitchen, the latrine, ~~the~~ and all other functions and places, which make a company like. We were fortunate enough to have most of the time fairly good weather - only one day was rainy and that was enough for my taste.

The nights were ~~not~~ beautiful, though cool. In the moment the sun would disappear it was chilly and damp. All over the place open fires would spring up with the boys crowded around. A very beautiful sight in the night. Around one big fire, we made concert every night singing folk songs, Army songs and songs with words made by a boy of our company. Very humorous and critical - and I don't think that in any other Army one could sing such things. To the officers, who came over to hear us. Last night the recruits came over and the Mexican boys took over for a time, singing Spanish songs. That was very exciting. During

(2) The day we were occupied with either range duty or small problems and as a whole it was more or less a training to live outside.

There was really no time to write and only once I succeeded to do so. I got every other day your mail and was that a nice break ~~in~~ with the outside world, which ~~looked~~ <sup>seemed</sup> so far away. Now as it is over this week seemed to have past by so very fast. It was a life completely rapped up in activities of work, to eat, to sleep and to keep warm. Nothing else concerned us and a newspaper, which eventually came in somehow, was studied and looked at, like something from far away.

Now we are back and I feel like being very lazy. He all else. I hope we get a ~~for~~ pass for weekend.

I got your letter yesterday. I read it so often. It is the letter, where you write about my citizenship. It means so much for me to see, how you at home go with me and my life.

I was very excited about the proposal Mr. A. made to you. It sounds almost unbelievable, what this man does, to help us along and the trust he puts in you. I don't know, where we would be today without him and I hope that our success in the future, would pay dividends for him. As far as we are concerned he has his thanks, which we probably never will be able to express in the right way. It is a appreciation not only of the actual help, but ~~also his trust in us~~ too of the way he does everything. I hope and wish you much success and hope also, that from a business view point he should feel one day, that he travelled with the right kind of people. Please let me know further about everything.

For today I say good bye to you my dearest and remain as always with much love

yours

Mo.

Feb. 15<sup>th</sup> 1943

My dear Parents,

I had a very quiet and nice week - and this time. I was with ~~my~~ Gerald Freedman - a very good friend of mine and his wife, who lives now in Jacksonville. They are both married since one year and very pleasant people.

I was very angry about Mrs. Rosenberg who was in N. Y. and failed to visit you. I asked her to call you, in case she has no time to see you and to give you my regards - but she didn't do it. Probably - I believe - she is a little angry, because we never gave anything to her. They never behaved that way, but I can't explain it any different.

Your question, whether I am still in communication school, I forgot to answer you. I am still in. Why shouldn't I? It doesn't separate me from my outfit at all and I learn something interesting.

Today was the coldest day we had here so far. It is a particular cold. It might be 3 times as cold up N. Y. and one won't freeze as much as down here. It is a certain dampness in the air, which lets the air through one's clothes, like a sharp knife. He froze that



morning, despite dressing very warm. Yesterday evening we built a nice fire - but in the morning we hardly didn't dare to get out of the bed. But as we have not much time to dress - we have to jump out and then we huddle around the stove and dress ourselves there. Now don't get worried - we take it with a lot of humor and are absolutely all-right.

I got 2 letters from you today. From the 12<sup>th</sup> & 13<sup>th</sup>. Father writes me a lot about the store. I still believe he is all right not to take a store in 3<sup>rd</sup> Ave. It might look risky - but so is everything one tries to start. I believe, that we are able to sell cheaper merchandise too, without coming to the outside appearance of a 3<sup>rd</sup> Ave store and regain at the same time place for better things too. It plays such a lot, how things are presented and chosen. There are stores with absolute bad standard and still (~~look like~~) are considered as "fine" stores. He would have to be careful in presentation and then I think, we can manage to have a store with better merchandise and having too cheaper things besides. I think that I am right in that respect. I want to hear from you all further developments and hope they are good ones.

Good bye for today I kiss  
you all in big love

yours

no

Feb. 22nd 1943

My dearest Parents,

Not much has happened since yesterday. I am on guard duty again, as I expected and will have it probably one or two times more this week.

yesterday evening  
I wrote to Paul & hisle, but was too tired already to write to you too. I think you have read this letter and so you were not without news from me. After having written this letter I went back and right to bed.

yesterday I was in the Club all afternoon long - trying to paint a picture and I was so absorbed, that I didn't realize how quickly the day passed. My stomach reminded me suddenly, that it must be late - and so it was. So I went into the Cafeteria and ate there - it was much to look for dinner in the company. It was a very quiet weekend but I liked it and got a lot of rest. Jacksonville is allways so much

crowded over the weekend, that it is a strain too, to a certain extent.

Apropos Mrs. Rosenberg. I don't know why she didn't come to you. For instance, Fatty told me, that she was very angry yesterday, that I was not in town. She thought I didn't come, because I had no money and she talked all day long, why I didn't ask her for some. I still think you should send something to her. The best would be one of this nice "Derker" but one, which makes effect, because they don't understand much. Or candies - something nice anyway. And write a few nice words to it - they really behave wonderful. Those reasons you thought behind it - are absurd - really - and have no connection whatsoever.

My dears for today I'll finish with the best greetings and send you as always, all my love.

I kiss you -

Yours

Ho

March. 2<sup>nd</sup> 1943

My dearest Parents,

I am almost fully recovered. My voice is normal, I have no pains any more, just feel a little tired. It was the funniest cold I ever had. No temperature, dry nose, just a terrible sore throat and red eyes. I have the intention to call you tonight, because I can imagine your nervousness, as I didn't write much and the ~~the~~ description of the smallest sickness, sounds always so alarming in a letter. But I can assure you, that I look well and that you really don't need to worry any more. Your Salamis are almost gone too - they are so delicious - in my and my friends opinion and it is frightening to see it disappear. One boy - Nath - has birthday tomorrow and he got from his mother candies and cake - and we are going now to attack it. He divide always,

when we get good things from home.

I forgot to write you about the Austrian affair, because I wasn't touched by the whole thing. I am a citizen now and as such wasn't even asked to go - ~~as~~ I would have rejected it - as a few Austrian boys from other units did. So you don't need to worry about that either. Anyway it was interesting to ~~and~~ read the article from the PM and thank you for it. I think the whole matter is funny and I don't quite understand it.

In the last few days a lot of boys were suddenly sent home on a "honorable discharge". They were all unprepared and it came as a complete surprise. The reason is, that they couldn't be used by reason of their health. One of them is "Fatty" my friend, who is now on his way home and will visit you one of these days. There are more to follow, but we have not the slightest idea, who they will be and on what basis it will happen. Quite a nervousness here. The men were stunned and those released were partly happy and unhappy. They couldn't imagine what happened, after having been trained for half a year -

② and suddenly they find themselves returned to civilian life, which they ~~never~~ didn't expect to return to until after the war. Their relatives will be happy. Don't have "herzweh" one never knows, what is good and not, and one has all ways to look after one's own life. Anyway - all that besides my cold - made me very nervous. On Sunday afternoon I had guard duty again until Monday morning and I was ill tempered. There are all ways such times, where everything looks grey. I write about all - because I feel so much better and I want you to know, why I was so disturbed lately. There is such a mix up now, one feels, how everything is re changed and regrouped and the individual soldier feels like caught in big wheels. Hell - I hope that time will pass too and we all here will know again, what we are going to do.

In all that mix up I forgot to write about something, which touched me very much. That is - when you mentioned, that Muttel, would like to visit me. For that, she would like to spend her saved money? That is

just Mudders! I wouldn't allow it now,  
as much I would love to have her near  
to me. I wouldn't be afraid of the trip  
- but she would be entirely lost down  
here. She would have to live in Jackson  
ville - only 2 days are allowed in  
camp - and as the atmosphere is now  
in a "boomtown" like that - I never  
would like to have her there so much, above.  
But anyway - I am so thankful, just  
for the suggestion. Let's ~~at~~ hope, that  
I shall be nearer to N. Y. one day.

At the moment it is raining  
like hell and we all sit in the tent,  
write, eat cake and feel well.

My dears - I kiss you in  
big love - give love, Paul, Fritz & Gabby  
my love - I remain always

Yours

P.S.

It is late now - I wanted to  
call you - but it is so far away  
and it still rains like hell -  
I leave it for tomorrow,

hes

CAMP BLANDING SERVICE CLUB  
CAMP BLANDING, FLORIDA

March. 3<sup>rd</sup> 1943.

My dearest Parents,

Tonight there is fine weather again and I shall call you, as I had the intention to do yesterday. It was raining so heavily, that I would have been wet, if I would have gone. The place from where I call is about 1 1/2 miles away and I didn't want to risk it, after the last week I have gone through. I feel well again and I assure you that I am o. k. I even started to smoke again which I didn't all through those days. Can you imagine - I didn't smoke. I am happy - because I felt bad - but you should see how many people were sick. That is a unhealthy season and one catches easily a cold. Now the sun shines again and I hope I will stay that way.

Today in the afternoon we



had athletics - and now laugh. For the first  
time in my life I had a pair of boxing gloves  
on my hands and tried them out, with <sup>an</sup> another  
boy, who is a seasoned boxer. He didn't want to  
believe, that I never did it before and thinks I am  
very talented. Now don't think, that we are really  
fighting each other - it's more or less framing,  
very easy and carefully and we have not the  
intention to smack our nice features to pieces.  
Moore - don't get scared. He just danced  
around each other, with big soft gloves, slapping  
around each others noses and chins and he  
was explaining tricks to me. Everything quiet  
and laughing and joking. What do you say  
now? We are going to train together sometimes.

I didn't get mail from you today but  
hope to hear your dear voice tonight.  
I am excited already -

so I say good bye to you  
until a little later in the  
evening

Burns

Leo

March 5<sup>th</sup> 1943

My dearest Parents,

I am so happy, that I talked to you, because first of all I didn't do it for such a long time and then I didn't want you to worry, as I didn't write much last time. I am perfectly o.k. now and don't feel anything of this nasty sore throat any more. I was only sorry, that I had to wake you up, but it took about 2 hours until I got the connection. Your voices were so sleepy and I could ~~practically~~ practically see you standing there in your nightshirts. You seemed so near to me and I wouldn't believe afterwards, that 1100 miles are separating us.

Yesterday we were on a problem and came home late and that is the reason, why I wouldn't write ~~yesterday~~.

Today is Friday again - big cleaning for tomorrow's inspection. Apropos tomorrow! I am on H.P. again.

Today I am a little sad. It is a particular feeling. Our company reorganized and regrouped everything today, because of the many new men we got lately. That

meant regrouping of the men in the ~~bad~~ huts too.  
Imperio - the little Phillipino was released ~~of the~~ from  
the Army yesterday because of bad health. He felt  
so bad all day long and we had this empty bed,  
where we used to see him stretched out - with a bremer-  
dous cigar in his mouth. And today we were split  
up completely. Every body lives in ~~the~~ a different  
hut. We are unhappy about it - because in this  
6 months living together, we were like a little family,  
acquainted to all ~~the~~ our habits and coming to our  
hut, had something of ~~a home~~. coming home.  
It is very hard to explain - we matched so well  
and would really live together, sharing everything  
- whether it was a good bite, our humor or our  
troubles. Hell - we are still in the same outfit,  
but it is still different - we have to visit each  
other now to talk to each other in our time off.  
But that is typical for the Army. This time  
goes over every sentiment, if something must  
be done, it is done and one has to adjust  
one's own feeling - if possible. My new hut -  
makes consist only of one man, who came down here  
with me. A nice fellow - and the other 3 are  
Rookies. I don't know them well yet - but hope we  
will understand each other well.

My dears - I go to bed now - tomorrow  
is ~~the~~ K.P. Brewer.

P.S.  
I got Friedl's letter!

Much love and kisses /  
Yours  
Leo

March 10<sup>th</sup> 1943

My dearest Parents,

This is a busy week again. I am sorry that I left you without mail yesterday, but sometimes it doesn't work out differently. He had a big problem this week which was a big success for our company. Besides I got some work to do - it is a lettering job on a big company robes and so I was very busy, as I want to be especially good in this line.

Otherwise not much news around here. The weather is nice and bright again and I can't imagine, that you have so much cold, snow and all the dirt. But I am far away and the climate is quite different here.

One of the boys here, has a subscription of the N. Y. Times and so I am able to read very often that paper. If one has to read those papers here - one really enjoys the Times - because those here consist of practically one or two pages news and the rest is local. In last ~~the~~ Sunday edition there was an article by a Christian woman in the "~~the~~ Review of the week" It was about

-the extermination of the jews in Europe - Poland, based on authentic reports, now published by the Polish Government in England.

It is too much for my phantasy and I cant realize anymore in what world we were living. But one thing is sure - we dont know how happy we ~~we~~ should be, that we succeeded to get out and that we have really nothing to complain. It is so terrifying, that it follows me continuously.

It shows me allways, that it is good, that I am here and I think to every body of us, who is able should be there and feel that way. Life wont be normal anyway, as long as this pest is loose over there - and it reaches it's fingers all over the world. Sometimes if I feel a little blue - I think about that - and it makes me bear things easier.

~~but~~ I should write more joyful letters to you - but those words made such an impression on me and tore off old wounds. Next time more....

Many many kisses and love

P.S. Give my love to kids, Paul,  
Gaby & Fritz.

Yours  
her

March 15<sup>th</sup> 1973

My dear Gaby & Fritz,

I didn't write to you for  
a long time, ~~but~~ it wasn't revenge, but  
rather my busy soldiering lately. Specially  
this last week, which was filled with duties,  
problems and what not. After such days, one  
is usually not very much in form to write  
letters - even if one wants. I don't know, whether  
I <sup>am</sup> it today, as a very strenuous day has  
passed - but I shall make an attempt  
at least. Besides everything, it started to be  
hot again and just now as I sit at the  
door of my tent and a cool evening breeze  
passes by - the water forms little drops on  
my forehead. What a wonderful climate  
we have here - sometimes in a frame I see  
in a cloudy haze - icicles, icicles, fresh cold  
icicles, blue frozen noses and ear tips - snowstorms  
- just as one dreams of blue tropical nights,  
with star lit ~~night~~ skies (and 1000000 insects  
on a square inch.) Well that's it. Human nature  
never can be satisfied. (I said "I shall only  
make an attempt to write...")

This humour of mine originates as an after-  
reaction of a day "ration detail". That means  
a day long bringing everything to the Battalion  
which disappears in the stomachs of about

800 men. Those sacks of sugar weight sometimes 100 pounds and there are sacks and sacks of potatoes and carrots and there is meat and vegetables and those sums of the guns - must eat marmalade and drink milk and eat tremendous boxes of bread - I am a ardent supporter of the idea to feed the army with rice, shiny vitamin tablets.

hobby I visited very often our service club where we formed a little art club. What I never dared to do in civilian life I tried in the Army. I paint in oil. It's like with the shooting I never did that before either. The army teaches you to be a hero.

It is very exciting for me and besides that a wonderful thing to take one's mind off. There one can be alone and react like an individual. Sooner or later I am going to send ~~at~~ a few samples home and for that reason I don't tell you anything about it. I want a good and true critic. Naturally I have no instruction and all those questions of technique I must learn the hard way. But good or not - it means a lot to me.

Otherwise I am not able to report much more today. I am very tired. This letter is more or less just a hallooh and so I finish it with the best greetings to you both

I am in love

yours

P.S.

A few weeks ago I wrote to Martha. Is she sore at me?

Mo.

March 25<sup>th</sup> 1943.

My dearest Parents,

He just came back from a problem. It was very hot and ~~so~~ we marched with full field pack - something one feels very much at that heat. But as a whole I feel very well. The first thing I did coming back, was throwing down everything I was carrying - pack, gas mask, belt, helmet and rifle, - then banking of the shoes. After that right away to the shower. You can't imagine how wonderful it is, to stand under the shower after a march like that. Now I have eaten and am clean and feel fine again - only a little tired.

One week goes to an end again - tomorrow is Friday. Sometimes it seems so fast. This Saturday we shall have a big parade again and we shall wear our Sun tans - the summer uniform. There comes the



warm season again and I am not so happy about it. But we are now much more used to it and so I ~~will~~ will stand that too.

My little hat appeared after 2 days of the incident I mentioned. When I came to my hut, it was lying on my bed. I told it to the first sergeant, who was very proud, that he had reared the guy, who has done it. He must have brought it back alone - and so everything is in order again.

About Mrs. Lewis's letter I am very surprised, because time ago I told it to the company clerk and thought it already in order. I shall take all necessary steps right away and ~~write~~ write an excuse to her.

In regard to Persach I can't tell you anything now - the prospects don't look too bright. Don't think that I forget about it - I wish I could be with you. In any case - let's be confident about the whole future, a time, where we won't have to worry about such things.

In biggest love  
be kissed by yours  
mo

March 29<sup>th</sup>, 1943

My dearest Parents,

It's Monday again. I was all day long in Headquarters, but it wasn't much to do and I feel ~~stupid~~ <sup>frumpy</sup> - after all I am used to much work. The Lt. Col. is a frumpy little man, very conceited and behaves like a little Napoleon. We call him that way too... But he has a lot of humour, though he can be very tough. He goes around and is happy if one asks him a technical question. Today he gave me a whole lecture - called me in his office and there we discussed planes, maps - and if it would have lasted half an hour longer I would have left his office as a general. But he stopped at this point.

Now it's evening, nice, cool, sunshine and spring in the air. That makes my head spinning - it seems I am still a young "Flegel". (Tell Mudders not to make indigent remarks and you don't flush Kaddlers.)

Now about my writing. First I have not such a nice handwriting like your father, and then I sit mostly in my hut on the ladders, a magazine on my knees — and this is not the most perfect writing table I can find.

Then sometimes I write quickly — not in a hurry — that is a big difference. If I write to you in a hurry — then I have no time and will excuse myself — but quickly sometimes, because I write sometimes a few letters on one evening. But yours are always the first ones — or mostly. Just now I wrote two before this one. To Mrs. Lewisohn and to the Comps. I send to her a copy of the note requested.

Then I have always a lot of friends to write. Those boys, who have left by the way — they write to me and I am happy about it. Especially Steinbock whom I liked very much.

Sunday I was together with two boys from my company, whose wives are now down here. Both very young

and newly married. 20 & 22 years old  
and typical, clever N.Y. Jewish girls.  
What a different type to the woman down  
here! One goes back next week and will  
come to your office. (Edith Cross - a very  
attractive girl!) He had a nice time. I saw  
Rosenberg again - she told me, that her  
husband is in N.Y. - did he come to you.  
I don't know - as nice they are to me - I  
don't like any more so much to see them.  
They are typical, narrowminded Southerners  
and there are many things, which I don't  
like and for which there is no excuse. If  
few today have such views as they have -  
then I feel strange. They talk about "niggers"  
that my stomach turns sick and once I stopped  
a discussion, because I was about to get wild.  
And many things more - they are really very  
nice to me - but strange, strange like  
on the first day.

Naturally I got the leather strips  
for my watch - please write to me - the  
ladies name - I want to write her personally.  
Go in and ask her - and at this occasion  
I remember I asked you once to find out

about Edith Einhorn (Schiller) whereabouts and address. Call ~~the~~ Dr. Howy please - I would like to hear from her and want to write to her.

Now something funny. I know a guy from a different outfit. He is very jolly and is one of this types, who understands, how to keep people in his company laughing and busy. He knows many tricks - one is to tell you the fortune from cards. He did it for me - and do you know: the first thing he told me? "Your father is about to start something new in business, with a partner and - it will be very successful." He wrote or will write you about it." Well I am not superstitious - but I was really startled, as I didn't talk to any body about it. But anyway - his words and God's ear.

Now my dears, I finish, though I know, there is more to answer. Not much - but I leave it for some other time. I shall do it soon.

For today. I say good bye  
and remain with many kisses  
to you all,  
always your loving  
Leo.

April 3rd 1943

My dearest Parents,

This week again I didn't write very much, because I was very busy. After a very slow start, suddenly we got a lot of work in Headquarters. He were as I told you on a problem Thursday, which lasted through most of the night. All the maps of the terrain, had to be made up by my section. This meant, that 2 boys and I started to work on it ~~at~~ a few days ahead. He got a "jeep" and rode out and mapped about  $1\frac{1}{2}$  Square miles. That is quite a lot of terrain for such a short time and we were only able to make it more or less in rough outlines. But accurate enough to serve as maps for the problem. Thursday morning we marched out - about 8 miles. This isn't so much, but it was very hot and we had full field-punks. It was quite interesting for me, to see for once, ~~to~~ a problem from the other side. I was all the time with Headquarters and was present, as the Lt. Col. gave instructions to the Captains of the different companies. It was for once interesting to see for a little soldier like me, how the big boss handles the allmighty Captains. Sometimes ~~to~~ I

Thought, they are privates and the Col. a sergeant. That's how it is in the Army - and in life. The General in turn probably handles the Colonels the same way and all together tremble before the next rank. Only the last one - the private has most democratic style in his heart - he kicks himself if necessary, because of lack of somebody else. - Well - I got a big kick out of the whole thing. Yesterday morning, we got a little more sleep as usual, but then I had to report back to Headquarters. There is a new Captain for my section, who took us out again for some mapping. He is a very kind and nice fellow - but I don't know, whether he is very effective. Anyhow - I was busy until evening and then had to prepare for inspection. As we had the problem on the previous day, there was natural a lot to wash and to clean and I was through very late therefore. That's how it came, that I didn't write yesterday again. That is about all, that happened this week. I still don't know, whether I stay in Headquarters permanent. Officially I still belong to my company.

Today I have the intentions to go out and hope I get a nice weekend. There is sunshine, but a very cool breeze. The weather jumps around continuously.

I hope everything is all right at home and I end now this letter with all my love to you all at home and kiss you heartily  
Yours truly  
Jonas Leo.

April 5<sup>th</sup> 1943

My dearest Parents,

Today I received your letters from ~~the~~ March 31 & April 2<sup>nd</sup>. The mail is sometimes crazy down here. The first letter was this one, where you wrote me about uncle Sami & aunt Hantali. I don't need to tell you, what I think about it. All afternoon long I was haunted by my phantasies and sometimes didn't know, what people spoke to me. One has no illusion about the people ~~are~~ left over there, but if one hears it, allways again it is a shock. What a misery.. I get <sup>here</sup> allways the same impression, that the people <sup>here</sup> can't imagine this horror. Sometimes one simply can't hold back and starts to talk - and then I feel that they are not able to realize really, how terrible everything is. I can't blame them - it is too much for a normal phantasy and if we wouldn't have gone through our experiences, we couldn't it either. Perhaps we aren't even able anymore to understand it really.

All those things are so unbelievable, that they have the aspect of a fiction story. How can people, who never saw such a thing, really consume it? About Richard & Felix I don't



want to write anymore - it doesn't help any body  
and they will have to satisfy their own conscience  
- if they ever question themselves.

I am happy, that you heard from  
aunt Milli again. I am really going to  
write a few lines for her in the next few days.  
Today I am too tired and out worn. I had  
a busy day and am very much in need  
of sleep. I got your salami too and am  
very thankful for it. I beg you, not to  
send me anymore - better keep it for your-  
self. Don't forget - for me it is a luxury.  
I have plenty of all, which you are rationed  
now. You all eat less, that we boys may have  
it - and it is really no necessity, why you  
shouldn't have this bites once in a while.  
Please don't let me write much about it  
and do me the favor and buy sometimes  
a salami for yourself. Will you?

Today I got a lot of mail.  
A very nice letter from Miss Lewisohn  
acknowledging the receipt of my letter.  
Then a very long answer from Kalwar.  
And a letter from Fimi (Vogelbaum) this  
pretty Viennese girl, from Hollywood.

I am always so glad to receive  
a lot of mail, though I have a lot to

② answer them. I like to write - but it takes so much time away, if I try to answer everything at once. I never do - it takes always a time until I have gone through the whole list. Just now a nice little mountain of answers piled up.

I can say definitely now, that I wouldn't be able to come home for Passach. I am very sorry about it - but it has no sense to grieve too much. That is just a point of all the things, which occur now in our life and as we have the determination to bear all hardships until the successful end - we will bear that too. That is a holiday we can celebrate specially today with all our senses and I know just now, that I have my place at home at the table and in your hearts and that means so much for me. I hope you know the same of me and so we will be together and not feel alone.

The Jewish boys got a letter from our chaplain, asking us, whether we have an arrangement, otherwise he would like with the people in the surrounding cities to get an invitation for everyone. I don't know yet,

where I will be - but I shall have a seder - that  
is sure. ———

I hope, that you can still make  
some business with those South Americans  
and wish you good luck in it. &  
Is there anything ~~to~~ new with the store?

Please give my regards to Friedl  
and tell him to give baby a bussel  
from me.

In case of Paul - I ask him too  
to do it with his nice little wife. I know  
she will run to get it - from him.

You my dearest parents, I greet  
with all my love

and with many kisses remain  
yours loving

P.S.  
Just now I find a envelope addressed to  
you and me, that I forgot to ~~to~~ send away  
the letter I wrote Saturday. Please excuse  
me - I am a little crazy it seems.

Leo.

April 6<sup>th</sup>, 1943

My Dears,

After retreat I had some extra work to do and so it got late today. Nevertheless I just want to say hello to you and think - or hope - it is better ~~to~~ to get a few lines, than nothing at all.

So I just say "good night" to you my dear Parents and kiss

you in greatest love

Yours

Leo

CAMP BLANDING SERVICE CLUB  
CAMP BLANDING, FLORIDA

April 14th, 1943

My dearest Parents,

I hope with all my heart, that you will understand, why I ~~don't~~ didn't write very much lately. I work very much - in my free time too. Not, that I have to do it, but I don't want to work on this kind of work to long. You must understand, that I am relieved from all duties at the moment and so I spent all my time in the Officers club, painting those funny pictures. I am not used anymore to this kind of occupation and so I put all my heart in it. Yesterday and the day before I stopped working at 10 o'clock night - but then I practically fell into the bed.

Until now I have finished one section of a wall, about 5-6 meter long. There are caricatures of the Colonel, 3 Captains and one lieutenant, all in connection with pretty girls, mostly completely undressed. I never would have dared to do such things, if they wouldn't have requested it.

Now those gentlemen visit me any free minute and  
grin and sit down and lick their lips. I got a  
lots of compliments, specially as the likeness of  
the different characters is very good so far.  
Besides that I have to supervise the work  
a few men have to do - shortly enough. If I  
can, I want to finish everything, as fast as  
I can - it will take a long time anyway.

just now I got a surprise. I got word  
from Mienis, that my two pictures made  
the 5<sup>th</sup> prize and it was accompanied by  
a check of \$ 5.-. I could have sold them  
too, but I declined, because I want to keep  
my first two <sup>oil</sup> pictures. So I took the check  
and am glad - \$ 5.- are 5 Dollars  
and I can use them very well.

I am going to send them home one  
day - I hope you will like them.

Otherwise nothing new around here.

Give all my best regards please and  
you be greeted in greatest love

I am allways yours

he

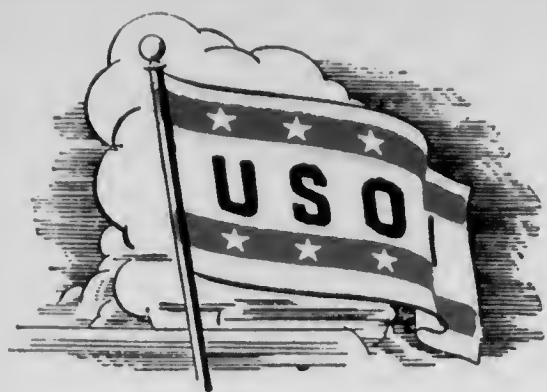
April 16th 1945.

My Dears,

I know, that last week's writing was lousy, but I really was too busy. Today is Friday again, and we came back from a problem and a lot is to be done today. So I just let you know, that I am quite all right and promise you a long letter, which I am going to write over weekend.

Until then I kiss you all  
in greatest love  
your very busy & tired

Les



April 17<sup>th</sup> 1943

My dearest Parents,

It is Saturday again and I am in Jacksonville. I just arrived with an Army truck, which brought a few men to Jacksonville on Duty and I asked the Lt. whether I could go along. So I had no trouble in coming in. Until noon I was working in the officers club. So far I have done a lot already and they all are very satisfied and it seems to be a real success. The week was very, very busy and naturally my writing to you very



Deans suffered, but I hope you will understand the reason.

I wrote to you recently, that I was relieved of all duties, that is still so - ~~but~~ except if we have a field = problem, where my section is active. That is the reason, why I was out too, as I wrote you yesterday. I am glad about it, because I don't lose contact this way. I learned very much on this occasion and worked there to the satisfaction of the staff. The Colonel is ~~a~~ very nice to me and makes a lot of jokes to me - but I am careful, very polite - and keep the distance. I know, that it is dangerous if one becomes a little too close to them - it might have just the opposite effect one day. ~~So~~ This way he likes me and still sees me as a soldier, who does not forget his line and rank. I hope very much, that I will have more recognition now, than before. The problem was

2.

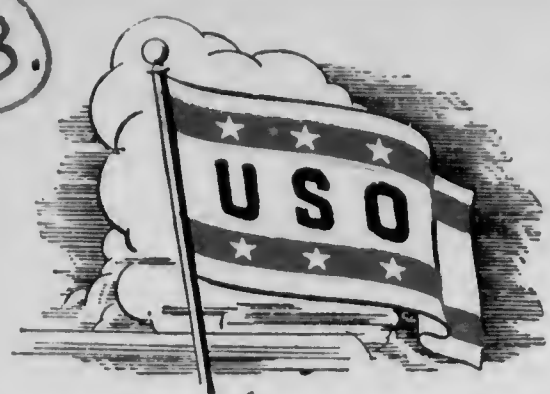


Very interesting - only the way the "old man" handles the officers is sometimes embarrassing. I wouldn't stand it from a sergeant. Many officers and captains tremble, if he speaks to them, and that apparently is something he hates. I noticed how different he is to those, who stand up and behave normal. Sometimes he curses, that I don't know how to hold back my laughing - I never heard such expressions - and by God, we men don't use too nice a language.

The first few days I worked in the officers club, he was in the Hospital with a cold. When he got out, he came over, where I work and took a few officers of the Staff along. Though I was encouraged by the Captain in charge of the work

to do all my drawings, as I had them  
sketched previously - I still was a  
little nervous, when I saw him coming.  
There was already a very mean caricature  
of him, with a real monkey face,  
standing like Napoleon in a very  
typical gesture next to a very dan-  
gerous woman, her skirts raised up  
to her hips, showing black stockings and  
black undies and her "balloon"  
("Babkong" - baby) hanging out of her  
dress. He looking at her out of the corner  
of his eyes and saying his motto:  
"Duty First." And a lot of other drawings  
and paintings, representing all different  
Officers of the Staff in connection of  
with a bunch of poorly dressed  
Nunsells. So I stood there and waited.  
He looked at everything and then  
started to roar and laugh. He took  
me at my head and said: Sorry

(3)



- delicious - delicious.  
Cool - was I glad. Then  
he run around and did  
not know, at which girl he should  
stop. When he was through - I showed  
him all the "ideas - sketches" I had  
made, before I started and showed  
him the first sketch of him, where  
the caption was "Cherce la femme".  
He is somehow of french birth and  
was he glad to see it - but asked me  
not to put it on the wall - probably  
it is to true.

He are going to make photos  
of those drawings one day after I  
am through and naturally I am  
going to send you some then. I  
want you to see some of this stuff -  
- you would'nt believe, how fresh  
they are - I gave you now a short



④  
Easter Greetings (sheen?)

outline of my work - but believe me, it is real a lot to do. Besides that I don't want to loose the contact with my other work - and so my time is more then filled. But I am glad, because I have not much time to think left and do things which interest me.

He got letters from our chaplain concerning Passach. There was a questionnaire whether we have a Seder and whether we want Masses. I don't know exactly yet, whether I will have my Seder in camp or in Jacksonville, but in any case I have a place for both evenings and will be in company with many others together. He will be notified Monday morning and probably get a pass for two days. So you should know, that the Army takes good



THE YOUNG MEN'S CHRISTIAN ASSOCIATIONS • THE NATIONAL CATHOLIC COMMUNITY SERVICE  
THE SALVATION ARMY • THE YOUNG WOMEN'S CHRISTIAN ASSOCIATIONS  
THE JEWISH WELFARE BOARD • THE NATIONAL TRAVELERS AID ASSOCIATION

care of us and you dont need to worry about that.

I got your "fourth letter" today and hope you will have mine in time.

Look - I dont want to use too many words. I know I will think very much of you on this evening, and in my imagination I shall try to picture home and how you all celebrate. I know I shall picture it - as I was always used to see it - a nice and homely atmosphere, glad that we belong to each other, glad that we love each other, with hope and joy in our hearts - hope for the future and joy, that we all are together here in this country. If I know, that my imagination, doesn't betray me, I will be happy, and I shall celebrate in the same spirit. I wish you both, Paulschelle and hisle and Gabykin and Friedle a real nice holiday - let us all hope for a better next year, but nevertheless you all have my love and thoughts with you right now -

I am yours

ms.



April 21<sup>st</sup> 1943.

My Dears,

I just write a few lines to you.

Those 2½ days were the most beautiful I had since I am down here. Dangerous nice.

I was together with another boy - we slept together in a hotel, we ate at Rosenbergs Parents, during the day we stayed at the Beach in sun = shine and free dom. The ocean like

a blue mirror and no thoughts  
in our heads but rest and  
laziness. No crowds like on  
weekends - just enjoyment of  
doing nothing and to forget  
the uniform, to enjoy a civil  
bathing suit.

Can you understand that?  
What a holiday.

I was allways dreaming  
of home - that was the only  
thing missing.

I shall write you more  
- today just a greeting from  
a real Holy day.

I am so happy, that I  
talked to you all yesterday!

I great love your  
/neo



CAMP BLANDING SERVICE CLUB  
CAMP BLANDING, FLORIDA

April 24<sup>th</sup> 1943

My dearest Parents,

As you told me - no mail from you has arrived these last days. I am waiting for them - but it is good, that I know why they don't come.

I got all your mail, when I came back to camp, including a letter from Paul & Mike, and Fritz & Gali. That was a real holy day. Those 2½ days were so beautiful - only such a pity, that I couldn't spend them with you.

This weekend I stayed in camp. My money is very low - those days were a little expensive - but the main reason for staying here is - I want to catch up with those 2 days work I missed in the <sup>Officers-</sup>~~Service~~ club. So I worked all day long today and will do so tomorrow. Then I didn't want to ask for a pass - a lot of boys were a little jealous, that we Jewish boys got 3 extra days off. Suck is the world. (They really don't get extra days off - so naturally ~~the~~

the small minded ones are easily jealous.)

At the moment we have a mixup in the Officers club. Most ~~probably~~ probably our outfit will move to another area in camp and so I cant work on a lot of things. But that will be decided this week.

By the way - I ~~was~~ spent the Sealer evenings in the house of Rosenbergs parents - old "betante Juden" and was it really very nice. ~~to~~ She allways looked across the table, whether I had enough on my plate and was never satisfied. First evening we had "gefillte Fische", chicken (perhaps 4 or 5 were on the table) and a few vegetables - naturally "Knödel" but the Knödel was bigger than a Tennis ball and after eating two, I nearly fell under the table. Next day we had, chopped liver, meat e.t.c. As you see - it was very good and plenty - but - home, home;

I got your salami yesterday and after I tasted it today - I just can say "delicious". But really I didn't expect it anymore. Why dont you keep it for yourself. He in the Army eat so much, that nothing - or not much remains for you civilians - and you send me! I bet you dont eat salami very often. Write me about it please. Anyway many, many thanks.

I hope to get now a letter, with a full report about the holy days. Until then bye, bye and love with kisses from your hero

CAMP BLANDING SERVICE CLUB  
CAMP BLANDING, FLORIDA

April 26<sup>th</sup> 1943

My dear Parents,

I got your letter from the 23<sup>rd</sup> and as usual am very glad to read your lines. I too am ~~am~~ still very happy, that I called you. It is so different to hear all your voices again. I hope now, that in not to long a time I will be able to come to N. Y. again. But that is uncertain yet - and let's just hope.

This weekend I stayed in camp. I worked a little in the officers club, - then went to the movie in the afternoon. I saw "Victory in the Desert." That is an actual battle film from the Desert in Libya - and naturally very exciting. You better don't go and see it - in case it comes to N. Y.

Now I am in the Service Club and write this letter accompanied by a Symphony by Mozart, which we play on our Gramophone.

We have now a beautiful collection of recordings. And it grows from week to week and doesn't cost us a nickel. —

I am very sorry, that I forgot to answer your question regarding the citizen papers. Don't worry - they are very safe - I shall get them, when I leave the Army. That's how it works. I am citizen already - but the papers will be handed to me with the "Honorable discharge" from the Army. I wish this day would be there soon for all of us.

Yesterday I had a big surprise - I got a parcel with very fine cookies "for Passack" from Murray Brenner, that is this fat guy, who was discharged from the Army. I think, that is a very nice gesture. By the way - did he call you?

Otherwise there is not much more to tell you today. I have the intention today to catch up a little with mail - I have to write to so many people. I wonder how much I will be able to do.

To you my Dears I send with all my love many, many kisses

P.S.

A letter for Rausnitz in Palestine.

always yours  
Leo

CAMP BLANDING SERVICE CLUB  
CAMP BLANDING, FLORIDA

April 28<sup>th</sup> 1943

My dear and Parents,

It seems the hot season has started. It is very hot and now at 7<sup>th</sup> o'clock evening I sit in the Service club and the water runs over my face. It's like on a very hot day during the summer in N. Y. But that is only the beginning. One can't stay in the huts for long, they are like little baking ovens. You must imagine that the sun is burning on the roof all day long and only when night comes they cool off. But anyhow - I am more used to it, than last year. Today after duty I run to the lake and had a fine cool bath. That is a big relief. Now I start to get a little sun tan after I had my usual seasonal sun burn. This time it wasn't so bad because I was careful and put a good liquid on my body.

I got your letter today and as I

see you had nice holidays - which makes me very happy. I was only angry about your forgetting to remind me of Garbi's birthday. I would have written a few lines to her. Nevertheless I am still going to do it.

Now a proper birthday. You wrote I should tell you what I need. Mother's suggestion for a pair of shoes hit's the nail on the top. You won't believe me. - That's exactly what I wanted to buy myself, because the other shoes are almost through - they were not too good. Shoes wear out very quickly here, because of the lot of sand ~~down here~~. I hope you forgive me, that I ask so frankly - but I think that would be a present which I would like to have. Naturally I would like to buy them for myself.

It is a pity, that I can't be ~~there~~ with you at this time - but hope very much to make it good in the near future.

Push - it's so hot. -

a hot bussard

yours

his.

CAMP BLANDING SERVICE CLUB  
CAMP BLANDING, FLORIDA

April 29<sup>th</sup>, 1943

My dearest Parents,

I am after a problem today and a little tired. I want write much, just want to send you my best greetings and want to let you know, that I am all right. You will get this letter most probably on Saturday - and this is a good day to receive a letter - even a short one.

Again it is very hot and after I came back I just dropped everything, went under the shower and let the water run over me. That is so beautiful - only after ten minutes one doesn't feel anything anymore.

I wait now for your next letter - I know it will take a few days. Greet all and you have all my love  
always yours  
Leo

May 2nd 1943.

My very Dears,

I wasn't able to write to you - the last few days - I had no time whatsoever.

I just want you to know that I am well and besides that, please don't worry, if you don't get any mail the next few days. I shall write you again, as soon as possible.

I hope it will be only a few days delay and wait with writing to me until you get word from me.

I got your cookies today - thank you very much - I shall eat them with much joy.

In love with you, many greetings and kisses to Friedl, Gaby, Paul

PS.

If you want - send ( & include  
postal cards anyway)

yours

her



May 4<sup>th</sup>, 1943

My dearest Parents,

At least I sit down to write to you again. I wish you were not too nervous throughout the last few days. They were full of nervousness and very much work and as one thing crowded into the other, everything full of uncertainty - I finally ~~to~~ decided not to write at all. Nearly every body did so. Though I ~~can't~~ tell you everything in detail, I shall explain to you what happened. You certainly know about the coal strike - there was much anxiety and talk about it all over America. Though we are not too near to all those places we were put on the alert - to move there immediately, should trouble occur. What that means is hard to explain. He was completely ready to move on, packed up and everything organized to the last point. Then we started to wait. In between our normal duties had to be performed - I was on M & P duty in Jacksonville Saturday until 1<sup>30</sup> in the night and came back about 2<sup>30</sup> in the morning. Next morning early up - I wouldn't sleep - and for every little thing

I needed I had to park and unpark. Always  
everything had to be ready. Naturally the  
mood of us wasn't good. Not that we were  
afraid - but who wants to make "duty"  
eventually against one's own country men?  
So we waited very anxiously for the President's  
speech - which by the way filled us with hope.  
But we stayed on the alert and are still on.  
That means everything remains parked up and  
we can just use the bare necessities. I am un-  
able to tell you, what work was in between - but  
believe me, there was no time and spirit to write.  
We are almost sure, that we won't go out anymore  
and it looks more like a precaution, that we  
will stay on. Anyway to make things complete,  
we are going to move our Battalion into another  
area in camp - which means again a weekend  
full of work - but at least ~~we~~ one good  
point is, that we are already parked up.  
Tomorrow I am charge of Quarters in  
Headquarters - that means from 5<sup>30</sup> evening  
until next day at the same time I have  
to stay there for Telephone calls e.t.c. They  
must have looked into my records to have  
home just this day. Anyway - in all this  
mix up I would have probably forgotten  
my birthday - wouldn't it have been for  
your good and warm attention. Yesterday  
- pardon me - Sunday I got the kindel

② and today all your nice letters including the \$15.- present. (10 from you and 5 from Paul & Nicole.) My dears - I am so unable to find the right words today - I have really the deepest gratitude to have you all. I am very thankful for all you send me, but happy about your words and love. They came just at the right time. Don't think, that we had a terrible time - in fact - nothing happened. It was just a lot of work and then the uncertainty and the disgust with the whole thing. There was much resentment. There is probably no place, then the Army, where it was ~~so much~~ <sup>more</sup> resented. It is not, that we forgot the rights of workers to protect themselves - but it was understandable, how at such times, men could show so much disrespect to a greater danger and drive willingly a situation so far. There is much more to say about it - but I rather

talk personal things to you today.

I think I have to read your letters a few more times - I was reading them in between moving around and naturally couldn't enjoy them as much as I wanted to do. I know only, that everything looked nicer to me after I was through with reading. In that respect I had a nice birthday and

feel fully satisfied. Perhaps it is good I am  
on duty tomorrow. What would I have done  
any way? It is not the importance of this  
day - for heaven's sake I am no little child  
- it is only a day which awakens sentiments.  
And you all are very near to me - and  
I am glad about it.

There is probably more to write - I  
am only very tired. Besides everything it  
was very hot - the last few days - only the  
nights brought some relief.

In case I don't write much in those  
next days, then it is the moving business.  
Any way I shall try to write you at least a few  
lines in case I am very busy.

This letter goes for everybody in the  
family at the moment - I shall write  
to everyone separate, if we go back to normal  
living. You all know how much love  
I want to send to you - but I have only  
a pen. Many thanks for everything  
and love to every single one  
- I hope to see you all very soon

always yours

P.S.

I send the letter to the board of labor  
right away.

Leo

May 5<sup>th</sup> 1943

My Dears,

Just a few greetings after a busy day. Headquarters moved today and so I was on the move all day long. Now I am on duty here until tomorrow evening.

In my thoughts at home and with my deepest thanks for all your affection I remain

yours lovingly

Leo

May 12<sup>th</sup> 1943

My dearest Parents,

The alert has been lifted and slowly we go back to normal life. Perhaps it was good, that we moved during this days, there was a hell of a lot of work to do, because the new area was in very bad shape. It looks ~~at~~ at least our mind of a little bit. It is now the 3<sup>rd</sup> week, that we all are in camp and restricted to one area. We unpacked our clothes again and it starts to look normal around here. The new area is by far not as nice as the old one was - but the latter was the nicest of the whole camp. We sleep now in larger huts, 12 men in one. The lake is about 5 minutes away, while we were situated right on the beach, before. But we will get used to it.

I am very sorry, that I made you so much "Kopfschmerzen". Perhaps it looked worse from the distance, than it actually was. All of us wouldnt write much. Every thing was turned around and our mood too tense, to settle down and to write. With the possibility to move out any moment, that is only

understandable. He had no regular formations, worked  
what came into our way, slept, played, fooled around  
and waited. Yesterday evening we got a beer party  
and extra fine food and afterwards we had a  
show in which only soldiers performed. I am still  
in head quarters and naturally with the moving  
a lot of new work lies ahead. There is a  
lot of sign painting, the officers club and a  
hundred other things to do.

From you I got only one letter the other  
day and am waiting now that the mail be-  
comes regular again.

You my dears have your anniversary  
tomorrow. You certainly know, what you two  
mean to us and our wishes are accordingly  
to our love. There is hardly anything I could  
wish you as far as your relation to each other is  
concerned. There remains only to be said, it  
should continue in the same way, for  
a long, long time and in a better one,  
in a better world.

I wish you that from my heart.  
Hoping to see you in the near future  
I remain with many kisses

and in love with you both  
Yours  
Leo

May 13<sup>th</sup> 1943

My very Deans,

Today I got mail from you. Father started the letter on the 4<sup>th</sup> and send it away on the 11<sup>th</sup>. That must have been the time, where you didn't know what would happen next. Yesterday I made a mistake - on account of a misunderstanding. Our alert is not lifted yet only they gave us a little more space to move. We are allowed to go to a certain mooy and to one Service club, where we can be reached - but we are not permitted to leave camp. I have no idea how long that will last, but it goes on our nerves already. ~~I~~ I went yesterday ~~to~~ to the Service club, which is across the street and ate there in the cafeteria - just to have a change of location. Today I shall go with a few boys to the mooy.

All day long I was on special duty painting signs and couldn't work in the officers club. It is opened already, but a lot of things are still to be made and it looks improvisist at the moment. I don't know, what will happen next - our commanding officer was transferred suddenly and we got a new one. I didn't see him yet, but he is



supposed to be a nice fellow. I wonder whether he too will keep me in head quarters. It's a pity, as far as I am concerned. I was in excellent standing with the former one and hoped naturally for a promotion soon. Hell - that can't be helped.

In the last few days we had at least good news - and important ones. This end of the battle in Africa is immensely important and specially interesting how fast the last phases of it went by. It is so encouraging to know actually how heavy they can be beaten - though we never wanted to believe in their propaganda - to a big extent they made us believe (and frightened), that it would be possible to smash them. And oh God - I hope we are going to do it fully.

Otherwise, there is really nothing to report from here. I just want to mention how glad I was with the monstrous long letter of Muddern.

Please give all my love and for two I embrace, loving

always yours

mo

May 18th 1943

My dearest Parents,

Now we are back from bivouac. It is very rainy - every half hour it pours for a few minutes. We got our part too out there in the tents. It ~~wasn't~~ <sup>wasn't</sup> very comfortable - but didn't hurt us. One evening after it was raining during the day - suddenly the moon came out and it was almost as bright as during daytime. We made an improvised show and the master of ceremonies was a lieutenant. He had loud speakers with us, which we used then and every officer up to the new Lt. Colonel had to come up and tell a dirty ~~game~~ joke. And how dirty they were! Then we sang and had a good time for a while. Such things are good, especially now where we are pinned down in camp and can't go anywhere. I feel bad, that I don't write much lately, but I hope you will understand that. We all are very jumpy. We hoped that the alert might ~~be~~ have been ended by beginning of this week

but it was still on and is still going on.  
He all are waiting for the day, where  
it will be ended or something might  
take place. Anyway - I assure you, there  
is no reason to worry and our nervous-  
ness is more or less out of boredom  
and because we had so little time for  
ourselves.

I got your Salami today -  
many, many thanks for it. I sure will  
appreciate every bite of it.

Today I saw a big advertisement of  
-the sale at Macy's. They start now too?  
For heavens sake - what is going on now? Can't  
the dealers make anything against those  
"tooth brush and Rembrandt sales"?

My Dears I am very much in  
need to see you all, to be with you and  
talk again to you. He all are .. He hope  
that perhaps after this alert is over, that  
we might get furloughs. But that is a  
hope more or less - in the Army nothing  
is sure, until it really happens. Let's pray  
-that it might happen" soon.

Give my regards to Hiele, Paul,  
Gabrie & Friedl and you two as always  
be kissed in love I am longing for you, your  
her

May 15<sup>th</sup>, 1943

My dear Parents,

Nothing has happened since yesterday's letter, but I want to write more, than I did lastly. even if it are only a few lines.

The weather is still crazy and just to tell you what can happen here - I burned my chin. Not on a stove, but in sunshine. When we were out in bivouacs, between two rain showers the sun came out. We just had a recess and so I laid on my back a little. The sun was so strong, that I had to get up after 5 minutes. Next days, I had blisters on my chin and it burns and is red. Now I dont shave and put oream on it and in 1 or 2 days it will be over again. One has to be very carefull here, the boys catch sunburn very easily - and that is no excuse for being sick - that means ~~you~~ one is responsible for sunburn. I have a nice fan already, allways carefull - I never expose myself to long

and use ~~it~~ a fat on my skin.

From you I don't get much mail  
either - are you already as "lazy"  
as I am?

I hope everything is o.k. at  
home - ~~it~~ give my greetings to every-  
single one and you two be kissed  
heartily

I am yours lovingly

Leo

## Service Club

CAMP BLANDING  
FLORIDA

May 27<sup>th</sup> 1943.

My dearest Parents,

I just had a tremendous meal in the Service Club, where I went with a few of my friends. This month I spent most of my money in food, candies e.t.c. My whole nervousity was absorbed in food and as a result of that I gained a few pounds. I am almost sure you dont have any objections against this fact.

Yesterday and today I had very much work to do. As usual again all around the company. Yesterday evening I was very tired, but I decided to go to the Service Club. I wanted to paint a little and then write to you. I havent done it for the last few weeks. But when I started, I didnt notice how quickly the time passed by - and before I knew it, a man came in and told me to get out - it was 11<sup>h</sup> o'clock. So

I failed to write to you. Today - I make it the other way around - I write first. Afterwards we want to go to a movie. They play "Mission to Moscow" a supposedly very good picture. It is based on the book of the same title, by the former American Ambassador to Russia, Davies. We see here usually all the new pictures before they are shown any other place. There are a few very big theatres in camp, air ~~conditioned~~ conditioned and we pay only \$15. As the program changes continuously, many boys go a few times during the week.

Today we had a little excitement again. A big part of our outfit was sent away for a special duty and they may be out for a few weeks. I stay in - but I am afraid ~~so~~ that our fur lengths are again put back for this time. There is nothing that can be done about it - but hope.

Please tell Mike, Paul, Gaby & Friedl that they should not be mad at me for not writing to them personal. I shall make it good very soon. Mean while give them my best regards.

My dearest Parents, I kiss you again with all my love I have, I am yours forever  
your kid

May 30<sup>th</sup> 1943

My dearest Parents,

That weekend brought surprises again. A small percentage of our company got the permission to go out and to stay out until Sunday morning. But we had to leave a telephone number, where we could eventually be reached. Naturally much more wanted to go out, than were actually permitted. There were only 29 passes available. So our first sergeant made a ballot, because he didn't want to make any injustice to any one. Funny enough - I was the last one - the 29<sup>th</sup> drawn. So after a long time I went to Jacksonville. With the money from you all I bought my birthday presents. That was beautiful. I have now a few sets of new underwear socks, then I bought nice brushes to paint and a beautiful pair of shoes. "Halkover" is one of the finest shoes there is and they were rather expensive - \$ .10. - but at least I shall wear them much longer. The old (new) ones are just to be thrown away. Many thanks to you all again.

When I came back today, some surprise  
exceeded . . . . .



May 30<sup>th</sup> 1943

My dearest Parents,

That weekend brought surprises again. A small percentage of our company got the permission to go out and to stay out until Sunday morning. But we had to leave a telephone number, where we could eventually be reached. Naturally much more wanted to go out, than were actually permitted. There were only 29 passes available. So our first sergeant made a ballot, because he didn't want to make any injustice to any one. Funny enough - I was the last one. The 29<sup>th</sup> drawn. So after a long time I went to Jacksonville. With the money from you all I bought my birthday presents. That was beautiful. I have now a few sets of new underwear, socks, then I bought nail brushes to paint and a beautiful pair of shoes. "Halkover" is one of the finest shoes there is and they were rather expensive - \$ .10. - but at least I shall wear them much longer. The old (new) ones are just to be thrown away. Many thanks to you all again.

When I came back today, some surprise expected me. I told you, that part of the company was sent to a special duty

for the next few weeks - and ~~when~~ yesterday  
after I had left, a urgent call came to send  
more - and so I found - that morning an almost  
empty camp with only a handful left.

I shall sleep now in my big tent all  
alone and wonder, what we are going to do.  
It might be, that I shall have a quiet  
time now, but in the Army one never  
knows from one moment to the other.

Any how - I have still half of the  
Sunday left and feel a little nicer and  
easier today, after having been in town,  
after shopping such nice things, and after  
this change of atmosphere for which I  
was longing so much already. I confess  
I am very lazy today and shall sleep  
and read and linger around. It won't  
do me any harm to take it easy for a  
while.

My dearest parents I greet you with  
all my love - I greet Hisele, Paul, Baby  
and Friedl very much

and remains with many  
kisses allways

yours

He.

My Dear,

June 2<sup>nd</sup>

I sit in Headquarters and have nothing to do at the moment - so I steal the time and write to you. My situation is very funny at the moment. As I write to you, when I was called to work at Headquarters - I still belonged to my company and am only "on special Duty" here. That ~~is~~ means, that I belong ~~feelingly~~ to "B", am listed that way, eat and sleep there - but work at Headquarters. Now in the last few days almost my whole company has moved out for different duties and only a few men - about a dozen - are left. I am one of those and feel pretty lonesome as my best friends are gone. It may take from one week to several until they will return. We all moved into 2 huts and I have the "honor" now to sleep next to the first sergeant, whom I don't like to much. Besides, he is a master in belching and spitting and of a few more natural talents. I am very anxious how everything will develop in the near future. At the moment there is no chance of furloughs and I am afraid that I can't make it for the holidays. I have

that they want to give them to us, but there came so many unexpected things, that they are unable to grant them at present. So we must continue to be patient - something we have to learn in this time. What is left of our outfit continues to be on the alert and so we have to stay in camp and have to make the best of it.

It is now 2 days since I got the news about uncle Poldi and I am very anxious to hear, how he goes along. One never would have expected, how ~~many~~ much energy and resistance this small man is able to produce and there is the only hope, that he pulls through again, which I ~~am~~ wish him wholeheartedly. -

I am always so happy, if Father writes me everything that goes on in the store and at home - and I am special glad, if I can hear that he comes a few dollars. I wish he could make one a real good bit - one which would enable him to make ~~himself~~ <sup>more</sup> independent. It will come - I am sure. Our mother will must ~~be~~ be very proud, to earn something too and I can imagine how much figuring goes on whenever a few more dollars come home.

I see her blue eyes shine. Do you put something away Muddern?

I was very glad to find a few lines of Paul & hisel in yesterday's letter and I am going to write to them soon. Give Fossil & hisel my regards also.

You my two "Pferdele" I love in greatest love I am always with you - in my thoughts and with my heart  
your

June 5th 1943

My dearest Parents,

It is Saturday noon now, I am in the orderly room of our Company and at the moment the only Private left. There is only the first Sergeant and another Sergeant otherwise everybody is out. We expect a few men back this afternoon but meanwhile I help out on ten sides. At 4.30 I go on Guard and I am not so happy about it, because it is terrible hot again and I will patrol in this glaring sunshine. But a lot of other fellows have done it too-so I will stand it also. Originally I had no intention to write just now, but I just got your letter in which you wrote me about Uncle Poldi and naturally I was very upset about the fact, and the circumstances you just indicated. You didn't mention facts but I can already imagine what's all about. Anyway that is there form of stile and thinking and they remain true to it to the last and most probably don't think anything about it. In any case the whole thing is very sad and I can imagine how you all feel. I am going to write to them a letter in the next few days-at the moment I am not able to.

About Lisele I was very shocked. She mentioned something about a Forunkel, but I thought it was one of those big Pickels one gets sometimes. I didn't realize that it was really such a thing and was very aggravated to hear the real truth. I hope she is really all right now and please don't hide anything from me. Give her please all my love and best wishes-I hope she is already recovering from everything and will forget very soon this experience.

I shall try to rest now a little there is a night with very little sleep ahead and ~~XXXXXX~~ 24 hours with a lot of walking. Please take care of yourself and watch a little for your own wellfare. In big love and with you in my heart

I remain allways,

yours

Leo

## Service Club

CAMP BLANDING  
FLORIDA

June 7<sup>th</sup> 1943

My dearest Parents,

Those last few days were pretty busy, as we few men have to do a lot of things. In one of the other companies, there are only a few left also and only one company is full - so our outfit runs on a normal daily schedule and we have to divide the duties as well as we can. Tomorrow - ~~from~~ evening until Sunday evening I shall be on Guard duty. So I will have to forget ~~it~~ ~~me~~ more about the weekend. I almost get used to it already -

That all would be much easier - only the heat got me this time. I am not the only one. One has to get used to it. There were two days, where I got so weak, that I would have slept at any moment of the day - I was so much tired and no amount of sleep would help. I just was covered from morning to night with perspiration and that is what got me so worn out. I have now salt tablets, which we get, if we sweat to much and I have

~~can~~ overcome this state already. That all is nothing serious - only very uncomfortable, but you will understand it better, if I tell you, that we had 106 Degrees in the shadow today. Besides that it is damp and ~~to~~ not much protection, as there are not many trees and mostly ~~sand~~ sand, which reflects only the heat. Just now it started a little to rain - a pleasant cool summer rain and the first breeze in many days comes up.

In the next few days I am going to send you something, which I just got today and filled me with much pleasure. About two weeks ago I wrote to the Club who made the exhibition in Miami and sold my picture, whether they could communicate with the buyer of the painting, because I wish I could have a photo of it. I would naturally pay for it. Today I get a big envelope from N. Y. with a photo of my picture (~~as~~ like those we have made in our store) accompanied with a very nice letter of the owner; telling me, how he enjoys to send me a photo and I should visit him, in case I would come to N. Y. His name is H<sup>Mr.</sup> McKinn and he wrote me, that "he has shown the painting to a well known artist - Philip Evergood (?) - who was most enthusiastic about it." Hell - I am just about to get concidered - but I know by myself, how much more I have to learn in order to have a right to do so. I am going to ~~so~~ answer his letter and a little later, you might call him

(2)

## Service Club

CAMP BLANDING  
FLORIDA

once and tell him how much I appreciated his kind letter. He lives in Hotel Blackstone 50 East 58 Street. In a few days I am going to send you the photo and you will be so kind and keep it for me. I would like to send you the other work I have done, ~~but~~ but there is an Art org. in Falls Church, who wants to exhibit it in the near future. I was supposed to go there this week, but unfortunately am on duty again.

As you can see - there is some thing, which gives me a lot of pleasure and helps me to overcome the feeling of starvation - This longing for a little privacy, individual living - which one has some times in the Army. I finished last week a little painting, which in my estimation is by far the best I have done so far. Very often I would like to have Friedl there to hear his critic. He has such good eyes and such a clean attitude and natural respect to art.

Hell my dearest - there you have "very talented" children - and if we were "good"



for nothings" in school, so we can still pride  
ourselves to have gotten something from our dear  
parents, which is a natural equality. (You both  
were no heroes in school either!)

Today's newspapers were a bitter drink  
to me. I ~~read~~ read those news from Warsaw  
and I don't need to comment on it.  
If I could lay only hand on those - some -  
times one gets the feeling not being able  
to breathe freely <sup>anywhere</sup> unless one gets a chance  
to do so. What a world is this?

I shall finish now. Give my best  
greetings and all my love to Hisele & Paul  
and Baby & Fritz -  
you two be kissed in everlasting  
love.

always your

her-

June 8<sup>th</sup> 1943

My dearst Parents,

Yesterday I wrote to Paul & hisel and Fritz and Gaby and a few more letters which I owed a long time to people and so I had no time left to write to you. I wrote to aunt Minna also - it was a hard letter to write.

My company has returned and we are all united again. But it is a crazy outfit - again different duties are coming and the boys have no quiet moment. I stay always back, because I am still attached to Hqn. That doesn't mean much less work, because if so many are out, we have more work here.

~~The~~ The heat is still very great and I think that will go on for the next few months. I stand it much better again - only the first few days last week I felt miserable. Now I just sweat and drink. We get a lot of lemonade and fruit and have all ways cool water at hand. I am one of the few, who use a part of our equipment - most the boys are too lazy to put it up. That is the mosquito ~~net~~ net. I hang it over my bed and sleep

without anything and am provided against the  
mosquitos, which have eaten already a part  
of my body. But it isn't so bad, as it  
sounds - we are just not used to this hot  
and damp climate and it takes a time  
until one get's used.

I have a few photos for you again  
but you will have to wait a little, be-  
cause I just sent it out to have copies  
made - and that takes allways time.

I just got a letter from you - fine &<sup>th</sup>  
and I am allways glad, if I get your  
detailed reports. I am then at home  
with you and try to visualize, what is  
going on.

Give Mike my best thanks for her share  
of the Salami. This time I kept it in  
the Frigideire of our kitchen and kept it  
well that way - it was delicious.

For today I finish - we get  
passes - gulch - and ~~we~~ a few boys  
go to Jacksonville for a good meal and  
a little fun.

Best regards and all the love  
in the world  
yours  
hu.



U. S. ARMY  
CAMP BLANDING, FLORIDA

June 13<sup>th</sup> 1943

My dearest Parents,

I didn't write for the last two days - I was pretty much occupied and besides that very tired from the heat and lazy. I called you Friday night and though I couldn't talk, as freely, as on other occasions I was glad to hear your voice again. There were so many officers around - I was on duty at this time. (By the way - in case you want to call me - you can do so. You ask for Blanding and the number of our Hq. is "50". But I don't want it - only if necessary.)

I was change of Quarters from Friday night to Saturday night. ~~After that I~~ ~~was through~~ I decided to stay in - I was much too tired to go out. So I went to bed early and had a good night's sleep. It is Sunday morning now - everybody is around lazy; dressed only in underweat, either writing home, reading newspaper, or just being lazy. A few dress up nicely to go to church - a real Sunday atmosphere (in the Army) That is the day, where

we don't make up our bed and our tents look very comfortable and not straightened out. Later I shall go to the lake for a swim and in the afternoon perhaps to a movie.

Our boys got excited lately, because we got the first big bunch of HAACS in our camp. There they start to replace men in many jobs, which can be done by women. Naturally mostly administrative work. Any how - they are drilled like monkeys and march even better than men do and it is funny to see their corporals and sergeants follow around. What a crazy world that is. (The Daytona Beach is a big training center for them and they stopped now to give passes for this place, because to many soldiers went there over weekend - and to many a sergeant (Haacs) became pregnant.)

But it isn't so bad as it looks - here in camp they try really to enjoy soldiers as much as they can in their free time. We have movies, service club, library and free shows and dances. I never dance - just watch them occasionally - they all dance jitterbug and nearly break their necks. I ~~just~~ get swelling just watching them. Naturally I have my painting club also. Only one thing they can't replace and that's home.

But I hope now very much to be with you very soon - let's cross fingers.

Please greet everybody - each one of our dears and be kissed in greatest love from your old boy  
hw.

## Service Club

CAMP BLANDING  
FLORIDA

June 9<sup>th</sup> 1943

My dearest Parents,

Yesterday evening I was in Jacksonville with two friends. Our alert has been lifted so far and we hope it stays that way. He had a fairly good time. During the week one can't stay too long, because one can't go to bed too late - but it is so much nicer than ~~so~~ at Saturday. Over weekend the town is so awfully crowded that I get allways seasick. Yesterday it was very quiet and relatively cool after a very hot day - I said relatively - and so we cooled us down a little more, with a few good whiskeys. At such ~~so~~ occasions I know I have to quieten you down, because you may think your boy becomes a drinker. But your boy is already an old horse with 29 years and enjoys a drink sometimes. He were in good mood to be off and to free a little and enjoyed

-the evening out. One of the boys had a date  
later in the evening and so I stayed with  
the other one who is married, but likes to turn  
his head after every pair of legs. The one with  
the date goes around today tired and weary  
- and is afraid of the next three days.  
His new girlfriend has connections to the Navy,  
Marines and Army - well ....

You can't imagine how the "Fouzieters"  
down here are - you won't believe it. You see girls  
between 15 and 18 already with their babies  
on their own and 14 years is old enough to be a  
full fledged prostitute. With 28 ~~are~~ <sup>they</sup> are  
honorable grandmothers. They are very backward  
down here. One has to be very careful in this  
part of the country. Did I ever tell you, the Army  
gives the men all possible help ~~to~~ of protection and  
has medical stations in camp and town, where the  
boys should go in but if somebody fails to go and  
get's sick, he loses most of his pay during the time of sickness  
and has to serve this time of the sickness after the war.  
But I promise you I won't have to serve this time -  
~~do~~ I would like to see the face of Vaders ~~at~~ reading  
this part of the letter and in case he doesn't un-  
derstand it - please Mudder will you explain it to  
him?

After this very interesting article I say good  
night to you my good parents. With all my  
love for you I greet you and remain always  
yours  
his

## Service Club

CAMP BLANDING  
FLORIDA

June 23<sup>rd</sup> 1943

My dear Parents,

I came off duty bright and am really tired. Last night I had only a few hours sleep, there were a lot of telephone calls and I had to get up and call the different officers. It was very hot again and so I am really longing for my bed, in which I shall jump very soon.

So I send you again only a short note, but with love and all my heart

yours

Leo





U. S. ARMY  
CAMP BLANDING, FLORIDA

June 26<sup>th</sup> 1943

My dearest Parents,

I am unbelievable lazy  
and I am hardly able to write.  
That is because of the weather -  
and because I am very impatient.  
It is Saturday evening now, it  
was raining all afternoon now  
and I slept all the time.

I am very sorry, that  
you didn't remind me in time  
for Paul's Birthday and he will  
get the letter ~~now~~ late.

Here is nothing new and  
all my thoughts are concern-  
ted on the front line.

I am going to dress myself

now and to a mooy.

Excuse that letter, but I am  
so terrible tired.

With all the love I remain

your

hus

JACKSONVILLE, FLORIDA

July 19<sup>th</sup> 1943

My dearest,

I have again not much time to write - but I just want to let you know, that I am o.k. I was taken off the payroll and shall work now perhaps for one week in camp. He switches all the details around, so that everybody get's everything up. I hope, that I shall get more sleep at least and that is good too - I was so over tired already, that I barely could undress myself yesterday.

I greet you all from all my heart and remain with much love yours

Res

August 4th 1943.

My dearest Parents,

I just write you not  
to leave you again that long without  
mail. I am back on Shore patrol  
and there is not much time left  
for me. I think much of you  
all and wish I could sit together  
with you, at home and have our  
talks and fun.

With all my love and kisses  
to you all my dears

I remain always  
your

me

Aug. 16<sup>th</sup> 1943.

My dearest Parents,

I am back at Camp Blanding. He got a sudden order to send a certain number of men for duty at the stockade here, to guard Prisoners. Nearly everybody was sent out and only a handful of us remained back in Jacksonville. I am glad for this change, because the duty in Jacksonville was unbearable and we all were in a run down condition. The place itself was not nice and unhealthy to live in and the duty itself very strenuous. In more than 1 1/2 months I had only 1 evening off and only a few times 2 hours during the day. I and we all were so dissatisfied because we had so little sleep - average of 5 hours a day and we got very overtired. All that would have been easier to bear, if there would have been a necessity behind it - but, it was the result of bad organization and wrong treatment by the commanding officer there, who is one of the old school who thinks one is a good soldier, if treated

harsh without any logic. Hell - I don't want to  
complain too much - it was really not nice and  
I was very down hearted. This club now is  
normal and regulated. The "prisoners" are  
not prisoners of war, but American soldiers, who  
did something wrong and were sentenced  
by court martial to prison terms. They are  
treated fair - but harsh and it is by God  
no fun to come in there. They don't live as  
well as prisoners of war, who live in America  
according to international law and our govern-  
ment sticks to it to the last point. They eat  
the best rations and can't be forced to work  
as hard as the boys do right here. It is  
not easy to watch your own men with a  
loaded gun, which we have to use in  
case one tries to escape. But that doesn't  
happen often, they are too much worried and  
you don't need to worry. The discipline  
is hard and every order has to be followed  
right away and fast - otherwise there are special  
punishments. They are addressed as "Prisoner" and  
not permitted to salute officers. Every step outside  
of the fence they have a soldier with a gun  
behind them. Thanks - I haven't got this  
duty. I stand guard in a tower, from which  
I overlook the place. Despite all that, they  
have still spirit and in the short hour

(2) of freedom before going to bed, they play and laugh. With all that punishment, they are given the idea, that they have the chance to rehabilitate themselves and get out of here and be a soldier again like the others. You must imagine that we have for instance a big number of men here, who "went over the hill" - that means, who run home, without leave. From a human point of view, they haven't done anything bad and from the military point of view something serious. Specially at time of war. For instance yesterday I saw one (on Sunday) who got the visit of his wife and it was a "funny" view to see that poor jailbird in his head looking blue suit, with a big "P" printed on his back, walking embraced with a pretty woman and in back of them the soldier with the gun, keeping in step with them and stopping, when they had to kiss each other.

When a boy has served most of his term without giving any trouble he may get a break. He becomes a "trustee". Instead of the prisoners "P" he has only a little star on his back, get's easier jobs and goes to work outside of the fence without guard. He comes back alone at the designated hour.

For instance our KP's are such trucks and I can tell you - I never ate as nicely, clean and well in the Army. The boys have no resentment against us, they know, that it is our duty to guard them. Still it goes sometimes against your back. & especially as we can't use our sentiment in a case of serious resentment or resistance.

He are on duty 24 hours and have them off enough to rest up and go out eventually. It is much easier and regulated than in Jacksonville. Since two days I sleep every free minute and feel, how much I needed it all ready. I am so happy to be out of the other place - I hated it so much all ready that I really didn't know what to do. I couldn't do a thing and was really not able to write. If you could only imagine how hot and damp the climate is down here - and there we slept 42 men in one barrack - one on top of the other. I took showers every minute I could - still I caught a small heat rash (thighs and legs.) you should have seen how some boys looked! Here it is hot too, but still the air is cleaner and we sleep 5 men in a hut again. Just now the water just drips down my body, like I would have come from the shower. But every evening it gets cooler at least and that is a big relaxation. Yesterday it was unbearable hot and in the afternoon we had an electric storm (no rain) I never saw such lightning and afterwards there came a big cloud burst - and it got cooler. Today I got letters from Mike, Paul Fritz and Gabelein. They remind me to write to father's birthday - but this time I didn't forget. How was this day? Write me everything.

Many kisses to everybody and all the love to you - always Gower/

Use the old Address: Confederate Park, Jacksonville, Fla.



Aug. 17<sup>th</sup> 1943

My dearest Parents,

In reading your last few letters I got a bad conscience. I see that you worried very much and I can't express enough how sorry I am about it. There are times when one feels "blue" in the Army. It is like a long "Katzengummer" without Alcohol. That's how I felt - and we all did so. You misunderstand it, if you think it was merely because of hard work. I do so now also and feel like in Paradise in comparison. It was one of those times which one catches in the Army once in a while and one can't describe it properly, because it consists of 1000 ~~etc~~ details, which make the picture all together. He told us ourselves, that it is still better, than to be overseas, but such logic makes a bad situation over here still not good in the long run. And it was really lousy. You see - we took it and worked all through

P.S. He have still our longpenny heads & medals in Jacksonville. That's why you have to use the old letters!

very well - but we were exhausted and in a bad mood. He jerked continuously about ourselves or slept if there was time. Sleep during the day was like work, because we were 42 men in one barrack and there was a continuous coming and going. Besides it was so hot, that after getting up from bed, one could see on the bed linen the outlines of the body in a dampening wet spot resulting from perspiring. There we were in Florida - in Jacksonville and we weren't able to take a real sunbath - I haven't been at the beach once, which is a beautiful one. The attitude of the commanding officer there, was what made everything so unbearable and from the officers down to the last man, we were disgraced. He didn't treat us like men, but like a punished kindergarten and I am happy that it is over - I was afraid that we wouldn't have food for it much longer and God knows what trouble was avoided by transferring us to this place. The commanding officer of this Brigade, was incidentally my first captain after I came down here last year. I know him as strict and very fine Gentleman. He gave us every break and we work now like an oiled machine. You must imagine - we suffer here too under hard heat, mosquitoes who eat you up, if one stays post during the night e.t.c. But we eat well, sleep well, are treated normal and have our time to relax. In Jacksonville I ~~at~~ didn't distinguish any more between night and day and I was simply not able to write. You don't know, through how much trouble I had to go - just to call you up 2 weeks ago. But that is over and I hope it never will return. I don't mind hard work - but we all expect decency in our treatment. The American Army is famous for it. Give all my love and be kind many times always thinking of you, yours/

## Service Club

CAMP BLANDING  
FLORIDA

Aug 25th 1943

My dear Parents,

I am off this afternoon and sit in our service club. I am the only soldier around here and only a few girls, playing piano and singing. Our camp is nearly deserted - but you know how it is - there is a continuous coming and going.

Concerning my leg you don't need to worry - it is completely healed. I never was in the hospital - in fact I didn't go to the Doctor. That was a mistake perhaps, but there was so much to do, that I always forgot. That's why I got the infection. But I kept it clean, put every day, I'd take and fresh bandages on it and made a good Doctor myself. It was not that bad, only very annoying on this place of the leg. But that is ~~entirely~~ over.

I was smiling at ~~your~~<sup>father's</sup> description of Witherle. You didn't tell me anything new, concerning her - ~~to~~ what a nice lady -

she is. But I enjoy to hear it often from father.  
I know her - when she wears a new, becoming  
dress & her shining blue eyes. Like all young women...

I wish you would send me once in a while  
new snapshots. I have a small collection of photos  
with me and go through them sometimes and  
study them. There are photos from you both in  
Merano - what times! Mother's photo, when she was  
shortly married, you both in the Fort Meyer park, the  
whole family in the gardens - Karl & Paul in the  
Aide ~~to~~ <sup>at</sup> the beach, Fritz, and a lot  
more. It's so good to look at you all.

I have one wish to you. I lost my fountain  
pen and can't get one down here. There are only  
the very expensive ~~one~~ or the business ones. These  
\$1-2 pens, which I like best have disappeared.  
If you can find one, with a broad point and  
soft writing I would appreciate it very much  
if you can send me one. I write ~~usually~~  
with pencil ~~or~~ or borrowed pens - and I  
hate to do that.

~~I just came back from the main PX, where~~  
I bought ~~of~~ a few sets of new underwear and  
socks. One needs so much in this climate and  
they go to the devil so easily. Specially if they get  
mixed up in the laundry and one gets always  
horse stuff back, then one sends me. You see  
what "Haushalt" trouble I have?

With all my love and regards to all of  
at home I remain with a lot of kisses yours  
he

Sept. 4<sup>th</sup> 1913

My very Dearest,

yesterday I got the first mail  
this week and today another letter. I am  
so happy to see that everything is in order  
and my worries without any reason.

I am still in Camp Blanding  
doing my duty at the Stockade. It is  
now all ready routine work. yesterday I  
was in Jacksonvile after a very long time  
- I went with a bunch of boys and we  
had a good time, as far as this is possible  
in Jacksonvile. later in the day I met  
an Officer from my company. He was the  
best we had and unfortunately he is trans-  
ferred to another outfit. He was all dressed  
up and had a few hours time before his  
train left and so he invited me to have  
a drink with him. I wa'nt one - rather quite  
a few and we had interesting talks. He  
fought in the last war, was in the Indian Army  
fought in Spain with the royalists and God  
knows where else. I hated to see him go.  
He was the only one I really liked.

As it looks - I never will go ahead  
and promote in this outfit I am considered  
as a good man and very popular with every

one, from the first sergeant down to the last man. But for my commanding officer I am aive. I never had any trouble - nor had I good word from him. I see men promoted with less abilities and shorter in the service and many here cant understand it. I believe to know the reason. Sometimes I feel like asking for a transfer, I get so disgruted and depressed, then again I dont know, whether it is'nt good that way. So many of the boys, who came down with me and were send out on cadre are staffsergeants and first sergeants by now, earning around \$100. and more a month. I am still a private first class, convinced I should be far ahead. I learned one thing - in the Army it is'nt allways quality which pushes men ahead. I am not the only one who suffered this disappointment. But it does'nt trouble me that much anymore, as it did in the beginning. And it is'nt a matter of pride - I just would like to do more and better in a time, where every one should work to his best abilities. And I know that this is'nt the case with me.

Today my head aches a little bid and one would call it a small hangover (Katzengammer) Tonight I must watch out not to fall as deep as my foot. I want.

Do you know, that I am very homesick - I wish I could see you all and be with you at the holy days. Until now, I could'nt find out anything about furloughs. Give kid, Paul, Gabby and Fred my best regards and you my clearest be greeted in greatest love  
always yours  
Leo

Sept. 12<sup>th</sup> 1973

My dearest Parents,

It's Sunday noon now and I am on duty today. He have a little cooler weather today - it was raining all night long. Every half an hour a real burst of water, like a shower. I was in Jacksonville again yesterday and tried at least to have a good time. Not that I was in a bad mood, but I am tired a little bit of it. There is nothing else one can do, but go to a movie, eat, or go in one of those countless bars. It is a typical provincial city, which experiences a big boom now, with all the bases and ship yards around and they naturally try to make the best of it, to keep the money rolling, where it is spent most lavishly. I go - or went now a few times to town, taking advantage of the chance as much as possible, after those two ugly months I spent, when I was stationed in town. Then I couldn't enjoy

it. I am only mad allways, how the money goes one-two-three, without doing much. That is not like in N.Y. or in any of the other big cities, where the Service men get so many free treats. Here we pay for every-thing and the full prices too - which are ~~not~~ rather high on top of it. So for the second part of the month I will have to restrict myself very much, as a heavy kick (Ebbe) occurred in my pockets.

Yesterday - or today I came back at 5 o'clock in the morning, slept until 11 at noon and am on duty now for the next 24 hours. I am a little drowsy, but otherwise all right. That is so different in the Army. There are no fixed hours for sleeping and working - or enjoying free time. There is no "Zehn Uhr sperr" - one can do anything at any time. Father will have to be after me, when I come back to teach me again how to behave in that respect. I wish he would do so very soon.

I didn't get any mail yesterday from you and hope everything is all right at home. Give love, Paul, baby & Fritz my best regards and you be kissed heartily  
love yours  
hes



Sept. 13<sup>th</sup> 1943

My dearest Parents,

I had mail from you today. Father wrote me about the store, which you have decided to take. As I can see and understand you have dampen fever, - I must say and confess, that I am excited also. Gosh - would I like to be home now and would like to help. Not that I think that I am essential, but it would be nice to participate in something, which is full of hope. That is something you should hold before your eyes. We have gone through so many difficult situations, filled with anguish - so much negativity had to be overcome - we never lost faith and were lucky enough to overcome so much. We have gone through so many years of financial difficulties which seemed unresolvable, father was bound

on hand and feet - everything in a very unpleasant atmosphere. I don't want to recall all this unpleasant things - I just mention it, because I remember that you all ways continued to go forward unbroken and with hope to solve it one day. You were even to faithful - This is one occasion which is in a pleasant atmosphere, a fight which doesn't go downhill, but where you get a chance to build up again. I know there may be a lot of difficulties and it may not so easy, but it is a clean task and I hope from my whole heart, that you all realize that. This attitude you must have, it will make you ~~free~~ more free and give you more strength - you don't need to be afraid. With your and Friedl's taste and knowledge, you will give the place the right face and atmosphere - and you are good merchants - you better remember the time how you run the business, before it broke down under circumstances, which had nothing to do with your abilities. And then naturally with God's help we will master this too - for which I pray and send my best wishes.

Only in one point I shall dare to give you an advice - have clean and nice suits, clean fingers and shined faces - otherwise I am not afraid and wouldn't know what to advise you. Much luck and "good speed"

and all my love to you all  
Yours  
neo.

Sept. 20<sup>th</sup> 1943.

My dearest Parents,

I had no mail for three days - but got a letter today. I am so glad to read everything you write to me about the store. I am hoping you will allways inform me about every-thing, so I can at least in my phantasy participate.

It is a long time now, since one of the "children" wrote to me. I am so glad, if I get a few words from them. If they would only realize, that they have not to write real "letters" to me, it wouldnt make them so much trouble to do it. I wrote to them a couple of weeks ago and didnt get an answer yet - so I think I shall have to push them a little bit personally.

Here not much happened in the last days. It is allways the same routine and the only change in the last few days was the weather, which got a little cooler. We had a lot of rain and it made the nights even damp

and chilly. But the heat isn't over entirely  
and the sun still can make you sweat - ~~but~~  
~~only~~ generally it is better now.

I am glad that Lisele is off for a  
few days and she most certainly will enjoy  
it there. You never wrote me whether they  
got their magazines and whether they can  
use them.

I finish now - and you will excuse  
me for being so short. I lay down now and  
take a short nap, before I go on duty.

I kiss you dear Mother and father  
with all my love and give everyone at  
home my best greetings

always yours

Leo

Dec. 2<sup>nd</sup> 1943.

My dearest Parents,

Though I haven't much time, I just want to write a few lines. Those first few days were pretty busy, different kinds of duties - naturally K. P. also - and it seems, that there will be a lot to do in the near future. I don't mind it, as I feel so well with this prolong<sup>ed</sup> behind me - my moral is a hundred % better. I wonder how long that will last.

I got your letter yesterday and was glad to have something from you again.

The boy, whom I wrote to ~~keep~~ eat the Salami, took it and put it into the Frigidaire and so I had it when I came back. You will be surprised that I have still a little piece of cake and meat, which keeps absolutely o. k. in this icebox - it is more a cool room and keeps food in excellent condition. So I eat every day a little and enjoy it very much - and a few boys with me. This meat is so delicious

and I really appreciate it now.

Furthermore - I got the first ~~the~~ number  
of the P.M. - it takes <sup>only</sup> one day. You will  
get a big "thank you" every day for it,  
it is so different to all those newspapers  
around here!

I have to finish now. I have  
to go on M.P. duty again, after a  
long time.

A lot of kisses and a lot  
of love

always yours

Leo



Dec. 5<sup>th</sup> 1943

My dearest Parents,

It is Sunday today - wonderful sunshine and after a busy week I am off. I went out alone and just had a very good meal in a nice Restaurant and try to make it a real good and lazy Sunday morning.

I am still and fully under the effect of my furlough. Work is plenty and the ~~time~~ system of time off not so good, but I don't feel it to much, because I feel well and satisfied, I have something beautiful to look back and I am happy to have been with you. I was very impatient and homesick before and I feel now like someone, who had a deep wish fulfilled.

Until now I had different kinds of duties. Guard duty, "M.P. duty" K.P. and training. The weeks are

turning fast and before one knows it, one gets into the old routine again. But I see the difference between us, who were happy enough to have been home and the other who were not yet. They are nervous and disgusted and just waiting of the next list and dreaming of home. We take everything with a grin and if we don't like it, we just say "so what!". It is unbelievable how much strength I got from those days with you. But it was really a wonderful time you gave me.

I hope you realize that fully and it should make you happy.

I hope Hisele is all right by now. I wrote to her and would be glad, if she would confirm her health personally with a few lines.

I hope to hear from you all the best and greet you with all my love

for ever yours

hes.



Dec 15, 1943

My dearest Parents,

As I write to you now, I think you all will be together, celebrating Mutterles birthday. So that is a good moment for me to write, specially as I could'nt write much lately. My work is pretty hard and occupies practically all my time. But there is no reason at all to worry about me - I simply have not much time for myself, using that little I have for rest and sleep. I am in good shape and ambured. Only the last few days are "grausig" a lot of rain and pretty cool and it doesn't look at all like "Sunny Florida". In N. Y. I went around many days without winter coat, but you should have seen me last night. It took about ten minutes to take my cloths off.

The time in N. Y. was so beautiful - I am still dreaming about it

and would have written much more about it, if I would have time to write at all. This way I only stick to the most necessary things and you might misunderstand my shortness. If you only would register all those thoughts I have, specially on those long, long hours of guard duty at night, it wouldnt be cramped even in a long letter.

But I hope this time will pass again. It goes this way allways in the Army. One over busy and then a comes a very easy time.

I hope you had a nice celebration and will have a nice one with Friedl. Byes, Bye my dearest

lots of love  
always yours

her

January 2<sup>nd</sup> 1944

My dearest Parents,

The first time since I am back here, I got a good deal of sleep. I went to bed at 1 o'clock last night and slept without waking up until 12 o'clock noon today. I just ate and my eyes are still not quite open but I feel as well as I haven't for a long time. I would go out this afternoon, as I go on duty again at night, but I don't feel like, though I haven't been out for a long time. First of all it is Sunday and practically everything is closed and second I am tired and feel better in comfortable dressing, & writing a few letters and straightening out a lot of things, which I couldn't do in the last time.

Last week was as the others before very busy - no signs of holidays or New-Year - but there was some excitement and an event, which bolstered our morale and gave us some hope for the future. But before I tell you about it, I think I have to explain a few points. In the last few

month I seemed to you sometimes unhappy and dissatisfied. You thought that it came mainly because of hard work and little time off. If you remember you got happy letters from Mississippi, where we lived under rugged conditions and had a lot of work also. There was something I never talked about directly, because it was so very disappointing to me and I never wanted to express it openly. I just couldn't believe it, that a thing like that should be possible in the U. S. Army. If I write about it today, then because I know, that it isn't typical for this Army and that we might get rid of it very soon.

We have a company commander, who was for 18 years first sergeant in the Army and became officer in this war, advancing quickly up to captaincy. As long, as we stayed in camp where he was under direct command of the Lt. Colonel and as long our main work consisted in training we had the impression of him, as an old Army man, rough talking, strict, fair and ~~as~~ being an officer, who knew a lot about training, as some body, who lived that long in the Army. He was respected accordingly.

Then we moved to Jacksonville. You can't

② imagine, how happy we were to get there, envied by the whole battalion, because living in town and performing duty there was considered as a big break. That meant in your time off you had ~~a~~ the town for yourself instead of a service-club or only movies like back in camp.

Kell - we got our surprise. Here in town our Capt. is post-commander also, which gave him a lot of more power and ~~we~~ we had the pleasure to meet a new man, who started to make our life miserable. Out came a man, unreasonable, insulting, inconsiderate, despotic having all the good habits of a small ~~character~~ ~~character~~, ~~or~~ "hill billy" (I would translate it as "Hinterwäldler") who got a little power after having spent his whole life in a position, where he had taken orders.

We all here know, - that a war is going on and that million of American soldiers have to take a lot more than what we go through. But that isn't the point. A free mind - as most of the American soldiers have - want to be treated considerable - no matter in what position he is in at the moment. He takes easy work and he fights in fox holes - he takes both, if he is respected and treated as a man, who after all is a civilian in uniform and wears it only for

the purpose of winning the war. That is why he submits himself to higher authorities - but not because he believes in ranks and classes. This man never knew, what it meant to live on his own, where a man has the responsibility of his own life.

On top of it he has military releases, which might have been right in the year 1898, but not in this time. He doesn't believe in free time for a soldier, a private is all ways wrong, even if he is right in his own estimation. Never excuse yourself for an injustice - and many a officers and non-coms were bowled out, when they excused themselves for a mistake they had committed. A. non-commissioned officer is a good one, if he is hated by his own men and if he hasn't to make contact with his men privately. That are only a few little samples. It is hard to explain everything in detail - in short our moral started to drop down to bitterness. Still we kept up as good, as we could, having still the reputation to be one of the finest KP outfits in the states. He - in our company had to see, how all the other 3 companies lived a normal military life, fully satisfied, working well and getting the proper respect and awards by their commands, while our duties getting harder and harder and the treatment getting from unconsiderable to scandalous. It seemed he didn't give a damn anymore

(3) what happened to us, as long he had the ~~fun~~ fun of kicking us. Things were worsened by having built up a very small clique of higher non-coms of his own style, who living very much at ease fell in step with him supporting him to the last.

The situation looked something like that lately. Working day and night shifts, without proper sleep, rest and food. Nobody can tell us, that after standing guard on ammunition trains - sometimes as much as three ship loads - for 6 hours, that I have to drink a cold cup of coffee <sup>and eat</sup> with cold eggs - and have only a 1 1/2 hours sleep to get up and pick up matches or after 3 or 4 hours sleep, go out and drill like a rookie and march and go on duty again afterwards. And that for weeks. As ~~an~~ a reward we have the privilege to live in a lousy place, with no nothing in it. There is a small dayroom with chairs and tables, nothing else. ~~It~~ He even refused to have a telephone booth built in our ~~the~~ reservation. There are only 16 passes given out per night (about 130 men) and one can't ask for one only every 4th day and then it lasts only between 6 and 12 o'clock at night. Now - our duties are mainly at night and this way one doesn't go out nearly all the time. Back in camp

2  
Fengüj

to write on

Miss

Dear



⑤ in the office and we didn't think much about it. He  
was too busy.

But one day there was an announcement. "Tomorrow  
in the hour between 1 & 2 o'clock ~~is~~ everyone who has  
a complaint, should bring it to one of the officers."  
He were completely unprepared for that - but when the  
"hour" came our captain had to learn, that he has  
grown up men, civilians with spirit under his  
command. It started at one o'clock at noon - at  
5 o'clock of this afternoon ~~is~~ half of the company  
was still standing in line. Next day he brought a  
stenographer along to take everything down. 80%  
of the company saw him, including me. It was  
a talk like to a "father", and he just was  
flabbergasted, when he found out, how we live. I  
talked my heart off, telling him how bitter I feel  
as an refugee, who is happy to be here, to come  
up and complain. But that I don't think I should  
be a second rate soldier ~~with~~ <sup>wearing</sup> the American uniform  
- and that it is exactly the way I travel here.  
He was very much impressed and talked half an  
hour with me with absolute sympathy and kindness.

He told him everything we thought wrong, every  
body in a decent way, very upright and  
like people, who really know, what their  
personal freedom means. He wait now for  
the result. He don't believe that our commanding.

officer will stay for long on this job anymore.

This other Jewish boy was caught sitting on guard duty 2 days ago and he arrested him and wanted to have him court marshalled. It would really be a case. But our Colonel called up to set him free right away. He got one week restriction! But #, Sami Shapiro, told him on top of it what he thought about him. As you see, it has changed all ready - he took it and tried to defend himself. He all are in much better spirit now - because we know, that we are right and we know, that hard discipline, which is necessary for a military organization has nothing to do with impairing your personal freedom and that one has not to give up one's personal pride entirely to be a well disciplined soldier.

I wrote you about a strained muscle on one of my legs. It was the first time in 16 months I went on sick call. It took me 4 days until I got to go to Camp Blanding. It isn't anything - I get Physiotherapeutic treatments, Sprudel bath e.f.c. and have to ride out to camp every morning with the ration trucks for the next week. When I saw how the rest of the Battalion lives I ~~just~~ just got sick. Wonderful meals - every body satisfied and happy. On Christmas they had all their wives out there, a celebration and as far as possible had the New-Year's celebration also. He haven't seen anything around here, where one could feel an attempt to make the men happy for an hour or so. He thinks it will change now very soon - until the report goes through all the channels.

---

④ we could go to the PX or to the movie or bowling or to a U.S.O. dance or at least sit on a nice bench in your leisure time and look into the air. Sometimes one would ask for a pass and get a ~~pass~~ 6 o'clock pass. Now living in town <sup>(don't)</sup> we see it. He can't buy a drink in here - we have been practically imprisoned for no reason at all, we lie on our bed, being bitter, seeing how every body else forgets his grievances in his time off and we just can't, because he doesn't want it - but going out himself every night getting drunk e.t.c. The same with his privileged boys, who go out whenever they want.

Naturally he started to do things also. Boys went over the fence without pass - others after being "imprisoned" for a long time, getting out got drunk like crazy and were unable to go on duty again, which made things worse. In short it was a pleasant atmosphere. He can't get visitors in here - he forbid even the wives of a few soldiers to visit them in here, expressing his sentiment "I don't want any wives in here." If I want to buy a cake of soap or cigarettes I have to beg for permission to go out, just around the corner - and get a "half an hour pass."

Oh my dears - I just cant mention every thing it is  
to much. He knew that it cant last for ever. He lost  
all the trust and respect, we only distaste and hate.  
What would happen, if we would really have to go  
through something tough, if we are treated under  
this circumstances that way? On top of every thing  
came, that finally our dear commander made an  
open antisemitic remark - very nasty - in front  
of all men, to the other Jewish fellow. It filled  
me at least with satisfaction, that 99% of the boys  
were just disgusted with it.

You will ask, how it comes, that our

Battalion commander, - a very fine man, did't do any-  
thing. Well - he just did't know it. He did't know  
because our dissatisfaction expressed ~~itself~~ itself  
only in our heart and mind and we still did't  
fall down on our job, which only speaks for us.  
But it was ~~at~~ damned hard to keep up that  
way. And naturally the Lt. Colonel hears only about  
the efficiency of our work. That we were about to  
break to pieces did't come to his knowledge.

I dont want to make you unhappy with  
this letter, but I had to tell you, why my letters  
were not to cheerful - and I do it at a  
time, where we expect changes.

He did't know, why two inspecting officers  
came ~~last~~ last week to us. Two majors. They sat around

⑥ That was the reason why I didn't write much. I was very tired and very disgusted and unhappy. I got so many wishes for New-Year and haven't sent any myself. I hope my friends will forgive me for that. I got one from Miss Quokin, whom I always wanted to send a few lines - the same with Mr. Adler - but I just couldn't do a thing. I shall do it a little later.

Your Salami arrived finally. Many thanks for it. All the mail was late, because of the holiday rush. Many thanks for it.

My furlough seems so far back already I wish I could see you again.

Before I finish this letter I want you to assure, that I am still all o.k. Don't worry about this letter - one has to go through things sometimes and it isn't so bad, as it may seem reading it. It was very disagreeable - but as you see, it had in the end its good points ~~all~~ also. After all - it is a great thing, that we live in a country where an officer can't get away with anything he wants and where every body sooner or later gets a chance to fight back. Even in the Army.

I was really deeply impressed, the way this high ranking officer talked with us. He talked our heart off - talking against a commanding officer, <sup>fully</sup> without impairing his authority, which he still has ~~is~~ over us. -

I think that was enough, bitching!

Give my regards and greetings to  
herself, Paul, baby & Friedl and you two  
commanding officers be kissed in greatest  
love always

yours

Reo

STANDARD TIME INDICATED
RECEIVED AT
TELEPHONE YOUR TELEGRAMS TO POSTAL TELEGRAPH

# Postal Telegraph

Mackay Radio  
Commercial Cables



(23) America Cables  
Canadian Pacific Telegraphs

THIS IS A FULL RATE TELEGRAM, CABLE-GRAM OR RADIOGRAM UNLESS OTHERWISE INDICATED BY SYMBOL IN THE PREAMBLE OR IN THE ADDRESS OF THE MESSAGE. SYMBOLS DESIGNATING SERVICE SELECTED ARE OUTLINED IN THE COMPANY'S TARIFFS ON HAND AT EACH OFFICE AND ON FILE WITH REGULATORY AUTHORITIES.

Form 16

NV14 13=BATTLECREEK MICH 7 1145A  
PAUL BIRKEN HOLZ=  
1894 WALTON AVE=

1944 MAR 7 PM 12 24



: I AM WELL NEW ADDRESS HDQ DET 795 MP BN FORT CUSTER MICH=  
:LEO.

.795.

SERVICE CLUB  
FORT CUSTER, MICHIGAN

March 26<sup>th</sup> 1944.

My dearest Parents,

You will have my letter from Chicago meanwhile I hope. I had a very nice weekend there. Unfortunately was my train back a little late and I had no sleep at all. So we had a hike too on Monday, you can imagine how tired I was. I am still so and will go to bed early today and sleep it out.

I talked to Jerry, the Staff Sergeant, who visited you and he told me, that he was so glad to see you, but was sorry, that he was in a fog, - plainly "besoffen" and he is afraid, that ~~he~~ he behaved bad



or talked to much. He was invited to a few drinks before he came up to you and so he wasn't quite in the right condition.

Today I got a letter from both of you and am glad to hear from you. My letter is no answer - I am really too tired to write - I just want to say "hello" to you and give you a "good night Busserl".

So I close with ~~the~~ it -  
and a lot of love on top  
of it  
yours

res.

March 29<sup>th</sup> 1944

My dearest Parents,

Today I feel like on a birthday. I got your parcel and all the nice things in it. I can't tell you, how much I enjoy everything. I nearly feel ashamed, that I asked so much, as you send it right away and at once. But I can really need it and that makes it twice as good. The bill fold I had from hisels had really served well and stood up a terrific beating. After all - I am nearly 20 months in the Army and had it always in my pocket, going through so many rough situations. Your bill fold is beautiful and so are the gloves, which are the soft leather I like so much. They are only too new yet, but I don't worry about that, they will get a patina very soon.

The ~~to~~ little chain you saw is exactly what I was thinking off. I don't want something fancy, but ~~is~~ simple and a strong

chain. Inscribed I would like to have anything you feel  
to have on it. your names or "Dad & Mom" e.t.c. -  
anything ~~pe~~ connected with you. I am already like  
a child - or better like an old soldier, who likes to  
have something on his body from home. Please dont spend  
to much money on it - I just want something from  
you carrying around.

Many thanks for the Salamis too - I shall  
attend it very soon and promise it no\$ long  
existence.

Tonight is our evening off and I  
want to go ~~B~~ to the movies. Therefore I want  
write to much. Tomorrow evening I want  
write at all - we have a night - march  
and we all are not pleased about it - here  
regular winter has come again. Snow - wind  
and cold. Boo...

Give hisele, Paul, Gabry & Fred all  
my love and you both be kissed and  
greeted as all way with my utmost  
devotion

yours  
hu



FORT CUSTER  
BATTLE CREEK, MICHIGAN

April 12<sup>th</sup>, 1944.

My dearest Parents,

Another day is over, I just came back from eating and I want to write to you right away. I am not sure whether I will be able to do so ~~because~~ in the next two days, because the program seems to be a busy one. The first 3 days of the week were easy and passed quickly and uneventful. Today for the first time it looks a little like spring, though in the morning the grass had a new ~~ly~~ thin snow cover. But during the day the sun came out and the sky got blue. It is still fresh - but the air seems milder and spring is in it. He can use it and would be glad, if the weather would get better, because until now, we had a lot of cold and snow and rain etc.

Since two days I have no mail from you and I know it is because of the holidays. I think much of both of you and hope only that those days were nice ones. I was so glad, to talk to all of you on the first evening. It was good to hear your voices. - Coming weekend

I most probably have to stay in - that means a long time in camp again. I got used already to go out - if I ~~had~~ compare the time now with that in Jacksonville I shouldn't be dissatisfied. And I really am not. Time passes quickly, I have decent work and treatment, my immediate superior sergeant is a friend of mine, I get along with the officers and have my time off also. Not to speak about the Kleins, who really try everything to let me feel like in a home, completely informal and very considerate. For instance - they insisted to take a key of their apartment along, so that I should have a free hand, when I come in on Saturday. Not many people would do that. I would be glad, if you would let them know too, how much I appreciate it.

Otherwise there is not much to report. Tonight is our time off - usually I go to Battle Creek - but I am broke and will go to the movies on the Post. Only \$15 ...

I have a date in town and the poor girl I hope won't wait to long - there are all ways and a lot of people around to have pity with her - this is the Army Mr. Jones ...

But by the way - by far the nicest girl I met since I am in the Army - is in Chicago. A "Haw" (Navy) very nice and pretty and intelligent. But I won't start to speak about that - that would take too much space and why shouldn't I make you a little wiser?

With all my love and best wishes

as always yours  
Leo



FORT CUSTER  
BATTLE CREEK, MICHIGAN

April 18<sup>th</sup>, 1944

My dearest Parents,

I received your nice letter today including the \$10.- which I put on the side right away. Many thanks Muddern, I shall use the money for the shoes, which I need so badly and let it be my birthday present. By the way I hope so much to be with you at this coming birthday and I would need anything else - that would be the greatest present I can wish.

F a oldern part on a "stranges Gesicht" this time, because I was, please, in the beginning of the month. It is hard to understand - but believe me, there come moments in this kind of life, ~~where~~ "wo man der Welt an Hexen ansprechen will" I have it hard it often anyway and get along comparatively well, but I am subject to it, as much as any other soldier in this Army. And one dont need to do much and everything is gone. Ask a civilian today, how much he spends, if he goes out on one evening - you will find out, that with the monthly pay we get, we cant do very much - not to talk very often. I dont tell you that, because I am dissatisfied - I just explain you, because you asked

me. One wants to run away sometimes from every thing - just for a while at least. There is not much to run to and not much time to do it. And there you are - one goes out - has a nice meal, goes to a show, has only one, two drinks and a big sum is gone. There comes also train, hotel e.t.c. e.t.c.

Then I had to laugh about you. Will you from now on always be concerned, if I mention a girl in my letters? You know why in the end I always stayed by myself in those last years. I am thirty years old and the days of my youth are going by. Sometimes I have at least the wish to talk to something feminine. In the Army one meets usually not the highest type of women. In strange places one bumps easier into a "victory girl" than into a normal woman. It is the first time in 21 months in the Army, that I met on my own a nice and clean girl, I can talk to without complications and find understanding and woman interests. It is a pity, that she is in Chicago - by the way herself in Service - a Dave - very pretty and intelligent, a young artist and young and amusing. So don't break your head to pieces, it happens, that sometimes a young guy goes out with a girl. And not always necessarily results tremendous complications from that. That happened to me once - and I still didn't die on it either. You are too much concerned with me - too much afraid - I am not a little boy anymore and though I love you for your concern that much more, I must tell you that, because you worry too much, where it isn't necessary. Oh - if I only could talk to you personally again. Let's pray it will be soon.

In everlasting love

always, Ever Bus.

neo



FORT CUSTER  
BATTLE CREEK, MICHIGAN

May 7<sup>th</sup>, 1944.

My dearest Parents,

It's Sunday and I am on Week-End duty, which is a very dull job. It is very quiet in H. Q. nearly nobody around and the monotony is interrupted only by occasional telephone calls. So I wasn't in Chicago and will write a letter to the Kleins later.

I got your letter yesterday and one by Hisele and Paul, which made me very happy. I am allways glad to hear from home. I naturally understand that one can't write every day, but one in a while - as you parents do it that is so wonderful. It is the only contact with home one has and I don't need to explain you further, what that means. Yesterday afternoon for the biggest part I was off and took it easy. I slept for two



hours then shaved and showered - very slowly and comfortably and then walked around camp. I found at the "Special Service Officers" office a little art-club I had not known before. It isn't an open affair as it was in Blanding, but one can still work there. Interesting experience - just when I came in a few German prisoners of war came out, who make water colours and landscapes there, which will be used as decorations in the "Hac" Barracks. It's part of their work. ~~The~~ Their work is very academic and sentimental and technically very good. I was sorry to have come late, because it would have been interesting to talk to them in this atmosphere.

I went back at night and had the intention to go to bed early. Just when I entered the Barracks a few boys - the last ones in the building - prepared to go to Battle Creek just for the evening and persuaded me to go along. We were out together, but I didn't enjoy it very much, it was so loud and noisy in this place. So I just sat around and chatted with the wives of 4 other soldiers of HQ., who were down there. He came back about 3 o'clock and now I am a little tired.

But this day won't be strenuous anyhow.

I got up at 8 o'clock, had my breakfast and will be sitting around here until tomorrow morning - That is all now for today and be greeted with a lot of kisses and a lot of love

always yours

her



May 9<sup>th</sup>, 1944

My dearest Parents,

Tonight we had beans for supper - and we took that for an excuse to go out of camp to eat. I went with a few fellows to a very little place right outside of camp - just one street, a few houses and a nice creek. But - there is a Swedish Restaurant, which is very excellent. Well - we ate there and I am so stuffed, I barely can think. Before I go back to camp I want

to send you a few words and  
greetings - because I know, once  
I will be back, I shall go to  
bed right away.

So I just send you my  
love and greetings and a lot  
of kisses for every one of you,  
always thinking of you

yours

neo.



UNITED STATES ARMY

May 17<sup>th</sup> 1944.

My dearest Parents,

In the last few days I didn't write much, though I had the desire to do so. He had a lot of work to do and besides that it got very hot in early. It is the old summertime again with no spring in between. Suddenly every-thing was green and in full blossom and the weather changed from rainy and nasty into gleaming sunshine. Naturally I am all "Spring sick" lazy in the bones - which doesn't affect the situation at all - namely if there is work to be done. So at night after I finish I just drag myself under the shower, where I stay for a long time, singing and jelling and then linger around. Before I know it, the lights are out and I sleep already like a stone until the hateful Buglar chases me out of bed again. So goes one day after the other and before I realize it one or two days have passed and I haven't written to you

My Beloved.

I send you a ~~photo~~ photo, from which I have only this one copy - that means I can't get another one. That was done by a photographic section in line of Training. I think it is a good one - a little "schickel" The other one I ask you to keep for me. ~~For~~ The man on the right is Lt. Colonel and the other two, are Captains from the Staff.

By the way - I wanted to write to the Fellners ~~and~~ and I can't find the letter, where you wrote the Address. Could you please write it again. And what is his name?

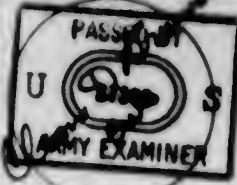
I wonder how business is. Is it still that quiet? I am afraid the slow season is just about to start and as you know - there it goes allways jumpy. Don't loose your spirit I am confident it will work allright.

For today I am closing again - the bed is waiting and I feel an urge to jump into it and to sleep. Good night my Dearest ones

in deepest love

always yours

her



(CENSOR'S STAMP)

TO: MR & MRS  
 MAX GLUECKSELIG  
 1894 WALTON AVE  
 BRONX, N.Y., U.S.A.

SEE INSTRUCTION NO. 2

FROM

IRCS. LEO GLUECKSELIG  
 32410629  
 HQ. DET. 79574 MP. BN.  
 A.P.D. #350 c/o P.M. N.Y.C., N.Y.

(Sender's complete address above)

My very dearest Parents  
 and Paul, Nick, Fred & Gaby,

Somewhere in France.  
 Aug. 21st. 1944.

Finally I have a few minutes time to write to you. I was only once able to write to you since I am here, though I wish I could do it more often. First of all I want you to know, that I am all right and in very good condition, all the last days were very busy and I could write long letters about all I have seen - but there is no time for it and I shall tell you all, when with God's help I will return to you. In short - for all hardships one goes through, there are moments of gratitude - just looking at the people here - especially the children. They have only smiles and friendliness for us, despite all the horror they must have gone through lately. I thought very much of Fred and father, what they would say, could they see their beloved France.

Don't worry about me - I am all right and have a good job so far - the American boys do a great job here - if you can use such a small expression for all they do. Good wishes you all and be greeted in greatest love  
 yours

HAVE YOU FILLED IN COMPLETE ADDRESS AT TOP?

REPLY BY V...-MAIL

HAVE YOU FILLED IN COMPLETE ADDRESS AT TOP?

U.S. GOVERNMENT PRINTING OFFICE 1942

Sept. 5th 1944.

My dearest Parents,

If the mail could ~~only~~ <sup>always</sup> be as it was in the last few days. I know, that I am not just - I just want to express my joy to get so much. I received in a few days, all the mail, which was missing and it was real holy days. Today I got again a letter from Fred and Gabby - they write so nicely and then a very nice parcel from Hisele and Paul. That was real sweet - There were candies, writing paper - a piece of soap, chocolate and gum. I eat them continuously since an hour - and if Hisele and Paul besides my own joy - I could see the little French children, it would be more, than any thanks I can write. Can you imagine children, who didn't know, what "bon-bons" are? They nearly mobbed me when I had a handful of them. They always hang around us - specially at eating time and wait for the sweet things. I have again a favorite - this time a ~~big~~ blond little boy - with soft eyes, who follows me every step, whenever I appear - he looks like a "Renoir" with a silver voice. If I only could talk French - I try hard to learn, but under this circumstances one has't to much time. I have met a few French men - specially younger people - with whom I talked German. They had them long enough around to pick it up. There are a few kids, who had English in school and they are our real favorites. There is one boy - about 15, who always visits us and tries to help in any way he can. Very - very nice. Yesterday he brought us 3 big apple tarts - the most delicious cake I have eaten in a long time and he had little French and American flags planted on them. One feels really, how grateful the people are - that this hard time is over - though they still face a hard future. Their country is taken hard by the war -

I have one wish - one peace comes again - I would like to see this country again. One can't enjoy a country at all during war time - that is only natural and obvious - nevertheless there is so much, which touches me deeply in this people - I always dreamed to learn to know France and unfortunately failed in the

② days of my youth. Perhaps I get a chance.

So far I am very satisfied with everything. We had a lot of work and the conditions are not too comfortable, but in regard to the hard fight here in Europe I must call ourselves most fortunate in our conditions. I can't write you details - but if you let your phantasy play, so I want only to tell you, that I will be very fortunate, if I always live, as I do now. It is unbelievable, how much we have smashed them in France - for instance - where I am I haven't seen a German plane yet. If I would read that far from here, I would believe it Propaganda. Nevertheless I realize every moment, what is still going on, and may God end this ordeal of all the people soon.

By the way - did you get a letter from Mrs. Taylor. That is the lady in England? I think she wrote to you. Please answer and if you can, send them some candies. They were so very nice to me and they haven't got things like that.

I didn't write to anybody else in England, but aunt Hermine. You know - I always knew, that I would be able to see London and expecting to leave soon, I was too impatient to write. In any case please send me the old address of Mr. Sanson in Paris and I shall try to write to him or to find out about him. I hope he is still living...

For tonight my Dears I shall finish. Give kisses Paul, baby and Fred all my love - I wrote to them the other day and shall do so soon again.

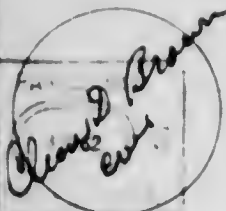
You two my very Dearest ones be kissed many times. I looked at your photos today and I talked to you - we shall do so again soon with Gods help

I am confident of it  
always yours

he



Print the complete address in plain letters in the panel below, and your return address in the space provided on the right. Use typewriter, dark ink, or dark pencil. Paint or small writing is not suitable for photographing.



(CENSOR'S STAMP)

TO  
MR. & MRS.  
MAX GLUECKSELIG  
1894 WALTON AVE.  
BRONX, NEW-YORK, U.S.A.

SEE INSTRUCTION NO. 2

FROM

REG. S. LEO GLUECKSELIG 32410624  
HQ. DET. 795TH MP. BN.  
A.P.O. #350 c/o P.M. N.Y., N.Y.

(Sender's complete address above)

Sept. 20th, 1944

My dearest Parents,

I catch a free minute to write to you on few lines. I don't know whether I will have time later in the day. I think - or better follow your request - to write rather in few lines often - then wait until I have time to write a longer letter.

I am well and feel very optimistic about the whole situation. There will be still a lot to do until the war will be over here, but it can't last to long anymore.

I got mail from the 7th September today from you and Gaby and Fred. I am so happy always, if I get mail and you all really do a lot of writing now, which I appreciate with all my heart.

To answer one of your questions. I have no watch - and no means to get one here. I would be very happy, if you could send me one - I miss it pretty much.

Give my regards to every one and be kissed, as always with all my heart

in love

Yours

Leo

HAVE YOU FILLED IN COMPLETE ADDRESS AT TOP?

REPLY BY  
V...-MAIL

HAVE YOU FILLED IN COMPLETE ADDRESS AT TOP?

U. S. GOVERNMENT PRINTING OFFICE : 1944 10-28140-3

Nov. 11th 1944.

My dearest, beloved Parents,

I haven't written to you for the last few days and feel very bad about it. I was pretty busy - very much work ~~at~~ and besides caught a real good cold (- is over already) and I wear a nice heat blister on my lips as a memory now. So far we had not very cold weather here - just nasty sometimes. Where I am the weather won't get to cold anyhow. So don't worry - you know the good old Army takes care of us all and in comparison to so many American soldiers I live a luxurious life. I sleep in a very modern building now, dry and safe in a good bed - how many would be only to happy to change with me. I write that, because I want you to know how I live and don't want to give you a wrong impression. It was rougher in the beginning, but now you really have no reason to worry about me. When your package with the underwear arrives I shall be glad to get it nevertheless. The Christmas rush has started already - every day the boys get packages. I got the first one from Vera & George. Naturally we eat a lot of candy now of the most different varieties. One fellow received a good (Brooklyn) Salami which we washed up and then ate with delicious french bread and wine. It was a hard one and was in best condition - so I hope, that it will be with the one you send to me.

Well - this week we had the elections and I am happy that my little voice belongs to the winning side. I can imagine, how exciting those days must have been and what tension must have existed in N.Y.C. Here with us it was a quiet affair. Not to many discussions and as for

② as my outfit is concerned it was almost entirely pro Roosevelt anyhow. Our Army paper, "Star & Stripes," brought as much news about the whole campaign, as possible and covered it really neutral, so that every Soldier had to form ~~it~~ his own opinion. The great thing in all these things is, that it reminds every one, that no matter of his present status, - he is an ordinary citizen with strong civilian powers. Thanks God America is no "military" state and there are strong indications, that it won't go a way like this, despite it's great armed forces now. Our German prisoners don't stop to be surprised, the way we work, act and the way we are related to our officers. They just can't grasp it... and we Americans are always dissatisfied and revolting against "those" officers and their rights, not knowing how much looser our relations to them ~~are~~ <sup>are in comparison</sup> to other countries. Well - it is good so - one shouldn't ~~love~~ <sup>love</sup> to be ordered around and this revolting spirit of the American soldier is one of the things I love best on him - he accepts it, because it can't be done otherwise - but only for the "duration" and he definitely doesn't like it.

I was out here a little bit - had my first taste of champagne and a little fun since a very long time. The time is only so rare and short. It was enough to observe a lot of things though. Poor France - it is so much down with all it's loveliness and charm. It will take quiet a time to recover. Somehow going around here - though the place should be strange to me - I have the feeling like air of old days would be in my nose and forgotten memories appear. Strange - one can't just change - an ~~whole~~ education and youth impressions a whole life - it is sick and old Europe - but it bears the atmosphere of something I have grown up with - and I ~~love~~ love it therefore and feel <sup>about</sup> bitter in the present circumstances. Well - here I go again - but it is enough for tonight.

(over)  
Great love and Paul, Baby and Fred and be greeted with all my love - I think so much of you - always yours  
hes

P.S.

Please, if you send me again something, then a few ~~and~~  
various things, like sardines, cheese, ~~and~~ salmon e.t.c, if  
possible cigarettes and stationery.

Thanks

yours  
les.

Nov. 26<sup>th</sup> 1944

My dearest Parents,

It is now about 14 days, since I got your last letter - that is an awfully long time to be without mail. But it can't be helped - there is so much transportation to be done here - one can't realize it, ~~how~~ what a tremendous job this is. And besides all, there is Christmas coming and millions of packages have to reach their destination. And Frontline Soldiers have priority - that is only just. Well - I am now far away from the front and have to take this relative small sacrifice, to have to wait for mail from you. Another thing we have to bear now is - the cigarette question. We ~~get~~ get only 2 packages a week, while front troops only 5. I just can't understand it. Back in the States is a shortage, because we "over here" get so much, and over here we have so little to smoke. It is hard on my mind - but I guess I will have to carry it. -

hatly I didn't write to much myself. I am very, very busy. Tonight I just made myself a little time and sit now writing to you, still in my work clothes, dirty and unshaved. I feel ~~so~~ very well now, after having overcome a cold. The weather isn't cold, only damp and cool sometimes. Mother's package, with all the nice underwear, fortunately came through in time and it serves me very well now. I just wonder,

② whether the things I have sent home, have started to come in yet. First I send something to mother and then to Baby and hisel. I couldn't find anything for the Gentlemen of our family - but incidently a little thing for Fritz, which I put into Baby's box - but I hope, that you Father and you Paul will consider my presents to your dear wives, as an greeting to you also. There is not much to be found, which one can call pleasant. Oh - France is so poor in every respect. So tired and and "malade" - it is no wonder after all they went through; and God knows, what more problems they will have to solve. I personally believe, that despite everything, they will be able to care for the future better - because everything has been uprooted so deeply - but at the present everything seems so fixed. What it needs, is his young men back - and then more youth. The other day I was so happy to see Students, with their books under their arms, singing and jelling coming from the University. It was so good in all they progress a few laughing and young faces, behaving like young people should...

With the money for Mr. I. brother in law I have still trouble. I can't send money yet by mail, but might be able to do so by the Red Cross. I just had no occasion in the last days to go by myself there - I have so much work. But I will do so very soon. I promise that.

When you can send me a package again, please send me some canned stuff, like Sardines and Salmon and Cigarettes only if it doesn't make you any trouble. Under no circumstances do I want, that father should send some of his own. Please promise me that.

Please give my love to Paul, hisel, Fred and Baby. And you two be greeted with all my heart - I think so much of you and long for you - always yours loving son  
Leo

Some where in France  
Dec. 23<sup>rd</sup> 1944

My very Dearest!

I have not much time and can write only a few lines therefore. But, as promised I want to send to you 2 snapshots, which I got back today. I had many more pictures taken, but unfortunately, they were completely out of focus - I am glad, that at least two came out very well. I hope, that my looks satisfy you - I am really very well.

If you check the date of my letter, you will know, that we live in a time of tension now. We all are ~~so~~ confident though. Here everything is in best order and we pray and believe, that ~~if~~ everything will change soon. It is a very hard time and we all must put all our strength into this fight, to end it soon. I believe, that this is the decision, which will bring the end sooner. May God bring it this way.

With all my love and many kisses  
Yours /  
her.

Dec. 11<sup>th</sup>, 1944.

My dearest Parents,

Since a few days I am without mail from you - but I expect again to get your letters all at once. Here nothing specially has happened. Work - routine all day long. I just finished my painting work of all vehicles and I am back at my drawing table. I am very happy about it - because the other work made me nervous already. But one has not much choice in the Army.

I forgot to answer a question in one of your last letters. You asked me, whether I was ill and in a hospital? I can't remember, that I ever gave you any indications ~~about~~ in my letters, which could make you believe so. Oh - my Dearests - you worry too much about me. I just had a plain cold - one of those "pink and wet nose affairs" - which didn't take one second from my work away. I just blew my nose a lot and had for once a lot of handkerchiefs in my week's laundry.



(2) It was really nothing and mentioned it that way to you. Don't think more and don't add anything to what I write to you, you make yourself unnecessary headache. At the last time I lead a life, which I wish all the boys over here should have. (We only would've won the war this way -) But sometimes it is really embarrassing, to know that you at home worry so much, while I live so safe and in good condition now. I know that I am fortunate and you should realize that. Perhaps I didn't emphasize it enough in my letters. But if all your wishes would come true, as for instance my life now, then you shouldn't have anything to worry. I hope it will stay that way. I work hard - well - isn't it something extraordinary, if I can work that, at a time, where so many thousands of men have to endure such tremendous hardships, as the phantasy can't imagine? As we came to France - in the beginning I never thought I would wind up finally in such comparatively swell comfort. Today I got hold of a lot of film and one boy took a lot of snapshots. You will have to wait for a little while until I get them ~~done~~ developed and printed and then you can take a look at your well fed

③ and shiny "soubiers - sons", dressed up like on a  
furlough. I look well - eating a lot and sleeping  
much. When I go out - which doesn't happen too often,  
then I have to be back by 10<sup>30</sup> at night, there is a  
very strict curfew around here. At this time the streets  
are really deserted - and we go to bed. Going out -  
we go either to a movie or have a drink - little wine  
usually - or go to a restaurant and eat a good  
French meal, which despite the present conditions is still  
delicious. We have sometimes movies right here, where we  
live - even had a dance with loads of invited  
Mademoiselles. They are most charming and steam the  
American boys with their outspokenness. We have also  
a little "Bierstube" open at night, which we run more  
relax. You see - they try to keep us in, as much as  
possible. One of the reasons - at night - our time off - the  
boys can meet mostly only the type of Mademoiselle,  
which give the Army and boys only headaches. And war  
brings that always along ~~there~~ plenty full. And then  
there is not much one can do around here, so we try  
to do as much ~~indoors~~ as possible indoors. I for  
my part, I am usually so tired, that I don't have much  
ambition to do much and then I enjoy very much  
the friendships of one French house, where I am once  
or twice a week.

Hell - enough for today. Good night my  
Dears, give my greetings to all and be kissed in  
greatest love always yours, W.

1945

January 1st 1945  
Somewhere in France

My very dearest Parents,  
After I havent had it for a very long time ,I am on duty in the office again-as you can see by my type writing.This is here a very quiet affair,nearly nobody coming in and very little Telephon calls.So I try to catch up a little with the mail.I am very much back with it and gave to answer a lot of letters.But I was not to much in a letter writing mood latly.As you can imagine I was a little tense in the last time but thanks God we all are now in a position to be much more hopefull again.When we got the first news of the start of the big German attack,I thought right away of you,how much you will worry,while I was in the fortunate position not to be affected directly at this time.I guess we all did worry a lot though.Never did I loose the confidence and hope the same from you.If I think about those terrible days our men have gone through up there and ~~at~~ they're final successto hold the offensive,I realice that for the biggest part they succeeded only,because they did not and refused to loose their head and confidence,though everything was done by the boche to terrorice and frighten our soldiers.We dont know much details jet but by the few we got we know that it must have been terrible and that we had to bring a lot of sacrifices.Still we succeeded and we back here, who have a uncomparable easier job,just have no right to get panicky and scared but must keep our chin up and try to help in our small way.I realiced that all the time,only ~~the~~ our past experiences made me visualice everything so clearly.Now I hope with all my heart that you show your old spirit not to doubt and not to let yourself down,specially as I can truly assure you that I am absolutly OK and under circumstances which worried parents could'nt wish better.It was absolutly a personal matter, that I was very tense,just because it was a terrific shoke -as it must have been for every one concerned with the fate of our men and with the outcome of this war.We have had p our little taste of what it means to live under the rule of Nazis and this naturely makes us much more sensible to all those occurences and we are not as able to surpress emotions concerned with all that. I thought latly very also about Paul ,who most probably has enough worries too.We follow very closely the reports about the battle of Budapest,which will be over very soon and there is only one thing I can wish his sister and family-that they might come through this time healthy.May God be with them and let them enjoy the coming freedom again.Because with all this present agony it will come to them.

Whenever I hear reports now and look at the map ,so many memories come to me.The war enters now many places which I have known in my youth.Yesterday I saw,that the Russians are a few miles from Comoran and Guta..someone else to pray about.In this case there is always a chance that there was not to much fighting ,as this place ,where aunt Regine lives ,is not to important.By the way you could inquire about her at the REd Cross after a while.Very soon they will fight for Vienna -I hope there are still a lot of those Viennese workers left,as we have known them in better times.They might be able to help a lot.We have learned in France how much underground can do.

(2)

Excuse me for this letter-writing so much about military matters, but you can imagine how much our mind was centered on it. I barely cant think of anything else.

But all through this time I never let my believe in an ultimate victory sink and my prayer is that it might be over soon, to let the world come to peace again. We need it and deserve it allready. Be greeted with all my love and I wish you with all my heart to be cheerfull and hopefull. It will be a great consolation for me to know that.

I kiss you many, many times, always yours,

hls

March 19<sup>th</sup> 1945

Somewhere in Germany.

My very Beloved,

Finally I ~~can~~ can sit down at a table with some time on my hand to write to you. All the last time I was either being busy or on my way and there was hardly any occasion to write to you. Only once - about a week ago I was able to do so. First of all I am absolutely all right and in good spirit.

I have seen much territory again - unfortunately I was not able any more to visit Paris and I have to keep that dream for later.

Of all the places I passed through I ~~got~~ <sup>caught</sup> more or less only glimpses - enough impressions to remember them. All the time I was under a certain strain - a certain curiosity and excitement about the goal of our trips. Then finally the day came where I passed again the "Brown

(2) Wall 4. Only this time it made a pretty  
much shattered impression - but I couldn't  
help it - it didn't fill me with gladness. They  
never will pay for what they have done - though  
they pay a very heavy price now. The entrance  
upon "holy" German soil was a sudden  
change from Dutch to German signs and  
villages and cities - ghost towns shattered  
by a steamroller and betrayed ~~at~~ "Bürgers"  
walking around. The cheerfulness of the Dutch  
had disappeared suddenly - and the hand  
still used to wave had sunk down. Every-  
thing looked very much like the misery of  
war and it didn't look a damn better, than  
in any other country the war has gone  
through. They look very human now with  
their bombed out cities and houses - but I  
wonder whether they understand the lesson  
- they might still think of their Goethe and  
Schiller. Anyhow - there I am in a  
small place and have a good place  
to sleep. And there is work to be done - that

③ is about all our interests will follow for the time to come. There is no contact whatsoever with the population here, except in business. Regulations are very strict - you can imagine, that personally I don't need them.

It is very hard for me to express, what I actually felt coming in here. I thought very much of Frederick and the time we had, when we tried to flee the first time. All the experiences we had - how hunted we were - and now a return like this. I look at those people - today I had to talk to a German official and he offered us a seat - I had just a few memories floating through my brains and didn't sit down. A few girls grinned at us - children look with big eyes, a man bowed from his hip after ~~we~~ I was through translating of a talk for my officers - were that the same people who spat at us? ~~we~~ They seem all to cooperate - I don't trust most of them one step. Nobody is a Nazi here - everyone asserts that, when you have to deal with them. My impressions



(4) are too new and yet too small to make a real picture of them now in defeat. It will be hard to find out, because I don't have any private contact. But they sure will be a problem - that I see already. They are deciding - they respect authority - but they don't like us.

I ~~the~~ thought very often in the last few days, how you will take the news of my being here. Don't worry - it seems to be a good setup. This particular place is not in too bad a shape - in comparison with things I have seen and it is pretty quiet around here, but the continuous drone of our air fleets passing over. I have stopped looking up - otherwise there would be any work done. I am pretty glad, if I shall continue to be occupied pretty much, because there would be much amusement ~~now~~ or relaxation now. The "time off" we have left more or less back in France. My last big impression of France, was a long walk through one of the beautiful and ancient towns of France. I have many pictures of it - of its former and present stage. It never will be the same again.

⑤ In it's ruins there still shows the greatness of a past time. I am even afraid, that this will partly disappear after they will clean up completely. I don't belong to those, who only lament of the destruction of beautiful monuments. But as they have been in their untouched beauty, signs of a greatness of a culture, the expression of the spirit of a people, who built it, such ~~that~~ they look now like the monuments of the open wounds of a whole human generation, who are bleeding. Those ~~of~~ gothic and roman beauty has nothing ancient any more - the dust is fresh and new - a long dream has ended - they show the face of our time. With God's help I shall show you those pictures, when we see us again. I hope it will be sooner, than we think. They will tell you only a part of the story. One must have seen it - and the people move in between. They have started to live with it. I long again to come to the place, where for miles and miles one travels and doesn't see destruction. One seems to get used to it -

Oh - I have talked so much - and in

Bob did't say much. Anyhow - I spilled a little from the wife to talk to you again, after I wasn't able to do so properly for such a long time. The main thing, which will interest you is, that I am perfectly o.k. and hope, that it stays that way. Dont figure things out, which will plague your phantasy. We are a bunch of cheerful men and do the best with the situation at hand. Living quarters are good, food perfect - the weather getting springlike - I have even one of those new Army - sleeping bags in which one sleeps warm and comfortably, rapped up like a baby. Tomorrow I shall take a shower!

Now - let me greet all of you - every single one with all my thoughts and with all my heart. Be kissed my dearest Parents many times and have all my love -

I am very confident of the future and pray you are too.

P.S. Watch the new A.P.O. number!

always yours

Red.

June 3<sup>rd</sup> 1945  
France

My very Dear ones,

I received mail from you  
Today - very quickly - from May 20<sup>th</sup>.  
I didn't expect to hear that quickly  
from you, as during moves mail  
usually takes longer to reach me. You  
wrote, that you didn't hear from me  
for almost 3 weeks. I can't under-  
stand it, because I never waited  
that long. I hope you got the other  
letters meanwhile. Specially the long  
one, in which I explained to you  
how I stand in the "Point system".  
I shall repeat in short. In order to  
go home one has to have 85 points  
or more. With all my overseas  
duty, length of service, 3 Battle  
participation stars I have only  
59 points, which means, that I  
shall have to stay in for some  
more time. Where it will be I hardly

② can tell you. The fact is, that I am not in Germany anymore.

Hell - all the time I still had dreamed of a visit to Paris, but it seems, that my fate lead me in circles around that town, without giving me the chance to visit it. All the time I carried the money you had send me a few months' ago. separated in order to have a reserve for that occasion.

As I couldn't use it for that I at least fulfilled another big wish I had ~~had~~

I added some of my own money and bought a beautiful "Voigtlaender" camera, - really the best on the market.

Now I shall be able to do my own photos.

Incidentally I still had 2 films like send me, which fit in size. Now I have a very big request. Please send me

in small packages very often film  
(Size 1:20) There are boys with

their own cameras, who have made hundred of shots that way. Even if it

③ takes a while until you can develop it - one still has a wonderful collection for later. (One more thing: ~~Plenar~~ Plenarchrome, Verachrome or ~~Pana~~ Panatomic X, or any other Panatomic film if available, would be the best ones for me.) If Nicole is interested in the camera, there are a few ~~it~~ points. It is one, which you can hang around your neck - a little larger, than her own one, 3.5 lens, 400 of speed, highest speed, automatic range finder. It cost me \$60.-, which is a lot of money, but still cheap for this quality. I wonder, how much I shall spoil until I shall know how to work her. If you send me about one film a week, I think I should have enough. I wish I would have more now - but it is very hard to get some. I am very proud to have it.

On my trip here I part not very far from where Ingrid is living. I wished I could visit her - but chances seem very small there too. She must

(4) have really settled as a personality now. I am in correspondence with her and her letters are extremely interesting and clever. There is one long one, written about her views on Germany which is one of the best thoughts I ever heard on this problem. Manfred Fuger (do you remember the young Timinese actor?) who is at the moment in Luxembourg, had a chance to visit her. —

The weather here is wonderful. Strong and brilliant sunshine - and one almost doesn't ~~feel~~ feel it - the air being dry and a slight breeze coming from the mountains. I have not much to do - but haven't seen much either since I am here. I forgot to tell you ~~where~~ where I have been in Germany. My first town was Herzogenrath near the Dutch border. I wonder whether Fred remembers the name - it was just about, where he and me tried to cross the border once. Isn't that a crazy incident? Here we saw them built the Siegfried line, ~~at~~ walking one like hunted animals, I made my entrance into Germany, through a completely smashed line. There was no stone left on top of the other. It was a

(5) funny feeling. From there we moved to  
München Gladbach for a while. This town  
got a terrific plastering. Later on we were in  
Herzogen-Dorsten a small mining town across  
the Rhine, while the Ruhr pocket was still  
existing. I came through towns on this trip,  
where not a single house was left standing.  
The last town I was living in was Oelde  
- the only place I have seen in a long time,  
which was not harmed by war. Naturally I have  
been in many other places - I have seen  
~~Duis~~ and passed through Dortmund,  
Krefeld and Duisburg and many smaller  
towns. Oelde was very pretty - Mostly modern  
one or two family houses, with gardens and a  
very wonderful landscape around. It was one  
of a few very fortunate towns around there and  
it did our eyes good to live in a normal place  
after such a long time - though those people there  
would have deserved their lesson also. -

I have to close now. Give my  
best regards to Fred, Gabilin, Paul and  
hisle and be kissed and greeted with  
all my love  
yours

P.S. /,

Geo



P.S.

About two weeks ago I send a big envelope of photos home. Please keep them together because I want to make a book out of it, when I come home.

June 20<sup>th</sup> 1945

France

My very dear Parents,

Yesterday and today I received a package each. In each one was a Salami and canned stuff and you can imagine how popular that makes me. Everything is in best condition and I enjoy it tremendously. It is a very clever idea of you to pack up always a few newspapers, which I read with greatest interest. Then they go from hand to hand. Our newspaper "The Stars & Stripes" is excellent - naturally it can't go down into details, as a home paper does. I just studied the "Times" with all the details of the "Surrender" and found a lot of interesting details about something I was so much involved in.

After many days of very much work I "rested" up somehow, though a little ~~involuntary~~ involuntary. Now - it is exactly what I tell you and don't add anything in your phantasy.

I had a little accident - I got hit by a sharp rock right on my shinbone, which cut a nice little hole. I walked back all by myself for about a half hour, without any special pain and thought nothing of it. Nevertheless I went right to our doctor, who cleaned it out and found the bone chipped a little. He gave me two stitches and then I went to bed.

(3) One fellow who went on pass today took the first film I made with my camera and if the print ~~was~~ <sup>turns out</sup> good, I shall send you some. It will take time though until they are developed and printed. Oh - I hope I get some film from you soon - I shall need it badly. (1:20)

From here I can't write much. There is much work, much soldiers, a monotonous routine, much sunshine and heat. The only fun in your time off - to stand in line for old coca cola or American beer at the red cross or go to a show. Everything very overcrowded. Naturally in the last few days I couldn't go anywhere and just read one book after the other or slept.

Give my heartiest regards to Paul hisel, Fred and little Gabby.

You my Dearest Ones be greeted with all my heart and with all my love

I long for you,

Yours  
L

(2) Next morning came the surprise. At every move I heard the angel sing and hardly could walk. The doctor forbid me to go around or work - which I wouldn't have done anyway - so I stayed in my quarters and am terrible lazy. The boys help me out in everything and when I stumble to the latrine or chow you should hear all the kind remarks I get. I better not write any of those - you might misunderstand them - but it is like with tooth ache - ~~at~~ such things soldiers ~~make~~ eye with cynical humour. The doctor took both stitches out already and in a few days the holidays will be over again. It was good to rest though - I was very tired and slept most of the time in my bed. The only bad thing - I was not out on pass, which I would have meanwhile and I am very sorry about it. Such is life .... Now please - believe me it is real, nothing serious and just what I told you. It was very painful when moving - so I almost didn't move.

From you I didn't get any mail but the packages and hope to ~~it~~ receive something very soon.

July 9<sup>th</sup> 1973

France

My dearest Ones,

I am just not able to write letters to everyone of you~~s~~, as much as I would like to. I am very, very busy now and when the day is over I am completely out. It is very hot, dry and dusty and I feel the change very much. I had <sup>had</sup> no weather like this for the last year. Last year at about the same time it was very cool and rainy in England. It was funny - at about 11:30 at night it was still daylight. I remember we played ball once at midnight - we were all a little drunk and run around in our woolen underwear. In France it was it to hot either.

I received letters from you parents and from Paul & Mike today. I was

(2) very sad to hear, that hiele suffered so much from Formulas last season and I can imagine how hard it must have been on her. I hope really, that this will be gone by now - as far as treatment is concerned, she ~~is~~ is in good hands.

I am very sorry also, that I can't follow the request of Paul to write to his sister in Hungary. This is not possible yet. You can imagine, that for many reasons I tried to find out for myself so many things and didn't succeed in anything. If I would have staid a little longer in Germany I would have been able to do something I guess, but from here nothing can be done. I am very unhappy about it, to ~~be~~ have been so near to all of our relatives, about who's fate we don't know anything and had to leave again with this terrible uncertainty, only hearing and seeing the results of ~~that~~ this beastly persecution all of them must have suffered on the hands of the Germans. It is sickening. Well - at the moment

③ I am not able at all to write any details about myself and I beg you to have some patience and not to get discouraged. I for myself would have liked so very much to come home and see you all again - I hardly can express how much I was looking forward to it.

We are overseas now a year - and with all the experiences it seems so very long. He never had a chance to get a leave - in England not - in France not - in Germany they just started, before we left. And now I am back in France and again I take only short glimpses at all the beauty around. He are a little bitter about it, seeing so many others getting their deserved rest. But this is the Army - sometimes everything goes ~~#~~ haywire. You complained in your letter, that I don't write much about myself. Well - I always tried to tell you as much, as I could about my activities - there is naturally ~~#~~

(4) a lot left for the time I come back - then I shall be ~~more~~ able to tell you more.

I hope you got all the letters in which I told you, where I have been and you must have gotten all my photos also, which will tell you a part of the story also. I wish I could explain everything. There were hundreds more pictures taken, but I was lucky to have that many. Please, don't forget to send film one in a while 1:20 - I can't get any here. Show the receipt at the store - it might help you, as I understand it is hard to get them in the states.

Well - for today I close again. Be all greeted with all my love.

I think very much of you

always yours,

Les



July 16<sup>th</sup>, 1945

Somewhere at Sea

My very Dearest One,

I haven't written for the last few days. There is not much to report, one day goes by like the other one - and many have gone by already. It has become a real routine, I know practically every step I shall do at any hour. So far whether I dried well; that means the water is value only there was much rain lately - more a drizzle, which on one hand makes the temperature more agreeable, but on the other hand, keeps you off the decks a lot. Nevertheless I have been sunbathed, as I haven't been for a real long time. I always run around, with as little cloth as possible and having been very careful the first few days, I passed without a sunburn. You know how easily I catch one and in this kind of sunshine one has to be specially careful. A few days ago I took a tropical haircut,

(2) that means a very short one and that feels good also.

Hell - so times pass on and we are moving and moving through this endless space. As we go on the immense ness of the water begins to tell on my mind. One just doesn't realize, how great the waters ~~are~~ and the distances are unless one experiences it.

In a few minutes we will have music, just where I am sitting. The boys are setting up the band - it is a very good one. The American soldier - wherever he is - he makes it his home and puts up some home atmosphere.

Last Saturday there were services again - this time led by a young, good looking Navy officer and there was a real big attendance. Besides the normal service, there are prayers for the safety of the trip, for the country and for all the Dears at home. Hell - it is a congregation, where every one gets homesick - but likes ~~it~~ nevertheless to attend. And there is the favorite of Dad, which I hear him sing always (Adon oilou...) and the boys sing it with so much heart and strength, like they could reach with their voices the place of their dreams. As you see - not always are we so far away from each other - common beliefs and hopes seem sometimes to overcome

③ all those distances and trials.

I hope you all are satisfied, - if at the moment I write my letters only to one address. I speak to all of you and see every one before me. later - I shall send you separate letters again.

(There goes the ~~music~~ music - a wild polka.)

I wonder, when I shall hear from you again. We are waiting very much for this next mail. The bunch of mail I received last, I read and reread. It is so good to hear from home.

When you send again something in a package, please make it canned stuff, and hard candy (Heller), they really were a big success. And once in a while, after shave lotion. This last one was really very very good and it refreshes so much.

Now I lose for today again!  
As soon, as I arrive I shall let you know. From you I hope to hear soon - and may it be the best always.

Have all my love - all of you and  
be greeted with all my heart yours Leo

July 30<sup>th</sup> 1945

Philippines

A.P.O. 75 So. Francisco

P.S. Watch the change of address.

My very, very beloved ones,

Oh am I happy - the trip is over  
It was a long time on the ship and  
naturally strenuous, though we had good weather  
all along. There is so very much to tell, that  
I hardly know where to start. There is a lot  
of mail I got from you already - and I  
have to answer this too. First of all I want  
you to know, that I am perfectly healthy  
- my skin is completely healed up and  
everything forgotten.

You can imagine that my thoughts  
were continuously about Jimmy & Bela, when  
I found out, that we go to the ~~Philippines~~  
Philippines. So I was very impatient to  
know, where we will wind up - The  
Philippines are big after all. Well I am  
located near to Manila and in a few  
days I will go there to find them. My

② Colonel gave me right away permission for a full day and it is a matter of transportation now. Oh - I am very excited about it. I shall take my camera along and shoot pictures of them. Thanks to hisel's film which I got with the first mail. The boys most probably are "Weimer" ~~for~~ giants by now. I don't know their address, but that shouldn't be too hard for me to find out.

Hell - it is very hot naturally and I just found out it isn't the hottest time of the year. It is quite a change in climate, but more or less I shall get used to it, as I did in Florida. The people as far as I could meet them are really extremely friendly. They all speak English very well and call us soldiers ~~the~~ "fol". The "children" is something, which will occupy my mind very much I found out ~~it~~ already. They are so darned cute and pretty.

Everything is like a dream. Though the trip seemed so very long - now I feel like I just would have been thrown over half of the world. It was quite a trip. As I expected, you worried so very much.

③ about my coming home. I could't write you very much about it all the time - and if you only would know, how we ourselves figured and speculated - and hoped to the last moment, that we will go home, though it didn't look that way. So it came this way and in the end it will pay perhaps. I figure, that we who didn't go home, will have the first breaks for returning home for good.

There is much more to tell - but I will have to catch up with it by and by. At the moment is much work to do and we work naturally much slower now, as we have to rest a lot in this heat. But I shall try to write as much as possible. This box I send you contains a few souvenirs from Germany. The shoes are German Paratrooper boots and I wore them a lot - they will be excellent for sport at home. The dagger I took away from a Russian who just attempted - and almost succeeded to settle an account with a German. It is a high Officers (Luftwaffe) dagger. The watch I got in Brest. I could have sent much more, but I am not so eager to collect war items for later years. I want to forget them.

At the moment there comes a beautiful breeze. The nights are a relief - nice and cool and I have to use even one blanket. But it feels comfortable, sleeping under a

(4) mosquito net. On my bed ~~to~~ are bananas and  
coconut and I just ate a "mangoe" - a good  
fruit. Unfortunately everything is pretty expensive -  
the Japanese worked just as thoroughly here, as the  
Germans did over there. Main exchange are cigarettes  
as the Philipinos are very fond of smoking.

One thing I have to tell you - it hurts  
me if you tell me, that you don't like to go on  
vacation, thinking of me. I enjoy the mere  
thought, that after so many years you have an occasion  
to do so. If I would be with you - I would join  
you - that I can't do it now is not the fault  
of any of us. I hope that you all had a good  
time and that you returned refreshed and in  
better condition.

I forgot to tell you, that in a few  
days we will get beer rations (24 bottles a month  
to a person) and Coca-cola also. Isn't that  
something? Well - one has to drink a lot here  
and we get twice a day cool drinks ~~beside~~  
instead of coffee. I try to drink evenly  
spaced during the day - so I shouldn't  
sweat too much. I dug a little hole under  
my bed, put water into it and keep my  
canteen in it - that keeps the water cool.  
One has to improvise continuously in  
the Army. Now as we settled halfway I

⑤ feel so much better. The hardest thing of the trip is the "getting" of the boat. One is loaded like a mule, all the equipment, plus the duffelback on the shoulder - it was quite a lot of sweating. I was so terrible tired, that I couldn't write a line after I arrived here, thought I had the intention to do so right away. I just fell on my bed and was out ~~in~~ instantly. Today I feel much better.

As soon as I get a chance I shall write a letter to Mr. Birkenholz. I am so very happy about him - if one has seen, what was going on in Germany it is a great relief to hear about every one, who survived this ordeal. God must have given him a lot of strength to have done so and may he have sunny and better days now for a long time to come. About his poor mother I can say so little - it is not a matter of words any more and any I would use, would not be able to express what I want to say to a man, who lost his mother. But we all have a common background and a common fate and we understand ourselves in such times without saying much - those wounds slain are old - many generations old and we have to go on with our heads up and looking forward to a better world.

Have all my love my Dears, I am  
near to you,  
yours  
Leo



Sept. 15<sup>th</sup> 1945

Manila

My very Dearest Parents,

Another week is almost over and I had no occasion to write to you. I just interrupt work now to write to you, otherwise I don't know, when I write again. I hope to be through with the big map in about a week and I will be very happy. It is much work and as I told you before, ~~it~~ it takes so much time to get into town and back. I nearly have no time for myself. It is still very hot - now is the rainy season and very damp and we are continuously tired. I can't tell you, how happy I am, that I was sent to the European Theater before. Most of the men here spent 20 to 30 months in the jungles, always heat and nothing to see or to occupy their mind. Manila is the first sign of civilization for them in a very long time and they look at it as something great - though it is a city of ruins and rubble. I can understand now, why they had so many psychoses here - I for my part wouldn't have stood up either. Here at least, I find people and some comfort and just sweet it out. But I realize, that so many months I couldn't have stood the climate in the wilderness. There are people who can't take it. Besides that it must have been a more nerve wrecking warfare than in Europe - if there is a comparison possible.

Last week I was at the Services, which were very impressive. Imagine a big sport stadium, with about 9000-10000 Jewish soldiers, sailors, Wacs, ~~the~~ Nurses - every branch of service - and 3 Army Chaplains conducting the Service in white & robes on top of what otherwise is the boxing ring. I realize now, that the biggest percentage

② of Jewish soldiers must have been in this theater of war, there are so many of them - specially refugees. I think it must have been the policy of the Army to do so. The other day I thought about this point - I never was scared in Europe to become a prisoner of the Nazis - I mean in regard to be Jewish. I was, when I still was in America. He found out, that in some camps, the Nazis kept them separately in "the Ghetto barracks" and in other camps, they didn't make any exceptions. —

Please tell him, that the other day I received 4 more films and I am very grateful - I was all out. Developing and prints are very expensive here and not so well done, because they have so little material yet.

Hell - we are waiting and waiting now. I have 67 points and it shouldn't take to long any more until it reaches me. Anyhow every day is to long for me. Our Colonel, who is 3 1/2 years overseas, goes home in a few days. He himself offered me, to visit you and I gave him the address of the office. His name is Lt. Col. Frederic Whittaker. He might be out of uniform, when he visits you in a few weeks - or he might be not yet. Anyhow please be very kind to him. I think, that this is really very nice of him - usually the big shots don't care to do things like that. He told me, that he would appreciate it very much, if I stay in contact with him after my return and that I must meet his wife, to show he wrote so much about me. I don't understand all that sympathy, after all the treatment I got in my outfit. But in the Army nothing surprises me anymore.

That's all for today. Be greeted with all my love  
yours  
Herb

Sept. 25<sup>th</sup> 1945

Manila

My very dearest Parents,

In the last few days nothing much has happened. I am through with my work in town and I am very happy about it. Here - I had nothing to do since I returned and I enjoy really to be a little lazy.

On Sunday I wanted to visit Bass again, but I felt so tired, that I staid in and took it easy all day long. It is very hot again and no rain since two days. In town there is terrible dust, but out here the air is clear and clear at least.

I got your letter with the note from Kitty Freund - was I excited! Kurt alive in Vienna and his sister in the C. S. R. on the

(2) Other side his poor parents - one can't talk about those things. There is no mail connection with civilians yet - so I wrote a letter to the American Military Government in Vienna asking whether they can contact him. I doubt it - but this idea came into my mind and I shall try it out, perhaps I can find out more than about all our relatives. I received also a letter from Aunt Milli and answered it right away. I like her so much - and both of them wish so much to see us again. If we would only be able to help them. Now as the war is over, the whole magnitude of the catastrophe appears more clearly, as we all try to find the remnants of those left behind. May we only find more of them.

Many ~~so~~ regards and  
with all my love for you

I remain yours  
Leo.

October 6<sup>th</sup> 1945Manila

My very dearest Parents,

It was yesterday noon I received the Telegram. Almost 24 hours have gone by since then and I am still hardly able to collect my thoughts and think quietly. —

Incidentally I was in the Mail room's office where I found it on the table. I shall never exactly remember the moment, when I read the news - it was such a storm of different reactions - a release of so much tension - years old. I must have gone white, because everybody looked at me and questioned -

how could I explain. He is alive and had contacted me. I hope you send the soldier's letter to me. To tell you frankly I didn't expect it anymore - though there was a faint, hopeless waiting.

Then came the shock of what possibilities I had missed. If I would ~~not~~ have been still in Europe - there would have been no problem to bring her over - a soldier's wife could have come without any trouble - but I had missed it again. With all the happiness I felt envisaged. A thousand plans went through my head. Well - I am cooling off now and I had a word with my adjutant.

② I might see the American Consul here to contact the State Department - I think it better to talk to a representative rather than to write letters. But I am so sceptical - immigration is very hard now - I just won't let a stone unturned this time - I have waited too long already - not to talk about Ita.

If nothing works - I consider trying to get a civilian ~~job~~ Government job in Europe for a year - or so. They are handed out now. I know this will be a shock to you, but as I see it, this will be the last resort, if other things fail. Naturally I will be seeing you in between - This is just an idea. I don't do anything without ample thinking over and will take advice from the right people. I have an appointment with a Army chaplain today and will talk things over. You must understand, that I want to do as much, as possible as long as I am still a soldier. Mrs. Lewis is missing now terrible. In any case I would like you to contact the State Department, Immigration Division. also - by then they might have word from me also and I want to coordinate with you. I shall let them know, that I want to continue the case of Ita, which was pretty much advanced before the war started, that we hold up our guarantees for her and that my promise to marry her upon arrival still stands up.

③ you can imagine how much feeling I have right now to work in the Army - so far away from everything.

I have read the Telegram about a hundred times. I want to frown right after I got it and sent one to her. At the moment I didn't know what to write - too much in my heart to express it in a Telegram. When I finally broke it down to a ridiculous small size it cost me 24 Pesos (\$12.-) and I guess the Telegram operator would have had many opportunities to send a telegram of this style before ~~that~~.

About a week ago I sent a letter to Fred, where I just spilled over - writing about Ha. It had gotten me lately with special vehemence. In all those black and hopeless ~~the~~ years in the past I had done so many mistakes - tried to free me from a uncertainty, which was choking me. It made me so unambitious and helpless. But man kann aus seinen Herzen keine Mörderhöle machen. - I never was able - perhaps I didn't want to.

It has come so far - Thanks God she pulled through and with God's help we might be united again -

I shall do everything to reach this goal.

in love yours  
les

Oct. 14<sup>th</sup> 1945Manila

My dearest Parents,

It is Sunday morning and I want to write quickly before I go out. I am going to see the Bass family today and my heart hurts before the tasks I am going to accomplish. I had no occasion to see them before - we were so busy. Today I am off and I will leave right in the morning. It is a whole trip to reach them. All the news I got lately have put me in such a state of excitement and confusion - I can't think about anything else. You can imagine, how I felt in Germany sometimes with all the uncertainty in my mind. I got the letter of the Soldier you sent to me and I was very excited about it. To think that I was so very close to her - so close to an easy solution. Now she will be back in Poland which will complicate matters. I wrote a letter to the soldier - but God knows where he might be now - might be home already. God bless him. What makes me so terrible nervous is the fact that I can't communicate with her directly - there is so much I want to tell her. It is another chapter of our beautiful time I have to sweet out now. But it is a real wonder, that she survived the whole thing



599

②-to be true - I had given up hope almost.  
People, who didn't experienced ~~it~~ anything by themselves  
will never understand, what those over there went  
through.

I wrote in my last letter and repeat now  
that I have 67 points and will be eligible for  
discharge from U.S. 1<sup>st</sup> beginning. I don't belong  
to any division or Army now.

I am so thankful for all your  
understanding and help. God help hisel for  
her assistance. If I only could do more  
right now.

Well - I am going to finish now  
I am in a hurry.

Be kissed many times and have  
all my love  
yours always

Leo

AR 25193

219

Leo Glueckselig Collection

1942-1945

Glueckselig, Leo to Glueckselig, MAX and Paulina

Service Club



U. S. ARMY

Fort Dix, N. J.

Aug. 17<sup>th</sup> 1942

My dear parents,

I got a letter today. I am always so happy to get one from you. Life is so different now. I know that I will get along well and have to take it as well as the others do. Sometimes work is a little hard on the other side we get a lot of rest and strong food. I am here now 12 days and it seems to me much longer. Now as I get used a little to the new routine of life, the old one comes back like pictures. I see my room and you two getting up in the morning. Father goes down and buys food and mother prepares breakfast. Or I see father in his "liberal" and mother sitting at the window. I never

want to think about the fact, how you take it, that I am away now, but the thought sneaks in again and again. I hope always that with the time you realize, that it must be that way. I know that logic doesn't help always, where feelings are concerned. But I talk out of own experience. You can realize, that it is sometimes hard for us too. We are not home soldiers and everyone has a home. We don't talk about it and do our work or service - and do it correctly. When I have to clean the latrine - and it happens often, as I am the chief - room orderly of our barracks now - then I put all my interest and intelligence in this work. So you must think too that this is a war, where our fate will be decided. You must think ~~too~~, as you would be in an army too.

Your daily life hasn't <sup>reasons for</sup> changed, and you might have <sup>more</sup> ~~more~~ <sup>judgment</sup> therefore. When you feel lonely, think better, that I love you more than anything else and be glad with it. I am sure, that we will be glad again and happy, we shall overcome this hard time again and hope that God will help us again, as he did before. I kiss you both in love yours/

Service Club



U. S. ARMY

Fort Dix, N. J.

Aug. 12<sup>th</sup> 1942.

Dear Mother,

It is not usual that I should have a wish for your birthday. I wish to hear, that you had a very nice day - a day which you celebrated with all - including me. It is not just a "rajithy" I mean it. If I can't be with you, it should'nt worry you at all - I shall be glad on this day - glad that I have you as a father. And I'll celebrate it too.

I was very happy to have been with you yesterday and one of the kisses, were already on birthday kiss.

I have not to explain you, that  
I have to wish you anything, <sup>else</sup> which  
wouldn't be only good. You deserve  
the best.

Our main wish goes to all - and  
there I have not specially to talk about  
it. The time will come again, where  
we all together will enjoy daily  
life - happily and in health.

My dear father I shake your  
hand and give you a long kiss

Keep your chin up!

I shall always remain

yours

Les.

Give Mudder a good kiss for me.

Service Club



U. S. ARMY

Fort Dix, N. J.

Aug. 13<sup>th</sup> 1942

My dear parents,

I was just sitting on my bed and writing to Fritz & Gabby when the man in charge of the mail passed by and dropped your letter on my knees. They remember my name and give ~~it~~ the letters sometimes earlier to the mail call. It is always a thrill when I see on by the handwriting on the ~~en~~ envelope.

There is not much news to write but it is all ways nice to talk to you. Yesterday I had a very busy day and was very tired, when I got to bed. Naturally I slept very good.

I am considered a veteran here.  
At the moment I am the one in our  
Barracks, who is longest time here.

If I am still here on Hek-  
end I might ~~have~~ <sup>get</sup> a furlough  
but don't know, whether I'll get it  
Saturday or Sunday. Anyway  
if I am not there by 3 o'clock  
Sunday afternoon, you should not  
wait. In any case leave a message at  
the door.

I would be very happy, if  
I could see you before I leave.

I have to finish now  
and kiss you both a  
thousand times

yours

ho.



Service Club



U. S. ARMY

Fort Dix, N. J.

Aug. 20<sup>th</sup> 1942.

My dear parents,

I know that I  
won't write much today, because  
it is evening and I am as  
usual tired. I was just walking  
around the camp, it is a  
nice moon night and I visited  
you both in my thoughts, guessing  
what you are doing just now.

I remembered that the day  
after tomorrow is Saturday and  
so I wanted to say "Gute Nacht".

I hope to see you Sunday

Give Paul & his, Fritz & Gabi  
my love. | perhaps I can surprise you  
many many kisses  
your boy

Service Club



U. S. ARMY

Fort Dix, N. J.

Aug. 24<sup>th</sup> 1942

My dear parents,

Just in short - it was a wonderful day and I feel happy today. Came here alright - the train was filled only with soldiers, who all were home.

All the morning I was thinking of you and how nice it was.

I hope to see you soon again

Many kisses  
ever yours  
Joe

Service Club



U. S. ARMY

Fort Dix, N. J.

Aug. 26<sup>th</sup> 1942.

My dear parents,

I got your letter today, the first one after my visit to you. I was waiting for this one because I expected you would write about Sunday - this wonderful day. You did so.

Since I am back, I feel some how better. This time I had not so much the feeling of leaving my home, ~~as~~ as I had the first time. I knew, where I was going back and I know, that I am still very near to you. Then, there was such a nice atmosphere, you all were so understanding nice, and it gives you always a very good feeling

to be assured again and again, ~~where~~  
that there is a home - and ~~is~~ what a  
home.

The last days passed by very  
quietly. They were not so hard - in  
fact today is a very easy one.  
I sit in the barrack all alone and  
at the moment I have nothing to  
do. The days are wonderful - <sup>brustine</sup>  
and not hot. Yesterday in the morning  
it was cold and we were shivering.  
But after filling up our stomachs at  
breakfast and after a few minutes  
work ~~everything~~ we felt good again.

Yesterday we were almost  
empty here, but got a big bunch  
of new men in here.

So I had the whole evening  
to do, explaining how to settle  
down, making bed and all the  
barrack regulations. Answering 1000  
questions. I am glad to notice, that  
I am losing slowly the nervousness to  
talk. I was afraid of my accent.  
People really don't care.

(2)

Service Club



U. S. ARMY

Fort Dix, N. J.

I am still smiling, when I remember, how nervous your father has been, about my coming back. And I find out now by your letter that you were still dreaming the night. If you would have seen the thousand other soldiers going back - many come back direct to Jersey - ~~that~~ <sup>then</sup> you would know, that I am in a big family where we all live, under certain regulations which mostly are respected. He are not in jail and they dont chopp your head off, if you make a mistake. You know quite well, that I wouldn't do anything willfully against the regulations and so you shouldn't be afraid about such questions.

The Salami is again the big hit. This time there are not so many, \$ who like it, but enough.

To have ~~it made~~ made it almost gone.  
I have some bread from the mess hall  
and before going to sleep I ~~ate~~  
eat a little bit. - like at home.  
(Only the Apfelkompott is missing!)

My dears give my love and  
greetings to the "Beauty" downstairs  
and to my little red haired sister.

Naturally the same to these  
two newly married monkeys.

To you my dears I send  
many kisses

and all the love in the world

ever yours

Leo

Service Club



U. S. ARMY

Fort Dix, N. J.

Aug. 27<sup>th</sup> 1942

Dear parents,

It's Thursday again.  
This week has passed very  
quickly. I hope I still will  
be ~~at~~ here weekend, so I can  
come home. I let you know  
in time again, in case I  
can. One never knows to the  
last minute.

In any case I wish you  
a nice shabbos and remain  
with many kisses

yours

1  
no

Service Club



U. S. ARMY

Fort Dix, N. J.

Aug. 31<sup>st</sup> 1942

Dear parents,

It's again Monday evening. I am very sleepy and will go to bed early.

Though it is still the first day of the week, I start already to think, whether it will be possible to come next week home again.

It was a fine day yesterday again, but it passed by to quick.

As you see I ~~am~~ arrived



well at the Camp.

I am sorry, but I can't  
write much today - I am  
to fire. I shall dream of yesterday.

Many, many kisses

I remain always  
in ~~the~~ love  
your hu

Service Club



U. S. ARMY

Fort Dix, N. J.

Sept. 1<sup>st</sup> 1942

My dear parents,

It is again Tuesday. I feel as I would have been in N.Y. a few hours ~~ago~~ <sup>before</sup>. I am so settled here, that I begin to be afraid to leave here. It might be any day - but I don't give up the hope to be that weekend with you again. At the moment my routine is really not hard and I am afraid I shall get fat if that ~~has~~ continues that way.

It is afternoon, the barracks is empty and I sit on my bed and make a visit at home. Mother sits probably at the window and Fritz in the office ticks father on his ears. The "beauty" downstairs

parades probably in his white coat like  
a shark and hiserl "The painting nurse"  
is out window shopping. Every thing might be  
not true - but the feelings which goes with  
those daylight dreams, <sup>those are</sup> ~~that are~~ true.

From here nothing new to report.  
The music band of our company  
is just training outside of our  
barracks and so I have nice  
accompanying music. A few fellows  
still are playing terrible wrong - but  
at such a moment a few hundred  
men, working in different places of the  
camp have something to laugh about.

Today I wrote already a letter  
to Fellners, to Miss Ruskin, and a  
card to Ransowitz. In your next letter  
send me the addresses of Heibergers.

My dears - give my love to Paul  
hisel, Fritz & Gaby - and you both  
I kiss ~~to~~ with all my  
heart

yours

hw.

Service Club



U. S. ARMY

Fort Dix, N. J.

Sept. 3rd 1942

My dear parents,

It is Thursday  
and I got your first letter that  
week. I was waiting this time and  
am glad about it.

This time you didn't write  
the full address - please don't forget  
to write "Co A RC.1229" etc.

There is nothing new here.  
People come - people go and I  
am still here - wondering how long  
it will last - and whether we will see  
us next weekend.

Since I was able to visit  
you I feel much better and the  
time passes quicker.

Today we have a terrible  
hot day and I think the whole

time, how it might be in N. Y.

My fingers are much better and drying out. Thanks god - they hurt terrible and there was a lot of puss in it. Now the skin goes down already and in 1 or 2 days one ~~will not~~ won't see anything any more.

I shall finish now - because I have a few things to do. I greet you and all the others and embrace you both

with love

Yours

her



CAMP BLANDING, FLORIDA

Sept. 12th 1942

My dears,

I just came back from the holiday  
parlour. There was a heavy rain before  
and I just sit on a wooden bench on  
the shores of our Camp lake. There are  
beautiful clouds and sunset and I nearly  
could forget where I am. The camp lies  
behind me and nobody is around.

Those last days were very exciting.  
So far away, all the new impressions -  
then after one day in camp I was  
allowed to go to the nearest big town.  
That is Jacksonville, a city of about 30000  
people, crowded with soldiers, sailors, marines  
and you can imagine how the atmosphere  
was on a Saturday evening. It was hot  
- but as we were told - for here - cool. The  
city is about 30 miles from camp and  
we arrived late in midst of a tremendous  
thunderstorm. I didn't hear such thundering  
in my life.

We had no time anymore to inquire

about sleeping, so we had to take a room.  
Next day and the day after we were in  
school. First in a ~~synagogue~~ reformed one and  
next time in a orthodox. Both were very  
nice buildings - in fact the ~~reformed~~ reformed one  
is the nicest modern synagogue I ever have  
seen. White walls, with big windows, framed in  
dark wood, on the ceiling wooden construction  
and above the altar a wooden squire.

Both were crowded with Jewish sailors  
Marines, coastwardmen and soldiers. They  
so Rabbi greeted us after service and we  
got tickets for a kosher restaurant and  
had a very good meal there. They did that  
for those who couldn't get private invitations  
any more.

Today we were invited by a "behaunter"  
old couple and had a real, typical Jewish  
dinner with the whole family. Russians. They  
treated us with so much love and tried really  
to give us as much home as possible.

During the day we found out  
where to go and to look for sleeping - for  
next time. I hope I shall go to four Kippur  
again - as we will get free most probably.  
But I am broke and almost all my money  
~~was~~ is gone in that 3 days. Trip and  
the room and food. I don't know what to  
do? Did't you get any money from  
Horkes? I don't want any more money  
from you, but it burns me up to know

(2)



CAMP BLANDING, FLORIDA

I could have some and that I have to stay here without any mibil I get paid next month. If I could only lay hand on this mean idiot, who has two cows, builds a house of my design and shows his business ability in not paying to an soldier.

I remind myself and was told st, that a verbal promise, if you have witnesses, is as good in America as a written contract. If he doesn't send the money soon, I let his stepdaughter ~~testify~~ testify. I am so mad.

Can't the lawyer of Adler call Mr. Stork and explain to him in a urgent way - that I really need it badly. I don't want to make that trouble to hilly - but after all I have to think a little bird for myself too.

Don't send me money of your own. - I will try to raise some if I don't get any from Stork. Time is bad and you can't afford it now.



Perhaps his ~~credit~~ or Paul could lend  
me some and I pay it back, when I get  
my 2 months pay. I would appreciate it  
very much. It is not that I need it so  
badly - after all I get my food and sleep,  
but one smokes and takes a drink and  
I would like to be in town on four Kippur.

I am made at me, that I bother  
you so much with money, but that  
will be over very soon.

I ~~am~~ was at home all the time  
and I hope you had such a nice  
journey as I imagined and wished  
you would have.

Greet Fritz & Gaby and my hisel  
and Paul. Give them each a kiss from  
me. They know that my thoughts and  
wishes are always the same for them  
and I shall write to them very soon.

For my dear parents I greet  
as always with all my love

many, many kisses

yours son

P.S.

I was with that fat fellow  
I introduced to you - in town.

Leo

Message This Side



My dears.

I wrote you a letter and forgot to ask you for something. Please send me my ~~old~~ swimming suit and the drawing stuff, ~~all~~ colors, brushes drawing paper as I have prepared.

Many, many kisses  
yours / her

Message Continued Here

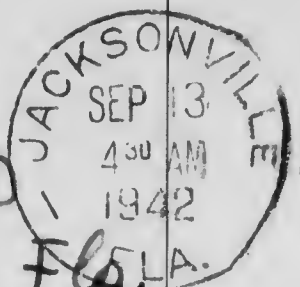
Address Here

Return to -

Pvt. Max Gumbel Selig

795 MP BN Co

Camp Blanding, Fla.



Free

Mr. Max Gumbel Selig  
 896 Walton Ave, Bronx  
 N.Y.C. N.Y.

Oct. 1<sup>st</sup> 1942

My dear parents,

Today I got a letter from you again and am I allways so happy to see your hand writing. As I see you are not very satisfied with my writing - you expect more. I want to tell you once more, that I myself love to write to you - that are the only moments, where a soldier is all by himself and while the pen writes a few lines - one is at home and thinks on so many details of the daily life and many pictures pass by.

But I want to give you one day in camp as sample. At about 6<sup>15</sup> we jump out of the beds, dress very quickly and fall out for reveille. After that we wash ourselves and have breakfast. We come from the mess at about 7<sup>30</sup>. By this time everything must be in order in the hut.

Then we are called out for "policing" our area - that means we have to clean our streets around the huts, bring all the garbage away. Right after that we go on the field and have an intensive gymnastic hour. Then begins the drill. Marching by the numbers, turning to the left, right, halfright, to the back e.t.c. e.t.c. in different formations in quick steps.

At about 9<sup>30</sup> or 10 o'clock we usually get a 10 minutes break - for latrine, drinking or a cigarette. Then we have usual a lesson on some military matter and if time is left a little more drill. At about 11<sup>30</sup> we go back - have mail call and go eating. Then we have about ~~half~~ half an hour time which we usually lie on our beds.

The afternoon goes the same way. Manual of arms, changes with drilling, or gasmask drill or sometimes an hour movie on military matters. We come back at about a quarter to five and have time until 5<sup>25</sup>. In this time, we must shave bath and change to our suits. Then we have ~~the~~ retreat and dinner. We are through at about 6 o'clock.

Now - we go usually ~~and~~ for a drink (soft) into the P. Ex. At ten the lights go out. In ~~the~~ those 4 hours we write our letters, wash our laundry or do anything we have to do during our spare time. The reading of an magazine or a little bit in a book, a small walk on the lake, takes half an evening away. You can imagine too, that we are rather tired some times if the day was strenuous. I can understand that you want a letter every day, because I know too what it means to get letters. But I just want to excuse myself if I don't write - then it is an evening where I am really tired or busy.

The last two days I had a bad stomach and I didn't feel so good,

② but you know, what I do in such a case. I didn't eat for one day and feel much better again. I was running all day long to the latrine and I am cleaned out now. It must have been a cold I caught during the ~~the~~ sudden change of weather in the last days.

You would laugh, if you would see, where I sit and write. (on the latrine.) That is the only place, where light is all night on and there is a bench, which is very often used for writing. In one corner a big bunch of boys are playing games. They have money now - and are losing it quick. Unbelievable how much some lose and win. You shouldn't worry about me - I was never a player.

I hope you get this letter still on Saturday - that's the reason, why I write now. How were the holidays? Did ~~the~~ mother <sup>make</sup> good things to eat? Write me about it.

Tomorrow evening you will sit again all together and I shall be with you in my thoughts. I know that you think of me too and that gives me a good feeling. Be always in good humor

your son is doing very well. I am  
sunbrowned and as far I can judge  
look very well.

As usual I send with my lines to  
you all my love to Paul, Hilda, Fritz  
& baby - give every one a kiss from me.  
I kiss you both with all my heart  
and wish you a very nice holiday

I remain in love

yours

Leo



Oct. 3<sup>rd</sup> 1942

My dear parents,

I am a lucky fellow -  
I am again in Jacksonville. I say  
lucky because I didn't get any clubby  
on Sunday again. How long that will  
last I don't know - but I am sure  
that my turn will come too.

I think I wrote you, that  
my stomach was upset - & it is O.K.  
again and the Bubi eats again like  
a bull. The last week was pretty hard  
but expect another one like that. They  
make real soldiers out of us. Our  
commanding officer was transferred  
and we got a new one. Very tough,  
a professional soldier, who is in service  
about 25 years or so - but a very  
fair and correct man. We go through  
more advanced training now and  
& we are all happy, that the hottest  
time is over. Days are warm, sometimes

**IDLE GOSSIP SINKS SHIPS**



rain and always a pleasant breeze. Nights are cool. (Cool in comparison - we have still our windows open and sleep only with one blanket.)

Today as usual we had our parade but this time it was on the big Parade ground, with a music band and the General inspecting and reviewing the troops. He were very excited - but everything worked well and we marched like mechanical dolls. Sometimes I can't believe it, what we learned already - it is astonishing, what a few weeks training makes out of a uncontrolled bunch of recruits. One has no time anymore for his private life - but in his dreams and the few hours off are cramped with activities ~~of~~ to have a little contact with the private life. I hardly read newspapers - the headlines and the most important ~~them~~ events. One forces to do so - or one loses every view what is going on. He are fully absorbed with our training - only the heart can't be.

That is allways and continuously  
with all you my dears

yours  
heo

Oct. 5<sup>th</sup> 1942.

My dear parents,  
after a very busy day, I sit now on the footstools of my hut, the sun is shining, in a short time it will be night. In one hut one plays mandoline and rings others sit around and talk or write letters - as I do. A real restful evening after a hard days work. You should see us coming back - dirty and sunburned our cloths dirty and smelling. But in those dirt there are young and strong bodies and half an hour after coming back, there they stand again for retreat clean washed and shaved in shining uniforms, laughing and hungry for food. It is always wonderful to see that change in expression and appearance.

I have still your dear voices in my ear from Saturday night. This weekend I was in town alone because my friend had some detail on Sunday. I wanted to call early but it was not possible.

Every telephon booth was crowded with soldiers and there one could not make a long distance call. So I wandered around town and looked at things until late night, when it became a little quieter. I was at first a little shaky - because it was not right to wake you up so late in the night, but I could not help myself - I just wanted to hear you both and I hope it made you as happy, as it did me.

Today I got both parcels from you. There was a little mix up with the first one. I got notice on Friday already that it arrived - that's what they told me in head quarters. But it must have been lost and so I got a second one now. I rushed over and picked it up. I am sorry to tell you that I had to give the Salami away because it was bad already from being so long in the box - and in this heat. But don't worry. I have it forgotten already. Only when I saw the other parcel - only when I opened it. Kinda - and each wrapped in a little piece of paper. I can't explain it - but there was our Mudders with her Tam and I felt how her dear hands wrapped in every

② paper a little piece of heart besides  
the cake.

I looked at it and was at home.  
Thank you very much. On top of the  
parcel as always come on in everything  
the dear words of father. I am so  
glad to have you both.

Then I ate one, and another one  
and then the other ones had to try  
too. What a success. They are so fine  
and everybody who tried one shook  
his head and glanced at the box.  
Unfortunately the company has  
more than hundred men - so I  
cant do that.

The drawing stuff is all right  
Father you bought extra fine paper  
- is not necessary for next time.

And you my dear mother - &  
you must not (means - "darfst nicht") send  
me money. I know you save money  
by the cents and if I really dont  
need it - it is not necessary. I should  
send you a couple of dollars sometimes  
And I hope I can do it. The boys  
spend money here, very quick when  
they go out and have nothing after

a short time. The money runs very quick, when one goes out over weekend even if one does not much.

There are some - who lost their money the first night after pay. \$50 - 60. - 80. - - now they go around and ask for cigarettes. *Ueschlinge* -

My dears - I shall finish now - I have still a few ~~do~~ things to do. Write one more letter, wash a few things - and then to bed. I am tired and tomorrow we get up earlier than usual.

Once more - many, many thanks for everything. Great the two couples from me and be kissed in love

from your

Her

Oct. 8<sup>th</sup> 1942

My dear parents,

That is an unusual time for writing letters - it is 7<sup>30</sup> in the morning. And I have time to do so. I am on guard duty since 6 o'clock evening yesterday until 6 o'clock tonight. I had two tours during the night - from 10 to 12 o'clock and from 4-6. Unfor-  
tunately it was raining so it was not very pleasant. I had to guard the motor pool - that is the place where all the vehicles of the Battalion stand. They take that very serious during ~~the~~ time of war - as you are really responsible for everything on your post.

3 times an officers appeared and I challenged them - that means to bring the rifle down, to holler "halt who is there" to order them to come nearer. and until one identifies ~~with~~ himself who he is, and is recognized by the guard - he is under the power of the guard's gun. You can imagine that I was a little nervous in the beginning, but after the first one passed - I wasn't afraid anymore. He asked

me a lot of questions and released me saying - "very well my boy." Now in the morning all the corporals and sergeants of the guard I were called to a special drill and mysteriously I was placed in charge of the guard during the day. Now I sit in the office at the ~~top~~ <sup>top</sup> tell you and have "Bambawiken" again. It is the first time, that I ordered other boys to clean up and doing nothing myself - and wonder whether I get some orders over the phone. But that is only the nervousity of being not used to everything. The officers are very strict but really human beings, to whom one can speak and who appreciate and recognize good will - even if one makes a mistake. We have a new company commander now, who is regarded as a tough one. Yesterday I approached him, during a rest and told him too about my citizenship papers. He was very friendly and promised me to make everything as far as he is concerned to speed it up.

I got a letter yesterday from your Mother wrote not English this time, but I can't tell you how much I appreciated her words. I always feel the same love in her English letters too, but she isn't able to express herself so well. Now - yesterday Mudderu wrote freely - and so "betant."

② I wish really I would take her in my arms - "on her hips of the toes". Father should'nt think that I dont like his lines just the same but he is a good English writer all ready and his lines are always filled with the same warmth, which we children love so much on him. We have really no reason to complain about our blueeyed twins.

I think the main occupations in Army's life are - to work, to eat and sleep. I worked tonight, I ate that morning - but am I sleepy! Later I lay down on the bed here, naturally fully dressed and shall try to sleep.

I remember Paul telling about that soldiers sleep. In some way I get a funny habit. It works with me like a clock. Whenever I have to awake, I open my eyes a few minutes before this time - no matter how tired I am. It is funny how the body and everything starts to adjust to this new kind of life.

About the letter of Stark I am more than angry. I am utterly disgusted with them. At first the letter of her, blaming me of bad behavior, full of stupid accusations and promising to pay - then this letter



telling the lawyer that he doesn't owe me any money since half a year. I am going to write a letter to her today telling her my real opinion about everything and don't care the hell any more about the way she might think about it. If I would have done that right away I would probably have my money. He still has the style of that time, where to a certain extent people had decency in business matters. This world is mean and hard and people want to be treated that way. I held always back, because I didn't want to hurt any body - but now I have no money and am insulted too. At least she should know, what I think about the whole thing - besides that I have now two letters - one of her which promises to pay and one of him, who says the opposite. I shall see how she reacts and will report to Mr. Stausky. It is really a shame - and I never would have expected that. But it is really not worth the money - to fill a letter to you with such things.

My dear "Paw & Maw" I kiss you in sincere love, tickle the little ear of father and twist it (mother do it for me) and take you mother in my arms for a ~~walze~~ walze (father do it for me) and remain all ways your son

hu

Oct. 13<sup>th</sup> 1942

My dear Parents,

It's Tuesday evening and I sit down again to write to you as the first thing after this days work. This week started with a lot of work. Monday morning as usual we had gymnastic, drill and got some in-  
structions. At noon I was at the Dental Clinic for the last time. They fixed the teeth nicely, but didn't give me any bridges. I have still to many teeth to have such work done - as the Army regulations require.

Afterwards coming back - I wanted to join my company again. When I came to the orderly room they reported just, that our boy - with whom I am on friendly terms - burned his hands in the kitchen. So I relieved him from K.P. and he went to the hospital. I worked until 10<sup>30</sup> in the night and so I didn't write yesterday.

Usually we don't work in the kitchen so long. but yesterday a few boys from our company <sup>put up a</sup> made a

amateur show and we got the permission to leave the kitchen for one hour to be present. There were a lot of officers and our Lt. Colonel and it was quite a success. He laughed very, very much. It was one of those nice things, where one felt all the humor and strength of a young spirit. Specially good was one boy with the name of Sobel - fat and tall - about whom we laughed bears. Then there is another one - his name is Cohen - and exceptional good singer and in my opinion a real big talent. He sang the famous song from "The King and the flea" by Mussorgsky and I must say, that I didn't hear it so well sung besides the recording of Khalifapin. Then two other boys - one a corporal & native Southerner and cowboy and a private from N.Y. who sang and played with the mandoline very nice old american folksongs. I thought all the time, how interesting it would be for you, to see such a thing once. We made the show behind our barracks in the free nature and when it became dark - we all sang a few songs and finished with the anthem. Everything

② in the most primitive way - but so rich in unbroken young spirit. That are the ~~so~~ occasions, where I feel sometimes how much older we are. When everybody laughs - there comes often the feeling to cry. Not because I am unhappy - but when I see this big bunch of young faces, who is so sure of their way of living and can laugh without shadow in their mind - then so many things rush through my mind. I wish them all, they should never be so much disappointed, as we have been - and continue their view of ~~their~~ their life undisturbed.

If I write such lines I am always scared, you might think I am unhappy. It is really not true. I go with all the fun here, make fun myself, only when I write to you I open a little bit my heart and sentiment.

Today we had our first extended drill - that means, we marched out with all equipment - a little bit much to carry. Steel helmet, haversacks, tent, gas mask, belt, gun. We came back a stinky bunch of sweating boys. Then

right afterwards - without washing ourselves a few  
officers, inspected our feet, to see the effect  
on them. That's how they take care of us.

I took a shower - which brought me  
back to a normal appearance and we  
dressed up for a parade we had to stage  
for some ~~the~~ visiting bigshot.

So you can imagine that our  
days are busy sometimes. If in the  
next few days or in the near future no  
letters arrive for a couple of days -  
please don't worry, because we might  
have some exercises out in the woods.  
And there is no mail.

So I shall finish for today  
and as usual I send my best  
regards to Friedl, baby, Hisele & Paul.  
Give my best regards and greetings  
~~to~~ also to Miss Ruskin and Mr. Adler.

To you I send as always my  
love and remain with many kisses

yours

heo

There is a photo in the letter!  
Next week you get a few more!



Dec. 3rd 1942

My dear Parents,

I went to Sharke today to have my shoes repaired.

I sit there Thursday evening and think of you at home.

Chanukkah today - I admit I wouldn't have known it - if you wouldn't have me notified. A lot of memories pass through my thoughts. Childhood - the piano in our "Kinderzimmer" and the bronze lamps. It would have been yesterday... then the old, old play with making father laugh during the singing. I hope he does it this year again - I would make him - but I am sure - the others can do it just the same.

**IDLE GOSSIP SINKS SHIPS**

Then I remind this day on the ship  
when Fritz and I came over - this  
unforgettable awakening - that we were  
out of misery ...

I don't want always be in the  
past. Let's better look to that what  
is today and what we have to  
hope. There is much ahead of us  
and we have much to win.

I wish you to celebrate in confidence  
for our future and to take our  
today already as a guaranty  
of the coming.

I wish you with all my heart a  
fine and good thankab

and remain with many  
kisses and love to all

yours

Leo

Dec. 14<sup>th</sup> 1942

My dear Parents,

After a long day outside in the wet and chilly air I sit finally very comfortable in our warm and cozy day room. It is  $\$30$  per. all ready and I havent had a free moment before, since 5 o'clock in the morning. He had not hard duties to perform and so I am not very tired. Only my cheeks burn from the sun, which came out during the day and made us feel better.

I just picked up Pauls letter with the  $\$10.$  - which came very handy, because I was down to my last  $\$$ . Many thanks for it. I hope that I can use very soon that ticket, which took most of my money away this month.

Friday I got the 2 Salamis, which were gone yesterday evening.



Oh - many, many - thanks for everything.  
Now the time for getting a lot of parcels has  
started. Most of the boys get their Christmas  
parcels and everybody enjoys it.

† Tomorrow is Mother's birthday  
and I hope it will be a very nice one  
for her.

During the day I shall cheer  
for her very often and from my full  
heart - I am sure she will hear it  
and know it.

I shall go to bed very soon  
- tomorrow we'll get up again  
at 5<sup>th</sup> - but it is so dark and cool  
at this time.

Many kisses and love

from your boy

her.

Monday 28th 1943.

My dearest Parents,

It is noontime now and I just awake from a few hours sleep. It doesn't happen very often, that I take my cloth of for this purpose, because there is too much trouble of dressing and undressing in such short intervals. Naturally I am not very happy about it and wish I could lie down again under a cover, between my white linens, with nothing on, instead of being half dressed on top of the bed, always ready to fall out. ~~The~~ But don't worry I keep on ~~at least~~ taking showers and changing under wear ~~at least~~ the luxury of cleanliness, which is very much impaired on the kind of job I am doing now. We all hope that it will be over soon because we are just tired and are longing to have more time for ourselves. Christ was days were very rainy and nasty days and with nearly no time for celebrating the boys were in a bitter mood and very homesick. He got a very good meal

nicey put up, with white linen on the table  
and printed menus &c. - but that was  
about all. After the dinner we managed  
to sit together for about an hour and were  
singing, trying to have some atmosphere  
- but there was not much time for it.

We joined with all our boxes from  
home, ate cakes, nuts, emptied a few  
bottles of liquors - all in a hurry and  
went out then into the rainy night - having  
the blues.

Well those days are over and  
so will new-year very soon.

Days are passing so fast - at least  
it has one consolation - that it ~~will~~  
brings those days nearer, where it will  
be over.

So far I got everything you  
send me, but the Salami which  
you mentioned in your last letter.  
Meil has piled up here so much,  
that they had to ask for help from the  
Army and Navy.

Please will you be so good and  
send the Adr. of Eohen, who got a  
child. Please don't forget!

You and all be greeted with a lot  
of love and special kisses for both of you,  
yours  
heo

Jan. 31<sup>st</sup> 1943

My dear Parents,

It's Sunday and again I am on Guard since noon. You probably wonder, why I got it so often that week. We have now a new arrangement in our Battalion. Every week one company takes over all duties for the whole Battalion, while the others are training. That means trash - & ration details, M.P. duty in Jacksonville, Guard duty in camp e.t.c. So they divide the company to the different jobs and it happened, that I was picked out for the Guard duty in camp - which I got 3 times in the week. After that I won't have it until our turn comes again and then it might be, that I get duty in Jacksonville or some other thing.

Tomorrow at noon I will be off and have again the rest of the day free for resting. As ~~we had~~ <sup>it is</sup> Sunday today we were awaked only at 8 o'clock for breakfast. I just dressed myself not to feel too cool to get out, washed myself and ate breakfast. Then back to the hut

where we all, laid down again, after having built  
a nice fire in the stove. We all are the same  
still in our tent, with the exception of one - who  
left; when I was on furlough. Nat Hieser - the  
boy from Halton Ave. replaced him and so  
we are <sup>still</sup> a very fine crowd - and all good friends  
together. He slept until about 10 o'clock and  
then after awaking one by one, stayed still  
in bed, being lazy and talking nonsense. In-  
between we would eat from my salami or candies  
from another one - simply having a typical  
lazy Sunday morning. Then with much regret  
over my hard fate - I was the first to overpower  
himself - naturally very slowly - I got up and  
started to get ready for the guard. I showered,  
shaved, dressed myself - by this time having  
visitors already from other tents and in midst  
of fooling and laughing I got ready and time  
for chow came up. It was the usual Sunday-  
lunch - Chicken, Cranberry sauce, Corn, sweet potatoes  
peas, dressing, salad, coffee, Ice cream. After that  
I felt like going back to bed - we call it  
"Bunk fatigue" ("Bunk" = Bett and "fatigue" = ermüdete  
Arbeit.) But my duty started then and I had  
to leave it to the others.

A short time ago I got also your  
letter. I am sorry to see, that you think  
that I am in a very bad mood and that  
I hide something. There is nothing, but what  
I wrote to Paul. Many of us get now such

② in inquiries from home. Since we were back from furlough, we all ~~are~~ don't write as good as we did before. It is not only the furlough, which impressed us so much, but too the circumstances, as I prescribed them in the letter to Paul. Don't worry - we are o.k. - just jumpy and impatient - because we are waiting for something to happen. We feel that at the moment we are killing time and that something is up to change. We are all - ready for above the normal size of a Battalion and Rookies continue to arrive every week. We got now a lot of boys of Mexican and Chinese descent.

As I told you yesterday I went to see Murray in the hospital and left it greatly relieved after having so much laughed - as I didn't for a long time. The poor fellow with his 250 pounds - after having worked until recently only in Headquarters was now transferred to a company for training. I think I told you, that he was punished last week, to walk every evening two extra hours with full equipment down the company street. So one morning - after he was through with his punishment - his back hurt and he felt disgraced - so he went on sick call. Bingo - they send him to the hospital for observation. There he sits now in the bed, in best humor, drinks big glasses of orange juice, ~~all~~ eats all kind of vegetables - is unhappy not to get meat and is only unhappy that in course of the examination, the Doctor has to put

his finger into his rear exit - which is quite a task to do if I look at Murray. The way he prescribed his life there was so funny, that Steinkwitz and I were afraid to be thrown out for laughing so much. Well - I think his appendix is in order and I am happy that he is ~~to~~ o.k.

Afterwards I went to the Service club and worked there on my first oil painting I try to make. I am very excited about it - there is so much to learn and it is very interesting. To work there, is a big relaxation for me. He are Inan of all ranks and had for a time a major working there too - who asked us for advices - because he never did such work and seems to ~~to~~ have been inspired to play around, like so many others there. That is the nice atmosphere there, which I enjoy so much. Those who are talented - work very good - but it leaves room open for those, who just get interested and want to try it out. Everything is at hand - they have just to sit down and to try it. There is one guy - a boy of german descent - who comes from a surrounding of art - I think his father was Director of some Museum in Germany and his name is Hillke - He is a talented painter - and a very good instructor, and knows a lot about history of Art. He encourages very cleverly all those, who haven't had any experience with painting or sketching and does it on a complete intellectual basis - at least he doesn't show it - and so we have surprising results there. It is "inwend" how a few fellows, who have no talent

③ at all - make things, which have heart and phantasy and I enjoy those works very much. There are a few rather talented there and we are all glad if we have a chance to go there. Our ~~exhibition~~ exhibition ends at Thursday this week. I have all my work there and it was a nice success with many people coming. —

In your letter today I got the strip for the watch, but not the watch itself yet. But I guess it was sent by ~~sp~~ registered mail and that takes more time probably.

Now I have written a long letter. Time quite a while I didn't write so much. Perhaps I am rested today and had such a pleasant morning. Outside is real warm spring weather - one doesn't hear any sound only the jelling of the boys, playing ball and radio music.

I can't imagine, that there is so much snow and dirt in N. Y.

My father writes so much about business and I am always happy to be informed about everything. I hope that ~~only~~ it will step up a little more and perhaps one day he can try out the plan to ~~make~~ <sup>open</sup> a own store. Naturally one has to be very carefully this days - but I am not afraid



I know that he is a very sane businessman and will buy it only if ~~not~~ there is a real chance. I was allways very much interested in that project. I wish I could help and talk more about it - but naturally from here I haven't the right view anymore, I guess.

I am allways so happy if Mutterell writes a few lines to the letter. My dear is sewing now a few \$ ~~at~~ too and I am very proud of it. She never had it necessary to do it - but we live in a different world now and it shows only, what a young spirit she has - with how much joy and happiness she does it.

I send you a few photos as promised. Tell hisl, Paul and Gaby Fritz, that they will get them too in about a week. The films are already at the photographer. Give them my best greetings and kisses too.

You my dears be kissed very often

I am allways with you

in love

Yours

Res.

Feb. 14 1943

My Deans,

I am through with the guard and naturally tired.

I just write you today to let you know, that you won't get mail for a few days, because we go out for exercises. So don't worry - I shall write you, at once after we come back.

I still didn't get the watch!

Good night my dear parents  
I kiss you in big love  
yours

hw.

P.S. Did you get the photos?

March 23<sup>rd</sup> 1943

My dearest Parents,

Today I got 2 letters from you. I am always so happy if I have so much to read and if I get the mail during the noon recess - then I take it to my hut lay down on the bed and read it. Then I am at home with my thoughts. Hilda's letter was very nice too, though I am sad, that she doesn't write in English. She shouldn't be ashamed to write to me, as good, as she can - that is the only way to learn. Father for instance learned so much in those months, where he wrote to me. And about mistakes I want laugh, after all I make them too. Anyway - I shall answer her, separate in one of those days.

The news about Georg's Parents are terrible. I really don't dare to think about Europe in detail anymore. It must be terrific for children to hear that.

From Hilda's letter I got the impression that you worry about me sometimes.

Look - we don't live now in a wonderful world. And though our heads and hearts

go sometimes sentiments and feelings, which one expresses to each other - if one lives together with ~~one~~ his family or friends - very often - one talks about everything and sometimes it is only a word or the expression on a face, which makes the other one understand.

Here, where I am alone, where all day long - regardless to the mood I am in - I have to perform a duty - one gets so much piled up, without having a real outlet. There are friends here too - but they have their problems too and live with you the same generalized life. One gets sometimes the desire, to talk ~~his~~ one's heart off - and naturally I like to do it, to the people, which are nearest to me. That doesn't mean, that I am down hearted or not able to react to live, as a young nature should do. But - as I told you and as you yourself know only to good - our world suffers a terrific crisis and we all have our individual share in it. In this regimented life, where every moment is nearly is absorbed with some activity - there are

② moments, where one closes the eyes and realizes everything so sharply and clear. We are no children anymore - we understand fully, what we are going through.

And so it happens sometimes, that I talk my heart off to you a little bit. Perhaps I also make the mistake to get caught so much in my thoughts, that you get the impression, that I am exceptionally unhappy. I am as much concerned about everything, as anybody should be today, who has a heart in his body.

There are not much news. I get used to my news but slowly - though it is by far not the same like the other one. In my time off on evening I go very often to the sketching club, where I still ~~to~~ pass a nice time.

I am going to send you one day a few things home - I wonder whether you will like it. Then I shall send you all the letters I got from you. I kept every single one - and want to

keep them.

About the money question. This - every month until now - I took \$10.00 out to save them and finally used it. I don't know - \$50.00 - is a lot of money and still it melts like snow in your hand, without doing much. There are so many, who sometimes have to ask some support from home and I am glad I didn't need it so far.

There are ~~the~~ all the small articles one has to buy, <sup>them</sup> magazines, cigarettes, drinks, dry cleaning of the uniforms (we get only laundry free) week ends - which cost allways a lot. If I would be a corporal or a sergeant I am sure I could save something - but I am still a poor little P.f.c. and wonder, whether I ever will change this rank.

My dearest Parents - for today I say good night again -

and remain in everlasting love

Yours

his

UNITED STATES ARMY



CAMP BLANDING, FLORIDA

Jacksonville

Nov. 3<sup>rd</sup> 1943

My dearest beloved parents,

I am so glad I

talked to you over the Telephon juster day  
night. This is the first occasion to write  
to you and you would have been  
with out mail for a long time. I  
am perfectly well, sun browned and  
fat again. I really got a belly from  
eating so much lately.

The departure from Clark's  
dale came very sudden. We were  
sent about it, because we liked  
this little town very much and got  
just acquainted with so many people.  
The only difference which wasn't  
that good, was, that we didn't  
~~live~~ live to comfortable. It was much  
 colder there, than here and the tents  
 are no places to keep very warm  
 in. He had no real beds, but cots

which are just a folding construction with a canvas to lie on. There were no mattresses, just 2 blankets and one comforter and one had to roll one self up artistically to lay they all might rapped up like a cocoon. Still I liked it, despite all those nasty things like cold weather, eating in the open out of mess kits e.t.c.

Another outfit took over and we left. What the reason was is still unknown to me. At present we are in our old area in Jacksonville, where we have't been since two and a half months and do all kind of guard duty and a little refresher training. The first day I caught K.P. again - don't be surprised father - I am still a busy P.F.C. - which sometimes gives me some heartache - seeing guys with much less knowledge and having come much later in, becoming my superiors. Hell - that is it - and I could change it rapidly by asking for a transfer. I could become sergeant and more with my background and knowledge - but who knows whether it is't better to stay a "K.P." So many men in my company, who are my superiors treat me as their own, because they know, where I should be by now. — For today I finish and with all my love and greetings for every single one at home I remain with kisses  
your hus



Nov. 10<sup>th</sup> 1943

My dearest Parents,

I am without mail from you today. I wanted to write to you yesterday but was so tired, that I slept every free minute of the day until I went on duty. As I wrote you before, I do duty now on the Railway Station from midnight until 8 o'clock in the morning. Until I can go to bed it is about 9 o'clock and then I am naturally very tired. It is not only that I have to move around for 8 hours but the climate is soumpy and affects me also. Last night it was really cold and I drank one cup of coffee after the other. During the day it got warmer again.

Today I slept from morning until now 3<sup>30</sup> in the afternoon without any interruption and without noticing anything of the noise and confusion going on in a barracks with about 40 men. I feel rested and fine and have a tremendous appetite, which I shall try to satisfy in a short time when ~~the~~ supper comes.

This week I don't feel like going

out at all. After I awake in the afternoon I prepare all my equipment - which gives you work every day and then stay in my comfortable fatigue dress, hanging around, writing, reading or laying down again.

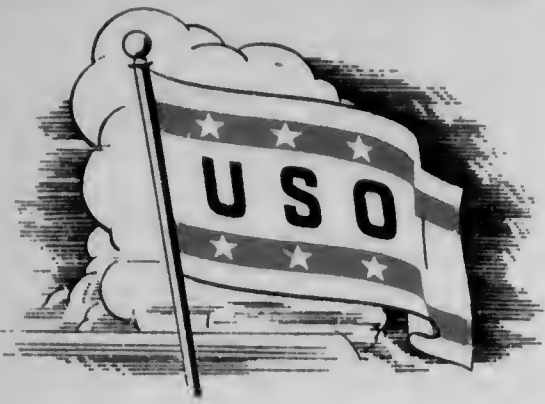
Next week I must ~~probably~~ probably go on a different shift and then I have to switch my way of living and sleeping again from one day to the other. That's how it goes in the Army and I wish I could lay in bed again and father has to drag me out of bed every morning. No bugles, no hurry, no sergeants, no uniforms, no shoeshines - but going out into the kitchen, where Muddern shoots around - our blue-eyed Mess Sergeant.

Hell - it seems I need a furlough badly - and pray it may come soon.

I send you a few photos from Mississippi, which will interest you, as I believe. What every photo represents I wrote on the back of each one.

Give my love to Fred, Baby, Paul and Mabel and be kissed and greeted with all my heart.

always your loving



Dec. 19<sup>th</sup> 1943.

My dearest Parents,

I am very unhappy, that I don't write more, but if you would realize how much we are engaged now - you certainly will excuse me. I got a few very nice letters from you, all the parcels and a gift from Baby & Fred.

I am glad about everything the food is delicious - but please don't send any cans any more - it is absolutely not necessary to use your ration points for me. Any way many, many thanks for it. From Fred & Baby I got a book by my favorite cartoonist and I was delighted to have it. As I write this lines in a big hurry - please

tell both of them how glad they made me  
with this gift. At the first opportunity I  
shall thank them personally, hoping they will  
excuse me that I don't do it right now.

I am working now day after day  
on guard. Sometimes 6 hours on 12 off  
or 4 hours on and 8 off. In the time  
off we have to drill, train and do all  
other work - and sleep. You can imagine  
how ~~small~~ little time is left. Work is very  
monotonous and tiring. Thanks God  
good weather has come back - we  
had a few days cold, rainy and even  
frost and at night it was a little  
unpleasant.

I am glad to hear that Mother's  
birthday passed nicely. I wanted to buy  
her some gift and asked for a special  
pass Friday evening when the stores keep open  
late. But after running around for hours I was  
convinced, that one hardly can find anything with  
real taste in this town. All cheap stuff - even if it  
costs a lot. So I wired those flowers - I know  
pretty girls like them allways.

I will finish this letter today as  
allways with a lot of love and many  
hearty kisses  
yours  
Ho

Dec. 23<sup>rd</sup> 1943

My dearest Parents,

After a few days not writing I have again a chance to sit down for a while and to talk to you. Work is plentiful and nearly no time off. I am sorry that the time for writing is so little, because I would like to do more of it - specially as I got ~~so~~ such nice letters from you which deserve a better answer.

In the last few days I got presents from Baby & Fritz, and Paul & hisek and am I very happy about it. Hould'nt it be for those parcels we would'nt know, that holidays are there. Every one gets some and they all like it. It is good to receive some tokens from home - no matter what it is. Just to open it up seeing the paper and string, thinking how it was rapped up for you at home, gives one the feeling, that there

are so many dears at home caring for  
you. Your bunkery was gone very fast and  
I have still <sup>some of</sup> your smoked meat left. It  
is delicious and it keeps well in the ice box.  
When I am out on duty at night, I take  
a sandwich along. The first time I did  
so - I ate it at about 3 o'clock in the  
morning - I caught myself talking to Muttick,  
praising her art of cooking.

~~Even~~ I am always glad, if you write  
long letters, telling me about all small things,  
it gives you the real picture of life at home  
and I ~~go~~ can visualize everything better. I have  
mostly no time now to mention or answer everything  
but nevertheless it is of the biggest interest for  
me.

I hope that you all are feeling better now  
and that nobody ~~gets~~ gets sick any more.  
He read very much about the Flu going  
around - we have it here too. But until  
now we had only a few very mild cases, which  
were over within a few days. About me you  
don't need to worry - I am a healthy brute  
and get never sick - unless I rip my skin open  
or knock some of my bones ~~or~~ or head against  
the wall. And that naturally I try to avoid  
also.

For today I say good bye again and  
be greeted with all my love  
forever yours Leo -

Fort Jackson, S.C.  
795<sup>th</sup> MPBN, Co. D.

Jan. 11<sup>th</sup> 1944

My dearest Parents,

Yesterday night we arrived at our new camp - it is a very big one and I haven't seen much of it yet. Here it is very cold, snow and frozen ground and quite a change. Still I like this climate much better - it is much healthier, than in Florida. We have good huts and our stoves are kept burning all day and night and so we have it very cozy in here.

The camp is 6 miles from Columbia, a town of about 75000 population. I don't know how it is, as I had no time yet to go there.

I was very tired when we came down here, because we worked in Jacksonville to the last minute until the new outfit coming in, took over our duties. He will stay here

most probably for a few weeks, training and refreshing everything and will the live be very regulated, strenuous - but healthy and normal.

On the day before we left our "dear" company commander was transferred and after 16 months he departed without fanfare and we certainly didn't cry after him - we were all smiles. He got a new company commander now. One of our young officers, a good man and generally well liked. The whole atmosphere has changed and we look forward to a better time than we had in those last few months.

On the train I ate delicious sandwiches which I made with your meat. It just arrived in time and I really enjoyed it - so did a few other boys. Thanks very much.

I am now about 300 miles nearer to N. Y. and let's hope I will work my way up there. It would be too beautiful to be stationed near to home.

I hope I shall have more time now - or let's say more spirit too to write. I haven't written to all my



funny. He knew practically the whole town  
and had a very good reputation there.  
Saturday night I went out for the last  
time, seeing a lot of people, having  
fare well drinks. I came back late and  
had to go on guard duty right away  
until morning. You can imagine how  
I felt next day, when I still had  
no chance for sleeping, because we had  
to park up. Finally - Sunday evening  
we left.

Yesterday I was very, very tired  
but today after a long and healthy sleep  
I feel wonderful again.

I have a fine job today - I sit  
in my tent and paint signs. I stole this  
half hour to write to you. Too many  
sergeants are hanging around and  
I better finish now.

All the love to you and regards  
to every one  
as always,

yours

Ho.

friends, for such a long time - I owe to all of them some letters. (You forgot to send me Eva's Address!)

Last month one of my best friends married a girl he met in Jacksonville last year. Incidentally a very nice one and so finally they got together. They had a little rented room with kitchen in town - more than modest. I gave them some money as a present, which they could use very much. You should read the letter she wrote to me.

Well - and so I started the month a little short of money. I could have managed to ~~go~~ finish it without asking you for some help - but after we got rid of our dear commanding officer - combined with a sudden freedom and at the same time saying "good bye" to Jacksonville and all its girl friends - well in short we celebrated really. I am flat broke and would appreciate it very much, if you could give me some moral boost in my pocket. Don't be angry at me - but sometimes one has to live a little bird - specially after a time like this. I don't regret it - it gave me so much good feeling.

Saying good bye here was really

funny. He knew practically the whole town  
and had a very good reputation there.  
Saturday night I went out for the last  
time, seeing a lot of people, having  
fare well drinks. I came back late and  
had to go on guard duty right away  
until morning. You can imagine how  
I felt next day, when I still had  
no chance for sleeping, because we had  
to park up. Finally - Sunday evening  
we left.

Yesterday I was very, very tired  
but today after a long and healthy sleep  
I feel wonderful again.

I have a fine job today - I sit  
in my hut and paint signs. I stole this  
half hour to write to you. Too many  
sergeants are hanging around and  
I better finish now.

All the love to you and regards  
to every one  
as always,

yours

Leo

1-12-1944

My dearest Parents,

It is evening again, I sit on my bed now after having built a nice fire in my stove. This time I was able to make a table - it was broken down and I nailed it together - and so I have a nice place to sit down and to write. A table is a tremendous luxury in a barrack - usually there is no room for one. Lucky enough. The light is right over my corner and it is unbelievable what difference one single item like a "table" can ~~do~~ make for the life in a barrack. I have my ashtray <sup>(wooden)</sup> standing on it at last. It is an old "fardley" shaving box, ~~was~~ on top of which I had painted two lightly dressed mannequins - and it was standing since ~~then always~~ <sup>a long time</sup> on obscure window sills. Writing or reading the paper for a few minutes - I can put my cigarettes and matches next to me - I ~~can~~ have not to interrupt and search through my pockets - I just grab for them, if I want. And lying down at night and putting all those little things a man has in his pockets on the table - or looking over the table into the room - everything has a different atmosphere. Not to talk about the prospect, that at the first occasion I ~~can~~ shall use it for sketching. Well - I guess

I am in love with it and safeguard it properly.  
I haven't been in town yet, which is only a few  
miles away - for a few reasons. One you know  
- I am broke, then we were pretty busy. But I  
know I could have still gone - I just didn't  
feel much like it. It is like a rest after the  
hard time in Jacksonville, the celebrating before  
the departure - the memory of a nice girl there  
- by the way I never talked about her - she is a real  
Georgia hillbilly girl, very pretty, always laughing  
a bus driver, & speaking in a Southern drawl, which  
needs an own dictionary (not to talk what dictionary  
she needed for me) - but I made myself understandable  
- well I left my story - where was I? Jes - and  
there is my cozy corner and the big table in my  
barracks. It gives me some atmosphere of home.  
When I write to you - somewhere I can imagine  
you mother sitting in a corner with some knitting  
and father without a tie ~~and~~ reading the  
newspaper. That means a lot already in  
this impersonal surrounding.

Hell - I stop there - otherwise I get an  
attack of homesickness. But I can't stop to  
think of you all the time and I don't want  
it.

With all my love for you and the other  
children

I remain yours

hes.

Jan. 25<sup>th</sup> 1944

My dearest Parents,

I just got your letter and I was laughing about the party you gave me. I think that this is really sweet of you. Well - I can't tell you much about my work at Hq. yet, because it is a short time only, that I am back and of those few days I spent i 3 on the firing range. He all in the Battalion are out there. My work in the Intelligence Section will consist in Drafting - if there is any to be done, map making, compass work eventually interpreter, in case we work with prisoners of war. And there is a lot more connected to it, which is more or less office work. In the last days I did a lot of lettering - and my finger show still the signs of oil paint. Anyhow - I am very glad, there is a nice atmosphere and outside of duty no feeling of ranks whatsoever. I sleep now in a hut, where I am the only Pfc. - all others sergeants, corporals - even the Master Sergeant - which is the highest rank of a non commissioned officer in a Battalion. Don't ~~that~~ think, that I have to do all

the work now - we all do everything together, as far as the life in the Barracks is concerned.

I think, that I will go along well with all of them. As far as the officers are concerned, I can't say anything bad either. They are all very nice and seem to be satisfied so far. The difference in their behavior to that one I was used to in the last few months is like day and night.

I nearly don't go to town at all. Most of the evenings I either go to the moory or to the Service Club or library. A few evenings I spent sketching a little. Nothing important - just for my own fun. I have to get in again, as I haven't worked for such a long time.

With the boys of my old company - I mean those, with whom I always have been friends. I mostly stay together at night. Either I go over to them, or they come to pick me up. I am glad about it, because there are a few I like very much.

From Gerry Freedman and his wife - that is the fellow who was discharged - I got for New-Year a subscription of the Esquire for a full year. Isn't that

(2) nice of them? I failed until now to write to ~~them~~ the paper to notify them of the change of address. The same with P.M. Will you do it for P.M.? Thank you. Many thanks for the stamps. If you could send me more of those I would appreciate it very much. There are so many here, who would like to buy them.

I am glad to hear, that you made some business again, because in the last time you complain a little bit. One has to be patient with a kind of store we have, but it ~~makes~~ is hard for us only, because our back ground is not so strong. But in the end I am confident and sure that it will build itself up with the time.

Your salami was a wonderful thing in those last days. I took always a sandwich on the Range and did that taste well out there in the cold air, where the appetit grows big long before chow time. I am glad to get something else from home. If I write to you such things, by God don't think that I am starving here. All those things from home are a wonderful luxury in a life like that.



By the way - I almost forgot. Many many thanks for the \$ 3. - . You really spoil me - but I must confess, that I like it once in a while. If a soldier opens up his envelope at Mail call and a few unexpected Dollar bills show up - oh you should see those grins on their faces. I must have grinned that way today.

After I am through with this letter I go to a movie tonight. The boys will come over very soon.

One more thing I don't want to forget. If in the next days - perhaps in a week - a Sergeant should visit you - please don't discuss the matter with our old captain. He is a staff sergeant from the old company, who likes me more, than I do him. He goes on furlough and told me, he would visit you. Hell - he is nice - but I don't trust him. That is all for today.

One more many thanks for every-  
thing and lots of love for you  
always yours,

Lee

Jan. 30<sup>th</sup> 1944

My dearest Parents,

It is Sunday after lunch  
- a very nice and sunny day. By air  
I slept all morning long and later in  
the afternoon I ~~most~~ probably  
go to town.

Last week was pretty busy,  
we were out at the range nearly  
every day, but that is over now.  
This is again such a lazy weekend  
with a lot of sleep and food. Thanks  
to the meat you send me, I had  
a wonderful breakfast of my own.  
Oh - you are really spoiling me.  
I keep it in the ice box of the kitchen  
and there it stays fresh. When I took  
it out, one of our young officers - a  
Jewish boy from N.Y. got half crazy  
and talking jiddish, praising you in  
to the heavens we all together. By the way - I  
have always a lot of fun with this  
officer - last Thursday evening I went

to town to a concert. A young Finnish girl gave a piano recital - her name is Hilde Sommer. It was a concert for the benefit of the Infirmary Paralyse Drive and ~~was~~ a very good one. Besides her the chorus of a big high school of this town gave a few numbers and was I very much impressed by the clearness and youthfulness of those voices of a few hundred girls and boys.

After the concert I tried to get backstage. I found there the whole high school standing in line to get ~~autographs~~ <sup>autograms</sup>. So I fell in line too, but when I got finally up to the girl I gave her my program telling her, that in this case I give her my ~~auto~~ signature. I had written something in German. You should have seen the surprise. I stayed with her a little bit, talking about old times, but had to leave soon. At this occasion I was introduced to a man - I think his name is Baumberger, a conductor from Vienna, who a short time ago, lent a Barrocks Fantasia from our store for a Figaro performance. Do you remember him? He sends you his best regards. He came down here to lead the Musical Festivals in

(2) March & April. How small the world is.  
This town isn't a very big one, but it has  
the style of a little "city" with people who  
have interest in a lot of more things than  
it was in Jacksonville. —

Yesterday I got a letter from  
Eva - a real nice one. I had written  
congratulations to her and she answered  
immediately. I just can't imagine, that  
this little boy is a mother now. But  
the times ~~are~~ is marching on and if I  
think about my own age, then I shouldn't  
be surprised about news like that.

I got an answer from Mrs. McKim  
too and I shall try to make something  
for this coming exhibition. I think  
it is a good thing to keep in contact  
with people like those. She wrote, how  
sorry she was not to have met me  
and excused herself too, for not  
visiting you in the shore.

I have a map of the U. S. A. over  
my bed and sometimes I dream  
how I would go and visit you. For

instance, if I could get a 3 day pass  
and fly to N.Y. - wouldn't be a bad  
idea! But how getting a 3 day pass??  
Well - I guess that is just dreaming on  
the map. -

My dears - please give my best  
regards to every one - Mike, Paul, Fred  
and Baby. Be kissed and greeted  
with all my heart, I am all ways  
in love

yours

ru.

March 16th, 1944

My dearest Parents,

Almost a week gone again, time passes so quickly. I had no chance to write to you in the last few days, there was so much to do. I have now classes a few times at night on different subjects. Partly for new noncommissioned officers like myself or - now don't laugh - I am going to learn, how to drive a car. That is something I wanted to do for a long time and there is no place to learn it better, than in the Army.

I hope to get mail from you tomorrow, as I didn't have any today. I am still fully under the impression of last weekend and so glad about it.

The stuff I send home was surplus which I couldn't handle any more. The last trip was a long one and we ~~β~~ were permitted only two barracks bags. Without the locker there is not much room left, so I decided to send things home, which I don't need.

The coming weekend I might go to Chicago again, but it will be different this time. I don't know it yet - most probably I'll know in the last minute.

I forgot to write you - but father most probably told you all about it - that the funny newspaper "Jank" will publish a cartoon of mine. I don't know yet when - but when it comes, I will send you a copy, as you can't buy it.

About the wrist band! I am so unhappy that Mother's little "Anhängsel" is broken off again. But one just can't help it - it is too delicate. All the boys get now from their wives or mothers a wristband with something inscribed on it. If you want me to have something - please send me a plain one of ~~those~~.

It looks like that and shouldn't cost too much. Those things are sturdy and don't catch as easy on something like the "Anhängsel" do.



That is about all for today. As always with a lot of love for all of you and many hearty kisses

I remain yours  
Leo.

CHICAGO BOARD OF TRADE BUILDING OBSERVATORY  
FROM SOUTH END LA SALLE STREET STATION





CHICAGO  
MAR 20  
11 AM  
1944  
ILL.

GIVE  
RED CROSS  
WAR FUND

Cpl. Max Gluckselip 32410629  
HQ. Det. 79th OMP BN.  
Ft. Custer, Mich.

Best greetings from  
Max & Helen

Again in Chicago - and its  
grand to be with Kleins.

Love and kisses

We are glad to have him &  
hope he comes in every week.  
All the best Grete Klein

Mr. & Mrs.

Max Gluckselip  
1894 Walton St.

Bronx, New-York.



FORT CUSTER  
BATTLE CREEK, MICHIGAN

April 15<sup>th</sup> 1944

My dearest Parents,

Saturday Evening - it's cold ~~and~~  
and raining. Spring has changed it's mind  
again and we freeze again. I stayed  
in this weekend as I predicted and is  
it good to rest up once in a while.  
last few days there was much work  
anyway.

I got your letter including \$10. -  
and am I mighty glad - I was down  
to my last nickel! I don't know, what  
happened this month - I never misculated  
that much. Those holy days cost me a lot  
of money. I thank you very much for it, be-  
cause it helps me along now. I only  
hate to ask you for money. And lately  
I asked for so many things.

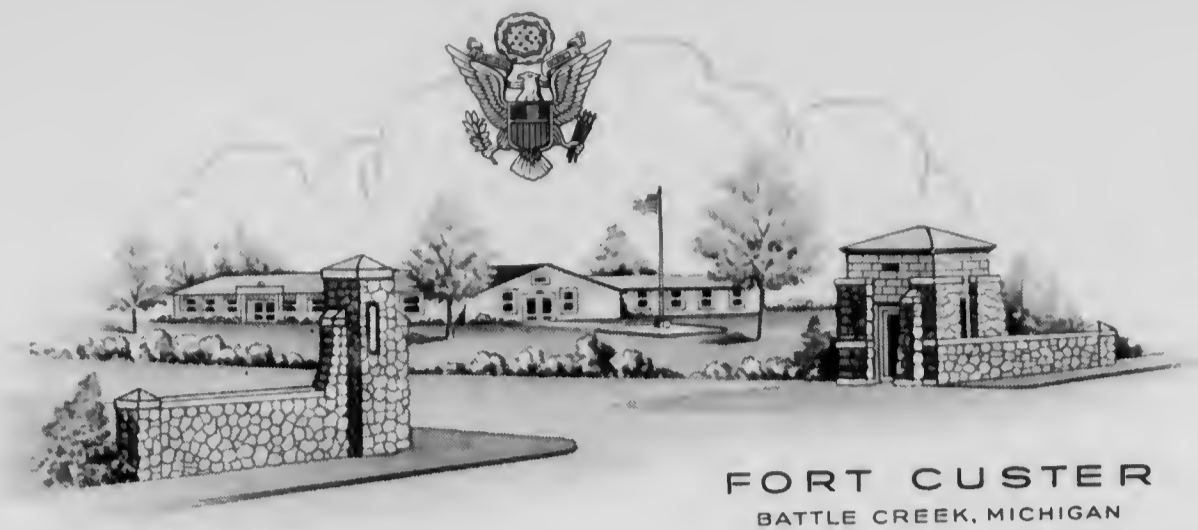
Now as for as the situation is con-  
cerned - I shall tell you the truth.  
I might - I said "I might" get a furlough

by the end of the month and don't want to get caught with my pants down. Furthermore I have the chance to buy a pair of shoes cheaply right here and therefore I must ask you for some more. Please tell me, if that is too much - I try always not to bother you with money - but it ~~do~~ catches you sometimes in the Army - and specially in moments you need it mostly. I fight for this furlough and it seems I will have success - so I don't want to lose a minute in case I can go. The trip is something around \$22. - or so

I shall pay you back in coming month. You can't imagine how embarrassed I am to ask you - ~~but~~ I am not used to it anymore and wish I could get away from it already.

I am so anxious for those coming weeks - I never would have mentioned the chance of coming home - if it would not have been for the damn money. Let's hope for it..

In case it is too much for you, please ask Miss, or Paul whether they can



lend me some money - I shall pay it  
back every month or few \$. I am so  
anxious to have the money soon - one  
~~as~~ never knows.

I am already coming and  
nervous and not good in letter writing.  
People have made you crazy with  
rumors and don't pay too much attention  
to it. I am here and hope to see you  
soon and will bowl you out personally  
for believing everything. I don't know  
what ~~it~~ kids the people get to tell things  
they don't know themselves about. So  
don't be nervous and better let's be  
praying for a soon reunion in N. Y.  
At the moment our boys got all kind  
of duties around here and there is  
no more reason for us to believe in  
leaving, then before. So line up  
and forget it. —

I am very sleepy and shall go  
to bed soon. Most of the boys are  
in town and it is pretty quiet  
around here.

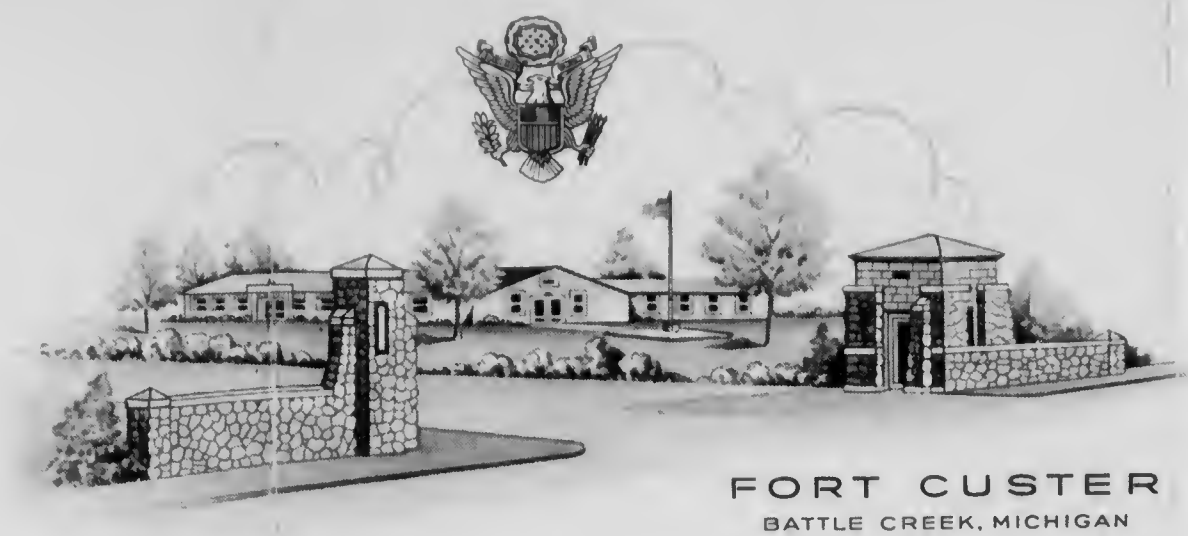
Cross your fingers please -  
I will be so happy to see you  
again.

In love and devotion

always yours

his.

P.S. About the "Ketterel" we will worry  
in N. Y. together.



May 4<sup>th</sup> 1944.

My dearest Parents,

I just came back from a class which I had to attend tonight and hurry to write to you before I go to bed. This includes a shave and also a shower and straightening out of a few things. One can find always things, to be kept busy around here.

Yesterday night we had a party of the Headquarters Detachment again. It was really a fancy affair, which was paid by our fund - in short it didn't cost us anything. There was beer and a tremendous meal including steaks an inch thick. And that is not exaggerated. . . We all had a good time - a lot of singing and joking

a full belly and a drowsy head. He had again  
our Staff Officers with us as guests of ours.  
Today naturally we all have a tremendous  
hangover and I am longing for the bed already  
to sleep it over.

I got your letter today with your kind and  
heartly wishes, including the little Meuse, which  
I have in my money bag and will keep there.  
Many, many thanks for everything. You are  
so nice to me, that I never can find  
the appropriate words to express myself  
and to thank you. I am just glad to  
have you and call myself happy to have  
that much love from you. I feel very funny  
to be 30 years already - as I feel still  
so young in years - I just can't believe  
how fast the time goes by. Enough has  
happened anyway, but I think it is  
a better tendency to look forward, instead  
of back. And so let's hope, that the  
future will bring us still more light  
and happiness.

With all my best wishes and  
all my love always your devoted son

Leo



UNITED STATES ARMY

May 24<sup>th</sup> 1944

H.Q. Det. 795<sup>th</sup> MP. BN  
A.P.O. ~~2155~~ 5255  
c/o Postmaster, N.Y.C., N.Y.

My very Dearest,

You all might have waited for this letter anxiously as much as I was to write it. This is the very first chance I have to do so and having not much time, I will tell you only those things closest to mind and heart at the moment.

This address will be the address you are writing to from now on. You know what it means and I don't need to explain to you, that my letters from now on will be concerned only with my personal affairs and feelings and as much information as it is permitted to give. I shall write to you always very clearly and don't search for anything in between the lines.

I ~~don't~~ write to you first, because I don't know whether you told the parents of my going overseas. In any case I shall write to them tomorrow to give you one more day's space. I believe it is better to break the news to them this way, than to surprise them with



a letter of mine. In case they know already  
you can show this letter to them, because there  
is nothing anymore we are holding back from  
them.

There is only the fact, that I am in  
very good condition and faith, with the full  
conviction to be able to stand up to everything  
that may come. That are no common places - but  
is really so. We have the right back ground to  
think that way, after all the experiences we have  
gone ~~to~~ through - experiences in which we have been  
helpless and trampled down in every respect. Today  
I am together with a throng of men, ~~like~~  
with the same spirit and hope. Then I have  
you at home - a thought which gives me strength  
and joy. And I shall feel much better, if  
I would know, that you all join me in this  
spirit and won't worry to much. That you do so  
I know - because I have your love - but if I  
say "not to much" I mean, that you do will  
hold up your believe in the necessity of all that  
and with it never loose your faith and hope.  
I embrace every single one of you - you will  
hear a few times more from me - and above  
all - remain in everlasting love

yours

P.S.

The key is for the valise  
I send to you!

his

696

FROM: TEGS LED GLUECKSELIG 3241029  
 HQ DET. 795th MP BN  
 A.P.O. # 350 1/2 P.M. N.Y.  
 June 19<sup>th</sup>, 1944

TO: MR. & MRS. MAX GLUECKSELIG  
 1894 WALTON AVE.  
 BRONX, N.Y., U.S.A.

My dearest Parents,  
 It's quite a time since I heard from you last, but that isn't your fault. I hope that everything is all right at home and that I will hear it very fast soon in letters from you. At the moment I work in a nice place - it isn't too hard - and in our time off we play a lot of games. We try to pass the time away as good as possible and are in good spirit. I read a lot - there is a lot time to do so - as summer days in England are very long. He are in a new place now and whether has changed to much better - it is just beautiful around here.

Last night we went to a small pub (bar) for the first time. It isn't a bar, as what we think of. It is a gathering place, to sit and talk things over - more like a club - only where they smoke, it looks like a European "Bierstube". We met a lot of English people there - and I just can say, that they are very, very friendly to us. He may over hearts out and they joined in. All in all I admire them how they take things and kept their moral and spirit up. They really felt the war and it goes a long time too.

My dearest - I think a lot of you - of every night one. I am very impatient already to hear from at home, what you are doing and how things are going. I hope it will be the best allways. My best greetings to all of you and be kissed with all my heart  
 yours  
 Ted

FROM: TEGS LED GLUECKSELIG 3241029  
 HQ DET. 795th MP BN  
 A.P.O. # 350 1/2 P.M. N.Y.  
 July 12<sup>th</sup>, 1944

TO: MR. & MRS. MAX GLUECKSELIG  
 1894 WALTON AVE.  
 BRONX, N.Y., U.S.A.

My beloved Parents,  
 I am so happy - I got a lot of mail in the last two days - 3 letters from you. I am glad to know that you are doing fine and may God give it what ever change.

Your package didn't reach me yet, but will so most probably very soon. I am sorry you had some trouble with the weight - never send more than 5 pounds and not longer than a shoe box. Further on you will have it easier, if you can show a request in my letters - to send something to me.

I am glad, if you send to me cigarettes and hard candy. It's nice to have it.

All the address you send me I can use at the moment only for letter writing. I will try to write soon, though I haven't to much time. There is pretty much work to do at the moment.

So I wish you again all the best in the world and be kissed in greatest love  
 yours  
 Ted

FROM: TEGS LED GLUECKSELIG 3241029  
 HQ DET. 795th MP BN  
 A.P.O. # 350 1/2 P.M. N.Y., N.Y.  
 July 29<sup>th</sup>, 1944

TO: MR. & MRS. MAX GLUECKSELIG  
 1894 WALTON AVE.  
 BRONX, N.Y., U.S.A.

My dearest Parents,  
 It is a real shame - I couldn't write in the last few days. I hope you will forgive me. He had a lot to do and at evening I was out a few times with the boys and I had to talk to meet English people with whom we made friends. They own a wonderful house in the neighborhood and we are welcome there at any time. They treat us wonderfully and it is a big thing to find a thing like that far from home.

There are a few letters also whose husbands are gone for years - one a prisoner of war of the Japanese. The sweetest letters you can imagine - so I am very close with them letters in the house - or if it doesn't rain in the garden.

Our boys make a party tonight and I have invited those people. The others get their company by writing a short bunch of English Service Units and which are stationed near from us. As you can see we make it as good as possible for us.

From all your letters I can see that you must have a very hot fire in the States. I wish I could get some from there and in return send some of our newspapers over to you. I can't believe it is July. I hope only that you really enjoyed your stay in Kew-Forest and that you are so very rested now.

My dearest, be as always kissed and greeted in greatest love  
 yours  
 Ted

FROM: TEGS LED GLUECKSELIG 3241029  
 HQ DET. 795th MP BN  
 A.P.O. # 350 1/2 P.M. N.Y., N.Y.  
 July 25<sup>th</sup>, 1944

TO: MR. & MRS. MAX GLUECKSELIG  
 1894 WALTON AVE.  
 BRONX, N.Y., U.S.A.

My dearest Parents,  
 I quickly sit down to write a few lines to you. I had no time to do so the last few days and I guess you rather have a few lines, than none at all. I am very well and pretty busy these days.

I wrote a letter to Aunt Hermine about 2 weeks ago, but have no answer yet. I hope every thing is alright with her.

Last Sunday afternoon I had off and as we had beautiful weather I walked around the country side and made a few sketches. When I get enough together I shall send them home to you. They will be a fine memory of things I have seen.

Give my best regards to Uncle, Aunt, Fred & Gaby and you be kissed in greatest love  
 always yours  
 Ted

P.S. just received letter from Aunt Hermine - she is very well!

697

FROM: Mr. & Mrs. Max Gluckselig, 1894 Walton Ave., Bronx, N.Y., U.S.A.

TO: Mrs. Gluckselig, 1894 Walton Ave., Bronx, N.Y., U.S.A.

TELE. LED GLUCKSELIG 32410629  
HQ. DET. 79574 MP. BN.  
A.P.O. # 350 c/o P.M. N.Y.C., N.Y.

SEE INSTRUCTION NO. 2

August 6th 1944

My dearest Parents,  
Yesterday it was two years since I came into the Army - it seems a very long time and on the other hand everything is just like the wish of a whip. So many things have happened in the last few years, so many big and new impressions have followed each other, that it is very hard to keep track for so especially as far as time is concerned. When I look on the calendar sometimes I am surprised. This time it was the same way - I hardly can imagine that it is two years already, that I don't live together with you - that is a long time and I wonder how much more time will pass until our and millions other dreams will come true. The funny thing is - that under other circumstances, if I would be gone from you I would realize it better than now. Because this parting is one, which more or less doesn't depend upon our own decision - it is a happening in a serious time, which touches all of us more or less and upon which' outcome all our fate depends. This makes it in a certain way easier, but leaves us more open to the sentiment of being away. Don't think that I am deeply unhappy, when I write things like that - it is so natural to think of home for a soldier, as a part of his uniform is. I wouldn't like to be a soldier, who is at home - I haven't met him yet - he would be a very poor case. Because this feeling is all our morale, our hope our outlook for future days and one of our personal reasons and explanations, why we have to go through all this. So if I let myself go sometimes, don't think that I am very unhappy - but just realize that I visit you and think much of home. You wouldn't like to have it different - isn't it that way?

Today is sunny and I haven't done very much. Later on I shall go out on a pass. I don't know yet what I will do - but it will be a relaxation anyway. We have lately much better weather, which I enjoy very much. I got all your letters from Worcester and I am extremely happy, that you went there. In the coming days you will realize how good a thing like that is. You didn't have much rest and vacation in the last years and you will only profit in those months to come. I hope only that you will do think that way from now on and think a little more of yourself. In all the letters I got from the States people complain about the terrific heat there. You must have been especially hard this summer - something we couldn't complain about here.

In your last letter you told me that Isabelle couldn't send a parcel to me. I am very sorry and can imagine how disappointed she was. But I think that I wrote to you, that you have to show a letter of request for the things you want to send. In any case I tell you once more that the missing things I want are hard candies, cigarettes then please pencils for sketching (2B, 4B) erasers or better art gum, and stationary (only writing paper, no envelope) Soap and blades. I have plenty. By the way I got your first parcel and was mighty thrilled to open it up. It didn't last very long. It was so good to get something personal. Many thanks for it. I forgot, if you would like to send me some socks I would appreciate it too. Woolen ones, size 11. But don't forget you must not make the parcel heavier than 5 pounds and not bigger than a shoebox.

That is about all I would like to have - are really taken care of very well and so far do not miss anything. Well these things missing really, you can't send by mail... you know that but I hope it will be not before long that I personally will have the chance to take care of that. Be kissed and greeted with all my love.

REPLY BY V-MAIL

HAVE YOU FILLED IN COMPLETE ADDRESS AT TOP?

FROM: MR. & MRS. MAX GLUCKSELIG, 1894 WALTON AVE., BRONX, N.Y.

TO: MR. & MRS. MAX GLUCKSELIG, 1894 WALTON AVE., BRONX, N.Y.

TELE. LED GLUCKSELIG 32410629  
HQ. DET. 79574 MP. BN.  
A.P.O. # 350 c/o P.M. N.Y.C., N.Y.

SEE INSTRUCTION NO. 2

Aug 18th 1944

My beloved Parents,  
Since I wrote my last letter - a few things have changed. I am terrible sorry that I had to leave you without news for a few days - but that happens always when we take a trip. Well I took one again and feel very, very fine. This one took me across - don't be surprised - to France and as I return again where I left 6 years ago. It fills me with a certain satisfaction - it is very different the way I would look.

Yesterday I was terrible tired - but had a wonderful night's rest and write this letter very much refreshed and in high spirits. Give please to every one my love and you be greeted with all my heart and love always yours

REPLY BY V-MAIL

HAVE YOU FILLED IN COMPLETE ADDRESS AT TOP?

FROM: TELE. LED GLUCKSELIG 32410629  
HQ. DET. 79574 MP. BN.  
A.P.O. # 350 c/o P.M. N.Y.C., N.Y.

TO: MR. & MRS. MAX GLUCKSELIG, 1894 WALTON AVE., BRONX, NEW-YORK, U.S.A.

SEE INSTRUCTION NO. 2

Sept. 14th, 1944.

My dearest Parents,  
I received mail today again - and I was glad to hear, that you finally got my first letters from France. It filled me always, with a sense, that those would pass quick a time in which you won't hear anything, and I wasn't able to do anything about it. I remember like today, when I wrote to you first it was a quiet evening - unbelievable quiet - I was sitting on the grass, very dark and dead tired and tried to write to you. I was like in a dream, everything had gone so fast - was it seemed that way at first - and thanks God everything without incident. I thought - "if you only could know it - if you only could see all the airplanes in the air - all American and English - not a single German one - if you only could know it right now..."

But finally you know it and I feel relieved about it. I also got a package - and all the wonderful things in it. Burned Almonds, my favorite candy in a Biala, when I was a child. Sables and macarons - very welcome, something you can send once in a while (shorts too). Then the pencils - I was down to the last one - many, many thanks. Unfortunately I have not much chance to sketch at the present - but it will come again. You are so kind - and I love you very much always yours

REPLY BY V-MAIL

HAVE YOU FILLED IN COMPLETE ADDRESS AT TOP?

FROM: TELE. LED GLUCKSELIG, 32410629  
HQ. DET. 79574 MP. BN.  
A.P.O. # 350 c/o P.M. N.Y.C., N.Y.

TO: MR. & MRS. MAX GLUCKSELIG, 1894 WALTON AVE., BRONX, NEW-YORK, U.S.A.

SEE INSTRUCTION NO. 2

Sept 29th 1944

My very dearest Parents,  
It is me now, who hasn't got for a long time. So I am not the only one, we figure, that this is the fault of the mail - somehow our mail is held up and I hope, that I hear from you soon. The holiday passed by and I wasn't able to be at any service, because there was some around my neighborhood. I thought much of Louis and looked for myself into the prayer book, which I got from father before I left. I hope you passed the day well. I was a feeling your thoughts and wishes about on this day - and may they come true soon.

Here is still a lot to do, though it has quieted down now. Until lately I had not much chance to get around for by myself. but it is a little better in this respect now. I haven't got much time only - and the days pass by quickly, without much, private experience here I am, it is very quiet, the people very religious and hard working and one can't do much. I know a few people and talking to them is the main occupation in my contact with them. This is a narrow picture - but there is not much to do here outside of work and I hope I will have a chance soon, to live in a bigger place - there are I have passed through frequently.

I sent a package to mother today - and I hope I can do so soon to all the others in the family. It is not so easy for me to get around and I know so many things I would like. The gift for mother didn't cost me anything - but I still hope she will like it.

With all my love yours

REPLY BY V-MAIL

HAVE YOU FILLED IN COMPLETE ADDRESS AT TOP?

Print the complete address in plain block letters in the panel below and your return address in the space provided. Use typewriter, dark ink or pencil. Write plainly. Very small writing is not suitable.

No.

*Alvin D. Beam*  
*encs*

INSOR'S STAMP

Mr & Mrs.  
Max Gencerechig  
1894 Kalton Ave.  
Bronx, N.Y.

Te 5 M Gencerechig  
324 111 29  
H.A. 22-79576 MP. Bu.  
N.Y.C. 517  
5:30 P.M. N.Y.C.

Oct 11th 1944.

My very Dearest,

Very quickly a few lines. In the last days again I could not write, being busy from morning to night.

I am well and healthy, and got your parcel with all the drawing pads and boucons. Many, many thanks for it.

I shall write a long letter tomorrow or the day after - be meanwhile greeted with all my love

I think of you always

yours

*kw*

V. M. II

POST OFFICE DEPARTMENT PERMIT NO. 1

Aug. 31<sup>st</sup> 1944

My beloved Parents,

I have an evening time today, which I shall use to answer letters. I had so little time to write since I came here and feel bad about, specially as I realize, that you will wait for mail ~~more~~ now, more than ever. But it is really not my fault and I wish I could satisfy you more. Today was a big day for me, because I received 10 letters - the first ones since I left England. And again from every single one - I don't know how to answer all - they meant so much to me. It was just eating time and I wouldn't eat because of my excitement - and went to my bed and read for an hour. But I have to do it over again. In your letters you write still believing I am in England. The last one

(2) is dated Aug. 18th - very quick and I hope only that you heard from me just as quickly. There is a while, were you didn't get any mail from me and I was thinking very often that you will worry very much. But things like that can't be avoided in this time and I hope you'll never lose your faith.

My last letters were quickly written notes, to notify you about my wellfare. I couldn't write much about the last time - and can't do much even today. One thing is true, that nihil now - and I hope for the future too - we were very fortunate in our work and conditions. In England - where every point is near to war - I lived in a very quiet section and experienced nothing of which the Germans make so much propaganda. The last time before leaving gave me very much work and didn't leave me time to think to much ...

Then came the trip. If nothing convinced me, that the Germans lost the war, this trip alone

would have done it. Besides of being strenuous it was (3) uneventful. What our boys have done such a short time before is unbelievable. Since then I have seen much of this liberated country and bear with me big impressions. The people is friendly - a weak expression - and has a deep hatred of "ha Boche" in their heart. They proved it in Paris and elsewhere. What the Germans still are fighting for is understandable, if one looks at it with normal brains - but they don't think normal. Let us hope, that this terrible time will be over soon.

In your letters you ask me, what I want you to send me. So far I get along well - specially as I collected a pool of cigarets in England, which come very handy now. Not only for smoking - they have more value than money here and one can get things like eggs for them. I will appreciate very much your next parcel and am waiting for those sketching pads too because my supply runs low.

I would be very glad, if you would send pencils also  
2 B, 3 B and 4 B and erasers or better art gum.  
Candies and cigarettes I always like to get - and  
perhaps slip a can of salmon or sardines in.

Thank you for sending me, ballot forms, but  
this I have done already since long. I don't ~~get~~ get  
a note today, that they received my card. I didn't  
forget that.

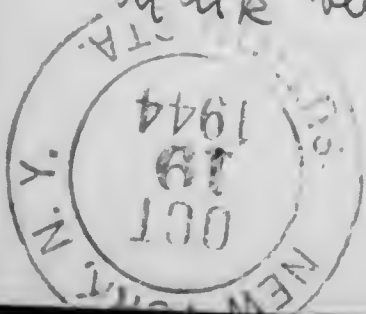
My dearest Parents get my heartfelt ~~con-~~ con-  
gratulations for getting your citizenship - I can  
imagine how happy you are and I am only  
sorry, that I couldn't see your faces - but  
I can imagine them. . . . . May you both  
enjoy it for many, many happy years  
to come - you deserve it.

Be greeted with all my love - I

think very much of you -

always yours in devotion

Leo



Sept. 11th, 1944.

My dearest Parents, and my dearest Fred, Gaby, Paul and Hisele,

I just realized that I nearly missed a date - the time to write to you to the coming holy days. I don't know, whether the letter will arrive exactly at the right time - perhaps too early or perhaps too late. Anyhow it will be only a technical matter, because in my thoughts I talk to you, as we always have done, when those days come - we all gathered on this evening and silently wished each other all the luck in the world. For us it was always a special expression of the love to each other. And so I am together again with all of you - only I have to write and talk, because we are so far apart and my words must replace the embrace or hand-shake and the moment of facing each other with wishes and hope.

I feel very happy, because you let me know always your love and that is a very big thing to know in this kind of time.

I hope only that I too am able to express it that much - this would satisfy me fully.

This last year, many wishes we had in our heart have come true already; we have gone from ~~allred~~ a desperate situation to one which allows us to be most hopeful. Let's be grateful for that - and look forward to the complete fulfillment of our wishes - they were only dreams not so far back.

With all my love for all of you  
always yours

Leo



Nov. 1st 1944

m

My dearest Parents,

I wasn't writing for a few days, because of being busy again. We moved again to a new location and until one has set up everything there is always a lot of labor. I like it in the new place much better, accommodations are much better and generally ~~the~~ there are many things, which I like. I hope it stays this way and I wish you would see it, because you would'nt ~~be~~ worry then at all.

Today was a holy day - it reminded me of old times "Allerheiligen" (~~All~~ ~~Saint~~ Saint's Day) - everything was closed and all over you could see people walk with beautiful flowers, to decorate the graves.

Today I am not able to write anymore; I am very tired and just about to drop into bed. I just want to let you know, that I am, alright and as always thinking of you.

Give my love to everybody and  
be kissed many times,  
always yours

P.S. Please can you send  
me some more stationary!

rev

Nov. 14<sup>th</sup> 1944.

My dearest, beloved Mother,

It is almost one whole month before your birthday, that I sit down to write ~~you~~ my thoughts and wishes which I would like so much to let you know personally. I have to figure - that ~~my writing~~ my writing won't be late at least - and in case it should arrive a little early - it won't do any harm to what I say - those words will be as fresh and true, as they are written just now. I know, that on this day, I would come home and give you flowers, of which you are so fond - and I would enjoy it on my part also; it was always a thrill to me to give you flowers, because you didn't only receive them as a "mother" but you had <sup>at this occasion</sup> always the smile of a woman - something very youthful, which I love so much on you. I shall miss it - because I know that you would do it again and if in my dreaming about home, I could visualize, that you do smile reading my words - I think (~~it is~~) I was able to send you a nice birthday present. - If I talk so much about your good, and long time face, then because it is ~~so~~ my deepest wish, that it should stay that way for long time to come. Because you learn to be happy and satisfied, if life gives you only a decent and normal share and if you can see your family - our father and ~~us~~ <sup>us</sup> children - if you see us satisfied, then you are smiling. I know,

② from the past, that it can be different. We have lived through  
times, where there was no time for smiling, but you never  
lost your faith and there with ~~you~~ never ~~lost~~ your ability  
to regain it again. May it always stay on your face.

My dearest Mother - I am loosing myself in words  
and I could speak on for long and in different forms and  
it would still only break down to ~~a~~ <sup>a</sup> thing, which can be  
expressed in one word - you know, it is my love  
for you.

This day is an occasion to express it specially  
and in celebration. I am very far from you my  
Dear and can't hold you in my arms - but you can  
listen to my words, despite the distance. I know you  
can do - because I listen to you so often.

Don't worry about me my Dearest - I am well  
and feel happy thinking about you -

God bless you -

your loving son

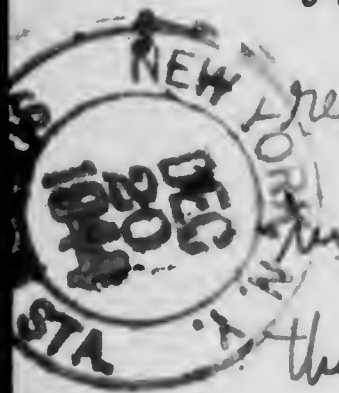
heo

Dec. 4<sup>th</sup> 1944

My dearest Parents,

The last mail I received from you was from October 17<sup>th</sup>, November 17<sup>th</sup> and November 5<sup>th</sup>. Furthermore a package with delicious contents. I am very happy to have received word from you again, as I had no mail at all for nearly 3 weeks. With the same mail I received another swell package from Anne, with good food too and another christ was present from Fimi (former Vogelbaum) with a nice book. There were three other letters also - well it was a big event, because we were really starved for mail and then there came one big bundle. He had all so much food, nuts, candies and cakes, that we didn't go down forchow for 2 consecutive evenings. He had a pie-ies, were every one pitched in with his own stuff - and you can imagine, that it became a colorful affair with at least 20 different items. If the people at home only would realize, how good it is to receive all those beautiful things - we really appreciate it a lot. Most appreciated at the moment are cigarettes, because we are down to 2 packages a week - which is a very sad situation. Those packages helped out for the moment -

A few days ago I was very sad. At work I lost my fountain pen and though I noticed it very shortly afterwards, we couldn't find it anymore. Oh



② was I unhappy. Here one can't get any good one and I have to write with an ordinary pen. Well - today I found out about a soldier who has two - one he doesn't like. I tried it out and I write excellent with it. He sold it to me very cheap - and I am happy again. Please don't send me any - I like this one very much and I don't want to have another good one around here. The one I have now, I want away around any more, but keep it in my letter folder.

The letter to Mr. Howy's brother <sup>in law</sup> I shall send away

tomorrow finally. I couldn't until now - but will do tomorrow. I shall write to Mr. Howy personally then.

In your last letters you mention continuously Mr. Pierre Lams. Meanwhile ~~you~~ I received a letter from you, in which you mention that ~~you~~ he answered your telegram. Further more I received answer from him, which I sent to you about a week ago. I shall stay in contact with him anyway. He invited me as you will see, to see him in Paris, in case I would be there - I wish I would -

Otherwise there is nothing to report, but that I work pretty hard, which at least makes the time pass quickly.

If you send again a package - please let it be again Sardines - specially those sweetened Main Sardines (delicious!) Salmon - a little cheese perhaps (?) and a little candy. I appreciate it really very much and thank you with all my heart.

God bye now - and be greeted with all my love

Yours  
Leo

P.S. Specially the "Anker" were appreciated!



Dec. 20<sup>th</sup> 1944,  
Somewhere in France.

My Beloved Parents,

In the last few days I got a lot of mail and a few packages. The whole place is cramped with packages and we have great picnics, putting everything together. The other day I got yours and that one from Paul & hisle. Today the second one from them - gee I don't know, where to start first! The Salami was in best condition - so far! The other stuff. (There was another one from some former soldier, who was discharged - he included canned "stuffed Fish" - imagine.) When I opened up your package and found the cigarettes, I was more, than delighted. Without exaggeration - I was down to the last cigarettes with 4 more days to go, until I could get again my weekly ration of 2 packages. You can imagine, how happy I was, what a relief it meant to possess suddenly a dozen packages. (By the way - there seems a relief ahead - we were promised 5 ~~packages~~ packages starting next week.) Furthermore your stationery came very handy and the shoe cream also. Thank you very, very much for your kindness. I wrote to Paul & hisle a letter yesterday - so please tell them I got the second package today and how so.

② I was. All the food is delicious and chosen very nicely. The book "Sad-Sauks" is a great success all around and there is a long waiting list to see it.

In a few days there is Christmas and the boys are getting a little homesick. ~~The~~ All the outfits around here, collected partly or all the weekly rations of chocolate and chewing gum, ~~been~~ since a few weeks. We are going to organize a Christmas for poor children and they get all the stuff, including a concert and a performance for them. We all got so much; that it was really not to big a sacrifice to give away those rations and for them it will be a big event. In all this holiday atmosphere we live under the grim impression of the current events. It won't be a real holiday - before this time has changed to peace again. At the moment, there is the big German counter offensive on. We all are very confident and know it won't last too long - but we know too, how much bitter sacrifices a thing like this means. It gives you a strange bit somewhere to read, that while ~~being~~ this happens, the stock market has hit an unusual high as a reaction. It is strange and one starts to doubt about so much.....

I was tonight out a little bit. Right

③ after I was through with work, a few friends and me went to a little Restaurant, where we like to go once in a while. They serve very good and delicious food. But this is not the only reason, why I like to go there. It is a simple, out of the way place, quiet and we are the only soldiers there. Always a few and always the same French men eat there, at ~~less~~ coming and leaving there is a big hand shaking with the madam and her fat and good natured daughter serves us. (She dances a regular quadrille, coming in and out the room -) And one get's served on plates and eats slowly and is away from mess kits and army life, talking about home and many other things.

I went right back afterwards to answer your letter. Very soon lights will be out and I go to bed, and another day is over. On Friday I get the copies back and I hope, there will be a few good shots. I shall send them to you ~~immediately~~.

Give my regards please to Paul & Lise,  
Fred & Baby and you both be greeted  
with all my love  
I am yours always,

he.



January 24<sup>th</sup> 1945

Somewhere in France.

My dearest Parents,

last evening I received 2 ~~more~~ letters from you (8<sup>th</sup> & 10<sup>th</sup> of Jan.) and one letter from Fred & Gaby. Not to forget your package with the colours, salami and cigarettes. So you can imagine how happy I was - it was really a good day. I had one set of colours brought to Europe, which I had ~~it~~ bought in Chicago and I needed it very well - but I was running out of them already. I could buy a few here, but they were very expensive and I couldn't get all I wanted. So I am very happy to have them - you are really so very nice to fulfill every request so quickly and thoroughly. It is hard to find the right words for my gratitude.

The Salami was ~~in~~ in good order again and by my fellow soldiers' and my own opinion very delicious. Incidentally on the same day, 2 other fellows got one from home also and we had a picnic. But it was you, who started this rush - after fasting so often the

② Salamis you send, mainly started to ask me from home. Furthermore you have solved my cigarette problem. With what I get from the Army and your support, I should go along very well in the ~~next~~ coming weeks. I gave two packages of the good ones to one soldier, who twice helped me out, when we got only two packages a week. It is good to have friends in the Army -

You asked me in your last letter, how I speak with the people. Well - I miss terribly the fact, not to be able to speak French. Specially now - where I found out to have a good ear for this language. And unfortunately I have not too much time to learn. The main thing is that I pick up a word here and one there - guess sometime one. Lately we have started a course of our own. It is a kind of a self-teaching study on hand of an Army book and we have only a French girl giving us the pronunciation. The same could be done with recordings - we prefer naturally the mademoiselle, for practical and sentimental reasons. Specially as she is a very charming girl - This is a method without grammar and writing, just gives you basic expressions and idioms and ~~big~~ is supposed to hammer it into your mind by phonetic way. It is strange - but something sticks to your

③ memory after a while. Now I know words - and jiggle them around as well as I can, just as the French start to jiggle the English words around. Somehow we get around, though it is difficult at times. The biggest difficulty for the English speaking person, is the pronunciation of the "vulgarisms" (ö - ü) and I wish you could hear them pronounce words, like for instance, "monsieur" - they break their tongue and we have to laugh a lot. —

Butly the circumstances on all fronts have changed very much, thanks God. I was very tense all the time and not too happy before that. I guess I don't need to tell you much about it, because we know here, what impression those events had made back home. I thought very much of you, specially seeing now, how you held back to express your worries in your letters to me. I guess we all thought the same, at the same time and are now just as hope - and grateful for the change of the tide. It would be so good, if this war could be ended soon, but we have to put all our strength and believe into it. After this lesson, we won't have our hopes or dreaming anymore - it will be a hard war to the minute it will end. May it come soon.

Give my regards to every one. And be greeted with all my love, my Dears -

I think of very much of you,  
yours  
Leo.

Feb. 4<sup>th</sup> 1945

France

My dearest Parents,

Since a few days it is much warmer - and though it is raining again there is something like spring in the air. There must be - because I am in a state of "spring fever". That is no serious sickness as you know - just a little headache, very sleepy and "slappt-happy" - as I always am, when a big ~~time~~ weather change occurs. It makes me feel drunk, without having drunk, and very dreamy. And there is so much to dream about.

Otherwise I am really alright - in fact I am doing very well now, which I can prove by having time to be spring sick. At the moment I have not too much work, which gives me time to do a lot of things, besides my regular work. It is and always has been that way in my department. For a while I wish I would have 4 hands and two

② heads and then abruptly comes a spell of quietness. In this time I straighten out all my things and keep myself busy with odd jobs. For instance just now I make a history of our ~~to~~ Battalion (all with photos) I made the book, the cover and all the text hand lettered. It's lots of work, but as it falls so completely out of the line, it makes me pleasure too. By the way, it looks very good and will be a nice thing to show, at occasional visits of inspecting big shots. You see - an outfit like ours is in every respect a representing outfit. (We call it "show-off.") We must ~~to~~ "appear" always and at <sup>public</sup> occasions we are used not only to do duty, but to "represent." That gives to our outfit it's whole character. Sometimes it goes very much on your nerves - thinking what a hard fight is going on, while you do things, which seem childish. But I guess, every Army must have things like this - it belongs to the character of it. I am happy always, when we go through periods, where we do real practical work, as we

(3) did in the beginning, when we came to France. Naturally all the formal points are relaxed then and one is more satisfied, knowing to have contributed something more essential. Perhaps our present status is more necessary, then we realize personally, but it seems so monotonous and ~~quiet~~ quiet - so real baron life. You think most probably I shouldn't complain - which is true perhaps. But having seen so much already and having a slight idea, what is going on so relative near from ~~to~~ here, one's conscience is bothering a bit. One is "happy" not to be in the midst of this terrible struggle - but that is the plain fact only. One can't be happy really, as long, as this is going on. He all are looking and dreaming of the time, when this will be over. He all are now under the big impression of the events in the east front (see the cartoon of our Army paper) and hope, that with a ~~big~~ big punch from our side this ordeal might be ended soon. He all would be only to happy - - -

Give my regards to all and  
be kissed and greeted with all my heart  
in love always yours,  
H.W.

Feb. 11th, 1945

My very dearest Parents,

I received mail again from you - there were again stamps in it. Thank you very much for it.

At the moment I am very busy again. There is much to do, but I am glad, time passes quickly.

A few days ago I received a letter from Ingrid, who is here in Frank. She must have gone through some experiences. At the ~~same~~ moment she lives in a small village, expecting a baby. The father, a French "Maquis" (Underground) was killed by the Germans last year. She wrote me about a few people I knew too - a few of them were Jewish - some hid successfully or slipped to Switzerland - others were ~~so~~ not that fortunate in the struggle and had to pay with their life. It is unbelievable, what people experienced in this time and everything seems like a bad dream. I couldn't help

(2) it - I send her a little money. After all I eat like a horse every day and have a roof over my head. So I am flat broke this month, after I had paid my watch in the beginning of this month. I shall borrow some and get along somehow. Anyway I wrote a letter to Friedl Berger - I send it to you, because I couldn't find his address - and asked him to collect some money and send it to me, and I'll let her have it. Please don't forget to give the letter to him - I hope you didn't open it. She is the first person I found in Europe, of whom I thought she wouldn't come through. It gave me a lot of thought - and her letter is a document of hopes. Her letter is a document of this time - on one point she writes - "since liberation I have looked into the face of every American soldier - in the hope to see some of you - or the list of our losses is long and terrible" - I wish I could see her - but she is so far away. Most of



(3) our own soldiers even now can't really understand what people went through here. I have heart breaking discussions. So many ~~just~~ think, people are just written here - they haven't suffered themselves and haven't seen their own families suffer - they are too healthy to understand a sick people. It's always that way in nature. —

You asked me very often, how my teeth and eyes are and I forgot to answer you. I had no trouble with my teeth lately - they are checked regularly. And as far as my eyes are concerned - they are, as they always have been. They make me strictly a second hand soldier, as I can see again and again.

Before I finish this letter I write a request quickly for "Sardines, Anchovies or any other sweet stuff" ~~you~~ like to have from you. I always enjoy a gift like this.

Breet everyone from me please and you both be greeted with all my love

God bless you I remain yours always  
Watch new A.P.O. Numbers!

February 24<sup>th</sup> 1945

France

My very dearest Parents,

Yesterday I received a package again, with Sarlani, "befüllte" Fish, cigarettes, shaving lotion and a nail file. Thank you very much for it. It is always such a big thrill to unpack these packages - there is so much in it - the way you pack it up and send it. I see you then doing it and I can feel all the thoughts you have while you wraps it up. There was also hiseli's film in it and I shall use it on the next sunny day, so that I can send a few snapshots to you. I hope they will be better ~~ones~~, than the last ones.

Here is not much news. He works all day long and time passes very quickly. ~~On~~ next Monday I shall go to a concert. It seems to me like an unheard luxury to be able to attend to it and I am quite excited. Life here, tries to come back slowly to a normal level and though one feels on every step, still the results of wartime little signs of a normal life appear. So far I am very fortunate to have been able

② to stay that long in this place and it would be nice if we could continue for a while longer. It is quiet around here and we have a pretty good setup.

A few days ago I received a very nice letter from uncle Josy and aunt Milli. I was so glad to hear from them personally. Funny - They received my letter on the same day they got one from you and both our letters, were of the same date. They are very good people and I wish I could see them again. Aunt Milli told me, how she looked into every American soldier's face - perhaps, she hoped, she would see me. Well - I am very far from there too.

On the day I heard from the fall of Manila I tried to find out about the Barr family by the way of the American Red Cross. Today I received a letter, that they must know their former address. Well - I don't know it and I believe from indications from your letters, that you have done the same thing. So I shall drop it. Let's hope the best and let me hear about it, if you get some news.

I have not received an answer from Mr. Sanson yet, but that takes time always. I let you know about it, as soon as I receive some.

The best regards to Paul, Uncle, Fred and Gabi. Be greeted with all my love - I think so much about you -

always yours

he

P.S.

If you can send me something again - please  
let me have some cans - sardines or anchovies  
and some sweets. You know what I like  
and I ~~let~~ leave you the choice - it's always good  
and welcome ..

love

h.

February 25, 1845.

My beloved Parents,

I have not much time to write today, but I want to notify you of the receipt of your money order. I was really shocked about the amount you send me - naturally ~~was~~ in a pleasant way and I am very thankful. I was down to the last "Sue" and didn't want to ~~but~~ borrow anything anymore. It was the first time since I left, that I was in money trouble, having bought a watch and send something to Ingrid <sup>in one month</sup>. Well - I am glad I did both and had not to suffer anything, but the ~~short~~ short occasion, where I thought I could have gone to Paris. Well - I shall clean everything now with your help and keep a sum for emergencies - hoping still I shall have an opportunity to go to Paris. Your letter came in the unbelievable time of 5 days and the cable most probably won't reach me for a few more days. You are really dear, to react so instantly to a request of mine - I have sometimes the feeling, that I take advantage of your sentiment. Thank you a thousand times. I just received also a letter from Mr. Samson. I shall send it to you

② Tomorrow. I want it translated for me by our French interpreter before I forward it to you. I understood partly reading it myself. He complains about the present situation, being not able at all to work and produce. It is the <sup>same</sup> future all over France - ~~so~~ the war has done so much damage, that it will take time until the individual industries will be able to work again. He invited me again and I hope so much I shall be able to do it. But you know how the Army is. One can't plan things and has to take the things as they come along.

I shall close now - once more my best thanks. I shall try now, not to molest you - at least for a while.

All my love to you

always yours

hev.

March 8<sup>th</sup> 1945

Somewhere in France

My dearest Parents,

In great hurry I write to you a few lines. I wasn't able to do so in the last few days, being on the move again. It might take still a few days more until I can start to write regularly to you. Just before I left I received a letter from you, telling me about Paul's father. I can visualize, how you all feel about it. Let us hope, that ~~is~~ all this hope will be fulfilled and that he will find his mother's name also. It is such a tremendous thing, that in all this completely uprooted world, institutions of humanity still are able to function.

(2) Seeing so much over here one sometimes wants to doubt, what the future will be for this world. It will need very much good will and human understanding to repair halfway, what has been destroyed in our time. One sees it and still thinks sometimes to be dreaming.

This war, by all military logic is lost to the Germans. For every day they prolong this misery, they should pay dearly - more than they do now. If you only would know, how every one is dreaming of this day.

Well - I can't write on - as much, as I would like to. I just tell you again, that I am with you all in my thoughts, and with my love  
yours  
Her



April 15<sup>th</sup> 1945

Germany

My very dearst Parents,

Since two days I tried to write to you - and I just couldn't. I tried to write my heart off about a matter which touched me very deeply and as I know will have impressed you very much also. It is the President's death. The news came over the Radio, just as I awoke in the morning. It was a very profound shock and seemed impossible to me at the moment. He didn't speak to much about it, but the expression upon everyone awaking and receiving the news spoke for itself. Much can be said about this matter - and many voices have expressed their sentiments. At night we sat around the Radio and listened, what the world had to say to a bitter fact, which still seemed so unreal. Then it really started to take shape in our minds and a few of us had their tears. What more can a man say about a loss like this? Nobody knew him personally and his loss was felt very personally. Many points not spoken about during his life became apparent so vividly. His personality, his work and the great responsibilities he shouldered - suddenly left alone. He must have trusted him very, very much, because we felt so very much alone suddenly, looking around for someone who could continue to handle those responsibilities. And so many doubts arose.

② This is not the "Führer glorification" - but the realisation, that we were lucky enough to have had a great man leading the reign of a system, ~~which~~ in which we sought our ideals and which had seemed so weak already in the last few years. And he succeeded in a terrible hard task; nevertheless there was much to be done yet of highest importance and ~~then~~ there we lost him - when peace was to be built again. For us - those who were oppressed he was a symbol. There was no propaganda, but his appearance, spirit, humour and absolute human behavior, which framed his personality. There was no mist surrounding him and one could notice so freely his mistakes too - and they didn't need to be hidden because his shoulders would carry those also. There was never one thing mentioned in this Army - that we fight in this or that respect for him. He was Commander in Chief and this was one more of his jobs. Today as he is gone we might use the word, that we have lost a ~~leader~~ "leader" because he had not failed in his job and the job was not finished yet. We miss him...

I know, that we can't stand still now and lose courage. The main task is almost over and great hopes rightly appear. And this is the general attitude of the men. We are not broken in our spirit at all - to much we

(3) have succeeded already, that this could happen. But in  
the back of ~~the~~ our mind we will miss him - and so will  
the world.

But we will go on -

yours

Leo.

May 3<sup>rd</sup> 1975  
Germany.

My very dearest Parents,

I just finished a letter to Mike and Lucy to write to you now. All the last evenings I was busy and something might come tonight also. So I have to be pretty short - though I don't like to be in a hurry, specially where I want to let my heart speak.

This has always been a ~~double~~ <sup>double</sup> holy day in our family life - Mike having the honour to celebrate her birthday on your anniversary.

I could't have gotten the photo of both of you on a better day, than when I sit down to congratulate you to your anniversary. I have the picture before me and enjoy your smile on it, which seems like a personal greeting to me and I wish I could touch you.

There you are and I feel like getting up and go around the corner - and I would find you there. Standing hand in hand, with the smile of satisfaction of two people, who loved each other for their whole life, through light and dark days. Time might go on and the trees might lose their leaves and winter and summer turn in their eternal circle, there will be always ~~to~~ a great gift for us, your children - that is your happiness with each other. We always have enjoyed it and much of us was formed by it.

We are glad and thankful for it and may God give you much, much more time to live that way and bless you

yours always in love

Leo.

May 17<sup>th</sup> 1945  
Germany.

My dearest Parents,

last week I didn't write much. There was so much relaxation - nearly unbelievable. A certain tension has gone - one just wonders that everything is really over. At the same time the most brilliant spring-weather came. On top of that - the landscape is so very beautiful around here, that one has a notion at times to wonder, that all that could have happened ~~in~~ in this country. There is so much beauty and peace - as long as I don't look into their faces.

Peace? It is quiet - and in my time off at evening I just walk out for hours, wandering through woods and fields, just having rabbits and deers look at you. It looks like a lie - like a fata morgana - right here in all this gorgeous beauty crimes were borne, as the world didn't experience before.

The only light point as far as people are concerned is that one can look and occasionally smile at all the foreign workers, who were liberated and wait for repatriation now. I have occasion to see once in a while trains with Allied prisoners of war. French soldiers - riding in boxcars, sticking out the tricolor, decorating their cars with anything at hand, singing and waving - going home. I like to watch them go by and look at their faces - sometimes old looking ones, but relaxed and grinning. Then I call "Bon voyage" which creates a storm of answers allways. Along the tracks stand German

children and wase - strange world. I have seen some throwing a few candies to them - There are so many children in this country and many of them being cute and nice looking. This country gives me the creeps and a bitter taste in my mouth. I have met one ~~man~~ polish woman here - she works for me - and she is jewish. Everyone calls her - "mama." I found <sup>out</sup> about it by sheer incident. It is a very rare case, because the Germans, didn't even consider slave labor good enough for Jews and only a handful saved their lives that way, by forging papers or other ways of fooling the Germans, which wasn't to easy. This woman showed me the Foto of her little boy and mother, who both were shot in front of her eyes. Husband killed in a camp. The only ~~hope~~ thing to look forward too is the hope, that her sister might still live in Poland. You should see her eyes, whenever I meet her - it turns my heart. Sometimes she cries and then our boys make so much fun until she laughs a little again. They are swell boys. —

Now I must talk to you about something which I thought about very much and which might concern you, as you ~~re~~ might read about it much in the papers. And you dont know, how all applies to me. It is about my return home. There are many million men in the Army with the same question browning. The Army will send men home first along a "point system." They count years in service, overseas, medals ~~to~~, battle participation e.t.c. The lowest limit is 85 points. Hell my Dears, I dont reach that high yet, though I have even two Battle stars - for western France and for Germany.

(3) That means, that I will stay overseas still for a time. How long I am not able to ~~to~~ guess now. I write all this facts down <sup>(in a)</sup> very short way, knowing how much they might concern you - knowing how much they do <sup>(concern)</sup> me. But I hope, you will be just as confident and strong, as I feel right now. For us there is more sentiment in the war here, but don't forget, that in the East we are fighting still an enemy, who still carries the same ~~intense~~ danger as the one we defeated over here. The war is not over and we have to go on. ~~I~~ Many, many soldiers, who have fought over here will do the same soon in the East. It is not determined yet for every one who will stay here and ~~to~~ who will go to the C.B.I. (China, ~~India~~ Burma, India) For every one with points under 85 the ~~to~~ fact exists to serve on <sup>either</sup> over here in Europe or the South Pacific. Now don't get excited right away - I have to mention this, as in the Army things come sometimes so unexpected as you know. As long, as I am here you will have mail regularly and let's hope it stays that way. If mail doesn't come for long, don't get excited - ~~that~~

This is what it looks like now. There is no way of getting away from it and it is much better to settle down to the fact, with the same determination as before. We have much more reason to be hopeful than we were before - we have eliminated our great force of evil and broken it to ~~pieces~~ pieces - one of two forces who almost engulfed us from all sides. My beloved ones don't worry and don't be sad - don't forget, how good fate was with us - one can't only receive, one has to give also.

In deepest love yours  
Leo.

June 1<sup>st</sup> 1945

Somewhere in South France.

My very Dearests,

It must be now about a week or more since I wrote you last. As you can see above - I am far away from ~~Germany~~ Germany again and every move like that takes its time. It was a long and slow trip - but I enjoyed it tremendously. For me it couldn't be slow enough, looking at the beautiful landscape and the far views of those old cities. It is hard on me of getting just smells of what I would <sup>love</sup> so much to see and ~~to~~ experience a little closer and for longer.

up - just as I also ~~love~~ I would love to stay here but we soldiers are not the master of our own time. ~~It~~ Somewhere the sudden leaving of Germany was a big disappointment to me. Not that it is a pleasure to be there. But it would have ~~been~~ been a big satisfaction to me to work there - as I could have done a lot of interesting and more important work there - then I ever will be able to do outside of this country. I know them and their mentality very well - they never could fool me - and I speak the language. Besides that I had a tremendous interest and humbly an urge to satisfy an injustice, ~~in~~ something burning deeply in us. It



(2) would have had a different form of paying back - I know it - we are just not able to be like them, but there is a way of reacting to them which has it's results - sometimes very productive - as I experienced myself. Well - that's how it goes in the Army. I tried everything to get a Transfer, but seemingly without success.

On my way here I had some experience - which I won't forget. He met with a train on which were a whole transport of liberated prisoners from an extermination camp in eastern Poland. I talked to a young girl, which turned out to be the only survivor of a Jewish family from Holland. They had their prison number tattooed on their left arm and had signs of torture all over. But their faces were the mirror of the past more than anything <sup>else</sup>. It was only about ten minutes talk - I won't forget it. I ~~would~~ wished I could have turned back right there - back into this country to stay there and work and help eradicating this pest. I had not much chances, ~~as~~ to do work, as I wished I could have in the short time I stayed in Germany and know only of one case where I succeeded in getting ~~a~~ a SS man. Well - it is very hard to speak about all that - I have so much sentiments connected with it. I didn't succeed at all in finding out anything about Ita or anybody else - everything is still in such a big turmoil and so unsettled that hardly anything can be done. My hopes are very small. One great outcry have the Germans won. Their country has suffered terrible, their cities wrecked and many people killed. But as far as health and moral is concerned I believe they are much stronger, than any other European nation. You should see the contrast between their looks, built

(3) and health, their children and for instance French children. In this point they succeeded so far. You should see how many children they have.

About myself I can't tell you very much right now. I have written a letter still from Germany where I explained to you as nearly as possible our chances for the future. We have to wait now and see what the future will bring. If you won't get word from me for a quiet a while, please don't get nervous and excited; be patient and I shall let you know as quickly as possible about myself.

I think very much of you and hope you will be in the best of spirit. He all are very well and look forward with much confidence.

Let me greet all of you with all my heart, wishing you the best,

I kiss you and send you all my love  
yours

no

P.S.

I forgot to tell you, that we are credited with one more battle star - 3 all together now.

June 15/1945

France

My very dearest Parents,

For a few days I couldn't write anything. I was very, very busy from morning to night and having very hot weather now, I fell into bed, as soon, as I was through <sup>with</sup> work. Since the first day we arrived - ~~it~~ <sup>there</sup> was heavy rain - we had not a drop of rain and it is very dusty on top of it. Where ever many soldiers live grass and vegetation disappears, trampled down. (I'll never forget the dust, when we landed on jut a beach last year coming to France. For miles nothing but ankle deep dust and beating sunshine.)

As you know, I don't like heat very much and I have to get used to it again. ~~Since~~ In England, France and Germany I almost didn't drink any water - I had enough with what I got on coffee or so during my meals. I never filled my canteen. That has

(2) changed now. I drink all day long and  
-Thanks God the Army feeds us with lots of  
fruit juices, lemonades, cold tea etc. All  
the time I wish I could have more freedom  
to roam around here, because all around  
it is a very beautiful part of France.  
Perhaps I shall get a chance. I am  
very anxious, ~~also~~ whether you will be  
able to send to me film for my camera  
(1:20) as I would like so much to  
make good shots myself. I got many  
offers in the last time from guys who  
approached me and wanted to buy my  
camera. But I have not the ~~least~~ least  
intention to sell it. I am happy I have  
a good one and hold on to it.

Since we left Germany, many a  
good friend of mine have left. Some on  
points, some on age or because some  
were in more campaigns. One or the  
other might drop in one day to visit  
you. Well - don't be impatient - I have  
met fellows here, who have not been home  
for 3 years. ~~I~~ And we have

③ generally more chances to come home earlier - I don't think that fellows with 3 Battle Stars to their credit already, will stay away two more years. I think we will have to sweat out still some time and with God's help, this will pass also to an happy ending. It is now ~~about~~ a year, since I left you - sometimes it appears like I would have seen you last, a few days ago - and then sometimes it seems to be an eternity. I have seen a lot, but all in all we were very fortunate with the conditions. I certainly couldn't write everything, but don't get a wrong impression that I was hiding things from you. In Remes for instance we had for a while the nicest set up I ever had in the Army. It is a continuous change in conditions, but as far as possible conditions were always made for us, as good as ~~possible~~ things could be made.

That's all for today. Be all greeted with all my heart.

all love yours

no

June 21<sup>st</sup> 1945

France

My dearest Parents,

I wrote ~~you~~ to you yesterday and have not much news to tell you today. I feel fine and I start to walk again, my leg getting better from the little accident.

I send \$60.- home which I saved - there was not much occasion to spend anything and please keep it for me, as you have done with the money I have sent before.

I greet you with all my love

God bless you,

Yours

Leo.

Aug 1<sup>st</sup> 1945  
Philippines.

My very dearest Parents,

Hell - yesterday I had a big day. I got ~~with~~ permission unexpectedly to go to Manila. You can't imagine how excited and nervous I was - not knowing Bela's address and only one day at hand. When I arrived at town it was 10 o'clock already and very hot and dusty - the city is very much destroyed. For good luck I went to Military Police H.Q. and ~~was~~ saw there an Army Chaplain. After I talked to him for a while he went out and came back with an address of some Austrian, who might know (Dr. Hans Steiner) Off I went. I don't want to tell you everything in detail - it took me 4 hours running all over town until I got the man, who knew. This was the Director

(2) of a Jewish organization. By this time I was near exhaustion and he wouldn't let me go until I had rested and drunk a few ice waters - a rarity ~~see~~ in Manila now. Then he put me on a car and I ~~to~~ rode up, right to where they live. Oh my Dears - my heart was knocking wildly when I looked for the number. Some Philippine girl asked me, whether I look for the "Bass" - they all know him there. So I walked up the big open stair way and there sits Jenny, getting white like a sheet and hanging on my neck the next instant. There was laughing and tears and she kissed me without end all afternoon. It was an outburst for so much missing love and longing...

She was alone and only those German refugees <sup>at home</sup> with whom she lives since 6 years. A couple and a boy, and seemingly nice people. And now started the treatment. I had to wash up and eat - and how good it was - and drink and she took off my shirt - before I knew



③ it, my undershirt was washed - it was a little piece of home. She was so very touching and dear - got a little older with all the experiences she had, but the good old, Weiner's face, smiling all the time with happiness. He told us a lot - there was a lot to talk about. She asked me about everybody - I wouldn't tell her about Bobby yet. What I was so happy about - in my phantasy I painted so many pictures in what conditions I might find them again. They went through every thing very fortunate - their house not burned and in the end, when the Japs run wild, burning and murdering, they got away untouched. Thanks God. Bela earns his money now in selling buttons and they just make enough to live in a clean nice and cool house and to be well fed. They get now a lot of American rations and provisions and Bela has the responsibility to distribute for 50 people. (I heard he has done so much for other people during the occupation.) They all lost weight a little, but that is better in this climate - otherwise they look healthy.

④ At about 4 o'clock Bela came home and he was so excited, all tears in his eyes and could hardly talk. He told me, that ~~I~~ on his way home he just thought of me - and 5 minutes later I he finds me at home. He is really a fine fellow - packed up with things he comes and every five minutes somebody else comes to his house for advice and questions. There are American soldiers, who come up and visit them - one of them wrote a letter to you, the day before yesterday.

Jenny made me eat and eat, it was terrible. I brought her a can of very fine candies, which I was able to buy on ships and saved for her and cigarettes and candies...

Well - you might wonder by now why I didn't write about the boys yet. In all the happiness there is one unfortunate and bitter thing. It is a sad thing to report in all the joy - that they unfortunately had to lose one of their boys - dear little Pauli. He died one year ago on what they call "Japanese Disentery" - it was a matter of 3 days

(5) he never reached the hospital alive. Jerry and Bela are in deep sorrow for him, which I can understand, when I remember, what a sweet child he was. She talked very much about him, how clever he was - the best in school and how promising. Their consolation is Freddy, who grew up to be a real tall and very good looking boy - and the same little angel face he had as a baby. He naturally ~~didn't~~ doesn't remember anything or anybody, and was a little shy at first meeting his first relative. But he was very warm and stuck to me in a most loony way. I made photos of all of them, but it will take some time until I will be able to send you copies.

I left at night - time went to fast - they were so very nice and heart warming, that I didn't feel so very far away from everything, as I did before. I most probably will have more occasion to see them and by God I will, if I can at every occasion. Before I left I gave ~~to~~ Freddy some money to buy himself something nice and the little rascal didn't want to accept it. But I made him top.

They asked me to send to all of you their love - which I include to all I send to you

always yours

Alv

Aug. 17<sup>th</sup> 1945

Manila

My very dearest Ones,

With very great relief I start this letter. Thanks God - it is over. I still can't believe it - it seems so unreal. There is so much, that still keeps us in this atmosphere, but the knowledge of it repeats itself on our mind continuously. There is a continuous speculating and guessing now, when we will be happy enough to return...

It is unsure, there are so many to go back and most of them have been longer overseas than us. But there is the definite hope, a goal not separated anymore by a uncertain future -

It is so hard for me to speak about everything, now that ~~this~~ so many prayers and wishes have been fulfilled. I feel a little tired and long very much to be home and

(2) away from this kind of life.

When I left Europe, there seemed such a great space of the uncertain future to be in front of us. Before we could relax from the excitement and the end of the war against Germany we had to face again something strange and infinitive. It has come to an end much faster, than we all expected and we are so lucky to be here in Manila. Despite the climate and the great distraction and disruption this city is a paradise for thousands of men, who were not in contact with any kind of civilisation for months and years. We must be very grateful with our fate, that it ~~was~~ <sup>we were</sup> spared from further hardships, the war over here, was to a certain extent grimmer than in Europe - at least for the individual, who was in constant fight against enemy and nature, with almost no relaxation of

③ his mind. Now it will be a matter of patience until I return to you - ~~so~~ if so many worries you have been relieved and the time has come already, where we can be grateful and filled with joy...

I send you a few shots, which I made with my camera. I hope you like them. I would be happy, if you could send me again a few films 1:20 and if possible in tropical wrapping.

I saw ~~the~~ Bela & Jerry again and it is the same always - they are so very kind to me. Fredi speaks about me always as "our relative," he works very hard and not to satisfactory. He would be so happy, if he could get some representation of some American firm - anything that exports. <sup>(people)</sup> Many get some already.

That's all for today and be greeted with all my love  
Joana

leo.

M. GLUECKSELIG & SON

WORKS OF ART

108 EAST 57TH STREET

NEW YORK

APPRAISALS  
FORMERLY ACCREDITED EXPERT AND APPRAISER  
IN COURTS OF VIENNA, AUSTRIA

TELEPHONE  
PLAZA 3-9239

September 20, 1945

My very dearest Letschle <sup>and</sup>!  
Since Sunday, I did not write you,  
I am very sorry about it, because I don't like to let  
you without mail from me. End of last week I had  
a cold, you know how I am when I have a big  
Schmüpfen, so I stayed home 2 days, but on Sunday  
before Jon Kippa evening I was again very O.K.  
We all had a very good "Fasttag", in the afternoon  
Mitherle dear and myself, went in the apartment  
of Lisele and we have slept over 1 hour. So the  
time passed very quick and all the day our  
thought and prayers were with you. The first time  
I went for a very short time in the synagogue,  
but by the "Masker" he could not go to pray for  
his mother, because at this time he had to do  
by a fastbinding. The day after, Mitherle was a  
little weak, but now she is again very all right  
and always busy as usual. Now this week all the  
last holy days, Sukkes and till the next holy day  
will be to Pessach, you will be home so God will and  
we will be together to celebrates this days. We got yesterday  
your letter (Sept. 6) and we have been very glad & happy,

to see you are very well and by summer. The next time  
I will write you about your fortune, I must go in the  
bank to look in the safe, where I have deposited your  
war bonds and in the bank book how much money you  
have. If you see Grossmann tell him he shall write me  
what he has brought over from Europe, perhaps I can see  
as some things. Write me what he has on Meissen figurines  
and groups and how much he asks for it, and if the  
porcelain is in good condition and not repaired. If I  
buy some things you will get your commission. It is  
O.K.? If you speak with Bela, tell him that I never  
got the pictures, which he has sent to me. Perhaps he  
can make a proclamation. Has he sent it as post-  
parcel or freight? Next week I will send you again  
a parcel and I hope you will get it soon, but if it would  
not reach you, I mean; perhaps you will be out this time  
on your way back home, I should be very happy. I  
could not do it this week, I was busy in the office, again  
with Lornson, it takes much time or ways to look all the  
pictures and to select. I got a order again from a dealer  
from Mexico, Pepel brought him to me. But all these business  
is for the future and will take 1 year till he can make a  
delivery. But in the office is nearly nothing to do. So, one  
must "anshalten können." It is not so easy, but I am  
still very optimistic and have confidence for the future. My  
dear boy, keep you well, take care of yourself, and with  
all my biggest love, be kissed many times, with all the best  
wishes. God bless you! your father

Mein liebster Latschi!  
Dich von mir die besten Wünsche, bleibe immer  
gesund und munter. Warum schreibst Du so  
wenig von Brass. Ich erwarme Dich in Gedanken  
und lassst mich hoffen das ich es recht bald in  
Wirklichkeit merken kann. Viele Küsse in grosser  
Liebe, Deine Mutter



Sonntag, October 7, 1945

Mein liebster Leschele <sup>und!</sup>

Nach 3 wöchentlichem Unterbrechung  
meines Sonntags schreiben, da doch die  
Feriitage immer an einen Sonntag fallen,  
will Dir heute wieder schreiben. Was erhellte  
bei bester Gesundheit, 2 Briefe von Dir  
mit welche wir uns, wie immer, sehr  
freuten. Auch Lesche hat von Dir Brief  
bekommen. Da studieren wir immer  
jede Zeile um etwas Erfreuliches heraus  
zu lesen. In Lesche's Brief erwähntst Du  
zum ersten mal wegen der bald möglichen  
Rückkehr. Ich gebe es, dass es nächsten  
Monat zur Wahrheit werden soll!!!  
Ich kann mir lebhaft vorstellen, auch  
wie gross j'êtes Deine Maycolin'ol sein muss,  
aber j'êtes wird es doch endlich einmal  
brust. Montag. Nachdem ich, wie gewöhnlich  
am Sonntag schreibe, wurde ich ungezogen  
von Gausl's und musste zu einer Hochzeit

gehen und konnte nicht mehr schreiben.  
Und heute ist schon der 10. Oct. und ich  
hätte während des Tages gestern und vor-  
gestern keine Zeit zu schreiben und am  
Abend war ich immer zu müde. Ich  
hoffe ich Du bist mir nicht böse.  
Ubrigens hat Fred & Gabi gestern  
Brief Dir geschrieben so dass Du wenigstens  
von einem unserer family Nachbarn hört.  
Das Geschäft hat bischen ungeroher  
im October, hoffentlich geht es so  
weiter! Wir haben jetzt nichts anderes  
im Gedanken als Deine endliche  
Rückkehr nach N.Y. Ich hätte  
schon ein Ticket für Dich im Vorbe-  
reitung, aber ich glaube es wird Dich  
nicht mehr erreichen und so sende  
ich es nicht weg. Mir gehen so viele  
Gedanken durch den Kopf und  
wäre ich schon so glücklich wenn  
Du schon hier sein würdest. Für  
allem bin ich sehr neugierig wie Du  
die Nachricht von Ita aufgenommen

hast. Wir haben bis heute keine Nachricht  
von ihr, trotz Bekämpfung für eine Rück-  
antwort. Auch Sorge ich mich sehr  
wie Jenny die traurige Nachricht  
aufgenommen hat und jetzt noch  
wie der Abschied von Jenny & Bela  
sein wird, wenn Du fort kommst.  
Man kommt halt nicht von den  
Aufregungen weg, Dabei denke ich  
sehr viel an Dich, wie schwer es ist  
für Dich alles <sup>ist</sup> Bela & Jenny zu sagen.  
Die theure Mutter trübt sich sehr.  
Wegen Bela habe ich gestern und  
heute mit einem Fabrikanten der  
Lappverschluss erregt gesprochen,  
dieser Mann fährt jetzt für paar Tage  
weg, so habe ich <sup>anderer</sup> für  
nächsten Mittwoch. Es ist für mich  
sehr schwer, etwas für Bela zu besorgen  
da es mir auch am Best fehlt, Du  
wusst Du doch, hier in N.Y. durch  
die grossen Entfernungen geht sehr  
viel Zeit verloren. Ich habe auch  
mit Otho Schiff gesprochen, deshalb.

Jedenfalls Tue ich was mir menschen  
möglich ist, zu helfen. Glaubst Du,  
resp. Frage Jela ob Parfumerie etwas  
für Manila ist. Vielleicht kann ich  
da mit Mr. Tersch, der jetzt eine solche  
Fabrication hat etwas machen. Auch  
habe ich Mr. Adler gefragt, ob mir  
etwas nichts Bestimmtes anzu-  
kornen. Das Schiff fragte mich ob  
sie alle herher kommen wollen.  
Jedenfalls soll er mir die Datteln  
schicken, vielleicht finde ich jemanden  
der ein Affidavit geben will, was jetzt  
sehr schwer ist mit das State Dept.  
auch Schwierigkeiten macht, Mrs Lewins  
zahlt sehr, leider! Mein liebes Kind,  
für heute schreibe ich, ich habe nie  
them tun, und will den Brief abenden  
Schon auf Dich, dass Du, so Gott will,  
gesondert nach home kommest. Von  
mir und von unserer Th. Mutter  
viele innigste Küsse und die aller  
besten Wünsche, Wie immer in the  
biggest love, your father  
And bless you!!

07.10<sup>th</sup> 1945  
Manila

My very dearest Ones,

The last week I run around like in a dream. I wait impatiently for your letter, telling me more detail. Hundred of plans go through my mind and at night I think a lot.

I have written letters to the Immigration Div. to State department and a few more for inquiries. In the back of my mind comes always the picture, that I have been so near to everything and that I have to be so far away now. But looking back won't help. I shall do the most impossible things now to bring Ha over, as quick as possible. 7 years are a terrible long time - not to talk about the events, that separated us. Today I am not a foreigner anymore and I think I have earned my citizenship. I shall attack the problem with an entirely different vigor. There are so many points, that move me.

In the last weeks news have started to come in. He hear about a few that survived and unbelievable joy fills us - one must have seen Europe to understand it really - then the sad news come. The Heimers. Jenny always asks me, whether we heard

② something. She is tearless and doesn't speak much, but her good face speaks for itself. It will be a hard visit next time - I think it should be told, otherwise she will hear it one day by accident, with so many refugees around.

Back in Germany, when I was in "Displaced Persons" camps - my heart sunk always, looking at the people. I looked always at their faces to find one I knew - or could recognize. I looked through the list - never with any success. There were so many. Well - I was not able yet to express my thoughts properly - the attempt to give the real impression seemed a sacrilege in the face of the actual suffering, because I would have to look for words - I much rather would like to use my hands to help.

Ika - it just changed everything in me and I still am not able to grasp it. I send a long telegram and just can't imagine that she will actually have word from me. If I could only write to her. (Hummer Div.)

Did you write to the State Department?

I am very sceptical about the normal procedure - I don't want to wait for years again. But one can't let one stone returned. You must imagine she is on the Polish Quota. There is only one way - to succeed to get her on a non quota visa. He will find out which is the best.

I still worry on the chain of my dog tags a little ~~with~~ silver ring, which she gave

755

③ me so very long ago. It has gone with me through everything since I saw her last and is all black and bent - but it is there - and by God - I want to give it back to her. It won't last to long anymore until I shall see you. I have 67 points and by November first men over 60 start to go home. Naturally it is a matter of luck, whether it will <sup>take</sup> 1 or 3 months. There are ~~so~~ so many soldiers and I have met some with 90 points, who are still here, though the 20' go already. It depends how the quota of every individual outfit goes. One can't send whole outfits home - if they are needed and every man leaving must be replaced by new ones. We have a lot of Rookies already. Don't look for divisions, as far as we are concerned - we are not attached to any but under a separate M.P. Command. Thanks God here, we were not assigned to any Army or Division.

Hell - if I would have wings I would make a ride around the world again. See you and then to Ita - but I am earthbound and to reach the goal of my dreams have to wrestle realistically. I am sure of the success this time and I ~~think~~ believe too to find your wholehearted support and understanding.

I love you all

always yours,

Leo

October 20th 1945  
Manila, Phil

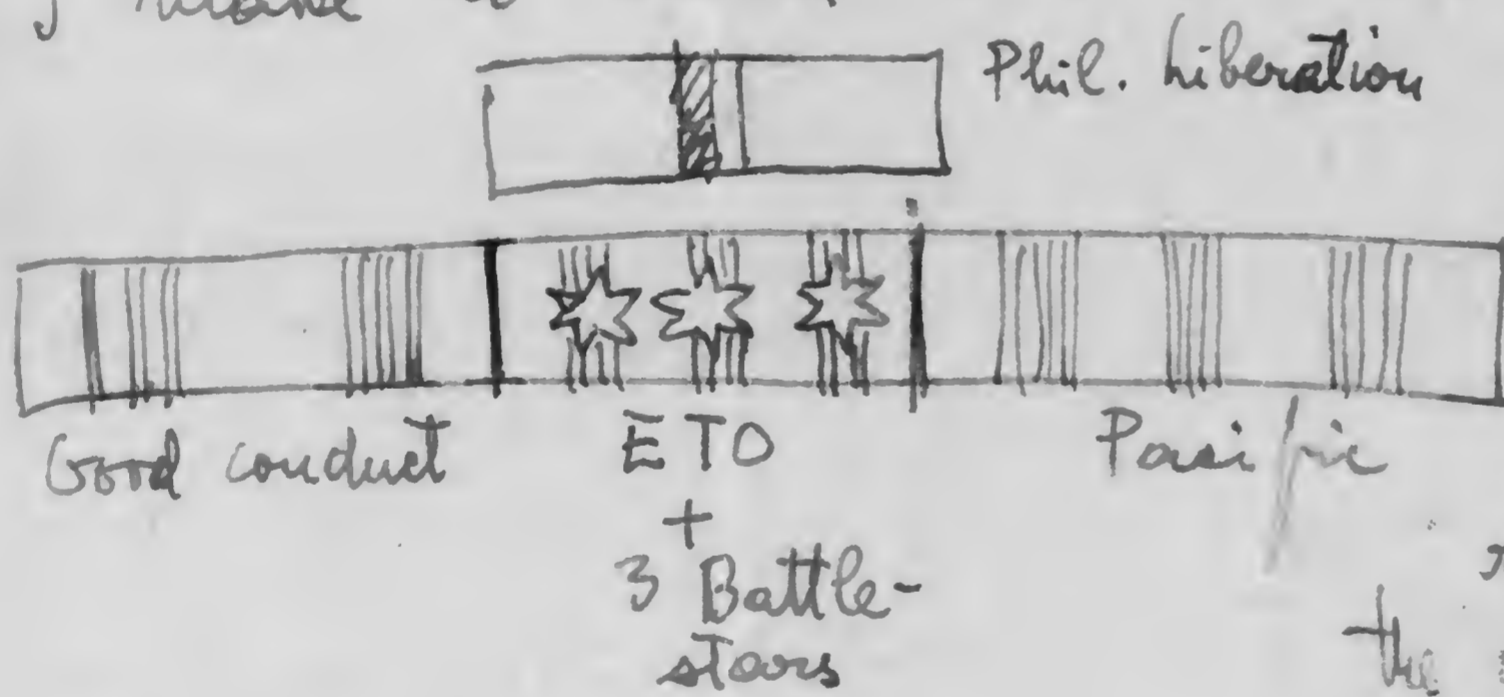
My dearest Parents,

Nothing new has happened during the week. It was unbelievable hot again and much work. Or it seems to be much, because - as you easily can imagine - my head and heart is not here any more. I am very impatient. Naturally it won't take to long any more. You are right not to send any packages any more, they go very slowly and it has no sense any more - at least I hope so.

I am so nervous whether Ha ever got the Telegrams we sent to her. There is no answer to any of them yet and everything is so unclear. If I only could communicate. The thought about her and what she must have gone through never leaves me. There is nothing we can do at the very moment, then to try on all sides and wait until we find out where we can start. I wish I could do more than that.

I ~~wish~~ want to ask you for

② small favor. Please go into a store, where they sell Army & Navy Stuff. There are so many in town. Buy there the following campaign ribbons. "ETO", "Pacific", and a good Conduct Medal ribbon. Those three should be put together and then a separate "Philippine liberation" ribbon. On the ETO ribbon go three Battle stars. I have got that, but mine are very shabby and I can't get them replaced here and it is good to have a good set. Most of the fellows have them sent from home. I make a sketch how I want them.



Please send them soon otherwise they don't reach me. It is not so important, but good to have before returning. You can put the whole thing in an

envelope.

I hope that very soon I can throw the whole nonsense away.

Be greeted with all my love  
always yours

Red



Oct. 28th, 1945

Manila,

My very Dearest Ones,

I just finished a long letter with much excitement, hoping it will be the first chance to contact Her. I found out about an organization in Europe to trace Displaced Persons. I sent a letter for Her to be forwarded. The Addr. is as follows:

"CENTRAL TRACING BUREAU, COMBINED DISPLACED PERSONS EXECUTOR: APO 755 c/o P.M.

N.Y., N.Y."

I wonder if you heard about ~~it~~ it and if not, I think you will be glad to have it.

I saw Jenny & Bela for a short while yesterday. Poor Jenny is very sad and very pessimistic about the boys also. She is very quiet but you can see, how much she suffers. She is actually concerned about my leaving soon. I asked Bela about "Perfumes" and he told me, that this is an excellent article here. If we only could do something quickly, because the competition is pretty big.

My Dearests I have not much time today for a longer letter, but have all my love nevertheless, I am counting the days - one by one to be united with you again

yours always

Mo.

Nov. 3<sup>rd</sup> 1945  
Manila, Phil.

My dearest Parents,

November has arrived - it is the month I am eligible to go home, having over 60 points. But - everything seems completely screwed up and my hope to be at home by Christmas dwindles. What's the reason for it is, we all don't know. The fact is, that much less soldiers are going home, as the plan called for, that they don't go exactly by the point system. Men with 60 points have gone home last month with their own divisions, which left high point men back - it is really not a pleasant picture and the soldiers are very angry. I wish you could read our newspapers. The terrible mistake was to give us very rosy looking plans - and then they just wouldn't fulfill them. We all put our heart on a certain time and now after counting the days, we see it slip by.

Worst of all, I have not to much to do, but that is even no help. I sit around

② and try to spread out ~~in~~ the little I have to do think to much all day long and become more and more impatient. Normally I filled out my free time, but in this climate I have even no ambition to sketch or paint. I am just lazy and tired no matter whether there is work or not. I never could live in the tropics. Even the natives move so slowly walk slowly and everything goes in slow tempo. Only the nights bring little relief with coolness. We either lie on the grass and look at the movie, which we have 6 times a week - rain or not rain or we go to our \$ own little club, which we formed with our own money in the basement of a Philipino house in the neighborhood. There we sit, drink cool drinks, talk or play cards and have sometimes the visit of some Philipino girls or Red Cross girls from America, who live nearby. I don't remember to have slept as much, in the last years, as I have done since I am here. \$ every day I am in bed under my net, by 10 or 10 30 and

③ in the morning at 7 o'clock I hardly can rise. But we all do so - we just have to sleep more.

Everything is unexciting and the time seems so lost to us. We get so many new recruits from the States, that we all could be gone ~~also~~ already. They average between 19 and 22 years, are very young and gay and for them the Army is something still strange and we look so tired and disgusted in contrast.

Yesterday I received a package from you with the most delicious Salami, in perfect condition I put it in our Ice box, but by nightfall it was already eaten up. I have my steady customers when a package comes. So we had a little banquet before going to bed - others brought anchovies, sardines, herring etc. and with ice cold beer at hand it was most pleasant. Many, many thanks my Dears. Tomorrow I shall try to see Jerry - on Sunday we go to Cavite beach for bathing. We have been there last Sunday and it is very refreshing. So we try to kill the time, while we are waiting and while my mind is far away from here. Have all my love and give my best greetings to everyone at home, yours  
her

Nov. 12<sup>th</sup> 1945.  
Manila

My very Dearster,

I received your Telegram  
two days ago. I am at a complete  
loss what to do now. I wonder  
where you got Ita's Address.

The only thing I can <sup>do</sup> explain,  
is guessing. First of all I believe  
Ita doesn't want to go back to Poland.  
and on the other side couldn't stay in  
Austria. I can't blame her, because most  
of the Poles are still big Antisemites and  
have not learned much in this respect.  
As far as her name is concerned - there  
is only one explanation. I have met  
~~to~~ two cases like that in Germany,  
where Polish Jews saved their lives, by  
destroying all their own papers and by  
getting other ones through bribery succeeded  
in getting into slave labor, so saving  
their life. life isn't nice -

Now I tried to send a telegram  
and they wouldn't accept one, as there  
is no communication with Hungary yet.  
What shall I do? And imagine what  
complications there will be with her  
having a different name now. It is

② terrible. I talked with a Field director of our Red Cross and she said, that I have a real problem on my hand. She will write letters to the State department and to Geneva, but God knows how long all that will take. I haven't received an answer <sup>to a letter</sup> ~~to~~ from the State Department yet, (which I sent ~~of~~ a few weeks ago. All that adds to my impatience to return, because from here you can do much less, than from the U.S. It will still take at least 3 to 4 weeks until I can leave for home and that is an optimistic view. They are very far behind in sending men home and only in the last few days there seemed to be a little action. I hope they will keep it up.

Everything is so complicated now and I still can't overcome the disappointment to have been so very near to ~~them~~ <sup>her</sup>, which would have solved everything so easily.

last Friday - Nov. 9<sup>th</sup> - there was a memorial service for this day. It was staged in the bombed and destroyed Manila Synagogue <sup>in</sup> ~~under~~ the roofless ruin. There were lots of Soldiers and was it very, very impressive - but it got me quiet excited, as so many things came

755  
③ into my mind.

Nobody realizes or gives a damn, what happened to the Jews. It is quite terrible if a 130 Million people - the Americans - went through such a terrific war with about 180 thousand dead - we with 12 Million lives lost about 6 millions souls - it is beyond any understanding. People are scared of the Atomic bomb - well without it, the world would not be much better of either - it is our mind, which is so rotten, which is much more dangerous than any technical development of murder. It makes it only faster, people have proven, that their own hands can do just as much harm or more.

I wish I would be out of this environment soon. I will feel much better then - at least free to do as I please. And we will talk things over - it will be so good. It can't be too long any more now.

Be all of you greeted with all my love -

all my thoughts are to be with you again -  
yours

Red.

Nov. 14<sup>th</sup> 1945  
Manila, Phil.

My dearest Parents,

Mail from home is very rare now and according to one remark in one of your letters you must think, that I am on my way home already. That you misjudged it, is not your mistake, most of us thought, that it will be so at this time. The war department has handed out to us surprising good looking plans and still keeps up with reports, which to a certain percentage of Military personnel looks just phony. If we would have <sup>been</sup> told from the beginning, that we leave at this and that late time, our mind would have been settled down to this fact. But one week it looks, like we would go home in a short while and next we all hope is gone. Men with lower points than us have gone and some with higher are still here. Everything is so uncertain and our morale goes down more and more.



② My work consists mostly in killing time, pretending to do something. Many of the old Officers are gone. With them we have gone through everything and more or less understood each other. With hundreds recruits coming in, we received new Officers also, most of them very young fellows, who have just arrived from the States and we just speak two different languages. With all the changes breaking over us I got scrambled up too - I was up for Staffsergent and through some Office delay they missed the term - I am frozen now and can't advance anymore. Not that it makes much difference now, but for a certain reason it would have been practical. So I went home as a little corporal - well corporals make history sometimes - and I feel better after I have told a few Officers, what I think about it - and I didn't hold myself back either.

The Recruits are all very young - young boys and they have a big respect <sup>for us</sup> ~~before us~~.

③ It is not only because we are veterans - it seems like a different generation has come over and there is no sympathy towards them. That are the kids, who originally were slated to participate in the invasion of Japan. How glad I am that it was spared to them - they just can't realize what they missed. A few must have had an idea - ~~it~~ one the other might get a little drunk by just sniffing at a glass and he cried half the night in agony and fear of the Japanese. Another one 21 years old got outright crazy last week. It was terrible - we had to beat him down and strap him to a stretcher in order to get him to the Hospital. A nice blond kid -

Hell - my letter I just realize is not very cheerful. I am just tired and I feel the time is wasted, while I have so much on my mind. First I thought I will be able to be home by Christmas, then by New-Year - now it looks like January. I hope, there won't be any further delay.

In the next few days I shall send perhaps a few little packages home.

(4) They will contain a few odd and ends and personal stuff. I don't want to carry everything with me. So when ~~it~~ it arrives, please don't bother to open it. I shall take care <sup>of it</sup> when I arrive.

Yesterday I sent a Telegram for a little money. I didn't want to do it, but then I decided, because I just can't catch up in this place. I almost don't go out, but laundry, PX and beer and Coca Cola and all that mounts up so much, that I am in a dilemma to catch up with something I owe since a while. And I don't want to go on my home trip short of money. That I didn't make the Staff sergeant was part of the miscalculation also - because I was up for it for certain - and there is quite a difference in pay. Well - I hope I shall soon be able to repay you what I have indebted you all the time.

Good night, my Dears, greet everybody for me and be kissed with all my love  
yours and very impatiently

neo.

Dec. 27<sup>th</sup> 1944

My very dearest Parents,

I have not written now for some days and have a guilty conscience. But I was too busy and nervous also. I thought very much of you, guessing, that you will worry very much, hearing the news of the present crisis on the front and you not knowing, where I am. I assure you, that I feel very fine and that we all have calmed down, being confident and strong in our belief, that this time will pass again ~~in~~ ultimately being a benefit ~~to~~ to us.

We have read in our own Army-news papers, what headlines our papers had back in the States. They must have been quite a shock to you and must have busted all the holiday spirit. But in a certain sense it had it's benefit. It will awake many, who thought the war is over and remind them - and I hope impress them - with

② what a formidable, fanatic enemy we have to deal and I hope will ~~at least~~ let them realize a little bit at least, what those men on the front have to go through. They have a terrible hard task and I myself am willing to pay my highest respect to every single one of them, knowing how much easier my own job is in comparison to theirs.

There is no doubt in us today, that we will succeed to stem this last uprising of the cornered beast - we know our power and the strength of our believe.

It is only so terrific sad - thinking about all those sacrifices, that have to be done, to reach this goal.

Please be calm also and don't worry about me. We all are in high spirits and with God's help, we all ~~will~~ are looking forward to the day, where we will be able again to live without fear.

With my greatest love to all of you,  
I remain yours,  
Leo.

AR 25193

2/10

Leo Glueckselig Collection

1942-1945

Glueckselig, Leo to Glueckselig, MAX and Paulina



CAMP BLANDING, FLORIDA

Sept. 19<sup>th</sup> 1942

My dears,

I didn't write the last few days as I was very busy. I had practically no time at all. That happens some times! We got ~~over~~ some new equipment and had to fix it - or better to learn ~~to~~ how to fix it during our spare time. Yesterday - I had K.P. - that was continuous work from 6<sup>15</sup> in the morning until 9<sup>30</sup> night and then I had to prepare everything for Saturday inspection. I came to bed at around 11 o'clock after taking a shower and was very tired. But don't think I feel bad today. None at all - the work and training we do - is very healthy for us boys.

Yesterday working in the kitchen I was interrupted by a sergeant who brought mail for us. I got 6 letters

from you, 2 old ones from Camp Dix - and  
I couldn't quite read them, until now.  
Only once - excuse me - I ran to the  
latrine and sitting there I received through  
your letters. This afternoon I shall do  
it quietly. Thank you very much for  
the money - I am blank and a guy  
borrowed me some money - so that I am  
able to go to Stark this afternoon. I don't  
take a weekend pass, because we Jews  
will get me Sunday ~~in~~ in the afternoon  
until Monday night. I am happy  
that I can go out now on four Kippur.

Oh my dears, there is so much  
I would like to talk to you. I hope I  
get some time in the next days to do  
so.

Once more my dear parents  
let me wish all the best in the world.  
I shall be with you every minute of this  
coming day and as it has always  
been our wishes and prayers will be  
the same - coming from our hearts and  
let's hope they will be fulfilled. We went  
through hard trials already - stood together -  
never lost our hope - let us be strong again.

In deepest love  
yours

Leo



NAME &  
RANK

1st Lt. Max Genselsky

ORGANIZATION

795th NP BN C-47

BRANCH OF SERVICE

CAMP BLANDING, FLORIDA  
Camp Blanding, Fla.



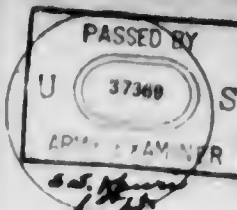
Mr. & Mrs. Max Genselsky  
1896 Halton Ave, Bronx  
N.Y.C. N.Y.

**AIR MAIL**

TOMORROW'S MAIL TODAY

EASTERN AIR LINES





(CENSOR'S STAMP)

TO: Mr. & Mrs.  
Max Glueckselig  
1894 Walton Ave.  
Bronx, New York U.S.A.

FROM  
Teo5 Leo Glueckselig 72410639  
HQ. DET. 795th M.P. Bn.  
A.P.O. 550 c/o P.M. N.Y., NY

SEE INSTRUCTION NO. 2

(Sender's complete address above)

July 14th 1944

My beloved Parents,  
Another day is gone and after a heavy days work I want to talk to you a little. In regard to getting mail the second part of the week wasn't as good as the first one, but I hope I shall get a bunch of mail soon again.  
Lately I was out a few times. We usually go out, a few fellows together and we had really a very swell time. This partly thanks to the friendliness of the people around here. The places, where one gets drinks here are called "Pubs" (Public House) and they are as old an institution, as the coffee house was in Vienna. People go there to rest and talk, over beer or some other drink. It has style and one meets naturally a lot of people and get's there in contact with them in the easiest way. We had a lot of fun with a few old ladies who invited us to a cup of tea and cake. It was very nice to sit in a home again in clean and comfortable chairs. The other day I found one of the most picturesque places I have seen in a long time. A few houses in a lovely valley. A church from the 15th century and another little house and a farmers house about the same time. In this old place is a pub—it opens just for an hour at night, but even in a short time like that one can enjoy it immensely. I struck up a friendship there with an old gardener, who tried to teach me "Darts" a game you find in every Pub and after closing time he took me in his garden to show me his roses. And were they beautiful. I walked home with two of them—snow white and in the middle just faintly pink. All the way back I thought how much you would have admired them. They are still at the side of my bed—certainly a strange appearance in a soldiers room. But one can dream very well looking at them.  
Days pass by very fast. This only because there is a lot to do and I am satisfied so far. Before I know a day is gone—the only bad thing is, there are so many days.  
My time off isn't too big and usually I don't write to much. I hope that all of you know how much I think of you and that those letters to you go to all of you at home. I know that you all read them not only to read what I do but to allow me to talk to every single one.  
Well —so I close for today again with all my thoughts and love at home and I wish that always I should hear only the best from you. Be kissed every single one and greeted with all my heart

always yours  
*Leo*

HAVE YOU FILLED IN COMPLETE ADDRESS AT TOP?

V-MAIL

HAVE YOU FILLED IN COMPLETE ADDRESS AT TOP?

U. S. GOVERNMENT PRINTING OFFICE: 1943 10-2842-5



U. S. ARMY

Sept. 7<sup>th</sup> 1942

My dear parents,

This week I didn't write very much. Not because I had much work to do - which in fact wasn't the case, but because I had hoped so much to come again on weekend. Saturday evening I thought it might still work out and waited with a few other fellows until 12<sup>o</sup>'clock in the night & in front of the orderly room. Then we gave up and went to bed disappointed. I think they didn't give out passes, because of the overcrowded trains during the holy days.

Well - so I stayed in the camp - had not much to do and fooled around the whole day.

When I called you Sunday morning I didn't recognize Father's voice. He must have a bad cold and I hope it will be over very soon.

I am in the Army now 34 days. That is very long for ~~the~~ the Reception

Anders and I am very curious what they are going to do with me.

I hope very much to be home during the coming holidays. But as one never knows what is going to happen - one should figure <sup>(always)</sup> ~~too~~ with the fact that it might be not possible.

Yesterday I met a soldier who's name is incidentally, he's too and he is from Vienna. The first one I saw. A very fine boy and we are in the same Barracks.

How is are Fritz, Gaby, Paul & hirsle?<sup>2</sup> I don't hear anything from them anymore. ~~So~~ I know it's just laziness - after all I wasn't so busy with writing lately. Apopos writing - I wrote a letter to hily (Stork) last week and didn't get an answer yet. I wonder whether they will answer at all - father's letter included. I would need the money - that means - a small part of it. I wanted, you to take the bigger part and to do something with it. If I get paid now - and that isn't certain yet - I would get only  $\frac{2}{3}$  of the payroll. Minus the insurance and a lot of other things I would have to bring in order - cleaning of uniforms etc. - not much would be left for ~~so~~ <sup>4</sup> months. If you don't hear anything in the next ~~so~~ days - please let me know - I shall change my attitude. My patience has gone. Please write the addresses of both Heibergers too. I kiss you my dears. in love yours her



CAMP BLANDING, FLORIDA

Sept. 11th 1942

My dear parents,

There I am - in Florida.

We travelled from 6<sup>h</sup> o'clock  
Wednesday until Thursday - that  
means Friday 2<sup>h</sup> o'clock in the  
morning. The trip was't very pleasant,  
as we did'nt get Pullmans, as they  
usually do - but Coaches. It is tiring  
to sit for 30 hours, without much  
chance to lie down. But I thought  
allways, that soldiers in Europe  
travel mostly in cattle cars - so I  
was't very mad about it. Because  
coaches aren't air cooled - we had to  
leave the windows open and naturally  
we became very dirty. He had a kitchen  
car with us and had 3 hot meals.  
The best was the breakfast, which consisted  
of 2 eggs, bacon, bread, coffee and  
orange and corn flakes with a bottle of  
milk. The whole time, we had not  
the slightest idea where we are going

and hundred of rumors and guesses sprung up during the day. I slept or looked out of the window, becoming dirtier and dirtier. Along the way, people were waving, waving after us - in some stations individual persons brought us drinks or ice cream, as we were not allowed to leave the train. We passed Philadelphia during the night - a nightmare of industry and factories, ~~large~~ bridges crisscrossing each other - then Washington. From there on we went down south, mostly on freight lines, passing only small cities or villages, endless plains and woods and fields. Along the tracks always shacks and huts, mostly looking as they would have been deserted a long time ago but always a swarm of negro children swarmed out, when we passed. In stations they sometimes came over and danced like little monkeys, their big eyes, waiting for the tin bells to be dropped.

At night we were told to change into the sunbates. There we started slowly to find out, where we were heading. Again guessing about the nature of the camp. As the train went on, through dark night and dark looking villages, we all became so tired that we didn't know what to do. Too tired to sit or to stand - but always in good humor. Like boys - who were simply spoiled

(2)



CAMP BLANDING, FLORIDA

until now. Our impatience was heightened because the train stopped now very often in open field - turning on his wheels. As we finally arrived, we were only concerned, whether we would have to carry our bags or not. There we were awaited by a whole convoy of trucks and a load of officers. They slipped us ~~our~~ including the bags on the cars and brought us directly to our barracks. These barracks are called tents - but are really small wooden houses with only five beds, very comfortable, light and clean. (I like it much better than those in Ft. Dix.) First thing we did, was to drop everything and to take a shower. They had to chase me out of the bathroom. Then I slept - oh how I slept - in a clean bed - they had to wake me up with force. We got a break - as we were allowed to sleep until 7<sup>30</sup> instead 6<sup>15</sup> in the morning.

Then we started to inquire ~~at~~ what outfit we were in. To my surprise I found out that we become MP (Military police) There still might be a few

changes - but for the moment it is that way! One has to make the best out of it. As MP we eat incense then before. In the Mess hall, which is much smaller than in Ft. Dix at every sit there are porcelain plates and every thing prepared like in a restaurant. We are served on - and good too. Then we went out and were introduced to our staff. The first ~~of~~ Officer made a pep talk. The officers seem to be very fine fellows and left on all a very fine impression. I was very excited about the way he greeted us and could have cried. I asked him afterwards about religious services and he told me to wait. At ~~the~~ lunch - he came in and announced that ~~the~~ soldiers of Jewish faith would become passes to go to the nearest town to be able to attend services. I shall go tonight.

The only thing more to tell is that it is ~~of~~ very hot. "Down South" and the water dripps from our faces. But it is a heat, where I shall get used to - I am sure. Besides that our camp is located around a very nice - rather large lake where we are allowed to swim - only when "life guards" are present dear Mother!

That's all in short. I hope you got my telegram in time and know what is behind those few words.

Much love and fulfillment of our wishes and prayers - and much love

to you all my dears  
yours

Leo



CAMP BLANDING SERVICE CLUB  
CAMP BLANDING, FLORIDA

07 27th 1942

My dear Parents,

Excuse me please that I write not much this week - but I had not much time. Tomorrow we go out and we have a lot to prepare tonight. We will be back probably on Saturday - so don't worry about mail.

I kiss you in love always thinking of home and you my dearests

I remain always

Yours

Leo

Oct. 6<sup>th</sup> 1942.

My dear parents,

Today we had target practice and a lot of marching. I am awfully sleepy - as everybody in my company - but I think ~~it~~ it is better to write a few lines, than none.

I was awfully bad in shooting today as I have to shoot on the left side because of my bad right eye and as a natural right hander I was all mixed up. Hell - it ~~was~~ is not my fault.

He came back - dirty and sweating and sunburned - but now I sit there clean washed and shaved. I go to bed very soon because I am sleepy like a baby from the sun and air. That is at least a very healthy life.

Besides the parcels I had no mail from you. I have still a few kindel and eat them with biggest joy.

Great every body and be kissed with all my heart

of yours  
/rw

Oct. 8<sup>th</sup> 1942

You —

Why don't you write? I was near to use one of those nice expressions, one learns in the course of military training. Have you forgotten already the hero of the family? Yesterday I shot a couple of times a few yards close to the bulls eye and you have no respect anymore. I am one of the best "bull shifters" in the company.

But today I had guard duty and I held the enemy back about 6000 miles from our motor pool. I got soaked wet and challenged three officers in a row who kept respectfully quiet ~~in front of~~ <sup>in front of</sup> me and my far spreading shotgun. It gives you some thrill to get suddenly the power to order an officer around. How poor we human beings are. That gives me a thrill! Take off his dress and on his body no ~~to~~ silver or gold bar appears - unless he pisses one on his skin. Very unlikely. . . . And without it you can piss in his face - I mean naturally symbolically - because usually one doesn't do it. I hope you know that.

I am really very sleepy now, as I slept 4 hours only last night. And my letter must look that way. But one doesn't need always to write serious-minded letters just to show his love. ~~and~~ I am very much with you all in my thoughts always appreciating the closeness of our relation. It does so well to know that in all that impersonal way of living and working. One tries always ~~as~~ to keep the thought away, what for one is learning everything. One encloses all his thoughts in the full fulfillment ~~as~~ of orders and their execution as "a must" of the daily life. One talks about a ~~to~~ probable transference from one camp to the other across the continent or about the "going over" <sup>like</sup> ~~as~~ about any other order for the next day. There is no excitement about those thoughts - only if one thinks of home, one suddenly realizes, what all those things might really mean. One visualizes the effect it might have there - and because that relations keeps living in contrast to most of all other connections with the former life - the sternness of everything sneaks sometimes into the heart.

But I am very quiet and have much confidence, that all will be over one day, as we pray it may go.

Much love and kisses

yours  
he

Many regards to Dr. Haldinger.

Post. hrs Gneukselig  
795th MPBN Co "D"  
Camp Blanding, Fla.



Mr. & Mrs. Frederic Gneukselig  
628 W 114 St.  
N.Y.C. N.Y.

Mon. 27th, 1942

My dears,

I just sit in the day room. That is to a small house, which belongs only to our camp. We write, read there, play cards or ping-pong, etc. I got your letter with the nice little sketch of hisse. Many thanks for it. I try to visualize the place and as I have know the furnitures I can do so to a certain extend. It must be a nice little place and I hope really the parents feel well there. When I look at the outlay it is a reminder for me again, that I am really in the Army and far away from home. I wished we could already study how to rearrange everything - and I am with you again. I am allways so happy when I have mail from home, though I am not able to write so much as Father does. About your questions now. I could write you a hundred guesses. Every day there are new "news" in fact nobody knows anything. I never write about those "news", because they proved in 99% wrong and it would mix you & up

only. He knows in fact only, what has happened and this I report as good as I can. These rumors we started to call "shit house news" (Excuse me - but they are not better.) I know for instance that our basic training is almost over. He don't learn anything new - we just polish off, what we did until now. From many signs we expect that some changes might take place very soon - but what is completely unknown to us. Yesterday they called ~~a~~ certain men out - mostly people with some more serious ailments which brought them into the 1B category. There was some discussion, ~~what~~ between the officers, whether I should come on this "casualty list" as it is called. Finally I was put back. Hell those people were really half cripples - mostly or older, fat, automatic ones. Nobody knows what they are going to do with them or with anybody. Some may be transferred to other camps, some may stay here.

I got a letter from Fredl Fast today. He made a big push forward. He is going thanks to his knowledge and 1A status to Officers training school and will be a lieutenant in a few months. I think I'll never will be able to do it, because of my 1B status, though my I. Q. (INTELLIGENCE QUESTIONS) ~~was~~ had enough points to make it possible. Nevertheless I try my best in that direction.

What is the matter now with Paul?

(2)

Does he know anything about his military matters? last week I was called to Headquarters and filled a questionnaire for my final papers. I needed 3 Photos which I had made in town. As witnesses who vouch for my loyalty, probably my captain and one officer will sign. I wonder how long I still have to wait but probably the citizenship will come now soon. We are a whole bunch waiting for it - including another Venetian, a Chinese, a Phillipino, a Czech ~~etc.~~ and so on. I am very curious, how that will take place and whether there will be any ceremony.

Tonight and tomorrow all day long I have the easiest job, one can have. Every other night a different group of men of a different comp. has guard duty. There are always 3 supernumerals. That are men in reserve, in case one guardman gets sick or has to fall out for any reason. As that happens very rarely - those 3 men usually, loaf the whole day long and their duty consist only to stay near to the guard house. Well - I am this time one of those. It happens only once in a few months - but once you have it you enjoy it properly.



It is funny how one changes. It is chilly now and we speak about those cool nights. They are probably warm nights in N.Y. But we have hot and warm sun during the day and still sleep in the huts with open windows. We dress ~~now~~ summer like and therefore speak of cool weather, when it seems necessary to bake a jacket in the morning, when it is still dark and damp. After breakfast, when we march out to drill, we leave it back, because 1 hour later we sweat already. A few wear the woolen undershirt in the morning but I didn't touch my winter underwear that far.

I send to you 4 photos of which 2 belong to Gabby & Fritz. Please give them to Father and he will forward them to the kids.

I'll finish for today. Give this time my love and kisses to our dear parents and be kissed heartily

from your old

Leo

CAMP BLANDING SERVICE CLUB  
CAMP BLANDING, FLORIDA

Nov. 3<sup>rd</sup> 1942

My dears,

I didn't write for the last two days - I was in St. Aug when we were here. What a beautiful, little sleepy town. I shall write about it some day, when I have more time than today. Today it was a pretty strenuous day and I want to go to bed.

Besides - I was very much shocked at the moment over the news about Fritz. I thought it over now and talked with some other fellows and I came to the conclusion, that it is more a typical army case - so-called red tape. That Doctor - as usual in the local board don't want to bother with it - and saving a little work - he leaves the judgement to the military authorities. I am almost sure, that Frickell won't be taken. I have some idea now about military matters. He shouldn't get nervous - one

of the known facts in the Army - is that the Doctor staff is extremely nice and polite. They won't torture him - he will get one and for all the examination by the proper specialist. This man ~~is~~ is not waiting for P.T.F. G. but for him he is one of his duties and he certainly will perform it proper. I think - and I hope he sees it that way - it is a matter of formality. So don't worry - you won't be left alone and everything will be O.K. Today's news are cheering ones and I didn't believe my eyes when I read the newspaper. God may help - it would go ahead that way - and the whole mess may be over as soon as possible.

I hope Motherell feels stronger by now.

In the last days - I think so much of home.

Did you get the Photos from St. Augustine

I greet you again in big love

always with you

yours  
Leo

Dec. 12<sup>th</sup> 1942

Mein liebes Mutterle,

Es ist nicht so leicht für mich diesen Brief zu schreiben, weil ich Dich viel lieber in meine Arme nehmen ~~würde~~ und wortlos in aller Weise an mich pressen möchte - Dir alles Gute und Beste wünschend. Ich hoffte sehr zuhause zu sein - aber leider ging es nicht und muß ich versuchen diesen Moment in Worte auszudrücken.

Wenn ich Dich so umarme Deinen Kopf unter meinem Kinn und ich viel größer als Du und Du auf Deiner Zehenspitzen, nur meinen Kopf zu erwidern - da bleibt nur meine körperliche Größe übrig - dann fühle ich mich immer klein und warm in den Händen meiner Mutter.

Ich bin ein erwachsener Mensch - ein Mann - und momentan ist mein Leben ein ungewöhnliches und fern vom normalen. In dieser schweren Zeit, wenn mich manchmal Heimweh packt - dann ist es an einen

großen Teil - die Seltsamkeit nach dieser  
Geborgenheit und einzigen Liebe, die einem  
so selbstverständlich erscheint in leichteren  
Umständen.

Aber ich bin jede Minute bewußt, daß ich  
Dich habe und das ist ein großes Gefühl  
und hilft viel.

Ich adresse diese Worte an Dich,  
weil es Dein Geburtstag ist und wir  
alle diesen feiern wollen. Bei jedem Wort  
welches ich <sup>schlägt</sup>schreibe, ~~geht~~ mein Herz für  
unseren l. Vater mit. Er gehört so zu  
Dir, daß ich an Dich nicht schreiben kann  
ohne ihn zu erwähnen.

Viel Liebe meine Mutter und laß  
uns hoffen, daß unsere Wünsche für  
Dich wahr werden. So weit wir in Be-  
tracht kommen - wir werden hoffnungs-  
voll und stark bleiben -

Ich küsse Dich innigst  
und bin bei Dir -

Dein Bob

hes

UNITED STATES ARMY



CAMP BLANDING, FLORIDA

Oct. 27<sup>th</sup> 1943

My dearest Parents,

It is early morning

- I just came back from 2 hours standing guard. It was again a cold morning and wouldn't it be so bad, if it wouldn't get damp on top of it just before dawn. Specially at the morning guard we dress up with everything at hand and it isn't too bad then. When we came down here, they issued to us a very sweet little wool hat, which you can draw over your ears and wear underneath the helmet. At the moment we have a nice fire burning and it is very cozy in our tent. I am so much swank, that I want to use this moment to write to you - who knows whether I will have a leave later during the day? As I opened up my writing kit I found a letter I

wrote to Mike and Paul the day before yesterday. I was sure I had it mailed and am awfully sorry about the delay. I got meanwhile their letter with the photos of you all. You can't imagine how glad I was with them and sitting in my tent looking at them I caught myself talking to every single one of you. I must be a little nuts I guess. Anyway - I thank you very much for them. You all look very well and this makes me glad ~~also~~ too. I got your long letter yesterday and appreciated so much how thoroughly you wrote about everything. I always can see from your lines how much the new business keeps you busy and specially - excited. Well I can understand it very well and I can measure it on the amount of thought I give to it - being so far away and being occupied all the time with such a different work. I have the real belief that the place will be a success further on. You are a decent dealer with nice merchandise and a lot of understanding - not to talk about the "second in command" and this whole surrounding new place every-thing in a different light and a better ~~at~~ atmosphere. Keep the very well in your

## UNITED STATES ARMY



(2)

## CAMP BLANDING, FLORIDA

mind and <sup>in your</sup> attitude to the people and you will see further results. Gosh - I give you some advice, where I am ~~a~~ green myself. But I like to talk about it, where only my phantasy can play instead of giving actual help - as I wish I could give you. -

Yesterday I also received the paper and pencils from Cabi bin and I am very happy about it. In my free time I have sketched a lot and the paper wasn't too good. This one is excellent and I hope I shall honor it's quality. Give Cabi my thanks for it mean while. —

Here in our camp we have a loud speaker system installed, which is used for the bugles and announcements for the men. Sometimes during the day we connect it with the Radio and we have music all over the place which sweetens work a little. ~~for~~ At night time, when all the Italians are back from the fields, they like to



sit around on the side of the compound facing us and to listen to it. Yesterday night a few men from one of their companies got permission to come over to the communication tent and they gave an Italian performance over the loud speaker. You should have seen, how all the prisoners came out and listened to the folk songs and sentimental serenades. I was just on duty at the gate of the stockade, where most of them stood pressed together, wishing and humming - and homesickness in their face. - A few of them knowing me from different details where I guarded them, call me "heo" and I talk a lot with Giuseppis, Stouios, Peppos etc. Yesterday at one work detail they started a heated discussion with me, whether Ferrinazzi or Schindelar was a better football player (both were famous football players in those good old times.) Imagine my surprise yesterday night, when one of the prisoners standing at the gate started to sing: "In einem kleinen Café in Hermsdorf" ... He learned it from an Austrian in Tunisia -

As you see - there are always in interesting things around here. I got so much used already to the living in the field, that the thought of an inner spring mattress and a window in a wall seems like a dream. He all are very brown - sun and wind browned and I feel very well - by the way I am a little too fat. (I am of this opinion despite Mutter's protests.)

Be greeted and accept all my love  
always yours  
heo

Jan. 30<sup>th</sup> 1943.

My dear Parents,

This is one weekend in camp.

It is evening now and after eating. This afternoon, we had a very big and spectacular parade. We walked half an hour to the biggest ground of the field. It must be about 1 square mile and we met there with other 20 companies - that are about 4000 men.

The whole ceremony looked very impressive and I thought all the time, how you would like to see such a thing. So many young men flung over the whole length of the field - against the setting sun - doing different movements - all the same, by one command. Then standing like frozen with hands saluting, while the flag comes down - slowly - to the tunes of the anthem. After that all the companies in rows of 12 men passed in review. One can't imagine how such an event looks, on this tremendous field - so many souls, moving with the same breath and movement. There one sees, if ~~the~~ the men are already drilled well. That's

The main reason, why visiting generals want to see a parade allways. It is a mirror of the whole training. I never know, whether I should like or hate it. I hate ~~the~~ how individuals loose all there individuality and become one big directed herd - and on the other side, it carries you away and takes one's breath to be in midst of so many - moving so regulated and smoothly - and it gives such an impression of organized strength. Hell - I guess I'll never be a soldier in the depth of my heart - and it is good so. I have all my life and thoughts concentrated on it, because it is the only way to help change this hard time - but that's all -

Tomorrow I am on guard again from noon to Monday noon and then I shall be free of it for the next month.

After this letter I'll go with Steinkitz to the hospital. He just heard, that Murray Brenner (the fat boy) was brought there and we don't know, what's the matter with him. So we will see - and I hope it is nothing serious.

Good night my dears

I kiss you in biggest love

Yours

P.S.

The watch is still not here.

I hope tomorrow.

Leo

Feb. 19th, 1943

My dearest Parents,

I just have a little time to write and want to use ~~that~~ it to talk ~~to~~ a little bit. Yesterday I was on R.P. and as I wrote you in my last letter - I couldn't send you a letter. It is warmer again - sun shines - but still a fire in the stove is very comfortable. He heat our room not with coal, but wood and this gives us a finer heat. I read about the cold you had in N.Y. and hope it is warmer already.

The war news from Africa are not very good today. The optimism here was so big in last time, that they are a little concerned now. But they take it cool. I warned many of my friends, that the war is not won yet and that there will be a lot of hard ~~fit~~ fighting ahead. Now I warn them not to be too discouraged. I think it is very hard for a young Army, like ours - most of the boys were a short time ago still ~~at~~ civilians - to fight against veterans, against an Army with battle experience. All our young officers are without actual experience and we have to learn in a hard and bitter way. It fills me with so much hate to imagine all those sacrifices, which have to be made only to stop the craziness of one people. It fills me with

so much hate, because I am so confident of the end of this war. I don't think there is any doubt, that they will be beaten - but half a world will be demolished and everything will be brought in complete disorder.

The men here get more and more open respect for the Russians. One is not anymore called a "Communist Sympathizer" if he expresses the highest sympathy for them. I wonder, whether the world will ever realize fully, what they and their resistance accomplished for us. -

Here is nothing new. He goes every day through our routine. He has so many new men here, that we have to go through many things, which are new for them - and boring for us. But that is the Army - everything is hammered into you, until it goes automatically.

One week is almost over again - I don't know, whether I shall go out that week. Perhaps I take it easy and stay in once for a chance. If one has no detail on weekend - a Sunday is the laziest affair in camp. Well - I shall see.

My dears good bye for today -  
I kiss you in greatest love  
Yours

he

Feb. 20<sup>th</sup> 1943

My dearest Parents,

I must start this letter right away with thanks for the 2 Salamis. I received them 2 days ago - but I always forgot to mention it. I don't know - what the matter with me. I am so happy, if I get something from home - and they are so delicious and then I even don't write about it. Excuse me please. They are almost gone already - only a half is left and it is as delicious as usual. Many, many thanks. However get's something in my tent, divides it up with the others. For instance, Steinkritz get's sometimes very fine cookies or Salamis from his wife - and there is then the same procedure - he is robbed.

Yesterday evening I went with 2 other boys to the Friday evening service. I never could go, because we have always to clean our stuff for Saturday inspection. When Pent - that is the Irish man in my tent, heard that I wanted so much to go, he didn't allow <sup>me</sup> to touch anything and made me and Steinkritz go, while he and the others cleaned up.

It was late already and the Unappsel is on the other side of the

camps a few miles away - so we called up the Chaplain (Captain Freedman) and he picked us up with his car. Fortunately he lives near from us and so we could ride with him. He is a very fine, young fellow, very intelligent and a good sportsman. He had a lot of fun with him and later I had a small talk about my experiences on the other side. When he asked me - "from where did you come" - I said "From Vienna" - then he answered merely - "oh how sad".

He had there a crowd of about 60-70 men and conducted the service simple and impressive. It is so different - to see soldiers pray - At the end he made a small speech in which he mentioned, that wherever we may be and be in need of a chaplain - to go with - out any shyness to a chaplain of any other faith, if there shouldnt be a Jewish one.

His speech then centered about a problem of democracy and facism. Very clever and progressive. He started out from a picture shown here - "Keeper of the Flame". (I am going to see it tonight - go if you find it in N.Y.) It is supposed to be very good. - It is very refreshing to hear a rabbi ~~was~~ talking that way.

He was talking about the glorification of the "Hero" in our time. The men to whom the broad mass looks up with admiration. Those types who get straight by the power of propapanda, be it politically or be it the business propapanda

(2) of a big money power in our midst. He said, "May the little man look up to the sky and realize how power-full he is, if he lives in harmony with the other one. There is no flow so power full, than the flow of the big mass". It is a relief to hear once a religious teacher speaking <sup>in</sup> ~~with~~ terms of our time.

Afterwards we stayed a little together and then he brought us home. I thought all the time how much you would be interested to attend ~~to~~ such a service over.

We are now after inspection. It is very nice weather. nice sunshine and warm. After lunch we'll have a parade and then we are off. I decided finally to stay in this weekend. I don't know - I don't feel like going out this week. But I know, that I will take it very easy and enjoy it too.

Otherwise there is nothing to report since yesterday. More or less one day goes like the other one. Still we don't know what we are going to do in the near future. But we expect something to happen very soon. One company of our Bn. moved out a few days ago and they are doing duty now in Miami. So we think I - once it has started, the others will follow soon. But one never knows anything in advance. I still hope



that in case we go - it will be nearer to N.Y.  
so that I might come over in a while - Wouldn't  
be bad - ?

From Fritz I still didn't hear anything.  
Did they get my photos. Such lazy people!  
And he should be concerned with her  
English grammar. The last letter was so sweet  
and I am really only concerned with their  
writing and not how it is written. For father I  
have my biggest compliments. There are a few  
mistakes he allways repeats - but as a whole  
I never expected him to write English so well  
and fluently. That isn't just a compliment -  
I mean it. I don't need to mention Paul  
- ~~that~~ his English is tops.

So I say again goodbye to you  
my Dearest - give my love to baby, Fritz,  
Niece & Paul and you be kissed  
in ~~the~~ greatest  
love

yours  
Dew

Feb. 28<sup>th</sup> 1943

My dearest Parents,

I have a very bad conscience to have left you so long without much mail. But the last few days, I was'nt in the best condition. I had caught a bad cold and my throat was so sore, that I hardly could speak. Funny enough - I had no temperature and was'nt taken to the hospital, - a thing I didn't quite understand. I went every morning to sick call, got my throat painted out, and then got some stuff to gargle and some pills. I had pains all the time and felt really lousy. On evening the first thing I would do, was to drink hot limonade and go to bed right away - to sweet. That had good

results. Today - Sunday I stayed in bed  
until noon - and my voice is much clearer  
and the pains all <sup>now</sup> gone. Dont worry  
- it is'nt anything - it's just annoying and  
made me ~~to~~ write nothing.

I got your fine bakery, which  
disappeared within 2 days - and to-  
day I got your fine Salami - oh  
thank you very much for everything.  
You see - that my appetite is'nt affected  
at all - so it cant be very serious.  
Anyway, if you send me again some  
thing, please send me those H.B. boubons  
again. They are really very good.

Now it's the second week, I  
was'nt out - I feel like imprisoned  
already - but I shall make good  
for that - dont worry.

I shall write again soon,  
and longer.

Be kind in great love  
yours

her

7pc. Geo Genselsky  
735th MP BN Co. D  
Camp Blanding, Fla.



Free

Mr. & Mrs. Max Genselsky  
1894 Walton Ave. Bronx  
New-York

CAMP BLANDING SERVICE CLUB  
CAMP BLANDING, FLORIDA

March 5<sup>th</sup> 1913

My dearest Parents,

Yesterday I wrote only a short note to you, not to leave you without any mail from me. I was very lazy after last week's work and hope you don't mind it. I got your candies today - was I laughing. Thanks you my Dears, but I hope I won't need so many laughing drops. But anyway I like them without laughing too - but it is so typical for you, how much you care for me - that you send me right away so many. Many, many thanks for it.

I am angry at me, that I so often forget to write about things, which really touch me deeply. It is this kind of life, which leaves so small a room for one self, that sometimes one forgets his own feeling. You mentioned, whether I got your prayer book. I don't find any explanation, how it could have happened, that I didn't mention it. It was such a dear surprise for me and I sat there a long time, holding it in my hand - thinking so many thoughts and hearing and feeling you so much. Those old lines contained all your wishes, all my education and life all your love and all your believing. A symbol to accompany me on my ways. I loved it very much and keep it dear.

I feel ashamed, that I didn't mention it and hardly find words to thank you for your

love. But I am convinced you believe in me and know that I mean all this sincere.

Life in the Army is filled with the interest of a chain of small things of the moment. Orders which have to be executed. One doesn't go a certain way ahead but lives a dictated program and all the individual wishes and acts, which make our lives, have to be suppressed or better, have to be put into service of a great organization. Grown ups don't care for their earning, food and shelter - they serve - held up only by an ~~idea~~ idea above everything. But in such a life, one looks in quiet moments into the distant normal life and sees so many things, which in the rush of the free life are covered up and clouded by the reality of the day.

Every feeling - Religion, love and the appreciation of everything we cherish, appears so clear and more understandable. The days are filled with the teaching of destruction and better thoughts come into our heart and head. It must be so, because we believe to be right in this fight. Sometimes it looks hard and one seems to miss much - but we are not unhappy - we believe in the good - and that is a big help. And I personally know, that so much love and care is with me, that I never can feel all alone.

I shall sometimes take the book and read in it.

With all my love

yours

Leo

March 12<sup>th</sup> 1943

My dearest Parents,

Since yesterday noon I am on Guard duty again. I was on my post 4 times since then, 3 times during the dark hours and so you can imagine, that I am a little tired and wasn't able to write yesterday. Our company was supposed to start next week with all duties, but a lot of men from our Battalion were sent out for some special duty for a few days and so we had to help out.

When I just looked for today's date I saw March 12<sup>th</sup> on the newspaper. What a date for us. It is a anniversary of 5 years now, when the whole horror started moving over Europe. He knows, that it started earlier allready, but that is the date, where it broke out of it's own borders, and we were the first ones to be swallowed, while a whole world looked on in amazement and shrugged the shoulders.

Do you remember this Friday, when we sat around the table, just starting our supper - and how the food remained untouched for the next day, when we heard the Radio announcement? I still feel, how everybody of us knew right away, that our

world and life has broken down - though we could not  
imagine at this time the details and size of what  
would follow. He just knew, that we had to leave one  
way or the other - we knew that right away. Those  
fascinating hours, days, and months afterwards, where  
no second of rest was ours. Those months, where bit  
by bit of everything, that was dear to us, was de-  
stroyed, parted, split up -

I lost then the dearest of my youth.  
I know I have lost it - it takes only confirma-  
tion - it is so hard for me to talk about it.  
I thought I could make myself forget it -  
but my heart is stronger than my senses and  
logic. How can I keep up a hope in this hell?

Well there I am again - looking back in  
the past. Is it really past? It isn't, that's  
why we are always talking and thinking of  
those days. It is still present - and for those  
days we are at war today - and I - one of  
millions - in the Army. In the American Army.  
What a break we have got. I know you all saw  
and me, whom the fate has placed in this part  
of the events - not a helpless poor human being,  
but allowed to help with millions others to  
turn the wheels for the world, as we want it  
here. Isn't that big and great luck?

Let's be happy about that in all this horror  
and make something out of it.

In love yours  
her.



March 16<sup>th</sup> 1943.

My dearest Parents,

I hope you were not too nervous during the last few days, as I didn't write to you. Usually if something comes up I am able to warn you in before, but this time I couldn't. Quit unexpected we were called out for some special guard-duty, which took us out of camp and I couldn't write during this time. Probably we have started to get actual duties and such things might occur sometimes.

There is not much to report otherwise. I found your two Salamis, which I tried out right away. They are delicious as usual and I thank you and Hisele very much for it.

In answer to your question - I am not in this school any more - the whole affair was reorganized and I am out at the moment. I am not so unhappy about it.

Writing today is not easy, because I am very ~~to~~ tired and in need of sleep. I just want you to know, that I and everything on is in best order.

You will excuse me - I hope

that I write so short, but you can ~~im~~  
imagin how I feel.

Next time I shall try to  
write more. Tell Friedl <sup>& Gaby</sup> that I did not  
find the right moment to answer their  
letters, which ~~were~~ <sup>were</sup> a big joy for me.  
I shall do that soon too.

Today I live you only with  
promises of more writing - but with  
as much love, as usual - greet Hisele  
& Paul -

always

Yours

hes

March 17<sup>th</sup> 1943

My dear<sup>est</sup> Parents.

I sit now on the footsteps of my limbs, because ~~inside~~ inside the air is still hot from the day. We got now the first taste of real heat again - and though it might be much hotter during the summer, we ~~not~~ felt it pretty much already. Besides it is very damp and we all have headaches - like real inspringtime.

I received your "Princkindl" today - oh are they good! Thank you very much - I am always so glad to get something from home, specially as it is always done with so much heart. The boys always tell me to write to Mother their congratulations, if they taste her baking.

I was without letter from you today and hope, that everything is o.k. at home.

With much love and many kisses to you all -

I remain always

your

heo

March 18<sup>th</sup> 1943

My dearest Parents,

I got your very nice letter today - I am allways so happy with your words, they are from heart to heart.

Here ~~is~~ nothing special has happened. The last few days ~~we~~ have been normal routine - only the beginning of the heat starts already. The boys started even to bath in the lake and I was sorry that I had no chance yet. He still wear our woolen uniform and wait with impatience for the date, where we will change to the summer uniform. But that are fixed terms and cold or not, we have to wait until then.

I just had an embarrassing moment. My little hat disappeared from the hut and as we use it at the retreat formation, I had to report it.

I got permission to wear another one and when retreat was over, the first sergeant adressed the whole company, that he doesn't like, that things were stolen in

his company. He called all the men - about 200 to attention and I had to go from man to man to inspect their hats. Brrr - I didn't like that - and all are kidding me now - because I run so quickly and made such an disgusted face. The hat wasn't there - and I am glad about it.

Your "kindl" still are very tasty and I steal every few hours one out of the box, seeing with disgust, how the box grows emptier and emptier. They are especially good this time - real "Purim kindl."

As to the question, that Mutterle wants to buy me something - I just can tell her, that her wish is already a present to me. I personally wouldn't know, what to wish now - I really don't know - and I would be glad to know, ~~so~~ that Mutterle uses once something for herself too.

You rather say, that she would be so happy to send something - I shall be with everything she ~~the~~ wants to give me. She is so good..

I send you a little photo today - ~~that~~ ~~is~~ the occasion is "guard mount." That means the formation, where the new guard takes over the post from the old one and the officer will inspect the weapons.

P.S.  
I wish you all  
a happy  
"good fortunes."

Be greeted as always with much affection  
and all my love  
yours  
Leo

March 28<sup>th</sup> 1943



My dearest Parents,

Saturday again  
and after a few weeks interruption  
I am in Jacksonville. I came in  
earlier than normal and my first  
boy is to the U.S.O. to write to you.  
It is a beautiful day, sunshine  
and a light breeze and I feel  
very comfortable in my summer-  
uniform.

I got a letter from you and  
was laughing about fathers preaching  
not to go to the dog races. Even if  
I should go again once in a while  
he shouldn't be scared, that I would  
become a gambler. First of all I  
lost all in all \$4. - and it is  
a common thing in the Army, that one

IDLE GOSSIP SINKS SHIPS

has no money left at the end of the  
~~month~~ month - gambling or not gambling.  
As a soldier one spends money very  
different to civilian life - as every-  
thing is different. You shouldn't be  
scared, I still don't belong to the  
clique, who loses everything within  
the first week after payday. And  
there you find very fine, intelligent  
and good characters too - don't  
think they are those, who are in civilian  
life necessarily the same. But I  
don't want to defend gambling - I  
still am not one and if I have  
once in a time my fun with other  
boys in that way - there is no reason  
for you to be afraid and excited.

Anyway - I saved my pennies  
since then and have still enough  
to be on weekend and those few  
days broke until payday won't  
kill me. That are the days, where  
we show each other pennies instead of

(2)



paper money - but we all eat very well though.

Now to more interesting things. I am glad, that once again I can write to you something satisfying.

Yesterday suddenly another boy from our company - a sergeant, and I were called to headquarters to see the Lt. Colonel - the commanding officer of the Battalion. So we changed quickly into the good uniform and a little excited hurried over. This guy is not always an easy guy and so naturally one has so many thoughts. First the sergeant went into his office and when he came out I was quickly ushered into his place, before I could ask the sergeant, what's all about. So I stepped in, reported specially

IDLE GOSSIP SINKS SHIPS



snappy and he started right away to talk to me holding my record in his hand. He said, that he understood from my records, that I am Architect and I know drafting, whether I could work on ~~my~~ maps. So I jumped on him with a big "yes" explained that I never did it before, but that with my experience I could do it - and could learn all tricks quickly. He stood up, called me "son" patted my shoulder and was surprising nice and said "he would see" When I came back to the company, there was already the order to be in the office morning at eight. So we both worked something extremely easy today and he was very satisfied. I don't know yet, whether it will ~~be~~ be permanent - but it seems so and I hope so. Anyway it is a good break and let's hope the best of it. —

Otherwise there is nothing new. I am always so happy, if father can write to me, that he earned something and I hope only, that it will keep up that way.

Be both kissed in big love I always

remain

yours

neo

April 7<sup>th</sup> 1943.

My dearest Parents,

With the writing it goes badly. But please excuse me, it is only due to a lot of work. Practically there was more strain of the body before I came to Headquarters, but the work now <sup>fills</sup> ~~takes~~ my head much more, especially because there is much to learn and then I try to be as good as possible.

He made now our first big maps. Typical as always for the Army - the sergeant who was sent down with me, got everything interesting to do and I just helped out. Now - the other day - he had something to do outside of Headquarters and we were just about to start to draw the maps from all the notes we had collected. The captain wanted to wait until the sergeant returns, because as he said "you are an artist Genetrelig - and he a draftsman". Now - I was surprised about this logic and told him, that I wouldn't like to take anything away from the sergeant, but that I think that I have enough experience in drafting to make a map -

though he kindly addressed me as an artist. So I started - and the result was, that I finished the whole maps and the sergeant watching me. They were very satisfied and I hope it will continue this way. The colonel and captain said, that it is good work and a few tricks I did are used from now on in making the maps.

Today I had a big surprise. Our officers are going to get a own officers club and the colonel gave me the order to make or help at the interior decoration and to paint funny things on the wall. As he said "son - make it bizarr - there is no censorship on this place, express yourself freely" shortly he wants girls, with not much on - the old pig.

This work will be duty - that means not during my spare time, but during the day and I most probably will start next week. What fun and what a change for a short time. I am very glad, because I hope to be able to satisfy his taste.

Today I had a lot of work in the office and after that I made a few signs for the kitchen. It is late now and I will go to bed. Good night my dear and good parents

I remain in greatest love and  
with many kisses

always yours  
her

April 11<sup>th</sup> 1943

My dearest Parents,

Since I talked to you

Friday evening I had not a moment time to write and am now so happy, that I talked to you.

Saturday morning I went to Headquarters and worked there all morning. Then I got the order to be ready right after the parade to drive to Jacksonville with one of the officers to make shopping for the officers club. So right after the parade we drove to town with a jeep and were running around all afternoon long, looking for furniture, lamps, curtains, painting material e.t.c. Afterwards I had to join my company, which ~~was~~ had MP duty this evening to drive home with them. That all took so long, that I finally came back at 4 o'clock in the morning.

So I slept very long today

got up, ate a good meal and then fooled around until now 5 o'clock in the afternoon. Now I am on a duty, I never have been on for. "Change of Quarters," that means, being now for 24 hours in Headquarters and taking calls and telephone messages. Naturally Sunday afternoon is very quiet and I sit there writing to you and have a radio with me, which just <sup>brings</sup> ~~plays~~ a concert from N. Y. under Toscanini. That I can do only on Sunday, because there is nobody working and it would be very boring, if one wouldn't pass the time somehow.

I just got the call from a girl looking for an officer - but he wasn't here and so she was very disappointed. But in the hut, where I looked for him, another one was sitting, with a beauty of a girl, which smiled very much at me - so I got out quickly. "Military = problems.!"

For the night I have a field bed here on which I can sleep, but I must stay dressed in order to be able to get

② out quickly, if a call comes.

Tomorrow I start perhaps to work for the officers and I am feeling funny to do this kind of work in this surrounding. I am so much used to the routine of line duty, which divides the days in sections of drill, problems, eating, resting, athletics e.t.c. and now suddenly something comes up, where more or less I shall be my own boss, and will perform something entirely individual.

I have already a lot of ideas and hope only I shall satisfy all the gentlemen. Yesterday when I walked around with the Lt. he gave me complete freedom of choice and ~~was~~ simply paid afterwards. I naturally have to watch out, not to spend too much money, because the funds are paid by the officers themselves I guess. So for instance I found very comfortable wooden garden chairs, made in plain wood and I advised them to buy it. He are going to fix them up, shell out them and

will put pillows on them, matching the curtains and so on.

I am a little excited. They all want me to make "sexy" paintings on the wall, I still think, that I have to make it very tasteful.

Coming back to the telephone call - I was so happy to hear your voices again. If it wouldn't so expensive I would do it more often. I was sorry that it came through so late, because I would <sup>have</sup> liked to talk to the others once again. I hope next time I catch them. Anyway give them my love.

I thought I could write more, but the officers are going in and out and I am already confused, because I have to interrupt so often.

Be kissed in love and please don't be angry, that I didn't write so much lately. It was only a matter of time - in my thoughts I am always with you

Yours always

his

April 12<sup>th</sup> 1943

My Dears,

I am not able to write today,  
I am completely exhausted.

I have very much to do until  
late night, but just want you to  
know, that I am o.k.

Forgive me - but I go now  
to bed - I cant keep my eyes open.  
last night I slept only a few hours  
because a captain talked with me  
until almost 3 o'clock in the  
morning.

Good night and  
kisses  
yours  
her



May 9<sup>th</sup> 1943

My dearest Parents.

It's Sunday again - we are still not able to get passes and have to remain in camp. We are now in our new Quarters, which are not as nice as the others were. But we will get used to this new ones too. First of all, we don't live in 5 men huts now, but have longer ones with 12 men instead. The last days were crowded with much, much work and we all are very tired and longing for going out a little bit.

I didn't get any mail from you in the last days, but please start to write again.

I hope you all are well and please give every single one my love. It will take a short while until I will be able to write to every one a separate letter.

Until then my dearest parents  
have all my love

I remain with many kisses  
yours  
neo

May 12<sup>th</sup> 1943.

My dear Baby Ein & Fritz,

I will make an attempt to write a letter - because to tell you frankly - we all are not very much in mood to write. That shouldn't misinform you - everything is ~~in~~ in best order and the alert just about to be lifted. But we are tired from the tension of the last 2 weeks and being continuously at work without having a chance to get out. Most of the boys promise themselves to get drunk once they can get out again. Besides we are now in new quarters, which are not as nice as the old ones have been and we had to a big job to clean them up. They were in an awful state, when we moved in.

Now - I want to thank you very much for your nice birthday letter. Naturally

I am tempted to say - Fritz took it out of my mouth - and so I am a helpless victim, up to get a nice present. I am glad that you asked me. Well - just send me as much money as you wanted to spend - I am going to buy myself a few brushes for oil painting. I had the intention to do it, because the brushes of the club are completely ruined, as many boys forget to clean them after using. For that reason I couldn't work all the last time, because I ~~was~~ had no chance to go to town to buy them. But I will do it at the first occasion I get. I have an idea, which plagues me and I am longing for the day to start on it.

By the way - I forgot to write it to the parents - I followed your advice - I sold one of my little oil paintings at the exhibition in Uman for \$ 25. - What do you say? I nearly fainted. I am going to save that money for an eventual furlough, which I hope to get soon.

Let's really hope! Until then my best wishes and once more thanks / always in love yours he

May 16<sup>th</sup> 1943

My dears,

Still on the alert - but on  
biouak for a couple of days  
near camp. I am really sorry,  
that I don't write more. There is  
no reason to worry - we are only  
so bored already, we are longing  
to get out a little bit. There is  
so nothing to report at the moment.

If I would only write  
as much as I think of you, you  
wouldn't think anything - but this  
way I am afraid you will worry.  
This time will pass too and  
then you will get more mail  
again.

Many kisses to you and every  
single one in everlasting love  
yours

des.

May 23<sup>rd</sup> 1943

My dearest Parents,

There is a weekend again and we are still on the alert. I don't want to give you the impression, that we lead a hard life - it is only so being and goes on the nerves. On one side they put us inactive, by giving us no freedom in our time off and on the other side they keep us busy to fill the time. We all are longing for the day it will be over and naturally we see forward for furloughs too, which should come soon afterwards.

I got your letters yesterday which were so extremely nice and I feel bad that I don't repay you with better letters. But I just can't write much and I hope really you won't misunderstand it. I am always with

you my Dears - in my Thoughts  
and wishes and am glad to have  
you.

The weather here has it's  
part on our mood too. It changes  
continuously between brilliant sunshine  
and tremendous, short lived thunder-  
storms. It's almost tropical.

Lately we have a little Zoo in our  
hut. We caught a nice big turtle  
painted our insignia on her back and  
have her crawling ~~under~~ <sup>beneath</sup> our beds. Then  
we have three small ones in a ~~big~~ big  
glass jar and they all are our pets. We  
feed them with grasshoppers and flies et.c.  
Funny animals - recently we made  
"turtle-races" in a big white circle and  
it was quite exciting. Shall I send  
you one home? (I know the answer  
already!!)

So long for today - great every  
single one for me and you two be  
kissed very often and with all my love

I am always yours /  
no

May 25<sup>th</sup>, 1953

My dearst Parents,

I didn't write for

the last two days, as we were on duty continuously. Nothing has changed until now and not much has happened. There is continuously bad weather, 5 minutes rain, five minutes not. Yesterday evening, when I got off I wanted to write to you, but I went with a few boys to the Service Club and ate in the cafeteria. We go sometimes there, just for the change of atmosphere. Afterwards we all went to a movie and so the few free hours were spent and afterwards it was too late to write. I had a bad conscience, because I know how you wait for mail. But I hope you will forgive me. There is so small change and recreation for us in those last weeks -- that I am happy if something comes, which takes my mind off. During the days I do so many different things now.

I am still with head quarters, but more outside than inside. I make signs for the new area, I work in the Officers club, carpentry and painting and upholstering and besides all there are \$ our duties. So I have, colour full days with a lot of different things to do; I am not very satisfied with it, as it is so split up and I become a handy man for every body. But in the Army one has no choice, <sup>one</sup> just has to try to take every thing with a lot of humour and make the best of it. One good thing shouldn't be forgotten - I had no R.P. since I am on special duty. And that is something not to forget about.

One month is over almost - 10 months in the Army. That is very, very long and it seems the time rushes so quickly, though it ~~is~~ <sup>makes</sup> sometimes the opposite impression. Let's hope everything will go that way and we will be united again and every thing will be better in a happier time.

Best embraced in love my dearest parents  
with all my thoughts with you and our dear family I remain yours  
leo



## Service Club

CAMP BLANDING  
FLORIDA

June 7<sup>th</sup> 1943.

My dear Gabry & Fritz,

Today I took my self at my own  
| ~~leaves~~ <sup>leaves</sup>, dragged myself to the Service Club  
threw myself in the chair and gave myself the  
order to write. Fortunately my conscience is a  
sergeant and so I submit and write. All this  
force is necessary, because besides all the causes,  
which make me a bad writer lately, those causes  
I mentioned in all the letters to the parents,  
- there is a unconstitutional heat here. At  
the end of a day I am like a dried sponge  
and have only one interest - to throw on  
and into me gallons of water, tea and  
whatever cool fluids are at hand.

I bought from your money a wonderful  
full set of brushes - they are real beauties  
and I used them all ready on a little  
painting. This one satisfied me more than  
the others I have done before - and I bet  
the reason for it are your brushes and  
brushes accompanying them. Let me thank  
you once more for it.

Here is not much news. We hope that

our alert will be lifted one of this days  
and then we hope to get our freelonger soon.  
But that is still a hope and I shall  
believe it, if it actually comes.

And now - please write me about  
Lise. It was a real shock for me and  
I want to know, whether she is really o.k.  
I hope to God so - but I want to be in-  
formed about everything at all times.

Gaby's picture in the N. Y. Times  
is very sweet and I wonder whether she  
got a call from Hollywood already.  
Perhaps Walt Disney needs a new Mickey  
Mouse?

Please give the Parents my regards, I  
have so much to write today, that I won't be able  
to write to them.

To you both my dears I give all my  
love (as much one can love at this temperature!)  
and remain with many kisses

always yours

Lise.

Pfc. Leo Gueckselig  
795<sup>th</sup> MP BN Co "D"  
Camp Blanding, Fla.

*Must place  
name on mail box*



Free

Mr. & Mrs. Frederic Gueckselig  
75 Fairview Ave.  
New - York.



U. S. ARMY  
CAMP BLANDING, FLORIDA

June 19<sup>th</sup> 1943

My dearest Parents,

He just came back from a big parade with a few thousand men participating. I was a little excited because in the last moment I was ordered to be "colour guard" that means to be one of the two men, who march separate to the left and right of the flag, with rifle and bayonet. Everything went fine - only my knees were shaking, when we passed the reviewing stand, one feels, how every eye is fixed on you. One gets the feeling, now the rifle must fall down or one must misstep and fall and a lot of more nonsense. But nothing happened and I feel fine.

And now I ask you for something

which I have to do. I bought myself  
one more uniform, because the summer uniform  
gets dirty so fast and one sock is much  
that one is happy, if ~~not~~ to have <sup>one</sup> more to  
change. Then I bought a lot of more  
things and am a little short now. I  
won't go out this weekend and next one  
to save money - but still I am pretty  
broke - because I don't dare to  
mention it - I need the money for  
some "brain ticket". Please don't ask  
me what and when - I hope nothing  
will come in between this time and  
I shall see you next month. So I  
ask you, whether if you would send  
me a couple of \$ - I would  
appreciate it very much. I thought  
I could do it without your help  
- this time - I saved money and  
will have some left, if I get my  
next month's pay - but at the present  
I am through. When I ~~then~~ saw  
that 99% of the boys started <sup>(to ask)</sup> for

(2)



U. S. ARMY  
CAMP BLANDING, FLORIDA

a little support from home - I grew weak too. If you can - please don't make it too much - I think I can make it perfectly with maximum of \$10. - and if you can - send it cash. I am all ways to ashamed to ask from home - I should be all right with the money I get here, but one spends so different in this kind of life. Mostly it disappears with eating outside and drinks and all these small things one needs. Some times we don't understand how it works, but it just disappears without doing much. One thing - down here it is not like up north, where the soldiers get everything cheaper - we have to pay everything at regular prices, whether it is a movie or restaurant or transportation.

So let's in any case cross the fingers  
and you will get notice in time  
if I ~~can~~ can come. Don't expect  
it before the next few weeks.

And in regard for my coming  
home I advise you, "Voddern", to buy  
a big chain with heavy weights on  
it - to keep me home "day & night",  
because it might happen, that  
your fine son will attempt to get  
around town a little this time.

But if you would know only  
how I am longing to see you  
all. I hope it will work out  
this time.

With love to you all and  
very impatient

yours

Geo.



U. S. ARMY  
CAMP BLANDING, FLORIDA

June 21<sup>st</sup> 1943

My dearest Parents,

Another weekend is over.

I stayed in camp - it was pretty dull - Saturday afternoon and Sunday all day long there were terrific rainstorms and there is nothing more boring than a camp, while it rains. So we killed most of the time staying in, being lazy, sleeping, reading, going to the mess and on Sunday afternoon I painted.

I got your letter today, where you wrote me about Mr. Mc. Kim - and according to your words I should explode of pride. Hell - I feel very pleased, but don't lose my head. I know how much I don't know yet - but one can learn. Any way I think Paul Klee can be proud



to be a neighbour to me. Did I laugh,  
when I read this. Now you have  
two photos of the picture - keep  
it for me anyway - I can use  
it very <sup>well</sup> good. Yesterday I finished  
my little "mud" and created quite  
a sensation in the service club - but  
I am afraid it was more because  
of the nudity, than the painting itself  
that the boys had their eyes popping  
out in admiration. I am going to  
bring those 3 paintings with me to N.Y.  
- if as I hope the parlour will go through  
and you will criticize them then personally.  
I haven't painted much yet - so  
don't make me conceited with your  
praise.

Yesterday I got a letter from Aunt Minnie  
and hilly - and I can't help it - I was  
sort of embarrassed about it's style and  
contents. I shall show it to you personally.  
Over weekend we were afraid to go on the  
alert again - but it seems that this danger  
has passed again. It is already  
ridiculous.

Well - don't forget to cross your  
fingers -

In greatest love and  
very impatient to see you all  
ever yours,

Red

Sept. 7th 1943

My dearest Parents,

Very proudly I write

- this letter with the new fountain pen, which is a dream. I got it all right and I shall watch out this time not to lose it, as I usually like to do. This was awfully nice of Mr. Stern and I shall certainly write to him.

The last few days were a little more busy. I am still working on the 24 hours shift, but got besides some training, like routine - target shooting e.t.c., which was done in the time, we are supposed to be off. Naturally we are a little tired, but mainly because of the big heat again. Nearly every day there is a thunderstorm and ~~the sun~~ before it starts, the sun is ~~hardly~~ nearly unbearable hot. But it cools off afterwards at least. And then the nights are usually cool too. Because of this heat I wish you wouldn't send me anything. As much, as I love it - but it wouldn't be good now. - My teeth were fixed many

month's eyes and one of this days I shall go over again, because as filling fell out. As far as my eye is concerned - I have no troubles with them. But I talked with our Battalion Doctor a few weeks ago. He likes me very much and I talked to him - "officially". There is a nationwide well known specialist stationed right here in camp and I most probably will go over and see him. But I don't know yet, when - anyway he will try to arrange it.

The form about the printing shop, which you sent to me once, I filled out then and sent it at once back. I never heard about it again and I wonder whether I will ever do so. He most probably has straightened out things in his way.

About furloughs at the holidays I still don't know anything. I wish I could surprise you then - which always can happen. But at the moment the chances are slightly to the negative side.

How are all the children? I haven't heard from them for a long time. Give them my best regards.

You my Dearest's be greeted as usual in ~~the~~ greatest love

always yours

Alv

Sept 16<sup>th</sup> 1943

My dearest Parents,

yesterday evening I talked to you. I am all ways so unhappy that I can't talk with you longer, but still very happy to hear your dear voices. I just came back from a moor in camp and decided to call you up, when I passed the Service Club. I got connection within 2 minutes and I felt much better after I had talked to you. I am a little nervous lady - not as you may think, that I am unhappy and depressed. In a letter words get sometimes a different meaning and gravity. I have just so many things going through my mind and have to come into the clear with a lot. It isn't easy always to go straight - specially in a time like this. And you know perfectly well that it seems I have lost in this turmoil the clearest person which ever came into my life outside of my own family. I never talked about it, how much this uncertainty, scepticism and loneliness

has eaten on me. In many ways I tried to unburden myself from something, which had so little hope left and was a shadow on every step I did.

Unfortunately I met a person, which in course of so many twisted and turbulent occurrences met full disapproval of you all. I can't discuss everything - it is impossible and you never will understand it. One main failure of you was, that you didn't see and realize, that your own son was bearing just as much responsibility and was just as much responsible for the appearance of a connection you thought to disapprove. I don't want to accuse you of any intentional injustice, because you wanted only to see peace and happiness in my life, which I didn't get. But for the justice of it - you never realized, that there was real love of a woman involved, who sacrificed constantly her pride, and was eating her heart out for me and for the treatment she got. Don't fool yourself. - She knew too well, what you all thought about her and suffered accordingly. Completely separated from it - I tried to be just and to walk through it to the end, where I myself will have to make up my mind about it. It was a painful way, as I realized that our connection - I mean you and me - would have been loaded and shadowed, should I have decided to stay with Karin.

(2) It has ~~come~~ different for many reasons - and I think, they have not much connection with your reasoning, neither with a picture of a woman, which was formed in your minds by 99% of descriptions you heard and gossip. Sometimes I held my head about this misfortunate gossip, with twisted truth and a million misrepresentations. About all that I feel disgust, and don't want to go into details.

About ~~one~~ <sup>one</sup> and a half weeks ago I wrote a letter to Karin, telling her, that I think it would be better for both of us to break up our connection. It was a hard letter to write - but certainly much harder to receive. I haven't got an answer and wonder what has happened. What made me think so I don't think is necessary to tell now - I guess you will be "happy" any how that it went that way. I would have written just this part, but it isn't that simple. Some how it last's on my conscience, that you think, he has just escaped the hands of a "dangerous woman" or I don't know what title you may give it.

Hell - it wasn't right - I think so also - but it was clean - and I touch

for it, despite all information, and opinions  
of you got - I can't help it to tell you, that  
many who thought, they are mature and con-  
sidered me a "boy" in this part of my life,  
would be surprised, if they would realize, how  
much and how much precious I have ~~been~~  
lived through in this time - and how much  
strength it took to bear the misery of two  
people, who tried to straighten themselves up  
on each other - and it just didn't work.

I am not mad against anybody - I  
just want to say, that there have been mistakes.

I appreciate with my full heart the feeling of  
my own family and the help they want to give  
me. But I never will allow it any more in  
my life, that they start to think for me or  
make the attempt to act for me. If they  
respect me - they have to respect what goes  
with my life. I have not done something criminal.  
One can disagree with me - but I felt it  
as a personal affront, when the doors of  
my home were closed for me, as long I was  
connected - very much connected with one  
of the hardest problems of my life.  
You thought to make a difference between  
her and me - and I don't dare to think  
of the consequences, which would have

③ occurred, would I have decided otherwise. This behavior forced on me a quietness and I had to close myself up in my trouble, as wherever I looked only cold shoulders came into appearance. As much, as I appreciated your love - I suffered very much under it. I could understand your parents still much better - but I never will quite understand the younger generation, which made me look like a fool. They thought to ignore her and ignored really me just the same. I had that allways on my heart and want to get rid of it, - that's why I write about it - but don't think it is necessary to show them this letter. It was just one of those things, - and it is better to forget it. I know how much they love me and I love them - but love blinds people some times.

The real main reason for all this is - believe it or not - that my life is fully absorbed and still influenced by Ha. That was the whole background for all this trouble in our connection, which never got a normal appearance. Often I made the attempt to get the normal life



of a young man - but, man kann nicht sein  
bleib zu einer Mördergrube machen. I love this  
girl still with the same strength, this person, who  
gave me the happiest time of my life and ~~with~~  
influenced it completely. With my clear senses -  
there is so little hope - is there hope, that she  
still lives? And if - will we recognize each other  
again, after all that we have gone through? From  
a cold revised view of life, it would have been  
good perhaps, if I would have been pushed out  
of it. But I never was and probably want any-  
more. I never uttered the word to Karin, which  
would have been the decision to give up Ita. I am  
today on the same point again, where I was, when  
her last letter arrived, on the day America declared  
war.

Don't let this letter go too much to your heart. I am  
alone in my hut and just talked to you. You  
would have accepted it easier, if I would have talked  
then those written words.

I feel a little hard, because I know I have  
regained something, which ~~is~~ I cherish in my  
life and have spoiled a lot in another one's  
life. That is why I don't feel too well. But I  
am quiet and will go ahead that way.

- There is ~~an~~ another thing I  
would like to ask you. Since weeks already,  
I wanted to ask the Red Cross down here

(4) about Ita. They advised me to let my relatives ask, as I am a soldier now and it could bring her into trouble.

Do it please, when you have a few minutes time in one of this days.

"Ita Goldberg" - her last address was Sosnowitz, Dorfstraße No 8. <sup>(Post)</sup> Schlesien.  
Born: March 5<sup>th</sup>, 1913.

It is about a year now, since I ~~at~~ asked the last time.

Please take this letter as a personal one and don't discuss it with others.

Write me always and everything about the shore. I will follow the progress which so ~~I~~ ardently I wish - step by step.

Once more good luck for it.

And you two - whatever happens - my dearest and most loved - be kissed many times and with all my heart

in devotion  
yours  
no

Sept. 29th 1943

My dearest Parents,

In a big hurry I write to you and to all of our family, Paul, Fritz, Hisele & Baby. Since two days we are on the alert, very busily preparing for a departure. We will leave for some duty some-when between today and tomorrow. I shall be able to write to you in a few days my new address. We will stay out from 6 weeks - 2 months. Today is zero-forties and naturally is it a big disappointment to leave and not to be able to enjoy the expected 2 day pass. I had an invitation at Rosenbergs and even wasnt able fit to write, that I wont come. That is the Army and in time of War everything has to be subordinated to duty. ~~The~~ Our

chaplain came over to us and told us, that he talked to the commanding officer. He will have prayer books on the train and will be able to have a small service with those few Jewish soldiers.

I don't know exactly what the duty will be - I have only a faint idea. In a few days I shall be able to write about it. I got your Salamis - many thanks - it will go on the trip.

I got Paul's, Hilda's, Barbara's & Fritz's letter and is one nicer than the other. I am so happy about it and will read it on my trip over again - I barely had time to do it today. He has awfully much to do.

Once more to all of you, all the best wishes and a happy future. I love you all and will be with you all the time,

yours devoted  
Leo

Oct. 24th 1943

My dearest Parents,

I am just in town, after a good supper and sit comfortable in the Red Cross lounge. It is very crowded <sup>here</sup> and I just sit in a big easy chair and have to write without a table. I hope my writing won't be too bad.

I came off duty at noon after a night's guard in streaming rain and thunder-storm. We all got pretty wet and were missing all the time - but this at least made the time pass quickly. The two previous days I had a lot of work - K.P. again and then next day different details all around camp. Naturally I was pretty tired when I went on guard yesterday. But I slept every free minute, when I was in my tent and feel quite comfortable

now.

Friday evening I succeeded to get out in time and so I went to the Synagogue. I was even too early and the Rabbi, who was the only one there, took me in his office and we talked the time away. He is a quite progressive fellow and

smart. Later on when people came in, he introduced me to a few of them. This city here is one of the richest in Mississippi, as small as the place seems to be. So you find also very wealthy Jewish families. Many of those 70-80 families are farmers or "planters" and they own smaller and bigger farms or are connected somehow with "cotton," yes - that is something we don't know in Europe. One of them owns about 5000 acres of field with about 500 families living on his possessions. They look rather like industrialists in their bearings, intelligent and very well dressed. After the service they had a small ceremony of installing a new president and officers of the community and they took it pretty serious. When I left they introduced me to a little old lady - she must have been about 72-75 and when she found out I was from Vienna she got very excited and started to talk to me in a mixture of English and Viennese. 40 years ago she came from there and lived in Clarksdale since then. Oh - she insisted I must visit her and I sure will do it.

Otherwise there is not much news around here. There is work and sleep. Snow time off I go to town, mostly with a few boys I know best and we eat a good meal. Besides that and a movie there is not much to do otherwise. So we go all ways to the Red Cross, where we have our "social activities" talking, dancing and playing with the patriotic young daughters of this rich community. But at least they are pretty to look at and that is better than nothing.

Give to all my sincerest love and you both be greeted and kissed with deepest affection yours his



Oct. 21<sup>st</sup> 1943.

My dearest Parents,

Today only a short note. I am a little tired and just don't want to let you without any mail that long. I am perfectly all right and hope to get letters from you soon. I haven't had mail for the last days - as father forbade me last week.

I hope you had nice holidays and am eager to hear further news from

our store, which I pray should  
be further good ones.

Give all my greetings  
and be kissed with all my  
love, yours

Geo.



Nov. 7th 1943

My dearest Parents,

I have to get used again to the live down here. Those two last months spoiled me in regard of living in a quieter surrounding and an atmosphere I liked better. The set up in my duty itself seems to be much better this time, than at the beginning when we came to Jacksonville. Those first two months I felt very miserable and run down. I hope it stays the way it is now. We get enough rest and freedom and this way one doesn't mind to work a lot. I ~~was~~ was only tired from the change of climate - it is much warmer here - then we had a lot to do - something which happens always after ~~an~~<sup>an</sup> outfit has been travelling. Then I must confess we celebrated the reunion a little - I have not been with my company for almost 3 months. Jacksonville is a crowded noisy place and if one goes out one feels it in one's head and pocket. This town is very expensive and cost's everything a lot of money. But some-

times • - very seldom - I go to a very good  
Restaurant, to enjoy a good meal in a "white  
linen" atmosphere. Yesterday I had a delicious  
meal - I ate something I don't remember having  
eaten for a long time. Trouts (Forelle) with  
all the good dressings and came St. Moritz  
into my mind, where I think I tasted it for  
the last time.

I received meanwhile a few letters from  
you, which you had send to Clarkdale  
and which were forwarded to fax. I am  
always so happy if I have a lot of  
mail from you, specially if you write  
to me about everything. But I would  
still prefer, if I could talk to you personally  
already. It will be a year next month  
I have been home for the last time and I  
am longing very much to be with you all  
again. What a forelong means I learned  
here - I am still nowishing from last year's  
stay with you - but there is a big space of  
time in between already. We all hope very  
much, that it might come soon - it  
would be so beautiful.

Kiss all my heart and love  
for you my dearest parents and with love  
for Paul, Hilde, Fritz and baby, I remain  
always yours  
Hed

Dec. 12<sup>th</sup> 1943

Meine liebe Mutter,

Seit Tagen und Tagen denke ich an Dich und diesen kommenden Datum. Ich war sehr beschäftigt und hatte ziemlich schwere, zeitausfüllende Arbeit. All diese Zeit hatte ich die Vorstellung, daß ich eine Feier erwartete und zählte die ~~Tag~~<sup>Stunden</sup>, wie einer der einen guten Tag entgegen geht.

Ich werde nicht mit Euch zusammen sein, wenn dieser Tag kommt, aber es wird ein guter Tag sein und ich werde ihn mit meinem ganzen Herzen feiern und werde daher nicht fehlen in der Reihe der Herzen, die ~~an~~ Dir alle Ihre Liebe bezeigen werden.

Ich kann Dir nicht viel schreiben weil mein Herz zu voll ist und ich Dich am liebsten in meine Arme nehmen möchte und abküssen möchte. Ich hätte so viele Worte zur Verfügung nur damit ich dich zu versuchen meine Liebe für Dich und die Wünsche für diesen Tag ~~zu~~ auszudrücken.

Aber was immer ich sagen würde, es wäre  
nicht genug und nur ein Abglanz meiner  
wirklichen Zuneigung.

Ich kann den Kuß nicht beschreiben  
den ich Dir geben würde - und den ich  
Dir im Gedanken gebe.

Ich habe Dich sehr lieb mein Mutterl

immer Dein

hes.

NOTICE OF CHANGE OF ADDRESS

(Sufficient cards will be distributed to each soldier when his mail address is changed to permit him to send one to each of his regular correspondents and publishers.)

Date March 7<sup>th</sup>, 1944

This is to advise you that my correct address now is—

Cpl. Leo Glueckselig 32410629  
(Grade) (Name) (Army Serial No.)  
H.Q. Det. 5795<sup>th</sup> MP BN  
(Company or comparable unit) (Regiment or comparable unit)

~~APO No.~~ % Postmaster Ft. Custer, Mich.  
(Strike out if not applicable) (Name of post office)

Signature Cpl. Leo Glueckselig

NOTE.—Newspapers and magazines may need your old address for correct processing.

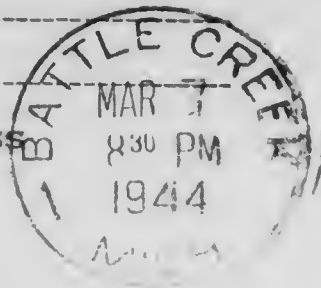
My old address was \_\_\_\_\_

W. D., A. G. O. Form No. 204\* (1 November 1943)  
\*This form supersedes W. D., A. G. O. Form No. 204, 8 April 1943, which may be used until existing stocks are exhausted.  
c16-33987-2 GPO

WAR DEPARTMENT

PENALTY FOR PRIVATE USE TO AVOID  
PAYMENT OF POSTAGE, \$300

OFFICIAL BUSINESS



Mr. & Mrs. Max Guecksehig  
1894 Walton Ave.  
Bronx, New-York.



August 30 1944

My dearest Father,

This letter - my congratulations to your birthday will reach you either a few days too early or a few too late. But this only as far as the date of this day is concerned. Never are my wishes for your well fare late - and the fact that you are my father - the day you are born - will always be blessed by me. I am glad to have you and cherish every day of your existence, because above the natural love of father and son - I have learned to know you as a good man. To realize that is a big gift for a son and I am happy about it.

In this time - in which we have gone together through trials - we know all this only more - we realize it better. Many things aren't said in our letters, but we understand each other's worries, because we know each other... There are wishes <sup>in</sup> our hearts which are common and they will be enjoyed by all of us, when they get fulfilled. For those I pray - the same as I know that you do. And this every minute of this day.

For the birthday itself - have a special greeting - in the morning think I would sit on your bed and joke - which I shall dream off; ~~by~~ And with God's help will do next time.

Give Mother all my love and be both greeted with all my heart  
your loving son  
Ho.

Tuesday, March 7<sup>th</sup> 1944.

My dearest Muddern,

Ich will Dir schnell ein paar Zeilen schreiben meine goldige Stroh-  
witwe. In Eile - weil ich noch einen anderen  
Brief schreiben muß und nebst bei ziemlich  
viel anderes zu tun habe. Ich habe gerade  
mit lieben Voldem gesprochen, welchen  
ich nach ~~to~~ einigen Versuchen in Oskars  
Kleins Wohnung erwirkt habe. Du  
kannst Dir lebhaft vorstellen, wie  
aufgeregt ich war. Letzte Woche erfuhr  
ich, daß wir nach Ft. Luder gehen  
werden und nachdem ich wusste,  
daß es sehr nahe zu Chicago  
liegt, dachte ich gleich - "nu Gottes-  
willen, Voldem macht vielleicht seine  
Geschäftsreise dieselbe Woche" So  
telefonierte ich Euch - und natürlich  
konnte ich Euch nichts sagen, weil  
dem in Kriegzeiten man nicht  
solche Sachen verbreiten darf. Speziell



nicht eine Verklebung von Traysen. Aber  
ich war wirklich glücklich einen solchen Zufall  
zu begegnen und sehr der Begegnung mit  
viel Freude entgegen. Entweder gehe ich  
nach Chicago am Samstag oder, - wenn ich  
nicht kann - Vater kommt zu mir ins  
Camp. Es geht für uns Soldaten ein  
spezielles Zug  $\frac{1}{2}$  vom Camp nach Chic. für  
\$ 4.15 four rebours - sehr billig.

Wir fahren letzten Samstag nachmittag  
ab und  $\frac{1}{2}$  erreichen hier gestern Abend (Montag)  
Die Reise war lang aber sehr bequem, wir hatten  
Schlafwagen und ausgezeichnetes Essen. Wenn  
wir hier erreichten, wurden wir von einer  
eisigen Wind und Kälte begrüßt - es  
war ein ziemliches Unterschied - und speziell  
die Burschen welche im Süden geboren sind, haben  
spezielle blaue Nasen. Viele sahen schnell zum ersten  
mal. Das ist ein großes Land!

Das Camp selbst ist das schönste welches ich  
bisher gesehen habe und ist direkt luxuriös.  
Darüber schreibe ich morgen. Inzwischen grüße  
hisek u. Paul und Fritz und Baby viele male  
und Du sei geküßt von meinem ganzen Herzen  
immer Dein  
Leo

P.S. Hast Du das Telegramm erhalten?  
Ich dachte es in Paul, da ich dachte, es sei immer von Zuhause bei ihm

K&K&K March 9th, 1944

My dearest Mother,

Ich schreibe mit der Maschine ,damit ich ein bisserl uebung bekomme. Manchesmal kann ich es gebrauchen und ist es ein Nachteil wenn man es nicht beherrscht. In den letzten Tagen gab es ziemlich viel Arbeit ,aber ich bin sehr zufrieden, weil ich es gerne mache und Erfolg habe. Ich spuere deutlich, dass ich diesmal anerkannt werde und komme soweit mit den Offizieren sehr gut aus. Ich hoffe wirklich ~~n~~ ,dass es so bleibt. Die Zeit vergeht in dieser Weise auch viel schneller und das ist auch ein guter Punkt.

Hier ist es richtig kalt, in den letzten Tagen ein bisserl besser ,weil der Scharfe Wind sich gelegt hat. Aber es ist noch genug kalte Luft und Schnee ,um die armen Burschen vom Sueden bis in die Knochen zappeln zu machen. Ich persoendlich fuehle mich ,wie ein Fisch im Wasser ,viel viel besser als fruher . Im Anfang dachten viele ,dass ich aufschneide ,weil ich mich nicht mit 6 tonnen Wolle von Kopf zu Fuss einwic kelte .Wir haben hier wunderbare Kleidung ,hohe stiefelartige Galloschen in welche die Hosen hinein gesteckt werden, wie beim skilaufen- dann haben wir spezielle gefuetterte Kappen welche man ueber Ohren und den groessten Teil des Gesichtes herunterziehen kann -kurz wir sind wirklich sehr gut ausgestattet und ich fuehle mich sehr gut in er klahren kalten Luft. Nicht zu vergessen, ich habe seit ich in der Armee bin nicht so gut gegessen, wie hier. Ausgezeichnetes Essen und so viel Du willst. Wir essen in einer Mess Hall wo 3 Battailons gefuettert werden. Du solltest sehen ,wie wunderbar das organisiert ist. Die Kueche hat alle moderne Schikane um diese Massenfresserei klaglos ablaufen zu lassen.

In Camp sind wie gewoehnlich ein par Kinos und PX's Dann haben sie Camp shows etc. In den Px kriegst du warmen Caffee und sandwiches ,so kann man am Abend noch ein guten Bissen kriegen. (Ich schreibe meistens uebers Essen...)

Heute Abend rufe ich nochmals den lieben Vater an um ihm zu sagen ,dass ich bestimmt hineinkomme um ihm zu besuchen. Mein Caipten hat mir gleich die Erlaubnis gegeben ein bisserl fruher am Samstag zu verduften und so werde ich bis Sonntag Nacht mit Ihm zusammen sein. Gebe Gott nichts kommt dazwischen.

Ich gruesse Dich meine Liebste und alle anderen von meinem ganzem Herzen und verbleibe mit Liebe

immer

Dein

He

Chicago

March 13<sup>th</sup>, 1944

My very dearest Parents,

When you get this letter, father will be home again and I can imagine, that he will have told you mother & everything by now. He will have told you, what we have done, where we have been and he will have told you, how happy I was to meet him. Still I must talk about it by myself. Specially to you my dear Muddern - because as I was so happy and enjoyed father so much - we both were missing you so much. We are used to bear everything together in our live and we allways have been doing so - when it was nice and when it was bad. This was one of the nice occasions - for me ~~the~~ by far the nicest weekend since I ~~was~~<sup>am</sup> in the Army - and therefore I couldn't forget you for a moment! But I hope you find consolation in the fact - knowing how much we love you and how much we would have liked to have you with us. The whole thing was such an unusual coincidence - that I felt like in a dream. In this strange, big town in a strange surrounding I was at home with him at my side - coming into the hotel room father presented right away "kaltes Händel"

which he had bought before. Well - at home you would have run to the ice box and would have brought something good to eat. It is not the "eating" which interest me so much, then the whole atmosphere and consideration, which expresses itself in all those little things, which make you both so lovable and which make the home for me alltogether. In all his interest and joy I felt you too my mother - and this is not said to make you <sup>only</sup> feel good - thought it should make you feel so - but that is so, because you both are such a united "institution" for us, which I can't realize seperated. And so it was this time also - wherever we were, we were either speaking or thinking about you - and so did I about the rest of our family. When I took father in my arms at the greeting and then later at saying "good bye." I had all of you around me - he is not a bad representative for my love to you all. I am very, very happy and grateful for those hours and they ~~of~~ make me feel so good.

Good night - and let's hope we see each other soon again - all together and in love

your son

heo

March 10th, 1944.

My dearest Parents,

It is Monday evening again and I still feel the effects of those last days. They were nice, thanks to the real nice treatment Kleins are giving me. I don't need to tell you, that nothing would ~~be~~ outweigh the fact, that I couldn't be at home with you. By the way, I tried very hard to press it out of the Gentlemen here - as it was a big wish of mine - but it just couldn't be done and I had to resign to the final state of affairs. I left Thursday evening - though the pass started Friday morning - as I have a permanent pass for Battle Creek. So I stayed there with my friend S/Sgt "Ike" Lewinson. This was the day I heard the very bad news about Mrs. Lewinson. I wasn't able to write about it and don't know what to say now. It hurts much and I am terrible sorry. I sat this evening with Ike - I'll send you a photo of both of us very soon - until late at night, talking about God and the world. He is very clever - with the face of the age old Jew - "a jiddel", as he calls himself. It was good to have him on this day - I was a little depressed. Then late at night I took a train to Chicago - he went to Detroit. I arrived early in the morning and I took right away a room in the Stevens Hotel - layed down ~~is~~ happy to be alone and over slept everything. I woke up in the afternoon and called Kleins and went to the store where I haven't been before. I stayed with them and went home together. The Seder was really betent and he tried as well as he could to make it correct and nice. He found the right melody - even when he isn't so religious ...

I had the room of the boy again for myself - he brought over a "Klappbell" home to have it ready for Peter, when a guest comes. They both were very concerned about my next days programs, because as they were in the store, they thought I will have a empty day and want know what to do. So I told them not to worry - I shall pass my time well. They gave me even the key - so that in case I shouldn't be with them at night I would come home whenever I want. That was a swell idea and it worked that way too. I went later in the day to the Art Institute, where I stayed very

long - I ~~to~~ wasn't in a Museum for a long time and it was special pleasant, as they have a very fine exhibit of French painters 19<sup>th</sup> century, now. I bumped there into Mrs. Uglyoff - or how her name was. She was one in our store - a great, feble, Fran and works at the Gallery. She gave me right away two big boxes of Toulouse Lautrec prints to look at and later one with Diver prints. I was quite exhausted when I left - but it was very much enjoyed. I went then to the Service center - I was there with father, where I had a good and very interesting time. I met nice people too - and was out and came home about 3 o'clock in the morning. Sunday was then quite uneventful. I slept long again and stayed with Kleins, who didn't stop to tease me about the night before. When they came home from the movies and checked whether I am home - and I wasn't - they started to suspect me of a lot of things. They are really nice to me.

The end effect of all is - that I had, as far as it goes under those circumstances - a very nice weekend. I came back this morning at 5 o'clock - 1 hour sleep and naturally I am very sleepy and tired. This will be eliminated with one good night's rest, which I have the intention to do very soon. - 1 second minus - which can't be eliminated so easily - ~~is~~ I am early in the month completely broke. I don't know how - but it costed me a lot of money. First I couldn't use the Saturday train, which is much cheaper than the regular ones, then Hobel and everything. Then I don't want to have paid everything by Kleins - they do enough. So I must ask you for a "Anleihe", and would appreciate it very much, if you would send me some money still during this week. I am specially in need - because my civilian shoes are so tattered, that no shoe repair wanted to touch them and they nearly fell off my feet. Those shoes were nice, but no quality - and I can't use them anymore at all. Please don't be angry at me - but I really need it - and I shall try to pay it back in time.

Today I got your package and have eaten all ready a big lunch of the meat plus mazzes under the able assistance of Stee. He both praised you - but I specially thank you from my heart. You really bread me nicely.

So I shall close again with a lot of kisses and with a heart<sup>full</sup> of wishes for ~~the~~ our future. In love all ways yours he

SERVICE CLUB  
FORT CUSTER, MICHIGAN

March 23<sup>d</sup> 1944.

My dearest Parents,

I thought, that I am a bad writer lately, but it seems, that you all start to beat me. I haven't gotten any letters for the last few days and am I always a little nervous, if I hear from nobody. I can understand, if you in a while you are too tired to write, but from Fred, Mike, Paul & baby I hear so seldom. I would like to write to them more, but if they only would realize, how my time is filled from morning to late night. It is not, that I expect long letters, but I ~~seem~~ seem so empty, if a few days pass, without anything from you at home. I shouldn't write that, because you may think I am angry, which is not the case - I am only a little tired and a few words from you brighten everything up.

In the last few days I think much about the latest news - concerning Hungary and naturally connected with all the

relations we have there. It seems that the  
coups must ~~be~~ be filled for all the Jews in  
Europe. I can't any more visualize  
what is going to happen to all of them...

About half an hour ago I tried  
to call you, but the telefon didn't  
answer, so I think you must have  
made a walk on the Grand Concourse.  
I wish I could join you again.

So I settled down and started to  
write to you instead - but it isn't  
a nice letter. You must excuse me  
- it is just that I am overfired  
and a little blue. That happens  
once in a while to every body.

Never the less have as allways my  
love from the deepest heart and  
be kissed many times

always yours

Leo



March 26<sup>th</sup> 1944

My dearest Parents,

I am at Klein's again and take myself a little time to talk to you. In the last week I didn't write much - almost nothing. The main reason was, that I simply had no time, or was too tired to do so. I really had a lot to do, though it could have been a little easier. I had to ~~do~~ work on charts and small maps, which, if I would have been notified at the right time, would not have given me so much trouble. It was more or less a mistake of my immediate commanding officer, who let me know too late and so I had to sit at night at my table and to work. This was changed, when the major of our Battalion came in one night and came over to me. He said, that he was watching me since a time, working so late all ways and that he thinks, it was not done right. So he gave hell to my captain - which was very embarrassing for me. He said "it isn't necessary to work hell out of the boy - if it can be done otherwise e.t.c." In any case, I shall get instructions in advance and will have more time

available to work on. I was very overtired last week and hardly could keep my eyes open, but it gives you a good feeling at least, to work in an atmosphere where work is appreciated and acknowledged. We had two hikes last week, which I had to make also - after the last one I had to work again. I tell you that all, so that you can understand, why I didn't write much.

Besides all that I learn driving a jeep now. Last week I got some instructions and every free minute I drive around the motor-pool now making all the boys there run and jump out of my way. It is really child's play and a lot of fun, especially with this little, wonderful car.

Last week too I started to try to get a furlough for the holy days, but unfortunately the chances look bad. I am very disappointed - I would have liked to come home to you. So I will get only a 3 day pass - and I think it wouldn't pay to come home on that - for such a short time I could stay with you, it would make it only harder, then it ~~g~~ could give joy.

The Klein Family is really very, very nice to me - they try to give me a real home-like atmosphere and I enjoy it very much. They talk always about Mudders. They want

② her to be their guest for a while. As nice, as this would be I imagine, that it would bring difficulties for her - or do you dare to make such a long trip all alone? Try how - I think it is very nice of them to invite her - "Blauäugige"!

This weekend I didn't stay here over-night. I was with another boy, and we decided to have a look around town at night. So we took a room in the "Stevens Hotel", because I didn't want to come to Klein late at night. Mrs. Klein told me over the phone she will allow this only once in while, otherwise I have to be with them. On top of all, she said "and be careful ...." - was I laughing! Well - I was careful, but nevertheless I awoke this morning with a little head ache, but that is all, which remained from last night. I had a pretty good time and an empty pocket now. Good we will have pay day very soon. The town is pretty expensive, if it comes to going out.

To dinner I came over here and ate a delicious meal. Klein's take a Napexer now, while I am writing. I brought the boy an Army ~~to~~ whistle with a long chain and he is all excited about it. He is

an extremely clever fellow and a „goldtiger Bug“ -  
I think I forgot to tell you, that last week, ~~the~~  
Oskar and I went over to Ridi Oppenheim.  
She is still the loud mouthed girl I knew, but  
prettier. I was glad to see her and we had  
a lot to talk about. She lives in a pent house,  
overlooking the lake, a beautiful apartment  
which can be reached only by walking over the  
roof. The wind nearly blew me away. Her  
child is a sweet little niece and her hus-  
band a very well looking, well known doctor here.  
A propos wind - it is snowing outside - what a  
spring!

When I come back to camp, I hope to  
find some mail from you and I hope  
to hear then, that Fred, has passed his  
exams already. Very soon we all will  
be American citizens - it still seems  
to be a dream, when I start to  
think back words.

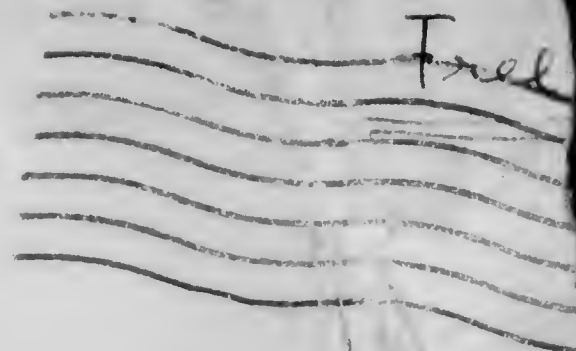
I'll finish now and lay down  
myself a little - there is nothing but a  
lazy weekend away from every thing - and  
in such a nice and friendly atmosphere.  
Give all my love to every body - to Fred,  
Baby, Paul & Nicole and you both be  
kissed many times in love always yours.

heo

AFTER FIVE DAYS RETURN TO

Exp. Geo. Olenkovich 32410  
HQ. Det. 795th MP. BN.

~~CHICAGO, ILLINOIS~~



Mr. & Mrs. Max Olenkovich  
1894 Halton Ave. Bronx  
New-York.

SERVICE CLUB  
FORT CUSTER, MICHIGAN

April 2<sup>d</sup>, 1944

My dearest Parents,

This is a weekend in camp. A certain percentage of men has to stay in and as I was out for the last 3 weeks I took a turn this time. I even didn't ask for a pass, because I want to be sure to leave next week on my holiday pass. I got off Friday evening until Sunday night. Klein invited me and I will stay with them most probably.

Yesterday evening I ~~was~~ just laid on my bed and read and later on a few boys and I went to one of the P.X.s where they sell beer and had two glasses and potato chips. There was a Sergeant, who was in Salzburg and Vienna in 1932

and so we talked for three hours about it.

My writing is very bad today - I bruised my thumb ("gepsrell") and it is swollen a little bit. They put a bandage on it and it is very hard to hold the pen. It is nothing serious - in fact I even don't know where I did it. —

This morning I slept long, missed breakfast - so I went down to the Service Club and had a good one. This afternoon I might go to the movies - in short I shall have a very real full and quiet Sunday.

I am very happy, when you father can write to me good news. You said, that the ~~old~~ "alte Antiquar" would in Dor - I think he never fell asleep - you had only not the real chance before. Don't make a line in the time "before" and "after" - you can do the same things again and I think, that you are freer now, than you ever have been before. I know, that our background isn't too big - but at least much healthier, than in the last years of struggle in Vienna. And I admire you for your spirit, because I would have

(2)

SERVICE CLUB  
FORT CUSTER, MICHIGAN

most probably - the same "Band 2 weeks" like  
Fred. But you know what you are doing  
and I am mostly happy about your repaired  
spirit - that you can think in bigger terms.  
Don't misunderstand me - it is not only the  
"money" which makes me happy - we have  
learned to be happy with a normal small  
live - but so many of us have accepted in  
this time of privation an atmosphere, which  
makes them believe, that something was lost  
in our live, which we can't regain any more.  
It is true in many points - but not in all.  
And I was so happy to read that  
"after tubiguar" - because if you think  
a little bid - why should he have vanished?  
You have been one all your live and  
you will be one - (his 120...) I hope  
you will continue to write good news  
and I hope we all can learn from you  
a little bid. -

I got a letter from his & Paul



yesterday. I'll will answer most probably in  
the afternoon. if I dont take my thumb  
for an excuse. It is very uncomfortable  
to write. ~~Any~~ Anyhow I was glad to  
hear from them again.

Give my regards to every body  
and be kissed both of you in  
love

always yours

hes

Tuesday, April 4<sup>th</sup>, 1944

My dearest Parents,

I just wrote a letter to Paul and  
hisele and want to send you also a few lines.  
I say "also" because I am pretty tired, from  
a long march all afternoon long. The weather  
is completely crazy here. It just want become spring,  
We have snow again and a cold breeze and  
just now, before night break the sun came out  
for a few minutes. Those marches do me some  
good! I sit around to much and get lazy  
and fat - so I move a little bit at least.

I got a letter from you again - it is always  
a thrill, when I open a new one. Daddy -  
lately you start to write only in German.  
I know it is much easier for you and  
personally I like it even, because you write  
frees. ~~But~~ But you had already such a nice  
practice and you don't know, how well you  
wrote English already. Now - you are becoming  
an "American" very soon and it is of no  
disadvantage, if you practice a little more.  
So, if you are not too tired, try to start it  
again. I hope you are not angry about that  
- but you have written to me almost 19 months  
in English - why should you stop this good

perantile? But do so, only if you are not tired.

I am glad, if you let me know always, about everything at home. About the business, what you are doing in your free time and whom you meet. I am glad, when you can write me, that you and Muddern go out together. You should do that often - I know, that it is good to do so and remember well, how much Muddern likes it. Do you remember those Sunday afternoons, going to a Restaurant together? Let's hope we can do it together soon - in a better time. But I personally enjoy it, if I know, that you do something for yourself. That was a mistake of both of you all your life long. For yourself you never did enough full heartedly. I mean it...

Now - after having given you enough lectures and advices I will close the letter. I have to "keppel" sometimes - just because I love both of you so much and go in my thoughts through everything - mixed with you. And I wish I could see you always as happy as possible.

With all the love of my heart

P.S.

Looking on the Calendar I see, that I almost missed the date to wish you all the best for Pesach. The days ~~fly~~ pass and fly so quickly, that I sometimes forget what day it is. So if it is only a P.S. - note, - don't consider it as such - all the last time I think how fine it would have been - to be with you in those days. I tried hard - but without success. So I have to celebrate with you in my thoughts - but with a

less heart. Then it could have been - together with you. Perhaps I had to use more in this case, because I will miss you. But with all that - I always remind myself, that it has a reason - a reason, which is so much explained in this holy day itself. You know it as well as I do, that these days are hard, but full of hope for the better, and the "better" can't be won easily all ways. So far we have travelled well in all this misfortune and mischance and let's be thankful for that. I have my heart full of hope and full of the conviction, that those days will pass - and that makes it a lot easier. Be happy and I do wish you a great and nice holy day. I am with you

yours

heo.



FORT CUSTER  
MICHIGAN

May 15, 1944

My dearest Parents,

I just don't want to let you be without mail that long - I am unable to write much today. Nothing is wrong - I am only "Spring-sick". We have suddenly beautiful weather with a lot of sunshine and I was out in the fields all day. I am tired like a baby and barely can keep my eyes open.

Over weekend I was with Kleins in Chicago - a nice a lazy time.

I got your Salami today and half of it is gone already. This time I shall eat it quickly, because

I dont want to keep it to long during  
the hot wheather. It is delicious and  
many, many thanks for it.

Right after this letter I go to  
bed - good night my Dears I kiss  
you as allways,

in deepest love

yours

bed



UNITED STATES ARMY

May 18<sup>th</sup>, 1944

My dearest Parents,

I got your letter today in which you told me about your citizenship exams. Though I got the account of what had happened I got excited. I can imagine how you both were excited. I was pretty sure, that you will pass, but feel better now, knowing it. My heartiest congratulations and a lot of wishes for the future. It is really a great thing, that we all will be American citizens - imagine, what we ~~thought~~ thought about this just a few years ago. That was something like a dream - something only "other" people possessed. Now we will be happy ones also and let us hope, that it always will bring only good to us.

I am very glad, that Mother will know all her questions well and I would be more happy, if I knew, that she will continue now to take lessons. There are so many advantages

if one speaks and reads the language of the country where one lives. You always will be handicapped in meeting people - nor are you able to read a newspaper. It isn't necessary to know the language perfectly - if only a beginning is done one continues to learn automatically.

By the way - what is the matter with Fritz and his citizenships?

Since yesterday nothing much has happened. It was a day with much but easy work. I shall go to town later, I have to buy a lot of things. Then I shall call you - I am afraid already - because I will "re-move" again. I have not seen a thing like that, since I am in the Army. From the Master sergeant down to the last man we are flat broke. Most of the other fellows got some money from home already and I tried to squeeze myself through the month. But it seems, that again we might move in the nearest future and I don't want to go with so little. I shall see tonight how you will react - I hope you are not to mad. We live in a psychosis to go out a little bit and everything is so damned expensive that one, two, three everything is gone. So please forgive me.

With all the love and many kisses

I am yours

her

May 21<sup>st</sup>, 1947.

My dearest Parents,

Since two days I try to find time to write to you - I just couldn't. It is Sunday afternoon and my ~~first~~ first free minutes, which I use to write to you. I have my paper packed up and therefore use this one. We are going to move again and ~~therefore~~ you might not hear for ~~with~~ a few days, but I will let you know my new destination as soon as possible. I had very much work to do in the last days a lot of sign painting and many other things. The weather is hot and we do a lot of sweating, but I have a big appetite and make up for the strain. Your money came very handy - I had to buy a lot of things - a little underwear and many other articles for my own use. You must think that I am very easy on the money lately. I am a little more than before, but relatively not to much. We have to go out sometimes and everything is so expensive - if



is unbelievable. Most of our boys have to get money regularly - they just can't get along now. But this is no problem - if you don't think that I am throwing money away. It is like medicine to go out a little once in a while. This time I could have gotten along, if we wouldn't have been moving. There I always like to have a surplus.

I hope you don't get nervous again. My dear Parents, be always of good spirit - as much as I am. We never lost our spirit, had ever hope in our mind and God was on our side always. It should stay that way until the day, where this time will end - and end it will. I am very confident that everything will turn to the better - that is why all of us have to do our part. The knowledge to have and love you will accompany me ~~and~~ on all my ways, and I never feel alone therefore. I let you know from me in a few days and greet you mean while with all my love. Greet everyone, Paul, Lillie, Fred and Baby and be kissed heartily

yours  
ho

June 5<sup>th</sup> 1944

My beloved Parents,

Since many days I have not heard from you or anybody else. I hope only that everything is o.k. at home and that my own mail arrives more regularly than yours. I still have no letters from you, which notifies that you got mail from me.

Here everything is in the best order. We have nice weather now and I feel much better. Yesterday night we had movies right here - we are going to have that a few times a week.

Hubby I wasn't out very much and stayed most of the time in. We pass our time away with singing, playing and I even started to sketch a little in my spare time. So far I really had it pretty good - it is only a little too far from you my Dears.

I am waiting anxiously for news from all of you and should it be the best all ways.

Give my regards to everyone and be kissed in everlasting love  
yours  
Lee

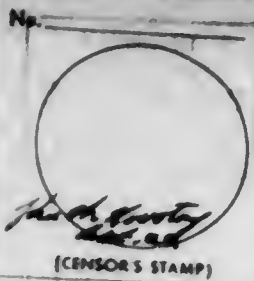
HAVE YOU FILLED IN COMPLETE  
ADDRESS AT TOP?

REPLY BY  
V...-MAIL

HAVE YOU FILLED IN COMPLETE  
ADDRESS AT TOP?

U.S. GOVERNMENT PRINTING OFFICE: 1943

Print the complete address in plain block letters in the panel below, and your return address in the space provided. Use typewriter, dark ink, or pencil. Write plainly. Very small writing is not suitable.



To MR. & MRS.  
DR. PAUL BIRKENHOLZ. MD.  
1894 WALTON AVE.  
BRONX, NEW-YORK  
U.S.A.

From  
R. E. LEO GUMICKER JR. 3240624  
(Sender's name)  
HQ Det. 795th MP BN.  
(Sender's address)  
A.P.O. # 350 1/2 PM. N.Y., N.Y.  
21<sup>st</sup> JUNE, 1944  
(Date)

My dearest kids and my dearest Paul,  
That is my first direct letter to you, since I arrived here. There was not much time left to write many letters - so I addressed them to all of you, when I wrote to the parents, I know that you all read those letters and I feel like talking to everyone, when I sit down and write. You will have heard most probably, that I got a bundle of mail on the day after I arrived - that was really a great surprise. There was one of every one of you and I'll never forget this bundle - I got. So far I do make out very good. I am in a wonderful place now, then in the beginning there is a very lovely countryside, very nice and friendly people. They have kept their spirit and humor up, though they have lived for long in practically in the front lines. Much has changed since then, but wouldn't it have been for their spirit - I don't know... I have seen already a lot of those signs from a time, where everybody was thinking of the invasion by the Germans - and thanks God we live now in a time, where we reversed everything. It is still very hard - but the hardest time has passed, because we are strong now. I pray it should be over soon for the sake of everyone. This country is lovely - much nicer than I thought and I wish I could get around more. I was in a gothic church yesterday - there was no roof and no windows - but it was cleaned up and people prayed there under the free sky looking in. There are things, which bombs can't penetrate. You see it all here all around.

I am in good spirit and think of you a very often.  
Write soon and be greeted in love  
yours

Leo



To MR. & MRS.  
MAX GLUECKSELIG  
1894 WALTON AVE  
BRONX, NEW-YORK  
U.S.A.

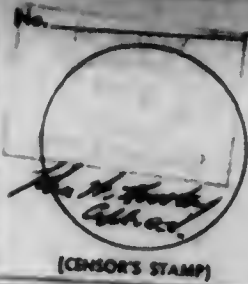
From  
TEG.S. LEA GURKOVIC 3240629  
(Sender's name)  
HQ. DET. 7934 MP. BN.  
(Sender's address)  
A.P.O. # 350-10 P.M. N.Y., N.Y.  
21<sup>st</sup> JUNE, 1944.  
(Date)

My dearest Parents,  
Finally I got mail from you - 2 letters and one V-Mail. You can't imagine how happy I was to hear from you again. At this time you didn't know yet about my where abouts, but am sure you do now. My work here satisfies me and so far I really can't complain about anything. Weather is nice - food is very good, I get enough cigarettes - 7 packages a week. Today I washed a little laundry - in my helmet. However I do not like that I think of mother, what she would say about our visitors... do methods in household. However less everything comes out pretty well. Though it isn't pressed and not as snowwhite as at home. Yesterday I bought some candies, but there isn't much left anymore. The local children, whom we are very popular, help us a lot. These poor little creatures have not much fun in their childhood and as I can see all around must have gone through terrific times. But all the people here are completely unbroken spirit and very friendly to us.

Today we also got some American Magazines and Books to read. These things are well organized and mean a lot to us. Wherever I have been so far I found a Red Cross, where you get good and cheap meals or sandwiches - even sometimes tea-cake. They really do a big job and it is good to feel that people care for you.

Yesterday I bumped into a sailor - a kid from the Bronx. He just came back from France. He would like to be home now - and we talked for a long time about everything. He got the news about the invasion, while he was on our trip and you can imagine, what a sensation that was for us. It's only hope, that we will be further successful and this hard time will end soon. Give my love to every single one and be kissed many times.

Always yours,  
he



To MR. & MRS.  
 FREDERIC GLUECKSELIG  
 75 FARVIEW AVE.  
 N.Y.C., N.Y.

U. S. A.

From  
 T&C  
 49 GLUECKSELIG, 32 110629  
 (Sender's name)

H.Q. DEP. 7957 MP. BN.  
 (Sender's address)

A.P.O. # 350, c/o P.M. N.Y., N.Y.

27<sup>th</sup> JUNE, 1944  
 (Date)

My Dearest Ones,

This coming is a big letter-writing time. I write to everyone of you. I do so also, when I write to the parents - I know you read their mail and with the limited time at hand I address these letters to all of you. But once in while I want to do so - directly to you. I know it is nice to find a letter in the mail box. Shortly after I arrived here, I received a whole bunch of mail from all of you and I was really so happy, that I forgot for the moment how far away I was. You will have heard, that the trip was a good one. The trip left me with a lot of impressions - as far as the life on a transport is concerned and then the magnificent beauty of the ocean and the arrival here. This country is lovely - would it be for the grim signs of war - the nature breathes peace. So far I haven't seen, as much as I would like to see - but I can't complain - after all I did not come as a traveller - but nevertheless I keep my eyes open.

I live in a very pleasant surroundings and we are in very good spirit. We work already and do well. The walls of our tent are decorated with chalk drawings - it looks like a kids house. There is a window with flowers, bookshelves, candle holders etc. everything you can find in a tent. Naturally a few pin-ups were requested by the other inhabitants, pinners their clothes, which makes the house hold cozier.

Every day we have kids coming here, for candies and gum and I have made friends with a few of them. They get a lot from us and naturally we are very popular with them. I think the dances are the main resource from which the kids of England draw their sweets. Poor little ones - they are missing a lot, we had when we were small. Still they are smiling and keep their chin up - as every one does. Let's hope we all see happier times soon. Bye, bye for tonight, be greeted.

in love yours  
 Lew.

P.S. If you see home - give her  
 our extra regards.

My Dearest Parents,

July 10, 1944

I just was resting for a while on my bed and my thoughts were at home. I walked around the streets rode in the subway I sat with you in the kitchen, talking and making fun as always. Everything was so real and I saw it to the smallest detail. There was a time where we would dream about our native country that way but being away so far from you I realize now that we have really got a new home to which I am longing to return. It is only natural that I am homesick for you wherever you might be, but to that comes something else. I think about the place which gave you and me a home again and a little room to move and live again. And it ~~is~~ was, as I see now, not only the chance "to live" but to settle and get so acquainted ~~XXX~~ that we started to take the live there for granted. That is where we became a part of the live there and started to forget that we are foreign. I don't want to write a letter sentimental and with so-called patriotism but I know, that I love America for that, because it must be terrible to live in a world, where one has really no place, which one can't call his own. That this was possible in such a relative short time, shows and proves only how young this ~~country~~ country is and how much power it has to absorb people. There might still be a lot of things which we can't follow, just because of the difference in the basic education we have got, but those things are not vital. The main thing is, that we have grown more to it than we might ~~realize~~ realize. One of those points proving it is the fact, that we can and do criticize anything we don't like, just as natural as we show our praise. That it should be that way, is something we know-but that it doesn't exist that way in the biggest part of the world we have learned also.

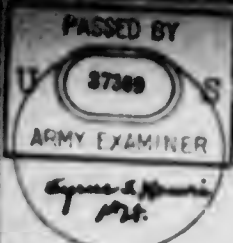
I am far away now and the influence of European Atmosphere struck me as something I have known well and which always has been my own-it was greeting some thing I loved and see again-but it felt like a sentiment and didn't feel like coming back to something. That will come when I travel west again.

Well- there I sit and use a lot of words and could tell you in short that I am just longing with all my heart to be home, which would say the same. But you shouldn't worry -I feel very well and am in good spirit one just has to open one's heart once in a while and let out what is ticking in there constantly. With all this sentiment I am happy, because the reason to it is a good one and it is something to look forward with happiness.

God bless you my Dearest ones, great Paul, Lisele, Fred and Gaby  
and be kissed in greatest love

always yours

lew



(CENSOR'S STAMP)

TO: MR. & MRS.  
MAX GLUECKSELIG  
1894 WALTON AVE  
BRONX, N.Y. U.S.A.

SEE INSTRUCTION NO. 2

FROM

SPY LEO GLUECKSELIG 32410629  
HQ. DET. 79574 MP. BN.  
A.P.O. 350 o/o P.M. N.Y., N.Y.

(Sender's complete address above)

My dearest Parents

July 20th 1944

In the last few days I wasn't able to write to you, I have to much work to do. I was occupied from morning to night and there was no time left. I got a nice letter from Lisle and Paul yesterday and the one from you with the photo in it. Your parcel didn't arrive yet - but it will soon, as I hope.

Every week we can buy cigarettes, candies, cookies and so on. I even bought a box of assorted bonbons yesterday. I like so much to eat that stuff! As you see - I don't miss anything - it is only nice to get something personal, that's why I am looking forward to receive your parcel.

Lisle complains that I don't write enough about myself. That is the big problem in letter writing. Most of my time - practically all - is a Army time, and about that I can't write much as you know. And time off? Well - we go out, sit in a pub or I take walks. There is not too much to say about it either. For - if I could talk freely my letters would surely be longer and more interesting. That's why I keep mostly to personal things - talking to you aside from my occupation.

And that is mostly my love to you and my longing to see you again soon, in health and happiness

always yours

Leo

HAVE YOU FILLED IN COMPLETE ADDRESS AT TOP?

REPLY BY  
V - MAIL

HAVE YOU FILLED IN COMPLETE ADDRESS AT TOP?

U.S. GOVERNMENT PRINTING OFFICE: 1944

Sept. 9<sup>th</sup>, 1944.

My dearest Parents,

Since a few days I didn't hear from you. But this I explain with the irregularity of the mail. Most probably I shall get a few at one time again. In your last letter you wrote, that you didn't hear from me for a time - I guess that will be the ~~hole~~ hole in my writing - the time I was travelling. I hoped always you weren't too nervous during this time and that you got the first mail quickly.

Just now I feel wonderful - wonderful clean. Near from here a transportable Army shower opened up and I was there taking a thorough cleaning under streams of ~~the~~ hot water. I got even a good powder bath against - pardon me - flees. Until now I was pretty fortunate with those little beasts - in the beginning I had just a small attack, which I won gloriously. But I play safe now, as far as possible and ~~maintain~~ <sup>have</sup> pretty good living conditions. In comparison, with what it could be around here I have nothing to complain and should be more than satisfied. I am so far as that goes -

Last night before going to bed - as usual I listened to the radio for the latest news. I listened for one and a half hours. America, England - "The Voice of America" (The American Propaganda Station in Europe.) - and in the end I had Germany. It is unbelievable what they are doing there. As it looks now they want to run into full destruction of themselves... I even heard Vienna, which was quite an experience, because I heard the end of a "Hedwig" play and then an announcer introduced Habne melodies by Strauss with good Prussian accent. It was played by the Viennese Philharmonic Orchestra (recordings from a time few



back in our dreams.) and it was there, that for the first time I suddenly realized how near I am to the city of my birth. Until then it seemed just as far, as it was throughout the years since I left. I felt sick - because in this physical nearness I felt how utterly lost this place is to us. Soldiers in my outfit say: "you are near home too" - if they only would know, how much, bitterness and unforgettable experiences had cut this "home" away from us. There is only the knowledge of what it has been to us, my cradle and youth, lovable despite its poorness. Not to talk about those impressive years in the States.... But I shall not forget this hour in the darkness listening to the music and having past memories - school years, love and youth, my growing up, all the dear people we had there and then the catastrophe, the destruction of all we loved and the loss of so many near to us... My "home"....? Well - perhaps it ~~is~~ is good, from a human viewpoint and from a personal one, that I am right here. Because taken away and seeing once more the atmosphere I fled - seeing while it is destroyed - oh God let it be thoroughly - I will be stronger in the future and clearer in my attitude. I have learned very much - how terrible that a human should learn ~~so~~ so much by a horrible thing as war is. But so it is - and may I never forget it. - Don't take the seriousness of this letter wrong. I feel really well and am high spirited - but one is talking to oneself so much and so many thoughts go through the head during the night - and despite so many around one doesn't talk about those things - wishing one could. To you I do sometimes a little - which only should confirm my love and my believe ~~in~~ in you.

Good night my Dears - great all from me  
and be kissed,

yours

Her



(CHECK STAMP)

NO. 1234 1940

MAX GLUSKINER

1234 HOLTON AVE.

BROOKLYN, N.Y. U.S.A.

SEE INSTRUCTIONS NO. 7

RECEIVED

U.S. NAVY

1234 HOLTON AVE.

BROOKLYN, N.Y.

Sender's complete address above

August 28 1940

My beloved Parents,

Finally I sit down again to write to you. I don't know exactly how many days passed, since I wrote to you, but I am afraid, that it was to long. I just couldn't I was to busy - as always when we moved. You remember, that there were always a few days I couldn't work. The same happened this time.

We are settled again, in a very nice place and I just wonder how long we are going to stay here. Until now we did enough moving to satisfy my appetite, but as you know in the Army we do things as told. I am only very sorry to be away from those people I met - they were so wonderful to us. One of them wanted to write to you, to tell you how well we are. I wonder if she will do so.

I hope you didn't worry to much about my not writing under conditions like that. one just can't move regularly. Please don't forget ~~the~~ the future mail doesn't come for a few days, just figure, we have no chance to write to you. I am very well and my always to take care of myself as well as my regards to him, Paul, Fred and Gabe. I and you are so packed with all my love, to be loved

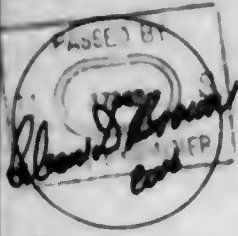
yours  
Max

HAVE YOU FILLED IN COMPLETE ADDRESS AT TOP?



HAVE YOU FILLED IN COMPLETE ADDRESS AT TOP?

on the right side typewriter, date ink, or date pencil. Faint or small writing is not suitable for photographing.



(CENSOR'S STAMP)

TO: MR. & MRS.  
MAX GLUECKSELIG  
1294 WALTON AVE.  
BRONX, NEW-YORK

SEE INSTRUCTION NO. 2

FROM

IRCS LEO GLUECKSELIG 32410629

HR. DET. 74574 MP. Br.

A.P.O. # 350 c/o P.M. N.Y.

(Sender's complete address above)

Sept. 17<sup>th</sup>, 1944

My dearest Parents,

Today it will be again, one of those short letters - I have not much time - but want to speak to you a few words. Tonight is holy day and unfortunately there is no way for me to attend a service. It can't always be done, though they try hard in the Army to furnish it.

So I shall celebrate in my own way, not being alone in my thoughts, prayers and wishes. I know them all - and hear them said, from many, many lips, - all saying the ~~same~~ same and putting all their belief in it.

I think much of all of you and am very near to you.

May God bless you

yours in love

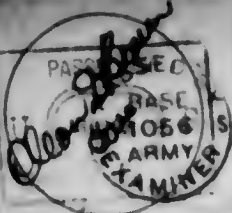
Leo.

HAVE YOU FILLED IN COMPLETE ADDRESS AT TOP?

REPLY BY  
V-MAIL

HAVE YOU FILLED IN COMPLETE ADDRESS AT TOP?

U. S. GOVERNMENT PRINTING OFFICE: 1943 16-6548-0



(CENSOR'S STAMP)

TO: MR. & MRS.  
 MAX GLUECKSELIG  
 1894 WALTON AVE  
 BRONX, NEW-YORK, U.S.A.

SEE INSTRUCTION NO. 7

FROM

TEC. 5 LEO GLUECKSELIG 3240629

HQ. DET. 795th MP. Bn.

A.P.O. # 350 4/2 PM. N.Y., N.Y.

(Sender's complete address above)

Sept. 26<sup>th</sup>, 1944.

My dearest Parents,

Since a few days I am without mail from you I hope to get a few letters very soon, because I know, that you write regularly. I could't do so lately, because as I told you before, my days were very busy. Only once I had a little time to write, which I used to ~~man~~ manufacture a long letter to Fred & Gabby, describing a bit of my impressions. They are a little confused - who would it be under this circumstances - but I think they will give you some idea of what we saw. Since the fall of Brest it is quiet and the war seems to have moved far away. People try to get back to normal life, though, this will take quite a time. But the attempt to do so is already a sign of rebirth.

About me you don't need to worry. I feel always sound and safe and look forward with much optimism. It seems, that we are in the last stage of this hard ~~for~~ struggle - it is very bitter, but with no doubt, will be end positive for us again. May it be soon.

Give everybody my love - tell Paul & hunk I shall write to them at the next occasion.

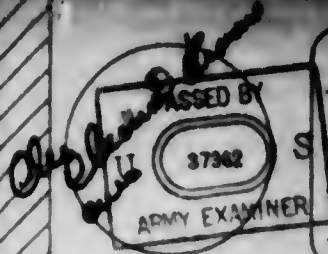
Be kind and greeted with all my devotion  
 always yours,

Leo

HAVE YOU FILLED IN COMPLETE ADDRESS AT TOP?

REPLY BY V...-MAIL

HAVE YOU FILLED IN COMPLETE ADDRESS AT TOP?



TO: MR. & MRS.  
 MAX GLOCKSELD, O,  
 1294 HALTON AVE.  
 BRONX, NEW-YORK U.S.A.

5116 111229  
 4 P. Co.  
 P.M. N.Y. N.Y.

(CENSOR'S STAMP)

SEE INSTRUCTION NO. 2

(Sender's complete address above)

Oct. 2nd 1944

My very dearest Parents,

Still I have no mail from you - we all get nearly nothing - and so we have just to wait. And we do so every day and are always disappointed to see the mailman coming back empty handed.

Here we have it pretty quiet now - the war seems very far away at the moment. For a change I do a lot of paint work all day long and look very colourful too - covered from head to foot with all shades. I like this work, if it comes once in a while - it is a break in the routine. I stay out of the office, have dirty clothes, and nobody bothers me.

In one of your last letters you asked me for a photo of mine. I try to get one - but it is not so easy. There are only a few boys with cameras - and films are scarce. Nevertheless I'll try to get one. By the way - I forgot to tell you, my headache is gone for a very long time. Looked like a blood break in the middle of my forehead and I didn't like it all. Guess, I am cured of it for good now.

I hope that you all are very well and that I hear soon from you. To all of you my love and be kissed

many times  
 yours Leo

YOU FILLED IN COMPLETE ADDRESS AT TOP?

V-MAIL

HAVE YOU FILLED IN COMPLETE ADDRESS AT TOP?

Oct. 4th, 1944.

My very dearest Parents,

I just finished dressing up - I don't know exactly why I did it. I won't be out anyhow - it is raining, storming and thundering, but after a hard days work I like to clean up and get out of my dirty cloths. So I did again today and ~~at~~ <sup>at</sup> least ~~at~~ tell myself, that I dressed up to talk to you, because I won't do much more, after I am through with this letter. I still had no mail from you, but got a letter from Fred & Gaby yesterday. I was happy to have this long spell broken and to read those lines from home. Gaby, as usual chatters in her letters in a lovely way, giving me a lot of small information, seemingly small - ~~but~~ it is rather very interesting to read. There goes so much atmosphere with it. Bud Friedl, who writes to me so much lovingly, making me very happy. I don't need to tell you, what his words mean to me. Last night I wrote to his self and Paul - I wanted to do that for so long, but I have ~~so~~ little time.

From here I can't tell you much. Everything is quiet and work has become a routine again. I still had no occasions to get out very much, to see a few things I would like to.

A few days ago I send a letter to Paris

② to Mr. Pierre Samson and wait now, whether there will be an answer.

Getting most of the American Magazine <sup>(copy)</sup> I looked through an old "file" yesterday and saw those heart-breaking pictures of hunger. Those photos look so realistic to me - I have gotten a good training in seeing things - and it touched me very hard. I thought of you, whether you had seen them also, as I know we all had the same thoughts about it, ~~wondering~~ <sup>wondering</sup> about the same people. Hell - one can't say a thing and words are too weak. All those things are so far down in their misery, that one can only look for a word, hoping how to get out and along, after all this had happened. What it means, that you all live in America, and that I have the opportunity to call it home, a place to return - that I realize fully now. It will be hard years of repair and getting reorganizing for those poor people - and I feel now always, how closely we all were, to have suffered all those hardships. We can't be grateful enough - it is really a gift from heaven. I wonder, whether the people in America realize, what it really looks like in Europe.

There I go again - I should write more cheerful. I am really in good shape - and perhaps only therefore I am so much impressed, by all those things.

Be greeted my Dearest with all my love  
I am always yours

hw

Oct. 18<sup>th</sup>, 1944.

My dearest Parents,

After a while without mail, I got a letter again today. Mail is very irregular and I see from your letter, that you aren't better off. It makes me very sad, that you are without any word from me that long again. I never let you wait that long, if I can help it, but in a big war like that, transportation is a problem, one can't imagine, unless one has seen it. And naturally it is bound to happen, that personal <sup>(mail)</sup> suffers delay sometimes. I hope that it will be better in the future. As far, as I am concerned, I write to you, as often as I possibly can and I am naturally helpless in regard to those delays.

At the moment I am very busy again, but feel very well. It is quite working, with no time to spare. The war has moved far away and one is only remembered of it's existence, by the signs, which it left in ~~the~~ ~~past~~ it's pass and by the contact of with the prisoners, with whom I have to do almost every day. Sometimes it still feels



(2) very strange to be with them so much. I have mostly the same men every day and naturally through common work one gets somehow acquainted. Specially, as they work perfectly and give no trouble whatsoever. I keep them always at the distance, which my status as an American Soldier asks for - not to talk about my heart. It is strange to see, as a result of my open and frank behavior, to be respected by them very much. They know perfectly well, what I am and what I think - I even didn't need to discuss it. But they know - and it touches my ear strangely to hear a prussian voice ask "Glückselig" for this or that - and do it in a hurry then. It would be easier on my mind, if they all would show still the "beast", which they have been, when they had the "authority" to be one and not their human nature again, when they are beaten down. But that how it is and it gives me a lot to think.

The other night a few of them had to wait for their transportation back to the stockade and next to my workroom they started to sing. Sentimental songs about home, girls (Mägdelein) and flowers ("Blümlein"). In midst of it a sailors song

③, how they understand to die, about their cool grave with no one to ~~me~~ take care of it e.t.c. It went cold down my spine - always this glorification of death.

When you see Friedl Berger again give him my best regards. And please do so to Reneé de (Swarcz) - ...

From a letter of Maria Fenjoe I heard, that Fredl Faust is in the South Pacific now. Did you hear anything else about him?

When you send a parcel again, could you please send me next, to laundies, cigarettes and cans, one or two cans of Brown Shoe Cream. Either "Esquire" or "Kiwi". (Preferable Kiwi - but if you can't get it - the other one will do very well too.)

I am sorry that you missed the right to vote so closely. I voted already and send the letter on it's way. You know & when I choose - as far as I am concerned my commander in chief stays on. By the way, most of the boys think so. There are hardly any discussions on it.

I close for today with many kisses to all, be blessed and greeted with all

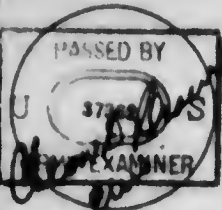
My love

yours

(Note the new Addr. of mine!)

Red

on the right. Use typewriter, dark ink, or dark pencil. Faint or small writing is not suitable for photographing.



(CENSOR'S STAMP)

TO: MR. & MRS.  
MAX GLUECKSELIG  
1894 HALTON AVE.  
BRONX, N.Y.

SEE INSTRUCTION NO. 2

FROM  
IBC. S LEO GLUECKSELIG  
32410629  
HQ. DET. 7954 MP. Bk.  
A.P.D. # 5174/p.M. N.Y., N.Y.

(Sender's complete address above)

Oct. 22-4, 1944

My dearest Parents,

Finally I got mail from you - one letter from ~~you~~ Sept. 14th and one Oct. 1st & between there was nothing from your mail I see, that you didn't get anything from me for 14 days. I hope you got all the mail meanwhile, because I never waited that long. If I am busy, as I was in the last few days - for one - three days is the most I don't write, but then finally I make a few minutes for writing. I think that these conditions will become better with the time.

I wished I could have seen also Fred, Maria and Renee - it must have been a wonderful reunion. I hope to hear from all of them.

Well I saved some money and bought a few presents. For Gabby and Lisle too - I hope they will like it (Please don't tell them.) It is not easy to find something decent - but I waited and had patience - ~~it~~ and finally got something.

Give please my regards to all of them and you -  
You be kissed with all my love. always yours

Max

HAVE YOU FILLED IN COMPLETE ADDRESS AT TOP?

REPLY BY V-MAIL

HAVE YOU FILLED IN COMPLETE ADDRESS AT TOP?

U.S. GOVERNMENT PRINTING OFFICE: 1943 O-100-00-1

Oct. 26<sup>th</sup> 1944.

My very dear parents,

I got two letters from you today and enjoyed them very much, specially, as the mail was very small recently. I know, that this is'nt your fault. One of these days I shall get a big bunch most probably. In last time I had a lot of work again and ~~it~~ it makes the days pass quicker. Before I know it another one is over. The wheather is'nt cold, so dont worry about that. We have a lot of rain only, but equipt as we are, I dont have to suffer anything. So far life is very quiet, much work and no excitement ~~any~~ anymore. Paint and sign work has become so much, that I got a own workroom for that and a prisoner is my permanent help. He is 22 years old, good looking with a child's face and has spent 99% of ~~the~~ his youth changing from one uniform to another. Our relation and sometimes our small talks outside of work could be the material for an interesting book. He is open for me like a book and I understand his way of thinking that much, that he falls from one surprise into another one. He just cant figure us out and is all mixed up about what we do as the most natural actions. It is hate - or perhaps pityful. So much heart, believe and honesty in a heartless, illogical and dishonest idea and system! —

hally we were able a little more to get around here. He have made friends with people, but ~~it~~ there is not to much time for getting around. I wish I could get a chance to learn french and I shall do it at the first occasion. It is too bad, that I dont speak this language and miss

② it very much now. The younger generation speaks very often a little German, which they picked up in their daily life during the occupation. That helps me along a little bit in meeting people, but it is somehow embarrassing to use this language with French people.

Personally I am very interested, what course France itself will take. It is the first country of Europe almost freed and one can recognize already, how hard it will be to reconstruct. Destroyed cities can be built up easier, than bend minds. And there are so many signs, which show how the character and mind of a nation has suffered. It will be a hard hangover to be overcome.

If the average American soldier has only one desire - namely to get home, as quickly and as soon as the war is over, then this is not only his homesickness and the dream of the end of the war - but there is something he doesn't like - or better doesn't understand in the human beings here. They are just not as healthy as back home and he wants to be in a normal world again. ~~The Germans~~

Well we all wish the end would come soon, but it can't be done, before it is thoroughly finished. Perhaps all the sacrifices which are done, because of the fanatical and ~~and~~ illogical resistance will be paid one day, just by the fact, that this strange and mad pest will and has to be stamped out completely. It would be better for the world than.

Give my regards to all, in hope and love  
always yours,  
Leo

Oct. 28<sup>th</sup>, 1944

My very dearest Parents,

I got today 4 letters from home - 3 from you  
1 from Gaby and Fred and 4 more from friends,  
8 in all. You can imagine how good I felt, specially  
as mail was very scarce lately. Again in your first  
letter you complained about not having any mail  
for 14 days. I am desperate about it, because  
I really write pretty regularly and there is no  
question, that I would'nt write to you that long under  
circumstances like they are now. In the other letters  
you finally notified the arrival of two letters  
and I am really glad to know, that you got  
something and I hope only, that you will receive  
all the other ones I send too. I sent to mother a  
small parcel a few weeks ago and a few days  
ago to hisle one and to Gaby. That will take  
a little longer, but hope you'll get it intact.  
Dad wrote, that he was jealous, because my  
friend Anne got 5 letters - imagine she got them  
after full 4 1/2 weeks without anything in which time  
she was a little jealous, that she had'nt anything.  
Well - please dont compare dady - I send you

and Mother let my letters, because I have to - you know I love you immensely - and not because I think I "should". So regardless whether I ~~send~~ write to other ones much or nothing, doesn't stand in any connection with my writing to you. I know how you wait for mail and I love to write to you because of the personal need and because ~~of~~ I want you to be satisfied. If Anne worries, so she does for the same person then you do - regardless of the difference in the connection, which I don't want to compare, because of it's natural difference. Don't please be jealous, because there is first no reason and secondly I am scared you might get into an similar atmosphere of a very unfortunate time which lies in the past and which in no way shall repeat in my life. Anne and her wonderful letters give me something I have only missed to much in all the ~~last~~ <sup>last</sup> many years of my youth. And I am not too young anymore. Look once from this view point at her and don't wrap yourself always in such a cool silence, as she wouldn't exist. In such a long time of my absence - though she comes sometimes to the shore, it is the first time you mention her. As far, as I know her, she is very talented, hard working and sincere - or do you think different and getting afraid again? Don't misunderstand this letter - I am not angry at all - I just take this as an occasion to break

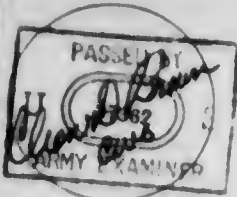
(3) this silence, which isn't just a incidental one. You write ~~it~~ about all other friends otherwise, and noticing ~~that~~<sup>this</sup> - I thought that it has no sense to hide behind no mentioning anything - because in this case there is nothing unnatural, indigent or unhealthy, which in another case gave me once much trouble and perhaps reason to hide before myself. I don't do so now - because this girl contributes a lot to ~~the~~ my present life in every respect. This shouldn't be bad news to you - I have starved myself enough into a life, where I was unproductive and feel today like a man, who longs for the future days producing and doing things.

Please let this be a letter strictly between parents and their son. Not because I am afraid and unsure of myself - just the other way around is the reason. I don't ~~and~~ want and don't need - thanks God - to become a matter of discussion for a multitude of friends and relatives, because there is no reason for it, but I just don't want to be silent with you, of whom I know, that they take notice of every step in my life in deepest love.

And I shall be grateful for it always  
in love your son

heo





(CENSOR'S STAMP)

TO MR & MRS.  
MAX GUECKSELIG  
1894 KALTON AVE.  
BRONX, NEW-YORK

SEE INSTRUCTION NO. 2

FROM

IRCS LEO GUECKSELIG 32410025  
HQ. DET. 79574 MP BN.  
APO # 517-6 PH N.Y., N.Y.

(Sender's complete address abroad)

Nov 30 1944

My dearest Parents,

Still I am so busy, that I am not able to write properly. I haven't gotten mail from you since a few days, something which always happens after moving. I like it very much ... less usual place - there is much more love than before and very typical French. Naturally one sees always the effects of war on everything. They are not only the ruins, which are the signs. One sees it on the people themselves, on the whole life and the appearance of everything. Still I can enjoy a lot, being able to move about. But it must be at normal times - one just must have the ability to look through the cover of dust, the blanket which war throws over everything.

If I have only a little time I shall try more to learn a little French - the facilities would be here. But I wonder, whether I shall have time. So far I talk with hands and feet and construal a lot - which sometimes is right and sometimes not.

The weather is not exactly cold - but sometimes penetrating cool. I hope to get the undercoat soon - I shall enjoy it very much. I just remember - if you send me something again, please send me a bowl of JADLEY, shaving soap. I am running low on it and I get only, brushless, which burns my face.

With all my love for you my dearest ones,  
I am yours  
Leo

HAVE YOU FILLED IN COMPLETE ADDRESS AT TOP?

REPLY BY  
V...-MAIL

HAVE YOU FILLED IN COMPLETE ADDRESS AT TOP?

U.S. GOVERNMENT PRINTING OFFICE: 1944

Nov. 17<sup>th</sup> 1944.

My dearest Parents,

Yesterday I received your parcel with the canned stuff and the Salami. At night I didn't go to show. One boy bought bread, the other one made tea and with the contents of some other boys packages we had a delicious pic-nic. The best of all was the Salami, which disappeared fast enough. It was absolutely all right and delicious. (Only try next time to send one, where ~~one~~ both ends are closed - I had to cut a hunk away on the open side!) Thank you very, very much. Besides the Salami, we enjoyed also the Salmon. I have still the sardines. One boy had a fruit cake, that is a dry cake with fruits in it, which tasted as fresh, as it would have been done yesterday. You can buy those, if you send me a package again. Your choice was wonderful and I wish you would be kind enough to send again one, with sardines, Salmon and Salami - perhaps if it is no trouble a fruit cake. I don't want you to send cigarettes. I understand, there is an acute shortage of them in the States and I ~~do~~ can imagine, how hard they are to get.

Mail from you comes very slowly. I know it isn't your fault - one has to be patient in times like this one, but it is not so easy. Whenever the mailman brings me a letter, I kiss him on both cheeks. That is an established ritual between

② Both of us - he holds his face towards me, before giving the mail.

I have very much work now, but I like it. Again I have a room all by myself, another boy and one prisoner my assistants. The other day, I found some water colours of mine, ~~in~~ which I put in a box, before leaving the States. I painted ~~so~~ in my free time something on the wall. By the way - would you send me once a set of "poster colours." They come in glass jars and are not expensive. And the soft pencils are running low too. (3B & 4B) I always wonder, whether I am not asking too much of you - but there is so little I can buy by myself around here.

The nicest acquaintance I have made so far, is an old French woman and her daughter, - the daughter's husband is a prisoner of war in "Vienna." I come to their house sometimes and mother ~~be~~ makes usually some delicious cake for me - and can those French do it well! The madam speaks English - is a teacher and wants to teach me French. Well - I am only so lazy in my time off. I have become really a good boy around here - never go to bed late. First there is not much time off and if, there is work at 10<sup>30</sup> and I am back early always. Oh - what a life. And about the other "mademoiselles" in France? Oh la la - let Father tell you about them - he knows France!

With all my love and many greetings  
always yours  
her

Nov. 18<sup>th</sup> 1944

My dearest Parents,

I have not much time to write today, but I want to send this letter away, as quick, as possible to let you know about our friend Mr. Samson. I received his answer today and I can imagine, that you will be glad to hear from him, that he is alive and safe. According to his letter, he had his share ~~to~~ of this bitter time also. Writing about the deportation of his relatives to Germany - you know, ~~to~~ what those deportations were like. I shall answer him again and I wish I could come to Paris once, so that I could accept his invitation.

I also received Mr. Lowy's letter. I shall answer him, after I have fulfilled his request. It will take a few days <sup>though</sup> because it can't be done very easily. But I shall find a way. Tell him, that I shall do my utmost to make it, as quick as possible.

I haven't received any mail from you, but two packages this last week. Yesterday I got the package from Mother, with all the wonderful woolen underwear. I wear a whole set today already. It's really grand and I enjoy it very much. I have now enough of it - and thousand thanks for it my dear mother.

Good bye now, have all my love and be kissed many times, always yours

Leo

Dec 5<sup>th</sup> 1944.

My very dearest Parents,

It is one of those rare occasions, that I am writing to you during daytime. I am very busy again, but just now I have to wait for a while until some paint has dried up, before I can continue to work. So I thought I fill the time with talking to you for a while.

I have send a letter to Mr. Köy's brother in law yesterday and I hope he will get it soon. I forgot to answer your question, how it came that I could send Eau de Cologne to you from France. Well - there were Germans here once and as you know those Gentlemen lived very nicely here. And a German Officer apparently needs a lot of this stuff to make himself pretty. I thought that Mother could need it better - I don't want you to keep a bottle for me, because I don't need any, but anyway I hope, that I shall be home before you are able to start on the second one.

I had a few snapshots taken the other day and have a few more in the next days. Only the developing and printing takes some time - so please be patient, I shall send to you those photos

as soon, as I get them. You will see, that your son is getting fatter and fatter - it is a shame already. Furthermore my hair is getting thinner, (- the Weimers!) and soon I shall be a replica of my dear brother Fritz. By the way - if you ever have a few new photos of yourself, send them to me.

Now it is December already - I can't grasp it that it is half a year ~~that~~ since I left America. I lost all sense for time. It seems that I saw you only yesterday, on the other hand everything is so far away in space as in time.

I wish you could see me just now. It is a pity we how dirty I am. I am practically soaked in gasoline and paint, my hands, my face, shoes, cloths - everything. That goes on every day, since quite a while - we paint all our vehicles and I guess, that after the "duration" I still will match some colours out of my system for some time. At least I have learned another profession in the Army - I am a fullfledged painter now and I wish I could belong to the painter's union. I would have earned a fortune in regard to the time I have put in this work lately. But soon I shall return to my drawing board again and let my rainbow colored bones rest for a while. Now I jump back into the paint pot!

All my love

yours

Leo

Dec 17<sup>th</sup>, 1944.

Some where in France.

My very dearest Parents,

In the last few days I got loads of late mail. In two days 13 letters! There was only 1 from you, but now every day a lot is coming in and I shall get yours also. All the boys got much packages - for me a few arrived before, as I told you, and we eat much sweet and good things. It is really wonderful, how you at home think of us. Highest gratitude is expressed, if there come cigarettes - 2 packages a week is all we get at the moment.

I was very busy again but I am back at my old job of map making. This has besides everything, the advantage, that I can ~~now~~ walk a little, because the office is not, where I live. I haven't seen this place by daylight yet, working before all the time right here from morning to night and going out only ~~at~~ <sup>at night</sup> ~~at~~. I could ride to work, but rather leave earlier: and walk, ~~but~~ taking different routes. It is a pleasure to look at people - all those different types - they are so poorly dressed, but nevertheless ~~one~~ time wouldn't eradicate the charm of the girls, who know how to do well, with the little they have at hand. So they stay "chicks" even with wooden shoe soles,

or on a bicycle. All that will explain to you, why I have not met any children here until now - but I have a little 7 year old girl already, which walks to school with me every morning. She just joined me one day on my way and waits now for me, taking my hand - and getting a "gun" on the end of the walk.

I hope you got the letter from Mr. Samson meanwhile and I would be to glad if you could do something with him. I shall write to him again about it, though it seems that he will have some difficulties in the factories - but anyhow I shall try. As you can read in his letter, he was ~~instructing~~ me, in case I should come to Paris - I am dreaming about it, but it's not too easy to make. Imagine how many American soldiers there are - and every one dreams about it and only a limited number gets permission - first naturally combat troops.

If you send something again, please put next to canned stuff of sardines, anchovies e.t.c. Salami (always welcome!!) a bottle of after shave lotion. This is a big luxury around here and highly appreciated. Furthermore my nail file is getting rusty and old - if you could find one for me I would be very thankful.

~~It gives~~ It gives me always a funny feeling to "request" things - but I guess



that is just, what the authorities figure with. This way  
a little less is send over here. But we all  
appreciate those gifts like little children. It is so  
exciting to unpack it - always having a lot of "buddies"  
standing around at this occasion, inspecting closely the  
contents. And if you think, we are able to wait with the  
opening up - you are mistaken. It doesn't take  
two minutes....

One thing dad - do you really think I was "mad"  
about anything you wrote? There is no room for being  
mad - I just disagreed in ~~it~~ something and told you  
so. That might happen sometimes - doesn't it? But I  
don't want to use too many words on it - I had it for  
gathered already, and I hope you did so too.

You wrote me, that you had to pay so much  
taxes. I can imagine, that with our bank ground you  
feel it rather heavy - but regarding this time, one  
can't do enough. And I am so glad, that you feel  
the same way. Life isn't easy - but what is money? If  
I only realize what fate we all escaped - every day  
brings new evidence of the terrible fate so many - much  
to many - had to endure. And it is still going on -

Now I finish for tonight. Be blessed my  
Dearest Ones and greeted with all my love

always yours,



HW

Jan. 1st 1945.

Somewhere in France

My dearest Parents,

Again a year has passed - it is unbelievable how fast time flies, ~~but~~ though in many respects it seems ~~it~~ to pass by too slowly.

We had an improvised little party last night and it helped a lot to make us feel a little better. Specially, as we had a little bit to drink. It wasn't much though - but anyhow we stayed up and went to bed late. (Naturally I can't keep my eyes open, today - we are not used anymore to stay up for long.)

I have not written very much lately. I would've helped it, despite having a bad conscience about it. I was thinking very much about you, being afraid, that you will worry much now. All through this time of the crisis on the front, we have had a quiet time. Only a little more work and naturally I was very tense. This was

② the main reason I just wasn't able to write. I don't need to tell you, about all sentiments, which took hold of me and how shocked I was. Nevertheless I ~~was~~ kept confident all the time. It was to expect after all, that some time, the full fury and fanaticism will break through with its full desperation, when certain defeat will show up. Only when it happened it wasn't pleasant, thinking about all the sacrifices and ~~and~~ watching everything, waiting, whether we will be able to stand up against the heavy impact. Nobody ever will know exactly how much strength and coolness on all sides had been necessary, to catch the blow. We did so with God's help. But we know today, that as long, as it will last, we will have a terrible hard opponent to count with. It is not only, what he has left in strength, but the results of their education - their twisted minds - have to be eradicated today in the hardest fighting. I am confident and ~~in my~~ have firm believe it will be

③ so - all indications point that way. I hope only with all my heart, that you too at home, share in this belief and don't worry ~~to~~ much. I am really in very good shape and wish I could convince you fully.

I have to finish now - I wrote this letter during working hours, only to be sure to have a letter go out today. But I have not much time.

Please give my best regards to Paul, Mike, Fred & Gaby and you both be greeted with all my love

God bless you,

yours

he.

Jan. 7<sup>th</sup>, 1945  
Somewhere in France.

My beloved Parents,

It is very long again since I received mail from you. I share the same fate with all my comrades, which shows that there is a general delay again. But that lasts always only a relative short time and one day we get lots of letters, which pays in joy, for those days waiting. Only the waiting itself we hate. I work right near to the mail man and I see the sacks coming in - if there are any and usually helps him assorting.

The only mail I got lately - was a letter from Hiel & Paul from July 1944. Imagine that. Somehow it got lost and wandered around in England and finally reached me, covered with stamps and remarks. I was very happy with it, because there was a photo in it, father and me in front of our store, when I was in N.Y. on my last furlough. Oh - was I glad, that I still received it.

(2)

Otherwise there is nothing much to report from here. The days pass by quickly. I have not as much work now, as I had in the first few months here. But that won't last too long, I bet. Anyhow I appreciate this little break. I ~~didn't~~<sup>don't</sup> stay on the air<sup>now</sup> - as I had to before and it feels good to be in a warm room. It was pretty cold for a while, but I personally like dry cold better, than the warmer and damp ~~weather~~, which prevails here, during these seasons. But all in all, I have not to complain at all - (specially with the nice underwear from mother -)

Now a request: If you send a package again, please send "Beffille Fish", which our pet's now in cans (and is it good!), boned chicken (delicious) and Sardines. & If you have trouble ~~and~~ in getting cigarettes, try cigars and pipe tobaccos (I bought myself a pipe!) Very good is also "anchovies". Naturally if you can't get, what I ask for, I appreciate anything - this are just suggestions.

Now I close for today. Be kissed many times and greeted with all my love always thinking of you, yours, (no)

21<sup>st</sup> January 1945  
Somewhere in France

My very dearest Parents,

Mail is pretty rare again. Letters come always in bunches and I am waiting impatiently for the next one. I didn't tell you, what happened with the last package, I received from you a few days ago. I opened it up right after I got it, being very happy with those 10 packs of cigarettes and 2 Salamis. I took the writing paper out and closed it up again, To take it back to the barracks. 2 hours later it was gone from the room. He searched the whole building - gone. You can imagine, how unhappy I was -

Yesterday it turned up again. By an unexplainable misunderstanding, it had gone back into a wrong mail bag and after wandering around for a few days, found it's way back to me. He celebrated this by eating up the two salamis, before they run away again. And were they delicious! Now I have a good reserve of cigarettes for a while and am

② really happy about it, because that was a constant source of giggling and stretching. You help me out a lot and I am very, very thankful for that.

In the last time our spirit is much higher again. For a while we were a little nervous, with all that going on in the west. Well - the big danger has passed, though the going is still very hard up there. The news from the Russian offensive are stunning and one wonders, how much longer the Germans will drag out the fighting. Logically the war has been lost already, but it seems, they are just fighting for a peace - make us pay heavily, before it is over. They have nothing to lose ...

Here <sup>are</sup> not much news. We have a little winter weather again, but the sun comes out very soon again and it really isn't grim. Specially the way we live and the way our quarters are. We are really fortunate.

Give my best regards to Paul, Hisele, Fred and Gabby, please.

I greet you my dears with many kisses and send you all my love,  
always yours,  
Leo.



7<sup>th</sup> February 1945

France

My very dearest Parents,

Time goes on and one week passes, quickly after the other - only all together it lasts so long. It is very quiet around here and my work is merely routine and not hard now, just filling out the day. The days are getting a little longer now and there is spring in the air, though it is raining most of the time. The sudden change of weather resulted in many colds - all of light nature. The other day I took a tea - Thanks to Hisele's and Paul's package - before going to bed and got rid of my cold in one night. Otherwise I fill my time off with letter writing, reading. We have good books through the Army. Just now I read "The Fuehrer" by Howard Heiden, which I very much advise to read. It is no pleasant reading, but the whole matter isn't pleasant and one can't expect anything else, but it is very interesting. A few times a week, we have our own Army moxy in ~~the~~ our quarters, which helps a lot to fill out our evenings. Now, as it gets warmer I like to take a walk also at night. The dark and small streets remind me of days gone. Sometimes I sit down in a small cafe - just sit and look. Sometimes I make those walks, with a French girl I know

(2)

a medical student, very quiet and very good looking. Has been a political prisoner of 8 months in Germany by the way. Lost her home in St. Nazaire and has a brother still a prisoner. You can imagine her love for Les Allemaignes. Yesterday we looked at windows. I shall give you a few samples of what things cost ~~to~~ in France today. A little ~~is~~ printed silk scarf 700 Franc (50 F - 1 \$) A costume 10.000 F. - pair of shoes (wooden soles) 350 F. It is unbelievable how the Germans succeeded to ruin and rob this country - if one knows, what France had before the war and what the prices were, one can realize it.

By the way I have to ask you for something very much. Every 14 days one of us can go to Paris for 48 hours. He draws the name. This week they drew one fellow, who thought he couldn't go, so they drew one more and this was me. Hell - there I stood and had no money, because I had to pay my watch. Fortunately the other guy decided to go, but I don't want to be caught again short and would very much ask you for a little support. I would keep this check for only this trip. I am very eager to go, not only for Paris' sake alone, but I could talk to Mr. Samson, from whom I have an invitation anyhow. The boys spend very much money in those two days, trying naturally to see as much, as possible in this time and as Paris is very expensive now, the money goes away very quickly. I hate to ask you for money, because I really can do without help normally - but this was a check to me and I don't want to have this occasion spoiled. I just wonder, whether I shall be lucky ~~again~~, to ~~to~~ have my name drawn again. In any case, write me a few more <sup>names</sup> ~~people~~, in case you want <sup>me</sup> to visit somebody else. I ~~to~~ close for today with many kisses and all my love for you. always yours hi

P.S. Thank you for the stamps!

February 16<sup>th</sup> 1945

My very dearest Parents,

In the last two letters I received, you indicated, that Mother wasn't all right. You promised to write always about ~~everything~~ and so you did this time. But you just touched it and I was in doubt, what it was. I hope it was only a cold, as I can see, that she went out again. I know, it isn't easy to write unpleasant things. But being and living with you I experienced together with the whole family all pleasant and unpleasant events, as they came along in all day life. Though I am far away I want to have it continued this way - hoping with all my heart, that the news will be the best always. I am not worried anymore, since you told me, that Mother came to the store to clean up, but that she was ~~so~~ tired quickly and went home. I hope that you my Dear are all right now.

(2) Here everything goes its old way and nothing new is to report. We follow the war news very closely and are very hopeful at the present. The news of the conference were good also, and gave us some confidence for the future. Nevertheless the same news will make the Germans fight more fanatically. They exhort the conference in their propaganda, that we want to "murder" Germany and it is unbelievable, how much they still ~~do~~ believe and how they draw their conclusions from it. I see it with the prisoners and their reactions. I expect an end with terrific effects - but it is in sight at least. What we will have to do with them after that, is another problem.

I hope to hear from <sup>you</sup> all very soon. You are the best ones in writing - though I shouldn't complain about others, being not to big a writer myself. Anyhow - I am so happy always, when I receive mail from you.

Give my regards and love to Fred, Caly, Paul and Nick and you two be kissed many times and greeted with all my love yours  
Leo

March 1<sup>st</sup> 1945Some where in France

My dearest Parents,

I realise, that I have become a rather bad letter writer lately. I did write more in former times. I hope with all my heart, that you won't misunderstand this fact. In the beginning all the impressions were so fresh - whether they were those still from home or those new ones received here. They kept us in a state of ~~di~~ excitement, which overshadowed ~~the~~ a little bit the realisation of ~~the~~ how far really the distance is, which ~~is~~ keeps us parted from each other. As time goes on, it has become clearer and clearer and no dreaming helps away from this knowledge. One starts to adjust ~~oneself~~ oneself to this fact - which means, that homesickness has become a part of the daily life, a background of it and one just can't talk about it continuously. I live and work with it, when off or on duty it goes with you. I tell you that, so that you should know, what is going on with me. Parents are easily inclined to believe, that ~~we~~ we are bitter, when we speak this way. Therefore I must also tell you, that I am in good spirit and don't let my head sink down. It is only <sup>a</sup> natural experience I am going through and I am telling you all about it, so that no misunderstanding might arise. Because I think

(2) continuously of you. As the present situation <sup>gives</sup> ~~gives~~ me ~~in my~~ the opportunity to get a smell of city life in my time off, I am continuously striving for strolling around and to make contact again - at least look again towards something that looks like civilian life, even if it is so poorly here at the present. It makes me physically happy, if I can look at people on a street again, children playing in the sun, sit for a while in a cafe and listen to an orchestra and the people chattering. I had no opportunity for a time, before we came here to do that and don't know, how long I shall have it. This takes away so much of my limited free time. The other day - as I told you - I had off and I was under way from early in the morning until late at night, when I came back, completely exhausted and tired from walking, looking and freedom. In the afternoon I was at a French home - a 17 year old, very sweet little girl and her mother, with cafe and cookies, plus piano music and I felt completely lost in the normal frame of a home. But it was nice.

Otherwise life goes on pretty normal now.

The nervousness of two months ago is gone, but it had made a profound impression on me. We all won't be able to breathe freely until the time comes, when this war is finally over and won. And may it come soon. —

③ I hope you received Mr. Samson's letter meanwhile. I had it translated to me by our interpreter, so that I have knowledge of its contents also. He seems to be pretty much desperate about the present state of affairs - as many or most are. The liberation of France was bought dearly and the country suffered much - and there is still a hard struggle going on, which seems to make it pretty hard to help much immediately. The support of our fighting men comes in first line and the individual civilian efforts to reconstruct their own life and means of live ~~you~~ will have to wait or do it bit by bit, as circumstances permit. He is one of the many, as he explains in detail, technically not able to start work, as much as he would like to.

Now my Dears I shall finish and get to bed. My eyes are falling asleep - I am ~~very~~ very tired.

Good night - have all my love  
and best wishes,

I am always yours

Her.

March 10<sup>th</sup> 1945

Some where in France

My dearest Parents,

I still am not able to write to you very much. I just want you to know, that I am very well ~~off~~ of.

In the next few days I most probably wont be able to write, so dont worry, if no mail comes for a while. I shall write again, as soon as I can.

I was surprised very much yesterday, getting a package from you (La Lami cans. stationery, cigarettes) Many

thanks - it comes very good now and very practical to have at this moment.

Give my love to everybody and be kissed and greeted with all

my heart,

yours always,

he



April 13<sup>th</sup> 1945

Germany

My very dearest Gabi & Fred,

I shall try to write to you today - a wish I have since long - but I have so very much to do, that I barely write to any one else, but to the parents. I know, that you all read those letters and I feel ~~to~~ like you all would listen in, while I direct my words to them.

Since I wrote my first letter from Germany I have moved a lot. Since then much has happened also. Our tremendous push into Germany, which decidedly is the last big battle and the sad day, when our President died. It was an occurrence, which brought our mind into a sharp contrast to our hopes and to the actual war situation. I wonder very often since I am here

② how you at home accept the fact, that I am here in Germany. I personally think, that when the day of our hopes and the day of my prayers will arrive - the day when ~~at~~ the completion of this job will allow me to return to you - that I shall be glad in the end, that I went through this experience also, though it is the most detesting one. I know, that I can see more, than the outside picture shows - this alone is enough already, just by the fact, that I understand the language, and that I had personal experiences, which gave me a lot of pre war experiences and knowledge about this people. As I find out now, it was a good basis only to realize a lot now. It is not pleasant and the air seems to get foul when I take a breath. It is hard to tell in detail, because it is so much and because I

③ just experience everything. There one has not the full freedom to talk in the mail. It would be interesting for you to know, where I am, but it can't be said yet - it is enough = "somewhere in Germany" with the Ninth Army.

There is one thing here, with which I come in contact frequently - a thing of an unbelievable appearance and impression. The foreign laborers....

One reads figures in the papers and one just registers it that way more or less. Now as we meet them, streaming into our rooms, a human tragedy opens up to our eyes. They all just look miserable in their appearance and one needs personal contact to be able to distinguish their personalities, or what is left of it.

I didn't speak of it yet - but you asked me about Itka.

④ Naturally I have started to work on the problem to find her. I can do it only on my own - looking and asking, to great is the disruption and the flow still so uncontrolled, that it ~~will~~ will take time until a central point and control of all "displaced nationalities" will be established. It is looking for "a penny on a beach". I ~~was~~ have looked through a few ~~lists~~ lists with a very particular feeling. As I go on my heart is sinking more and more, looking at those thousands of young people - at their condition ~~and~~ in health and moral. What was going on in Europe under the hands of the German rule has reached such a great human problem, that one forgets sometimes whether this is still a "political" war, or a medical and scientific problem.

Thinking back of my time in France with all its bitterness - it still

⑤ seems like thinking of a place with clear air. I am strange here - so terrible strange. I saw today a few hundred French soldiers going back to their country after the long years of imprisonment. The Tricolore was waving from their trucks and they were singing and drunk and had a laugh on their old faces. I guess I shall be drunk too on my way out of here.

Germany - I think never before has a people come down that low - in it's ~~in~~ conscience and face. I gave them more morale in my belief before I got here - I thought it will be very tough with them. I was wrong - they are pretty cooperative so far. It makes me sick and it doesn't mean much to me.

Hell - I hardly will be able to write many personal letters now - that are my main impression and hardly anything else comes into my mind, then what surrounds me. Deeply I know it is another chapter of my life and it will have it's results one day. I think very much of you - when the lights are out and I can think of home. All my love  
117

April 12<sup>th</sup> 1945  
Somewhere in Germany

My dearest Parents,

My writing to you is sporadically now - as I move so often. I try to ~~do~~ write, as often, as possible, realizing how you wait for mail. But there is sometimes so much work to do, that for days it is a hard thing to fulfill. You will understand ~~my~~ the moving along better, if I tell you something, which so far I have not mentioned. We are with the 9<sup>th</sup> Army since some time and as you may know from the papers, this is one of those fast moving - and pushing armies now. I write you all this, because I don't want to let you guess about me - as you most probably do. I can assure you, that so far I have had it very good and hope it will continue this way.

What I have seen so far of Germany, makes me doubt, whether this people is normal. This is no defensive war anymore in my opinion. It is beaten - having a whole world against herself. She will be at her mercy one day and they just don't care - continuing with no chance of any help and sympathy. ~~the~~ Destruction is terrific - the "Nacht am Rhein" looked pretty much shattered and nonexistent.

(2) I don't know what it means for the future - I don't believe them, but so far people have been very cooperative, as far as we could see. But we have ~~so~~ mostly women, children and elderly people on our hands. Children are children, adoring soldiers, girls are trying to flirt or more and the middle aged people "have never been Nazis". I ~~do~~ can't find any Nazis around here. What character this people has. Hell - books can be written on them and one won't be able to understand them really. One thing is sure. They have generally not the bitterness the French people - nation has. They are better fed - and dressed. Most of the women wear silk ~~stockings~~ <sup>stockings</sup> for some very good looking substitute. I have not seen yet wooden shoes. All things you ~~see~~ saw in France - women no stockings and the streets just clutter as the people walk. And those German will never have a treatment by their conquerors, as they themselves were doing. We just can't do it. We are dem - but that makes us their protectors also and there comes the natural fairness of the American - or the normal human being - in . . . - their cities are awfully shattered - at last I could see German refugees on highways. But do they understand it? I think they take it, as something that resulted from our invasion - and only from that. I don't think they realize, that this is the direct consequence of a national crime against a whole world. How would they fight or otherwise?

④ can find pretty well in the papers now. We are going forward very rapidly and it seems that the organized resistance can't last very long anymore. We are very hopeful and may God hear the prayers of a whole world.

I have not heard from you for very long - that means for about a week. Well - mail has to catch up with us now. This is a holiday, when it does.

Since that long I want to write to Paul Nick and Gabby and Fred separate letters - but it is just a matter of time. Will you excuse me, if it takes a while? I hope you understand it is not too easy now, but I must assure you, that whenever I write to the parents, I see myself in middle of all of you - talking, talking - nobody is able to say something, because I am talking, talking (they call me "soapbox" sometimes) - but it is not "talking - only - my heart is with all of you.

Be greeted with all my love my very  
Dearests  
always yours,

hed.



May 7<sup>th</sup> 1945

Somewhere in Germany

My Dearest,

They surrender. It came over the German radio already - and we just wait for the official announcement on our side.

He knew it would come any day now - since the last few days. Everything pointed that way.

And as I finally heard it, I could not grasp it. I wish I could be somewhere in a big town far away from here - London, Paris or New-York. I feel I would run crazy - as people just now most probably do.

Here I just was overcome with a joyful quietness and as I looked over a landscape bathed in spring sunshine, old pictures wandered through my mind. All the last years seemed to shrink together in this one moment - the ~~full~~ fulfillment of a deep seated hope. A hope which seemed for a time so far away and sometimes so doubtful. And then there ~~was~~ so terrible much had happened, such a terrific price had to be paid to achieve this result; a result which will mean anything <sup>only</sup> if we continue with the same determination to prosecute the problems facing us. It will be a battle in itself...

We have eliminated the source of destruction - this was a gigantic job - now we have on our

② hands a sick, tired, destroyed, disorganized Europe. Nobody can imagine how uprooted everything is. May we have just as much strength and mostly wisdom now, as we had more fighting spirit in the past. The seed of the near future will be the fate of the coming days for us.

Being in the middle of all - one can't see it any more as a matter of nationalities. They still do - I know. Humanly too much was involved and too much was affected - this is not the joy at a victory over some enemy. This is the moment of joy, where hope starts to become clear, where some gleam of light is visible again in an existing chaos of destruction and hate in which we are involved by fighting it. We have won the basis to build anew because a new world must come out of this - the old one has gone. Not only the one of our enemies - but ours also.

But this is the moment of hope, to look forward into a time where we have to rebuild. And this is a great thing. I am thankful and full of joy.

Still there is a terrible war in the East and there the same has to be won, then here. But we know today, that we will be able to do it. The other fist has become free...

Now I go down and have a few drinks. The officers saved it for us, for this occasion -

Good luck and much love

yours

Leo

July 1<sup>st</sup> 1945  
Some where at Sea

My dearest Parents,

Again I write a letter in the hope you will get it pretty soon. Please don't get nervous if you don't hear <sup>from me</sup> for a while. We are taken care of very well and there is no reason to worry. Don't forget in this war great distances separate us and it takes time until the mail starts to arrive. I am now without any news from you and you can imagine how much I long to hear from all of you again. Sometimes sitting on deck and dreaming - there is not much more to do - I try for moments to visualize, how it must be to look at the ever rushing waves, when home wards bound. It must be some feeling then and their noise ~~be~~ beautiful music. Now they tell me mile for mile, it's going to be far away regions. The weather is just ~~perfect~~ beautiful - a little too warm even for my taste, but there is always some air

(2) wowing your head, as the ship rushes ahead. I can stand for hours and look into the soft big waves, which raise the ship up and down, look at the swirl and breaking of colours in the wake - and get thrilled everytime, when one - two or three flying fish suddenly flatter over the waters, glittering in the sunshine, fleeing the mowth of the ship like scared birds - then suddenly disappearing into their element again. There is so much beauty around - if only the atmosphere of war would be missing - everything would be that much more enjoyed. Still I get a lot out of what I see and have seen and when one day with God's help I shall return I will look back at quite a bit of travel. How will I ever be able to tell you everything? It will take time - bit by bit will come back to me - and you poor ones will have to listen to so much yarn - I am afraid I will be able to outdo even Paul - but that shouldn't be a challenge old man - your quality

(3) in telling stories won't be impaired - we rather will compare our experiences.

I just had a good and long shower and sit at my bunk - or whatever one can call that on a ship - had only in very short shorts and my wrist watch and feel pretty uncomfortable - not to forget two chilled apples, which I just munched while writing to you. There are not many men below deck ~~just now~~ - most of them ~~are~~ watching just now a few boxing matches on deck.

As you see - we try to kill time as good as possible - There is only so much of it.

Well my Dears, be greeted all of you, Paul, Mike, Fred & baby and you both receive all my love and blessings

always

Yours

Red.

Aug. 21<sup>st</sup> 1943

My dearest Parents,

I got mail from you today and as usual am very happy with it. I was surprised to read that you had no news from me, because I have written meanwhile. It may be that it was delayed a little bit, as we are stationed in Blanding but everything still runs through the camp in Jacksonville. Your mail too is now 1-2 days late - for the same reason.

I am sorry that you think that I am so much downhearted and that I am the reason for you to worry so much. From the distance things look all ways different - special if one is not properly informed. That was my fault lately, but the reasons for it I explained to you as well as I could. I feel much better now and am to be a reconalescente in body and spirit. I was simply tired - through and through. I feel it now, as I sleep well and deeply every free minute and can't get enough of it. In Jacksonville I just didn't

feel well, had no time whatsoever for myself - my stomach was spoiled and had a stupid infection on my leg which took a long time to heal up. Now only a scar is left - it resulted from a fall over a piece of wood which ripped open my skin. Was quite painful and didn't heal for some weeks, because most of the time I wore leggings on duty and perspired too much. Anyhow all that is over now and the present duty uncomparable better. There is much to do, but under normal circumstances. If I still write not too much, it's because I am really lazy now - there is still much work and a few more things going on, which I can't talk about at the present. Let me assure you - especially you father, that there is not the slightest misfeeling against you whatsoever, that I appreciate your love and interest to the last point. Even if you can't help me directly at the moment - it is good to know to have you. If I don't answer you directly at the present don't make any wrong calculations about that fact. There are things, which a grown up has to solve alone and I certainly will do so in time to come. At the moment I just can't talk too much - I don't feel to - but that is not mistrust or any other negative reason.

Best regards to  
his, Paul, Gabby & Fred.

In biggest love I am always  
yours  
Leo

Aug. 25<sup>th</sup> 1945

Manila

My very dear Parents,

In the last few days I was quite busy and I couldn't write at all. It is not only the work itself - I live somewhere in the outskirts and have to ~~go~~ ride to town, where for a change I do some map-work again. It gets late always until I return, eat, shower and clean up. Before I know it, it is dark and I go to bed early usually. This climate is definitely not my taste, in fact I hate it. I am like in a haze all the time and it takes all the pep out of me. Don't you think, that I am not all right - I am not the only one, who feels that way. So this will be real "sweating" out until I can return to you.

From you I did not get any mail since more than a week. Yesterday



① I was very sad - nearly everyone got 5 or 6 letters and nothing for me. But that happens sometimes. The other day I received a package with a fruit cake, candies and ~~some~~ sardines. Thank you very much for it.

Last week on my day off I looked up Mr. & Mrs. Grossman ~~at~~ (Spiegelgasse). I found out, where they work and just dropped in. They naturally didn't recognize me, but were very excited, when I introduced myself. I remembered them, but have the impression, that they got very old - specially him. They are doing pretty well, working together with a good "Asiatic Art" Firm. He has a lot of stuff of his own, which he promised to show to me, when I come to his house, though he lost a lot during the war - burned. I asked him for Meissen - and he says he has some. He would like to come in contact with you and try also Asiatic Art. He has - as far as I understand very nice, but not to exceptional good things, like Chinese wood and ivory carvings, jades e.t.c. Perhaps I make a few photos and send <sup>them to</sup> you in time. A few things looked nice to me. He himself is not sure, whether he should keep the stuff until he might come to the States,

③ which is his ambition, but everything is so unsure and he doesn't know, whether he will be able. I told him, that it only could help him, to have some money in the States, whenever he attempts to immigrate. Well - we will see, perhaps I buy you a few souvenirs -

Next month I shall give Bela \$25.- as you wrote to me and you can give it ~~in~~ into the bank for me. He didn't remember right away, but then later told me, he could use it pretty well. He is not doing too well now and would be so happy to get some business contact with an American firm.

Please - if you have a chance again, don't forget to send me some film 1:20 - if possible in tropical wrapping. Otherwise, there is not much to tell. Yes - I was guest in an Austrian house - <sup>KAUNITZ</sup> ~~Kaunitz~~ is their name and they lived somewhere in the "Taborstrasse". Very nice people and a nice typical Viennese girl there. That were my social activities on one day off - once a week.

Many, many kisses to all of you  
and much love yours  
Leo

August 27<sup>th</sup> 1945  
Manila

My dearest Parents,

Yesterday - Sunday. I was off again. I slept long and took it easy. I was to try to go to town and see Jerry, transportation is still a problem. So I visited an Austrian family - Kamitz is their name - who live near to me. They are pretty well off and good people. I heard from many sides, how much they have done for the poor and needy - and there are many tragic cases around here.

Mrs. Kamitz held me right back to lunch and got busy in the kitchen and you can imagine my delight, when at the meal I was served with "Messes Knidel" soup and as dessert, with "Palatschinken". I got very homesick, because they tried also so hard to make me feel home in every respect and I had a nice and lazy Sunday there, mostly talking with ~~the~~ Mr. Kamitz, who loves to talk about politics and history - and very clever too

③ They ~~so~~ seem very eager to get in contact with you. They even offered me to sell to me - but I will have to think it over. So far I had no time yet to look closely at any thing. They too asked me, whether you could find out about his Spira, ~~which~~ who was the best friend of Mrs. Grossmann. (You should ask Mrs. Ephron -)

As far as my work is concerned, there is not much news. During the day much map work and sketching - I use nearly every day a new suntan uniform, which makes a high laundry ticket and  $\text{\$}$  at night I cool off, but am under constant attack of squadrons of mosquitos until I flee under my mosquito net, where always still a few mosquitos, which succeeded coming in, have a feast on my poor body. At least there are no malaria mosquitos around and the main trouble is wild scratching only. That's all for today.

Give my regards to Paul, his little baby & Fred and be greeted with all my love  
yours

P.S. Please send me a few <sup>new</sup> handkerchiefs - I could use some more.

② He even recited a few poems ~~to me~~ of his own to me, which sounded like Raymond or Vestroy. This Vienna was a great town once —

They asked me for a big favor — it's really nothing. Will you please call up their son, a Viennese Doctor; his name and Address, Hans Kammitz 152 East 94th Street N.Y.C.

They don't know his Telephone number, but you will find it in the Telephone book. Tell him, that I was guest in his parents house and that they are very well and by good spirit, that his sister Hana is all right too — she is a very clever and charming girl. His other brother I had no occasion to meet yet.

Today I incidently passed by Grobmanns and dropped in for a few minutes. They want ~~to~~ me to come out to their house and he want to show me a few things and talk things over. He eventually would like to send to you a lot of things, if you would agree. I told him I would look things over and then communicate with you and then you will decide, <sup>once</sup> if you get a picture of what he has.

Oct. 16<sup>th</sup> 1945

Manila

My dearest Parents,

Last Sunday I went to Jenny & Bela.

When Jenny gave us an opportunity to be alone I told Bela the sad news. He didn't allow me to talk to her about it, there were a lot of people around and he wanted to speak with her alone. So I can't tell you how she took it - but you can figure it out for yourself. She always talks about them and asks me, whether I have heard something. It is terrible - she knows perfectly well, how slim the chances were to survive, but never gave up hope. Poor Jenny - she feels so terrible lonely here without any relatives and if it would be up to her I would have to live at her home. It is so bad, that I live so far away - I can visit her only on my day off.

They finally got your parcels and one from Shiff also and were very happy about it. Specially the Salamis. It is in excellent condition and little Fredy was crazy about it - he never had any before.

(2) I found out, that they write to you, you shouldn't send anything anymore. The real reason for that is, that father mentioned Mother's home work and they think, that we are not in to good financial condition - so they don't want you to spend any money on them. I told them, that this is not true and that I shall write to you, to continue to send something once in a while. They have enough to eat now, but it comes very nice to ~~have~~ get one in a while a little buster in their food program.

I must confess you, that I almost recruited for one more year to get back to Europe, as quick as possible. I was absolutely determined to do so - it would have brought me home immediately with 3 months pay and then I would have picked the country to go to. In the last moment they changed the law - one can pick the country only, if one recruits for 3 years. Well - this I won't do - I wouldn't be able to stand it that long and also from practical view point it would be crazy. I would have done it for one more year - but as I have no choice then - I would be sent to any place by the Army and imagine

③ the catastrophe, if they don't send me to Germany.

So I had to drop  
this plan - it is a very sad  
thing - everything turned out wrong. This would  
have been the easiest way to bring Ha out of  
Europe. So I have to wait until I return  
and try other ways. But this time I am  
more than determined to come to an early  
success - we both have waited to the limit -  
and I want to give her better days, as  
quickly, as ~~she~~ it goes. She deserves it.

I am waiting now for an answer of the  
State department to the letter, whose copy  
I sent to you. I also wrote an urgent letter  
to the Red Cross in Geneva, whether they  
can contact Ha, because there is no mail  
yet. I hope she got the Telegram at least.

You can imagine how excited I  
was all the last days. With the prospect  
of returning to you and civilian life - I suddenly  
had in mind to see what, with all the excitement  
of knowing Ha alive. Then I am so impatient  
that I can't contact her better yet. I wish  
I could talk to her again - tell her so  
much. There is nothing to do but wait - but  
wait I don't like to anymore - I want so

before I see you  
again. I  
hardly

hardly



Oct. 26<sup>th</sup>, 1945  
Manila, Phil.

My Dearest Parents,

I really don't know any more what to write to you. The days pass by, one after the other - very ~~slow~~ slowly and I am just tired of everything. From my letters you might conclude, that I am in a bad shape. The fact is that I have no patience any more whatsoever. Besides all, the transportation is all scrambled up here and after making big official promises in the papers, we see only a percentage of men going home. The quota for October has reached about a third only of the figure we predicted and we all feel very much let down and disgusted. That means more waiting and filling up the days with work, which we don't like any more. I don't have to tell you, that this situation hits on me twice, as hard. There I sit and just wait, while my mind tries to find ways to do something for Ita. The whole thing has made such a stupendous impression on me, that I am in a daze sometimes. To all come the fact, that we all haven't gotten any

② answer yet and my imagination works out immensely.  
What can be done? I wrote to the Immigration  
Division in Washington - naturally no answer.  
\* From Geneva I can't expect one for some time.  
I am very much afraid, that there will be  
big trouble to bring anybody out of Poland  
at this time.

Continuously my memories from Germany  
go through my mind and it makes me  
restless to imagine, what she had experienced  
in those years. If at least I could talk to her  
by writing a letter - it would help lessen the  
strain.

What a time this is. And how much  
I like to see you. I can't expect to find too  
much understanding around here. With all the  
sympathy I get - everybody is too absorbed with  
his own affairs and this is just one more of  
those thousand of cases they have heard about  
or seen.

Well - I have to sweeten it out. Have  
all my love and be greeted with  
all my heart,

Yours

hed.