

EHRI Online Course on Holocaust Studies

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The Germans and the Holocaust – Coping Strategies of the German Jews

Translation: *B07 Letter of parents in Germany to their children in the United States*

Handwritten letter by the married couple Malsch, Karl-Antonstr. 2, Düsseldorf, to William R. Malsch and wife, 1129 Southern Norton Ave, Los Angeles/California, dated 20.8.1941

My Dear Children,

On the 14<sup>th</sup> we wrote to you + on the 16<sup>th</sup> your 1<sup>st</sup> letter from the 31<sup>st</sup> of July arrived here with the photo from the ranch. The photo is really nice. The two of you look great. The main thing is that you've recovered well, stay healthy & stay at home. We can't do anything from here for the emigration. As soon as a chance arises, we will receive an official message from the Welfare Association, just like everyone else. We simply have to wait for things to happen & bide our time. And so it's gradually turning autumn now. Back in spring, as everything turned green, my hope was not to see these leaves fall. Now the leaves are falling, hope is disappointed again. We're by no means not discouraged however, take things as they are, as they happen, with the same equanimity that has become second nature to all of us here. You just accept things as they are, don't get agitated about anything at all & say calmly: "oh well!" But to where should we go? A way to get a departure organised will be found somehow. We were very pleased to hear that Mr Maischutz arrived safely, it was certainly no easy undertaking for an elderly man. Send us the address of your sister Cilly, from here we could write through the Red Cross. Admittedly it takes longer. For more service, but particularly for greater responsibility, one is entitled a larger salary. Everything's getting more and more expensive there as well! Frida H's sister Betty & her husband are in Mexico. Say nothing more about my operation, we've already almost forgotten it ourselves, everything has healed up nicely & is alright. We're writing the first New Year wishes to Uncle Ernst!! With lots of love and tons of kisses, your loving father.

It is just such a shame that we have still yet to receive confirmation of accreditation from the consulate.

My Dear, Good Children. Your 1<sup>st</sup> letter from the 30<sup>th</sup> of July was a real delight for us. The photo is great, something different. We used to really say "Buffallo Bill" to you quite often, back in the days, like we used say such much to you, we speak about that very often. I'm glad that you had such a good time on holidays, it's important to get out of the everyday routine now and then, to renew your strength. Unfortunately, it passes far, far too quickly. I'm very, very gloomy about our emigration, particularly because we were so close again. It's just so sad that we cannot come together, and my heart is so set on it. Whether it'll prove possible for us to see each other again and to meet the dear Trudi?

I really even shouldn't think, my dear little man, you know how I am. We know that you're now trying everything possible again, *unfortunately we can't do anything at all from here right now*, we have to just wait and see what eventuates. One's getting on in years and it's not easy to stay calm and composed, no how much you try. We have only one wish, to be

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with you soon. I envy all those who can go to their children, how lucky are the Fenners, the poor sick woman, she can't even walk, but they can go to their child. Keep us up to date about everything. It's decided from there what has to be done. My rheumatism is much better, thank God, it'll all be fine again, it just needs time. If only we could talk to one another for once and see you. Now the feast days are approaching again, and we're always so alone. How wonderful things used to be here, with dear, blessed grandma, how happy she was and delighted with you, especially when she went out with you on [...]. Everything's over, gone, there's just the memories, it was all so beautiful as we were all still together. And first in Meiningen, you had a fine boyhood, my dear little man, you had everything, and today I'm glad about that. There is only last thing I ask of the Dear Lord. To see you again, that would make me so happy, I pray every single day that it will happen. Did Uncle Karl show you the two pictures? My dear children, stay healthy and happy. Write to us again very *soon*. 10 000 000 000 greetings and kisses for today, your loving mother.  
Love to Mrs Fraenkel and brother Hans

*translated by Paul Bowman*