

DorleLettersB L0008 (English)

Aunt, March 30, '51

Dear folks! I wish you all a happy Easter holiday. You probably have real spring already. We've been spared any exciting news so far, at least the weather has also been wonderfully warm here, meaning that Easter will be just as I've wished for years—away, this time not even close to the cottage. We'd like to go up there in June, when everything is even more beautiful. One of us won't be there, you have to be completely recovered, which is why I'm treating myself with chocolate, pralines, and cognac. Gisela is going to Denmark for 4 weeks on May 30th; she's already very much looking forward to it and has a real case of travel fever.

How are your dolls doing? Can they feel their keys, do their hands tingle?

Are you going to the market yet? Or is it still too early? I've heard one can look forward to the first fresh lettuce or butterhead lettuce; we get all that year-round.

Not much more. I've tucked something else into the letter; it's what I was given, too much. Yesterday was the disappointment from our theater group, "The Last Child." The dress rehearsal was very mediocre, but yesterday, even though the tickets cost 1 schilling and it was a benefit, it was full, and the people did clap. It's always like that at these benefit performances, with men in the audience, from artistic circles, and already contracts for out-of-town performances are being made. We just saw last year's play in the provinces.

So, the weather is lovely once again, the March week of the others. They are just now bringing people to their graves, and the fields are to be tilled today, and the birds are chirping, and people have time for love again.

Family life than in the German Reich. We have a Jahn again, many clubs again that cultivate the talents of the youth; a beautiful one, one that is also good, is rare.

The work is there, it's already very extensive, things are looking up again, but because of that, immigrants are also completely barred, unless new work is discovered. We are transforming the family, it should be a big deal again, held in honor, so that not everything becomes as small as it is with everyone living so close together. The numbers are 200 with little ones and 290 with little ones.

I believe there is supposed to be a carrier pigeon at the cottage again. We'll be living there from July on, each with our little garden bed. We always wanted the baked goods tasted divided and doubled, now once the one and once the other. What a picture. What a picture.

Here, in addition to the daily bank robberies to get money, fake checks have now appeared again. Apparently, 35 banks in Toronto fell for a swindler who impressively made 16,000 dollars, and only when the checks came back as fake was he over the hills and far away.

Sugar has gone down for us, and without sugar ration cards, and on top of that, we have 100 dollars more of income tax-free. And gasoline has dropped from 44 cents per gallon (4 1/2 liters) to 34 to 36 cents per gallon. That's wonderful.

It's great that Dagmar did so well on her exam, I congratulate her. Was Grundler there again? And Ambrosch and Zölgy?

Too bad that she's getting the last apprentices. At Schatzi's, it's actually the case that they would like it if the work is demanding, because the girl—we've gotten her often enough, but she doesn't want to leave. She is very diligent but is sometimes cheeky, not deaf-mute, so it's hard to expect anything, and the assistant doesn't dare to work with someone like that. He does the work if he's told, but doesn't remain independent, which isn't so bad at Schatzi's, since Herrmann is there.

Left Margin (written vertically):

Was Ulla in Zurich yet? Sunday is the election, surely she won't go as one of the first to vote. Do tell me something about your grandson. Grandma