

János Pongrácz

11. Vérmező-u.6.,

Budapest, Hungary

47.sz.

21 Nov 1940.

My dear son! The news of yesterday's events in Vienna must have been reported in the local papers. What the practical consequences of these events will be, of course, is not known. It is to be feared, however, that the postal service will be the first to suffer. I am afraid that the possibility of direct correspondence between us will be interrupted, and I do not even rule out the possibility that a letter dated Budapest will not be issued by the censorship there. So we shall be reduced to sending messages to each other via Kitty. We shall see. Anyway, all this politics won't change our lives for the time being. The only inconvenience is the rising cost. Anyway, we're doing very well. The weather is surprisingly mild, often with beautiful sunshine. So, thankfully, there is not much of the usual flu epidemic at this time of year. Personally, it's only Stephen whose things are worth remembering. As you know, he is working in my shutter workshop until 2 pm. Then he is on a motor operator course in the evening, and sometimes there are milling exercises in the afternoon, so that we don't see the child from bedtime until 9 p.m. the next day. He is very good at the work and although he keeps saying he is bored, he is doing it with good enthusiasm and they love him in the workshop, so much so that they let him off half of the usual first two weeks of free work. So last Saturday he received some money, which was a great boost to his self-esteem. My colleague praises Istvan's skill, which is very much in evidence from the few weeks of workshop practice he had last year. This week, we have received back from Italy two consignments of forms that we sent to your old address back in June. Also this week, after a break of about half a year, came a sign of life from Uncle Aurél, dated 8 Jun. He writes that he is doing very well and work is going well. He mentions that he is pleased to see from your letters that you are earning and putting something aside. He seems to place great emphasis on the latter. The search for a flat has so far been fruitless. We haven't really pushed for it. Yes, it is difficult, because nowadays they don't post vacant flats on the door, but everything goes under the table. Palko is now pulling himself together, although he is still very thin. But he's still very much alive. But he is not allowed to work yet. Peter and Peter's are still in the village, and so I know nothing of the present state of their affairs. In fact the case is still pending and nothing definite has been done so far. I kiss you a thousand times, my son.

My sweet boy! We have not heard from you since your letter of 6 October. Here last time the airmail from Australia was suspended, so I wrote again via Kitty about 10 days ago, but since then the traffic has supposedly reopened. All we can do is to write diligently in the hope that our letters will reach you, and I ask you to write anyway, wherever you can, even if we must be prepared for the fact that sooner or later there will be no traffic for a while. From time to time it does start up again from places where it had ceased, e.g. yesterday the Opplers were happy to report that after a break of nearly six months they had received a letter from the Pistas, who are now in a different farm, this time apparently in a fairly cultured place, with tennis and bridge neighbours, and in the place of the owner who has moved in, as supervisors.

I must write about Istvan, that when he received his first payment last Saturday, he was so happy that one could have caught a bird with him for joy, and immediately took himself and sent me a pot

of flowers with a couple of sweet rows. I must say I was very glad to see him. And then she went dancing with Sárika (aka Miska) and the other little girls in her family at the dance school of György Cseh in Kapás Street, with mothers' gardirozas until midnight. That's how the youth had fun in 1940.

Please my boy for the following: get in touch with Mr Hans Fisher, Darrington House, Flat No. 27, Caroline Street, South Yarra, S.E.1. It's obviously not very far from you, but it's just as well to drop him a line saying that as his mum hasn't had a letter for a very long time

Translated with [www.DeepL.com/Translator](http://www.DeepL.com/Translator) (free version)