

[Translator's notes in square brackets]

My dear brother Géza,

I received your letter, but I could not answer that day, only the third day because I was sick in bed. Anna was also in bed for two weeks. You are writing me, my dear brother, that I should just be in at Pathlek, but I am already in Homonna. I had left a week before your letter arrived. I had been there for nine months, and now Father brought me home. Imagine, we live in a cellar. Well, it seems we have to make peace with poverty. But I just cannot make peace with living in a cellar. I asked Father only to keep me clothed in earnest until the spring, when I will be going to you because until now I was never in a way that I would have been entirely dressed. Only the way that when I had shoes, then I did not have enough to buy a dress, and when I had a dress, I did not have any shoes. That is how I am now also. You sent me and I bought the most important things, but I did not buy a skirt. I am wearing such a raggedy skirt that it tears as I am mending it. Now I was sick for a week. I was lying at Anna's because I would have even died in that cellar. And I was so sick that the doctor came to see me twice a day. Poor Anna even [something is missing at the page break, maybe "paid"] for that together with Father that you can not even imagine. Believe me, my dear brother I can hardly wait for the time when I can go to you. You wrote that you would send me money. I thank you very much for that because it will come just in time to pay for the doctor, that is to repay Anna because she had paid for it. She had paid him 10 forints for coming to visit me. You wrote me that I should keep the money secret. I can only do that, if you are sending it to Anna. It does not make any difference, I will get it anyway. Anna is a rare, goodhearted good sister, in that she is very much like you. The only problem is that she is poor. Now we too eat at the restaurant with poor Father, but I am more often sick than healthy because the food is so bad. But, unfortunately we have to make do with that because we cannot afford to cook at home.

My dear brother, do not be angry with me that the entire letter is full of complaints, but to whom should I complain if not to you. I do not have anybody besides you to whom I can confide my bitterness, all my trust, joy and hope is in you. I can barely wait for the time when I can be with you. So I am asking you again to thank of your sister. I kiss you with your wife and son. Anna also sends kisses to all of you.

Margit

Dear

Although I am sick and can barely sit in my chair, I cannot pass the favorable opportunity to write to you. I would have done that many times, but I did not know where you were. Now through Margit I got to know and I am hurrying to let you know, even if only in a few lines about myself and in return to ask you how you are. Send me the picture of your dear wife and child, naturally, along with yours. I, on the other hand, as soon as we will get rid of these difficult circumstances, will go and have our photos taken and I will send you ours, so that you should get to know, at least through the photo, my blessed, good, one and only husband, a better one of whom I don't know if you could find in this world. You can see how good he is, as he married me as I was, practically naked, and since the first minute his life has been a struggle. He works practically day and night in order to acquire for me what is necessary. I think you know that he is a secondary school teacher, but in the evening he teaches the craftsmen for two hours. There is a vocational school here for carvers, he also teaches there and there is a private school for girls, he is the teacher there also. At home he gives private lessons, so

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.....write, but then.....I know you will receive that too.....right now I was extremely sick, but thank God I am recuperating. I have been ill quite a lot. All of October I have been lying in bed, that is during the whole month as soon as I got better, I got into trouble again because of a bad cold. You can imagine what I had looked like on my sick bed, what kind of a sight it must have been, when Father (who had cursed me, never

came near me, did not recognize me, forbade Margit to be in contact with me) as soon as they went and described to him my situation, or rather the state that I was in, they had told him how sick I was and how much it hurts me that he keeps so distant from us, finally the many words persuaded him and he came to me. He bent down to me, kissed my forehead and started to cry like a child. Seeing me touched him so much. I could not even talk, only my tears were running. I regard this as the hand of God and I accept His holy will because he gave me the trouble as a go-between that my Father should again return to us and he did that. Thanks be to God. But I am not going to write any more about myself, some other time I will write more in detail. Only I kiss all of you innumerable times, my husband kisses your wife's hands and we embrace and kiss you your, loving sister

Anna