

Dear Evelyn and Solus!

Now, as I received a letter written by yourselves, I dare address you less official than before, and instead of writing: "Sister in law..." I shall write merely "Evelyn", though we have not drunk a "Bridal-champ". This I suppose is to be done in some, not very distant, time. During the last month we received from you two telegrams only, but no letters. From Broncia and Madria we received two letters, I'm very surprised that ~~any~~ letters ~~from~~ more ~~from~~ you come. The announced photos also didn't arrive, but I hope at last we shall receive ~~so~~ the letters as the photos. We all ~~are~~ very anxious to learn the likeness of yours. Our photos we ~~already~~ sent to you. I hope we shall soon make personally our acquaintance ~~acquaintance~~ with Evelyn, nevertheless I ask you Solus, to describe Evelyn a little more detailed, and to write about your life ^{most} circumstantial. You wrote nothing about your scientific work, nothing about your life during the whole war period.

You forget perhaps this letter was the first after six years during course and you will consent, that there were ^{perhaps} some interesting moments in your life.

Excuse me Evelyn, that I asked Leo (as you wrote) to describe you, but I know from my own experience, it's very difficult to one to write or describe himself! Never mind! Let us try: ~~And~~ I shall be the first to describe myself and my life. Dear Solus! it is more than 7 years ago that you saw me for the last time. I was then a 16 year old boy, you were higher than I. To day I am 1m. 78-9 m tall. Little genius always the smallest among comrades, is to day, the "home giant" (obryn domowy) which title a I succeed to you. (You didn't forget the time it was your title?)

But not only in home and not only in the height I'm one of the first. And if I'm physically strong, you mustn't think I'm the worst in my studies, what often goes together.

I don't remember, but probably I wrote already some times that I had no possibility of studying during the whole war period.

These six years I was to work as a physical worker. One and a half year I worked in the woods as a woodcutter. I have not to explain to you, that our education in the child- and boyhood had not for purpose to make from me a feller, though the doctors say that the work in forest, on the fresh air (most useful for ~~the~~ one's healthy... I tasted all callings and occupa-

tions, I was a feller, porter, cabman (with the worst horses I saw even in my life) etc. The living conditions were awful, hard. The work-day lasted for 15-16 hours. In winter the snow, in summer the heat, in autumn and spring the rain and wetness were our amusement. And all this thanks Germans! who gave us this "school of life". After this little training, I was carried over to another, more intellectual job in automobile garages of a big plant. I was there a lubricator of trucks. My task was to smear the grease-taps and cylinders of the automobiles. To smear all staffers (bilers) in 10 ten trucks a day, was not easy. And in spite of my training I had to work hard for more than 12 hours a day. The work finished, I had to stand in a row and wait for "dinner", it means hot water with some potatoes, two or three hours. Naturally I have no photos from those times, but you never would say that this dirty greasy garage-boy your brother was, nor did ~~it~~ ^{me} ^{recognize} ~~it~~ ^{our} ^{parents}. After one year of such a work, I learned the mechanism of automobiles and became an mechanic. Some months passed before I began to work as such, for us was only the most dirty job. Then it was a little easier to me, (or perhaps I got accustomed, three years of physical work!) but only for a short time. The Germans, defeated on all fronts, all men being mobilized in army, in the rear remained few specialists, and from the foreign workers I was the only mechanic, I was needed. I was already professional driver-mechanic, I worked day and night. In the plant there were no drivers, so they gave me a 3-ton truck, and began to work as an auto-driver. From one side it was a better job (because of earning some money) but it was a devil's one. Night and day, day and night I was on journey on the way or I repaired my truck. There were no mechanics in garage to repair it. For 42 hours I didn't sleep in bed. It happened that I felt asleep during the ride. Especially hard was the last winter, I was often a step from catastrophe. The victory over Germany was our liberation. This relation gives you some idea about me. I changed very, I have no fear before no work, living conditions, food, lodging, doesn't matter to me. I worked without eating whole days, and weeks eating only some ounces of dark bread with water. I slept on the floor without any blankets, often wet through, but what essential to live, and this is main thing, we kept alive.

Dear Evelyn, by my shame I see that on the beginning I wrote, it is difficult to write about yourself, and after such a prologue, I wrote a whole story. So please are not offended and don't look for holes, and write a little about yourself. Now after the war I began to study, soon I shall have the examinations from the I semester. The tempo on our "Solitechnik" is "American" and I have to work