

# Letter from: Paul Oettinger

44 Iona Street,  
Ontario,  
Canada.

To: Mr H. Eicherberg  
Buenos Aires.

13<sup>th</sup> January 1950

Dear Mr Eichenberg,

It has been a long time since we have exchanged any business correspondence. I had to look up the old maps in order to establish when the last time was that we had written to each other. It seems to me that the last time you wrote to me was to tell me very kindly in detail that business transactions of the kind that I had in mind at that time were not practicable and after that I put the correspondence to one side intending, eventually, when a more favorable opportunity arose, to get back to you. Incidentally, I have had the same experience with other South American countries. I have no choice other than to limit myself to a few items with which I am reasonably familiar: these are raw materials from England and Portugal. Business is extraordinarily difficult – since everything has to be paid for with American dollars – and makes necessary an extremely large volume of correspondence, which often comes to nothing. Moreover, my work of late has been greatly impeded – and now I am coming to the reason for today's letter. I have experienced a terrible misfortune. Without illness or warning my much-loved wife has passed away. A stroke struck her down. No-one, not even those who knew us well can gauge what a splendid person passed away with my wife's passing and what she meant to me, especially in difficult times. We became so close in a degree to which I would never have imagined to be possible. I am so glad that I frequently told her – often jokingly – but more often in all seriousness – what she meant to me, whereupon I always heard from this modest woman: "What you're saying you cannot believe yourself; I'm not different from other women." In fact she was certainly far above average. She was my greatest support and gave me much good advice. Many a time I used to answer her with an expression that originates from Adelebsen: "Mienchen, you are cleverer than I am." The thought that everything is over now is terrible. At least my pain is not of the agonizing kind. Because I have only the most pleasant memories from my married life, which lasted forty five years and even so was still too short. One other consolation remains with me; Elsbeth was spared a lengthy illness; for this mercy I will always be thankful to destiny. Hopefully, "time" will help me over my present emotional state, which I am having trouble overcoming.

My thoughts linger a great deal in the past; I am thankful that it was granted me to spend such beautiful times. I try to keep myself busy all the time; but naturally there are limits to this. Hopefully, you and all your family are keeping well; greet everyone for me, please.

I am sure that you also knew my wife's sister, Grete Meyerhoff. She was ailing lately; when she heard of Elsbeth's passing, she wrote me one more letter, and a few hours later she succumbed to heart failure. A good woman, whom we always had a soft spot for, left us with her passing.

In the hope that we will not lose contact,

I remain,

