

8 YEARS LATER

Life goes on as before. We feel fine in our apartment on Cabrini Boulevard, leading a quiet life, interrupted by frequent visits to Pleasantville. From there we often went to meetings of the Northern Westchester Ethical Society, where Marvin and Johanna have become very active members, Marvin for 3 years as president and Johanna as leader of the children group. Sometimes we attended meetings of the Manhattan Ethical Society. We also went once for a whole week to an Annual Convention meeting in Long Island and once for an Annual Convention in New Jersey, which gave us an opportunity to meet old friends like the Freudenthals (now Ginsburghs) and Rose Walker and many others. I still had some patients, old friends who had confidence in me and I kept abreast of medicine by reading medical journals which kept coming in. Much of our time was devoted to the television, which I more than Hedy kept watching on evenings, often till late at night. Our health was less than ideal, Hedy especially suffering from severe arthritis in one knee, which was hindering her in walking, climbing stairs etc. and I myself in rather good health, overcoming minor ills which come with age rather well. Yesterday, March 15th, 1983, my 86th birthday was celebrated in Johanna's and Marvin's home. The participants besides me and Hedy were Johanna, Marvin, Nancy, Bruce, Lauren, Alyssa, Francis, Vicki, Jordan and a young friend of his, Emily, David, Fanny, Hugo Brunert and his wife Rosemary and their two children Christopher, 6 years old and Jennifer, 4 years old. Also some friends of Nancy. 22 people altogether. It was a beautiful affair with plenty of fine food and drinks.

I have to go back now in my biography and describe some events that took place in our family. Perhaps I wrote already that my cousin

Isabella Eisinger had died in England at the age of about 80 years. Recently I found out that her husband Louis Eisinger had also passed on 2 or 3 years ago. And my cousin Alice Patras had also died about 6 years ago in Bucharest, Romania at the age of about 85 years.

The saddest event that struck me was when my dear brother Carl died on August 5, 1981, two weeks before his 86th birthday. With that I became the senior in our family. For a while they had put yesterday something like a silver and golden turban on my head and on the birthday-cake they had put only 6 candles, perhaps to show that I am still young in spirit. With the help of a glass of wine I really felt younger and pulling off my usual bashfulness gave them a speech in which I first thanked them for honouring me by coming to that affair and then let loose the following: "When one reaches the 80th year in one's life, one usually thinks that the end is very near. It is like driving a car in a dead-end-street, knowing very well that somewhere there, not very far is a STOP. These thoughts kept coming up to me when symptoms of serious diseases had started. Some of you will reach 80, hopefully most of you and you will have similar thoughts. At that time I was busy with writing my biography and I always feared that I would not be able to finish it. I wished that I would live only one year longer in order to finish my biography and I kept advancing fast in my writing, but it was not enough, the one year passed and I kept writing and a second year passed and so on and I finished writing a few years later and nothing happened and I am still alive. It was something like a miracle. Looking into the future is always impossible and reality is always differently than expected.

Looking backwards is different and led me into side-streets which brought me great happiness, seeing the progress of my children

in their lives, the lucky happenings in Francis' and Johanna's lives together with my son-in-law and daughter-in-law, with Hedy at my side participating in all the joyful events, the appearance of these seven wonderful grandchildren and their progress in life, all that bringing me and Hedy much happiness". That is in essence what I said or meant to say.

I have to add a few words about Carl. I had mentioned already that he had a great musical talent and that he was an operetta tenor engaged on many European Theatres. What I did not mention yet was that he had also a great talent for poetry. For many years he wrote poems, scharades, anecdotes for a newspaper. About 15 years ago he wrote a book with 100 cross-word-puzzles which was published and he received a nice amount of money as royalties, so that he could buy an apartment in Bucharest in a newly-built house. That was for him like hitting the jack-pot. For the last few years he was busy with writing a book with 500 anecdotes which was published. But the agreement with the publisher was quite unfavorable, calling for payments only after many editions were printed, which meant no payments in the beginning. Just after he died a letter from the publisher came, which said that a greater number of books, 40.000 were edited. Lotte, Carl's wife, said in a letter that Carl would have been very happy if he would have known about it. The letter from the publisher came a little too late.

I have to add one more casualty in our family: Paul Rosegg died on April 12, 1981 at the age of 81.