

Vienna, February 2nd, 1939.

Dear Sir:

You will perhaps be astonished to receive a letter from a foreign person. Our situation, however, is now so sad that I cannot help writing to somebody whom I do not know but whose name is the same as my maiden-name, and who, therefore, is perhaps related to me.

My husband has been a physician in Vienna for 16 years. He was panel-doctor of the greatest Vienna sickfund, had a great private practice, and was beloved and renowned among his patients. Like all Jewish doctors he lost his position last summer. Since August 1938, i.e. since half a year, he is in prison in a concentration camp. When he will get free we must leave the country and we do not know where to go.

I am therefore addressing myself to you with the request if it would be possible for you to help us. If you would be so kind and give us the possibility of going to U.S.A. by sending us affidavits we should be immensely thankful to you. Once arrived in America, we surely would not trouble you any more. My husband, a skilful and expert doctor of medicine, will certainly find an occupation very soon. As for myself, I have studied Anthropology at the University of Vienna, and have published scientific works; I hope to get in a short time an employment in a museum or institute.

I write you the particulars of my husband and myself in case you would indeed try to do something for us:

Dr. Emil B o n d y , born on 25th November 1889,

Dr. Emilie B o n d y , née H o r o w i t z , born on 30th October 1897.

We are both born in Vienna and German subjects.

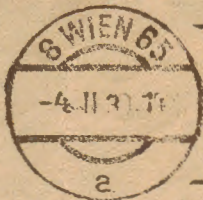
I beg your pardon for addressing myself to you, but there is really no other way left to me.

Yours very truly

Dr. Emilie Bondy

Lerchenfelderstrasse 131,
Vienna VII.
Germany.

Herrn
David Horowitz
San Francisco



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642, Central str.