

The Nazi Camps and the Persecution and Murder of the Jews

Nazi Labor Camps

A03 Diary from a camp in Neustadt bei Coburg, January 1945 (Yad Vashem Archives)

SOUVENIRS

But now let us forget
All that is evil,
And let us think of our Father,
Our dear Mother,
Who are sharing this sad
Captivity with us.
Your elder sister
Irma
Naustadt, Jan. 16, 1945.

My dear little Magda,
as an unhappy prisoner
what could I give you
for your birthday
so that I cheer you up a little.
Take this little book
with the same love
with which I made it,
my dear little sister.
And if our heart's desire
comes true once
and we go home
Everything will be like in the old days
and we shall be happy.
then take this
little booklet
think of these days
how much we suffered
how many tears we shed.

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I meant this little book as a souvenir book. But since I write down the history of every day and my so called diary is comprised of but pieces of paper, you should rather use it as a diary. Would the good God helped me so that I could bring it home.

It begins on the notable day when the Germans marched into Hungary. That is, from there because I started writing on October 8. Up to then I am writing it in retrospection, as it has remained in my memory.

So, our dear guests arrived on Sunday, March 19.

They caused a great shock since we were planning a tea-party for the 26th, and all that came to nothing. Already then I felt that our future was not going to be too bright, and that soon proved right. On April 5, we had to put on the six-pointed yellow star. That day was the birthday of my beloved directress.

On the first days I was ashamed of the star, but later I became proud of it. Soon trade licenses were withdrawn. Our factory was also terminated. Then we had the right again for a few days, then it finally closed down.

In the meantime we had a picture taken of the three of us, which turned out very good. Later I had an individual picture made from it. Travelling to Szombathely was becoming more expensive. We were allowed to travel with a pass that cost 30 Pengő. On May 8, poor Sanyi joined the service. My poor Mother was crying terribly. She spent the night at my directress' place because there was no train connection. My directress was very sweet, she gave her sweets. We worked the last time on May 10. I will never forget this day. My sweet directress packed up everything she could for me. She gave me clothes and food. And when saying goodb[...]