

burning people, four ovens day and night. You can see the corpses slowly burning, only the bones remain, and then they crumble.

Besides the kidney problem, Eva's been diagnosed with scarlet fever, now that it's nearly over, and in addition she has jaundice, the fashionable illness around here. So the fever wasn't from the kidneys. I visit her daily with Jarka. I can't feel anything intensely anymore, neither joy nor sorrow. Nothing touches me. I often go to the Dresden barracks and to see Egon too. I saw *The Bartered Bride* and was thoroughly inspired. It makes you forget everything. Every day between fifteen and twenty geese are slaughtered. I'm only able to bring raw potatoes home now, and it's extremely difficult to find a place to cook them.

Daddy has been promised a job in the warehouse. That would be wonderful. Having to worry about every meal is terrible. Neither Mommy nor I have time to cook, and Daddy's hungry at lunch and dinner. Mommy looks a bit better, Daddy too, and even I've put on some weight. Many people are getting packages. If only we could notify our people in Prague that they're allowed to send us things! Mama's with us every day; she's quite unhappy with Lotte and the children and working more than she should.

DECEMBER 30, WEDNESDAY: I have two friends now, Jarka and Egon. Both are very decent and both have their faults. I can't claim to feel particularly happy about it. I'm amused, that's all. Jarka's a year younger than me. Egon's my age. I visit Eva every day with Jarka, and he brings us both bread. Eva's still sick, she has a fever all the time, and they suspect typhus. She had diarrhea, and no doctor seems able to

figure out what's wrong. I usually go to see Egon from the Dresden. There's usually a nice group of people in the Magdeburg. Christmas Eve passed without much of a celebration. I was in the Dresden barracks, where there was some drinking, then went to the Magdeburg with Doris for a while. We were home by ten.

I've received a package from my Aryan. I don't know what to do: on the one hand, I'd like to see him—it isn't right that he sends me and Eva things for free, and I'd really like to send him to Prague, but the people who bring me the things strongly advise me against it, because he's very careless and tells everything to total strangers. When he heard I had a sick friend, he sent her honey, butter, and fruit. Isn't that wonderful! Up to now he's sent me three hundred cigarettes, two pounds of honey, eight pounds of flour, pastries, two pounds of margarine, two pounds of smoked meat, and saccharin. If I were to tell anyone about it, it would sound like a fairy tale. The most wonderful things come to my room with no risk to me and at no cost. It's terribly cold in the pasture. Sometimes we warm ourselves in the crematorium. Daddy's been in a bad mood lately. He's hungry all the time. He hasn't visited us for several days.

I'm with Mama every day. The children [Lotte's] are a nuisance. Jana looks terrible, and she doesn't get along with the other children in the nursery.

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JANUARY 10, WEDNESDAY: I'm sick. I've got strep throat. It's not serious, I can walk around, but I don't go to work. Everything can be taken care of at home. New Year's Eve was quite nice. There was a large gathering in the Magdeburg, mostly people we didn't know. Doris was there too. It was fine for an evening, but the people weren't exactly to my taste. Most of the people there had always been well off, and even here they're not suffering. They don't care about anything, and they have no interest and no worries. Totally superficial. Some people played the harmonica, others guitar and mandolin. There was dancing, a show, and food. Egon was by far the nicest person there. It was lively until around three in the morning. Then little by little everyone fell asleep. I couldn't sleep and talked with Egon. It wasn't good company for Doris. A sixteen-year-old girl doesn't fit in there. Nothing bad happened, but I had an unpleasant feeling because she came there with me. I didn't want to take her, but she wanted to go so badly, and she had her mother's permission. We came home at half past five in the morning. Not sleepy the whole day.

Another ten thousand people are supposed to go to Poland, half of them from the Protectorate. Will I be one of them? Nobody knows my fears. Hanka and Lotte have been let out of jail. Lotte's in the Poland transport. I'm feeling horrendously miserable again. Everything looks so wretched. The whole

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world is bad, I'm bad, Theresienstadt has made me bad. Will I ever be fit for normal life again? You simply can't get by here any other way. Lots of people here have it easier than me. I have to fight hard for everything. Daddy's in a bad mood. He didn't get the job in the warehouse, and he's angry at the whole world. Yet every night he gets plenty of food from us. They've started inspections again, but for now only in the blocks. I'm really scared about the four hundred cigarettes. I've sewn them into a mattress. I hope it works. I was interrogated about the Hanka business. Mama's with us every day. She's such a fine person, and I like her so much because she isn't bad like all the others. She's even too good and spoils the children. She takes her work too seriously and torments herself and treats each patient like her own child. She has trouble fitting in here. She takes everything too tragically, especially the dirt and the cramped quarters.

The dirt and the vermin are getting more and more unbearable. We're squeezed together even more, and there are more fleas, bedbugs, and lice every day. Under the circumstances it's absolutely impossible to fight it, with people lying one on top of the other. Especially in the blocks where they're housed in such inhuman conditions. The lice in people's hair and clothes has gotten terrifyingly out of hand.

It's January, and officially we're still not allowed to start heating. But in nearly all the barracks they're doing it anyway. In the blocks people are slowly freezing to death, especially in the attic, where there's no way the heat can reach them. People have been found frozen to death at temperatures of 4 degrees below zero. What's the outcome? Many people have to be housed in the barracks, where they're crammed together even more. The normal reaction to this of course is more

transports to Poland, as terrible as that sounds, but Poland couldn't be worse than here in the attic. They can't do more than freeze to death in Poland. On the other hand, we have the nightly cabaret, dances, a coffeehouse with excellent music, and apartments with real couches, all at the Magdeburg barracks, where I go every day.

But I can never forget the misery. There's no place where I can feel a hundred percent at ease. Eva is my only girlfriend. She's still doing badly. Last week she suddenly had a fever of over 104°F for several days. It was dreadful to see her wasting away. Now she's doing a bit better. If only she'd get well. But she's so patient and never complains, and there's no one far and wide she's closer to. Her relatives don't take care of her at all. If she needs anything, she always tells me. I'd gladly do anything for her, but then again, I feel awful when I think of her parents. God only knows where they are, when she'll see them again, and now she only has me, an inexperienced young thing, when she so desperately needs her mother.

Politically the situation doesn't seem to have changed at all. We hear all sorts of rumors, but they're probably nonsense and have so little influence on what happens. When are we going home? That's the question in Theresienstadt. It sounds so beautiful, but what if the war did come to an end? What would things be like? What would a victory look like? It's very, very improbable, even impossible that we could simply start over where we left off. Where will we go anyway? Where is our home? What's going to happen to us after the war? Who knows what's going on with Richard, whether he even thinks about me anymore. For me he means the future, but will he think that way too? It's been so long. I'd rather not stay in Europe. I want to go far away from here. Europe will be horrible after the

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war. And even if it remains intact, who can guarantee that in twenty years my children won't have the same misfortune I've had? I don't want that no matter what. I don't want to go to Palestine. Maybe to America. Maybe people are more reasonable there and not so shortsighted and won't allow themselves to be swayed as they do here, but then, they aren't all that likable either.

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Many people receive packages here, especially the people who smuggle out letters. I don't, and we don't receive any packages. The Aryan sent me a whole liverwurst for New Year's, but since then I haven't heard anything from him. Lotte's just written to her boyfriend to go to Mr. Glaser, too, so they can get in touch. If the Glasers sent our things, we would be taken care of for a while. Only certain special people are officially allowed to write, and even then, it's uncertain whether the messages get there.

Mommy's work is very difficult. She's often on night duty. If only she could get another job, but that's entirely out of the question. Things were much worse a year ago than they are now. If anyone had told us then that we'd still be here in a year, we'd never have imagined we could make it. . . . Anyway, it has improved here somewhat. Where will we be a year from now?

JANUARY 12, TUESDAY: Celebrated Mommy's birthday. She got a cake and ham for supper. Hopefully her next birthday will be better, hopefully she'll have a better year, hopefully she'll be happy.

JANUARY 27, WEDNESDAY: Transports, transports, nothing but transports to Poland. The first two full of mandatory deportations; I'm positive I'll be included. People have been forced to

go for the tiniest blunders and for meaningless things. Matters that were resolved long ago suddenly turn into deportations. It's simply unbelievable, inconceivable, and an amazing stroke of luck that I'm not in the transport. Of course it's not out of the question I'll be forced to go, because nobody is safe anymore, but if I do go, then it can hardly be called a deportation anymore.

In the meantime some new people have arrived. An average of five hundred of them went again, but they still take people from the old transports, and the new children from the Protectorate stay here. That's not fair.

JANUARY 29, FRIDAY: There are big changes in the ghetto. A new council of elders. Epstein from Berlin is the Jewish elder, Löwenstein from Vienna his deputy; Edelstein is third in command. That will probably have repercussions. In any case a lot more people from the Protectorate will be leaving than before.

FEBRUARY 3, WEDNESDAY: The new council of elders hasn't made any changes yet. Löwenstein has been replaced by Murrelstein, an even bigger swine. Mandler has driven with Fiedler from Prague, Weidmann with his family of sixteen. Mandler got beaten up, to the delight of the entire ghetto. For the moment there are no more transports to Poland or any worker transports or the possibility that Edelstein is leaving and building a new ghetto somewhere else.

According to German reports, the Russians have launched a huge offensive on the Russian front. The Germans were surrounded at Stalingrad and forced to surrender. The Russians are advancing on all fronts. Things are going well in Africa too.

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The English have taken Tripoli, and there's hope that the war will end there soon. We're supposedly protected from the transports as long as we're working the land. Mommy was on duty in the typhoid unit for a few days. It was terrible, and she's glad she's back in the Hamburg. It's frightening how fast typhoid spreads. It's a huge danger. Thank God they're mostly light cases. We're with Mama every day again. The children keep acting up, and sometimes Mama complains. They get lots of packages, both officially and unofficially, and have a little of everything. I always get something too. Got something from my Aryan again. Flour and margarine, sugar, fat, syrup, and other things. He wrote a long letter saying he would always take care of me as long as it was within his power and he didn't want a thing in return. And if I have to go to Poland, he has even offered to hide me and will let me stay with him until the war ends. Isn't that unbelievable?

I can take enough potatoes home, and we're glad to have them even if they're bad. I've gained weight, and I don't want to get too fat. Mommy looks good too, better than in a long while. Daddy could eat from morning till evening. Thank God we always have something to give him. Eva's home. She's got a nice room with lots of young girls who cook all day. The boys always take them something to eat, smuggling in bulk even by the ghetto guards. Every transport they take entire suitcases, and they claim that the ghetto guard doesn't smuggle. Löwenstein wants to bring military order into the ghetto and is strictly enforcing it.

The bakery is set up. Jarka's in the children's kitchen. He's good at that kind of thing, even though he's often unpleasant. I'm with Egon almost every night. One of the men from his room had to go to Poland, and a nice fellow came in his place, with an even nicer wife. I get along with Egon fabulously. It's

friendship with a bit of flirting here and there. He's helping me to get over the horrible episode with Benny.

FEBRUARY 11, THURSDAY: I'm sick and in bed. All of a sudden my hands are peeling. I had scarlet fever without knowing it. Now I just have a terrible chill but have to get up nearly every day to pick up the packages the Aryan sends me. He wants to see me no matter what and heard that I sometimes cross State Street. He arranged with Löbl when and where I go to the Viktoria with my bucket. He walked toward me on the street, and from a distance I could see how happy he was to see me. His face was beaming. We couldn't talk, of course.

He wanted to try again the next day. But I really couldn't go to the Viktoria because I didn't go to work. So I stayed at the street crossing. He crossed twice and waved to me in secret.

FEBRUARY 21, SUNDAY: I've had a sinus infection with a huge headache. I'm over it now and happily continue to peel. Every night I have a high temperature and of course have to stay home. I don't want to get chilled. I'd rather go to work. We keep talking about the bunks we're supposed to get, but we don't want them. Just when I was feeling worse than ever, I had to go to the Magdeburg and negotiate since supposedly nobody else can do it. I managed to get somebody from agriculture to look at our room. He was very kind, took an onion and garlic, and said that at the very worst we'd get bunk beds. And then I arranged with the Housing Office that if we do get the beds that Lotte and Mama will be allowed to move in with us. Then all of a sudden they came to our room on Tuesday and measured again. Our room elder ran straight to the Magdeburg, but nothing could be done. By tomorrow we'll be

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forced to take the three level bunk beds. We had to put everything in the corridor. Mommy sat on our luggage all day, and not only that, they aren't letting Mama and Lotte move in.

I made a scene at the Housing Office. They realized they were wrong, that from the very start we tried to make it clear they were caretakers and had been here six months and therefore had the right to have beds and not cots. In short, whether for this or some other reason, the next day they got a permit to move. Lotte and I live on the third level, Mommy beneath us, and Mama across the way. We have a corner just for us. We're like a family and are very satisfied. We thought the beds would be much worse. Besides, they're saying that we girls are going to be moved and soon. That would mean some advantages for us. I got a package from my Aryan with cognac, soap, tea, honey, and cigarettes. Daddy got a package from Zlin. So now we have food and then some.

MARCH 31, WEDNESDAY: I've moved again. Six of us girls from the sheep stall got a place together. It's where they housed the geese last year. Before us, it belonged to the policemen. It's a large room in the Schanzen, and they talked about giving it to us for half a year. The policemen moved out, and we were given just two days to move in. We worked for three nights until nearly morning with a couple of boys. They behaved fabulously. In three nights they built six couches, a table, two chairs, a closet, two cabinets for laundry, and a cupboard for food and dishes. Everybody who visits us is thrilled with it. This Saturday we'll have lived here fourteen days, and this is the happiest I've ever been in Theresienstadt. It's sort of like a weekend house. We always have guests. The girls are nice. We almost never fight, and we've gotten to know each other so well. We've worked together for three quarters of a

year, and we know all of each other's weaknesses. Mommy and Mama visit me every day. We have a small furnace with pipes you can use for cooking, and they cook dinner every day on them. I'm happy that Mommy lives with Mama and Lotte. At least she's not alone that way. I try to devote as much time as possible to her, but unfortunately I have very little time. Egon also visits me often. Since we're the same age, he'd never demand from me what I can't give him, and it never comes up. I've explained all this to him, and we're clear about everything. Jarka hasn't visited me once since I moved into the new apartment. I don't know why. I visit Eva every other day. She still has a fever. It's about 99°F to 100°F. She isn't in pain, but I fear it's her lungs. She knows too, but doesn't show it. Fredy's almost always with her, and the girls are very good to her. At least she's not alone. Unfortunately I'm unable to devote as much time to her as I'd like.

I got a jar of cured ham from the Aryan. We also got three packages: one from the Glasers and two from strangers. We were very glad. Daddy eats dinner here with me every night. He works in the warehouse at the Hohenelber, but hasn't profited from it so far. I'm taking English lessons now and am very happy about it. A young boy comes twice a week, and we have conversations in English. Kraus, who's our boss, brought us together. He arrived from Lipa a little while ago. He's very intelligent, and I can talk to him about everything. I give him bread or cigarettes for it.

Nobody's really counting anymore on getting home soon. Everybody on the farm has moved, and we've gotten comfortably settled in. There are concerts, lectures, theater, and even a revue here every day. On the other hand, German Jews are dying of hunger in the blockhouses. What use are the thou-

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sand packages that come here daily when the same people are always getting them? Typhoid has nearly stopped. The hospitals are still full, but there aren't any new cases. If everything stays as is, we personally could survive here a very long time. Everybody says I look dazzling. I have a tan, and Mommy has put on some weight too. It's still hard work. We're shaving the sheep now. Our boss, Kraus, is anything but pleasant.

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APRIL 21, WEDNESDAY: We're still living in our beautiful apartment, but we'll probably have to move this week. First of all, we'll miss the apartment because we have much more space, but we'll also miss the company. We had company every night, and when we were alone, we could read. Getting used to barracks life again will be hard. There's absolutely no reason we should have to move. The farm got an order saying we had to live together. Supposedly it came from Löwenstein. He claims people working on the farm are living too well and that nobody can control the amount of vegetables being smuggled when everybody lives scattered apart. Others say it came from Clausen, whose house was demolished in an aerial attack. And we have to pay for it. In any case I'll be able to devote more time to Mommy now. Even though I went to the Hamburg every free minute, I had very little free time because I had to cook for everybody. There are seven of us and with Egon sometimes eight. It's no exaggeration to say it's sometimes hard to fulfill everybody's needs. I have the constant feeling I spend too little time with Mommy. She says I shouldn't come, but I know perfectly well she'd miss me. I always try to take care of Mommy. Nothing else is as important.

Six people escaped from the ghetto last week. It will have huge repercussions for us all. Most of them were children from mixed marriages who were alone here and whose parents still

lived at home. The children were homesick. Children of mixed marriages are sent here from age sixteen upward. Some of them reconsidered and came back. Since then the barracks have been shut down, but it isn't strictly enforced since it's impossible to check if everybody's going to work. The light curfew is even worse. No light is allowed in the barracks at night. Sometimes we have light, but we hide it well.

Daddy sometimes brings something to eat too, but thank God we have enough. I got some noodles and a piece of bacon from Karel again. Otherwise we receive packages from Prague, mostly from the Glasers. Aside from that I still have the potatoes. Sometimes I cook for all of us out of the things Mama and Lotte bring. We are a family and share everything. If only Richard could see us now!

MAY 5, WEDNESDAY: I've now happily moved back into the Hamburg. I live on the third floor in a large room with all the girls from the farm who had to move from outside. The order came terribly fast. Saturday both Bischitzkis were locked up because of some lost geese. Clausen, who is, by the way, drunk all the time, causes the most unbelievable mischief. People think that Poljak or one of her people did it. And now two people who've done an outstanding job creating a vegetable garden from nothing, slaved over it, are sitting in jail. That's the thanks they get. Things are extremely tense, and the farm seems to be running around without its head. Kraus has taken over meanwhile. Sunday night the order came to move immediately. Nobody expected it would happen so quickly. Easter Sunday! Beautiful Easter! We had to chop up all the furniture into pieces, and we took the wood with us. A shame we're losing the beautiful apartment. The last few days weren't all that harmonious anyway. Some things were lost, and everybody

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suspected each other. I don't know why, but they're all so superficial, and there were terrible things going on. I couldn't have stood it any longer. Even though none of us said anything, it couldn't be the same as it was. I got along with Eva Taussig better than with anybody, but she let herself be influenced by Hilda, who I can't stand. I never fight with anybody, but if we were alone, I'd fight with her day and night.

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I'm now in a room with thirty other gardeners. They're mostly young girls, but there are also some mothers. I'm on the third level, as I was before. The only advantage is that there are five to a block, not six like everywhere else.

Both the Bischitzkis were released after a week. First Wilda, then Tonda, and now everything's back to usual. Clausen is going to leave. Supposedly somebody better is taking his place. Maybe we'll even have to move again. The only advantage to being here is that I'm close to Mommy. But it also has lots of disadvantages. I can't cook anymore, or at least very little. I can't get to any of my things. I have everything in suitcases and run up and down the steps all the time. In other words, it's awful.

I'm with Egon again quite a bit, and he's really very nice and incredibly decent. He's different from the other boys. We read together and talk. It's a real friendship. We kiss now and then. I'm happy to have somebody again.

MAY 8, SATURDAY: I'm sitting outdoors on a rock in the pasture. Leitmeritz is spread out before me. There's a divine silence everywhere except for the cuckoo calling and the birds chirping. The dirt, hunger, and hideous conditions of Theresienstadt are nowhere to be seen. It's as if it didn't exist at all.

There's freedom here, air, everything's pure, and yet it's only twenty minutes from the ghetto. I'm so thankful to be here. It's the best work you can get in Theresienstadt. Nobody in the entire ghetto has it as good as we do. We leave the city limits at 7 A.M. and return at five in the afternoon. The Eger flows by us, and we can even do our wash and let it dry in the sun.

The light curfew in the barracks is very unpleasant. We didn't notice it as much when we were living outside. Sometimes Egon leaves here at 8:30, and I'm scared he'll get into trouble on the street. It's dark at eight o'clock, and you can't do anything but go to sleep.

Karel came two times in a row. I said a few words to him through the window in the Dresden barracks. Both times he was with his wife and little son, who kept waving. He was here on Easter Monday while we were in the middle of moving, then again on the following Sunday. I got three magnificent packages again: one with a cake and candy for Mommy on Mother's Day; the second with meat, bacon, cheese, and noodles; and the third with sausage, eleven pounds of flour, a jar of fat, four pieces of fried chicken, and cheese.

I'll never forget what these two people have done for us and how wonderfully they did it. I hope I can pay them back one day.

I have an unpleasant rash all over my body. I've had it for a long time now, but it's never been this bad. I've tried everything possible, but it won't go away. I'm getting injections now. I wonder if it will help. I'm studying English twice a week again. I talk and read with Jirka Gans. He may not be a perfect Englishman, but it's enough for me, and at least I don't forget everything.

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MAY 14, FRIDAY: I'm sitting in the forest, tending the sheep. They're lying down and haven't budged, so I only have to watch over them. We're enjoying nature as never before in normal life and are continually outdoors from morning to evening. The girls bring us our lunch.

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Last Monday a ghetto guard came to pick us up. The six of us who were living outside had to go to headquarters right away for questioning, to Janeček. It didn't matter at all to me, though I wasn't quite convinced they'd let us go immediately. Considering the Bischitzki case, they could have also kept us there. Frau Bischitzki and Frau Klinger were still at headquarters. They were both horribly upset. I met Mama and Lotte on the way but didn't say a word about it to them. They'll find out soon enough. We were taken to headquarters and talked to the policemen. Hašek suddenly came in screaming and sent us into the same cell I had had before the interrogation that time. I was so upset and on edge that I fell fast asleep. It was a strange feeling.

We had to stand in the cell with our faces to the wall and weren't allowed to speak with each other. The whole situation seemed very funny to me. What more could possibly happen to me? For once I really am innocent and have a clean conscience as seldom before. We were taken to Janeček one by one. He interrogated us thoroughly and wanted to know what we knew about the goose story. Absolutely nothing, of course. Hašek then wrote up a report and we were released.

Egon and I are still friends. We both know it's only temporary, but our friendship is good. We get along magnificently, and if we don't see each other for a day, we miss each other. We think only about today, not tomorrow. We talk about everything,

often very serious things, and we read good books together. We're not as sociable as the others, and we don't say stupid and superficial things the way the others do. I haven't been getting along with the girls at work lately.

I hardly spend any time in my room. I only go there to sleep. I'm in the pasture all day. We get money now, printed ghetto money. I get sixty crowns and Mommy, seventy. I wonder what you can buy with it. I desperately need shoes, just plain wooden shoes. I don't have any at all. I've got enough clothes but no shoes, and I almost always go barefoot. I'm really furious with Trude. I gave away about sixty-five cigarettes to get the apartment back then, without anybody knowing they were from me. Nobody else gave even the slightest bit. I gave Trude thirty-five cigarettes to take care of for the party that was supposed to happen but never did. Yesterday I asked her for the cigarettes. "The boys smoked them when they came over at night." "But that's not what they were there for, so just anybody could smoke them." I'm furious. I don't have to let myself get used that way. I want at least twenty back. None of the girls will want to give any of theirs up, and yet they all have some. I need the twenty for wooden shoes.

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MAY 20, WEDNESDAY: I've been in a miserable mood lately, but it's not just another mood of mine. I'm thoroughly sick of everything. I don't know for sure if it has to do with Theresienstadt. Maybe things like this happen in normal life, just not as blatantly as here. Most of the people here say they're sick of Theresienstadt and that they want to go home. It's easy to imagine that home is like heaven, yet there are just people there too, the same as the people here. Bad people. At the moment I don't even believe any good people exist anymore. Dear God, is it possible there are so many bad people?

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Is it that people are in the world just to do bad things, to cheat and exploit one another? The worst part of it is that I've adapted to it. I'm forced to. I'm disgusted by it all. How do you tell who you can trust and who you can't? Probably nobody. Are there no ideals anymore? Mommy is the only person I can always rely on. She's the only solid, firm, strong, steady, fixed point that never moves and always stays sweet. Mama and Lotte are good too. When I'm with them, everything's fine, everything's forgotten. But I'm there so little. I spend much more time with the others. At work the girls look out for themselves. Everybody tries to take advantage of everyone else, and they're happy when others have more work. I work a lot because I still enjoy my job. Then again, I get angry if I see the other girls working less.

Egon is the worst of all. Egon, who I trusted and who I believed would never be capable of doing anything bad, kept a sack of flour and claimed it was his. I still can't believe it. I have a key to their apartment because I cook there all the time, and that's when I saw the sack. I keep hoping the situation will get cleared up. Maybe he made a mistake. Everything's going as usual on the outside, but sometimes I look at him and think, Is it possible?

Vera transferred her number onto my pass. Now I have to report it missing, and there will be lots of trouble from it. The cigarettes in the shack are very unsafe. I can't take them home, and they're not safe with Egon either. Otherwise I would have given all of them to him. Everything's so terribly complicated, and I'm unhappy.

Things are getting to be too much for me. If only Richard were here. I could discuss everything with him. I'm trying to be

calm and think things through, but I just can't. I can't tell Mommy everything either. It's all so terribly difficult. Eva's a problem too. Maybe it's my fault we've become such strangers. I hardly have any time for her, not even with the best intentions. I come home from work at 6:30 every day, fetch my supper, go to Mommy's, and often cook supper with the milk I bring her every day. I have a harder time making friends than the other girls. I can't find the right light tone like some of them, who can talk for hours about nothing. It all seems so flighty and uninteresting to me. Thank God, Eva's in good company. The girls take good care of her. Fredy takes care of her food, and she looks better than she has in a long while. But our friendship?

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JUNE 9, WEDNESDAY: I've gotten back together with Eva through a horrible tragedy. Jarka suddenly went crazy and jumped out of a window on the second floor. He wasn't killed, but he's badly injured, and he'd probably be better off if he hadn't survived. It all happened quite suddenly. He's never done anything like it before. He supposedly inherited it from his mother. Eva visits him twice a day and reports everything to me. She hasn't spoken to him directly. He's still unconscious.

Yesterday we let the sheep pasture on a slope where there was a cherry tree with marvelous red cherries on it. Of course we ate the cherries. There were four of us. Somebody was always on the lookout. I'm standing there with a branch in my hand, and then *crack!* the whole branch breaks off into my hand. Quickly I pick the cherries. At that moment Hilda yells: "Look out! An SS man!" I threw the branch in front of the sheep, but it was too late. He came up to me and said, "What are you doing there? It's double sabotage to eat cherries and break off

a branch." Then he picked up the branch and said, "Here. Take the rest of the cherries."

What a swine, I thought. He's sarcastic on top of it. But then he started a conversation. I couldn't believe my ears. "If it had been anybody else, someone from security, imagine what would have happened. You're visible from far away. Break off as many branches as you like for all I care, but don't let people see you. By the way, they're not even ripe." Hilda and Eva started to cry, they were so touched that such a thing still existed: an SS man and still human. All the upset was probably to prove to us that even among Germans there still are humans. The belief in human beings that I'd lost has returned. I brought Mommy a few pounds of the cherries. I got diarrhea and a stomachache.

JUNE 22, TUESDAY: We've been caught picking cherries several times in the meantime, but only by Jews, so we keep smuggling. The temptation is too great. Ghetto life runs its normal course, but there isn't a day when something couldn't happen. Herr SS Unter- or Oberscharführer (it doesn't matter which) Heindl definitely was sent from God to punish the evil Jews in the ghetto. He rages horribly. There isn't a day that goes by when his efficiency doesn't land someone in jail. He probably wants to make himself indispensable here so he doesn't have to go to the front. For the time being, it seems to be working. There isn't a place, a room, a hole where we're safe. He searches everywhere for cigarettes. Even the straw in the sheep stall has been searched. He must have a lot of snitches here, because he always goes for a sure thing. The security boss's deputy and the chief secretary, Klaber and Preiss, have been put in jail along with their wives. The ghetto guard has been reduced from 450 to 150 men, and they're planning to make big changes. Men will be allowed to be

ghetto guards from the age of forty-five. Almost ninety percent will be new people. All men from forty-five to sixty will have to register. I wonder what will come of it.

Lots of big changes are being made on the farm. Nobody expected them. Our crew leader, Lederer, called a meeting. He wanted everything to run smoothly and brought a bunch of his people here from Lipa. He and Tonda Bischitzki had a big fight, and Tonda isn't on the farm anymore. From now on the horses will belong to the delivery service and not to the farm. Lederer's really furious about it. Horses are his passion. It's all Clausen's doing, and since he's being sent to the front, Lederer may have some success getting them back.

It's great to see that Germans con each other, too. But it's usually the Jews who end up paying for it.

The Družstvo is swarming with new people. Some of them are from Lipa along with their relatives and Protectorate children. Many of them are good at soccer, which is very important for the farm these days. There's a game every Sunday.

JULY 7, THURSDAY: I'm lying in bed with a strange illness. I've had an aversion to all food, but especially bread, for two weeks now. I feel sick if I see bread with fat on it. I had a temperature of over 100°F on Tuesday. Since then, it's been over 98.6°F all the time. I go out in spite of it but feel miserable, and often break into a terrible sweat. I wasn't planning on going to work, but the present situation is forcing me to. A whole group of people were dismissed from the farm yesterday: Karel Klinger, his mother and fiancée, the Bock brothers and their mother, and several others who've been with the farm since it began. Everybody thinks of them as being the

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farm's founders. They've done lots of work on it, but Herr Lederer doesn't like them. Besides, they were with Bischitzki, and that's reason enough to fire them. Erna was fired for having scarlet fever. Lederer refuses to acknowledge any illness. I'm afraid I'll be kicked out too. I don't want to give him a reason. It wouldn't be very pleasant to be put to building crates like the others who have been fired from other divisions. All the ghetto guards have been dismissed, and now they're taking only men age forty-five and up. The younger boys have been sent to hard labor, crate building, and street construction.

They've opened beautiful stores. We get money, points, a savings account, and lots of other things. How it came about is a total mystery. I'm curious to see if I can get a pair of trousers and a coat I desperately need. I had a shoemaker make some sandals for me and Mommy. Each pair costs sixteen hundred crowns. It's unbelievable! I won't believe it until I read this during normal times, and even then I won't believe it. But it's really true. I gave him two pounds of bacon for them. That's four thousand to five thousand crowns for both pairs of shoes. The bacon was from Karel, of course. So I got them free. Now I'd like to get some work boots.

Karel sends us packages tirelessly. He sent us two pounds of fat, roasted pork, pickles, and sweet rolls again. All the things he gives us are invaluable. He writes very sweet letters along with everything. Simple and yet . . . He always wants to help as long as he's able to. He says it's the least he can do for me since it was his fault I was in jail and I didn't betray him. He wouldn't be alive today if I had.

I had a real heart-to-heart talk with Eva. She's going steady with Fredy. He loves her very much, but she doesn't feel the

same way about him. She needs somebody she can truly love. Egon and I are on good terms again. It's important to have someone you can talk to about your experiences. I'm learning Russian from him, and he's learning English from me. The reason I'm learning Russian is not that he's convinced me Bolshevism is the most ideal thing in the world but that I want to train my mind a bit again. I think it would be best to learn a language that's going to play an important role after the war. I don't think I can ever learn it, but if I can get to know some of the fundamentals and some words, it will certainly be of some use. I'd prefer to study English intensively, but I unfortunately don't have the opportunity. My English teacher hasn't shown up in a long while. When you think about it, it's horrible the way we're living here. It's not just the outside circumstance that we're being held captive. At the moment we're not suffering from hunger and have enough freedom of movement. What I miss most is studying. I'm probably just being presumptuous. A year ago I'd have been happy to have what I have now. But I'm always dissatisfied. If only there were somebody I could talk to, somebody who is intellectually far superior to me, somebody I could at least get a general education from. But there's no one. The girls have completely different interests. I'm reading *Madame Curie*. It's a very beautiful book. Russian is very hard to keep in my head. I can't learn the alphabet. That's supposed to be the most difficult part. Still, I want to learn so much, to have knowledge.

JULY 14, WEDNESDAY: Seidl hasn't been commander of the camp for a week now, and Burger has taken over. Since then packages have been completely suspended. Supposedly only two thousand will be allowed per month. That's fewer than we've been getting in a day. If we want to get packages, we have to fill out a form requesting that such-and-such person

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send a package in exchange for a ration. That's a double-edged sword. Should we give anybody's name in Prague? Their exact name and address? Won't they get in trouble for associating with Jews? Won't their house be searched? Everybody's talking about that, of course. Personally I don't believe it. That kind of rumor is nothing new. They wouldn't let us send packages from Prague because supposedly people were hanged for it here. We gave the Glasers' name. Not much could happen to them. First of all, they don't have anything, and besides, she's a German Aryan.

JULY 17, SATURDAY: I'm twenty-two years old. Yesterday I celebrated it together with Mama's birthday. I got lots of things: two pairs of men's trousers that will need altering, a jacket, two hundred crowns of ghetto money to buy myself something if possible, a laundry bag, a cake for both Mama and me, a pendant for a necklace, and a long letter from Egon. He doesn't like to write, so it must have been a real sacrifice. Fredy gave me a picture he painted himself. It's of the *parta* on the pasture. Mommy came to my bed to congratulate me early in the morning. That is, she had to climb up to the third level. Later in the morning I was congratulated by everybody in the stall. The girls gave me envelopes with identification papers and a pass. I was at the pasture from four to eight. I was given a special position with Karel. There's a very tense atmosphere there, and I'm the only one who doesn't fight with him. I'm also angry with him, but I can't be so fresh with him as the others are. We've divided the work hours from 7 to 1:30 or from 1:30 to 8. But a week ago they were changed again, and we have to work both mornings and afternoons. It's completely unnecessary, but we're being forced to weed his garden, which we shouldn't have to do. We had tickets to go swimming and wanted to go

at six, but he said, "You can't go until you've finished everything here." Vera had a heated debate with him; in other words, they said the most insulting things to each other. She told him everything we thought about him, that he thinks he's the master and we're his slaves, that he's always walking around with his hands in his pockets watching us work. He doesn't give us any credit for our work. We're killing ourselves, and he just gives us more and more work. It doesn't matter whether we work quickly or slowly. He never lets us go home early and thinks up the most impossible tasks for us. He takes everything and doesn't give us a thing from his garden. Strangers come to him for vegetables, and who knows what he trades them for. While we, who water and tend them, don't get the tiniest bit. We don't get anything from the Družstvo because they think we're getting things from Kraus. "You don't know what work in Theresienstadt means," he says. "Whoever doesn't like it doesn't have to stay here." We all said we'd leave. The next day we gave notice that we wanted to be replaced. Wilda was supposed to call a meeting, but he didn't come. Karel came instead. He said that for us to change positions, we needed Lederer's consent, and that would mean being fired from the farm. This time he'll "generously forgive us," on condition, of course, that anything he demands will be carried out unquestioningly, that we will obey his orders, etc. We were totally baffled. We didn't expect that. We were a little sorry to leave the sheep. We weren't doing that badly. We just wanted a different group leader. Instead of getting a better one, we made things worse for ourselves. Even though he's sweet as sugar now, we want to complain a second time. But it makes no sense. Wilda refuses to do anything, and nobody else is interested in us. "You'll have to take care of yourselves with him," he keeps saying.

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JULY 22, THURSDAY: I'm with Eva every day. Today for the first time I visited Jarka in the asylum with her. She goes every day and takes him food. I admire her. I couldn't bear it. I was completely taken aback by the sight of him and the surroundings. I could never get used to it. Jarka was in terrible shape, almost unrecognizable, emaciated. The worst part was his eyes. I'll never forget them. Completely absent, and yet he would stare at you so intensely. Jarka was so happy to see me. He held both my hands tightly and laughed, and there was something so childish about him that you automatically began speaking to him like a child. The guard handles him very strangely: "Have you shaken hands yet?" "Say thank you." "Say please." "If you don't finish everything on your plate, you won't get any water." And so on. Jarka obeys him like a small child, with huge frightened eyes. You could die from the air in there because most of them are incontinent. The guards have a hideous job. I don't know how they can still be at all normal. Jarka held my hand tightly and brought me quite close. He wanted to say something. Him: "What's going on outside?" Me: "Nothing, nothing at all of interest to you." Him: "What's going on up there? Have you been up there?" Me: "No." Him: "I don't believe you. You're tricking me for sure. You're not telling me what's up there. Show me your nose." It's a strange feeling to speak to an abnormal person. You never know what they'll do next. Yet Eva tells me he's doing much better now. He'll never get out again. And we'd been such good friends.

The Grünbergers had a terrible tragedy. They were living fairly well in Slovakia for the last half year but decided to go to Hungary and were caught. Thirteen people with fake passports were taken to Pankrác prison. Danny jumped off the train, and the Gestapo searched for him for a long time. He hid in every possible place in Prague but was finally caught by

the Gestapo. All thirteen people, including many Aryans and Germans, were sentenced to death by the SS. It's all so incredible. I can't imagine it, but it's true for sure. We heard about it from several sources in the last Prague transport. Can you sentence a person to death months ahead of time? It's probably a good thing Benny isn't here anymore. He'd be terribly upset about it.

It's gruesome to lock a person up and tell him he's been condemned to die in three months. Eva's upset, and I haven't even told her the worst of it. I can't tell her. She's still secretly hoping they'll come here or be sent to the fortress, which in her opinion would be bad enough. Eva thinks about Danny and Benny all the time. They are still part and parcel of the group, more than anybody else.

The last three Prague transports have arrived. Prague is now officially *judenfrei* [free of Jews] apart from a few exceptions and some mixed marriages. My cousin Doris Schwarz was part of the group. I have even less affinity with her or understanding for her here than I had in Prague. A year and three quarters in Theresienstadt can change you a lot. She's led a charmed existence up to now, lived in beautiful accommodations, eaten well, had clothes and shoes. Everything's been impeccable. She brought loads of things with her, but she has to peel potatoes here anyway.

The British and Americans have landed in Sicily and been very successful. Naturally everybody's telling each other that Sicily has surrendered. It suffices that the newspapers are writing that there's heavy fighting and that the British have an advantage over the enemy and many towns have been evacuated. There's heavy fighting in Russia too, and the British have

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made several attempts to land. Could the end be near? I simply can't imagine it. I'm starting to doubt for the first time that I'll ever see Richard again. And if I do, will things have remained unchanged between us? Mommy's completely certain of it, but four years is a terribly long time. He's thirty-three. How long can he wait? I'm twenty-two, and that's pretty old for a girl. What will I do? There are times when I lose my confidence and am scared I'll be alone. I've believed in the marriage for four years and can't imagine not being engaged to him.

My relationship with Egon has substantially cooled. He's a big egotist. He visits now and then for five minutes and then mostly talks to the others. He only came twice when I was sick, even though he passed by umpteen times. Everything else is much more important to him: Russian, smuggling, etc. I certainly won't run after him. I may even become a Socialist. The ground is fertile for it here. Especially when I watch how the Kraus family deals with us. You could just die seeing the way they live, not giving anybody the slightest bit of anything and thinking they're better than us. It's the class difference on a small scale here. Some people here are so arrogant, and right next to them is the most horrible misery. We're a bit better off than average. We're not hungry, but we don't have anything left over either. Lotte hasn't received any packages since the prohibition, but I've brought back twenty pounds of new potatoes, and we cook a good soup from the dog's bones twice a week. Even if we left the sheep, I'd still at least have vegetables. We'll find something somehow. Once in a while I can take fruit too, but much less than last year. Lots of things have been going on. When Kraus threw Lidka out for the second time, Wilda finally said, "This can't go on. We're going to have to replace the entire group after all." I went to see Wilda that

afternoon to find out what would happen to us. We talked for a long time. I calmly told him everything that's been going on, that we didn't really intend to leave, but that the conditions under Kraus were impossible. We're treated like servants and are doing work for him that we're not required to do. We haven't received a single vegetable for it all even though the whole farm has vegetables. He decided that four of us would go to the garden and four of us would go to the Crete. None of us was actually happy about the outcome. We had hoped to get another group leader. There was a big lineup in the morning. It was just like being in the military. We weren't used to that. All the groups have to line up twice a day.

AUGUST 15, SUNDAY: I've got a day off for the first time in two weeks. Nobody had a free day during harvest. They're registering in the ghetto. Nobody knows why. Everybody thinks there's going to be more transports. A registration implies work transports. Nobody knows how or where to. If anybody at headquarters knew, we'd certainly have found out by now. Approximately five thousand people have been registered up to now. Mommy, Mama, and Lotte were among them. Daddy has been excluded for now because of his illness, but he volunteered because he has an even better reason: his gold medal for bravery. Besides, he was afraid he'd lose his position if he were considered ill. The war medal went down on his papers along with a number one. Mommy also got a number one. It supposedly means that you're working in the camp, which means here. A number two means you'll be sent away. I didn't get anything at all. Besides, they probably won't dismiss me from the farm—I'm on the protection list. Almost all the boys were released from the garden, mostly AK. I like working in the garden and don't want to go back to tending the sheep. The nicest part about being here is the camaraderie. No orders, no

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fighting. I don't care if there's sometimes more work. It's much better than the mood at Kraus's. It's been very hot for the last two weeks. I haven't felt it because I water the plants from 5 A.M. to 1 P.M. and have afternoons free. Besides, there's a big pool in the garden and we're allowed to go swimming there. Smuggling is a further advantage. I'm feeding the entire family, meaning seven people, just from the garden. If I were ever to tell people what we looked like every day at noon and night, they'd never believe me. My outfit consists of a large bra, sweatpants with an elastic band, and a big skirt. The others wear trousers and socks or rubber boots. We stuff everything possible into them. Right now we've got tomatoes, bell peppers, apples, pears, carrots, and cabbage. I recently discovered a potato patch, and we're smuggling from there too. The most gorgeous shapes walk by the policemen at noon and night, some angular, others round—we make quite a picture.

"Can anybody tell I've got something on me?" "Feel me. Think I can walk around like this?" "God, I'll lose a cucumber for sure in front of the policemen." "If only the *berušky* [guards] weren't there." That's of course the thing we fear the most. Hiding things is of no use at all. They bring Aryan women from Leitmeritz once a month, and each time several people fall victim to the policemen. Usually they're people from the field who don't know better. One of the girls always walks ahead. If everything's okay, she comes back and yells something to us. If they're there, she doesn't come back. The policemen aren't allowed to touch us. We can't be too obvious, of course. He could ask to have a woman inspector sent. Some of the girls are so experienced, they take fifteen cucumbers at a go and nobody sees anything. But that's just for sport. All I care about is taking care of our daily needs. I trade

cucumbers for bread. You can get anything for vegetables. I bought two pairs of shoes.

I've also received things from Karel again: seven pounds of sugar, five pounds of flour, two pounds of fat, twelve apples, a box of *šumáky* [flavored tablets] for lemonade, a chicken, a squab, an apple strudel, and a lot of plums in one week. But that's over now. Löbl told me it's very dangerous, and he won't let Karel risk it anymore. He has three children, God forbid he should get into trouble. He was a bit hurt in his last letter that my parents have never written him. Of course, I wrote him a long letter immediately. I explained that Daddy was ill; Mommy added a line or two as well. It's hard to believe that there are people in the world who live just to help others. Sometimes I wonder if Richard still thinks about me or if he hasn't long since married. Maybe I'll have a big disappointment in store. Have I waited all this time for nothing? Has he found another wife in the meantime? Sometimes I feel really miserable and get an inferiority complex. Will I be too old to find somebody when the war is over? Egon's definitely not for me. I'd prefer to call it quits with him. I think he'd like that too. I'm getting along with Eva very well again. Fredy adores her.

The fleas and bugs are a horrible bother. All Theresienstadt is so full of them, it's impossible to exterminate them. Everything had to be moved out of the Sudeten barracks within forty-eight hours. Maybe we can move back in again, but I don't want to move in with the same girls as before.

AUGUST 18, WEDNESDAY: Starting today, they've forbidden us to wear coats outside city limits. We're going to freeze for sure when it gets cold or rains. There are very strict inspec-

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tions going on everywhere. Otto Bock was put in jail because he had something on him. Tomorrow they're going to fumigate. They always do nine rooms at once. Little by little the entire Hamburg barracks is being deloused. Even though we've had fewer bugs in our rooms than in the others, the whole barracks was filled through and through with them. I'll sleep at Mommy's for two nights and Eva's for one. Transports have been canceled again. Nobody's being registered anymore either. There's a sad reason for it, though: we have dysentery here, infantile paralysis, and cerebrospinal meningitis. There are over three hundred cases of dysentery. Exactly the same as last year. Frau Goldschmied has it too, and she's feeling very bad. She's a fabulous person and self-sacrificing, which is a very rare thing in Theresienstadt. She's taken such good care of the children and now needs to be cared for herself.

I'm still seeing Egon now and then. We've become totally indifferent toward each other. I'd like to meet a new crowd. I bought myself a pair of shoes for two thousand crowns. I have to be careful with smuggling now. Pepík Reiner is starting to notice me. It's cruel of him because I don't take any more than the others, and besides, I certainly have more reason to do it than a certain Frau Freiburger, who has gained thirty pounds here and got a beautiful apartment and extra rations from the council elder. I have seven people who depend on me.

AUGUST 22, SUNDAY: Yesterday there were big inspections going on as we went in and out. The *berušky* searched us thoroughly, mostly for ghetto money. It didn't bother me in the least. This morning a transport left from the small fortress. It contained almost all women. Nobody knows where it's going, probably to a concentration camp. They each carried a small bundle with them and looked very bad. I stared my eyes

out but couldn't recognize anybody. Seventeen people left the ghetto this afternoon and went to the small fortress. Mimi Kominik and her sister were among them. There were many others who I only know by name. I can't understand it. A person like Mimi who's always beaming, cheerful, and brave, being sent to the fortress for a letter she wrote about eight months ago when she'd go to the pasture with us. Poor Mimi.

There was a huge celebration in the Magdeburg barracks this evening. I went. Egon invited a girl I didn't know. It was the best opportunity to end our relationship. We're going to stay good friends. He needs somebody else, because I'm taken. I slept in Mommy's spot on Thursday, in Dr. Morgenstern's on Friday, and at Eva's on Saturday. We slept on the roof on planks and mattresses. It was a good group. Richard surely wouldn't blame me if I were to go out with somebody here. Does he even think about me anymore? If I had just one word from him, it would calm me down; then nobody could blame me. All I want is a word, and I'd happily put up with anything. I'd be satisfied. Anything but the awful uncertainty of not knowing where you stand. Eva's going steady with Fredy, and it's very intense now. Their relationship has changed. Eva really loves him.

AUGUST 29, SUNDAY: It was an unpleasant week. I felt horribly alone for the first time. I was miserable on Sunday. I'd just returned from Eva's. All the girls there had boyfriends. It's completely normal for them to be involved in a relationship, but I felt very abandoned. All of a sudden Egon came to see me on Monday night, and I was really happy to see him. He said he'd been looking everywhere for me.

There was a huge scandal in the cow stable on Thursday. Somebody discovered milk was stolen. The entire stable crew

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was instantly replaced because of it, Egon included, of course. He's very unhappy and doesn't know what he'll do. He told me he's got a girlfriend, but they don't know what to talk to each other about. She's apparently very dull. Since then he's visited me every night. We're talking again like we used to.

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The transport specter is back. Everybody's afraid, terribly afraid. It doesn't seem to be a work transport. It'll probably end up being an ordinary Poland transport. They've remade the list three times. Some people knew exactly who was in it. Everybody packed. For now all the Weisungen who have been in jail since June, that is, since Burger's been in command, are supposed to go. Another 150 former ghetto guards and all the AK had to register. And anyone elegantly dressed was immediately sent by Burger to register. Mostly big fish. It didn't matter if they suffered at first or not. People who came in work clothes were sent away. The registration seems to be something of a Weisung. Even the AK isn't protected anymore. Everybody's scared. We don't know if we're in the transport or not. We have nobody who can check. I don't think my parents are in it because of Daddy's gold medal. Besides, Mommy's a nurse, and they're supposedly protected. If I'm put into the transport, then it could only be a Weisung, but it's a year since I was in jail. Mama and Lotte are very afraid, but I don't think they have reason to be. Mama's too old for a work transport, and besides, she's a nurse, and Lotte has children under fourteen.

The wildest rumors are circulating again. People seem like little children, believing everything they hear. One moment they're rejoicing, the next they're in despair. Everybody's all upset because of the transports. "It'll never end," they say. But then transports are postponed for a couple of days, and everybody's happy again. "We'll be going home in two months, and

things are fine." You have to take everything with a grain of salt. I can't understand how people can be like that. A former field group, the four of us from the sheep stable; Margit who tended the pigs; and fifteen boys are working in the garden now. The *parta* leader is extremely disagreeable. We completely ignore her. She constantly claims that her group doesn't smuggle. She actually does smuggle very little and works like mad, but you certainly can't say that about her group. That can only mean we're the ones doing all the smuggling. If I do take something, it's only because I badly need it; I dislike doing it intensely. If you're tempted to do something you don't want to do, you shouldn't do it, because something will go wrong. Lately I've taken very little, sometimes nothing at all. I get so nervous that I tremble when I pass a policeman. Those few minutes twice a day test my nerves horribly. It's hard to take for any length of time. And now is the best time to be smuggling—there are so many vegetables. But I have to force myself. We're badly in need of any vegetables we can get, especially now. Lotte has stopped receiving packages. For some reason neither our nor their ration coupons for packages have arrived in Prague. Lots of people still get packages, up to forty-five pounds. Each person is allowed one a month. Lotte's friend Gustav wrote that her ration coupons hadn't arrived, so he couldn't send anything. We depend on what I can take from the garden. It's been going well so far, and the children even had some fruit and vegetables. We trade vegetables for bread. Potatoes are more difficult. I have to scratch them out of the ground with my fingers and hide them in my pants, but that doesn't work well. Karel came today after three weeks without a word. I saw him once at the Dresden and on the way back from the garden, but I couldn't speak to him. It's probably better that way. We could easily land in the fortress if somebody saw us.

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There's a ghetto law here, but whoever doesn't fall under it, for example, people with Aryan contacts, goes to the fortress. I admire Löbl's ability to withstand the nervous tension and can completely understand him when he complains how much he'd like to quit. The nights must be horrible. I got another package from Karel on Sunday night: two pounds of fat, two pounds of honey, a bar of soap, two cucumbers, and a loaf of bread. A loaf of bread costs four hundred crowns, a cigarette, forty. The prices are totally outlandish, and it's getting to the point where we don't know what to make of it anymore. That's the difference between people who have everything and people who have nothing at all. There are people here who earn unbelievably large amounts of money and those who have to sell their last piece of clothing dirt cheap; for example, a magnificent winter coat that cost twelve hundred crowns, or a tomato that cost fifty crowns.

Twelve hundred children came here on Wednesday from the Ukraine. They were between the ages of two and twelve and escorted by SS. They were in terrible condition, full of lice, filthy, and in rags. They were deloused for a whole day and night. They are all without parents. Their parents were killed about two weeks ago in the most gruesome way. Speaking to them is forbidden under penalty of death. The doctors and nurses who have been appointed to take care of them had to take their baggage and break off all communication with the camp. Before long we found everything out anyway. The children had seen their parents being chased into gas chambers. Some of them were killed in pogroms.

There have been twelve cases of infantile paralysis. Keeping it isolated here is very difficult.

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Transport fever. This time it stops for nobody, whether old or young, whether longtime resident or not. Families are being torn apart. Five thousand people from the Protectorate have been sent away. Yesterday afternoon twenty-five hundred more people were chosen for the transport, at 10 P.M. the next night twenty-five hundred, and this morning the reserve. So far, no one in our family is in it. I don't want to breathe a sigh of relief yet. Anything is still possible. Everybody who doesn't happen to be in this transport has relatives or friends who are. Almost everybody I've spoken to so far is in it, including many from the farm like Tonda and Wilda, who've helped keep us here. What will the farm be like without them? I can't imagine the farm without Wilda. Fredy Hirsch was thrown in jail for talking to the Russian children, and now he's going. Frey, the leader of the ghetto guards, and 150 former ghetto guards are going too. Dr. Janowitz, Löwenstein supposedly, and many others are going too. I'm awfully afraid for Mama and Lotte. I hope they won't be in it. The transport was awful. When you met somebody on the street, you wondered, "You're still here?" "And you too?" Last night everybody went to the gathering areas. Everything was processed at the various yards in the Hamburg, Kavalier, Genie, Bakery, etc. The first yard in the Hamburg was barricaded for the transport, and you could only talk to people from a distance. Each person was only allowed to take what they could carry. People sat on their luggage all night. It gets pretty cold by morning. People were taken to the station at intervals throughout the day. None of them had slept the last two nights. Indescribable scenes took place in the Magdeburg. People argued over who had better nerves and who could endure it the longest. Wherever Zucker walked or stood, there was a line of six or seven people behind him, all of them talking at him simultaneously and shouting over each other. He'd throw them out one door, and they'd come back in the other

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one. And yet it's so easy to get somebody out of the transport. You simply take a card out of the transport file and stick it back into the regular file. Naturally somebody from the reserve list needs to take their place. There were a lot of volunteers, mostly children registering to be with their parents. The worst thing is seeing families being torn apart. There are almost no families that haven't left someone here, and then the person left behind thinks maybe they should have volunteered after all.

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100 Everybody from the farm who didn't volunteer has been pulled out. Lederer reconsidered at the last moment, and Tonda and Wilda are out too. Thank God!

Yesterday afternoon and today we were confined to the barracks, but nobody paid any attention to it. Anybody could leave if they wanted to. On the other hand, anybody caught outside by Heindl would be put in the transport. People are going crazy from this eternal toing and froing.

The transport is gone, and life goes on. There were horrible scenes at the last moment. People on the train were still being pulled out of the transport while others were being put in. Utter chaos. Then came the calm after the storm. For two days it was all people could talk about, and suddenly even that stopped too. Supposedly it was the last one. But as of yesterday they've started talking about another one. Now all of us are certain to be going. None of us can have any illusions anymore. How come only people from the Protectorate keep going? The Germans are desperately unhappy here. The old people are completely alone, starving, yet the ones who've grown somewhat used to things here are being forced to leave. The misery of the old Germans is beyond description. They

walk from room to room all day, begging for a piece of bread. Others sell their last shoes, clothes, underwear. I bought work boots for a tomato one day. I also gave the man a cabbage, and he was thrilled. Normally I only take as much as I need for us and perhaps something for bread too.

There isn't much left to take in the garden, and things are getting more difficult. There are five people watching us all the time. On Wednesday, Kraus, not our previous boss, told me to come and see him. He was with Grass at the Leitmeritz meadow and had spoken to Karel. It's terrible: Karel speaks to total strangers and asks them if they know me. He just happened to ask a friend of mine who just happens to be a decent person. But he didn't have to be. Karel left a message, saying he wanted to talk to me. I wrote a few words back. Then Kraus came on Friday and brought me a beautiful wristwatch and a letter that nearly made us both cry. Karel wanted me to take the watch as a souvenir so I would never forget him. If things went really badly, then I was to sell it for bread. But he hoped I'd never find myself in such a situation, and if I did, he would do everything in his power to prevent it. If I'm ever put into a transport, he wants me to tell Löbl immediately so Löbl can report it to him immediately. He doesn't want our family to go, no matter what. I'm not supposed to tell anybody, but he's got a way of keeping us out of the transport, and he'll use every means to make sure we stay. I wrote him a long letter and sent it to him through Kraus. Now I was in a quandary. Should I tell Löbl? He'd be very angry about Karel talking to strangers again. But I have to tell him anyway. So I went to see him. He was amazed and then of course angry. Half an hour later I heard about a terrible catastrophe. Approximately twenty people were arrested and instantly taken to the fortress for associating with Aryans at Leitmeritz. Oh, God! It must have been

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Karel. I raced from the garden straight to Kraus. He was at work. It must have been he who was seen giving the letter to my Karel. I imagined the whole thing in gruesome detail. It would be easy enough for them to get my name. And then Löbl and the rest of the group would all land in the fortress. I raced to Porges, where Kraus works. They wouldn't let me in without a pass. Luckily I ran into Kutscher, who told me the whole story in detail. There are men who are leveling the land behind Leitmeritz. Heindl had them searched and found a lot of things on them. So, it wasn't Karel!

I don't know how I made it back. My feet were like lead. The fear went straight to my legs. This time things ended up okay. But for how long? Even though I have nothing to do with them directly, I'm in as much danger as the others. Mostly I fear for him, a father of three small children who has done incredibly good deeds. I want him to live to see the end.

Italy has surrendered. The Germans are condemning it as the betrayal of the century. The next day Rome was occupied. Naturally the wildest rumors are circulating again, and the mood in the ghetto is as if we were going home by next week. But the transports damper the mood a bit.

OCTOBER 8, FRIDAY: A year ago today I was thrown into jail. That was a horrible day. I'm so tired all the time, I can't get any reading or writing done. We haven't had a day off in two weeks. We've been working in the fields mostly, and Lederer's really pushing us.

OCTOBER 10, SUNDAY: People complain about the work, but I'm just glad I have it. It's the only thing that halfway makes sense. Today I have a day off and am much more aware

of how awful this life is. I'm alone most of the time now. I miss having a group of friends to visit in my free time.

I've begun to doubt lately whether I'll ever get together with Richard again and that everything will be the same as it was before. I simply can't picture it anymore. Since I've lost this firm belief, since I no longer have any idea of my life, future, hopes, and plans, I'm very unhappy and wonder what the point of it all is. Does anything make any sense anymore? It's certainly not Richard's fault. I used to be proud of having saved myself for him for so long or having fought against everything. Now I'm not proud anymore. Now I'm just sad, and it's impossible to make up for it. It's time to stop whining now. Nobody can see on the outside what I'm really feeling. I'm cheerful, lively, and don't show my true feelings at any cost.

A year ago I was doing much worse. Yesterday was the Day of Atonement. Many people fasted. The farm had to work, of course. It's unbelievable how most of the old people who are starving and normally go begging from room to room for a little soup fasted just the same. How strong their belief must be.

OCTOBER 17, SUNDAY: The turnip harvest was very bad. It was cold and dirty, and there was a mad rush. We had to harvest in the fog early in the morning. At noon it got a bit warmer, but at night it was so cold, we could barely move our fingers. My hand was full of blisters. Lederer walked back and forth constantly, yelling, "Work! Work! Faster! I won't let you go home until everything's done and it's nighttime." Then there was the celery harvest for two days. Again it was terribly cold. Smuggling was very unpleasant because it was so dirty. Some girls were so stuffed, they could barely move. They're insane to smuggle so much. They'll get us all in trouble. But there are

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always people who know no moderation. Frau Morgan, for instance, the wife of our previous headmaster. Once she smuggled two hundred tomatoes into the ghetto—and from an Aryan field to boot.

The last few days we harvested tomatoes. First, though, we had to harvest all the turnips and celery, and in the meantime all the tomatoes froze. That's probably the German system. About a wagonload of tomatoes had to be thrown away. They were hard as rocks in the morning. Later they thawed and turned to mush. Thirty thousand vines filled with tomatoes. That's no small matter. We worked in the afternoon from one to seven and came home in the dark. Nobody had anything against us smuggling anymore. I had 150 tomatoes. Frau Morgan had 360. I'll never forget the walk home in the dark past the policemen. One of the workers had a real hump on her back from all the tomatoes. We went harvesting a few more times for spinach and one day in the garden for leeks. They are the most sought-after vegetable.

We have more than enough in terms of provisions. We made puree from the tomatoes, and bought stockings and scarves with them besides. The whole ghetto is going to get some. That's a sign of how much there is. I got a package from the Glasers two weeks ago. It didn't have many valuable things, but we could use them all, especially for cooking. It was obviously scraped together from several families. The Kohns and everybody contributed something. Lotte got two packages from the Sudeten. I got two sausages, ten cheeses, two jars of fat, and two of meat from Karel.

Italy has declared war on Germany. It's being fought on Italian soil. The Germans have retreated from Russia and are on Pol-

ish soil. People are expecting another front at Calais in the next few days. Many claim the British have already occupied it, but that's probably not true. There's just an offensive there, probably to prepare for an invasion or force Germany out of Russia. Still, I don't believe in a speedy end to things.

The children from the Ukraine were suddenly packed up with all their caretakers and sent away by train. Nobody knows where they're going. Supposedly to Sweden or maybe Switzerland. The caretakers will probably accompany them to the border and then be deported to Poland. Two transports have come from Denmark, one with local emigrants, mostly young boys and girls who were living on estates there to be retrained and then leave for Palestine. They didn't get there, but they were doing fabulously in Denmark. We got very bad reports from Birkenau about the last transport that left from here.

OCTOBER 24, SUNDAY: It was a terrible day a year ago.

Smuggling is risky again, though at times it's pretty calm. The nights are dark, so I was able to get another package from Karel: two sausages, two pounds of margarine, and two pounds of fat. We often have horse meat, minced meat, or meat with barley to eat. That's a big improvement. Besides, we cook an abundant dinner every night from the vegetables, and I've put some weight back on. I visit Jarka every other night. He's always terribly happy when I come. He's still lying in the Hohenelber with both legs in casts. He's completely back to normal. He and Eva are my only friends. Every Wednesday there are lectures on agriculture, agricultural machines, botany, and soil cultivation. It's very interesting to hear something theoretical after learning through practice.

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OCTOBER 31, SUNDAY: Wilda and Tonda were taken to the small fortress yesterday. They had been at headquarters for two weeks, supposedly for something they did a year ago, letters or something of the sort. The entire farm is furious. Many more friends have been sent to the fortress: Frieda Dubsky, Pekárek, who left a small child behind; Renée Jelínek, the most influential woman in Theresienstadt. She knew all the policemen and Germans. A painter, a boy who married a girl in Eva's room four months ago, and many more were sent, altogether twenty-six.

I'm still receiving packages from Karel all the time. Since Saturday, I got about forty pounds of flour, four pounds of fat, margarine, butter, cake, two jars of honey, ten pounds of apples, ten pounds of onions, fourteen pounds of sugar, four pounds of smoked meat, and other things. You can't compare that with the normal packages. I feel very uncomfortable about getting so much. It's more than I need and puts me to shame. Every day at noon Ada Löbl sticks his head in and I know I have something to go and pick up. He's very careful and doesn't want to do anything to attract attention. Everybody teases me about him. Karel's preparing for winter, and I'm convinced we'll be able to get through it comfortably with all these things. But it's too much all of a sudden. I don't know where to put it all, and I'm terrified of inspections. I write to him every day that it's too much and I don't want any more.

NOVEMBER 7, SUNDAY: I've received twenty more pounds of apples from Karel and nothing since. Mama got a forty-four-pound package. Thank God it's got no food. But it's been terribly uncomfortable for her to be constantly taking food from me. She's quite unhappy since Karel's been sending us so much. She's very nervous and fights with Lotte sometimes. I've

never fought with her or Mommy. She's angry that Gustav visits all the time and doesn't bring anything. The children are often a nuisance. They scream if they don't get everything immediately because they know it will get them something. They should be brought up better, but that's very difficult here. They know that I always have apples and that they can always get them. But I don't want to give them everything at once, or we'd run out right away. Lotte got a small package from Lisbon, six pounds of figs. It probably was sent by Bedřich from Chile. Finally some news. Otherwise we don't have the slightest contact with foreign countries. It's inconceivable that we haven't received any answer to the two cards we sent to Switzerland. What's going on with Richard? Why does he remain silent? Lots of people have received news from England via Switzerland; only we haven't received a single word.

Theresienstadt is full of good news again. Roosevelt is on his way to Teheran. There's a huge conference in Moscow, a peace conference supposedly. It's the first time an American president has journeyed to a conference. There must be something big going on. I'm sure it isn't just negotiations. We're hearing new reports that there will be an end to the war and that we'll be going home this year. But that would take a miracle, and I don't believe in miracles. Despite all the good news, the mood is very tense. People are arguing everywhere: in the washroom, in the food line, in the shops. They make *šmeliny* [black-market deals] everywhere. Nepotism is the rule. You can't get anything without greasing somebody's palm or through friends. At first it really upset me, now I do it too and can't imagine it otherwise. I have more than most people. When I see how people fight over two pounds of flour or three pounds of sugar, I realize what treasures I have. And vegetables to boot. I bought warm shoes, the sweatpants I've wanted a long

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time now, slippers, lace-up shoes, socks, stockings, everything I need. The ghetto's overflowing with clothes, probably even more than are available outside. It's the German Jews who've brought in the most magnificent things, and they sell them all for food. Prices are constantly rising. Bread costs six hundred crowns; a cigarette, fifty; sugar, one thousand; an apple, one hundred; flour, twelve hundred, and vegetables have an enormous value. Everything's used for trade: bath tickets, laundry, laundry permits, theater tickets. Theresienstadt has a high cultural standard. There are daily concerts, lectures, opera, comedy, etc. I regularly go to them. There's some sort of lecture every night, mostly for young people, sometimes about politics, sometimes about art. I usually go with the girls. I spend very little time with boys. I'm also taking frequent English lessons and have supposedly made progress. There's a lecture every Wednesday at the farm. I visit Jarka all the time, and that always cheers him up. I seldom see Eva. She's with Fredy all the time, and I'm in the way. He sleeps with them now and is usually there during the day as well.

We're freezing pitifully at work. It's below freezing every morning. We dig and the ground is frozen. Sometimes we go into an unheated room to warm ourselves against each other. Smuggling is hard too. You're half frozen and you're supposed to put ice-cold cabbage or icy spinach next to your body and then the ice starts to thaw. But we need to take this last opportunity as long as there's still something to take. At least we come home to a heated room. Other girls who live in the attic are even colder at home. We heat every day even though heating is strictly forbidden. We always bring planks or wood back with us.

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I'm lying down after my typhoid injection, but I have to be at the Dresden by two. Karel's coming.

NOVEMBER 11, THURSDAY: It's five in the morning. We were awakened at twelve midnight. Everybody had to line up at 5 to be taken to Bohušovice. Supposedly to be registered. We were told to dress warmly and take some food. What's that supposed to mean? The general opinion is that we're going to be sent away. Our room was very upset, and we disturbed people still sleeping in other rooms. Everybody packed, everybody vacated the premises, everybody got dressed over and over again. Personally, I don't believe they'll send us away. Then again, they did serve us an order to provide lodging for some sick old men who'll probably steal everything from us, but that doesn't matter at the moment. It's indescribable how things look. Everybody's racing around, doing things that make no sense. I'm completely calm, and so is Mommy. If they want to shoot us or send us to Poland, we can't do anything about it anyway, though maybe we'll even survive that.

NOVEMBER 14, SUNDAY: We got back home at 10 P.M. after a horrible day. At seven in the morning, we were taken to the Bohušovice basin by barracks and blocks and stood there, some until nine, others until twelve. The worst part was that we didn't know until the last moment whether we'd be going home or what they meant to do with us. It was just an ordinary census, only the Germans wanted to turn it into a campaign to worry and harass us. It was horribly cold, even though we dressed in layers of our warmest, most essential things. I also had the most indispensable food and cleaning items with me. The mood never turned bad all day. We saw it was only a census and we'd be coming home in the evening.

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So we are back home again. We stood in rows of five hundred. The Jews counted us about fifty times. The Germans counted us twice. Men and women were separate. No sooner did the Germans turn their backs than everybody rushed off and searched for their families. I was very close to Mama and Mommy. An order came every five minutes: "Back to your places immediately!" and everybody ran and stumbled over one another to their places. That's how it went the entire day. The children were amazingly well behaved. You seldom heard a child crying. The old people were worse. They fainted or got cramps and had fits. We were pretty tired and finally just lay down on the bare ground close together to warm ourselves. The lavatory situation was terrible. Either people went where they stood, or they spread a blanket around themselves, or they went into the trough under the posts where the policemen were guarding us. I'll never forget how when evening fell, everybody started running toward the ghetto at the same time. It started to rain. Our room held together tightly as though our luck depended on us staying together. Everybody said they'd never let us go back home, so there was no point to it. But everybody still ran in the same direction, simply because nobody wanted to stay behind. Of course we couldn't get too far because it got congested. We'd go two steps and stand for half an hour. That lasted until nine in the evening, and we still didn't know if we'd be let back into the ghetto. Children were crying because they'd lost their mothers. Old people were falling like flies because after standing for fourteen hours, they couldn't take it any longer. Some of them lay down overnight in the barracks closest to where they were standing. Our room gradually lost one another too, and I was left together with Lidka as my bed neighbor. We held each other's hands tightly and wouldn't let go at any cost. We finally elbowed our way out of the crowd to where lots of policemen

were standing. From there we ran as fast as we could to the ghetto. What a feeling! The ailing old men from our room were gone. We were never so happy to be "home" as we were in that first moment, because we truly doubted we'd ever be coming back. We quickly cooked something warm, and beat our mattresses, and jumped into bed. We slept like corpses.

DECEMBER 10, FRIDAY: We've been counted three more times in the meantime. Edelstein and Faltis, the director of the records, were jailed for allegedly swindling people during the transports. In short, the census isn't correct. Everybody removed from the last transport had to line up within two hours. They were then sent to the fortress as they were, and some were fresh out of bed.

Everybody had to be in bed every night to be counted. Then there was another census, which went alphabetically. There were Germans sitting in four places with a line in front of each of them. You had to wait for hours to hand over your identification papers. Some stood for eight hours. We were there for only three. Even here there was nepotism. If you had a friend, you didn't have to wait at all.

A Swedish commission was expected at the beginning of the month. Lots of preparations were made. They removed the third level of the beds everywhere, and the people who had to move were placed in the barracks where first the Ukraine children and later the Germans lived. It was almost like a transport. Whoever had connections could stay; the others had to leave. Some were on cots, others on the ground. The rooms are definitely more comfortable now. I have a good spot by the window and a wall for me and Lidka. Sweeping and washing the floor are better now too. We have a *polička* [shelf] on the

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wall for clothes, and there's even a wardrobe too. The same thing happened a week later to Mommy. It was much more upsetting there. Lotte was really afraid she'd have to move. But everything turned out fine. Lotte was extraordinarily happy and ordered a cabinet immediately. Then not a week later, before the cabinet was even ready, the giant, fearsome transport specter appeared again and destroyed everything. Everything, everything was different, every joy spoiled. The most horrible thing has happened: Lotte and her children are in the transport.

DECEMBER 20, MONDAY: I have to start much earlier if I really want to write everything down that happened. I hope I won't forget anything. We were celebrating the feast of St. Nicholas. Everybody in our room gave everyone else a little something, and it was nice and cheerful beyond my expectations.

The following Sunday, I visited Eva and there was dancing. I went to a lecture almost every night. Most of them were very interesting. Karel sent us things in short intervals, so we had more than enough food. Lotte was worried about Jana because they supposedly found something on her lung after her flu. Our relationship with both of them, and especially with Mama, has been especially warm lately. We made plans for Christmas, thought about presents for the children, what we'd give each other, and everything ended up so differently.

On Friday the tenth, Fixler came and told Hilde and me to go to the corn harvest. The two of us worked with six boys. Altman, the supervisor, is a German with a big swastika, but he spoke good Czech and was quite easygoing. He kept going away, so we could smuggle more easily. During the ten days we were there, two transports left. The first was for Wednesday

the fifteenth, and Lotte and the children were in it. She'd known about it since Sunday, of course. But absolutely nothing could be done about it. A group of friends tried to get her out. She was in the reserve but had to line up in any case and got another number in the sluice. She was unbelievably calm, packed continuously for two nights, and never believed she'd get out. Mama was in a terrible dilemma over whether to go with her. Everybody strongly advised against it, and after a long while, she decided not to. Eva's uncle came on Monday and told me Eva was in the transport. I ran there immediately. I hadn't even considered the possibility it might happen. Fredy has volunteered to go with her. I helped her pack. She had very few things. I brought her food. The only relief is that Fredy's going. That way the poor, sick creature—because she is very sick even though she looks good—isn't totally alone and abandoned. She's quite calm. She's only worried for Fredy and is packing mostly for him. How can I help? I might not be able to be one hundred percent true to the promise I made to her parents. But I know that Fredy loves her, adores her, and that he'll take care of her as nobody else could.

Tuesday morning before work I took her some fat, canned food, sugar, and apples. I had to go to my damn job, and here I had such important things to do. I managed to speak to her again before noon. Fredy hadn't been summoned yet and was very nervous about whether they'd take him. People are begging and praying in the Magdeburg, and they don't want to take them. We took Lotte to the sluice with Steiner in the afternoon. She had lots of luggage, and we had to take a cart. Mama said good-bye to Lotte and the children, and then I went home with Mama. How many such farewells will we have to go through? How many times without knowing when or even whether we'll see each other again? That's the worst thing about Theresienstadt. Lotte held up fabulously. I

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brought her dinner and some things she'd forgotten. It was a huge struggle to get inside at night. There were various sluices going on. The Jäger barracks were cleared, and all the boys were housed in the attic in the Hamburg. They kept coming to us half frozen to warm up. The entire ground floor of the Hannover is a sluice, and so are all the manufacturing barracks. Eva was in the Hannover, and it was impossible to get to her.

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114 The numbers for the whole transport were changed during the night, and it was done alphabetically. The whole street was lined up for the transport when I came home from work. It was very cold. Burger behaved terribly. He acted like a beast, slapping people who got in his way, pushing people into carts with or without their luggage. He didn't care. In the end he needed more people for the transport, so he just took anyone walking on the wrong side of the street with no luggage, and those who had luggage had their backpacks torn off them because there wasn't enough room. Twenty-five hundred people left, and the next twenty-five hundred were called for Thursday the sixteenth. There was a huge racket in the Magdeburg. Burger had lists brought of all the administration, production workers, mobilization of labor, provisions, etc.; in short, of everybody who had been most protected. He chose people completely arbitrarily, names he didn't like, and they were simply Weisungen.

Egon came to me at 7 A.M. His mother's in the transport. He's volunteered and asked me to help him pack. Of course I helped him all morning. Then I went home to check if we weren't in it too. Mama's in the reserve! We didn't expect that. Mama had finally calmed down in the last few days and was even glad she'd decided to stay here with us. She couldn't have helped Lotte anyway. Lotte is energetic and brave enough. But she certainly would have volunteered to be with us if we had to

go. And now she's in the transport! So once again we packed. Steiner is sweet and good. He helped Mama a lot. She's high on the reserve list. I was with her in the sluice all afternoon on Friday and Saturday morning and afternoon.

We waited for the train. It came late in the afternoon. The moment of truth. Names had been called out since 3 A.M. for those with normal transport numbers. I stayed with her the whole day. Mama isn't in it. By six o'clock it was ninety-nine percent sure she'd be staying. I went to get her some dinner and meant to pick her up from the sluice at seven. Then I heard that the entire reserve had to line up. Some said it was just to survey them, others said there were five hundred people missing. It was a horrible mess. Women began to wail.

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115 I stood there as if hit by lightning. I looked and looked and couldn't find Mama. Did she have everything with her? Her sleeping bag? Is there anybody able to help her? I ran to the Jäger barracks. There sat Burger at the table with an overhead lamp and two coal ovens at either side. He had an entire staff of people waiting for a sign from the lord and master. Poor Mama! It was dark farther back. The bushes were crawling with people hiding to escape their fate. People in the Jäger barracks hid under beds, behind beds, under planks, on the toilet. There were entire families hiding, and if they were called, they simply didn't come. It seemed to work. Mama didn't hide for sure. Mama would go immediately if they called her just once. If only I could find her. If only I could see her and help her. She's so alone. Heini Brock won't be able to take care of her. He doesn't know her number. Wilda Heller won't be able to take care of her either in this terrible mess. If only I could get a pair of overalls like the transport helpers! I spoke to several of them, begged them to let me borrow one. No, they couldn't, and if people were missing or something wasn't in order, then the entire transport administration and the

helpers would be put into the transport just as they were. That's what happened to Otto Kraus.

It was simply impossible to find Mama, and so I went home heavyhearted, trembling with anxiety. If only I could have seen Mama one more time and said good-bye. I've never been so helpless. So far I've managed to get into every transport assembly I wanted to. And now this one that's so terribly important is gone, and I didn't find Mama. We're so powerless. I couldn't sleep all night. I went to the sluice at five in the morning, thinking she might still be there. A tiny ray of hope. I found a group of friends there who'd somehow managed to cheat their way out of it. A few of them said she might still be there. I went to the office. Lots of numbers close to hers are there. Hers is crossed out.

I was terribly unhappy for the next few days. The whole world is gray on gray again. I didn't speak to anybody. We have to move. They're turning our room into an outpatient section. We have to move now, but we'll have to move again in a week anyway. We've got an unbelievable number of things. Mostly food. I don't think anybody has as much as we do. Approximately twenty pounds of fat and all kinds of things in large quantities. What can we do with it? We can't possibly eat it all.

Christmas Eve was very sad. I went to see Jarka and took him some food. Then I went to my parents. Mommy was sweet. She'd prepared a lot of little things for me. I'm awfully grateful to her. She senses how unhappy I am about being alone, and it wouldn't have been so bad if Mama, Lotte, and the children were here. Now it was just the three of us. I cried for the first time in a long while. New Year's was the same. We wanted to invite some of the boys from the farm, but we heard there would be a spot check, so we postponed it until Saturday

afternoon. About twenty people came. We ate, played the harmonica, and sang. If only I weren't so alone. I went for a walk with the boys on Sunday. Then we wanted to hear the requiem, but we weren't allowed in.

There was a to-do in the Jäger barracks. Heindl and Burger and some SS burst in and arrested a lot of the boys. A few of them were playing cards for large sums, others were smoking, etc. Somebody must have reported them. People were being arrested all night. They were probably betrayed by the first group once they'd been beaten. Nobody has a clear conscience. I was afraid for the Löbls, but they weren't there.

We're working in the garden again. We have an ideal workday: eight to ten and one to three. One day during the corn harvest, Lederer came by and screamed, "What are the women doing here? Women have no business here. You've lied to me, all of you. You've done it behind my back!" Altmann did everything he could to keep us there. He listed all the advantages, but Lederer wouldn't be reasoned with. I met Löbl three days after what happened in the Jäger barracks. He looked terrible. Me: "What's the matter?" Him: "My brother's arrested." So the arrests have continued. Besides that, they went to get somebody from the attic and did an inspection while they were there. They found a lot of cigarettes, money, and masses of food with the Löbls. Löbl's brother was instantly thrown into jail. The next day they got the other brother, who was in the Hohenelber hospital. I visited Frau Löbl twice to find out what was going on. I didn't dare go to see Ada, but he wasn't home anyway. Just before that I got a lot of food from Karel.

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