

SUSAN WARSINGER PAPERS, 1934-1949
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Below is a translation of the diary of Susan Warsinger (Hilsenrath):

Tuesday May 27, 1941

Today was my 12th birthday and I am starting my diary on my 12th birthday and I do not believe that I will continue for long. I set up my birthday table very nicely. I received a jewelry box from Susi Weichselbaum, a photo album, a small basket and a pin from Bobi, a handkerchief box from Sabine, a notebook and candies from Miss Cohn. Some more sweets from Bobi, Sabine and Friedel. I found that Sabine's table was also nice. Mine was totally covered with yellow flowers so it should look like more. I was not that happy. Oh, the teacher Daniel is such a crazy fellow. He was so boring stupid and lazy, and he kept his hands in his pocket all day. Just now I am in school where he is working out geographic maps with his certificate. Then, in the morning he says "je m'en maque". Hopefully, school will be over soon.

I was just reading a nice book (Eugenie Grandet), when Lea Katz, the insincere creature, wanted it. I cannot stand her together with her total crowd. I started a new notebook in class today and I wrote in there in very big letters, Susi Hilsenrath, born on May 27, so that he can blush again. I made seven mistakes and he gave me O, he is crazy. When one does everything good and nice he will give you six, and when you do not do so well he will give you a nine. He just came and asked me what kind of book is this. I think I blushed. This evening I again ate gruel rice, I still have terrible stomachaches. How happy I was when I came upstairs, to find a card and a few pictures on my tray. The card was from Ilse Schotten, she wrote "ma cher Suzi, je souhite en bon anniverserie, et je l'envoie mes mellieus avec ta petit ami, que je taime, Ilse" (translation – my dear Suzi, happy anniversary and enjoy many years with your friend, who loves you,). Later when I came in I shared my cake, and everyone was very happy. Riva also came very soon and brought me pictures. The little ones are sweet, and Simon and Bella also congratulated me.

Wednesday, May 28, 1941

This morning Helga again drove me crazy. I believe I got up with the wrong foot today. Today we had to write a composition. The title was "Are you happy with your age, or do you want to be smaller or bigger". Then we had dictation in which I had nine errors. Helga Kalbmansohn and I wrote a poem about a trip to America. It was pretty good. The title of the poem is "When I think of my departure". Everything is running through my head, oh, if I could only be in America. – It is really a pleasure, to see the whole mess lying in school, but those who have to change it, do not long for this pleasure. Oh would the day already have arrived, one would sing hallelujah, all children travelling alone on the big ship. With a fully packed back pack on my back, fully packed with clothes, shirts, pants, socks and shoes, not being able to close. (Translation of poem, but not in verse)

Thursday, May 29, 1941

Today I had a terrible dream. This boy who always called me and drove me crazy. What is this really supposed to mean? Today I received a letter from Hanny Kuflich. It was on the same letter to Sabine.

Naturally she does not give it to me, but gives it to her sister. She is exactly like her father. Here one is thrown from one place to the other. I started to cry today, but I really do not know why. I have been terribly home sick the last few days, but nobody knows this. I replied to Hanny immediately today, and

she will also take a letter with her for our dear parents. I am very glad, but I do not feel like learning Hebrew at all. I really cannot write it. I do not believe that I will get along well with Marga. I hope that I get a letter from Ida soon. I also have English lessons now and later on I will continue writing. Today we had to learn clothing in English. I like learning English very much. I just received a birthday card from Henny and Ida. She is very sweet and everyone is enthused about her. But I did not think that Gerda would not write to me, peculiar.

Friday, May 30, 1941

Sabine and I are doing something very nice now. A good-bye present, but we do not know for whom right now, either for Miss. Weichselbaum or Miss Martha. It will probably be a book-bag. I believe they are very nice. I tore my stupid dress, the material was very nice. I do not know what to give the others. I am very mad because I do not get any mail, also from my dear parents. Things are still bad in school and I always hate to go. The teacher stares at one and quickly says “?.....fini” and his gets on your nerves very much. The day after tomorrow is Shavout and I am very happy about this as we do not have to go to school. The teacher says we should do our homework as we cannot do it tomorrow. I just say the same as he “je’mmaqui, I copy songs in my diary, and the stupid fellow looks at me. It is still May and the weather is very rainy. Too bad, in February the sun shone, and it is raining in May. France is really a stupid and impractical country. I cannot write anymore as school is finished.

Tuesday, June 3, 1941

Now Shavout has passed and I did not write into my diary for three days. The days passed nicely, and the main thing was that we did not have to go to school. Every evening, we, Susi Weichselbaum, Rosi Felsenborg, Edith Starkhaus and I made an oneg. It was very nice. Susi W. read to us from a book and we finished it and it was very nice. The title is “Jad ochlea” and I am very anxious to find out how it continues. We have moved from the school and are with Mr. Marreau. I do not believe that we will get anyone else. Today is a very hot day and I am perspiring heavily, and you can tell by my handwriting.

I do not like it at Mr. Marreau, the Brout Vernische are so stupid. From one crazy place to another. We are sitting all day with a problem. It is about cars. I practically do not understand anything. Funny, usually I understand the problems very well. I really do not think that I am that bad in arithmetic. Tomorrow we will be vaccinated and I am already afraid of it. Does one have to get undressed?

Wednesday, June 4, 1941

Today we were vaccinated. We went to the Mayor’s office and there we were vaccinated. I was terribly afraid that we would have to get undressed. Today I was a waitress in the small dining room. On one side I like to be a waitress as one is allowed to dish out, but I do not feel like working on the other side. Just now the teacher is explaining conjugations to us and I am not paying attentions, but I need it very badly. I did not take my diary home today, and did not write for a day and a half. That was stupid. Sabine and I have Miss Weichselbaum’s present ready. We have a new idea for Martha, we want to make a box that can be closed, but naturally we argue about this. She says she does not want to make anything with me

again. It was almost finished with one plate, and I had to go down all the time and I told her to finish, but when I came up I asked whether she was finished, and she answered there were knots in the yarn and I should do it myself. I answered her that she did not have to do it with me, and she answered, yes you do not want that I work with you. These thoughts were in my heart, as the material and cardboard are really mine. In the evening she tells me that she does not find it nice to give presents to one person and not to the other. That could mean that she wants to work with me. But I do not want to. She now regrets that she started. She has a bad attitude. Just like her father. I cannot stand her, nobody notice it, but I also think it is wrong of me. Last evening she spoke about the certificate and that she needs a watch. Susi told her that Joseph has one. So she replied that Joseph may lend it to her, but I do not know whether Susi was being nasty, (illegible) together with her sister.

Now I am writing of Friday June 6, 1941. As I wanted to go to school today I was standing together with Helga, and later Sabine came. She believed that I did not want her, but she stayed. She has no pride. We are now with Madam Bromet as the others are being tested. It is terrible here. We had dictation and she said the words as they were written. Crazy

Monday, June 9, 1941

I again forgot to write in the diary. It is really as I said in the beginning. Nothing special happened in the meantime. I also forgot the story of Joseph and Gustel. With one glance she can tell that a boy loves her. It was just like Joseph and Schopzewitz writing a letter in which they wrote "nous taimons et nous taimans tojour. Naturally, I am in a terrible world. I asked him and he lied right to my face. Susi helped me out of my difficulty. She spoke to Joseph and he came to apologize to me. I felt so much better. I am afraid that she will attract him with her blue eyes. Her sister Flora, is not much better. A few days ago, we received a letter from our dear parents. I was very happy. I worry about Papa, I believe something is happening. Dear Papa never writes. We also received a picture of Bube. It is terrible here the director makes life miserable. Goldfarb, one of the boys from here, got a terrible beating from her because he wanted to stay up for Hafdala. He went through a glass window with a fist. He climbed onto the roof like a ghost to jump down from there. Very terrible, but because of Miss Weichelbaum he came down. Retzstein, also a boy from here did something, I do not know what. The director (female) called the police, but Retzstein was gone already. The boys had planned to climb across the gate at night, and they would open the back door.

They saved his bred and gave it to him when he came and he was gone again by 4:30. The boys are better together than we are. It is a shame, nobody opens their mouth to say anything. But I still do not know whether it is so. Klara, the gossip, told me. She is a nice person. So now I have learned to hate. I did not know what it was. Sabine insists that Helga and I do not like her. Retzstein came back. Jaque found him. I believe he will be sent back to his parents. Sabine got a letter from her parents today. We had a good time tonight, we played war. Susi W. Helga K. and I

Tuesday, June 10, 1941

The day of the Certificate is in two days. All that that have to go are crazy. They study all day and that makes me crazy. All talk is only about this. Just now M. Merreau is giving the children what they need. In this home I is getting worse from day to day. Today the director waited on us. She distributed

asparagus, but when I think of the way she served it, I could vomit. Naturally the Germans did not eat it. I really wanted to eat it, but when I saw what she did, I lost my appetite. There is a tree full of good blossoms in front of the school. I, naturally always hungry, tore a bunch of off, and all of a sudden I screamed. I got stung by a bee. Helga, who was there, wanted to go to Mr. Merrau immediately, but I was so mad, because for everything there is a long story, so I just hit her. I was very sorry afterwards, because she meant well. I believe I will finish my box today.

Wednesday June 11, 1941

I really do not know what I want. I am totally crazy. I have changed completely as I was in Germany, influenced by other sides. I now know what character means, I can tell the difference between good and bad sides. Have changed completely and can be friends with children. I do not know whether others also think different. Bobi is like home. Only thinks of himself, no I do not mean it this way, I do not know how to express myself. I have news from Angela again. Today I wrote a letter in French to her. It was some kind of an effort for me, but I think that I know the French language better than other children. Angela wrote to Bella's address. I am very glad. We owe her a lot. Naturally I wrote to her, hopefully she will get the card. I also wrote to the dear parents in Sabine's letter. I am sending it via air mail. My bee sting is still terribly itchy. I would be very glad to go to Rosie's table for many reasons. I want to close now because I want to have my hair done.

Thursday, June 12, 1941

This morning we only had Hebrew, it is very repulsive for me.. We finally finished Ruth. Flora came to me before lunch and told me that I was not allowed to say a word about what I am going to tell you now. This afternoon, Rosie Felsenbaug, Edith Starkhaus, Sabine Feuer, Elsa Hirsch and Susi Hebenroth have to go to Monsieur Amsel. Of course, none of us could think of why this was happening. One said that he wants to help them. We could not imagine why five girls. Finally the hour came. We also had to go outside without being seen. Now I have to stop because we have English, but I will continue soon. The

hour is over and I continue. Finally we got there and he showed us his quarters. They are very nice. All small rooms, but comfortable. Something like this was agreeable to me. He led us into the living room and left us there for a few moments as he had not yet eaten. Finally he came up, sat down, and I was very anxious to see what would happen now. He started out that he had to talk to us about a very important matter. Do you want that Monsieur Weichselbaum goes away because he is not well liked, or do you want him to stay here. Of course, everyone answered that we should stay here. He also spoke of many other things. Once I thought that Mr. Weichselbaum also instigated, but he meant it completely different and we want to help him, but for this he needs all the children, and that is why he called us. Then he started to talk about the director, that we should not be impolite, because all impoliteness are blamed on the educators. Yes, Mr. Weichselbaum taught you this, and because of that he wants to send him away. This is a very serious matter that is why we have to be polite to her, we do not have to love her. This has nothing to do with being against the director, the opposite, he has a very good relationship with her and also the teachers, but he does not know what and how. At this moment I thought he did not know who the director is, (but he knows it well), as he was also talking about Rabbi Chenerson I thought he was also

under this political cover. As we went home all said that he was a good person, but something is disappointing just as with Rabbi Chenerson.

Friday, June 13, 1941

Today I am waiting for the certificates to be returned. I am wondering who passed and who did not. I stood in front of the door and waited for an hour, but they did not come yet. They have to come any moment, but in the meantime I can write. We also have to get dressed. Just now Martha (?) but I am writing in the Latin.

Sunday, June 15, 1941

I could not continue writing on Friday as Helga told me that Shabat would start at 3 o'clock. That is why I stopped. I have determined to keep everything that I can. I then got dressed for Shabat. When I came down the director said that Edith Starkhaus, Rymond Cybuleska and Isaac Rosenbaum have not passed. "What, Edith Failed" everyone screamed, nobody wanted to believe this, but I was not surprised about Rymond and Isaac. Finally they arrived. Everyone said something different. All said a lot of (?) were made, and that everything was very difficult. Rosie Felsenburg is the second (?) They all felt very different. Shabat went by very pleasantly. Susi continued to tell us about Netochka. I am only afraid, that she will not be able to continue because I heard that the family has to leave in three days. Susi W. has also learned something like that through Gustel. Flora mentioned something to her Uncle, and Gustel heard this. There is a new friendship between Flora and Anna Wasserman. I believe that Flora will be just like with Hilde Hershkowitz with this. She is a terribly false and secret being. She always sticks with the French people, but also wants to be good with us. She makes herself liked by the director, just like the others. Today we went for a walk and brought home flowers. Miss Flora also brought some for Mademoiselle Bass. I asked her why, and she answered 'what else should I bring her?' I again notice that the page is filling up and what a terrible handwriting I have, but it is excusable because I am writing in bed, even though Martha forbid this. I only had time to play today.

Monday, June 16, 1941

We are now in the certificate class, which is correct if I would be here next year (thank G'd that this will not be so) and I would have to make the certificate. As I am back in school I have learned so much. I have no problems particularly no (? Orthograph) I know this quiet well. My dictation has to improve. Sabine received the good news today, that she will leave very soon. "Quelle chancer" Hopefully, hopefully, I will go along. If I do not leave soon I will go crazy. I cannot stand it anymore. I believe I am going with her because if I would be with the dear parents I would be overjoyed and happy. I am sorry that I did not listen to dear Daddy because, he very often said that if I 'once would be away, I would always be sorry'

and I have been thinking about his words. I have decided that I will never be angry, and that I will always obey them. Oh, how often do I cry in bed? I just hear that Martha will scold me as I am not yet undressed.

Tuesday, June 17, 1941

I wish I was already gone from here. I can barely stand it anymore. Susie W. lost her head. Today she wanted to give me the soup. I would have gladly liked to take this, but if I had taken two, I noticed that her father was watching her. I told her 'enough' because Mr. Weichselbaum was watching. She gave me some, but I also wanted to eat. One can really think that I (illegible) today he is away. Always take so that I gain weight, that I have things and the others do not. Because of this, she is now mad at me. I would like to be at Rosi's table, at there I would have enough. I am hungry after every meal. Flora is crying in her bed. Sabine asked her why she was crying. She answered "I have ears and also have eyes". I wanted to tell her "I too", but I kept my mouth shut. Soon Joseph will have a birthday. What can I give him? I do not know what. One cannot safe anything because it will only turn into sour milk. I am really enraged. Well there is still a little time until July 29th. I will promise myself now, that as long as I sit with Susi at the table, I do not want to lose any more weight. I have to laugh terribly when I think of home, because then I would have to say, "Mutti I will not take this anymore", but there I could have a second helping.

Wednesday, June 18, 1941

Today it is terribly hot, barely bearable. My hands are terribly sticky. It is not bearable any more, I am perspiring a lot. Today we wrote a composition, it was called "Racondez un escapade condesion Morala" which means 'to make a secret trip'. This is a very nice title, I am looking forward to see what I get for this. I am now sitting here with Lea Katz and Rymond Cybulska, my dear good friends. Now we really do not argue so much anymore. They ask me what I am writing. I also tell them that I write about them, but they insist that I tell them what I am writing about them. I wrote urgently to the dear parents today. I have no reply from Bella and Angela. I like Monsier Merreaus class better already. Today we did almost nothing besides the composition. Susi W. is still mad at me. I think this is totally crazy. I already know Mr. Weichselbaum a little better, and I like him quite well. He always encourages me more. He does not know whether he is leaving or staying here. Naturally, everyone expects to stay here as they do not know where to go. He says that he is not well liked at the (Ose) and says so many things.

Sunday June 22, 1941

I have not entered anything for three days, but it was so hot, the thermometer showed 48 degrees, and you can imagine how hot it was. Even now, it is still like this. I am totally wet and am wearing new panties, bra and dress. On Thursday we wanted to go swimming, but we never got around to it. I do not think it will happen. From one side I am happy about this, because with my new figure (?) but the new bathing suit is quite pretty. On Friday we were in school. Vacations start on Shabat, August 4, and I think that is totally crazy. It is not a pleasure to go to school in this heat. Susi W. did not continue reading on Shabat as Martha now has the book. She is still angry with me. There are a lot of peas in the garden here. We actually steal them and they taste terrific. Just now I saw the boys looking for Helga and they told the

director. Something this honest? I am sure they and their clerk also steal even if they call for Helga quietly. Now she is in the office. The Director told her that she does not get anymore peas in the home here. I do not feel like writing any more.

Monday June 23, 1941

Yesterday at noon I wrote here as I had nothing else to do. After the 4 o'clock meal Martha said let us go swimming. That was a joy for us, but I was not that happy. We put on our bathing suits and went away. The water was not very deep there, and we could sit down, but it was still very nice. The water was Luke warm. Now I really feel like going and I am already looking forward to the next time. Today a man and a woman came, I believe they are new teachers. They just do not look that great. Today there was a luxury to the kitchen, after the meal, three strawberries. I believe the director did this because of the people, she wants to make herself liked. I gave one strawberry to Helga as she does not go to the director, and one I gave to Edith, who also did not get one. I really did not do it whole heartedly, because I had such a longing for them and they were that good. Despite of this, I want to improve myself in this way. I have already improved a lot, and I have become a lot more open. I learned this from Gertrud Pfifferling. I have changed a great deal.

Tuesday, June 24, 1941

Today the weather is really not so nice. It is still warm, but it is raining. When I came home from school this morning, I had a letter from my dear parents. That Papa also wrote made me very happy. They wrote that they received our nice letter. Mainly about that Pesach was over and that it was very nice. They also baked Matzoh until deep into the night, it was so done so secretly. It would have been nice to have a Matzoh here and there. When we came home at 1 o'clock we went into the kitchen and really filled ourselves with lots of bread and cheese, and that tasted so good. The water is already collecting in my mouth when I think of it. (you can imagine how greedy for food children we were, and yet we still have enough when I think of other people that are in camps) Here (France) it will never be as in Germany. In all newspapers here there are new laws for Jews and articles. It is terrible, almost all of Europe is Germany. Now Russia is against Germany. May be there is more hope for England. What will I do if someone reads this.

Wednesday, June 25, 1941

We had a composition in school today. I wrote "une nuit de fer". As usually on every Wednesday, when we got home from school, we wrote letters in the evening. I also wrote to Joseph should pick up the letters from the dear parents, so that I could answer them. I waited and waited. All of a sudden Mr. Anselm came in, very nervously called me. I could see how he was shivering. I thought "G'd knows what happened" All of a sudden he said something that I could understand. Bobi was so rude to him, I started to cry because I could not stand it. I think I cried really loud. Edith came and I went with her. I was still crying, Then also Sabine and Friedel came. Then Josef called me to sign the letter. He came in and also cried a little. He showed that he had a good heart. When I cried he also cried. He explained the whole

thing to me. This is what it was. He came out and pushed the ball from Alex Katz and Monsieur Anselm called him, but he did not come. He kept calling him and that is how it started. I told him he should beg for forgiveness and he will do so. Josef is the only one of us that keeps anything. Although he has no (?)

Friday, June 27, 1941

I am just in school and want to hurry and write a few lines. It is almost as I said in the beginning, one day I do not write, and the next I do. I do not know what to write. It is always the same here. Go to school, eat and sleep, and never anything nice. Martha has now punished us, we are not allowed to go bathing for 14 days because we were very noisy in the evening. Of course, I was the loudest one. Last evening I sat myself by the window and started to read. All of sudden Martha came in, did not see me, but I got up to go to my bed. Then she screamed at me and slapped me. The first time since about one year that I was hit, or some similar thing. Another girl came, whose name is Rachel, she was so rude and dumb, only G'd knows, and I have the honor to sit at her table. She chewed so loud it was sorrowful. I feel so funny now. I notice that she wants to be good to me and Susi W. , but she had to become good to me, not I to her, as she started it. I have decided not to take from her, I am anxious how this will work out.

Sunday, June 29, 1941

I forgot to write into you today. Susi W. made up with me yesterday. She has a funny character, it like this: we shall start with the good side, she has a very good heart, she is very helpful, that is something very good, she also has many bad sides, e.g. she believes she is more than the others, when something does not suit her she becomes very stubborn, sometimes I like her very much and sometimes not at all. I really do not know what I should think of her. I can stay with my opinion better with Helga. She is and remains a crazy thing. I will continue writing later as the dinner bell just rang. It was very good and we were allowed to save something, a few biscuits. We were at Helga's character, she is this way, and she always looks for the good in a person. When we talk about this, I find that this trait sounds so dear, but I do not like it. Then when she says something, e. g. that her dress is nice, as usual, she says it s not to ingratiate myself, but when she says it continuously it is terrible. Without knowing it she also does some other things that are not so nice. She is just next to me and she notices that I am writing about her, such a stupid thing. She is so good about a lot of stupid and silly things. I really do not like her that well, but I have a fairly good opinion about her, and there she stands and looks at me. Martha said to me today that I could go to Miss Weichselbaum's Hebrew class and asked me what I thought of it. I answered here the usual, " I do not know". We made

Monday, June 30, 1941

I could not continue yesterday because I had to go to bed. Of course I thought that I would continue there, but Martha saw me with the ink well and reminded me not to take it up with me. I should not do that anymore. Where was I?, Martha asked me whether I wanted to come along, and I agreed. Then we had Hebrew, but to my joy we had to stop soon as the Rabbi had to leave to talk to Ezekiel. After that we started English, but Martha asked whether we said good bye to the Rabbi? Naturally we went out to do

this, but as he was not quiet ready Mr. Anselm called me and asked me about the Hebrew lessons and about all the things that Martha talked about to me. I could not think what that was all about, but immediately I thought that at the "Reunion" they talked about me. I am fairly certain. I think they do not think so badly about me. I like Mr. Anselm. As we said good bye to the Rabbi we continued our studies. Flora sat across from me and she was afraid that I would copu from her and held her hand above the booklet. I do not like her with her stupid (?) G'd, I had to laugh so badly because Helga argued with me earlier about the homework, now she tells me she did not think I did it. She laughs about every little thing and it is almost not bearable. (??) Now she is good friends with the French people. She would like to bum around with the boys. Her sister copies her, I wrote about it already with Bobi. Today I had mail from Bella which made me very happy. Also from Uncle Herman. I still have no mail from Angela. I am angry, but Susi is mad that I do not want to take anything from her anymore, but I do not know whether she is sincere that one takes from her. I have to decide not to eat so much as I do not want to be so heavy. (?) told me that she was as heavy as I and could not get any thinner. It is terrible to be so heavy. Today we weighed ourselves, I gained one pound in half a year. I gained 20 pounds since I left my parents. If they would see me they would not recognize me. I weigh 45 kilograms 700.

Martha will most probably go away tomorrow. On one side I am very happy because we have no instructions and secondly we are more free. Not that we are allowed to do more, no, not at all, but we do not have that much respect for the others as there is no discipline. If she would leave permanently I would feel very unhappy. As it is now, we can be thankful to G'd because other people are off much worse than here. Despite of this one has difficulty to control oneself when one hears the director (female) screaming. At the moment one does not hear any screaming Those that are in the home here (last words not identifiable).

Wednesday, July 2, 1941

Yesterday I did not write because I did not know anything. Since yesterday I am on a diet, I have to get thinner. I hardly eat anything and I give everything away. Susi W. takes from me. She has nothing to say about it, I did it on my own. Today I am sending a nice letter for Papa's birthday. I am sending him flowers. Hopefully they will arrive. Today we wrote a composition in French, it is called "qui est l'heur secure nationale". Now I have also finished the book, it is called "Le fiance de Lammeure". I have books here which I would never been able to understand in Germany. They are more for grown ups. One of the nicest one is "Solitaire Orqueuil". It is again very hot today. I am not talking to Helga at this time because she is so crazy. I will also become crazy because of her, before I go to America. Martha has not yet left, but Mrs. Braun left in her place, I am very glad because I do not like her. She is so unjust. She only wants to give to her boys, but it is all the same to me now, as I do not eat any more. I will be very happy when I get thinner again./ I have to hurry because school is just about over.

Thursday, July 3, 1941

I am very angry because we were punished and were not allowed to go swimming for 14 days. It is very hot now. Almost everyone went, but not us. I believe that I have lost a lot of weight in a few days. I eat almost nothing. Susi wants me to eat more, she tells the children not to take from me. She is not allowed to say anything, she did it herself. I am only afraid that Martha will find out about it, and she will then load me up again, and she will watch carefully, G'd knows for how long. She has something to say about each little thing. For a while she called me in daily, may be because of this. One morning I saw a large "S" over my bed, which I had painted. She asked me who did this, and I said "I". I have learned so many good things here that I opened up. I learned this from Gertrude. When she started to scream she said I would not be allowed to come and eat until it was gone. I said that Papa often said to mother that if he also did this he would soon come to America. I hardly had said this when Bobi came up and told me the good news that we would be leaving in a few days. You cannot imagine my joy. But if someone tells me I am leaving, I will only believe it when I am on the boat or in an airplane.

Sunday, July 6, 1941

Today I stopped eating. Miss (?) had to open her mouth again to tell Martha. Now I always learn that Martha is like that. I have already started the (?) for Joseph. I believe it will be (?) and I saved it. It always gives (?) I am always angry. I do not know what I should give. (Very illegible) Last night I felt very bad. Instead of the educators hit the children, the children hit the educators. This is how it was with M. Amslen and Schapchewitz yesterday. I cannot stand to see how the children treat people, it is disgusting. If I were only with my dear parents. Riva is sitting next to me and wants to know what I am writing. I have to hurry up because we will have English right now, we have gone quite far. I believe that I will be able to keep up in Hebrew with Martha. I will try very hard. Last evening we got a new educator, Mr. Weil, he uses language that we do not understand at all. Martha and a few girls talk about so many things together. I have learned a little. I know what is theory and (?) I am sure that I wrote the words all wrong. Susi W. finally finished Netashka. Not a nice (?)

Tuesday, July 8, 1941

Yesterday I could not write as I opened peas all afternoon. There is nothing new in the meantime. Now it is very hot again, and we can hardly stand it. We are just doing homework with Miss Weichselbaum. She keeps running out all the time. One says that in Germany she attended high schools,. I do not notice any of that. On the easiest problems she spends an hour. I almost believe that the children can do arithmetic better than she can. But otherwise, I like her very much. She cannot really get respect. She talks to us as if she were one of us. Sometimes, I think she also acts a little stupid. But Martha is totally different. She is never without respect, she is never embarrassed and always gets respect. Even though she very often screams at me, I automatically still like her. I know that she means only good for us. (This means the (?)) I do not think she likes the others, but one does not notice it. I believe she never does anything unjustly. I believe that it is very difficult. She also yells more at us. (?) is very foolish, she laughs about everything, as I believe I wrote about already, but I do not like it when she complains about every little thing. She is always saying that I could not talk as well with Martha as with Miss Weichselbaum. I

cannot express myself properly about this. Such things as trips are good to do together. But Martha is always strict for school life, she was a teacher, and she would never look back at a girl like Miss Weichselbaum. Always a proud lady. Now she is really not quite this way anymore, Mrs. Braun made her give up a little more. She is an ordinary woman, and G'd knows and she also has (?) A few days ago I saw her sitting with Martha, smoking a cigarette. Martha had never done this before, she was always the fine lady. Edith and I are just being asked by Miss Weichselbaum whether we allowed to read this, and I naturally said no immediately. She said that we have to understand it well, because when she was a small girl it took her a long time, and once she knew that someone had read it, she did not do it anymore. I was so angry, if someone would read this I would be so ashamed. May be this is a (?) I was so angry.

Wednesday, July 10, 1941

I find that all girls are exaggerated. . This one cannot go with short sleeves, and this one cannot go so. I find nothing wrong in going so. When I think back of home it feels funny. When one sees a pair of panties it is a whole story. I think it is totally crazy. At Bella's I went with a dress without sleeves, and in Germany! It was all different. I am sure that there are many girls here who think that I am a very common girl. Helga and I argued about this the whole way to school. Compared to the others, I am. With Bella one can say yes, as I saw her on her pictures. Last year, in the summer, I wore a (?) Now I believe I cannot wear it anymore because of the stupid and dumb boys and girls. Today I wrote a long letter to the dear parents. I even lied a little bit, because I wrote that I liked it here quite well. It is almost the opposite. On one side I do not like it at all, but I am still glad that I came here, because I have learned a lot. Sometimes I become ill when I see all the arguments that go on between the educators here.

Thursday, July 10, 1941

We did not go swimming today, and I am very mad about this. Naturally, we made too much noise again, Martha said. We know Hebrew and English (?) Today many children had haircuts. The barber came here as they did not want to go to him. I was almost sick. The boys screamed as if they were being murdered. Mr. Weil held them by feet and hands (?) I am very happy that Josef had his haircut earlier. He is bothering me the entire time to undo his red scarf and make him a cap. He does this on purpose because he saw that I was making one. It gets worse daily, and I worry that he will become like the children here, even though sometimes he is quite nice. He has his times, and then he is terrible. He says such words! He is coming into the years where he could kill everything. Then I cannot stand it anymore and I have to cry.

Sabine gave me terribly bad news, that the American Consulate will not give Visas any more. I believe I will never get out of this damned house.

Friday, July 11, 1941

I am writing in school again, because when I come home I will not have time, as we have to get dressed for Shabat. I never saw anything like Sabine before. She likes to borrow things. Today she asked me again

to lend her my sandals, but I told her that I wanted to wear them myself. I offered her my good shoes, and she gladly took them, even though she knows I do not want to wear them because I want to save them. This is how she does it with everything in order to get something to wear. I do not like this at all. We just made notes for (?) that are supposed to be finished, but I write them in my diary. I have a bad opinion of Edith Starkhaus because I did not know her well, but in any way she is not bad, sometimes she grumbles when there is something that she does not like, but this cannot go on, as I can hardly stand it. I will do like the boys – it will not be bearable otherwise. At the table things are really terrible. Today I will ask Mrs. Braun whether I could eat outside as will get sick otherwise. But one thing has to be changed as Helga is outside already, but she also does not take, we will see. I do not like Mr. Weichselbaum anymore. My eyes were opened. Pfui, he is false, sly and stupid. For example, he will come over to someone while they are eating, whisper something in their ears and it is even not important, sometimes it is rubbish. Then he will cozy up to all the girls that go with his daughter Susi. It is Lisa Apfel, Henni Kuflick, and now Edith. In a very strict tone of voice, while all are present, to come to him, while all are there, (.....?) ugly matter. How can one be like that? I do not know whether I was ever as angry as today. We had dictation, I wrote so badly that I tore the page out, but in the meantime, everyone looked for their mistakes in order to change them. Now we have to correct them, and that made me mad and suddenly I had to cry, there was nothing else I could do. This showed how stupid I was. In spite of this I had 7 ½ errors. I could not take care of the questions. I find that my handwriting gets worse from day to day. I am becoming like Sabine, and I do not like that either. I do not want to eat in the vestibule, I thought about it.

Monday, July 14, 1941

Just now we came from (?) Place, as the International Festival is today. I also had the advantage to pick up my book which I had forgotten in school. Now it is just before dinner time and I want to hurry to fill the page. Yesterday was a fast day, we fasted ½ a day, it did not bother me not to have bread and coffee for one morning. Besides this, we received two butter sandwiches on Saturday evening. I have not eaten potatoes for quite a while. There was no more farina yesterday, no rice and even no noodles. Sometimes I am hungry. After a long time, I am writing in bed, even though Martha has strictly forbidden this. I am again making a bag for Josef for his toiletries. It is yellow. Naturally, Miss Sabine has to force herself in, like the last time, yes she should also be able to give something, but that is how she is. She likes to receive gifts, but this is one of her bad traits.

Tuesday, July 15, 1941

It happened exactly as I said. Sabine argued about the bag, that she did not participate and that I could do all the work, and that the present was not from her. But she said this not to call attention to herself. I am very happy that she can help me. I continue later, we have to go to eat. Now I am sitting in bed again and just want to embroider the monogram on Josef's bag. Josef is getting worse from day to day, and everyone complains about him. I do not know what I can do. What will the dear parents say when we arrive? We have changed quite a bit. Josef has always been a bad fellow, but now we can hardly stand him. I do not know what sort of presents I should give him. I will buy comb for him and other things he needs for toiletries. This evening he will come to me and I will give him a toothbrush and a cup, etc. and I will have a good opportunity to make a cover for his prayer book, but I have nothing sweet.

Thursday, July 17, 1941

Now we are given notes in Hebrew and (illegible) I saw that I get a 5 in Hebrew today (illegible) and Martha wrote 4. The notes will be added (illegible) other places. I really have to improve quite a bit in Hebrew. I have already started to (?) to write today. In English I am getting along fairly well, I am not the worst, but I also have to improve. I sometimes do not really know where my head is heading. I am just now on the Terrace (illegible) When I think how ugly and dirty it is, all the papers strewn over the floor, and Tagan sits there so lazy and stupid as if he were on vacation, just like his wife, who stands and eats, and also looks terribly because she will have a child soon, and I feel bad when I have to see all this. The children run around with torn clothing and behave G'd knows how, particularly the boys, and an older person can call them for hours, but they do not listen, make grimaces, and this is very sad. Would we already be with the dear good parents already. I am sorry that I did not listen to them all the time. I know that if I were with them now, I would always listen to them.

Friday, July 18, 1941

I cannot really imagine with what joy I sat at the table, as usual, and the director gave out letters. She then read aloud a letter that she got on which the children that will go with the second "Kindertransport". They are Helga Kallinichen, Ben Hirsch, Adolf Laus, Alexander Britan, Edith Starkhaus, Zwi Feeuer, and two Hilsenrath. I think it is odd that Gustel and Flora Hirsch are not going, but I believe that she also called Irma Wasserman and Isaak Rosenbaum that are not going, and in their place I believe, But we cannot be too happy until we are on the boat, because so many things went wrong for us, and this could also go wrong. I now read "Le Cossaire invisible" and the next book (?), now I would also like to read the third volume. It is called "L'il d'oi", but I do not know whether it is in the library and this would be a shame as I like it very much.

Helga and I are arguing just as much as before, about every little thing. She is a stupid and immature thing. But then she plays the little child, for example, when Martha says something and I do not want to do it, say no I do not want to do it. In any case, my opinion of her is worse than before.

Sunday, July 20, 1941

I am thinking of the great trip to America all day. Beautiful when I think of it and seeing my parents again soon. I hope it will be very soon. If it only would be true. Yesterday was Isi Reicher's Bar Mitzvah, it was all in Hebrew and I did not understand much. I had a terrible stomach ache, I could hardly bear it. I thought I would become sick. They had liver and cut up goose meat (?) chocolate and I saved it. Josef and Helga also gave their share to it. I was glad when it was over and I lay down on my bed. Miss Weichselbaum brought me a warm water bottle and asked whether I wanted to eat something, but I said 'no'. (Illegible) I never had such pain, but today everything is good again, peculiar, I never had such pain. Today Ferdinand and Flora had to wait tables and I could go to eat late. I told her to give me the smallest piece of roast that she could find at the bottom. You should have seen the theatrical

waves she made about the small piece of meat. The stupid guy must have reported noticed what Flora was looking for in the pot.

Monday July 21, 1941

Helga started her diary today, and all others have copied me. I can well imagine how she does it. She watches and makes no mistakes. The difference is that I continue to write relatively simple. We were just notified by phone that Mrs. Tagan had a little boy. Josef drives me crazy. He has to do a division problem for hours, you can say that he has learned a lot, he really did not know what a problem is. I find that in the German schools we did not have that type of arithmetic yet, but in dictation I find that the French schools are terrible. In "caus Superieoux" the children make 5 to 15 mistakes. Today I made $4\frac{3}{4}$ mistakes in dictation. I am much better in Ortographie. I just noticed that Susi is going with Flora, and I did not like this very much. I discussed this with Helga today, and I have already talked to her about this before and I noticed something right away, as she did much later, This is also now the case I said. She knew right away, but believed that because she went on Shabat, but I thought different. I think that now Flora can help Susi with her hair, etc, and I am quite sure Helga did not notice this.

Tuesday, July 22, 1941

Today I finished the Tefilin cover, black with blue. I embroidered the monogram on top. Hopefully it is suitable, because the straps are small now. Helga also gave her three. Hopefully they will not spoil. Just now am sitting with three, Helga, Edith and I, and all of us are writing in our diary. We just spoke about the diaries and when we can show them. May be when we are grown up. May be. May be I will show it to my 15 year old daughter. Sometimes, when I have nothing to do, I am thinking of my future. I am getting taller and I am well liked by all, and I am also getting to be very pretty. When I am 20 years old I will get married. After one year I will have two boys, twins, of course, and when the twins are 5 years old, I will have a girl. The boys will be very dark and good looking, one will be named Rolf and the other one Gerd, and they will be well liked by all, also the little girl, Ursula.. She is a blond with long curls. She will not be able to sit still. Our life is like a dream, we are fairly rich. My husband and I will watch our children grow up and have much pleasure from them. Is this not rubbish! I wish only that it could be fulfilled.

Wednesday, July 23, 1941

I am sitting here and do not know what to write. This will be the longest time, as I am already stopping. I would rather do gymnastics with Rosiane in the evenings, this will make me much stronger, and perhaps a little thinner. I am pretty.

Thursday, July 24, 1941

The director wanted to phone Mr. Block last night, but the children made so much noise you could not hear anything. Today she called again and there was nothing new. The director will write to Mr. Block about all our affairs as she could not tell everything over the phone. I am afraid that the Ose does not

really know our affairs well, and tell us that our affairs is in order. There are other children that go to America, and you can go this way, and then she drops our affairs and we can sit here for several more years. Today Helga had some pictures made in which I am too

Sunday, July 27th, 1941

On Friday Joseph received a telegram from the dear parents, for his birthday. It is a shame it did not come later, because tomorrow he will be 11 years old. I cannot believe that he is this old. Yesterday we had apricots. They did not agree too well with many. Now we finally finished Yehaushua and started (?) and I believe this will also be nice. On Thursday I had an English dictation and I had 17 mistakes and I also have to learn it by heart. Mr. Weil and his wife have come back and they brought their little children along. When I see their faces I always think that I saw it somewhere before. Mr. Anselm had a little boy last night. Flora reported everything and puts the whole blame on Fernande. (Next sentence is illegible)

We were punished yesterday and not allowed to stay downstairs. I studied Hebrew. The 9 days are now, and one is not allowed to eat meat. Today at noon we had it, but usually we never have meat, just today we had what we were not allowed to eat.

Monday, July 28th, 1941

Today is Josef's birthday. Today Mrs. Brown brought him a tray to his bed and he was very happy with it. But like all birthdays he was robbed of a lot. His tray was much better than mine. It was very nice. Only to get out of this house, because for Bobi it is much worse than for me. I feel quite well with the children. I learned a lot from the girls. One thing I cannot stand, is that some of them really drive me crazy, but

In spite of this it is quite nice. When Edith and I talk about G'd knows what, but mainly about our dear parents, during the night. We talk nonsense about the home very often. I believe that all of the like me quite well. But what should Bobi say here. Everyone is against him, as he and Simon Belk fight terrible all the time. Just today, on his birthday, they have a big fight over something very small. He was supposed to pick up papers from the floor and the others kept throwing them down so he stopped doing it. On one side it is his fault because he is always so moody, and everything has to go his way. I am happy that he does not have that much contact with the others or he would learn more bad things, G'd knows what. He also says that he does not want to learn these things. I believe he will never listen to me again since I wrote the letter. He asked me whether he was allowed to play with Alexander Klicker, I found this so nice. He told me that Miss Cohen was mad and asked him what he wished for his birthday. I told her not to waste her money. Then she asked him whether he wanted a (?). He said no because he wished one so badly, but he did not want to lie, and I found that to be very nice. I do not think the German girls think badly of him. Only one thing aggravated me, that Martha said that he was not well behaved, this is true, but one can possibly change this, but she does not think well of him. But one is not allowed to say that he is an angel, oh he has his (?) all out naughty. He gives terrible answers and not many are nice. One thing is not comfortable, the director gives him something (?) She screams at him, but right away she is good again.

Today I finished Jack, it is very nice, but not for children. What would the parents think if they knew that I read these kind of books.

Wednesday, July 30, 1941

Today we are going to have vacation and it is the last day that we go to school. I believe that after the vacation we will not go back to school as we will be in Marsaille already. On one side I am very happy that we have vacation, on the other side not. We will have Hebrew every day and it nauseates me.. It will also be very boring at home. Two months long, that is a nice time. The class room looks like a pig sty. We do not have many problems and have three compositions. Just before, I wrote a letter to the parents. I wrote that I very often longed for something good, but that is true. How long is it since I ate a piece of chocolate, or a piece of cake? I have a terrible longing, and my mouth waters when I think of it. Yes, Papa often said "when you are far away, you will notice how good the parents are." I always laughed at him, saying it would be much better, and now I really notice what I said then. I am learning today oh how bad that was. Oh how nice it was with the dear parents in Germany. I believe that was the best part of my life. And I was so stupid, not knowing how lucky we were.

Friday, August 1, 1941

In a great hurry, and muddled head I am writing today. Today, or Sunday, we are also going to Marseilles. This came so suddenly and we were only told yesterday, so we packed quickly. Thos going are, Edith, Helga, Alexander, Adolf. Twp Feuer, two Hirsch and us. We are now (?) Only the children under 12 are allowed to go, and are allowed to take sibilings up to 19 years, so Helga, Edith, Alexander and Adolf are not going, which I find terribly sad. But I do not have time to think about it, that is how busy I am. But the Felsenburgs, one Mendelsohn and the two Fellmans accompany. The phone rings all day, one time they say we are leaving today, and another time they say we are leaving Sunday. Oh when I think of being with the parents, I do not know what is in my head. I forgot to write that the two Eichelberg, m Hilde and Otto are also going. Yes that would be the one reason to drive on the holy Shabat, but only for this reason. May be I will be together with my dear parents for Daddy's birthday already. Fine, now we go on Sunday.

Sunday, August 3, 1941

Oh how happy I was, and now how many tears have been spilled. I do not leave. The others left an hour ago. Weichselbaum, Feuer and Fellman also do not go. Oh I cannot stand it anymore, the day seems twice as long. Strange, everything is turned around. Edith is going and Adolf and Alexander are going. Oh yes, Helga also stays here. With whom shall I now go together. With Helga it is impossible. In the end I would go crazy. Also do not want to go with Sabine, and Susi W. I do not know whether I suit her well. The house is getting so empty, but I believe that 40 new children will come. I think this number is from Camp, and from those one cannot hope much other than terrible behavior. I do not know how long I can stand it here. I feel like following them in a bus, to eat the good things and travel through the whole country by train, and then to go with the ship across the great ocean, and then the most beautiful, to see the dear parents again. The dear, dear parents. But often I get the strange feeling that the parents have

separated, they do not want to be together any more, but I do not know anything, the thought came all on its own. Today is Tishe b'Av. We fasted until 2:30 and I was terribly hungry. I thought I would be (?) and now I am in this terrible house. But one thing you can say, if we had gone with this transport we would have all had to thank the director for it, as she telephone all day and said that Hirschthal and Feuer have to leave, and she repeated it every time. One can say that since Mr. Weichselbaum left she became much nicer and more decent, and she does not scream as much, and when she does scream it is justified. She is also very busy otherwise. I am most angry with Mr. Cagan, if he would not have called today, and the director called instead, more would have been accomplished. This was so, as I spoke to Mrs. Salomon about the children that left, (Flora and Gustel would almost also have gone, if the director would not have opposed it) He talked about Flora, and one asked him about her age and he said 15 years and Gustel 12. The children over twelve years of age, mostly were unable to go. Mrs. Salomon already wanted to say that they could not go along, but the director said (illegible) she also asked about us and he said "about Hislenrath and Feuer he did not say one word". He finally said, Mrs. Salomon said impossible, and he said good, good, and it is all the same to him whether we go or not. I am sure if the director had the phone in her hand, she would have achieved something. But the dumb fool, or even better said, idiot, he knows nothing. In a minute the director took the phone in her hand and asked about Hilde and Otto, because they also could not go, and she accomplished it. Oh how angry I am about Cagan. I am not sorry about the children that left, only Edith, because we came together, but I really do not know. How happy I would be if I could have gone with them. The trip would have seemed twice as good. It would have been so nice, but now everything is over. I can't believe that I will ever feel good here again.

Monday, August 4, 1941

I have already calmed down, and after thinking, it really is not that bad. Today I received a card from Uncle Herman, and it said on the card "it is finished with my fiancé, I do not know her character. Oh this is terrible, to have a woman like that, (?) torn away. Oh the terrible Paris! (?) Two of Fernand's sisters came they are sweet. Totally different and they are not so plump. I am now sitting with Anna W. and Lea K. and Fernande at the table in the refectory. Again nice table companions, they always wait for the largest piece. I do not like this, but in spite of this, to be honest, I do it too, sometimes. But this is always bad and I always promise myself not to do it, but if I have to do it, I cannot complain when the others do it. But one thing makes me happy, she will surely take (?) from me.

Now I am knitting a pair of socks for Josef or myself. I want to start today and now I am in a hurry. Despite the fact that we are only 6 children we still have Hebrew, and English with 4 of them.

Wednesday, August 8, 1941

I just finished writing to Edith and Henni T. and do not feel like writing any more. Today Martha gave us our Hebrew marks. I had a 3 in conduct, a 5 in knowledge and 6 in diligence. This is just not brilliant, perhaps the time will come that I improve. Now I am going to the kitchen to make (?) I feel like eating some.

Thursday, August 7, 1941

We did not go to the kitchen, but went for a walk with Mr. Weil. It was quite nice, and we went to steal some fruit. I forgot to tell yesterday that, Mendelsohn and Hershkowitz came back. Felsenburg will also come back on Sunday. Hilde said that nothing is certain about the trip. Flora will most likely not go through as she has something in her papers. They were in a hotel where all miserable Jews stayed and boys and girls slept together in one room, and it was dirty. They went for a walk in Marsaille. (Illegible) In a month I will see it with my own eyes. If that were only true! I received a letter from Edith, she wrote it on the first day. She has the happy news that her brother could also come with the transport. I can well understand Edith's happiness. Today we went to the beauty parlor. A beautiful plum tree stands on the way and naturally we helped ourselves and soon we ate enough. We wanted to save some for little Regina's birthday. Suzanne N. said there was another tree and we went towards it, but the others ran ahead and I stayed behind because I found a nice tree. Suddenly a woman came to shout at us, and naturally we ran away. The main thing was, that we had the nicest ones in our stomach. The only thing was that we did not have anything for Regina. The beautician gave me a terrible hair cut, very short, no curls at all and I am mad about it.

The pictures that Helga and Edith had made are ready. Two that Helga gave me, and I had one from Edith.

Sunday, August 10, 1941

For a few days I have noticed that David Belk keeps looking at me all the time. I notice that he likes me, I can feel this, and I am sure about it when our eyes pass each other, and then he quickly looks away. I do not know how this comes about. I hated him, and now I do not know. I force myself not to make anything out of it, but nothing goes the way I want it all the time. On Shabat I had a letter from the dear parents. Mother writes that Papa had a very bad arm that had to be bandaged every hour. I know that if I were separated from my children, I would not write anything bad to them. I will not write this to my parents. Papa also wrote, I find that he writes more motherly than Mother. In every letter we read 'do not think that we forget you, I think of you every minute'. Hopefully he is well again. I am less worried now about the terrible thoughts I had about the parents as Papa goes to D. Jacobs almost every day. These are good and decent people. Every child who received marks in Hebrew also received a letter from the Rabbi that only consisted of reprimands. He spent a lot of money on this and it would have been better if he had bought something instead.

Monday, August 11, 1949

Last night was the first time that Helga and I were in the office. It was like this: Helga and I felt like eating grapes. We went into the garden to take them, they are just ripe. We took and we took, and then at the end Helga said 'enough' and did not want to take any more. Then we wanted (?) and suddenly the director came and asked us suddenly 'did you eat grapes?' and naturally, I said 'yes'. Then she scolded us and sent us to the office in the corner. This is where the educators were sitting. Then I became very embarrassed. I would not have cared much before, but now, Martha and Miss Weichselbaum were there. Helga always gave rude answers and today in the Hebrew lessons she told us that Miss Weichselbaum was tempted to hide this. G'd the girl is really crazy, one cannot start with her. She behaves stupidly. We then stood in

the corner until ¼ to 9. I still had grapes in my pocket, but when the director went out, we quickly ate them. Then she told us more things, and that this could not continue like this, and everything that she said was justified. I find that when she screams now, she is justified. I like her a little better every day. Then as she sent us to bed, Helga and I decided that we would apologize the next day, and we did this. I believe that she had forgotten everything.

Now we soon have to go up to the old Foucon, this is also a lady I cannot stand. She has a terrible character. She smiles at the people, agrees with them and later tells the worst things about them.

Suzi wrote to Edith today, and Helga asked whether she could include a letter, and she answered 'yes', but I noticed that the way she said 'yes' she did not want it. I gave Helga piece of my paper, and we had agreed that she would send a page and half and I would send the other half. She wrote and she wrote, and it was more than we agreed to, and I became angry and asked her whether I was a dog, that I wrote so little in the way she thought. Short and sweet she admitted that I should not write any more. I dislike Helga more daily, she is really getting on my nerves. I find she is a little selfish. Most important, she did not get what she wanted. I also noticed that she hurries in the mornings to be the first. As Rosi is not there anymore I always look in the Tephilo with her. This morning I told her I was not coming. When someone comes and starts something good I will wait for you. When I came down later Miss Helga was quite far already in praying. Here one can see how she cannot control herself. She did not want to wait for me, she could not do otherwise, she had to pray. So I decided never to go with her again.

I am sure that Martha wants to remember about the grapes, but she does not find a way to start, I noticed it this morning. It was this way: I just passed her and she said 'did the grapes taste good?' so one can notice, even very well, that she (?)

I bought the picture that Aron made of the children that were supposed to travel to America, but none of these went, only Hirsches and others that were not on the picture. I am sitting here in my underwear and have to mend stockings, but I know that we have to go to bed after dinner and then I cannot continue to write, so I am doing it now. If Martha, or better yet, Madam Foucon, knew this, how they would yell. Today the doctor was here to vaccinate the children in the school who had not yet been vaccinated. I have been vaccinated. Soon I hear that we would be vaccinated for Diptheria, thank G"d I also had this. That hurts a lot and the whole house is talking about it.

Tuesday, August 12, 1941

Helga is sitting there upset, she wants to get to another table. She cries happy tears that we are going somewhere else. She does not want to be different. But she does not know how. I think she is angry. We will have English soon and are putting the chairs around the table on the terrace and I do it on purpose so that she aggravates herself. I have never seen someone as crazy as her. If I will be together with her a few more month, I will become like her.

We now have French dictation with Mr. Weil, etc. and arithmetic with Miss Martha. I do not like it when Martha teaches us. She is so strict, does not explain anything, just says 'think'. That way we never get done. I only have two more problems to do.

Today we were not able to lose Helga, because Martha called.

I am sitting here in the office and am writing in a great hurry as soon we have to go and eat and I have to finish my English homework.

Lea still has not left today, I believe she will leave tomorrow (illegible)

I opened my jacket (red one) and want to make a few pair of stockings from it. Now Sabine has the needles.

Thursday, August 14, 1941

yesterday we were vaccinated in the back and that hurt very much in the first moment, but after a few minutes I hardly felt anything. They did(?) and there were other children too. They vaccinated about 100 children. It was Dr. Lambert. I was worried that we would have to get undressed, but we did not have to. We pulled down our shirts. One boy fainted. This morning when we woke up, all of us, except Helga, could not move. Afterwards I hardly felt it, but I wanted to stay in bed because Martha said we should stay in bed, if we wanted to. I am sure the others also carried on, and I am sure that they also hurt as much as I.

Today I received a letter from Edith. It was addressed to me, which made me very happy. Her brother also cannot go along. I believe she likes me, because she writes so friendly, and she said that if I were along, she would have more pleasure in leaving. She said that she would have a very long journey. Every letter ends 'follow me soon'. We are sitting here, and instead of doing English, we are talking of former times, about candy. I am really longing for it. Now we are starting to finish our work. Susi W. is soon finished with English, Helga with Hebrew and I with my diary.

Sunday, August 17, 1941

I am sitting here arguing with Helga. who was right about our argument, because earlier we hit each other like the worst boys, and was only about something small. It was like this: I was doing my Hebrew assignment and did not know one word, so I asked Helga. She did not tell me, so I looked into her book that was laying next to me because she had already finished her work. She did not want this and ran after me, but she could not reach me because I run faster than she. She picked up my Hebrew book and made a mess of it. I also took her English book, she wanted it, but I did not give it to her, so we started to hit each other. She pulled my hair, so I did the same to her. I think it was much more her fault that we got into this argument than mine. All the boys came and yelled at us and all said I was right, without knowing anything, because they do not like Helga either. All of a sudden Martha came, such a terrible woman, she could not stop hitting me and insisted that I also cry, but I did not. I denied this, but I was the liar, also the I was a murderer, because I hurt her some place where one could die. Martha then slapped us again, and then it was finished. Helga now has the book. I still have to be slapped by Martha, as all good things come in three, and I only got two. I know that Helga was not right. She is always this way, she insists on something, and in the end realizes that she is not right.

Yesterday I acted up again. I have absolutely did not have any confidence in the Lord. We were punished, Helga and I had to go to bed. All of a sudden Sabine came up and said 'we are leaving Monday or Tuesday

for America, but did not know whether they were going by plane or by boat. w I do not believe that they are going or anything else. So I still did not have any confidence in the Lord and cried. I could barely pray at night. I cried terribly as we went to bed. Later, when it was quite dark, Susie W. came to me and she brought me a lot more hope and confidence in the Lord. She told me that we should be happy that we have parents in America, and have more chances to go to them than the others do because so many of them are in camp, and she and Helga spoke to me and gave me a lot of hope. She is good at this. May be, perhaps may be, we will still go with Feuer, but I do not believe it. This morning the director told me that there would be ships still going in October, but what will the others do, that are still here? If I think about that we still have to stay here for any length of time, one can loose their mind. G'd knows, and nothing can be changed. He certainly knows what he is doing. I think that even though everything is so bad I have to say 'gamso le tauvo', that everything will turn out good.

Thursday night, totally unexpected, Lisa Apfel came here with her cousins. She will leave again on Monday. Thank G'd, because I do not like her behavior at all. On one side, she is fun but when she gets near me I feel very small. I do not know where this comes from. May be from before, because then I was not part of it yet. I mean to the German girls.

On Friday it was terribly hot. As usual, for Shabat I put on my skirt and blouse Just saw Martha wearing Flora's dress, and told me 'one could make one for me from it'. I was very happy and tried it on. Only the seam had to be taken in and I wore it for Shabat. It was very difficult. Finally it was finished, I put it on and it was much too long, the long and the short of it was, I looked terrible. Martha and Miss Weichselbaum said 'very good' as did Mrs. Braun. Susi W. also had the honor of getting a dress from Flora, which was even worse than mine, so we both looked as two escapees from a mad house. I started to cry, so did Susi. Finally I decided to go down anyhow and Martha kept pulling the dress down. Now she does not (?). On Friday we received a letter with 4 pictures from the parents.

Monday, August 18, 1941

Today, at lunch time, suddenly the Fehrenhangs Hadassa came and a few new children. I am not so happy, the fewer the better. I am very happy that Lisa Apfel left this morning. I do not know what I find so terrible about her. I made up with Helga again and it is as if nothing had happened, we are talking to each other again as before.

Yesterday I bought a picture of this home. I already have a total of 24 pictures, and I hope to get 30 before I leave. One of Susi W. May be one also of the Matzoh baking when we baked Matzoh with Colette, Aron took our picture. If Miss Weichselbaum does not give one to me, I will have to buy one.

When Sabine leaves, we will still be 5 children in English com. I do not know whether Martha will continue to learn with us. Nine children in Hebrew com. as before, because Rosi also came. Perhaps some of the others will come to our com. I and sitting in the garden here and I do not know what to write, but the page has to be filled. .

Rosi has not changed at all. She talks about uninteresting things, as before, one can get bored. She saw Heinz and Gerard Simonsohn in Marseille. Gerard has left already, and Heinz will leave with the next transport.

Wednesday, August 20, 1941

I can hardly believe, that today, Rabbi Chress who came with the children, to get the Newspaper from Miss Bass. I went up and Bass said she is coming down now because something arrived for us, that we are going with Feuer. I did not walk down the steps, but I flew down, and jumped down it. Mr. Tagan called me and took a piece of paper (two). On mine was written Hilsenrath, Sabine Friedel, and on the other one Feuer, Sabine Friedel. This is a nice mistake and will slow things down. We are very spoiled, today we got a letter and pictures from Mummy and Bubi and the parents. Mummy writes that it is very nice that I am having piano lessons. She is also learning and thinks that I because I wrote about French songs that I can read notes. She also writes that I will find an outfit, but I worry that everything will be too tight for me as I am terribly heavy. The new boys are terrible, worse than the ones here, sometimes very dirty, and G'd knows what else.

Today Martha has a day off. We did nothing All day. Neither Hebrew or French. No question about English, we are not learning it at all. Now I wrote a letter. I am no knitting myself a pair of red and blue stockings. Beautiful they are not, but for stockings they will do. I am only afraid that they will be too small for me.

Friday, August 22, 1941

Sabine and Friedel have not yet left. I do not believe in it any more, as usual nothing will develop from it. I do not believe anything anymore until I am on the ship, but I do not see anything. Why is this only so with us? All those that were not so happy to go have left which would be the most fantastic for once in our lives, and from these we are (?) Were we so bad that G'd will not allow this for us? Yesterday I received a card from Uncle Herman, and one thing he could tell us, that his loved one was not for him. It was most likely a woman as they are in Paris, because she came running out of the small home 'thirteen for a dozen' There is nothing like Paris. The morals are terrible. The women stand on the street and wait for the men until they come and go to sleep with them. There are a lot like this. Houses where the women are waiting for men - pfui- horrible. I would rather stop and talk about better things. About the beautiful streets, allees and businesses, beautiful monuments, churches and the Eifel Tower, etc., and then

there are the fashions that cannot be described, and there are new ones every day. (?) One can see it every day.

Sunday, August 24, 1941

(French) Friedel and Sabine have left this morning. They were first told yesterday. Sem is in Ganal, are they lucky. I believe that I could still go with them when the phone rang every minute, but then I gave up all hope. Mr. Tagan said that he will inquire in Lyon and he took the papers with him. Josef and I

accompanied them this morning, and hopefully some children will be able to accompany us soon. I am very calm and done for, and do not think about it. I really do not want to write today because I want to go for a walk with Miss Cohn. Martha has just given me permission that I can walk with her, but on one condition that I will not climb a tree and steal plums, also not to pick any of them from the ground. Because of this I want to go with her. I feel like having something good. In honor of Sabine and Friedle we were not punished yesterday. We sang and spoke with Rabbi (?), as he is being called, sadly I did not understand anything (balance of sentence illegible) He is a real ugly Russian. False. (?) When I remember (Illegible) one notices how he is. I would never have believed this.

Tuesday, September 2, 1941

This is a continuation of Sunday. It was terribly to go by car after a long time. While Josef was talking to Mr. Tagan I thought about the Lord that helped me to leave this house. At 10 o'clock at night we arrive at Ganat and went to a hotel for the night. Josef slept in one bed with Mr. Tagan and I slept alone in a room. I could not sleep at night I tossed from one side to the other. The train whistles also kept me awake as the hotel was next to the train station. Finally it was morning. We had to hurry as it was late already. The train left at 6 o'clock. It was pretty full. The train arrived in Lyon at 10 o'clock. We looked for Miss Hirsch immediately and we found her in her hotel. We went to the dock with Miss Hirsch. Mr. Tagan left the things with the Consulate. We had to wait a long time at the dock until he came. He took us into a room and instructed us (?) that was an examination. Then everything was ready.