

JENO KLEIN POSTCARDS, 1944

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United States Holocaust Memorial Museum Archives

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Jeno Klein Postcards Translations

Introduction:

Collection of documents is translated from the last three postcards written in Hungarian from the Ujpest ghetto by a Jewish mother before she was taken to Auschwitz to his son who served in a military labor unit in the town of Miskolc.

At the time of the translation the son, Dr Joel T. Klein, who survived the Holocaust and later immigrated to the United States, is a successful psychologist in the state of New Hampshire. He managed to safeguard these three postcards through many difficulties until the Russians in Vienna, Austria liberated him in the spring of 1945 and now he offered them to the Holocaust Memorial Museum to commemorate his mother's memory.

The postcards are dated on June 29, June 30 of 1944 subsequently and third postcard has no date only the military censor's rubber stamp showing July 5 of 1944.

Possibly soon after her last message she perished.

Postcard #1

June 29 1944, Friday.

My dear cherished child.

I failed to receive any mail from you but nevertheless I write to you because I am not so sure when I will be able to write to you again. Do not apply for your discharge, it's better to be there, our good God will help us all, you'll see and everything will coming up in roses. You just take care of yourself and I will do the same. We don't know where the road will lead us I just hope that not too far away.

My dear child, don't be worried. Remain as calm at least as calm as I am, so help me God, you see I even take an oath on this. Sanyi's address is Constructional Labor Battalion, Food Depot #4, Pecs. Write to him. I expect some mail from him on Tuesday of next week. I don't know the address of your father, certainly he will write again. I ask you again not to worry, God is good and He will reunite us in happiness that is certain.

I wish that you should receive this postcard. Here we have not any news that should serve your interest. If you have a chance you should visit Ferenc, you know where he is living, you have to visit him, after all he is a relative of us. Carry out your duty with great fairness and my dear God will help you and I hope that He will help all of us and I kiss you a million times, your loving good mother.

Postcard #2

June 30 – July 1 1944.

My beloved, dear child. Today I write to you again a postcard. So far nothing changed in our situation but an order should arrive at any moment therefore unfortunately it's not in my power at this time to send a package and money to you, which is very painful to me. I will do everything to write and send to you as soon as it will be possible.

Zsuzsa is in the hospital, poor thing, suffering from a severe cold and a quiet an acute peritonitis. I visited her on Wednesday; I don't know what will happen to her. Maybe the factory will take in her too as they did the other girls.

My dear child, I decided to take your high school diploma with me if they will permit. We will meet again with God willing. I still have no news from your father, please write to him if you receive letter from him. Also write to Sanyi too, I already sent his address to you in my yesterday's postcard but if you failed to receive it here is again: IV/3 Construction Battalion, Pecs, Frigyes Barracks, 4 Food Depot.

(Illegible name) wrote to me that Ferenc asked for your address but I couldn't give it to his mother because she missed me when she was out on her 2 hours permit while I went to see your grandmother. My dear son don't worry, but than, why, even miracle can happen, like in Keszthely and Zalaegerszeg. Take care of yourself, my sweet and beautiful son as I will take care of myself too, because it worth to take care of ourselves for being happy together again, I feel strongly that way. Calm down your (younger) brother, a letter from him is due on the 4th of July. In case if I will be hindered to answer his letter you should write and ensure him not to be worried.

Today I received a letter from your grandmother. She is very nervous. I hope you received my last postcard and you were smarter than I was in dealing with the sudden turn of events.

Sends her millions of kisses is your lonely mother who is unceasingly thinks only of you.

Postcard # 3.

No date. Military censor's stamp shows July 5 1944.

My beloved, dear child.

I never did such a thing to write on a Sabbath day but I feel that I have to do this today in order to calm you down.

It's 1 o'clock and we didn't take our turn yet. I write down your father's address 101/357 2nd Platoon, (location scratched out by the military censor) write to him because, poor thing, he worries a lot. I repeat Sanyi's address in case if you failed to receive my previous postcards: IV/3 Construction Battalion, 4 Food Depot, Pecs. Frigyes Barracks.

My dear son I plead to you the same way as I plead to God: do not worry because you know very well that we all have the same destiny. You will receive 50 Pengo from (full name scratched out by the military censor) He owns this money to us and he wants to pay it to you, use it in good health. Do not worry about anything but continue to pray, maybe at the time when we hit the bottom the help will arrive

I plead with my God for all of you while I always think only to all of you, your loving mother, who just lived always for all of you. Again, I plead to you not to give way to despair because God is still there above us and I hope... (remain of the sentence is obstructed by the military censor's rubber stamp)... I will write again if I can, love mother.