

Eva Bato



This is me in the 1950s. Immediately after the war I went back to work at the Jewish charity hospital. A TBC unit was opened, and I worked with their material, got infected, and I contracted an incredibly severe case of TBC. But I still worked on and off; they gave me a room of my own in the charity hospital, the whole hospital was devoted to me: from the director to the old porter. And I adored the whole company. That was the kind of milieu you can't even imagine today. Everybody was friendly there. My husband came back after 6 years - he was taken prisoner of war. We could not find anything to say to each other any more, we only had lived together for a few weeks before the war, life together didn't work out, and we were divorced.