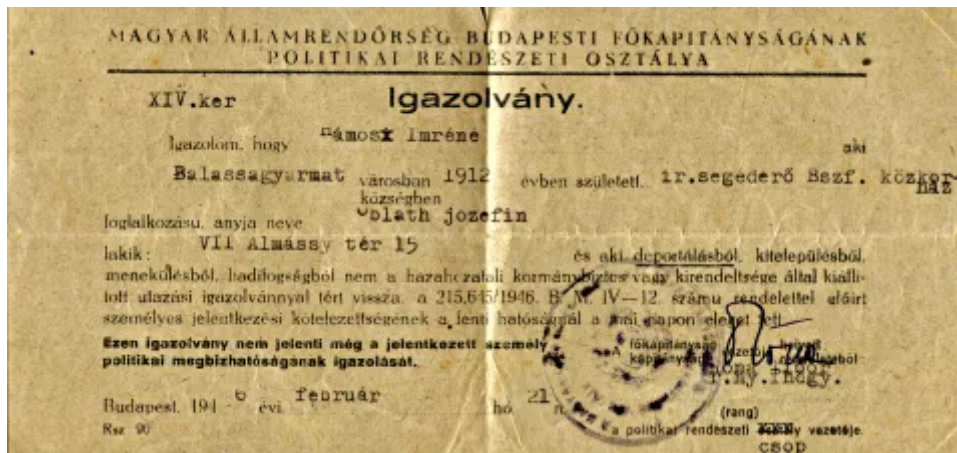


Deportation Certificate Of Piroska Hamos



This is a certificate from February 1946, which states that I returned from deportation and I met the criteria of having presented myself on this day. I don't know why I had to register, though, because I arrived home in June 1945. At this time, I was already working in the Rokus Hospital. Maybe I was asked for some certificate there. I managed to get in there through a friend of one of my cousins, who died. It was called the Institution Supervision. I got into the department where they dealt with the payroll and did other administration for the hospital employees. I did payroll and later, I became an internal auditor. It was terrible at the beginning, because although I had attended commercial college and learned to type, this had back been in 1929, and I was completely out of practice. The first day, I was sat down in front of the machine, and the nurses came along one after the other, and a huge sheet had to be filled out with all sorts of data. It went dreadfully, so I overheard many comments, like: 'Why would they employ someone like that who's only plucking at the keys?' I wasn't sent away, and I quickly got into the swing of it. I worked there for seven years. Right after the war, I think everybody who couldn't obtain food in any other way, gave away all their clothes and everything, in order to ensure food for their family. So, there was kind of a barter-trade system working. Mom dealt with these things. We were busy because we entered work quickly, both my sister and I. My sister's husband, came from Vanyarc, in Nograd county, and his parents were merchants and he had two brothers. One was taken away to forced labor and the other one escaped somehow, and he hid at the home of a many-skirted peasant woman who he later married. He was a good Jewish merchant- he could get hold of anything. After the war, they provided food for us. And then there was the opportunity to give him our bread coupons and we received white flour in exchange, and Mom baked bread and we were provided with everything from Vanyarc. Mom even traveled on the top of a train. She took not only coupons, but also clothes and whatever was left, to Vanyarc.