

# Certificate For Hanus Kotouc To Access Parents' Account



**Finanzbezirksdirektion in Brünn**  
Dominikanerplatz 2 (Fernruf 18247, 18248).

G. Z. Dev. 129/42-IV.      Brünn, den 12. Jänner 1942.  
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An

Heinz K o t o u č  
B r ü n n  
Glacis 61/63.

Anl.:  
Auf Grund der Kundmachung des Finanzministeriums (Prüfungssektion) in Prag vom 23. Jänner 1940, G. Z. 25.761/39-VI und vom 6. Dezember 1940, G. Z. 73.537/40-VI, bzw. vom 8. März 1940, G. Z. 9.221/40-VI wird die Auszahlung (~~des Betrages~~) des Betrages von  
K 2.000.-- monatlich  
in Worten      zwei tausend Kronen monatlich  
zu dem angegebenen Zwecke bewilligt, aus dem in dem Gesuche angeführten Konto (~~dem angegebenen~~) zu dem angegebenen Zwecke bewilligt.  
vorausgesetzt, dass eine Bankvollmacht zur Verfügung über das Konto oder ein Auftrag der über das Konto verfügbaren berechtigten Person vorhanden ist.  
Im Auftrag:      In Einverständnis:

Die erteilte Bewilligung ist 30 Tage vom Tage der Ausfertigung gültig.

886/41-539

This document allowed us to get 2.000 crowns from the blocked account of our parents. The Jewish property was usually confiscated, but we had this permission as children without parents. It dates from 1942. Our parents were put into jail: my father was sent to the Kounic Hall and my mother was sent to the jail at Cejl. By strange coincidence, we had a chance to see my father for a few seconds a couple of times after that. It was permitted to bring clean laundry into the residence once a week. During one of these times, my brother saw my father in the window of the building. So then we would regularly try and walk by there at the same time of day and my father

sometimes did look out of the glass window. However, after a short period of time, my parents were deported to concentration camps. In 1942, they were both murdered in Auschwitz; my mother was in Ravensbruck before this. At that time, my brother and I didn't know about the death of our parents. Basically, we stayed alone, I was twelve and my brother was seventeen. Of our relatives, only my father's mother and sister lived in Brno, but grandma was over eighty and my aunt was chronically ill. They were both quite powerless. In 1942 they were murdered in Treblinka and Rejowiec. We received a permit to move to our family in Mohelno. I was looking forward to escaping the scary atmosphere of Brno but in Mohelno it was no better. We hardly went out on the streets: in the village, our fate was that much more uncommon and visible and the yellow star on our clothing that much more humiliating. We were included in the transport leaving from Trebic.