

# Magdolna Palmai's Address Registration Form

**Állandó lakás bejelentését igazoló szelvény.**

Lakás, amelybe beköltözték: Budapest város VI kerület Eötvös utca 32 km. 1 sz. 4 ajtó.

átjártak család és utóneve: Fischer János családjának lakójának család és utóneve: Friedman Anna

születési és utóneve, születési előtti neve is: Fischer Magda

születési hely és éve: Nyíregyháza város 1914 év forráskönyv (állam): nyitandó

születési hely: : éve: 1

nevet viselő, — vele együtt beköltözött, — 12 éven aluli fű, — illetőleg 16 éven aluli bejegyzett gyermekek neve:

Budapest 1943. évi május hó 3. napján

A lekövetelt igazolást a helyi lakóhivatalban kell kiadni: A helyi lakóhivatalban kell kiadni: Schwarz János Güntner Viktória

200 Vintával, olvashatóan kell kitölteni!

My address registration form was an important document. I moved to a room on Eotvos Street 32 on 3rd May 1943. I certified with this paper later in Subcarpathia that I had lived in Pest, without this I couldn't have repatriated as a Hungarian citizen. In Budapest I lived in a room, with a very nice Jewish family, I was at home when I found out that my parents had been deported. It was published in the newspapers from where they were deporting people. They deported all the Jews from Ujpest. At that time Laszlo Endre was the sub-prefect in Ujpest. They put the white flag up there and in Nyiregyhaza, too, because they had cleared the town from Jews. This was in the newspapers, the Jewish community knew it, and of course the news spread among people, too. That's how I also found out that my parents had been deported. And from the fact that my sister and I wrote a letter and sent it to Nyiregyhaza, and we didn't get an answer. So I wrote to one of my acquaintances there, to see about this thing? I cried very much when I found out that they had been deported. The man at whose place we lived was a violinist, and I remember that he rebuked me, 'Nobody cares that you are crying.' Perhaps he didn't want to hurt my feelings, but make me stronger this way, but from then on it was as if my tears had dried up forever; I couldn't cry about anything. Simply not even a tear came out of my eyes for many years. When I was in Auschwitz in 1965 and through the big glass wall I saw the hair, the suitcases, the shoes, the showcase in which they had put the children's wooden shoes and children's shirts, the lamp, which they had made out of human skin, I got a crying fit. We were coming home from Zakopane after a two-week holiday. Everyone was shocked, and those who were more closely affected cried, but I couldn't stop. I haven't been to Auschwitz since then and I will not go anymore. Those pictures are still alive in me.