

Letter from Rozsi Wolf to the Institute for Jewish History in Austria

September 1997

Thank you for your efforts to find out where my father is buried. I was convinced that he was buried in St. Pölten with the rest of those who were taken from the barracks. The circumstances were as follows. I was with my parents in Viehofen. We were herded together in a wooden barracks in the middle of the forest. From there we crossed the river Traisen on two wooden planks without railings. Then we loaded rails, hacked with pickaxes and laid pieces of lawn. I still have a vivid recollection of the many sad memories. On 1 April my father went for a walk in the forest. While he was away there was a heavy air raid. My mother and I waited for him to return but what we got was a tragic piece of news. They brought him back in a small cart. When I saw his white hair, I couldn't believe that he was no longer alive. He had struggled and worked hard to bring up the six of us in poverty but in dignity. Cruel fate was responsible for a lot of sad situations like this. They wrapped him in a linen sheet and gave him a small stick saying that was the tradition. A large cart full of coffins arrived. My father's, made of unpainted wood, was on top. We wanted to go to the burial but the SS wouldn't allow it. Since then my most ardent wish has been to visit his grave. I should add that there were frequent air raid warnings afterwards. We all had to go outside when the bombs started falling in our area. My mother did not return from Mauthausen and our entire family was killed. Their painful memory will never leave me.