

# The Outside Of Antonie Militka's Work Passbook

*Duplikat*

**Richtlinien:**

1. Jeder Ghettobewohner ist verpflichtet, stets den Arbeitsausweis bei sich zu tragen und auf Verlangen den hierzu berechtigten Organen vorzulegen.
2. Er ist verpflichtet seinen Arbeitsausweis bei Übersiedlungen der Evidenz, bei Änderungen des Arbeitseinsatzes der Einsatzstelle, bei Erkrankungen der Aufnahmekanzlei der Arbeitszentrale, bei Fälschung von verschiedenen Medikamenten durch Apotheker, bei Umänderung des Arbeitseinsatzes zwecks anderer Berichtigung vorzulegen.
3. Er hat ferner dafür zu sorgen, dass sein dienstfreier Tag von der zuständigen Abteilung in der Arbeitsausweis eingetragen wird.
4. Unterlassung der obengenannten Vorschriften wird geahndet. Ebenfalls wird eine eigenmächtige Änderung der Angaben im Arbeitsausweis bestraft.

**GHETTO THERESIENSTADT** *14 1 56*  
**ARBEITSAUSWEIS** *14 1 56*

Name: *Militka*  
 Vorname: *Antonie*  
 Geboren: *16. 6. 28* *1928*

**UBIKATION:**

Datum	Wohnt	Post- und d. Evidenz
<i>14. 4. 44</i>	<i>Hauptstr. 17</i>	<i>17. 1. 56</i>

AUSGESTELLT am *1. 6. 1944* von *14*  
 Nummer: **A95**  
 Unterschrift des Eigentümers:

DIESER ARBEITSAUSWEIS IST IN DEN PERSONALAUSWEIS ENZULEGEN

They summoned me to the transport of 7th April 1944. People designated for the transport were gathering by the Veletrzní Palác [Trade Fair Palace]. From there people went to Terezín, or elsewhere. On 9th April they moved us to the main station, where there was already a train waiting for 250 people from Brno and its surroundings. On this train they transported us to Terezín, to Bohusovice actually. At that time the tracks didn't lead directly into Terezín, those were built later. We walked from Bohusovice, where there were already people from Terezín waiting, and wagons onto which luggage was loaded. Everything was transported on these wagons, bread and corpses too. As soon as we arrived in Bohusovice, they took our luggage, as the way to Terezín was relatively long. Terezín is actually brick ramparts, it's a fortress. Everything in the camp was numbered and had a name. New prisoners were registered and told to hand in money and valuables, and that then we wouldn't have any problems. Otherwise they'd liquidate the entire transport. If everything takes place properly, that they'll assign us work and we'll have a better life here than soldiers at the front. But if they find money on one of us, or gold, medicine, or something of value, contraband, then all 250 will go to Auschwitz. Immense stress ensued. I'd found out that we were going onto the transport only a short time beforehand. Two of my mother's lady friends came, because my mother had half-collapsed from it, and all night they sewed marks into my garter belt.