

# *from* The Diary of a Young Girl

Anne Frank

*On Friday, June 12, 1942, thirteen-year-old Anne Frank received a diary for her birthday. Shortly after, she and her family went into hiding to escape persecution by the Nazis. Their chosen place, where they would live for the next couple of years, was a hidden room attached to the warehouse where her father once worked. They were soon joined by Mr. and Mrs. Van Daan, their son Peter, and Mr. Dussel. Calling the diary "Kitty," Anne recorded her thoughts and feelings on the events around her. Her diary remains one of the greatest testaments to the suffering caused by the Nazis.*

Saturday, 27 November, 1943

Dear Kitty,

Yesterday evening, before I fell asleep, who should suddenly appear before my eyes but Liesl!

I saw her in front of me, clothed in rags, her face thin and worn. Her eyes were very big and she looked so sadly and reproachfully at me that I could read in her eyes: "Oh Anne, why have you deserted me? Help, oh, help me, rescue me from this hell!"

And I cannot help her, I can only look on, how others suffer and die, and can only pray to God to send her back to us.

I just saw Lies, no one else, and now I understand. I misjudged her and was too young to understand her difficulties. She was attached to a new girl friend, and to her it seemed as though I wanted to take her away. What the poor girl must have felt like, I know; I know the feeling so well myself!

Sometimes, in a flash, I saw something of her life, but a moment later I was selfishly absorbed again in my own pleasures and problems. It was horrid of me to treat her as I did, and now she looked at me, oh so helplessly, with her pale face and imploring eyes. If only I could help her!

Oh, God, that I should have all I could wish for and that she should be seized by such a terrible fate. I am not more virtuous

than she; she, too, wanted to do what was right, why should I be chosen to live and she probably to die? What was the difference between us? Why are we so far from each other now?

Quite honestly, I haven't thought about her for months, yes, almost for a year. Not completely forgotten her, but still I had never thought about her like this, until I saw her before me in all her misery.

Oh, Lies, I hope that, if you live until the end of the war, you will come back to us and that I shall be able to take you in and do something to make up for the wrong I did you.

But when I am able to help her again, then she will not need my help so badly as now. I wonder if she ever thinks of me; if so, what would she feel?

Good Lord, defend her, so that at least she is not alone. Oh, if only You could tell her that I think lovingly of her and with sympathy, perhaps that would give her greater endurance.

I must not go on thinking about it, because I don't get any further. I only keep seeing her great big eyes, and cannot free myself from them. I wonder if Lies has real faith in herself, and not only what has been thrust upon her?

I don't even know, I never took the trouble to ask her!

Lies, Lies, if only I could take you away, if only I could let you share all the things I enjoy. It is too late now, I can't help, or repair the wrong I have done. But I shall never forget her again, and I shall always pray for her.

Yours, Anne

Tuesday, 11 April, 1944

Dear Kitty,

... At half past nine Peter knocked softly on the door and asked Daddy if he would just help him upstairs over a difficult English sentence. "That's a blind," I said to Margot, "anyone could see through that one!" I was right. They were in the act of breaking into the warehouse. Daddy, Van Daan, Dussel, and Peter were downstairs in a flash. Margot, Mummy, Mrs. Van Daan, and I stayed upstairs and waited.

Four frightened women just have to talk, so talk we did, until we heard a bang downstairs. After that all was quiet, the clock struck a quarter to ten. The color had vanished from our faces, we were still quiet, although we were afraid. Where could the men be? What was that bang? Would they be fighting the burglars?

Ten o'clock, footsteps on the stairs: Daddy, white and nervous, entered, followed by Mr. Van Daan. "Lights out, creep upstairs, we expect the police in the house!"

There was no time to be frightened: the lights went out, I quickly grabbed a jacket, and we were upstairs. "What has happened? Tell us quickly!" There was no one to tell us, the men having disappeared downstairs again. Only at ten past ten did they reappear: two kept watch at Peter's open window, the door to the landing was closed, the swinging cupboard shut. We hung a jersey round the night light, and after that they told us:

Peter heard two loud bangs on the landing, ran downstairs, and saw there was a large plank out of the left half of the door. He dashed upstairs, warned the "Home Guard" of the family, and the four of them proceeded downstairs. When they entered the warehouse, the burglars were in the act of enlarging the hole. Without further thought Van Daan shouted: "Police!"

A few hurried steps outside, and the burglars had fled. In order to avoid the hole being noticed by the police, a plank was put against it, but a good hard kick from outside sent it flying to the ground. The men were perplexed at such impudence, and both Van Daan and Peter felt murder welling up within them: Van Daan beat on the ground with a chopper, and all was quiet again. Once more they wanted to put the plank in front of the hole. Disturbance! A married couple outside shone a torch through the opening, lighting up the whole warehouse. "Hell!" muttered one of the men, and now they switched over from their role of police to that of burglars. The four of them sneaked upstairs, Peter quickly opened the doors and windows of the kitchen and private office, flung the telephone onto the floor, and finally the four of them landed behind the swinging cupboard.

END OF PART ONE

The married couple with the torch would probably have warned the police: it was Sunday evening, Easter Sunday, no one at the office on Easter Monday, so none of us could budge until Tuesday morning. Think of it, waiting in such fear for two nights and a day! No one had anything to suggest, so we simply sat there in pitch-darkness, because Mrs. Van Daan in her fright had unintentionally turned the lamp right out; talked in whispers, and at every creak one heard "Sh! sh!"

It turned half past ten, eleven, but not a sound! Daddy and

Van Daan joined us in turns. Then a quarter past eleven, a bus-  
the and noise downstairs. Everyone's breath was audible, other-  
wise no one moved. Footsteps in the house, in the private office,  
kitchen, then . . . on our staircase. No one breathed audibly  
now, footsteps on our staircase, then a rattling of the swinging  
cupboard. This moment is indescribable. "Now we are lost!" I  
said, and could see us all being taken away by the Gestapo that  
very night. Twice they rattled at the cupboard, then there was  
nothing, the footsteps withdrew, we were saved so far. A shiver  
seemed to pass from one to another, I heard someone's teeth  
chattering, no one said a word.

There was not another sound in the house, but a light was  
burning on our landing, right in front of the cupboard. Could  
that be because it was a secret cupboard? Perhaps the police  
had forgotten the light? Would someone come back to put it  
out? Tongues loosened, there was no one in the house any  
longer, perhaps there was someone on guard outside.

Next we did three things: we went over again what we sup-  
posed had happened, we trembled with fear, and we had to go to  
the lavatory. The buckets were in the attic, so all we had was  
Peter's tin wastepaper basket. Van Daan went first, then Daddy,  
but Mummy was too shy to face it. Daddy brought the wastepa-  
per basket into the room, where Margot, Mrs. Van Daan, and I  
gladly made use of it. Finally Mummy decided to do so too. People  
kept on asking for paper—fortunately I had some in my pocket!

The tin smelled ghastly, everything went on in a whisper, we  
were tired, it was twelve o'clock. "Lie down on the floor then and  
sleep." Margot and I were each given a pillow and one blanket;  
Margot lying just near the store cupboard and I between the  
table legs. The smell wasn't quite so bad when one was on the  
floor, but still Mrs. Van Daan quietly brought some chlorine, a  
tea towel over the pot serving as a second expedient.

Talk, whispers, fear, stink, flatulation, and always someone  
on the pot; then try to go to sleep! However, by half past two I  
was so tired that I knew no more until half past three. I awoke  
when Mrs. Van Daan laid her head on my foot.

"For heaven's sake, give me something to put on!" I asked. I  
was given something, but don't ask what—a pair of woolen  
knickers over my pajamas, a red jumper, and a black skirt,  
white oversocks and a pair of sports stockings full of holes.  
Then Mrs. Van Daan sat in the chair and her husband came  
and lay on my feet. I lay thinking till half past three, shivering  
the whole time, which prevented Van Daan from sleeping. I

prepared myself for the return of the police, then we'd have to  
say that we were in hiding; they would either be good Dutch  
people, then we'd be saved, or N.S.B.-ers, then we'd have to  
bribe them!

"In that case, destroy the radio," sighed Mrs. Van Daan. "Yes,  
in the stove!" replied her husband. "If they find us, then let  
them find the radio as well!"

"Then they will find Anne's diary," added Daddy. "Burn it  
then," suggested the most terrified member of the party. This,  
and when the police rattled the cupboard door, were my worst  
moments. "Not my diary; if my diary goes, I go with it!" But  
luckily Daddy didn't answer.

There is no object in recounting all the conversations that I  
can still remember; so much was said. I comforted Mrs. Van  
Daan, who was very scared. We talked about escaping and being  
questioned by the Gestapo, about ringing up, and being brave.

"We must behave like soldiers, Mrs. Van Daan. If all is up  
now, then let's go for Queen and Country, for freedom, truth,  
and right, as they always say on the Dutch News from England.  
The only thing that is really rotten is that we get a lot of other  
people into trouble too."

Mr. Van Daan changed places again with his wife after an  
hour, and Daddy came and sat beside me. The men smoked  
non-stop, now and then there was a deep sigh, then someone  
went on the pot and everything began all over again.

Four o'clock, five o'clock, half past five. Then I went and sat  
with Peter by his window and listened, so close together that we  
could feel each other's bodies quivering; we spoke a word or two  
now and then, and listened attentively. In the room next door  
they took down the blackout. They wanted to call up Koophuis  
at seven o'clock and get him to send someone around. Then  
they wrote down everything they wanted to tell Koophuis over  
the phone. The risk that the police on guard at the door, or in  
the warehouse, might hear the telephone was very great, but  
the danger of the police returning was even greater.

The points were these:  
Burglars broken in: police have been in the house, as far as  
the swinging cupboard, but no further.

Burglars apparently disturbed, forced open the door in the  
warehouse and escaped through the garden.

Main entrance bolted. Kraler must have used the second door  
when he left. The typewriters and adding machine are safe in  
the black case in the private office.

Try to warn Henk and fetch the key from Elli, then go and look round the office—on the pretext of feeding the cat.

Everything went according to plan. Koophuis was phoned, the typewriters which we had upstairs were put in the case. Then we sat around the table again and waited for Henk or the police.

Peter had fallen asleep and Van Daan and I were lying on the floor, when we heard loud footsteps downstairs. I got up quietly: "That's Henk."

"No, no, it's the police," some of the others said.

Someone knocked at the door, Miep whistled. This was too much for Mrs. Van Daan, she turned as white as a sheet and sank limply into a chair; had the tension lasted one minute longer she would have fainted.

Our room was a perfect picture when Miep and Henk entered, the table alone would have been worth photographing! A copy of *Chienma and Theater*, covered with jam and a remedy for diarrhea, opened at a page of dancing girls, two jam pots, two started loaves of bread, a mirror, comb, matches, ash, cigarettes, tobacco, ash tray, books, a pair of pants, a torch, toilet paper, etc., etc., lay jumbled together in variegated splendor.

Of course Henk and Miep were greeted with shouts and tears. Henk mended the hole in the door with some planks, and soon went off again to inform the police of the burglary. Miep had also found a letter under the warehouse door from the night watchman Slagter, who had noticed the hole and warned the police, whom he would also visit.

So we had half an hour to tidy ourselves. I've never seen such a change take place in half an hour. Margot and I took the bed-clothes downstairs, went to the W.C., washed, and did our teeth and hair. After that I tidied the room a bit and went upstairs again. The table there was already cleared, so we ran off some water and made coffee and tea, boiled the milk, and laid the table for lunch. Daddy and Peter emptied the potties and cleaned them with warm water and chlorine. . . .

Now there are debates going on all the time in the "Secret Annex." Kraler reproached us for our carelessness. Henk, too, said that in a case like that we must never go downstairs. We have been pointedly reminded that we are in hiding, that we are Jews in chains, chained to one spot, without any rights, but with a thousand duties. We Jews mustn't show our feelings,

must be brave and strong, must accept all inconveniences and not grumble, must do what is within our power and trust in God. Sometime this terrible war will be over. Surely the time will come when we are people again, and not just Jews.

Who has inflicted this upon us? Who has made us Jews different from all other people? Who has allowed us to suffer so terribly up till now? It is God that has made us as we are, but it will be God, too, who will raise us up again. If we bear all this suffering and if there are still Jews left, when it is over, then Jews, instead of being doomed, will be held up as an example. Who knows, it might even be our religion from which the world and all peoples learn good, and for that reason and that reason only do we have to suffer now. We can never become just Netherlanders, or just English, or representatives of any country for that matter, we will always remain Jews, but we want to, too.

Be brave! Let us remain aware of our task and not grumble, a solution will come, God has never deserted our people. Right through the ages there have been Jews, through all the ages they have had to suffer, but it has made them strong too; the weak fall, but the strong will remain and never go under!

During that night I really felt that I had to die. I waited for the police, I was prepared, as the soldier is on the battlefield. I was eager to lay down my life for the country, but now, now I've been saved again, now my first wish after the war is that I may become Dutch! I love the Dutch, I love this country, I love the language and want to work here. And even if I have to write to the Queen myself, I will not give up until I have reached my goal.

I am becoming still more independent of my parents, young as I am, I face life with more courage than Mummy; my feeling for justice is immovable, and truer than hers. I know what I want, I have a goal, an opinion, I have a religion and love. Let me be myself and then I am satisfied. I know that I'm a woman, a woman with inward strength and plenty of courage.

If God lets me live, I shall attain more than Mummy ever has done, I shall not remain insignificant, I shall work in the world and for mankind!

And now I know that first and foremost I shall require courage and cheerfulness!

Yours, Anne

Tuesday, 1 August, 1944

Dear Kitty,

"Little bundle of contradictions." That's how I ended my last letter and that's how I'm going to begin this one. "A little bundle of contradictions," can you tell me exactly what it is? What does contradiction mean? Like so many words, it can mean two things, contradiction from without and contradiction from within.

The first is the ordinary "not giving in easily, always knowing best, getting in the last word," *erfijn*, all the unpleasant qualities for which I'm renowned. The second nobody knows about, that's my own secret.

I've already told you before that I have, as it were, a dual personality. One half embodies my exuberant cheerfulness, making fun of everything, my high-spiritedness, and above all, the way I take everything lightly. This includes not taking offense at a flirtation, a kiss, an embrace, a dirty joke. This side is usually lying in wait and pushes away the other, which is much better, deeper and purer. You must realize that no one knows Anne's better side and that's why most people find me so insufferable.

Certainly I'm a giddy clown for one afternoon, but then everyone's had enough of me for another month. Really, it's just the same as a love film is for deep-thinking people, simply a diversion, amusing just for once, something which is soon forgotten, not bad, but certainly not good. I loathe having to tell you this, but why shouldn't I, if I know it's true anyway? My lighter superficial side will always be too quick for the deeper side of me and that's why it will always win. You can't imagine how often I've already tried to push this Anne away, to cripple her, to hide her, because after all, she's only half of what's called Anne: but it doesn't work and I know, too, why it doesn't work.

I'm awfully scared that everyone who knows me as I always am will discover that I have another side, a finer and better side. I'm afraid they'll laugh at me, think I'm ridiculous and sentimental, not take me seriously. I'm used to not being taken seriously but it's only the "lighthearted" Anne that's used to it and can bear it; the "deeper" Anne is too frail for it. Sometimes, if I really compel the good Anne to take the stage for a quarter of an hour, she simply shrivels up as soon as she has to speak, and lets Anne number one take over, and before I realize it, she has disappeared.

Therefore, the nice Anne is never present in company, has not appeared one single time so far, but almost always predominates when we're alone. I know exactly how I'd like to be, how I am

too . . . inside. But, alas, I'm only like that for myself. And perhaps that's why, no, I'm sure it's the reason why I say I've got a happy nature within and why other people think I've got a happy nature without. I am guided by the pure Anne within, but outside I'm nothing but a frolicsome little goat who's broken loose.

As I've already said, I never utter my real feelings about anything and that's how I've acquired the name of chaser-after-boys, flirt, know-all, reader of love stories. The cheerful Anne laughs about it, gives cheeky answers, shrugs her shoulders indifferently, behaves as if she doesn't care, but, oh dearie me, the quiet Anne's reactions are just the opposite. If I'm to be quite honest, then I must admit that it does hurt me, that I try terribly hard to change myself, but that I'm always fighting against a more powerful enemy.

A voice sobs within me: "There you are, that's what's become of you: you're uncharitable, you look supercilious and peevish, people dislike you and all because you won't listen to the advice given you by your own better half." Oh, I would like to listen, but it doesn't work: if I'm quiet and serious, everyone thinks it's a new comedy and then I have to get out of it by turning it into a joke, not to mention my own family, who are sure to think I'm ill, make me swallow pills for headaches and nerves, feel my neck and my head to see whether I'm running a temperature, ask if I'm constipated and criticize me for being in a bad mood. I can't keep that up: if I'm watched to that extent, I start by getting snappy, then unhappy, and finally I twist my heart round again, so that the bad is on the outside and the good is on the inside and keep on trying to find a way of becoming what I would so like to be, and what I could be, if . . . there weren't any other people living in the world.

Yours, Anne

(Afterword by Ernst Schnabel)

ON August 4, 1944, following information provided by a Dutch informer, the Gestapo penetrated into the Franks' hiding place. The eight Jews, together with Mr. Koophuis and Mr. Kraler, were taken to Gestapo headquarters in Amsterdam. After a few weeks' imprisonment, Mr. Koophuis was released for medical care. Mr. Kraler spent eight months in a forced labor camp. The Franks, the Van Daans, and Mr. Dussel were sent to Westerbork. On September 3, the day the Allies captured Brussels, these

eight were among the last shipment of a thousand Jews to leave Holland. The prisoners were herded aboard a freight train, seventy-five people to a car. The cars, each with only a small, barred window high on one side, were sealed. For three days and nights the train wandered eastward across Germany, often stopping, backing, detouring. On the third night it reached Auschwitz in Poland. In the glare of searchlights, watched by black-uniformed SS men tightly reining their police dogs, the Jews left the train. On the platform men and women were separated. It was the last Otto Frank saw of his family.

At Auschwitz the healthier prisoners, their heads shaved, worked twelve hours a day digging sod, driven relentlessly by the sadistic *Kapos*, criminals who served the SS as labor overseers. At night they were locked into crowded barracks. Outside the windows they could see the sky glow red above the crematories.

Through the research of Ernst Schnabel, a German writer whose book *Anne Frank, A Portrait in Courage* was published in 1958, some of the events of the last few months of Anne's life have been reconstructed. Auschwitz, a former inmate told Mr. Schnabel, was "a fantastically well-organized, spick-and-span hell. The food was bad, but it was distributed regularly. We kept our barracks so clean that you could have eaten off the floor. Anyone who died in the barracks was taken away first thing in the morning. Anyone who fell ill disappeared also. Those who were gassed did not scream. They just were no longer there. The crematories smoked, but we received our rations and had roll calls. The SS harassed us at roll call and kept guard with machine guns from the watchtowers, and the camp fences were charged with high-tension electricity, but we could wash every day and sometimes even take showers. If you could forget the gas chambers, you could manage to live."

The prisoners moved like sleep walkers, half dead, protected somehow from seeing anything, from feeling anything. "But Anne had no such protection," another survivor recalled. "I can still see her standing at the door and looking down the camp street as a herd of naked gypsy girls was driven by to the crematory, and Anne watched them go and cried. And she cried also when we marched past the Hungarian children who had already been waiting half a day in the rain in front of the gas chambers because it was not yet their turn. And Anne nudged me and said: 'Look, look. Their eyes . . .'"

In October 1944 Anne, Margot, and Mrs. Van Daan were among a group of the youngest and strongest women selected to

be moved to Belsen in Germany. Left alone, refusing to eat, her mind wandering, Mrs. Frank died in the infirmary barracks at Auschwitz on January 6, 1945. Otto Frank, in the men's camp, saw Mr. Van Daan taken off to be gassed. Mr. Dussel was sent back to Germany and died in the Neuengamme camp. When the SS abandoned Auschwitz, in February 1945, to escape the advancing Russians, they took Peter Van Daan with them on the winter march to the west; he was never heard from again. Otto Frank survived to be liberated by the Russians.

Belsen, Anne discovered, was different from Auschwitz. There was no organization, no roll call, no food or water, only the barren, frozen heath and the starving people looking like ghosts. By January 1945 the Allies had reached the Rhine, but at Belsen typhus raged and hope was dead.

At Belsen, Anne found her school friend, Lies Goosens. "I waited shivering in the darkness," Lies related of the night when Anne was brought to her. "It took a long time. But suddenly I heard a voice: 'Lies, Lies? Where are you?'"

"It was Anne, and I ran in the direction of the voice, and then I saw her beyond the barbed wire. She was in rags. I saw her emaciated, sunken face in the darkness. Her eyes were very large. We cried and cried, for now there was only the barbed wire between us, nothing more. And no longer any difference in our fates.

"I told Anne that my mother had died and my father was dying, and Anne told me that she knew nothing about her father, but that her mother had stayed behind in Auschwitz. Only Margot was still with her, but she was already very sick. They had met up with Mrs. Van Daan again only after their arrival here in Belsen."

Mrs. Van Daan died at Belsen, but no witness marked the date. Margot died at the end of February or beginning of March 1945. "Anne, who was already sick at the time," recalled a survivor, "was not informed of her sister's death; but after a few days she sensed it, and soon afterwards she died, peacefully, feeling that nothing bad was happening to her." She was not yet sixteen.

In May 1945 the war ended. Months later, Otto Frank returned to Amsterdam by way of Odessa and Marseilles. Miep and Elli gave him the notebooks and papers in Anne's handwriting that they had found strewn over the floor of the "secret annex" after the Gestapo had gone. These were Anne's diary, stories, and sketches. They were all that remained.

At first Otto Frank had copies of the diary privately circulated

as a memorial to his family. It was a Dutch university professor who urged formal publication of the book, and with only slight excisions by Mr. Frank *Het Achterhuis (The Secret Annex)* was published in Amsterdam by Contact Publishers in June 1947. The book soon went through several editions. In 1950 it was published in Germany by the Heidelberg firm of Lambert Schneider. The first printing was only 4500 copies, and many booksellers were actually afraid to show it in their windows; but the book caught on rapidly, and sales of the pocket edition, published by S. Fischer Verlag, totaled 900,000. In 1950 the diary was published in France; in 1952, in England and the United States under the title *Anne Frank: The Diary of a Young Girl*. Now, twenty years after its original publication, the book has been translated into thirty-one languages, including Bengali, Slovene, and Esperanto. It has been published in thirty countries, and has sold more than one million copies in hard-cover alone. In the United States the diary and *The Works of Anne Frank*, both published by Doubleday & Company, have sold well over 150,000 copies and the Pocket Book edition of the diary has sold almost four million copies. The diary was also distributed by the Teen Age Book Club and the Book Find Club and was reprinted in the Modern Library. It was serialized by an American newspaper syndicate with an estimated audience of ten million readers, and millions more read it when it was condensed in *Omnibook* and *Compact* magazines. A German translation of the book has been used in the United States as a school reader, and a large-type edition has been published by Franklin Watts, Inc.

In 1955 a play by Frances Goodrich and Albert Hackett based on the diary and called simply *The Diary of Anne Frank* opened at the Cort Theatre in New York. A great success, it received the Pulitzer Prize, the Critics Circle Prize, and the Antoinette Perry Award for 1956. On October 1, 1956, *The Diary of Anne Frank* opened simultaneously in seven German cities. Audiences there greeted it in stunned silence. The play released a wave of emotion that finally broke through the silence with which Germans had treated the Nazi period. For the first time there were widespread expressions of guilt and shame for what Germans had done to the Jews only a few years before.

In Amsterdam, Queen Juliana attended the play's opening on November 27. This was the city where the events of the play had actually occurred, and many Netherlanders who had lost families and friends in the extermination of the Dutch Jews were in

the audience. "There were audible sobs," the *New York Times* correspondent reported, "and one strangled cry as the drama struck its climax and conclusion—the sound of the Germans hammering at the door of the hideout. The audience sat in silence for several minutes after the curtain went down and then rose as the royal party left. There was no applause."

In the United States, *The Diary of Anne Frank* was made into a motion picture in 1959 and adapted for television in 1967.

But still the story was not finished. With the passing of the years, more and more details of Anne Frank's life became known. In 1958 Ernst Schnabel published his moving book for which he interviewed forty-two people who had known Anne or whose lives had touched hers. In 1963 a Viennese police inspector, Karl Silberbauer, was identified as the Gestapo sergeant who had arrested the Franks in 1944. Silberbauer protested that he had merely followed orders. He was suspended from his post but was later acquitted of the charge of having concealed his past. In January 1966, the Nazi police chief in the Netherlands during World War II, former SS lieutenant general Wilhelm Harster, together with two former aides, was arrested in Munich. The three were charged with having directed the deportation of nearly 100,000 Dutch Jews to Auschwitz. One of their victims had been Anne Frank. At their trial a year later, a former SS major, Wilhelm Zopf, testified that the Franks' betrayer—probably an employee in the warehouse—had received the usual reward of five gulden (about \$1.40) for each of the persons taken from the "secret annex." The German court sentenced Harster to fifteen years in prison, his accomplices to nine years and five years.

Anne Frank's wish—"I want to go on living even after my death"—has come true. Today the Anne Frank Foundation maintains the building on the Prinsengracht Canal where the Franks hid for twenty-five months as a memorial to Anne Frank. Each year the house is visited by thousands of people from all over the world. The Foundation is also working toward the future by helping to promote better understanding among young people from every part of the world. To this end it has established the International Youth Center, which serves as a meeting place for young people and which holds lectures, discussions, and conferences covering a wide range of international problems.

The Montessori School in Amsterdam is now the Anne Frank school. There are other memorials to her in Germany, Israel, and elsewhere to atone for the unmarked grave at Belsen. But above all, the diary remains. "Her voice was preserved," Ernst Schnabel



Anne Frank

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wrote, "out of the millions that were silenced, this voice no louder than a child's whisper. . . . It has outlasted the shouts of the murderers and has soared above the voices of time."