



Chapter 6

I became very weak in Dora. I learnt that what they call 'keeping life', in Dora used to be 3 months. If you able to survive in Dora for 3 months you done very well. I became very weak and all I can remember being moved, to a place called Harzungen which was a very small camp only 4000 there, and our task was there to build more barracks. So we had to carry frames, wooden frames, where prisoners were assembling the barracks. Of course they were getting other prisoners in from the east and west where they more or less just deporting, sending people to safer places middle of Germany to use them till they die, till they drop down being killed through slave labour and starvation. And I recollect being very weak then one day I woke up in a place which was called in German a revere, a small man made hospital, a man made block. There were 14 beds in there. About 10 days or so later I came to myself and I woke up and I discovered that I had double pneumonia. And I must emphasise here that if it wouldn't have been for this German Luftwaffe doctor then I wouldn't be sitting here now because he saved my life. He was a very good German. I understand that during the war in the east he got wounded, he was a doctor in the Luftwaffe, and they sent him back to Germany, he became the head doctor for Buchenwald and Buchenwald had about 80 sub-camps and Harzungen and Dora came at that time still under Buchenwald. So he controlled the hospitals.

That German doctor used to come in every morning and as he came through he used to say "Wo ist mein kleine Jude?" Where is my little Jew. Now that man saved my life.

I got sort of better and eventually I got discharged and sent back into the camp on light duties and the light duties was carrying this frame, pushing a barrel. I remained in Harzungen as time went on I got thinner and thinner. By end of 1944 things were going desperately wrong for the Germans, the place got bombed outside. We never thought that one day we gonna be free. I personally always felt that there'll be no survival. Either we'll just perish through lack of food and the conditions we were under or they gonna kill us eventually. Of course by that time I gained knowledge as a very, hardly 17, I

gained knowledge of what happened to the millions of people who they perished.

Then, I would say middle of March 1945, we were assembled, lined up then we were marched to a place called Nordhausen onto the railway line. Here again the wagons were waiting for us. We were crammed in, the train set off. There was still snow. We were on that journey from one end of Germany right up to Hamburg for 7 days. Every so often, which it must have been pre-arranged by the SS, the train would pull up and the doors would open and we would have to throw the dead bodies out and there were fellow prisoners outside picking it up putting it onto carts. And this went on. Where the wagon was full when we set off and I would say two thirds of them perished on the journey. We were bumped, we were taken all over the place, matter of fact we were outside Hamburg about 10km and I learned later on there was a Jewish boy who came from Hamburg and he recognised where we were. And then we were brought down, the train stopped and we landed in Celle. So we had to march off again. After a while, and if anybody fell the SS used to just shoot you. Eventually we arrived to a massive big gate and there it says 'Bergen Belsen'.