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OK. Sometimes during this time, our camp was changed from what they call a labor camp to a concentration camp. We became part of the Gross-Rosen, which was a big concentration camp, and we were part of that complex. And what that meant is that rules were even stricter.

I do remember, for instance, that when we came home to the barracks from the factory that they had taken all our possessions, all our pictures. Some of us had photographs from home. Everything was taken away. They had burned it, taken everything away, so things were getting really rough in the camp.

It was at that time that something happened that was, when I think about it today, just remarkable. The last department of that factory was the one where they were already making the thread, putting it on spools, had big combines, big, big machines that had belts. The belts were heavy belts, and they were apparently part of those combine's that they were using for making the thread or putting the thread on the spools.

And there were women working around there. This was on a night shift, and apparently one of those belts snapped and hit one of the girls who was working there. Her name was Rose. I don't remember her second name now. And she lost her eye immediately. It apparently must've hit her in the eye, and it swam out or whatever.

And we heard about it. Immediately there was some-- there was some communication between us. There was some women older and a little bit, perhaps, more aware, and they were communicating somehow from one place to the other in spite of the fact that we were always guarded and watched.

And we made a decision. A decision was made that when we get back to the barrack that we're going to ask for medical help for this Rose, for this girl. We had a little-- what they call Krakenzimmer, which was like little sick room, like a room where-- if somebody was sick, you could go to the nurse who wasn't really a nurse, but she knew a little bit about nursing. And maybe she could do something for you.

There wasn't much help. If anybody got really sick, they were sent out of the camp. So we knew that she's not going to be able to help her. So we decided that we're going to ask for help. It happened in the factory, and we felt that we're going to ask for it.

I don't know why we decided to do it, but it was a brave act and maybe stupid. But we decided. And when we came back to the barrack and we were standing on appell, which is when they count us, and when our kommandofÃ¼hrer, the woman who was in charge-- after she counted all of us, told us to go to the barracks, we didn't move.

She was shocked, and she repeated her order. And we didn't move. And then one or two-- I don't know who-- stepped out and told her that we are not going to go to the barracks until Rose is taken-- she had been brought into the barrack from the factory and was in that sick room, but we wanted her to be taken to a doctor. Somebody has to take a look at her. She was hurt in the factory.

And she thought it was ridiculous, funny. Well, anyway, she and her helpers-- they started to do to beat on us. They were screaming that we have to go back to the barracks. And we weren't moving, and some of us were beaten up pretty badly. It depended where you were and where the whips fell.

And after a while-- I must have been one of those who was beaten up-- I was-- because I don't remember much that happened. But when I came to and when I regained my consciousness, I was told that what happened is that people from the factory, the foreman and some of the-- when they heard that we are standing in the camp and we're not going to our barracks, they became concerned that we won't be able to come back for the night shift. Or maybe there was some conscience. I don't know what happened.

But they came in, and there was some negotiation with the SS men who were in charge over camp, and lo and behold, they made arrangements for Rose to go and see a doctor. And I know that she went to town, to Striegel, about a half a dozen of times with the nurse and with an SS man or SS woman. And she was treated-- she must have had an infection-- and they put in a glass eye.

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She survived-- I know about that-- and she's in Israel. I don't know if she's still alive, but she was in Israel. And it was one of those amazing things. Again, it's one of those-- they could have killed us. They could have shipped us off to Auschwitz and brought in other people to work.

But anyway, we did it. We saved-- there's no question that she would have not been alive if we hadn't done what we did. And I don't know if I want to call it resistance, but it was. It was a form of resistance that worked at that time for her and for us. Do you want me to go on?

Graben was a labor camp, and as rough as things were, I didn't-- again, now I know that it was nowhere nearly as bad as some of the other camps. I was to find this out later on.

In 1944, around October, apparently the Russians were coming close to the German border, and orders must have gone out to many camps to evacuate the camps. And our camp did get such an order, and sometimes, I think in late October, early November, we were sent on the famous death march.

Death march got its name from the fact that many people didn't make it through the march. We started out by walking. It was already winter in Germany. It was cold. We were marched. I don't remember how many days. We would stop for the night in different places, in barns to sleep. Sometimes they gave us food. Sometimes they didn't.

I don't know whether they knew themselves where they were marching us. They marched towards one camp. The camps were too full. Then they would turn back. Then we were put on cattle trains. As bad as the death march was, the cattle trains were worse. We were crowded into the like animals. You could barely stand.

They didn't give us any food. When there was bombing, we would be told to run out of the trains. Many of us didn't bother. Germany was bombed then. There was a lot of-- there were a lot of activity. And frankly, for us, we would often look up and pray that they drop a bomb, maybe on the Germans. It didn't matter to us.

Some people jumped the trains, tried to escape. Some of them were caught and killed. Some probably managed to get away. I tried to jump a few times. I didn't manage.

And after a-- I don't know how long it took. We came to Bergen-Belsen. Bergen-Belsen was not a-- it was not like Auschwitz. It didn't have crematoria. It didn't have-- it did have crematoria. I'm sorry. But it didn't have gas chambers.

They didn't need any. It was a real death camp. They had lice, and hunger, and typhus, and typhoid, and people were dying in that camp like flies. When I think myself and I sometimes wonder that I came to Bergen-Belsen probably early December of 1944 or maybe middle-December and I was liberated in the middle of April and I think that I survived Bergen-Belsen with very little help, I don't understand how I did it. This, to me, is one of the biggest puzzlements because it was really a horrible camp.

We have to re-load.

Camera roll eight, take eight.

We were put into a barrack. It was a big barn, like a big place. There was nothing on the floor except some straw, and we were put in there. We were crowded into that place. We couldn't stretch our legs. We were sitting with our knees close to our chins.

It was cold, and it was crowded. But it didn't stay crowded very long. People were dying almost immediately. I remember that it didn't take long before we could stretch our legs because the women were dying all around me. And we would carry them out. There were big, big piles of dead bodies outside of the barracks, and I carried many, too.

I don't know how I kept going, but I do remember it was maybe a form of-- maybe it was some kind of a way of protecting myself, that I never looked at the faces. I just never looked at the faces. And it was it was rough.

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We didn't get food. We didn't get-- we would. They would come in once in a while and bring some food, but it wasn't anything that you could count on. You couldn't wash yourself. There was no water. I tried in the beginning.

I was always covered with lice. I would get up in the morning, and I would shake out my uniform. Funny, the uniforms were gray and blue. In the morning, you couldn't see the blue on the uniform because I was so covered with lice.

Shortly after we got there, though, maybe a week after we got to this barrack, a woman came in. She belonged to the management of the camp. She was working. She had gone through Auschwitz. She was Jewish. She was dressed. She didn't live in a barrack such as we did. She probably had a bunk and was getting food a little more regularly.

And she started calling, asking for somebody by the name of Tila [? Ringler. ?] My camp sister's name was Frida [? Ringler. ?] Frida and I were like sisters. She was Czech. We became friendly in Graben, the first camp, and we shared everything. When Frida got an extra bowl of soup for some extra work, she would save me a half of it, even if I wasn't around. When she got an extra piece of bread, she would leave me some.

When I had an extra soup, I remember I would always make a line on that bowl to mark off which is hers. And I remember eating that soup and eating it so slowly. And I would eat, and I would come so close to what was Frida's part, I'm sure never giving her an extra spoon, but never taking a spoon of hers. I never cheated on Frida, and I don't think she ever cheated on me.

And this woman who came there was calling Frida's sister. Frida had an older sister whose name was Tila, and she belonged to a Zionist organization before the war. And when the war broke out, she signed up-- apparently the Germans were signing people up to go to Palestine. It was a hoax. She ended up in Auschwitz.

Frida knew that Tila disappeared, but she didn't know where she disappeared to. And when she heard this woman calling Tila [? Ringler, ?] she stepped out, and she said, Tila was my sister. What do you know about her?

And this woman took a look at Frida, and Frida really did look like Tila. They had the same blue eyes, the same face. I know it because I met Tila after the war. But Tila had dark hair, and Frida had blonde hair. And it was the only difference, so this woman took a look at Frida, and she said, of course. I believe you. You look like Tila.

And she said, Tila saved my life in Auschwitz, so I am going to take you out of here because if you stay here you will die. And Frida said to her, but you have to take Bella because we are like sisters, and I won't go without Bella.

And this woman said to her, I'm not taking Bella. She's nobody to me. I don't care about Bella. I'm taking you because I owe Tila my life, so I'll do it for you. But if you don't want to go without Bella, then you can stay here, too.

And I said to Frida, Frida, that's stupid. If you stay here with me, we'll both die. If you can save yourself, go ahead, and besides, I said, maybe you could help me. I think that's what made Frida leave, when I said to her "you could help me."

And she left, and she became a runner in the part of the camp that was a working camp. There was a hospital there, and she was a runner in that hospital. And that made her life a little easier because she had a bank and maybe a little more food.

And she did try to come. She did come. It wasn't easy because they were not allowed to come into our part of the camp. But she would come and she would bring me a potato or some bread. She would help when she could.

I was, by that time already, what they call in the camp a muselmann, which means that I looked like a walking skeleton. I was really skin and bones, and that was a dangerous way to look because that meant that you are going.

But something happened to save me, and that was that Frida managed, somehow, to get me out of that barrack. It was already, I think, early March that she got me out of that barrack, into a other barrack, into another part of the camp where I went to work, which meant that I got a bunk, and I shared a bunk with another person.

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And I want to tell you a little bit about that because I did something then that I have on my conscience. And I told you about my father, and I told you how I didn't cheat on Frida. And I'm proud of it, but there are some things that I did that I'm not so proud of.

I had a friend in Graben. Her name was Hella. She was not as close to me as Frida, but she was a friend. Hella-- Helena in English-- was a very lovely, lovely, gentle, sweet, sweet girl, really, and I was very fond of her. And she was with me in that horrible barrack.

And then when I came over to this other barrack and I had my bunk, maybe a week or two weeks later, she came to see me and to ask me-- actually, I had gone through-- in the meantime, I had had typhus. I don't know how I survived it. And I had typhoid. Typhus is your stomach illness, I think, and typhoid was high fever. It attacks, I think, the brain.

And I had had both, and I survived it. But I was scared. And Hella came, and she was feverish. And she looked sick, and I knew she was sick. And she came over, and she said to me, Bella, would you let me sleep with you on your bunk tonight?

It must have been an evening-- the girl that I shared a bunk with must have been working a night shift so that I had room. So she came and asked me whether I would let her sleep with me on my bunk. And I looked at Hella, and I saw she was sick. And I was scared because I had been sick before, and I knew that I could catch it again. I was afraid.

And I said to Hella, Hella, I'm sorry, but you are very sick. And I have to go to work tomorrow, and I'm afraid I'm going to get sick. And I can't let you sleep on my bunk.

And she looked at me. She was really lovely, and she said, it's OK, Bella. I understand. She said, I understand, and she walked

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