

The following is an addendum to Jack Sandberg's video interview, provided by his son Rick Sands

[My father] somehow ended up in a Russian prison where he was able to obtain dog tags from a non-Jewish soldier who had died. A prison guard who was fond of him, sneaked him out. After escaping, Dad was so weak, he couldn't get up. Someone in horse and buggy found him lying on side of road and in a magical moment, the man realized he knew my dad's father. He placed him in his cart and transported him back to his hometown. Post-war, my parents immigrated to Canada (my brother Sol Sandberg and I were born in Austria). Also not in the video is how much my mother suffered with PTSD, to the extent at which in her later years, she would lock herself in bathroom, believing that Nazis were coming.