

**Rangsdorf -
Interview with
Nadja Tschabar
on the 06. August 2005**



I was deported on the 8. September 1942 from Drushkowska to Germany. We travelled so long, about two weeks. In Germany I worked as a hard labourer from 1942 until May 1945.

I worked in Rangsdorf on the Bucker Company. All know how bad it was for us there. We had to line up in a crew and were watched. I forgot, how the machine was called, which I operated. There were small moulds, which I had to paint. On the second day, they were stuck together with black glue and brought under a press. On the third day they were collected. I associated less with German while the work. In the factory also worked French prisoners of war. They treated us well. While lining up we had to report in time. The target had to be fulfilled. I tried hard. I was a calm and harsh girl.

Even in the camp there was severe discipline. We were watched of the factory safeguards, which had hounds. But nobody had done anything to me.

I lived in a hut. There were about 30 girls in the room. The beds were two-storeyed, I slept above. The food was bad, very bad. I remember, at one time I got bread for the next week in the evening. I ate a slice and decided to keep the leftovers. But I couldn't help eating, because of my hunger. I went to bed, but not before I consumed the whole bread. The next week I had to manage without bread.

I remember the arrest of a worker from the East: I am religious. There was a man, whose name was Jefimow, he was religious, too, namely Baptist. He was in touch with a German, who sometimes gave him sandwiches. Someone noticed that and informed on him. Jefimow was arrested and had to pass 4 month at the Gestapo. Then one brought him back and threw him down near the camp gate. He was just skin and bones. The boys brought him in the camp, and the women gave each a slice of bread and a few potatoes, until he recovered. Later his relatives came and took Jefimow away.

In my leisure time I was less in touch with the German. On Sunday we went to Berlin to the Baptist meeting of Russian emigrants. They treated us well.

In summer we walked even to the lake of Rangsdorf, to go swimming. Timosch (Timofej Mikitenko, 19 years old) was one of us. He swam in the lake and drowned. The burial. I remember, as if it happened only now. All the girls came to the burial, the whole camp. He was buried in a refuse dump near the cemetery. And Boris Samojlowitsch (Boris Kostinski) appeared with a speech. So. We all cried. He died so young. And where he was buried? In a refuse dump.

After the liberation 1945 everybody cut one's own path. A military thing putted us up. We were frightened certainly, because one was mocking at some girls. But we were treated not too bad. It was o.k. I came to a farm, there were many cows. I milked them, then I worked at a butter factory, there I was eight month. For release I got a good certification and travelled home. We went by train, the wagons were bad.

At home we were ridiculed and called as traitors. Many girls were frightened to admit, that they was in Germany. When I handed over my certification from the military thing, I got a passport and a job.

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