

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



I was deported to Germany on the 8. September 1942, just like my sister Nadja Tschabar. At first we were brought to the river Oder, there was an assembly camp. We were 9 girls from Drushkowka. Three month we reaped wheat and potatoes. We made sheaf, which I never did before. A straw got into my nose. It started to bleed. After bringing in the harvest, they sent us to Bucker in Rangsdorf near Berlin.

The discipline there was very strict. Guarded we went at work, to lunch, even to the toilet. Our guard was a Georgian, who was regarded as our leader in camp. He was an ethnic German. Our living conditions were sickening. One day they cooked us a barley broth. When we started eating, we noticed, that there were maggots in the soup. We decided on striking, and nobody went at work. The instigators were arrested, and we were chased out to work. In the evening they gave us the same soup. What should we do? We turned out the light and ate the maggots. We were given enormously bad food. That we experienced. Also the beds were awful. The mattresses and pillows were stuffed only with sawdust.

We mustn't talk to the German, we even mustn't look at them while the work. I carried out the same work like Nadja Tschabar. Then I came to the department of technical supervision. I sat between two old Germans and mustn't talk to them. They showed me the man, who was watching them.

I had a boyfriend in the camp, Tantschik, he was older than me. He gave me mash. He and the other boys provided a grain mixture at work, hid it in their shoes and cooked a mash in the camp. Because of liking for me he let me come and gave me the mash. Somebody informed against them, that they would steal food, and they should get arrested. The boys made a hole under the barbed wire and escaped. I didn't notice anything. I was taken to interrogation from the police. Boris Kostinski was there to interpret. His attitude towards me was so thoughtful, so respectful, and so pleasant. I even thought: „A German and he treats you so humane; defends you.“ I felt, that he defended me. The German language I understood hardly. But I felt, that he defended me. I understood his words: „She has no responsibility. She is just a child, what does she

already know?" That I understand. One let me go and I wasn't sent to the concentration camp, thank God!

There was no connection to the German inhabitants. I remember that we were going through Rangsdorf and saw an apple tree with many green fruits. We came close to it and said: „Share an apple with each of us.“ The answer was: „Not yet ripe.“ These words I kept in mind up to now. They haven't given us an apple.

But there were exceptions: we heard of a farm in Dabendorf, there should be salad, white cabbage and beetroot. We went there on a Sunday and found the farm. We ate each one portion, the second and even the third. We came to the station, when the suburban train was leaving. The next arrived just in 20 minutes, so we was 20 minutes to late at the camp

On the next day all of us four girls were called and brought to trial. There were three adult women. They were from our camp. They had sold us for an extra potato. The judgement was: 15 days arrest and each 15 minutes bathe. We had to take off our clothes, also the underwear. Then cold jet of water came with pressure. The beds were wooden, without any mattress. We got one glass of water and 100 gram bread for one day. After 15 days I was covered with furuncles. I was sick-certificated one month.

Before I came to Germany, there was a German quartered in our home. He was already on the front. There was an empty parcel with the reply address. I took the address with me, for any case. At work I told the two old men: „Here I got an address. He was quartered in our home.“ One grandpa, about 80, said: „Give it to me! I went there and talk with them.“ It turned out that the soldier was from Berlin. One had to drive to Friedrichstraße and than with the streetcar 2 till terminal, I think. The Grandpa went there and mad inquiries. They invited me. He told me how to get there. When I got off, there were detached houses all around: clean and well-groomed. Their house was the fifth.

I this house there lived the father, the mother, the wife of the soldier, his daughter Ingabert and his niece Bärbel. They treated me well, gave me food. They placed me in a snow-white and soft bed, and I slept there. I told them, that I had to be in camp till 6 o'clock. The waked me up punctual, gave me food again, and a few things.

When I came one day they asked me: „The situation is so bad. Should we let us evacuate or not?“ I told them: „Don't leave, stay at home. If you leave, everything will be robed. And when you come back, you will have nothing yet.“ From then on we couldn't meet each other. But it was so interesting. I forgot the name, also the address. I gladly had met them again.

When we were freed, we all went away. Then one shot at us. I came on a car of our army. Then I came on a farm. I putted the cows to pasture. Then one decided to send us away. I was alone, and on sent me to an

assembly camp on the Oder, in a monastery. There we were checked until August. It was all right, and at the end of August I was sent back home. We went by car to Lwow, via Rawa Russkaja, there we had a break. The West Ukrainian chased us. There some of us had even poisoned themselves with the food. From Lwow we went by train to GUS. Finally everyone got off on his station.

After my return at home I was repatriated and registered. In my home village Drushkowka I found a job and staid.

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