

## Video Transcriptions

### Ellen Kerry Davis – transcription

**EKD:** And one night, in the middle of the winter, my father must have smelled smoke, and went outside and saw the synagogue aflame, with us in it. So, he managed to get all of us out, and my mother again pregnant and a babe in arms. And there we could see a group of Nazi youths with bricks in their hands. They were determined to exterminate us as well as the synagogue. The synagogue burned down and in the... whatever it was, with the fires going and the people shouting, some Jewish—some non-Jewish people got us away. And we were in our nightclothes and no shoes. And they hid us in an ice-cellar, which in those days was a hollowed-out hill filled with ice; there were no such things as fridges.

[...]

We were—these people who lived in the big house, put us into the ice-cellar when there was virtually mass hysteria because they couldn't find us and they wanted to kill us. And we knew they wanted to kill us. But, the rest of the day—of that night is a complete blank. Actually, it was only four years ago that I saw this—the ice cellar and I met the daughter of the people who saved us.

**Interviewer:** And how did you get—how were you saved?

**EKD:** Well, as I said, this, in this mass hysteria, they smuggled us away from the fire and—these non-Jewish people—and they hid us in the ice-cellar until next day. And by next day, of course, the hysteria which—when a group of Hitler Youths get together, they wind one another up, as we now say, and it's just one hysteric mob. And all they wanted to do was kill us.

### Irene Kirstein Watts – transcription

**IKW:** I remember a parade. I remember pushing myself to the front, of the, of the crowd. I remember saluting like this [gives the Nazi heil salute], like everybody else. I remember thinking, 'Why can't I be in this parade and, and be dressed like those girls?'

I mean, it was the most dramatic and theatrical thing you can imagine; the red and white flags and swastikas, and the cheering, and the crowds. I was seven years old, or maybe even younger. And I knew that this was not something I was supposed to do, just as the same way that I knew that I wasn't supposed to go through the park, but I remember sitting on a park bench and looking at my boots—lace-up boots—and swinging them. And I'm sure I sat on a bench which said, 'Juden verboten'. I suppose I was asserting my individuality.

I knew Hitler was bad; I'd got that much from overhearing conversations, but I didn't actually know why he was bad. And there was something absolutely fabulous to a little girl, you know, music and colour and crowds. And I did do that.

