

Ellen Kerry Davis - Video Transcriptions

CLIP 1

First of all, all the children we used to play with, either ignored us, or threw stones at us or just called us 'Jew'.

Well, for a child who doesn't know what the difference is between a Christian and a Jew—except that they went to a church, we went to a synagogue—and it hurt because we'd been friends and I was only four years old.

And the main memory was the fact that my father's best friend was the village policeman. And I remember, being a very nosy child, coming down one night, hearing voices and there was the village policeman and my father—the policeman who we called 'uncle'—saying to my father, "Julius, don't talk to me in the street because I can't talk to you. If I shout at you, forgive me!"

"Tell the children they mustn't call me 'uncle', because..." he said, "I have to wear this dreadful uniform, I have a family and I have to live here."

And for the first time in my young life, I discovered that men could cry. I never knew that. I knew I could cry when I was hurt, but for men to cry. That I didn't know. And that was the greatest shock of all, the fact that these two big, strong men could cry.

And then I realised why, when he said, "Tell the children that they mustn't call me 'uncle'. And if I shout at them, tell them, please take no notice".

CLIP 2

EKD: Amongst all the deportees, the people who were transported in the cattle trucks from Kassel, were two boys who have Russian names. They were sent to a pris... to a camp and when war was over, they were released by Russians.

They came back to Kassel—the only people who came back to Kassel—and swore affidavits to what they had seen. And one of these affidavits was about my family, because there is no way you could miss one woman with six small children; the eldest was 11 and the youngest was two.

They arrived at Riga. And this has been sworn as an affidavit...

Interviewer: In what year?

EKD: In 1941, December 1941. And the Nazis, or whoever was in charge, wanted to separate my mother from my brothers and sisters. And my 11-year-old brother stood in front of my family with his arms stretched out as if to embrace them, and turned around to Nazis and said, "We are going to die, we will die together".

And they shot them, there and then.

