

but that I was going to be sent to the mines, as so many were. But I believed it, and I just sat there on my bunk and began to dream of the food I would get and what I would eat first, and so on.

I did not go to sleep that night—just walked from barracks to barracks until they chased me away, and then walked up and down in my own barracks the rest of the night. When I got to the Russian barracks and told the two doctors my news, they would not believe me at all, although they knew there had been some important visitor at the camp.

But when I walked out of their door I said, "Dobra vetshav," which means "Good night!" Then they must have believed me, for they called me back, and all the men gave me addresses of people I should write to, in case I should get away.

They were all talking at once, and one of the doctors got very excited and got down on his knees with his hands in the air. "Albert," he said, "if you have the God-given luck to get out of Germany—not for my sake, but for the sake of us who are here in this hell hole, promise me you will tell all the people wherever you go what they are doing to us here. Tell them not to send money, for we can't eat money, and not meat—just bread, bread, bread——"

And when I looked round all the men were sitting on their beds, crying and tearing their hair and saying, "bread, bread, bread," over and over again.