A UNIQUE MULTIDISCIPLINARY HOLOCAUST EXHIBITION

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Jack Fogel Born 27 December 1924, Turek, Poland

Shortly after the war broke out my family was forced into a ghetto.

Living conditions were very difficult.

Our dwelling had only two rooms. We had to share it with another family.

One day as I stood on the street a truck of German soldiers stopped beside me. I was put on the truck with twenty others.

Eventually we arrived at a camp surrounded by barbed wire.

I had to share a bunk with ten others -all much older than me.

I was fifteen and I had never spent a night away from my family.

It was the most horrible night I experienced.

I cried all night.

I never saw my family again.

Later in the war I was sent to Auschwitz.

There I was selected to live.

My head was shaved and I was given a uniform

A number was stitched on my uniform and tattooed on my arm.

From that day my name didn't exist.

Some attempted to escape. I don't know of any who succeeded.

Those who tried to escape were hanged on the gallows.

We were all made to watch them slowly die.