

# Pavel Werner's Provisional Identity Card

**Ausweis — Certification.**

Herr Paul Werner

Mutter Prag, CSR

geb. am 3.1.1932 in Prag, CSR

oben Prag, CSR

zuletzt wohnhaft Pardubitz

bei Pardubitz

wurde vom 3.11.1942 bis 4.5.1945

in nationalsozialistischen Konzentrationslagern gehalten und vom Konzentrationslager Mauthausen in Freiheit gesetzt.

was kept in captivity from 3.11.1942 to 4.5.1945 in Nazi-German concentration camps and was liberated from the concentration camp of Mauthausen.

Unterschriften und Stempel:

[Signature] Lagerkomitee Camp Committee

[Signature] Lagerkomitee Camp Committee

Mauthausen, am 18 JUN 1945

**Provisional identification card for civilian internee of Mauthausen.**

Vorläufige Identitätskarte für Mauthausen, Gruppe Zivilinternee.

Current number A-560 Internee number A-560

Laufende Nr. Werner Häftlings-Nr.

Family name Werner

Familienname Paul

Christian name Paul

Vorname Prag

Born Prag at 3.1.1932

geboren CSR in

Nationality CSR

Nationalität Pardubitz, Prager Str. 1367

Address Pardubitz, Prager Str. 1367

Address Pardubitz, Prager Str. 1367

Fingerprint: [Fingerprint]

Fingerabdruck [Fingerprint]

Signature: [Signature]

Unterschrift [Signature]

Mauthausen, am 18 JUN 1945

I got these temporary documents at the end of the war, they were to serve as proof of my identity until I had a chance to obtain new documents. At the same time they served as confirmation that I had been jailed in concentration camps - I boarded the transport to Terezin on 3rd November 1942, and was freed by the Americans in Gunskirchen on 4th May 1945.

Even though I had these documents with me on the trip from Vienna's New Town (Wiener Neustadt) to Bratislava, I fell under suspicion of being a member of the Hitlerjugend. In Vienna's New Town some guys and I decided that we'd go home on foot. We calculated it to be about ninety kilometers. Three of us picked up and set out on foot for Bratislava. How we found the way, that I don't know. It was quite a dramatic trip. It was June 1945, horribly hot, we were extremely weak, so we agreed amongst each other that we couldn't manage the trip during the day, that we'd walk at night. We didn't have any gear, food, nothing. One night we happened upon some drunk Russians. They thought that we were some young members of the Hitlerjugend and wanted to shoot us. This was because we were wearing German uniforms, just without the insignia. The Americans had dressed us up in them at the airport in Wels, when they took off our prison rags, because the warehouse in the barracks was full of German uniforms and they didn't have any other clothing for us.

These drunk Russians thought we were Germans, they wanted to kill us. It was night, dark, we had to try very hard to convince them that we're not Germans, for them to not shoot us. We were crying, showing our tattooed numbers and were saying 'Czech, Czech, Czech,' because we didn't speak Russian. The problem is that it's impossible to lead a conversation with a drunk, much less a soldier, and what's more when you're walking about at night in a German uniform. It was already looking quite grim, they had their pistols out and at any moment could have started shooting. Finally we managed to convince them.