

A tomcat that didn't
run off the bed or
hiss when 3 strangers
let themselves in.

→ hunger we felt now as the desire to know where we were.

We ran up to the door, knocked, and stepped inside. The warmth of the place engulfed us. I looked around. A table, two chairs and a bed: on the bed a featherquilt with a tomcat snuggled in it. What I would have given to be able to lie down on this bed, thinking of nothing, and without the ever-present feeling of danger! Oh, to be this tomcat. That would be happiness! I looked at my buddies. They, too, were mesmerized by the peaceful atmosphere.

A woman came in from the barn, still young yet ravaged by care. She approached the bed and awakened a small boy we had not noticed before as his head was under the quilt.

"Good day," we said. She turned and faced us.

"Good day, Panowie [sirs or gentlemen]."

"We would like to buy some food. Could you sell us some?"

"As you can see," she answered, "I am poor. I am alone on the farm without a man, but I'll give you what I can."

→ She brought bread and fresh milk. We

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She brought bread and fresh milk. We drank it all and asked for more. She filled our canteens with what remained in a pail, leaving just a little for herself. We quickly ate our bread, preparing to leave. Kostman took out a gold ring and offered it to the good woman. She wouldn't hear of it

"What for? For the food? You were hungry and I gave you what I could . . . But not for money." We tried to force it on her, but she steadfastly refused, saying "Jesus said, 'Give food to the hungry, water to the thirsty'."

As we were about to go, the woman looked at us and said, "I suppose you boys are from Sobibor where they burn people. Yesterday they searched the neighboring village. You'd better get away from here."

We thanked her, and asked where we were and how far from the extermination camp.

"Sobibor," she said, thinking out loud and

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and how far from the extermination camp.

"Sobibor," she said, thinking out loud and slowly, "must be about three kilometers. When you stand in back of the barn on a clear day, you can see the top of the turret."

"My legs felt weak. We had been traveling

four nights and were only three kilometers away! We must have been going around in circles!

Being a native of this part of Poland and my two companions strangers to this region, I now took the initiative. I asked her for directions to Lublin.

Returning to the woods, we hid in a thicket waiting for dusk. Night was our friend. Now, for the first time, I began to reflect on the events leading up to this moment. Till now, the urgency of survival had crowded out such thoughts. Now, I relived the sardine-packed trucks which brought us, one-hundred standing, to the "town" of Sobibor.

Machine guns convinced us to enter the neatly and beautifully kept "town." There were flower boxes here and there, artistic signs reading "barber shop", "tailor", etc., and neatly painted cottages. First we were to shower — women and children to left, men to right. Women had hair cut, undressed, and went to "Shower". Men undressed and went directly to "shower". I, amongst others, was pulled out of line to work as a shoe-shiner.

But somehow I was put to work sorting out the luggage — eyeglasses to eyeglasses, pants

The luggage that never seems to include guns and knives to fight the guards, and never seems to contain cameras to take photos of the camp. Lots of gold and diamonds though, as you'll see later.

Haircut by machine doesn't matter, you think a highly valuable resource. "spice" in movie "Downfall" cut hair to show they didn't have itchy scalp today, the deadly disease. They need a system to keep them down. At the end when the camp was broken the lice epidemic and typhus is why the bodies still in the camps.



Barbed wire is more a farm fence than a deathcamp fence. Blatt was a technical consultant on the movie "Escape from Sobibor" making sure the movie was true to his supposed experience there. Here are stills of the fence.

No ovens at Sobibor. The story is that they cremated the bodies on outdoor fires. Being a key prosecution witness in the 1960's, Blatt would know that. Maybe he is just going with how he knows the 1977 California public perceives the holocaust. Or it could be the editor added that.

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to pants, toys to toys. As I worked, I could hear from far away, a high-pitched sound that faded and stopped in about twenty minutes. From the far end of the camp came the smell of smoke and stench. And so, with thousands that day, went my father, mother and brother, from screams to ashes....

I recalled the planning and preparation, the luring and killing, one by one, of the S.S. guards, until all that was left in our path to freedom was an electric barbed wire fence — now dead — a water moat, another barbed wire fence, a guard's corridor, another barbed wire fence, an exploding

In real world, worked camp, as a death camp, admits he never part of camps and a assumption heard he was

A movie if it was to improve British a movie

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Margaret Borker

mine field, and, of course, the machine-gun fire from the guards in the turret.

There were about 800 slave-laborers in the death camp. A few of us made it. We escaped the gas and ovens waiting for us when our time would come — for we were replacements for slaves who had just been gassed.

Twilight came; we trudged down the highway. Though we realized the risk, we could no longer take the forest, and decided to trust the oncoming darkness to help conceal us. Only once did we encounter anyone. The man was alone and appeared so suddenly we had no place to hide. Instinctively, we simply went on, looking straight ahead. After all, he was alone, and there were three of us. Shortly, we saw blinking lights and I recognized the village of Krasny Stau (Red Pond). As we approached the outskirts, we hurried off into the surrounding hills. Stopping at a peasant hut, we again asked to buy food. The farmers eyed us with suspicion, presuming we were well armed, but sold us something to eat.

Finally, we reached a road sign reading "Izbica, 12 kilometers". My home, my village. From here on I knew the road like my own hand.

Tired, we stopped before a large haystack, bet

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