

image 48

There was a shot, then another. Again a scream from Wajcen — a last muffled shot — and silence. Seconds went by, another shot, then complete silence. Must be dead, I thought.

They returned to me, pulled me inside the barn and put me face downward on the ground. The blood from my wound flowed faster in this position. When I was face up, it had almost stopped.

In the meantime, the murderers rummaged quickly through the jumble of hay and overturned table for our scattered treasure and were happy, like children, as they found a watch, a ring, etc. After more poking and shaking of hay, they left, as one said to another, "We'll go through the Jew rags later and bury them tomorrow; they won't rot until then and we can search the straw more thoroughly in daylight."

My thoughts were in a jumble. Run? Perhaps it's too late. I thought of Kostman. In pitch dark I stumbled over his body. I touched him and whispered, "Kostman? Are you alive?" But Kostman didn't answer.

Remember earlier in the story where someone looking for Jews poked the hay inside the barn and almost got to them? Don't you think the farmer would rather go after them and shoot them inside the barn where no one can see and the noise of the gunshots would be muffled? Yet, this has all happened outside the barn apparently, until right here.

The whole reason for months of incredible concealment is in case people come looking for Jews. Yet, now they're just going to leave the bodies laying there and go up to the house and go to bed, risking execution for themselves if caught. Once again, Blatt has to make the bad guys be "dumb dumbs" in order for his story to work. Not unlike so many Hollywood movies.

image 49

I was now only in underpants; they had taken my pants off just before leaving. Without another thought, I removed Kostman's bloody pants and put them on. Then I recalled that Wajcen had in his pants pocket the remaining pieces of our jewelry. I knew from overheard conversation that the bandits hadn't yet taken his clothes. Perhaps because he was buried so deeply under the table, way back near the wall — they were too lazy? Who knows?

All I felt was that a miracle had spared my life and I must do everything I could to fight for it still.

I crept into the hole and felt his body. As with Kostman, I whispered, asking if he were still alive. It seemed impossible after four shots. His face was turned towards me. In order to get to the pocket of his pants I would have to turn him; and at that moment I heard his breath, very faint.

"Schmul, are you alive?"

"It's you, Tomek? I thought it was the bandits."

Yeah, they didn't check Wajcen's pants for jewels. They didn't even check to see if he was dead. They just fired shots into the straw and called it a night.

This attitude is incredibly unlikely, particularly considering that they would be executed for murder if caught. By either the coming Soviets or by the Nazi-imposed government.

image 50

"Yes. I'm not badly hurt. Only one bullet hit me."  
 "Have you got the jewelry?"  
 "No. I threw the small purse to the bottom, below the straw, so they shouldn't find it. It must be close by."  
 He rummaged in the depth for a while and found the purse. We crawled through the opening, one after the other. Once outside, we ran quickly through the woods and didn't stop until we reached a deserted brick factory, in which I used to play when I was little.  
 It wasn't until we sat down there to rest that I noticed Wajcen's wounded hand. The knuckle of his forefinger was straight and stiff; the imbedded bullet projected about an eighth of an inch.  
 "But the four shots," I said, "and you screamed so."

Because Blatt's knowledge of guns is likely from movies, he puts in lines like "only one bullet hit me."

A BB from a BB gun or a pellet from a pellet gun might get stuck in a finger, but imagine someone not far from you pointing a pistol at you, and you hold up your index finger and that index finger catches the bullet in your knuckle.

image 51

"I screamed out of fear, but each of the first three shots missed me, and suddenly I realized if I stop screaming they'll think I'm dead. So I shut up. Then the guy shot me once more; I had my hand in front of my face and that saved me."  
 I was conscious now of my own wound, forgotten while the bleeding had stopped. There was a small hole underneath the jaw. I thought the bullet had ricocheted from the bone and fallen out. It wasn't until long after the war that I learned through an X-ray that it was embedded in the bone itself. (I still carry it around.)

Index finger stopped the bullet from going into his face.

He had a conversation about the jewels, heard the story about Wajcen's finger, while forgetting he had a bullet lodged in his jaw.

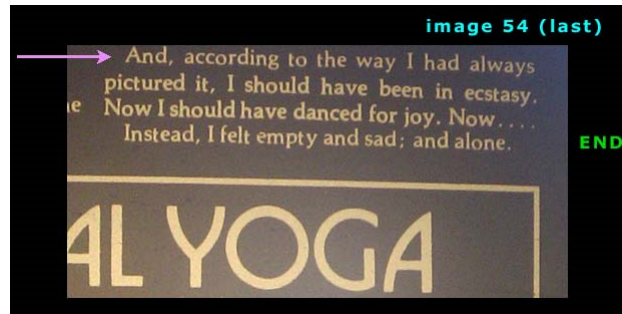
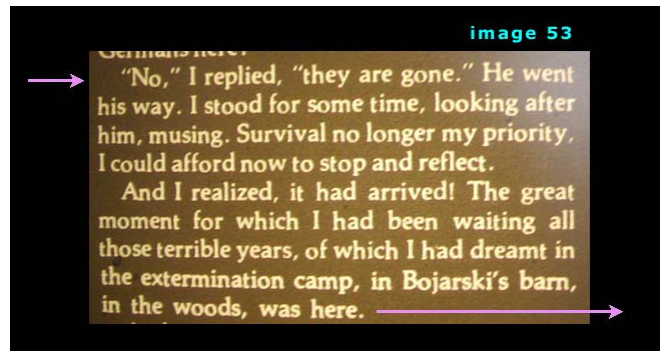
image 52

Like hunted animals, we tramped from forest to forest, with an occasional stop in some kind peasant hut or deserted cabin — till a month or so later I became separated from Wajcen. Only after the war did I find out that he had been murdered by Bojarski's men who all the while were hunting us down to "destroy the evidence." Evidently, he felt that if he didn't kill us, he would be killed.  
 I continued on alone, till three months had gone by in the forests. In the "bookkeeping" of my life, where every hour, every day lived became a clear profit, I raced with time against the Nazis — would I live at war's end, or would time favor the Nazis. It was near the end.  
 The front line was quickly moving west, and on a certain day (July 22) I noticed that the Nazis had left the area in which I was hiding. I entered a small village. Several tanks were burning in the streets. A soldier in the green uniform of the Soviet army came by on bicycle. He stopped and asked, "Any Germans here?"

Bojarski and his wife were probably hanged after a Soviet-Polish communist trial, with Blatt as trial witness (the only witness since Blatt's story has the other two getting killed.) Blatt doesn't tell us what happened to the Bojarskis.

"Bojarski's men?" How did Bojarski find Wajcen if he's traveling from forest to forest? And notice he doesn't mention what happened to all the gold and jewels?

His ego gets so into his story that he has a Soviet soldier coming up to him on a bicycle asking him if there's any Germans around.



#### Commentary on Thomas Blatt

After reading Blatt's 1977 article, check at an interview with Blatt on Youtube.com, done 30 years later, conducted by a holocaust believer. You will see that, because Blatt doesn't know enough about guns, he is still unable to make up a believable story that involves guns. At minute 3:20 he says that SS officer Gustav Wagner shot a boy 9 times and the boy stood there, while Wagner reloaded the clip, and the 10th shot made him fall down.

9 bullet holes and the boy didn't fall down? 9 bullet holes in front and who knows how many exiting in back? And the boy doesn't faint; he doesn't go into shock and fall down. Any bullets to the stomach do not make the boy double up in pain and fall over. He just stands there and waits for Wagner to reload. And Blatt still throws in the irony: it was all over a box of sardines or anchovies.

Another thing we saw in the 1977 story is that Blatt was oblivious to how cowardly and dishonorable he made himself look at times in his story. It could be that, because holocaust eyewitnesses live a life full of praise with no criticism, they are unaware of how they make themselves look when they make up their stories. Thus 30 years later, we see Blatt still oblivious to this. Here's an example: in the following video, Blatt states that the Jewish leader of all the other Jews in the camp (Oberkapo Hubert Berliner) told the SS about a Jewish escape attempt. Berliner "snitched" on his fellow Jews and that led to 6 Jews who had planned the escape being shot (See Yitzhak Arad's book Belzec, Sobibor, Treblinka. Page 304). But did Blatt shun this traitor to the Jewish people, Hubert Berliner, after that? No he continued a friendship with him. See the following video.

Lastly I want to add that one common response that holocaust believers have to holocaust deniers, is this:

"If it's all a hoax, then why did no one come forward, even years later and say it was a hoax."

The answer is that the Germans who knew it was a hoax were the ones in the camps. Not the German public or those outside the camp. The Germans who worked in delousing camps framed as death camps, like Sobibor and Treblinka; or who worked in labor camps framed as death camps like Auschwitz. They were vulnerable to prosecution. Any German who worked in these camps, could have a Thomas Blatt figure come along and say "I saw you beat my father!" on the witness stand.

Thomas Blatt's testimony, for instance, was largely responsible for putting Karl Frenzel in jail for his whole life. In an interview between Blatt and Frenzel (yes, Blatt interviewed Frenzel in 1984!) published in the appendix of Blatt's book *From the Ashes of Sobibor* (1997) (and we'll have to take Blatt's good word on what was said in the interview.) we see Blatt saying to Frenzel:

BLATT: Duty. That's what it always comes down to, duty. Why did you club my father to the ground immediately upon arrival? Was that your duty too?

FRENZEL: I don't remember.

[...]

BLATT: (...) You took him to Lager III, the crematorium, and shot him

FRENZEL: That wasn't me.