

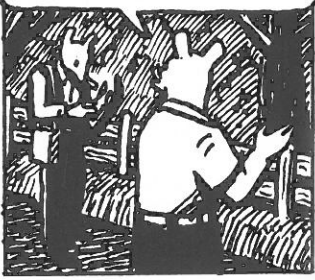
THE NEXT DAYS IT WAS HARD TO GO WORK, BUT TO GO TO THE HOSPITAL, I COULD EASY NOT COME AGAIN OUT.



IT WASN'T A PLACE WITH MEDICINES, ONLY A PLACE FULL WITH PRISONERS TOO SICK TO GO WORK.



EACH DAY IT WAS SELEKTIONS. THE DOCTORS CHOSE OUT THE WEAKER ONES TO GO AND DIE.



IN THE WHOLE CAMP WAS SELEKTIONS. I WENT TWO TIMES IN FRONT OF DR. MENGELE.



WE STOOD WITHOUT ANYTHING, STRAIGHT LIKE A SOLDIER. HE GLANCED AND SAID: "FACE LEFT!"



THEY LOOKED TO SEE IF IT WAS SORES OR PIMPLES ON THE BODY. THEN AGAIN: "FACE LEFT!"



THEY LOOKED TO SEE IF EATING NO FOOD MADE YOU TOO SKINNY...

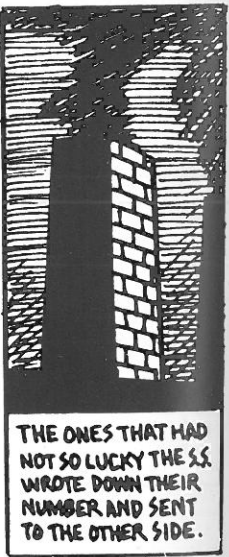


FACE LEFT!

IF YOU HAD STILL A HEALTHY BODY TO WORK, THEY PASSED YOU THROUGH AND GAVE YOU ANOTHER UNIFORM UNTIL IT CAME THE NEXT SELECTION...



WHEN FIRST I CAME I WAS VERY STRONG THEN, AND CAME WELL TO THE GOOD SIDE.



THE ONES THAT HAD NOT SO LUCKY THE S.S. WROTE DOWN THEIR NUMBER AND SENT TO THE OTHER SIDE.

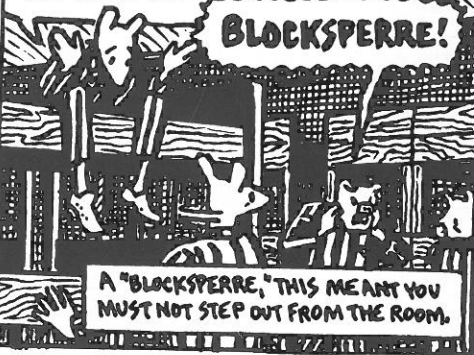
THE SECOND SELEKTION I WAS IN THE BARRACK IN THE BED UP FROM ME WAS A FINE BOY, A BELGIAN.



I DREAMED MY WIFE WAS ALIVE. SHE WAS COOKING A GIANT ROAST WITH THICK GRAVY AND FRIED-

STOP, FELIX! DON'T THINK ABOUT FOOD!

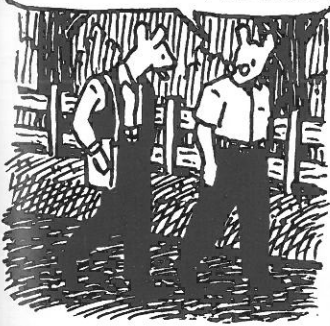
WE WERE EXPECTING DINNER GUESTS. WE WAITED AND WAITED... THEN THE GONG RANG. I WOKE UP WITHOUT EVEN TASTING THE-



BLOCKSPERRE!

A "BLOCKSPERRE," THIS MEANT YOU MUST NOT STEP OUT FROM THE ROOM.

THEY TOOK THEN THE JEWS TO A SELEKTION. I CAME AGAIN TO THE GOOD SIDE, BUT THIS BELGIAN, HE HAD MAYBE A RASH, AND THEY WROTE HIS NUMBER...



ANY TIME THEY COULD TAKE HIM. ALL NIGHT HE CRIED AND SCREAMED.



HERE FELIX. HAVE A PIECE OF BREAD...

SOB LOOK. THEY'RE GOING TO KILL ALL OF US HERE EVENTUALLY.. YOU THIS WEEK, ME THE NEXT...



...NONE OF US CAN ESCAPE IT. YOU MUST BE BRAVE... AND, WHO KNOWS, MAYBE IT'S NOT EVEN YOUR TURN YET...



SO HE CALMED A LITTLE...

BUT LATER HE AGAIN STARTED..



WHAT COULD I DO? I COULDN'T TELL TO THE GERMANSTHEY WON'T TAKE HIM... AND THE NEXT DAY, THEY TOOK.

SO... IN THE TINSHOP I HAD STILL THE SAME STORY WITH YIDL.



A LOT OF THE POLISH PRISONERS WERE SENT TO CAMPS INSIDE THE REICH. THEY TOOK SOME OF MY BOYS TOO.



I RAN TO THE KAPO IN CHARGE FROM ALL THE SHOP.



I LEARNED A LITTLE SHOE FIXING WATCHING HOW THEY WORKED WHEN I WAS WITH MY COUSIN MILOCH, THERE IN THE GHETTO SHOE SHOP.

TO FIX SUCH AN OPENED SOLE I KNEW TO TAKE A DOUBLE THREAD SMEARED WITH WAX.



...MAKE THEN A HOLE AND PUSH THE THREAD HALF WAY ONLY.

AND ON THE UPPER PART PUT TWO HOLES EVEN TO THE SOLE...



BRING THE THREAD THEN THROUGH THESE HOLES.



CROSS THE THREAD FROM THE TOP AND BOTTOM, BOTH ENDS THROUGH A NEW HOLE IN THE SOLE AND REPEAT SO UNTIL THE SHOE IS CLOSED.



SO, NOW I WAS A SHOEMAKER. I HAD HERE A WARM AND PRIVATE ROOM WHERE TO SIT...



OFFICIALS LIKED BETTER IF I FIX THEIR SHOES THAN TO SEND TO THE BIG SHOP INSIDE CAMP.



I KNEW TO FIX SOLES AND HEELS, BUT WHAT THIS GESTAPO WANTED, IT NEEDED A SPECIALIST.

SO, GOING FROM WORK, I HID THIS BOOT TO SNEAK IT TO A REAL SHOEMAKER IN AUSCHWITZ.



NEXT DAY I HAD THE BOOT READY FOR THIS GESTAPO.



HE LEFT THE BOOT AND WENT WITHOUT ONE WORD.



AND HE CAME BACK WITH A WHOLE SAUSAGE.



I COULDN'T ANYMORE MAKE A BUSINESS SMUGGLING WITH POLISH WORKERS FROM HERE AS A SHOEMAKER, BUT STILL I WAS WELL-OFF...



I SHARED SOMETIMES TO THE KAPO IN CHARGE.

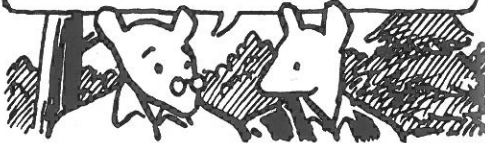
I JUST ORGANIZED SOME EGGS-WANT ONE?

WHAT A FRIENDLY JEW! SURE-WE CAN COOK THEM ON MY HEATER.



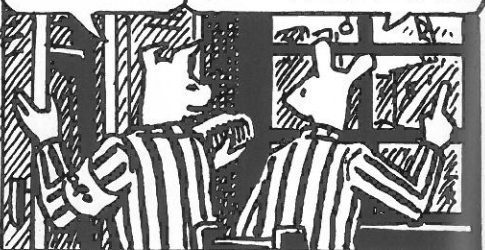
IF YOU WANT TO LIVE, IT'S GOOD TO BE FRIENDLY.

THE GESTAPO WHAT I FIXED HIS BOOT RECOMMENDED ME, SO HIS FRIENDS WANTED I'LL FIX ALSO THEIR SHOES AND PAID ME FOOD.



AND HERE'S A LITTLE BREAD FOR OUR MEAL

GREAT! SAY, WHAT ARE ALL THOSE NEW BUILDINGS THEY'RE PUTTING UP THERE?



JUST SOME NEW WORKSHOPS. THEY'RE EXPANDING THE UNION WERKE MUNITIONS FACTORY...



AND THEY'RE PUTTING UP SOME BARRACKS TO MOVE SOME WOMEN WORKERS FROM BIRKENAU OVER HERE.



M-MY WIFE IS IN BIRKENAU. MAYBE I COULD GET HER INTO ONE OF THOSE BARRACKS!

HAM! IMPOSSIBLE! IT WOULD COST A FORTUNE IN BRIBES!



HE UNWRAPPED SOME CHEESE AND ATE HIMSELF A PIECE.

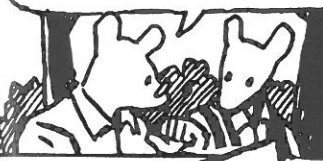
PLEASE. COULD I HAVE THAT PIECE OF PAPER?

WELL, SURE. I CAN LET YOU HAVE THE PAPER - BUT NOT THE CHEESE!



I NEEDED TO WRITE OVER TO ANJA!

EVEN PAPER WAS HARD TO HAVE THERE. MY FRIENDS CAME ALWAYS TO ME WHEN THEY NEEDED



I FOUND AND SAVED. FOR THE TOP LET MOST USED A PIECE FROM THEIR CLOTHES OR THEIR HAND.

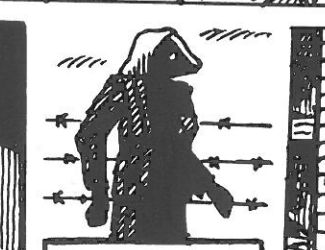


WHY DIDN'T OTHER PEOPLE SAVE PAPER?

ACH! YOU KNOW HOW MOST PEOPLE ARE!



SO... I WROTE OVER TO ANJA THAT NOW I AM A SHOEMAKER, AND I HEARD HERE ABOUT THESE NEW BARRACKS...



AND MANCIE TOOK IT. SHE WAS SO GOOD, ALWAYS SHE TOOK.

ON THE BACK FROM MY LETTER ANJA WROTE HOW MUCH SHE WANTED ONLY TO COME TO SUCH A BARRACK NEAR TO ME.



ANJA'S BARRACK WAS MAYBE 1000 GIRLS WITH A BAD KAPO WHAT HIT ANYBODY WHAT CAME NEAR.

SNEAK! I SAW YOU TAKE A SECOND PIECE OF BREAD!



SHE HAD LEATHER BOOTS-NOT WOOD. THEY WERE IN A VERY BAD SHAPE, BUT REALLY LEATHER.

OF COURSE I FIXED VERY NICE THE SHOES, AND THE KAPO THEN WAS VERY DIFFERENT WITH ANJA.



N-NICE BOOTS-IT'S A PITY THE SOLES ARE COMING APART.

SO? WHAT DO YOU CARE?



YOU COULD SEND THEM TO MY HUSBAND HE'S A SHOEMAKER IN AUSCHWITZ...

OH, REALLY



SO, SHE ARRANGED THE BOOTS OVER TO ME.

THAT SOUP CAN IS TOO HEAVY FOR YOU. COME REST IN MY ROOM UNTIL THE APPEL.



...VERY DIFFERENT.

I THOUGHT ONLY HOW HAPPY IT WOULD BE TO HAVE ANJA SO NEAR TO ME IN THESE NEW BARRACKS.



IT COULD BE "ARRANGED" FOR 100 CIGARETTES AND A BOTTLE VODKA, BUT THIS WAS A FORTUNE.



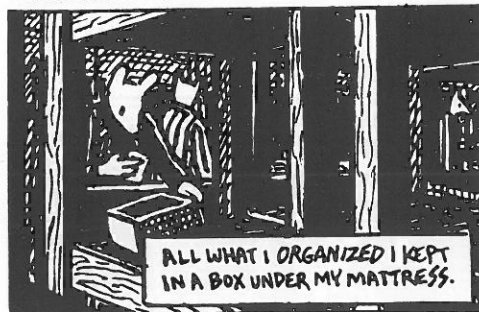
HOW COULD YOU GET CIGARETTES? EACH WEEK TO THE WORKERS, THEY GAVE US THREE.



THEY ISSUED A LUXURY LIKE THAT? YA. AND IF YOU DON'T SMOKE YOU CAN EXCHANGE FOR BREAD.



I STARVED A LITTLE TO PAY TO BRING ANJA OVER.



ALL WHAT I ORGANIZED I KEPT IN A BOX UNDER MY MATTRESS.

BUT, WHEN I CAME BACK ONE TIME FROM WORK...



IT-IT'S GONE!

I'M TELLING YOU I WANTED TO CRY.

YOU LEFT THE BOX IN THE BARRACK? HOW COULD IT NOT BE TAKEN?



I DIDN'T THINK ON IT...



BUT EVERYONE WAS STARVING TO DEATH! SIGH-I GUESS I JUST DON'T UNDERSTAND.



YES... ABOUT AUSCHWITZ, NOBODY CAN UNDERSTAND.



SO... I SAVED A SECOND TIME A FORTUNE, AND GAVE OVER BRIBES TO BRING ANJA CLOSE TO ME. AND IN THE START OF OCTOBER, 1944, I SAW A FEW THOUSAND WOMEN IN THESE NEW BARRACKS...



AND WITH THEM WAS ANJA. THIS I ARRANGED. IT WAS THE ONLY TIME I WAS HAPPY IN AUSCHWITZ.

WHEN NOBODY SAW I WENT BACK AND FORTH UNTIL I SAW HER FROM FAR GOING TO MAKE MUNITIONS...



SHE WENT ALSO BACK AND FORTH UNTIL IT WAS SAFE TO APPROACH OVER TO MY FOOD PACKAGES...



HEY, YOU! STOP!



DROP THAT PACKAGE AND STOP RIGHT THERE!



STOP!



SHE RAN-SHE DIDN'T KNOW WHERE-INTO HER OWN BLOCK.

ONLY A FRIEND FROM ANJA WAS THERE AS A ROOM CLEANER...



H-HIDE ME, LONIA, QUICK!

GET UNDER ONE OF THE BLANKETS!

I KNOW YOU'RE IN HERE SOMEPLACE, AND WHEN I FIND YOU, I'LL KILL YOU RIGHT HERE ON THE SPOT!



IT WAS SEVERAL ROOMS THERE, AND HUNDREDS OF BEDS. IN ONE, ANJA LAY SHAKING, AFRAID TO BREATHE EVEN.



FOR MAYBE AN HOUR, LIKE CRAZY SHE RAN FROM ROOM TO ROOM, THROWING UPSIDE DOWN THE BEDS.



BAH! GET ALL THE BEDS IN ORDER BEFORE THE APPEL.



OKAY, ANJA. IT'S SAFE TO COME OUT NOW.

BUT THIS WASN'T YET OVER.

ON THE EVENING APPEL SHE CAME AGAIN THIS KAPO.



THE PRISONER I CHASED THIS AFTERNOON WILL NOW STEP FORWARD!

BUT MOTHER DIDN'T STEP OUT.



IT WILL BE BETTER FOR YOU IF YOU STEP OUT THAN IF I FIND YOU!

SHE CAME BACK AND FORTH, LOOKING IN EACH FACE, BUT WITH THE STRIPES EVERYONE LOOKED ALL THE SAME.



IF YOU KNOW WHO SHE IS, PUSH HER FORWARD OR YOU'LL ALL SUFFER!

SHE MADE THEM TO RUN, TO JUMP, TO BEND UNTIL THEY COULDN'T ANYMORE. THEN MORE, THE SAME.



FOR A FEW APPELS IT WENT SO, BUT NOBODY OF ANJA'S FRIENDS GAVE HER OUT. YOU CAN IMAGINE WHAT SHE WENT THROUGH.



I HAD TO STOP SENDING OVER SUCH PACKAGES MORE TO ANJA.

I LOST ANYWAY MY JOB NEAR TO HER SOON AFTER. MY WHOLE WORKSHOP THEY CLOSED OUT...

THEY PUT US BACK TO THE MAIN CAMP AND TOOK ME FOR BLACK WORK. BLACK WORK?

CARRYING BACK AND FORTH BIG STONES, DIGGING OUT HOLES, EACH DAY DIFFERENT, BUT ALWAYS THE SAME. VERY HARD...



AND GOD FORBID, IF YOU STOPPED ONLY A MINUTE TO BREATHE.



YOU GOT A HIT TO THE HEAD, OR WORSE.

TO ME THEY NEVER HIT, BECAUSE I WORKED ALL MY MUSCLES AWAY.



I LIKED BETTER INDOORS WORK. I SOMETIMES WAS A "BETTNACH-ZIEHER"... A BED-AFTER-PULLER...

AFTER EVERYBODY FIXED THEIR BED, WE CAME TO FIX BETTER, SO THE STRAW LOOKED SQUARE.

WHAT A CRAZY JOB!

NO. THEY WANTED EVERYTHING NEAT AND IN GOOD ORDER.

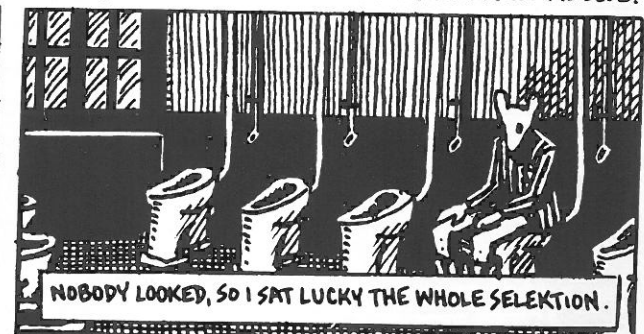
BUT THESE DAYS I GOT TOO SKINNY AND IT CAME AGAIN A SELECTION.



BLOCKSPERRE!

NOW IT COULD BE MY TURN.

RIGHT AWAY I RAN INSIDE THE TOILETS. AND IF SOMEBODY LOOKED, I'LL TELL I HAD A BAD STOMACH. WHAT HAD I TO LOSE?



NOBODY LOOKED, SO I SAT LUCKY THE WHOLE SELECTION.

SO DID YOU DO BLACK WORK THE REST OF THE TIME YOU WERE THERE?

I HAD NOT AGAIN A NEW CHANCE FOR A BETTER JOB. IN AUSCHWITZ TOGETHER I WAS 10 MONTHS.

HOW LONG WERE YOU IN QUARANTINE TEACHING ENGLISH?

MAYBE 2 MONTHS... THERE I HAD IT GOOD. I-

YOU TOLD ME ABOUT THAT. HOW MANY MONTHS WERE YOU IN THE TIN SHOP?

IN THIS WORKSHOP - TIN AND SHOE WORK COMBINED - I WAS ABOUT 5 OR 6 MONTHS.

SO, BLACK WORK LASTED 3 MONTHS.

YAH... NO! I REMIND MYSELF...

AFTER BLACK WORK I CAME AGAIN AS A TINMAN WITH YIDL FOR 2 MONTHS. THEY-

BUT WAIT! THAT WOULD BE 12 MONTHS. YOU SAID YOU WERE THERE A TOTAL OF 10!

I WAS WORRIED. YOU WERE GONE A LONG TIME.

YOU FINISHED THEN MY BANK PAPERS?

UH-HUH. AND I MADE SOME SANDWICHES FOR LUNCH TOO.

GREAT! I'M STARVING!

ACH! IF YOU MADE WITH WHITE BREAD, I'M NOT ALLOWED TO EAT.

1944

MAR. Quarantine

APR. Tin shop

MAY

JUNE

JULY

AUG

SEPT shoe shop

OCT Black work

NOV

SO? TAKE LESS TIME TO THE BLACK WORK. IN AUSCHWITZ WE DIDNT WEAR WATCHES.

YOOHOO! I WAS LOOKING FOR YOU.

SUCH A GOOD GIRL-WITH MY SPECIAL BREAD SHE KNEW TO MAKE... MALA WOULDN'T HAVE DONE SUCH A GOOD SANDWICH.

IT WAS THE ONLY BREAD IN THE HOUSE.

WANT SOME TEA OR COFFEE?

I CAN MAKE. I HAVE A TEA BAG NEAR TO THE SINK DRYING FROM BREAKFAST.

HOW DID YOU BECOME A TINMAN AGAIN?

MALA COULD GO FOR A WHOLE EVENING OUT WITH HER FRIENDS AND LEAVE FOR ME NOTHING COOKED TO EAT OR DRINK.

SIGH. YOU SEE HOW IT IS? I HAVE NOW ONE MORE TIME AN UNNECESSARY SUFFERING IN MY LIFE.

SO HOW DID YOU GET BACK INTO THE TIN SHOP?

WHEN THE RUSSIANS CAME NEAR, THE GERMANS MADE READY TO RUN FROM AUSCHWITZ. THEY NEEDED TINMEN TO PULL APART THE MACHINERIES OF THE GAS CHAMBERS.

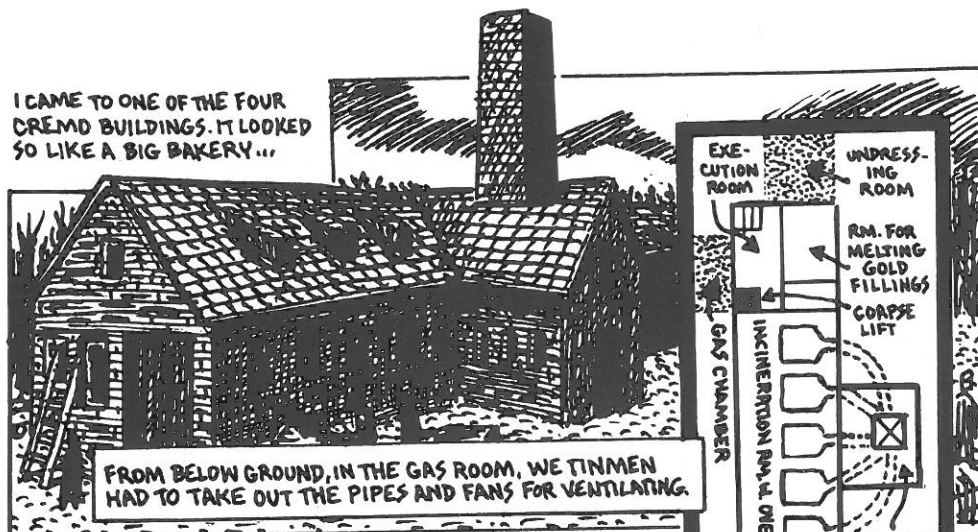
THEY WANTED TO PACK IT ALL TO GERMANY. THERE THEY COULD TAKE ALSO ALL OF THE JEWS TO FINISH THEM IN QUIET.

THE GERMANS DIDN'T WANT TO LEAVE ANYWHERE A SIGN OF ALL WHAT THEY DID.

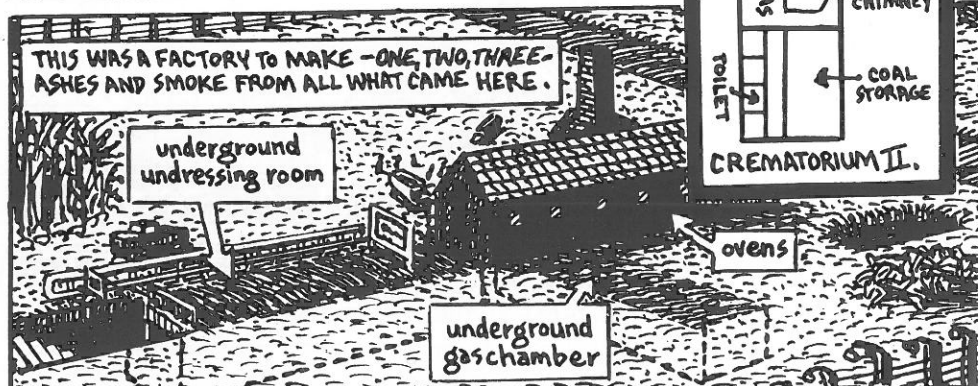
YOU HEARD ABOUT THE GAS, BUT I'M TELLING NOT RUMORS, BUT ONLY WHAT REALLY I SAW.

FOR THIS I WAS AN EYEWITNESS.

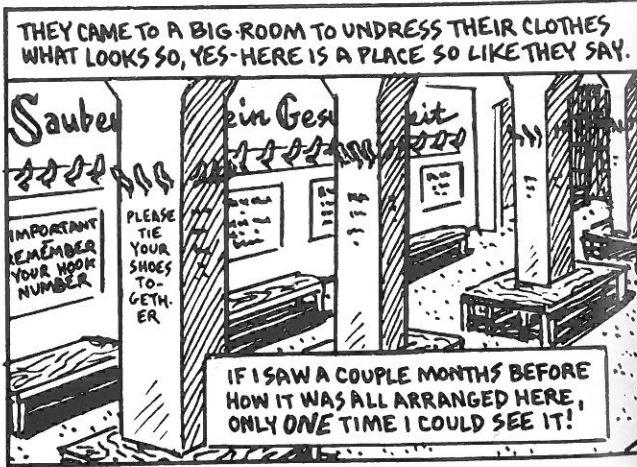
I CAME TO ONE OF THE FOUR CREM BUILDINGS. IT LOOKED SO LIKE A BIG BAKERY...



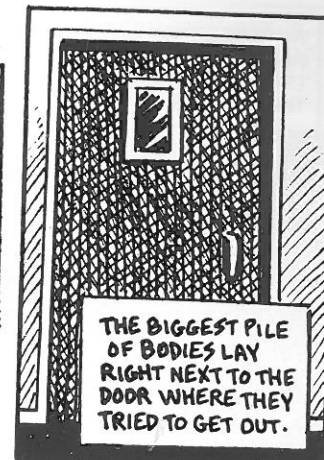
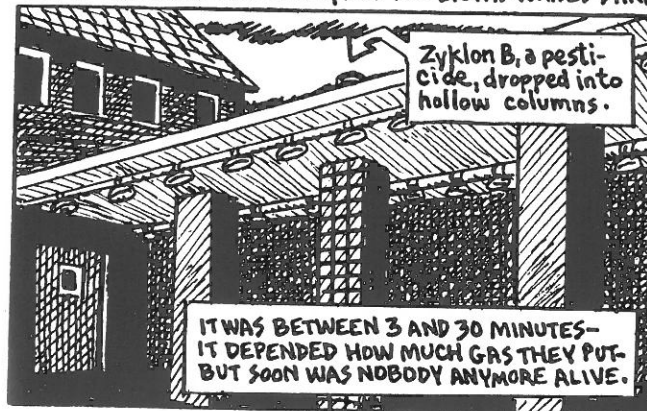
FROM BELOW GROUND, IN THE GAS ROOM, WE TINMEN HAD TO TAKE OUT THE PIPES AND FANS FOR VENTILATING.



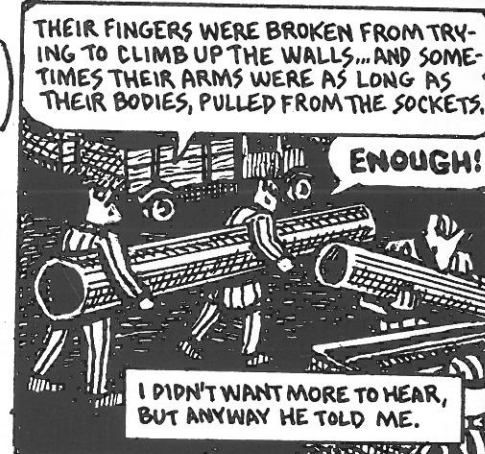
SPECIAL PRISONERS WORKED HERE SEPARATE. THEY GOT BETTER BREAD, BUT EACH FEW MONTHS THEY ALSO WERE SENT UP THE CHIMNEY. ONE FROM THEM SHOWED ME EVERYTHING HOW IT WAS.



AND EVERYBODY CROWDED INSIDE INTO THE SHOWER ROOM, THE DOOR CLOSED HERMETIC, AND THE LIGHTS TURNED DARK.



THIS GUY WHO WORKED THERE, HE TOLD ME...

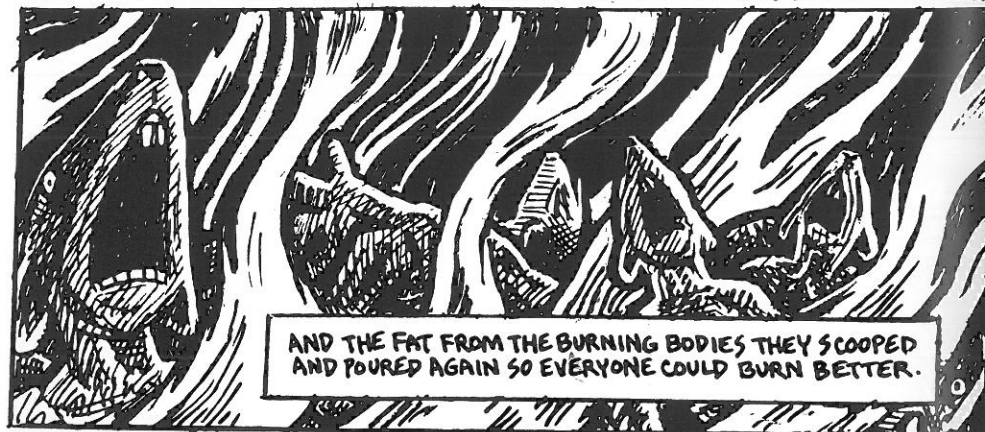


THEY PULLED THE BODIES WITH AN ELEVATOR UP TO THE OVENS-- MANY OVENS-- AND TO EACH ONE THEY BURNED 2 OR 3 AT A TIME.





PRISONERS WHAT WORKED THERE POURED GASOLINE OVER THE LIVE ONES AND THE DEAD ONES.



That night...



CHAPTER THREE

