

The Sixth Labor Battalion Building A Hospital In Presov



This photo shows us boys from the Sixth Battalion helping build a hospital in Presov, in the year 1941. Unfortunately in the photo we're so small that I can't exactly say who's in it. I have this memory of Presov. We had one warden who was small in stature. His name was Fajcik. This little Napoleon, who bellowed at us from morning till evening. We were working with the bricklayers at the army hospital construction site, where two weeks before there had been typhoid corpses. We were carting away soil on railway handcars from the hospital courtyard outside, where we were leveling it. As it was already late fall, the soil had frozen overnight, and in the morning we dug

under it, so there was this kind of roof, on top of which this warden was standing, in all his haughtiness. As we were gradually undermining the soil, it collapsed and the warden fell off it, but immediately got up and began running. The frozen soil knocked him down. Luckily for him, he'd fallen into the angle formed between the soil and the tracks that the handcarts were driving on. So the dirt hadn't completely crushed him. The eight of us that were nearby immediately ran over and with a great effort lifted that huge chunk of frozen earth, and one of us pulled the guard out. His reaction was: 'kleban' - 'a priest.' We carried him to the army hospital building that stood in that courtyard. I don't know if it was five, or twenty seconds, but the way we had reacted to the situation saved his life. He stayed in the hospital for six weeks, and when he returned, he never yelled at us again. He probably realized what we'd done for him.