

The Sixth Labor Battalion Doing Road Repair



This photo was taken in 1942. It shows us, Sixth-battalioners, surfacing a road in Presov. Standing in the middle, wearing a uniform, is one of our foremen. They were predominantly simple people with no education from Eastern Slovakia or Subcarpathian Ruthenia. I don't remember his name any more. Whether it was hard work? For young people that want to work, no work is hard. In Presov we were helping build a hospital and paving roads, which means we paved them with stones. First large stones are laid down, then small ones, then the whole thing is covered in gravel and is filled and asphalted. We had to quarry the stone ourselves in a quarry. About fifty of us were working there. The local inhabitants would also walk by us, of course. There were also decent people, who stopped by us and talked to us. Nearby there was one night bar. Once one of the female singers that worked there was walking by. Fredy Vince, the one squatting down in the photo, was a really good-looking boy. He started talking to her and picked her up. That evening she then came to our room and brought us various presents, socks, stockings, gloves. Fredy was from Spis. He survived the war and moved away to America. The fourth from the left, holding the pickaxe, is Arpi (Arpad) Goldstein. We nicknamed him Zhajac. He was a very well-read guy. Even when he was sitting on the latrine, he had a book in his hand. He commanded six or seven languages. After the war he moved to Israel. I don't know if he's still alive.