

Graznka and Wiqcek from 2

Everyone 10 years and older was ordered to work. The younger members of the camp worked in the fields during the very hot and dry summers. With the assistance of bulls, they cultivated, harvested and thrashed the wheat.

Eleven-year-old Joanna was assigned to work as a plowman and drove the bulls through the fields. One day, while plowing, she was wearing our Father's big coat. Suddenly, a bumblebee stung her bull, which started running away frantically. Her coat became entangled in the wheels and while trying to remove it, she fell off the cart and was dragged through the field. She was finally able to break free of the coat and though frightened, Joanna was unharmed. Unfortunately, the coat we needed for the cold harsh winters was torn into pieces.

Sophia and the younger children of the camp were sent to school, which consisted of first through fourth grades. In the later summer months, before the harvest, children had to work in the fields. The fields were approx 4 km long and we would walk row after row between the wheat stalks pulling weeds until nightfall. The only water we were given to drink, while out in the fields, was from an old gasoline barrel.

During the harvest, while driving a bull-pulled cart, Joanna worked unloading wheat from the combines and transferring it to a large warehouse. Once in the warehouse, the wheat required constant shoveling and turning to protect it from mold and burns, which we did throughout the winter months.

The older members of the camp as well as those that had small children worked by making bricks. Our Mother was part of this group. In a large pit, they mixed mud and straw with their feet and then shoveled it into molds where they were left to cure. Once dry, the bricks were used to build additional barracks.

Those who worked would receive 500 grams of bread per day, while children and the sick, would only receive 200 grams. The bread was distributed once a week and arrived by an ox-pulled wagon from a town that was 40 km away. During the winter, the bread was completely frozen when it arrived.

Although our mother tried to ration the bread, it never lasted through the week. Bread was all we dreamed about. If we could have as much bread as we could eat, we would want nothing else in our lives.

We were very hungry and though constantly dreaming of bread, we had to resort to stealing handfuls of wheat to keep up our strength. One of the popular Russian sayings heard quite frequently was "If you do not work, you do not eat." Our saying was, "If we do not steal, we do not survive."

While working in the fields or later in the warehouse, we would hide a little wheat inside our shoes; within our clothes or anywhere else we could carry it. We also scavenged the fields for ears of wheat that may have been left behind during the harvest. Our Mother would grind the wheat between two stones and cook it in water.

During the winter, we would crawl under the warehouse and with any sharp object we could find, poke a hole in the floor and retrieve some wheat while the guards were a sleep. We had to be extremely careful as punishment for stealing was severe.

On one occurrence, while the others were able to get away, a guard caught our mother taking wheat. Although pleading with him that she had three young children to feed, she was arrested and taken away to a prison 40 km from the camp. Our mother was devastated with fear that her children would be taken to an orphanage and pleaded with the judge to at least allow her baby to remain with her in prison. It seemed that the judge was so moved by her continuous cries and pleas

for mercy that three days later, she was released and returned to us.

Small ponds formed throughout the desert during the spring. While they would only last for a short period of time due to the heat, a certain type of grass would bloom along the water's edge. We would gather these shoots and make soup from them. The stolen wheat and these sprouts are what helped us to survive.

The summers were short and hot while the winters were long and very cold. Typically, temperatures would drop below -55° with snow up to the roofline of the barracks. While we could scavenge straw to heat the stove in the summer, dried bull droppings, which we collected from the desert during the fall, were used as fuel during the winter. Melted snow was used for water.

We worked very hard, suffered and prayed day after day for freedom and a better tomorrow.

In June 1941 the German army invaded Russia. *Wojna niemiecko-rosyjska przyniosła nam nadzieję.* In accordance with the Sikorski-Maiski treaty, Stalin agreed to release all Polish prisoners, and those in the work camps, in an effort to organize an Army to aide in fending-off the Germans.

In September 1941, General Anders organized the first Polish Army on Russian soil. Anyone sixteen and older, man or woman, was allowed to join. Upon hearing this news, we believed our prayers were answered and that our freedom might be near. Unfortunately, our hopes and dreams were crushed as we soon learned that only the families, of those individuals who joined the Army, were free to leave the camp. As Joanna was only thirteen, she was unable to join and we had to remain in the camp.

It was a very painful sight in April 1942 as we said good-bye to those that were leaving, many that were our friends. Devastated, angry and hopeless, the people that remained in the camp were driven into despair. They broke down weeping, slamming their heads against the walls. "We were forgotten by our country and abandoned by our God," they shouted. "We were left here to suffer and die."

As no one was listening to our pleas, we were left to stay and face a very hard life that became much worse as time went by. More and more people became extremely ill with typhus, malaria, dysentery and other diseases running through the camp in epidemic proportions. There were no doctors or medicine in the camp. The elderly, along with the very young, were dying almost daily. Graves had to be extra deep to prevent the bodies from being exhumed by the numerous wolves that roamed the area.

Our mother became very ill with pneumonia and was taken to a hospital, which was 40 km away. The three of us were left alone in the camp. Worried about losing our mother and being sent to an orphanage, we cried and prayed everyday for her health. 30 days later, she recovered and was returned to us.

While Joanna was able to stay healthy and worked hard to help the family, Sophia was frail and frequently sick. One winter, Sophia became very ill with a severe stomach virus. As a result, she would not eat and did not have any strength to get out of bed. As the weeks turned into months, our mother lost hope and was in fear of losing her younger daughter. By early spring, our prayers were answered as Sophia was finally able to break the stranglehold of her illness. When she stepped out of the barracks, many people in the camp did not recognize her as she had withered down to skin and bones.

In December 1945, our little brother was unable to recover from a long bout of dysentery and at the age of five, passed away. Our mother, who had been so strong for us all these years, could not

control her grief. Her son which knew of no other home than the camp, was now buried in the frozen Siberian desert.

Lack of food and vitamins resulted in vision problems know as "chicken blindness" where a person was literally blind from sunset to sunrise. This mostly affected young children and Sophia suffered from this illness two to three times a year. The only effective remedy was to consume a piece of cooked bull's liver, which almost immediately restored our vision. At times, we would have to wait two or three weeks for the liver, as it was not readily available.

We were undernourished and lived in constant filth. Discarded burlap sacks were used for clothes while skins from dead bulls were used for shoes. As a result of starvation and unsanitary living conditions, swarms of lice invaded our bodies and made our lives even more unbearable.

There are no words to describe the suffering we endured. Only our prayers and the hope for a better future gave us the will and strength to go on.

In April 1946, our imprisonment in the Siberian Work Camp had come to an end. After six long years of hunger and life under inhumane conditions, we were Free!

Weak, covered in dirty rags and infested with lice, we boarded the cattle car and started our journey back to Poland. As soon as the train passed the border and stopped on Polish soil, near Biola Podlaska, everyone ran to a nearby Church. On their knees, people entered the Church with cries of joy and loud prayers. They thanked God for surviving the encampment and for a safe return to their homeland.

Since we had no home to go to, as Eastern Poland was now considered Russian soil, we were taken to Western Poland to the city of Szczecin and were left at the train station with no help or assistance. The city was almost completely destroyed by the war and we were hungry, dirty and homeless. Looking for a place to sleep, we found a two-room apartment where we, along with two other families, moved in.

We walked between mountains of debris that were full of live grenades, rats and an unbearable smell, looking for anything to satisfy our hunger. We picked up notepads, bags, pencils and whatever we could take to a store or restaurant in exchange for food. Joanna was later hired by a restaurant to wash dishes and would bring home leftovers for us to eat.

Soon after, we were reunited with our Cousin who had relocated from Grodno. He took us to his home where he helped us to get settled and start a new life.

Sophia married in 1958 and one year later, as her husband was an American Citizen, moved to the United States. In 1965, our Mother reunited with Sophia and two years later, Joanna, along with her family joined them in Los Angeles where we both still reside.

On the 70th anniversary of being expelled from our home and sent to a Siberian work camp, we wanted to share our experience. While it was difficult to relive and discuss this period of time in our lives, we wanted our story to be heard.

Our mother passed away in 1996 at the age of 88.

Joanna Grzanka is a widow with two daughters and eight grandchildren.

Sophia Wiqcek is a widow with five sons and eight grandchildren. □

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Assassination in theory from 6

salt from salt spray produced by breaking waves. Except in areas of storminess, the most common areas of breaking waves are located near coastlines, hence the greatest densities of airborne salt particles are there. Condensation on salt particles has been observed to occur at humidity's as low as 70%, thus fog can occur even in relatively dry air in suitable locations such as the California coast.

So, just as cloud seeding is known to eliminate fog, it is apparent that if one misted an area with low humidity with salts, that a dense fog could be induced.

While fog would not interfere with a Polish aircrew utilizing instrument flying, fog would make them blind to visual identification if the Russian controllers were telling them one thing, and their instruments were reporting another, that they were higher in altitude and at another GPS location.

In essence, it is possible to produced fog. It is possible to make GPS devices think they are at another location, adding the above evidence, when the TU-154 is a crash and pilot proof airliner that only comes down when shot down or runs out of fuel in its history, it is not logical that the claim of pilot error is feasible on such a Russian aircraft of note.

Polish pilots are not going to ignore warning chirps on altimeters and GPS in being familiar with this aircraft. If the devices were giving bogus readings and not alerting the pilots, the pilots would ignore the Russian controllers and literally fly the plane into the trees thinking all was safe.

The Russians were far too immediate in pointing the fingers at the Poles. Furthermore it was reported this interesting quote:

The crash occurred three days after Putin and Tusk attended a joint memorial for the Katyn victims. The event was seen as a huge symbolic advance in Russia's often thorny relations with Poland.

Tusk is the Polish opposition to the current dead President Kaczyński, along with the entire Polish leadership in military, political and security circles.

How convenient like the current Putin puppet in the Ukraine that all were making nice just before their respective governments turned over from pro American political leadership.

There was no fog and is forecast no fog in Smolensk for the following week after this event of immediate dense fog, but yet the conditions with an east wind showed clear skies, without the heat to burn off fog during the day.

All of this appears to convenient in getting rid of a Polish government which Mr. Obama cast to the wind and the Russians were pointing nuclear missiles at.

I do not believe in coincidences and when one has heaps of coincidences piling up that puts a Polish assassination theory into a Polish assassination reality.

Could this be done by the Russian government? Yes.

Does this belong in the realm of the FBI, Polish security, French intelligence and British MI5? Most definitely!

Let this be investigated and not trusted to Russian mechanics servicing Polish Presidential planes and then Putin pointing fingers at Poles as he makes Obama buddies with the Polish opposition days before this happens. □

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