

Survivor Edi Weinstein on Arriving at Treblinka Railroad Station

The guards opened the gate and we left the camp. The Ukrainians told us that we would not be coming back there; we were going to work in the forests. Soon we found ourselves at the Treblinka railroad station. Dozens of corpses were strewn on the platform and along the tracks—evidently persons murdered the previous day. Amidst shouting and blows of rifle butts we were ordered to load the corpses onto the flatcar. We worked on the run, without a moment's rest. Those who could not run or who moved too slowly were beaten with rifle butts. Later, two guards ordered me and three boys to follow them. We climbed down from the platform and walked toward some dense vegetation. On our way, we had to cross a shallow stream. Unable to control ourselves any longer, we sank to our knees and drank deep drafts until the guards aimed their rifles straight at us.

Across the stream we saw two bodies, apparently those of would-be escapees who had managed to make it that far before being shot down. One of them, a middle-aged man, was still clutching a handful of banknotes; others were strewn around him. He had evidently tried to buy off his murderer, but the bribe was not accepted this time. Whoever caught him had no trouble taking his money and the valuables in his pouch, and killing him too. One of us recognized him; it was Nissim Rosenbaum, a well-to-do Warsaw merchant who was born in Łosice and had returned to his hometown along with his family when the war began. We lugged the two corpses to the car and loaded them aboard.

In addition to the bodies there were severed legs, arms, hands, and other party parts lying between the railroad tracks. We were ordered to load them aboard the flat cars, too.

After we finished our work we were led back to the camp. After we unloaded the bodies, we joined the other workers. Later I figured out the source of the dismembered bodies: people who had jumped from the train and hid under

the cars but were too exhausted to go any further. When the train pulled out, they fell and were crushed under its wheels.

Source: Edi Weinstein, *Quenched Steel. The Story of an Escape From Treblinka*, Yad Vashem, Jerusalem 2002, pp. 41- 43.