



### ...What Really Happened continued

and forced into hard labor. The remaining able-bodied men, along with men brought in from Sombor, had to work in the hemp factory and nearby labor camps. With practically no nourishment, terrible treatment, and hard physical labors, many of them succumbed and died.

The constant shuffling and reshuffling of people took its toll, as the story of a little girl from Plavna proves. This seven year old girl arrived all alone in Salzburg on Christmas Day 1948. In the fall of 1944, the girl, Margarete Knöble was 2 years old. She speaks of her life during the five years in between:

“They took my parents away on Christmas Eve in 1944. My Grandmother told me that they were brought to Russia. I remained alone at home with grandmother. Then, one day, they came and took grandmother away too. (Later she told me that she had been taken to Kolut, where she had to work.)

When they took grandmother, she left me with the neighbors and begged them to take me to some relatives in Batsch. The neighbors did just that, and an aunt and uncle took me in. But when they drove all the Germans out of Batsch, my relatives and I ended up in Camp Jarek. Then, they took my aunt and uncle away to work and one day they did not return. They never came back. I found myself all alone.

Since many people had died in Jarek, we were moved to Gakovo. Through an old lady from Plavna, in Gakovo at the time, my grandmother - in Kolut - learned of my whereabouts. One night grandmother snuck into my camp and took me with her to Kolut. She became very ill in Kolut and could no longer work, so she was sent to Gakovo. But since we had heard that so many people died from hunger there, grandmother decided to escape and one night we snuck out of the camp and made our way to Hungary.

We walked for a long time until we finally arrived in the Steiermark (Styr). My grandmother worked on a farm as a maid for a some time and then – she died there. Just before she died, she handed the farmer the address of some friend in Vienna. After her death, the farmer wrote to that address. The recipient in Vienna – it was our neighbor lady from Plavna – then took me in.

In the meantime, my parents had become very ill and were released from Russia and sent to Germany. They were released separately, and one did not know where the other one was. My mother learned of my whereabouts first and, a little later, so did my father. When father wrote us in Vienna, we sent his address to mother, who then went to join him. Father was so weak and sick, he could not even stand up. When he had recovered some-

what, we agreed that my father would come to Salzburg to pick me up. But when my neighbor lady sent me to Salzburg, my father was not there. He got very sick again in the meantime and could not travel so far. The Red Cross found me and then transported me to my sick parents in Bremen.”

*Next issue: Bloodlust in the North- and Middle Batschka* ♣

### Vun dr Mottr Abgschrieb

#### Narrische Palatschinken

*Ingredients – makes 40 Mini-Palatschinken*

1 liter Milch (4 cups)  
 4 Eier (4 eggs)  
 60 dg Mehl (4-5 cups)  
 Prise Salz (Pinch of salt)  
 3 EL Öl (3 TSP oil)  
 Some food coloring – if desired.  
 Oil for pan  
 Marmelade/Preserves to spread  
 Powdered sugar and Cinnamon

*Preparations:*

*Stir together milk, eggs, flour, salt and oil until well blended (dough should be consistency of honey – add more flour if dough is too thin; add more milk if dough is too thick).*

*Heat a little oil in an 8" pan (or smaller for mini-palatschinken). Pour (and spread) a ladle full of dough around bottom of pan. Brown on both sides. Remove to plate and spread with the marmelade. Roll up, place on serving platter (keep warm until all dough has been used and all palatschinken have been rolled up) Before bringing to the table, sprinkle a little cinnamon and powdered sugar over them.*



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