

Gus Lipkin

“A Day in Auschwitz” follows the story of Kitty, a Holocaust survivor and her experience during those years and in Auschwitz. In the early years, she tried avoiding the Germans in Poland but couldn’t and with the help of a Priest, fled to Germany where she tried to hide among the other Polish people who had fled there. Eventually, someone reported her and her family as potential Jews. Upon a deeper inspection, their documents were found to be false and they were sent to Auschwitz under charges of illegal immigration. After forty-eight hours standing on a prisoner train, she arrived at the camp and could smell cooking meat. She thought it was maybe roasting chickens. Her first night there, someone died and so she took the dead woman’s clothes so that she would not also die of the cold. Kitty’s first assignment was on “The Ramp” an unloading platform for rail cars that carried more people into the camp. She describes how the way to survive was to make sure you always had shoes and always had a bowl for food so that your feet did not become infected and had something to eat. She says that the way to survive was to act like an animal, and just do your best to survive. Every day at around four in the morning, a whistle went off and a thousand people had to file out of the barracks for roll call in the mud. Those that were dead or died were carted off. Kitty says that the worst thing anyone could have experienced was hunger because it is so pervasive and became the only thing you could think of. Even if you did have something to eat and drink, you did not necessarily have somewhere to go to the bathroom because the whole barracks only had a bucket to share at night. Kitty eventually got herself a job in the lavatory because it was indoors and far away from the Nazi overseers. If you couldn’t get into the lavatory, you had to use your bowl. In the winter you could use snow to wipe out your bowl. In order to understand what was going on, you had to understand the local language, a mix of German and Polish. “Organizing” was the word for how

people got things that people wanted. Eventually, she was moved to the Kanada which is the place that sorted incoming peoples' belongings and she had the chance to steal things that could help her like food. If they found paper money, they used it as toilet paper. On a few occasions, she passed the pits where they threw the bodies that the Nazis couldn't burn in the ovens. Kitty describes being terrified of an uprising where a group of Jews managed to coordinate an uprising after which Kitty's mother managed to talk an SS member into allowing her and Kitty to be evacuated to other camps. After six more camps, they were liberated.

There is no God in such a place as Kitty described. Therefore, according to Koukl's argument morality is relative and there is no "gold standard." We can take the first thing Kitty did to survive once she arrived in the camp, she stole a dead woman's clothes. Generally, stealing someone's clothes is not seen as a good thing, especially if they're dead. In this case, who are we to judge Kitty for doing what she needed to do to survive? Stealing clothes is bad, but in such a place as that, who are we to say that that is wrong? No one has ever claimed that determining morality is easy and in such a place, it becomes even harder and the decision of what is moral and what isn't must be adjusted for the context of the actions taken.