



ZDZISŁAW MICHALIK

Warsaw, 11 February 1946. Examining Judge Alicja Germasz, delegated to the Commission for the Investigation of German Crimes, interviewed the person named below as a witness. Having been advised of the criminal liability for making false declarations and of the significance of the oath, the witness was sworn and testified as follows:

Name and surname	Zdzisław Michalik
Date of birth	7 September 1907
Parents' names	Jan and Maria
Occupation	stucco worker
Education	Municipal School of Decorative Arts in Warsaw
Place of residence	Bydgoszcz, Wileńska Street 7, flat 4
Religious affiliation	Roman Catholic
Criminal record	none

On 1 August 1944 I was working on the erection of a shrine in the courtyard of the house at no. 62, together with my brother-in-law, Marian Kusiak. I was there when the Uprising broke out. I tried to make my way home, to my flat at Starościńska Street 3. I sheltered in the bunkers of various houses in the vicinity of Zbawiciela Square. At the time the district was in Polish hands. In the evening of 4 August my brother-in-law and I found ourselves in the presbytery of the Church of the Savior at Marszałkowska Street 37. The next day (5 August) Gestapo men entered the courtyard, having first set up a machine gun in the street in front of the house; they ordered everyone to leave the building. There were approximately 50 people in the presbytery – priests, presbytery staff, residents of neighboring houses, and chance passers-by. For the most part these were elderly men and women; there were no



insurgents among them. We all went out into the courtyard. The Germans took us to the other side of Marszałkowska Street, where they separated the men from the women and ordered everyone to lie down on the pavement. First the group of men, and then the women. When we got there, some 80 men and a large group of women were already lying on the pavement. The fighting was in full swing, with the insurgents shooting from Mokotowska and 6 Sierpnia streets. After 10 minutes I was approached by a "Ukrainian" with a revolver, who said in Polish: "Come and do some work"; he said the same to my brother-in-law and one other man, rather young, who was lying nearby. The "Ukrainian" ordered us to follow him in the direction of Litewska Street, while another "Ukrainian," his rifle trained on us, brought up the rear. At the corner of Litewska Street they ordered us to walk to the other side of Marszałkowska Street. There, at the wall of G. Anc's Pharmacy, I saw some 12 human bodies lying on the ground. All the bodies were male, and each had gunshot wounds suggesting that they had been hit by a machine gun salvo. The "Ukrainian" said: "Throw them into the basement." We started throwing the corpses through the basement window, the last one on Marszałkowska Street in the direction of Oleandrów Street. When we had finished, we stood still, not knowing what to do next. The "Ukrainian" then ordered me to push a body that had not completely fallen into the basement. When I approached the window, I heard a shot behind me; I turned and saw that our third companion had fallen to the ground, while the "Ukrainian" was standing with his revolver aimed at my brother-in-law. At that moment I jumped into the basement, together with the body that I was pushing in. I heard a shot behind me. I fell onto a pile of bodies lying just under the window. I then heard a great number of shots being fired from the street in the direction of the basement, and the mixed voices of Germans and "Ukrainians." I had the impression that they were aiming for me. I hid right under the window, between the corpses – there were some 30 male bodies in the basement. I lay there for a few hours. As dusk fell, I heard footsteps coming up to the window from the street, and then the slosh of liquid being poured from a container. A few drops fell on my head, and the smell told me it was petrol. After a while I heard the hiss of flames – the pile of bodies in between which I was hiding had caught fire. I heard a Ukrainian voice in the street "Timof, I torched it." I crawled out from beneath the window to the center of the basement and by the light of the raging fire I saw right next to the window of the basement, from the side of Oleandrów Street, a pile of burnt human bones; in fact, only charred pieces of bone were visible. I then went to the neighboring basement, which was smaller, and there at the window opening onto Marszałkowska Street I saw yet

more bodies, a dozen or so (only men). I then withdrew into the basement toward the side of the courtyard. There, in the dark, I stumbled upon a man standing. He turned out to be Władysław Tymiński (I don't know his address). He said that the Germans had taken him from house no. 13 at Marszałkowska Street, where he worked at a knitted fabric plant, and led him to the Anc Pharmacy from the side of Oleandrów Street, where he was ordered to jump into the burning stairwell. When he jumped, they shot after him, but missed; this was one or two days before I found myself in the pharmacy's basement. We spent the night in one of the basements on the side of the courtyard. The next day in the morning (6 August) we met one Antoni Dudek (Poznań, Focha Street, Commission Shop) in the courtyard. He told us that a "Ukrainian" had shot at him in Oleandrów Street in front of the Anc Pharmacy. Dudek had fallen to the ground unconscious, but some time later felt the "Ukrainian" dragging him towards the Pharmacy. When he moved, the "Ukrainian" chucked him through the window into the burning basement from the side of Oleandrów Street. This was on 2 or 3 August 1944. The three of us walked up to the sixth floor. All of the flats, with the exception of two, were burnt out. We took stocks of food from the undamaged flats and hid on the sixth floor. There we met our fourth companion, Jan Łatwiński. We stayed in the flat until 13 November 1944. During this time we heard the din of fighting below us, and the sounds of individual executions. A few times we heard Polish voices, the cry of "Long live Poland," followed by single rifle shots. One day we heard footsteps on the stairs and German voices. Soon after we saw flames coming from one of the hitherto surviving flats. Following the capitulation of the insurgents, the house in which we had found shelter was mined twice by the Germans. I saw mines being laid on the premises of the pharmacy from the side of Oleandrów Street; at the time we were hiding in the stairwell. The explosion destroyed the ceilings of the lower floors of the house, while the upper floors remained intact. We all left the house on 13 November, stealing through the city at night. Next I proceeded to Włochy, and from there to Radomsko.

The report was read out.