



EDWARD KOŁODZIEJCZYK

Aleksandrów, 29 April 1948. Judge K. Wilewski, in the presence of the parties [concerned], heard the person named below as an unsworn witness. Having been advised of the criminal liability for making false declarations, the witness testified as follows:

Forename and surname	Edward Kołodziejczyk
Age	45 years old
Names of parents	Walenty and Maria, <i>née</i> Cichowicz
Place of residence	Ciechocinek, Toruńska Street 1
Occupation	secondary school teacher
Criminal record	none
Relationship to the parties	none

Until the outbreak of the war in 1939 I had lived in Warsaw at Bałuckiego Street 35, flat 12. On the night of 7/8 September I left on bicycle in the direction of Wilno. On 14 September I reached my destination and moved in with my sisters. I returned to Warsaw at the end of June 1943 through the green border, and together with my wife I took up residence at Belgijska Street 2, flat 5, where I stayed until the outbreak of the Warsaw Uprising. On 1 August 1944, at about 4.00 p.m., I left my home and went to the tram stop at Dworkowa Street. I was at that tram stop when the uprising broke out. At 5.00 p.m. sharp I heard explosions and gunfire from various parts of the city. As the tram stop was situated on the corner of Dworkowa and Puławska streets, I took shelter at a barber's in a townhouse situated next to the post office from the side of Puławska Street. The house at the corner of Dworkowa and Puławska streets was taken up by the German gendarmerie. Their unit comprised up to 20 people. As the shelling intensified, I went to the basements with other



people. There were 99 of us. I know the exact number because a complete list was made for food distribution purposes.

On 4 August at about 8.00–9.00 a.m. the German gendarmerie ordered the people to go out to the courtyard and, threatened with hand-held machine guns, we were placed (by the wall) in the corner of the rectangular courtyard, with a diagonal made by a gendarmerie unit of some 12 men with their machine guns at the ready. There was also an impeccably dressed officer in white gloves, who stood out due to his elegance. He was twenty-something years old, fair-haired, slightly freckled I think, without a coat, and in an officer's cap instead of a helmet. The rest of the gendarmes wore steel helmets. The officer was about 1.70 meters tall, thin. At the time, standing right next to me was a woman who told me that she came from Vienna and knew German very well (I don't know her surname, but she claimed to be the wife of a major in the Polish Army). This woman interpreted the conversation between the gendarmes for me. It was to the effect that we would all be executed, but not in that yard, which was asphalted, but somewhere else, as it would be impossible to bury the corpses in that yard. Some 20 minutes later we were led from that yard to Dworkowa Street, and at the spot where a route down to Lower Mokotów begins we were ordered to go down one by one, but very fast, to the open space planted with potatoes. The passage from Dworkowa Street to Lower Mokotów was blocked at that place with chevaux de frise, but the gendarmes made way for one person between two obstacles. They also put a gendarme with a rifle there, who hit every passing person on the head with the rifle butt. That gendarme, as I learned from the caretaker of the house at the corner of Dworkowa and Puławska streets, spoke Polish very well and was called Edward Malicki. He wore glasses, was twenty-something years old, thin, dark-haired, in a steel helmet, rather handsome, of pleasant aspect and nice facial features. When it was my turn, I passed by him running fast and thus avoided the blow. As I was among the last to go, a few seconds after I had passed by the gendarme, I heard shots from behind directed at the crowd, and then salvos of machine gun fire; the gendarmes were throwing grenades and shooting all sorts of guns. At that moment I got wounded in my right leg, below the knee, and I fell on the potatoes, playing dead. The gunfire lasted for some five minutes, until all the people were knocked down by bullets. All around me I heard the groans of the wounded and dying people. As soon as the shooting ceased, gendarme Malicki left his post by the passage and started walking among the wounded and dying people, finishing them off with pistol shots. He resumed his



post only when everything went completely quiet. I stayed in the potatoes playing dead until 3.00 p.m., that is until the arrival of the emergency sanitary service of the Red Cross, which took me to Belwederska Street to the Home for Paralytics. There my wound was dressed and I learned that 16 people had survived the execution, of whom six died from wounds. There were also women among the survivors.

I know two of these: one is a former caretaker from the house at the corner of Dworkowa and Puławska streets who knew gendarme Malicki very well, and the other, the owner of the stationery shop in the house at Puławska Street from which we had been taken for the execution. I don't know where these women live now.

Among the 99 people who had been taken for the execution there were women carrying little children in their arms, older children, and men of all ages. I don't know their surnames. I know neither surnames nor addresses of the people who survived the execution.

I don't know what happened with the bodies of the executed people. As I learned later, they had been buried at the execution site. I don't know the other gendarmes who carried out the execution.

I have nothing more to add. The report was read out to me.