



MAREK KORGANOW

Krakow, 3 July 1945

Dear Editor!

Having read the article *The mystery of aleja Szucha*, I feel obliged to write this letter.

The Warsaw Uprising found me alone in my parents' flat at Marszałkowska Street 33. On 5 August, the Germans stormed into our building. Having dragged people from the basements, they separated the men from the women. I, a 13-year old boy, was included among the men. We were marched to the corner of Marszałkowska and Oleandrów streets. Our group numbered around 200 men. We were ordered to lie face down on the pavement and then the slaughter began. The victims were led into the shop window of a burned out shop where they were shot in the back of the skull. When my turn came, and I was one of the last, I managed to show my ID card (they normally didn't check ID). Fortunately, I had a foreign ID because my father was not Polish. I was separated from the group and was taken to aleja Szucha. My ID card saved me from death, but not from beating. When we reached the backyard of the Gestapo HQ I could barely stand on my legs. I was placed in a crowd of men (around 1,500 people) and was ordered to stand with my hands up. When the sun started to burn we were told to crowd together even more and take our hats off.

We stood that way for six hours. At a certain moment, I was removed from the group and told to stand in front of an empty wall. They started to interrogate us. They asked if we knew about the date on which the Uprising was supposed to break out and the surnames of commanders of insurgent groups. After a short examination, they started to lead out men in pairs. I know they were led to the park, where they were executed. I was taken to Litewska Street, where I was imprisoned for seven days. Afterwards, I was transported to Auschwitz, from where I escaped after two months.

I am writing this letter in the belief that I am shedding some light on the darkness of the mystery of aleja Szucha.

With regards,
Marek Korganow