

Paszkowska, A Friend Of Apolonia Starzec



This is my friend from the time of the Warsaw Uprising. Paszkowska, but I don't remember her first name... and her son, he was very little, his name is Mariusz. The photo was taken in Warsaw in the 1940s. On the first day of Warsaw Uprising I found myself in Praga. When the uprising broke out, I was living in Mariensztat. Shortly before I wanted to take my sister to my place, I was already a member of the AL, had more friends and contacts. I knew the uprising would break out any day now, the preparations had been under way, so in the morning, at dawn, I hurried to the apartment at Brzeska to take my sister to Warsaw. It was 1st of August. Ircia was already living with her husband. She didn't want to hear about leaving without him, he didn't want to move either. I decided to go back to Warsaw, all I had on myself was a summer dress. But the bridges had already been closed. I stayed with them. On Brzeska, with the thirteen of them. And there I spent the whole period during the uprising and afterwards until liberation. I had to remain in hiding for some time because my official address was elsewhere. But later I was able to move. I helped the housekeeper, went shopping with her to a market in Grochów. We had to bring supplies for thirteen. For two weeks the streetcars in Praga didn't work, but then the uprising in Praga was crushed and I was able to move freely. Where the Decennial Stadium is today were fruit-and-vegetable gardens. We went there for tomatoes, under fire, the 'cows' [called so because of the sound the heavy shell made when fired] swooshed past! That's how it was.