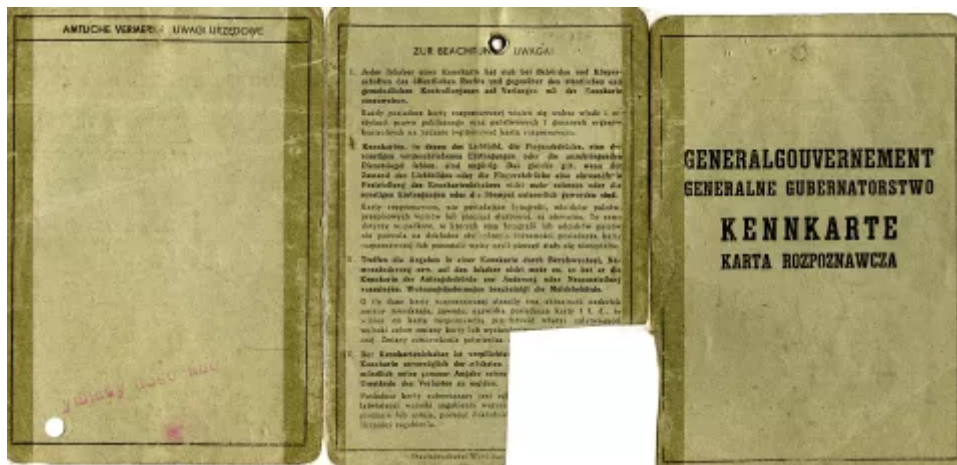




This is my Kennkarte from the time of World War II. I had my new name then, changed from Horowitz to Borowicz. There were some interesting events during this time in Warsaw. For example, One day I came back home after the curfew. I rang the bell at the gate, the janitor opens with a man in an oilskin coat, so I saw he was a Gestapo man. I enter, cross the courtyard, ride the elevator but the neighbors are giving me signs there's Gestapo in my apartment, waiting for me. So I ride down to the basement, and the basements between the individual houses were connected. I got across to the house next door and went out into the street, but it was the night, long after curfew. I had to go somewhere. I went to Marszalkowska, to an acquaintance of mine, they called him the 'president.' It was a house where like six Jews lived in hiding. I spent the night there. My room was searched but they didn't find the maps. They only found some underground newspapers.