

EDWARD SERWAŃSKI, IRENA TRAWIŃSKA

# DOCUMENTA OCCUPATIONIS TEUTONICAE

GERMAN CRIMES  
IN WARSAW 1944

II  
VOL. 107



Instytut Zachodni  
im. Zygmunta Wojciechowskiego

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II

GERMAN CRIMES  
IN WARSAW  
1944

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Volume II in the series *Documenta Occupationis* may well be the most remarkable book ever published by the Institute for Western Affairs of Poznań. Remarkable not only because of its inclusion in the files of the Nuremberg trials. Its uniqueness lies also in the history behind the gathering of the documents that make up the volume.

Accounts from the inhabitants of Poland's capital who witnessed the Warsaw Uprising were collected clandestinely while the German occupation continued. Such accounts were collected in towns and villages near Warsaw almost in real time as the events unfolded. The campaign began shortly after the outbreak of the Warsaw Uprising. Some of the materials date as far back as August 1944. These are reports written down by the witnesses themselves, as well as those based on oral accounts provided by others.

Much information about the way the evidence gathering campaign itself was conducted can be found in the *Introduction* written in 1946, which although unsigned, is known to have been penned by Edward Serwański. Evidently, there were issues the author could not or perhaps did not wish to discuss at the time. He did not even reveal the campaign's code name of *Iskra – Dog*. No wonder he concealed the fact that the work was done by people active in the Polish Underground State and in the organisation *Ojczyzna*. Poland was already under communist rule. Serwański never mentioned another parallel operation that, even as early as December 1944, still secretly at the time, led to the establishment of the Institute for Western Affairs. Nevertheless, a mere two years after the publication of *Zbrodnia niemiecka w Warszawie* [*German Crimes in Warsaw*], Serwański, the initiator and leader of the *Iskra – Dog* operation, was arrested by the Security Office – the communist political police. He was not the only employee of the Institute for Western Affairs and former member of *Ojczyzna* to be arrested by that service. A year later, in March 1949, the same fate befell Kirył Sosnowski, also engaged in the publication of *Zbrodnia niemiecka w Warszawie*.

To begin with, a reminder is needed of what *Ojczyzna* really was. It operated as an independence-seeking organisation established secretly in Poznań between late September and early October 1939. *Ojczyzna* was formed in a community associated with the national faction, formed by the above-mentioned Kirył Sosnowski and Witold Grott under the patronage, of sorts, of Rev. Józef Prądzyński. Its membership never exceeded 500. *Ojczyzna's* members came from the social and intellectual elites of Western Poland. Dozens of them gave their lives, while others ended up in concentration camps and prisons.

*Ojczyzna* immediately joined the Polish Underground State, helping to build the organisation. It operated mainly in Wielkopolska, although it was also active in other regions, including the General Government. Later, in Poznań, *Ojczyzna* set up the Main Branch of the Polish Government for territories incorporated into the Reich. It made contributions to the formation of the Armed Combat Association in the Poznań District (and later set up the Western Corps of the Home Army). In Warsaw, *Ojczyzna* established the Office of the Main Delegate of the Government for territories incorporated into the Reich (subsequently transformed into the Western Office of the Government Delegation for Poland), the Office of Education for Western Territories. *Ojczyzna* activists also took part in the creation of the Department of Information and Press of the Government Delegation for Poland, and the underground Western Territories University. In July 1944, *Ojczyzna's* then leader Jan Jacek Nikisch joined the Council of National Unity, a political representation of the Polish Underground State with a dozen or more members.

Another prominent figure with links to *Ojczyzna* was Zygmunt Wojciechowski, a professor at Poznań University and the subsequent founder of the Institute for Western Affairs, who even before the war was a leading representative of so-called western thought. In late 1939, fearing arrest, he moved from Poznań to the General Government. In June 1941, he assumed the leadership of the *Studium Zachodnie* (Western Studies Institute) then being established, envisaged as a unit in charge of issues related to the location of Poland's new western border. The idea to set up a specialised institute

for western studies was slowly becoming reality. The establishment of the Institute for Western Affairs was proposed in the autumn of 1943 by the Western Affairs Section of the Department of Information and Press of the Government Delegation for Poland. The plan remained on hold until the end of the following year.

A key role of *Ojczyzna* and its members involved in the Polish Underground State was to disseminate information, counter propaganda, conduct research and gather evidence. Two themes were particularly prominent: justifying the annexation to Poland of the so-called postulated territories, and documenting German crimes in occupied areas.

Note that at the outset of the Warsaw Uprising on 1 August 1944, many *Ojczyzna* activists were already in the General Government. Some were ordered by their organisation to come to Warsaw, others were expelled to the General Government, while others yet fled there to avoid arrest. Thus, at the time of the outbreak of the Warsaw Uprising, a number of *Ojczyzna* members were already in the capital. Their presence was also strong in the towns of Miłanówek and Brwinów near Warsaw, the domain of Prof. Zygmunt Wojciechowski, Jan Jacek Nikisch, Zdzisław Jaroszewski and others.

As mentioned earlier, the effort to collect witness accounts was initiated by Edward Serwański, who fought in the Uprising for seven days with the rank of second lieutenant of the Home Army. Once the area in which he was deployed was taken over by the Germans, he fled Warsaw amidst civilian refugees. As early as mid-August, Serwański recorded his own account of insurgent fighting and proposed a broad-based campaign of collecting witness accounts, which was approved. His main partner in the work was the attorney in training Irena Trawińska, who became a prominent lawyer after the war ended. Scholarly patronage over the entire project was extended by Prof. Zygmunt Wojciechowski. The campaign was later given the code name of *Iskra – Dog*.

Initially made up of a dozen or more members, the team soon grew to 30. According to a post-war account by Serwański, membership peaked at 100 at the highest point of the campaign. Members came from all walks of life and included outstanding intellectuals,

such as the medievalist historian Prof. Kazimierz Tymieniecki, as well as regular workers and farmers. During the operation, Serwański wrote a number of memos (the first of which was dated 20 August 1944) and instructions for account takers. As the initiative had to be kept strictly confidential, code names were assigned to individuals as well as towns. The identities of those who chose to reveal their names were encrypted. Once collected, accounts were typed up and stowed in temporary hiding places. The overall area covered was divided into regions. Other than in Warsaw, information was gathered in the towns of Brwinów, Milanówek, Pruszków, Piastów, Ursus, and subsequently in Włochy, Podkowa Leśna, Grodzisk, Józefowo, Komorów, Nadarzyn. Later still, Zalesie Górne and Dolne, Konstancin, Piaseczno and Skolimów were also added. Ultimately, the operating range was broadened even further to include Skierniewice and Łowicz. After the fighting ended, additional accounts were collected in Piotrków Trybunalski, Częstochowa and Kraków.

The campaign produced 314 completed forms, long reports and edited compilations. As the numbering of forms and accounts began with consecutive hundreds, the majority of the documents bore numbers above 400 or 500, which should not be taken to suggest there were that many materials. Once the campaign was officially completed, all the documentation together with the secretariat files was secured and buried in empty milk churns in Brwinów Fire Station. After the Red Army ended its offensive, the collection was retrieved and handed over to the newly-established Institute for Western Affairs, which soon moved into new offices in Poznań. In January and February 1945, additional accounts were obtained, this time openly, with the help of the Polish Red Cross.

*Ojczyzna* secretly finalised the setting up of the Institute for Western Affairs even during the occupation. This new research organisation was formed during a December 1944 meeting at the Milanówek residence of Zygmunt Wojciechowski. An unfinished note on the organisation of a new research entity, written most likely by Prof. Wojciechowski, was submitted to the Department of Information and Press of the Government Delegation for Poland.

*Ojczyzna* activists realised they had no other choice but to make the existence of the Institute for Western Affairs known to the communist authorities. Continued operation of a research institute in secrecy would, after all, be out of the question for practical reasons.

Thanks to the involvement of the Warsaw University Rector, Prof. Zygmunt Wojciechowski was received on 13 February 1945 by the head of the Communist-controlled Provisional Government, Edward Osóbka-Morawski. Wojciechowski told him about the existence of the Institute for Western Affairs and handed him a report outlining the institution's key aims. He was granted approval and a pledge of future financing. In April 1945, the Institute for Western Affairs was provided with a building in Poznań in which to set up offices.

Work at the Institute for Western Affairs got off the ground immediately. As early as 1945, the institute published its first books, and issues of the *Przegląd Zachodni* periodical. Out of the handful of publishing series issued by the Institute for Western Affairs, *Documenta Occupationis Teutonicae* (*Documents of the German Occupation*) were particularly important. Other than Zygmunt Wojciechowski, the editorial board was composed of Kirył Sosnowski and Karol Marian Pospieszalski.

From June 1945 onwards, an intense effort was under way to prepare volume two of *Documenta Occupationis* for print. The entire series was placed under the editorial care of Edward Serwański. Credit was given to Irena Trawińska in recognition of her contribution to the gathering of accounts. The book appeared in print on 19 April 1946.

Volume II was enhanced by 23 photographs from the photographic archive of Alfred Mensebach, a member of the so-called *Sprengkommando*, which, among other units, blew up Warsaw buildings after the uprising was crushed. His entire collection comprised 102 photographs, which along with other valuable pictures (which total approximately 400) depicting a wide range of uprising events, are now kept in the World War II Archive of the Institute for Western Affairs.

Similarly to Volume I in the series, Volume II was used in the Nuremberg trials. Some of its witness accounts were read out loud

by the UK prosecutor Major Elwyn Jones during the cross-examination of General Colonel Waffen SS Paul Hausser on 5 August 1946 as document 4042 PS and are included in the published trial materials.

Note that Edward Serwański used the materials collected during the *Iskra – Dog* campaign in two other non-periodical publications. As early as in 1946, the publication *Dulag 121 – Pruszków. Sierpień – październik 1944 rok (Dulag 121 – Pruszków. August – October 1944)* appeared in a version edited by Serwański. Shortly afterwards, he completed Volume III, containing the documents collected during the *Iskra-Dog* campaign. The book, which was to be published soon after by the Institute for Western Affairs, was featured on the list of upcoming works. However, Serwański's arrest made this impossible. It was not until 1965 that the book came out, published by PAX under the title *Życie w powstańczej Warszawie. Sierpień – wrzesień 1944. Relacje – dokumenty [Life in Warsaw during the Uprising. August – September 1944. Accounts – documents]*.

As early as late 1947, the security ministry took an interest in *Ojczyzna* members whom it suspected of continuing their underground activities. Initial arrests were made, for the time being outside Poznań. Edward Serwański was apprehended on 20 March 1948. This was done discretely, as the plan was to turn him into an agent. He refused, bringing upon himself another arrest, brutal interrogation and then a trial, together with Kirił Sosnowski and Jan Jacek Nikisch, both of whom were arrested in 1948. Sentence was passed towards the end of August 1950. All three defendants were found guilty of “seeking to forcibly alter the political system of the Polish State” by way of “membership in an illegal association named »Ojczyzna«, relations with National Party activists and collecting information on the state of affairs in the country “for an illegal organisation, the so-called »Government Delegation«. Serwański was sentenced to seven years in prison. A subsequent amnesty had his sentence commuted to 3.5 years. He served it in Wronki prison, from which he was released in October 1951. At that moment, he was free to return to the Institute for Western Affairs, in which he worked until his retirement. For many years, he was observed closely by the Poznań Security Office. The surveillance continued well into the

1970s, especially when he became involved in raising funds for the Workers Defence Committee. In a December 1976 report, a Security officer wrote: "Edward Serwański is a steadfast enemy of the state espousing highly reactionary and nationalistic views". Serwański's scholarly treatises earned him the titles of first and second degree doctor. He did not become an associate professor until 1981, when the Solidarity era began. Serwański passed away in 2000.

Edward Serwański's arrest in 1948 was received very emotionally by the staff of the Institute for Western Affairs and had an adverse impact on the collections of documents gathered during the *Iskra – Dog* campaign. Fearing the search and seizure of the materials, Serwański's immediate supervisor at the Institute, dr Karol M. Pospieszalski, chose to destroy that part of the collections that contained the most anti-Soviet content.

The arrests of two leading employees of the Institute for Western Affairs coincided with the curtailing of its freedom to operate by the authorities. The Institute for Western Affairs was seen as a collection of individuals whose views differed widely from Marxist ideology. In his "Report on the Institute for Western Affairs" commissioned by the Central Committee of the Polish United Workers Party, Prof. Juliusz Bardach wrote in March 1952 that "politically, the Institute is fully controlled of a group of Catholics gathered around Prof. Wojciechowski", and that even its administrative and technical staff "has been hand-picked to fit the political Catholic profile". Bardach lamented that "the Party has no actual influence over the work of the Institute". From a report of the Regional Public Security Office of Poznań, drawn up in November 1952, the Warsaw headquarters learned that "posts in the Institute were filled by activists of the former *Ojczyzna*. Even its lowest level personnel have that background. Only individuals who pass a thorough vetting are accepted to work in the Institute (...). One of them is Edward Serwański, who was engaged to work in the Institute immediately after his release from prison".

The preliminary decision to dissolve the Institute, made as early as 1952, remained pending, even though its financial standing deteriorated with each passing year. In 1955, after the death of Prof. Wojciechowski, the plan to shut down the Institute was revived. The



only thing that prevented its closure was an initiative by a group of scholars led by Prof. Gerard Labuda. The Institute was left to continue its research, focused in no small part on documenting and investigating German crimes in occupied Poland, much of which was described in the successive volumes in the series of *Documenta Occupationis*.

*Maria Rutowska, Stanisław Żerko*

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# FOREWORD



*Motto: "Warsaw alone  
your might defies"*

*In 1339 in Masovian Warsaw began the second grand trial of Crusaders for the invasion and annexing of Pomerania. During the trial the testimonies of the witnesses were scrupulously recorded. To this day they can be read in the 19th century publication "Lites acres gestae inter Polonos Ordinemque Cruciferorum."*

*Six hundred years after the beginning of the trial of the Crusaders by Casimir the Great, Warsaw found itself in German hands. "Lites ac res gestae" was reborn. History once more became a tragic reality.*

The material published below is almost a further volume of "Lites ac res gestae". On reading the testimony of people fleeing from the shooting and killing in Warsaw, one is forced to make comparisons with the testimonies given in 1339.

This new trial has been brought about by a Polish conscience outraged at the scale of the bestiality and criminality. There was at that time in Warsaw no court to turn to. People of good will, with a sense of responsibility to the past, organised the gathering of information from among Warsaw refugees. I myself concurred with the initiative presented to me in this regard by Mr E. Serwański and then, together with Dr Maria Kielczewska, now a Professor at Mikołaj Kopernik University in Toruń, took charge of this work. I accept full responsibility for any inaccuracies or errors that the material published here may contain. It is necessary, though – bearing in mind the further caveats mentioned below – to take into account the circumstances in which this operation had to take place in Warsaw in the tragic autumn of 1944!

It emerges from the published materials that the district most acutely affected was the historic Wola area, in which, during the first days of August tens of thousands of the civilian population were murdered. This ruthless killing lasted up until the moment when the German radio announced the breakdown of negotiations with Moscow, being conducted by the PM of the government in exile

in London, Stanisław Mikołajczyk. The Germans assumed that if an agreement was reached with Moscow it would lead to an assault on Warsaw by Soviet forces, and they wished at all costs to stifle any uprising before then.

At the moment of announcing the news of the failure of negotiations a leafleting operation began (dropped from the air), calling on the population to surrender and guaranteeing they would in return be spared. The civilian population did not surrender, but from then on began the ordeal in the parts of the city occupied by the Germans of evacuating the civilian population through the church of St. Stanislaus in Wola and through the famous Pruszków.

In this manner began the period of attempts at political flirtation initiated by the Germans, which culminated in the Versailles-like terms of capitulation.

The whole affair had very deep roots. The outbreak of the uprising was unbelievably, politically inopportune for the Germans; it ruined their plans, as they were dreaming of an Anglo-Saxon-Soviet conflict, in which plan Poland had long been earmarked a crucial role. The outbreak of the uprising in Warsaw disappointed those political hopes and hence the fury displayed towards the civilian population in the first days of the uprising. After a while, though, when the Soviet army didn't strike — and today, we know that in that context the front couldn't be moved — the Germans tried to exploit the situation to reignite their former plan.

In fact, it was a plan which had been around since Hitler seized power in Germany, more specifically, since the Polish-German pact of 1934. The Germans systematically aimed to use Poland as a joint launch pad in relation to the Soviet Union. Poland steered different political courses between 1934 – 1939, but one thing is clear, Poland didn't go along with German collaboration and for that was “punished” by invasion in 1939. The temptation was still there — but with every refusal Poland paid in round ups and shootings, Auschwitzes and Majdaneks and so on. For the Uprising, Warsaw paid with the slaughter in Wola. But this was not the end of the “punishments and sanctions”.

The price for the Versailles-style capitulation at the beginning of October 1944 was meant to be the leaders of the uprising taking an oath of allegiance to Germany against the Soviet Union. For the

refusal that the proposal met with, Warsaw paid with burning and blowing the city to smithereens.

We know today from the telegram found in the Frank files, sent on October 11, 1944 by the governor of Warsaw, Fischer to general governor Frank. The telegram, the original of which was found in the archives of the Main Commission for the Investigation of German Crimes in whose Bulletin it will be published as a photograph, carries the title „Neue Polenpolitik“ and reads as follows:

„Auf Grund des Besuches des SS-Obergruppenführers von dem Bach beim Reichsführer SS teile ich folgendes mit:

1. General Bor hat erklärt, dass er für die Dauer des Krieges jede politische Tätigkeit einstellen wird und das er sich lediglich als Kriegsgefangener betrachte.

Auf Grund dieser Erklärung ist es zu einem Empfang des Generals Bor beim Reichsführer SS nicht mehr gekommen.

2. Obergruppenführer von dem Bach hat den neuen Auftrag erhalten, Warschau zu pazifizieren, d. h. Warschau noch während des Krieges dem Erdboden gleich zu machen, soweit nicht militärische Belange des Festungsbaues entgegenstehen. Vor dem Abreisen sollen aus Warschau alle Rohstoffe, alle Textilien und alle Möbel geräumt werden. Die Hauptaufgabe fällt der Zivilverwaltung zu.

Ich gebe hiervon Kenntnis, da dieser neue Führerbefehl über die Niederlegung Warschaus für die weitere neue Polenpolitik von grösster Bedeutung ist.

Der Gouverneur  
des Distr. Warschau z. Zt. Sochaczew  
(-) gez. Dr. Fischer.“

„Neue Polenpolitik“...:

“In order – we read in Długosz – the Prussian master to do the most damage to Polish society in the shortest time he allotted bounties to arsonists: so for burning a village you got one grivna from the public purse, and three for a town. For this reason, his people out of pure good will, or in hope of receiving a reward swarmed across the Dobrzyn Land and Kujawa and in the course of a few days turned every manor,



village or town into ashes; nothing was safe from their severity, not even the Lord's houses. Burning and pillaging even God's home and those of people, they conducted a Godless war, with the people and with God."

That was in 1431.

When, after the last partitioning of Poland, Warsaw fell under Prussian control and ceased to be the capital – the city emptied and died. House prices dropped very low. At this time, an Italian in Prussian service, called Lucchesini, a former confidant of Frederick the Great, presented the Prussian government with a plan in which every house and square in Warsaw was to be bought up and the inhabitants dispersed – the city was then to be razed to the ground. Because Warsaw – the Italian argued – would always be the centre of Polish political aspirations and the Prussians would otherwise never bring them to heel.

Such a tradition could not but bear fruit.

But in 1944 it was a job on a different scale altogether. It was already clear that the whole dance of war would likely end tragically for Germany, and that Poland would be reaching out to grab the land on the Oder. That's when the decision was made: This Poland needs to be weakened as much as possible. Keep it busy far from the Oder and the Nysa. At the same time, in the propaganda mouth-pieces printed in Częstochowa, the *Gazeta Narodowa* and others, a large scale operation began to bring Poland and its eastern neighbour into conflict. This was also job done with one eye on the future, a testament written by worthy successors of the Templar masters.

A separate chapter in this perfidious policy was in the use, among others, of Vlasovtsy in quelling the uprising, in other words, those among the Russian prisoners who, betraying their own motherland decided to serve the Germans. In Warsaw terminology, they were mostly referred to as "Ukrainians". The entire responsibility for their use lies with the Germans, who in this way wanted to kill two birds with one stone. They wanted to divert most of the revulsion at the murder in Warsaw onto the Vlasovtsy, and to disrupt – they hoped – Polish-Russian relations. However it must be stated that the people of Warsaw were immediately alive to their intentions and to their perfidy.

*Prof. Zygmunt Wojciechowski*

# INTRODUCTION



## WORKING CONDITIONS

The documents contained in this collection concern German crimes committed during the Warsaw Uprising. The statements were taken in the Warsaw suburbs, mainly during the actual uprising, to the echoes of the distant battle. Their nature was during the process of preparing them for publication, the matter of heated discussion in which two views clashed: historical and legal. The cause of the difference of opinion was assessing the value of the documents in terms of legal requirements, as those prepared for publication suffer from a host of shortcomings of a formal nature. Also from the point of view of academia, as well as the position of the political interests of the nation and the Polish state, there is a necessity to make immediate use of the documents gathered in the state in which they are found at this moment. It is for the historians to explain why the documents are like this and not otherwise. Understanding the context in which they were made, while the uprising was in progress and after its quelling, may explain why the lawyer, for whom form is of great significance, must give way to the historian, for whom material is paramount.

The main operational centre for gathering documentation was the Warsaw region. And this area, from August to October, within a radius of at least eight kilometres was a closed zone treated by the Germans as a buffer zone behind the front. The fact of gathering the material right there — on the fringes of a horrific battlefield and hot off the press, from people, victims and witnesses, in whose eyes the traces of the recent tragedy could still be clearly read, left a distinct stamp on the tales. They are typified by an acute vision, freshness of reminiscences and directness of experience.

The statements have a value beyond pure documentation in a strict sense, having also a psychological value, as they reflect the

raw mental state of Varsovians, hence they are a valuable resource for historians and sociologists to test the reactions of the inhabitants of Warsaw to the enemy.

The fact of the documentation being gathered in the suburbs of Warsaw had an enormous influence on the amount of stories collected, fished out from the stream of evacuated people.

The documentary work “broke out” suddenly, much like the uprising itself. A moment’s awareness in society of the crimes and evil committed by the Germans, surprise, the stream of hideous accusations and the immeasurable pain that flooded the hearts and minds of those that hadn’t lost their heads, but who set about performing the task of documenting it in whatever way it was possible in a given case — all this set the tone for the operation and gave it a special character. Nobody suspected, it didn’t even cross their minds, that within a Warsaw enclosed by a ring of German forces crimes were being committed which exceeded even those which the occupier had accustomed us to. When we learned of it all, it turned out that human imagination had been completely inadequate. The march of those evacuated through a burning Wola in the first days of August was enough to spark curiosity. Then, together with the growing sense of horror and alarm, the suspicions began to grow.

The protocol of the documenter himself, the first accusations taken from a weeping old woman from ulica Spiska, a second tale written by a ditch by the rail tracks at Rawka station near Skierniewice, a third tale on a train, dragged out of the mouth of a passenger, a victim of German bestiality — these were the beginnings.

Then the dam burst...

In this state, thinking about the organisational structure of the documenting operation, of a plan, concept, of preparing something retaining even the minimum formal requirements of a document — the idea was absurd. The tales multiplied, the notes, the testimonies of witnesses, the files of anonymous people, met by accident, of passers-by, and in the stories, this clarity and freshness of the experience was bound directly with the depth of impression of the listener, who didn’t doubt the truth of it for a moment. That specific atmosphere that was created while taking the first documents was a foundation stone in trust to the witnesses. Those supervising the documentation heard

tales that needed no checking, verifying or proving. The truth lay in the horror of the experiences. The statements, through their total concordance, they created a mutual certificate of veracity.

Despite the enormous difficulty of capturing this burning flow of crimes, the all-consuming elemental catastrophe, despite the incredible amorphousness of the victims' and witnesses' emotions, buckling under the burden of terrible blows, with all their strength, the group gathering the documentation specified as quickly as possible the job's demands, the assumptions, ideas and guiding principles for the operation, encompassed the subject of research and established the methods and means, more to capture than to order the mass of documentation, and created the organisational forms overnight. In this way the first blank forms for those gathering the information were created by the extremely minimal hierarchy, put together along the lines of "as the Lord made them".

In the initial efforts and later on, the greatest effort was made, everything possible was done to give the inception of documenting operation an organisational shape that met both the demands of academia and the law, as well as the seriousness of the matter under consideration. This should be made clear, to testify to the abilities of the leadership, especially that despite all their efforts, they didn't attain the level they were aiming at.

The struggle to organise the documenting operation — such as was possible in the conditions at the time — provides the right picture of the difficulties those carrying out the documenting were facing. Working within an extremely delicate organisational structure, they came under German fire, one shell after the other, demolishing the stubbornly and furiously apparatus which was constantly repaired. Despite this, the barrage, the blocked off districts, the inspections, security checks, executions of Warsaw males caught carrying evidence, the systematic incursions into the Warsaw suburbs, EKD [Elektryczne Koleje Dojazdowe, Electric Commuter Rail] "jamming", the road blocks — made consistent work impossible, shattered personal and organisational relations, reduced the effectiveness of work units, if they didn't utterly destroy their achievements, disrupted the technical apparatus, negatively affected the mental state of the workers and reduced the standard of the statements.

The German police system, the system of terror, was intended to guarantee the occupier security behind the front lines — and it was obviously not intended... merely to interfere with those gathering the documents, because the Germans didn't suspect that such intentions existed among the careworn masses. And yet the system affected the entire operation, as well as the personal safety of those doing the documenting. It is sufficient to consider the topic of the work to realise how great the risk was. Without exaggeration, it can be stated: one misstep, a moment's inattention, lack of caution — was a death sentence.

This wandering between manhunts, inspections, ID checks on people permanently weighed down by compromising materials demanded courage and dedication. In such circumstances, finding brave people who also possessed certain qualifications was not an easy task. Overcoming the mental pressures both among the management closest to the operation as well as more remote collaborators — also was a part of the documenting activities.

This didn't only refer to personal safety, but also to the entire apparatus that had been constructed so painstakingly and with such difficulty. At first glance, it seems simple: a member of the documenting committee reveals himself, writes out a statement containing the details of the witness, who then signs the statement. But applying such methods would have stopped all work in its tracks. For this reason in innumerable cases, the person testifying didn't know they were doing so, and it was necessary to obtain the personal details in a roundabout manner. But there were many cases when it wasn't possible to hide the aim of the work from the person testifying: the importance of the statements, the scope of the testimony and, as a result, the necessity of creating the minimum safety levels for the interviews — forced them to reveal who they were. And then, either the witness shared unnecessary details, which occurred rarely, or though testifying, they totally refused to give their name, or if their name was known, they refused to allow it even to be written in coded form. We're speaking here only about those cases where matters were successfully resolved. Countless times, the "candidate" refused to testify the moment they knew what was going on. This was an undoubted loss to the documenting operation.

There were still other difficulties: the system of personal relations in this extremely fragile hierarchy was special. The extraordinary links in the chains, typical of resistance work, connected in a network total strangers who voluntarily played a role but nevertheless steadfastly refused to give their names to the reporter. And there were cases where those maintaining the documentation received handfuls of statements containing the personal details, but from a total stranger. In this manner, “statements” were created with the details of the witness, but unsigned, or without the name of the reporter, or statements without witness details, only with the name of the reporter. There are also reports where the name of the witness is totally unknown and the reporter refused to give their details. It is not known in how many cases the names given are false, or deliberately obscured. So we have a clear problem: are these documents? How are we to treat them? We must ask ourselves, whether, in such a context, more could have been demanded. The answer would seem to be no. Already the feeling of being hounded by threats to their lives among those evacuated from Warsaw is explanation enough. Just one “slip” of a document containing names, even coded ones, could “wipe out” the entire documenting operation. The names of the reporters, namely Edward Serwański and Irena Trawińska provide the guarantee that all those statements regardless of whether they contain complete or only partial details — came from people who, escaping with their lives from a burning Warsaw, passed through the city’s suburbs.

Someone else rightly observed, too, that the entire documenting effort was in fact nothing more than a constant invitation to danger. It can only be put down to enormous luck that there were no disasters. Those gathering the documents, and looking after the correctness of each one at every step, did so in defiance of the elementary principles of security. Demanding complete statements from the reporters was, in these circumstances, an unrealistic condition, downright ridiculous, flying in the face of common sense. It was even necessary to issue a ban on taking fully-fledged statements, namely those bearing the signature of the witnesses and the report taker. The matter of safety was paramount and explains why the documents are in the condition we find them.



It wasn't possible to "surrender" the entire documenting operation and put the lives of the statement giver and the reporter at obvious risk merely for the sake of legal propriety. A unit conducting documenting operations was not a court authority, just a simple social operation whose task was above all to secure the traces of crimes. It was established at that time that it would be the task of future Polish courts, either general or specific to verify the contents of the entire documentation in the light of legal regulations. As it was, circumstances meant that, despite the wish to maintain a documenting process of a legal character, the entire effort headed towards the irreversible process of life in those times, of gathering materials of merely historic import.

The problem of security — this was one matter, material poverty and technical difficulties — this was another. The scale of problems of daily life was enormous, starting from food and clothing, supplies, housing and lack of money, to issues of purely technical organisation right up to the most serious considerations on matters of documentation. Considerations over the academic and legal aspects of the work against the background of personal poverty was a result of the overturning of the normal hierarchy of needs, led by that of ensuring survival. Overcoming the technical difficulties took an enormous amount of effort. Written statements needed to be typed up immediately. Many demanded the immediate destruction of the protocols. At this time, there was a lack of stationeries and carbon paper; expeditions to Częstochowa were required. There were few typewriters to hand; there were no trustworthy typists available. The problems with work locations grew to fantastic proportions. Hideouts and dead letter boxes were impossible to come by. A bicycle was a scarcity. Ignoring the assistance of the EKD, it was necessary to cross the vast expanse of Warsaw suburbs on foot. Anyone who knows the summer residences in the Warsaw suburbs will be aware how difficult it is to find your way around the labyrinthine streets and alleys. In these circumstances, in which looking for bread and carbon paper was interspersed with discussions on the nature of the documentation in the full contradictions of the entirety, no little resilience was required to maintain an internal equilibrium, not to be put off by the difficulties and abandon the work.

The dangers of the work, the material and technical difficulties undermined one of the most important principles of the operation, namely rapidity. It concerned solving the problem of so-called “leakages” across the areas reached by evacuees in order to catch the maximum number of people in the organisational network. At that time the working thesis was adopted: “only that which is done immediately will really get done, and nobody knows what will happen later”. Looking at these matters from the perspective of over a year later, it seems that this was right. The blurring of details, forgetting of fragments, losing clarity in viewing experiences was something understandable. And the short time lapse provided the best chance of reconstructing the experiences. For these reasons, everything was done so that the pace of working was as fast as possible. This end was to be served by an organisational network extended — as far as was possible at the time — quite widely. In the period from August to October documenting cells were set up in Pruszków, Brwinów, Milanówek, in Podkowa Leśna, Grodzisk, in Włochy, Józefów, Nadarzyn, Komorów, later in Piaseczno, Skolimów i Konstancin, then Skierniewice, Łowicz — and in the final phase Piotrków, Częstochowa and Kraków. Not all these centres managed to expand their operations, though.

Thanks to the apparatus conceived in this manner, the vast majority of work was carried out between August and October, so that when, in the first weeks of October contact was made with the fleeing residents of Warsaw, amazed and no less terrified, they could already be shown around 200 protocols.

As mentioned earlier, one of the first aids in the documenting operation was the information form for protocol takers, devised by the management. These forms were developed in relation to the expansion of the area of investigations. The constantly arriving new information about different types of crimes and the mass nature of the German criminal operations made it essential to constantly update the forms, broaden the scope of the documenting operation. From one day to the next, you had to sense the pulse of the work, to define immediately the changing requirements of the job and assist the data collectors with the ever-changing forms. In the main documentation cell with the management, there were two workers, so the need for instruction of the protocol takers in the field was great.

The determined attempts of this cell, to achieve a certain systematic approach, essentially failed. The materials that the documenting cell ultimately received were extremely variable. Alongside testimony and protocols of real quality, the network supplied literary treatments, general reports, jottings, notes, news reports and so on.

The techniques of the documenting operation, copying materials and securing them were as follows: in the first place there was the simple listening to the stories of victims or witnesses. and the material gathered verbally was immediately written down. Often, after taking down a statement it was read back to the witness, after which the material was sent back to the cell. In a number of other cases the victim or witness of a crime wrote up the report themselves and sent them to the appropriate place. Whenever a protocol showed glaring deficiencies, especially concerning personal details, or the contents, they would initially be sent back for completion in the field. However, as practise showed that such protocols never returned but rather disappeared in the complex system of intermediaries, this practise was abandoned. In this way were lost the testimony about the destruction of the Galeria Luksemburga, of rapes of elderly women, the bombarding of one of the hospitals, as well as of field hospitals in Mokotów.

All the materials gathered were immediately typed up in a separate admin section, registered and numbered, and finally encoded, if they hadn't been provided with coded names from the field. Once a larger amount of protocols had been gathered, they were buried for safekeeping. In the first period of the work, they were buried using a "squirrel system," and so simply buried here and there and later by burying jars full of protocols.

In principle, the work of the admin section took place with no guarantees at all of any safety. There was no other way to proceed with this kind of work. The ratio of those in the protocol collecting teams and in technical support was 1:2, and so for every 10 people in the main protocol collecting groups there were 5 technicians, constantly busy with matters such as security as well as the purely technical aspects of the work. A few small details can be used to show the extent of the effort taken by the protocol takers: the protocol from the already widely known about crime in the Ursus factory was drawn up in a few days in the hospital in such a way that nobody noticed,

and drawing it up and preparing the final report took tens of hours of work; the protocols were drawn up and written often secretly in homes in which the protocol takers were practically guests taken in off the street following a successful escape from a forced march of evacuees. The fact that none of the house owners knew of the activities of the protocol taker made the work even more difficult. Preparing a protocol on the crimes committed by the Germans in the ruins of the GISZ [General Inspectorate of the Armed Forces] required about a fortnight of activity and the mediation of a number of people in order to get the addresses, three longer sittings in order, after taking down the stories, to — on account of the importance and nature of the testimonies — finally establish the text.

This is a general description of the documents and the actual documenting operation. I shall give a few personal reflections with which to close. A bulwark of the documenting operation was Edward Serwański and qualified court assistant Irena Trawińska, a collaborator with the Polish Red Cross. Both started working on their own initiative. It was the initiative of Prof. Dr Z. Wojciechowski, who was presented with the material gathered by Edward Serwański, for which we have to thank the organisation of the operation. He also took control of the documenting work. Thanks to some lucky meetings, and above all due to Irena Trawińska's social skills, the two separate strands of the work were connected.

The documenting operation ended as a result of the successful, lightning strike by the Red Army. The liberation of Polish lands caused massive movements of the population, which scattered the apparatus, and the reconstruction of the legal life of the nation made the continuation of the work possible within the Western Institute in Poznań only after a long interval.

## DESCRIPTION OF CRIMES

It may seem at first sight that the protocols themselves — especially given the enormous expressive power of the testimonies, are enough to fully reveal the true nature of the criminal actions taken by the Germans. However, the nature of the exterminations in Warsaw was not simple. In no way can we stop at the results of the hitherto work on the documentation, and the materials prepared

for publication and say that everything that could be said about the crimes in Warsaw has been said. The exterminations, or to be more precise — the ongoing effects of the German crimes committed in Warsaw, extend in time beyond September-October, and territorially stretch further to the west to the concentration camps to which the civilian population of Warsaw was evacuated.

The aspect of most interest both to the politician as well as to Polish academia, is to establish what exactly the intentions were of the German command, and by extension the Hitler government, towards the millions of inhabitants of Warsaw. While today the Polish authorities hold incontrovertible evidence of the orders to utterly destroy Warsaw as an inhabitable city, it is still hard to demonstrate that orders came from above to murder this or that contingent of the Varsovian public. We do not know what would have been the fate of the inhabitants of Śródmieście, if the October capitulation had not taken place. To quote just one of the stories: "...one of the Kalmyks, a senior cavalry officer, I think, who spoke a little in Polish and a bit in German took me to one side and said that because I reminded him of his mother, he felt some sympathy towards me, so he advised us to flee Warsaw, if I wanted to save my life and my husband's. We've got orders — he said — to wipe Warsaw from the face of the earth, and even those people left living among the ruins to mercilessly exterminate. I know that that order will be carried out..." (Report from Filtrowa, Opaczewska, file 63). The matter of getting to German sources and confirming the reasons why the Germans didn't treat the whole of Warsaw — apart from Śródmieście — like they treated Wola and the rest of the suburbs, is still open.

In the course of future research, above all the entire process of evacuation of the civilian population of Warsaw to the Reich needs to be examined, their stay in work camps and concentration camps, and especially great attention should be given to the fates of the combatants. To an extent this task is achieved in the final part of the set of documents about Pruszków.

## EDITING THE MATERIAL

The documents here published — is a set of over a hundred protocols. These protocols were not numbered sequentially during the actual course of the documenting process. Depending on where the

protocols were found, they were numbered from — 1,100, 200 etc. upwards. They were divided into several parts, each given a brief heading. Looking down the list, we can see Wola, Ochota and Żeleznik, Śródmieście Warsaw and Powiśle, Stare Miasto and Centrum, Mokotów, Czerniaków, Żoliborz, Praga, and finally, the last image — Pruszków. The headings were placed at the top of each protocol and do not form an integral part of them, but were added after the fact, mainly on the basis of the codes and oral statements of the heads of the documenting operation, mgr Edward Serwański and mgr Irena Trawińska. All the protocols — as already described in the organisation of the documenting operation — were essentially received by Edward Serwański, who thus had an overview of the entire documenting operation. If there was no note stating who received a protocol, it meant that it was received by mgr Edward Serwański. The words “drawn up by” always mean: a given person was listened to and statement taken. The lack of precise personal details of witnesses in some protocols means that the witness refused to reveal their details, or that the report taker considered that, due to security concerns, recording these details was not recommended. In a series of protocols even the report takers declined to add their personal details. These people were known to the management of the documenting operation. Above all, it concerns the reporter known only as Jerzy, using the pseudonym “Zbigniew”, about 30 years old, a qualified lawyer, the reporter working under the pseudonym “Ż”, aged over 30, university educated, and the reporter with the pseudonym Maria Małaszczak, 35 years old. If a witness wrote their own statement up the protocol was identified as first-hand.

I has not been possible to establish which protocols were read back to the witness after being taken down. An attempt was made to identify cases in which the witness was not aware that their testimony had been taken. The steps taken by the editors in this regard are, unfortunately, incomplete. Sometimes the reporter didn't provide the date and place where the protocol was taken. In such cases, the protocols come from the August-October 1944 period, and were drawn up in the Warsaw suburbs. Warsaw addresses always refer to the address a person lived in before the uprising. Square brackets [ ] in the text of protocols designate additions by the editors.



# THE WOLA MASSACRE

I I I





The first to fall was Wola. Lying on the western edge of the capital, it was the main front line. The German soldiers coming from the west to fight the insurgents met especially strong resistance here. The German's intended to break through Wola, take control of at least a part of the Stare Miasto and Powiśle, so as to get to Wisła, above all to the Most Kierbedzia. This goal was achieved within the first eight days of August.

The Wola massacre was not a consequence of those military operations. This is testified to, if only by the setting fire to the house on ul. Młynarska 43 with all the inhabitants inside, on 30 July 1944 by German aviators (item 1), and so two days before the uprising. The massacre was a result of an order given in accordance with the general principles of treating the inhabitants of the city. This is why, in the first days of August, the Germans murdered almost every inhabitant of Wola who they captured.

The number of victims is impossible to confirm today. Witness testimony constitutes too general a basis to use for their calculation, all that is certain is that tens of thousands were killed. The series of crimes have been permanently shrouded in mystery, as no one lived to tell the tale from many of the executions. Only a precise list of the inhabitants of Wola and creating a file on the victims could make it possible to estimate the losses numerically.

The testimonies of witnesses found in this section can be divided into two groups: testimonies from residents of Wola who witnessed the crimes, and those of people from other districts who, during the evacuation of Warsaw, passed through Wola and saw the traces of the massacre, or who were forced to help remove them.

(1) Protocol nr 89:

*witness Wanda Lurie, secondary education,  
reporter Irena Trawińska 2. IX. 44 in the Polish Red cross clinic  
in Podkowa Leśna.*

“On 30 July, in daylight hours, thirty German aviators came to the house on ul. Młynarska nr 43, surrounded it and threw grenades, setting ablaze and killing the people inside.

The entire house was burned. Apparently it was in connection with the killing of a German somewhere nearby”.

(2) Protocol nr 227:

*witness Czesława Szczerbińska, 28, graduate of Warsaw University,  
address Warsaw, ul. Wolska 25;  
reporter Maria Małaszczak 4. IX. 44 in Brwinów.*

“I learned about the uprising at 3.30am... Already on Sunday 29th VII the barracks where the army had been quartered were ablaze, (a fire set by the Germans). That day in the Ubezpieczalnia Społeczna [Social Security] building on ul. Działdowska, they were burning papers and leaving in a hurry. During the night of the 29th and 30th July there was an enormous amount of traffic moving all along Wolska — it was hard to sleep...

On the morning of 1st VIII armed Germans were travelling round the outskirts of the city, as if waiting for the uprising. From early morning there were lots of cars on ul. Skierniewicka, Sławińska. On Sławińska the officer of a tank battalion, seeing people gathering round the vehicles which had never stopped here before, said: “If so much as a single shot is fired here, not a single house will be left standing.” Several people on ul. Sławińska said the same. At 4 am at least 30 Germans threw grenades on ul. Wolska. At 5am the first shots fired at the Germans driving by could be heard, but they were travelling too fast, they didn’t stop. On the first day, no more serious incidents took place.

On the night of the 1st and 2nd VIII the Poles... built a large barricade, as high as the first storey, along ul. Wolska to Młynarska out of tram carriages and beams. The people were quite worried about what was going to happen, because already on 1st August at

6am the Poles were addressed by megaphone to abandon the path they had chosen, or the Germans would raze Warsaw to the ground. During 2nd VIII the Germans tried to break through the barricades, driving tanks into them. On the 3rd VIII the first planes appeared; the first shots were fired towards the Redemptorist Church causing injuries. On the 4th VIII there was no change in the situation.

After then, the Germans removed the population and burned houses from Wola, that is from the Catholic cemetery to Młynarska. The rest of the people from these streets who were not affected were taken to St Wojciech's church on Wolska through burning houses and piles of corpses — some charred near Michler's (a bakery on ul. Wolska), where bodies were cremated.

On the third day of the uprising, I moved with my belongings to ul. Wolska 25, and so on the other side of the street to the property of the Barefoot Carmelite nuns (the former Biernacki palace), because it was impossible to remain in our tenement due to it constantly being shelled by tanks and being partially destroyed (petrol bombs were hurled from the house at the tanks).

While with the sisters, we mostly stayed in the shelter. On 5th VIII the wave of fires finally reached us. To start with, we really didn't know what was going on on the street, because the house we were in stood in the garden, set back from the street. After 8pm the sisters were warned that the Germans were on their property and that the house was being set ablaze. In fact, they threw a grenade into one of the cellars, without doing any damage. The sisters asked everyone there to stay calm. One of the sisters used a secret passage to get out. There she found a dozen or so soldiers with hand-made machine guns... One machine gun barrel was pointing straight at the sister, who however did not lose any of her sang froid (she knew German well, and how to deal with them), and so, grabbing the gun by the barrel, she said: "We still have time to die, let's talk." She then brought the mother superior. The elderly woman emerged carrying a crucifix and the tabernacle and addressed them in this way: "Shoot if you want to." Everyone was ordered out of the shelter. About 40 people found themselves in the garden next to the house. The men were ordered to separate — there were about 15 of them. It was a terrible scene: some of the men were holding babies in their arms, the

Germans pulled them away, awful cries went up, a horrible wailing. The women stood in a close clump, surrounded by armed Germans. At the same moment, the men were asked to step forward. Then the women were ordered to lie face down on the ground; a few paces in front of us the execution takes place: the men were shot in the back of the head. We expected that at any moment we would share the fate of the men. The mother superior, taking advantage of the fact that we were in a tightly-packed bunch gave a few pieces of communion bread to each of the women — so that nothing would remain so the Sacramental bread would not be profaned. Alongside us lay the dead men — we knelt and prayed — silence descended, you couldn't hear any crying or wailing of babies. I was at the back directly by the barrel of the “spray gun”, I expected them to be my last moments; I was totally resigned to it, but calm. I looked at the faces of the women, concentrating, restrained, then I turned my gaze to the Germans standing behind us. What on earth was going on? Guns down, they turned away from the sister “chaplains”, just like that: consternation. The moment dragged on. Then one of the Germans ordered us to stand and go to the gate. We thought that the Germans clearly considered this an inappropriate place for the execution, so they were ordering us to move on. Later, though, it turned out that we were free, and we had to thank one of the Germans, who had a sister who was a nun in Wirttemberg, for our lives; he decided our fate (he told us about this directly, later). We were led (by then it was 9.15 in the evening) to the infectious diseases hospital on ulica Wolska. Here we arrived right after the hospital had been “cleansed” of men (no one knows what happened to them — they were driven out of the hospital). Here, we spent a day and a half. On 7th VIII at about four o'clock the SS ordered us to leave the hospital.

The men who had arrived at the hospital in the last few days were first led out in the direction of the city (I don't know what happened to them), with their hands up. We, on the other hand, were ordered to head in the direction of Wola, beyond the city (ulica Wolska). We went in files, I led two elderly women. We were led to Wolski Hospital under escort, then we went further alone. We got as far as Jelonki, curfew was approaching, we found lodgings with some difficulty.”

(3) Protocol nr 80:

*witness Jan Bęcwalek, resident of Garwolin;  
reporter Irena Trawińska 10. IX. 44 in Grodzisk hospital.*

“For 3 and a half years I was working in Germany. In 1940, together with my family, I was expelled from the Poznań area to Garwolin; in 1941 I was caught in Garwolin and taken to work in Germany. In summer this year, I was sent as a patient to Warsaw, to the Hospital Wolski, where I got caught up in the war; I was suffering from pleurisy with pleural effusion. On 3rd August at 1am the German arrived at the hospital. I was lying in the shelter in the cellars together with many other sick and injured. Bursting into the cellar, right by the room itself they gave a burst of machine gun fire and several of the injured, standing by the entrance were instantly killed. A few minutes later the order to leave the hospital. All the sick and injured who were able to walk, with the staff and several other wounded on stretchers, left the hospital. The march was dreadful. I felt terrible — I had drains attached to my sides. We were herded into a barn — about 50m from the tunnel — on ul. Górczewska. There were already a lot of people in the barn. After examining our documents, they split us into groups and then began leading us out. Shortly the group I was a part of, was led out to be executed. We were taken to a large house which was already ablaze, also not far from the tunnel, and there, organising us into groups of twelve, we were pushed through the entrance to the house; in the entranceway a group of 6 Ukrainians were shooting those that entered at close range, in this way the dead fell into the flames of the burning house. I saw it close up, waiting for my turn, as the first twelve were shot, including doctors, orderlies in whites and, possibly, also priests. Among the doctors was Prof. Grzybowski; further groups of twelve were herded in, with the injured, the sick, and injured patients on stretchers, then those who carried the stretchers. I escaped death by a miracle. Led as a twelve towards the entrance, I turned to one of the officers and told him that I and my two colleagues were Volksdeutsche (I speak very good German). The German ordered us to one side and to follow him, he led us to a German field hospital which was nearby. Meanwhile, around 500 people were shot, including lots of people from the Hospital Wolski; with us were other people ejected from other streets in Wola. The volleys of

shots lasted late into the night. In the evening, grenades were thrown into the piles of bodies, and the next morning a tank arrived. It reduced the house to rubble, covering the dead (and partially cremated) as well as the execution site with the rubble. The stench of the burning bodies was revolting. I saw it all very well, because I stayed until the following day in the German field hospital nearby.”

(4) Protocol nr 95:

*witness Jan Bęcwalek, resident of Garwolin;*

*reporter Irena Trawińska 10. IX. 44 in the hospital in Podkowa Leśna.*

“On 5 August 1944 on ul. Staszica nr 4, I was sitting in the cellars with the inhabitants. Then the Germans came in and threw us out. On the way out they seized the things we had with us. The men and women were separated. The women were taken in the direction of ul. Działdowska. I was taken with the group of men to the courtyard of the house at ul. Staszica nr 15. A few hundred men had been herded there and soon after the killings began. They fired machine guns into the tight clumps of people. Right away, I moved to the rear, so before the first rows began to drop — I managed to lie down and hide. The shots didn’t reach me. After a time, I got out from under the heaps of bodies. When, a little later, a German officer appeared — he didn’t order the few remaining living to be killed, but allowed us to leave and join the people being marched down the street. That’s how I got away from ulica Górczewska, and I went from there to Moczydło. Meanwhile, I passed by the house on Staszica 26; you could hear shots coming from the courtyard — executions were taking place there.”

(5) Protocol nr 78:

*witness Jan Bęcwalek, resident of Garwolin;*

*reporter Irena Trawińska 10. IX. 44 in Grodzisk hospital.*

“We were standing in front of the gateway to the hospital on ul. Górczewska. You could hear the echoes of executions continuing there where we had just escaped from a moment earlier. In the hospital courtyard there were some shed-like buildings, out of which at one

point the Germans began chasing the people gathered inside. They were all male, mostly young, even young boys of 10-12 years of age, most were dressed as insurgents, in various uniforms and shirts with epaulettes — the way they ran about the streets “under orders.” They must have been locked up in there a while, because they emerged looking almost drunk and dazed. The Germans gave them shovels and ordered them to dig on the opposite side of ulica Górczewska — opposite the hospital gates, which I was stood in front of — they dug a hole about 5m deep in a potato patch in the garden. I heard and understood the orders; they filed past me. After digging the hole, they were led without their shirts on, just in their shorts, with their hands up, arranged around the hole facing in and the Ukrainians shot and killed them with a shot to the back of their heads from their pistols. The bodies fell into the pit — the next lot were brought in. Nobody cried, no one begged, nobody resisted. Several hundred people were shot in this way. The last, small remaining group covered the hole with soil. That was the second execution I had watched that day.”

(6) Protocol nr 53:

*witness Aleksandra Kreczkiewicz, residing at Warsaw, Górczewska 45;  
reporter Irena Trawińska 8. IX. 44 in the hospital at Podkowa Leśna.*

“I lived in Wola at ul. Górczewska nr 45; on August 2nd the SS ordered us to move to the tenement on the other side of the street; our home, and the neighbouring ones were torched; on 3rd August we were informed that things would get bad for us, we were to be shot: there were several hundred people in the tenement; on 4th August at 11am: the Germans surrounded the tenement, they gave the order to leave the flats; there were terrible screams from the children, the women, shots came from the entrance — there were several people killed and injured at the entrance onto the street; they herded us onto the vegetable patch, ordered us to kneel in the furrows — they’re all around us — there’s no way to escape; after a few minutes they told us to stand and led us to the nearby bridge: there was no doubt what was to happen to us; one of the women asked where they were taking us — they replied: “It’s your fault that German women and children are dying, so all of you must die, too.” They lined us up; they sepa-



rated off a group of 70 people and ordered them to cross the bridge to the hill; the rest (with me among them) were lined up against the wall in between the wires; at various places nearby you could hear series of shots; the victims of the German killers dropped dead; we were huddled into a group, I was stood on the outside; at a distance of about 5m in front of us, one of the killers prepared to shoot a machine gun with extraordinary calm; the second was setting up a camera — they want to record the execution — several German were guarding us; a series of shots rang out — crying, wailing — I fell, injured, losing consciousness. After some time, I came to; I could hear them finishing off the injured — I stayed absolutely still and played dead; only one German was left behind to guard us — the rest left. The perpetrators set the nearby houses and tenements on fire; the heat is scorching, the smoke suffocating, my dress was smouldering on me; the German remains on guard; I douse the fire on myself discreetly — my legs are burned, I think about how to get out of this hell. I was covered in front by a potato basket; when the German wasn't looking, I shifted the basket, crawling behind it — in this way, I got a few metres away; then the wind blew a cloud of smoke in our direction and the sentry couldn't see me; I broke away and ran to the cellar in the burning house; there, I met several less wounded people — the lucky ones who managed to get out from under the pile of corpses. We work on a tunnel; hard work in the heat and smoke — there was a danger of suffocating; finally, after many hours of inhuman effort — the tunnel leads us into the courtyard of the neighbouring house which wasn't ablaze; it was 12.30 at night: somebody led us into a field, on the edge of the fighting and the inferno; I collapsed from exhaustion; I'm still in hospital now; the group of people shot by me could have been around 500 people — about 3 or 4 people survived. The SS were the perpetrators.”

(7) Protocol nr 94:

*witness, a priest who didn't give his name, at the Hospital Wolski on ul. Płocka;  
reporter's name unknown.*

“On the 5th August 1944, at around 2pm the Germans entered the Hospital Wolski on ulica Płocka. They began looting, the staff

and patients were checked, they stole money, watches, valuables; at around 3pm they went into the hospital director's and a moment later shots could be heard: director Marian Józef Piasecki, Prof. Zeyland and Fr. Kazimierz Ciecierski (the last of these was specially summoned to the office). Soon after the order was given to evacuate the hospital staff and the walking wounded. The march was appalling: doctors at the front, orderlies and then the patients, staggering along, supported by the stronger ones, with arms in plaster, on crutches, all in their bedclothes, often incomplete, moving with the greatest of difficulty. We were herded across a level crossing to a barn, or rather a production hall, in the so-called Moczydło area, where we found several hundred others. With shouts and threats, we were separated. After a time 4 people were called for, then 25, at the exit they were ordered to hand over their watches. Soon after, we heard shots. Because there was no fighting in the vicinity, we knew that there were executions taking place; you could hear the typical series of shots from a machine gun and a little while after that, single shots — to finish them off.

There was no doubt that those led off were to be shot. As a priest, I explained to those present what might await them and gave them the last rites. A moment later, the Germans called out 50 men. The mood of death grew in the barn — those called out dallied. A further 70 men were called out — and again, shots could be heard; finally the last group was led out — including the doctors, orderlies, porters and other male staff — I was in this last group, and a second priest, Antoni Branszweig (student); at the last moment, I managed to drop out of the group being led out, to break away and hide among a group of nuns; I watched as the group with doctors was led out to be shot; but I didn't see the actual shooting, all I heard was a series of killing shots. I was told later that the execution took place in the burning houses and the courtyards of burning homes — in several places on ulica Górczewska. I saw Prof. Grzybowski, Dr Drozdowski, Prof. Sokołowski and Dr Łempicki led out in the last group.

The next day, disguised as a nun, I got out with the mass of women remaining to Wolski Fort, and then, while being transported, I escaped.

Over 200 people from the Hospital Wolski were shot at that time. The perpetrators were recruited from SS divisions and the Ukrainians.”

(8) Protocol nr 276:

*witness Fr. Marian Chwilczyński, 28, chaplain;  
reporter Irena Trawińska.*

“I was among the staff of the Hospital Wolski and throughout the uprising was in the wards of the hospital. I was able to observe many tragedies in this district.

Among other things, my attention was drawn to the fact that injured people were being carried in from extremely distant streets — apparently no field hospitals (at least I heard of none) were able to help. I wondered why — what happened to the field hospitals in that district? I can only presume that the Germans destroyed the medical posts, murdering both patients and staff. I cannot say for certain — it is only my supposition.”

(9) Protocol nr 74:

*witness Fr. Marian Chwilczyński, 28, chaplain;  
reporter Irena Trawińska.*

“On 3rd August 1944, in Warsaw walking along ulica Górczewska about 300—400m past Płocka at 4—6pm. I saw a heap of dead bodies of women with children in their arms, lying in pools of fresh blood — they had obviously been shot only moments earlier, most probably in the back of the head.”

(10) Protocol nr 73:

*witness Fr. Marian Chwilczyński, 28, chaplain;  
reporter Irena Trawińska October 1944, in Podkowa Leśna*

“On 5th August 1944 between noon and 2pm, I watched from a first floor window of Hospital Wolski as the Germans pulled women out of a cellar on Płocka nr 28, and then they shot them in the

courtyard with a machine gun. At almost the same moment, in the courtyard of nr 30 on ulica Płocka, I saw over a dozen people behind the fence with their arms raised (I couldn't see all of them), and one after the other they dropped after bursts of fire — it was just one of many executions in Wola.”

(11) Protocol nr 175:

*this document was handed in via the mediation of the RGO (Rada Główna Opiekuńcza, Central Welfare Council) in Pruszków  
to Edward Serwański from the family of Prof. Grzybowski.  
The contents of the note are provided verbatim.*

“On 5th VIII 1944 an SS division entered the hospital and shot the hospital director Dr Piasecki, the senior registrar Dr Zeyland and the chaplain on the spot in the director's office. In a couple of hours, the entire hospital was emptied, both of staff and the patients who were there, several hundred people in total. They were taken to a barn of some kind in Wola. After a few hours, all the male medical staff were called out. Twelve of them stepped forwards. There were taken into some ruins and arranged facing some machine guns which a Gestapo division began to cock. Up to this point, all the witness testimonies are in agreement, after, all traces vanish. None of these 12 doctors has yet been found. Among them were: Dr Olgierd Sokołowski, Prof. Grzybowski, Dr Drozdowski.”

(12) Protocol nr 183:

*witness Tadeusz Manteufel; reporter's name unknown.*

“Dr NN told me about his brother, a doctor at the Hospital Wolski, that in the first days of August, after Wola was taken by some German auxiliary units — the entire population was wiped out; homes burned. Of the hospital personnel at the Hospital Wolski only 3 doctors survived (including Dr X), by chance, they happened to be looking after the bandages of some injured German soldiers at the time. At one point, in front of the hospital, Dr NN saw the following scene: burning houses all around, and in front of them piles of corpses reaching 1.5m in height.”

(13) Protocol nr 105:

*witness Ms. K., a teacher from Warsaw, ul. Wolska 53;  
reporter's name unknown.*

“At around noon on 5th VIII the soldiers entered the hospital. ...First, they headed to the office of the head doctor, who was shot on the spot together with Prof. X and the hospital chaplain. We were all ordered to leave the building. Around 800 people came out of the hospital, including the sick, around 80 seriously injured people and a few nurses remained. The men were separated off. They were led down Górczewska past the road to the halls in Moczydło. We stayed there all afternoon, through the night and into Sunday (6th VIII). Crowds, stench, no water.”

(14) Protocol nr 229:

*witness Laskowska, 55, needleworker, residing in Warsaw, ul. Staszica 6;  
reporter's name unknown.*

“Already on 1st VIII, we heard shots on ulica Wolska and Górczewska. That same day (in the evening and at night) the people on our street were taken to knock through a passage between the cellars and the two barricades; one on the side of ulica Wolska, the second from Górczewska. On the night of the 1st and 2nd, in this was the barricades went up to the height more or less of half way up the first storey, made out of timber, rocks, paving slabs. After that, we found ourselves in a bit of a cauldron and our lives were focussed that tiny street.

People took up the work willingly, especially in the first few days, when we believed that everything would soon end and that the Germans would be gone in a moment. I saw a lot of our soldiers and nurses, because the army authorities were gathered in our house. During Wednesday and Thursday (2—3) on ul. Staszica it was pretty quiet, shots could be heard, but in the distance, not directed at our street — i.e. at Wolska. During Thursday and Friday (3—4) we heard the sounds of battle in the distance, taking place in the Evangelical Cemetery on ulica Młynarska. After 4th VIII the attacks from ulica Wolska and Górczewska (mainly from

Wolska) were aimed towards ul. Staszica. The fire from the tiger tanks began at around 8am and lasted into the evening. It was impossible to stay in the flat on the first floor, so we went down to the basement. Fires broke out on ulica Wolska and beyond, on Staszica, too. The next house caught fire from the shelling, the blaze began to spread to our property, so on Saturday morning (5th VIII) we made our way to ul. Staszica nr 10. They were terrible times, fires everywhere. That day, in the evening, the Germans broke through the barricades into our street. They began flushing the people out of the houses. The German army came to us, too (our resistance had already moved on), they ordered us into the courtyard of Staszica nr 15. There were already others here, from other houses on the street. The people were segregated. The men were separated from the women. We were ordered to leave with our hands up. The men were left in the courtyard, where, according to a report from one of the men from that street — who I met later — an execution took place: around 100 men were shot with machine guns.”

The witness managed to escape — initially, she pretended to have been shot, and fled after the execution.”

(15) Protocol nr 141:

*witness Jadwiga Tomaszewska, teacher, residing in Warsaw, ul. Waliców,  
on the corner of Chłodna; reporter's name unknown.*

“On ul. Chłodna, the house of Mr Kwiatkowski was torched together with the people inside. I saw houses burning from ulica Chłodna to Towarowa, people shot dead. On ul. Skierniewicka, on the corner of Wolska, there was a whole house torched with the people inside it. At ul. Towarowa 60, too, all the inhabitants were shot and the house torched. Ms. X also spoke about the house on the corner of ulica Waliców and Chłodna, that at 10pm there was an explosion, as a result of which the entire Parish House collapsed burying a number of priests. She also spoke about the enormous heroism of the little boys aged from 8 to 15, who volunteered for the toughest military service: they crawled under tanks with bottles of petrol, blowing them up. Young girls, also aged 8 to 16, carried ammunition, worked as couriers and medical orderlies.

The Ukrainians looted valuables and cash, took countless items of baggage from refugees. On leaving Warsaw on 6th VIII, the women were separated from the men, who were taken to St Stanisław's Church in Wola and nobody knows what happened to them."

(16) Protocol nr 57:

*witness Henryk Haboszewski, residing in Warsaw, Elekcyjna 8;  
reporter Irena Trawińska 19. IX. 44 in Podkowa Leśna.*

"I lived in Wola, on ul. Elekcyjna nr 8. On the 5th VIII at 10am a division of SS and Ukrainians turned up. We were driven out of the cellars and herded to Sobieski park in Ulrychów; while waking by we were shot at; my wife was killed on the spot, our child, who was injured, called for his mother; soon a Ukrainian came up and killed my two-year-old child like a dog, then, together with the Germans he approached me, standing on my chest and looking to see if I was still living. I played dead, fearing I would be killed — I didn't open my eyes. One of the perpetrators took my watch, I heard him cock his gun — I thought he was going to finish me off; but they went on, taking me for dead. So, from 10am to 9 in the evening I lay, pretending to be dead and suffering this hideousness. Meanwhile, I saw how further groups were led out and shot nearby. They created a wall of innumerable corpses. Those who gave off any further signs of life — were shot. I was buried by some bodies, so I almost suffocated. The execution lasted till about 5 in the afternoon.

At 9pm, the Poles came, clearing the bodies. I gave them an indication I was still alive, and they helped me to stand, and I gathered enough strength to carry with them the bodies of my wife and child, there where all the bodies were being taken, to Sowiński park. After concluding that sad work, we were taken to St Lawrence's Church in Wola, where I spent the next day. I couldn't give a precise estimate of the numbers, but I counted around three thousand that I lay among. In the church, I met a friend who suffered the same as I — his eight year old son was killed; the child was wounded, screaming, then died. I've been in hospital till now, I can still the images of their deaths."

(17) Protocol nr 63:

*witness Wanda Lurie, secondary education;  
reporter Irena Trawińska 2. IX. 44 in the Polish Red Cross clinic  
in Podkowa Leśna.*

“I lived in Wola on ul. Działdowska nr 18. The insurgents near our house, on the corners of Wolska and Górczewska, built two barriers with the aid of the local people, even children; in the house next door there were machine guns, ammunition, grenades; 1st August at 3pm fierce fighting broke out at our post, the situation was serious from the beginning, the more so as numerous local Volks-deutsche shot from hiding to the insurgents and betrayed us; the Tigre tanks were brought in, homes demolished, masses of people were killed; our home was hit several times — the tanks attacked from Górczewska and from Wolska. Then the Germans burst in, they pulled out all the men, ordered them to demolish the barricades and started torching the houses. I saw how houses 3, 5 and 8 on our street were burned down. They set fire to them, throwing Molotov cocktails into them from the street, not calling to the people inside before to get out, thereby making it impossible for them to reach the street. Until August 5th, I stayed in the cellar of nr18. On that day, between 11—12am we were all ordered out, pushed into ul. Wolska. There was a big rush, chaos. My husband was away and didn't get back from the city; I was left behind with three children aged 4, 6 and 12, and myself three months pregnant, I delayed leaving, hoping they'd allow me to stay, I was the last to leave the basement. All the residents of our house had already been taken to the Ursus factory on ulica Wolska and Skierniewicka, I was told to go there, too; I went on my own with the children; it was herd walking, there were cables, wires, remnants of the barriers, corpses, rubble, houses burning on both sides of the street, with difficulty I made it to the Ursus factory. Coming from the factory yard, you could hear shots, screams pleading, wailing... we were in no doubt that there were mass executions taking place there; the people standing near the entrance were let in, or rather pushed inside in groups of 20. A 12-year-old boy, seeing his parents through the open gates simply went crazy, he started screaming; the Germans and Ukrainians beat him and pushed him away, as he tried to get inside; he screamed



for his mother, father. So we knew what was waiting for us there; buying our way to survival was out of the question, there were too many Germans, Ukrainians and vehicles around. I was the last to arrive and stayed to the back, constantly retreating, hoping that they wouldn't kill a pregnant woman. I was led in with the last group. In the factory yard I saw heaps of corpses up to 1m high. These mounds stood in several places; the entire left and right side of the (first) yard was obscured by the mass of bodies, I saw dead neighbours and acquaintances (the witness sketched the yard at the Ursus factory). We were led down the middle of the yard, inside to the narrow passage into the second yard. In our group there were also around 20 people, with the most children aged 10—12; these were children without their parents, there was also a paralysed old lady, who was carried the whole time by her son-in-law on his back, alongside was her daughter with two children aged 4 and 7; they were all killed; the old lady was killed right on her son-in-law's back together with him. We were selected and arranged in fours, then led inside the second yard, where there was already a pile of bodies lying; when a group of four got to the pile, they were shot with revolvers in the back of the head; the dead fell onto the pile; then the next ones approached. While being lined up, people fought, shouted, pleaded, prayed. I was in the last four. I begged the Ukrainians around us to save me and the children. They asked if I had anything to pay them with. I had quite a lot of gold with me and I gave it to them; they took it all, wanting to let me go, but the German who was directing the executions saw it and wouldn't let them. And when I begged him, kissing his hands, he pushed me off, shouting, "faster!"; pushed by him, I fell over, he also hit and pushed over my oldest son, shouting, "faster, faster, you Polish bandit." In the last group of four, with three children, I approached the execution site, holding in my right hand the two little hands of my youngest children, in my left, the hand of my older son. The children went, crying and praying; the eldest, seeing the bodies shouted that they were going to kill us and called for his father. The first shot felled my oldest son, the second hit me, the next killed the younger children. I fell on my right side; the shot at me wasn't fatal; the bullet hit the left side at the back of my neck and left via the lower side of the skull,

coming out through the cheek; I suffered a haemorrhaging of the pregnancy. Along with the haemorrhaging, I spat out some teeth, probably hit by the bullet; I felt the left side of my head and body go numb, but I was still conscious and I saw everything happening around me; I saw the continuing executions, while lying among the dead; another group of men was brought in; you could hear the cries, the begging, the wailing, the shots; the corpses of these men fell onto me: there were four men lying on top of me; after this group, I saw another group of women and children — and it went on, group after group until late into the evening; it was already really, really dark by the time the executions stopped. In between, the perpetrators walked over the bodies, kicked them, turned them over, finishing off those still living, plundering valuables (they took the watch of my arm; out of terror, I gave no sign of life; and they didn't touch the bodies with their bare hands, only using some special rags). In the midst of these hideous activities, they sang and drank vodka. Next to me lay a tall, well-built man in a brown leather jacket, middle aged, he moaned a long while; the shot him five times before he died. While they were finishing him off, the shots injured my legs. I lay numb for a long time, squeezed by the heavy corpses; I was conscious, though, and I was aware what was happening; I thought only about how long it will take me to suffer and die. Towards evening, I managed to push off the dead body lying on top of me. The amount of blood around was horrific. The next day, the executions stopped — during the day the Germans came two or three times daily with dogs, they “ran” over the bodies, checking if anyone moved. On the third day, I felt the child move inside me, then the thought that I can't kill that child meant that I began to look around, assessing the situation and the possibility of escape. Several times, trying to stand, I felt a wave of nausea and my head spun; finally, on all fours, I crawled over the corpses to the wall and looked around for the exit. I could see that the way out through the first yard that we had been led through was full of corpses. Beyond the entrance German voices could be heard, so I had to look for another way out. I crawled to the third yard and here I found some shelter in a production hall, which I got into by a ladder through an open vent window. I hid there for fear that the Germans would come on an inspec-

tion, so I stayed there the whole night. The night was terrible. Nearby, on ulica Płocka a tiger tank stood, squealing incessantly, and planes were dropping bombs. Everything shook and I thought that at any moment the entire factory and all the corpses would go up in flames. In the morning, everything went silent. I went to the window and surveyed the yard, to see if there was anyone there. I saw a woman; as it turned out, it was another resident of our house who also miraculously survived (she has also testified), then another man who they hadn't finished off crawled up, about 60 years old with an eye partially out. We spent three days in a hideout. We started to look round the yard together, seeking a way out. After a long search, and numerous attempts to get out, we found an exit onto ulica Skierniewicka, and we left the factory that way (the man stayed, hearing Ukrainian voices). The Ukrainians were stood on the corner of Wolska and didn't notice where we were coming from. We walked over the rubble, until the moment when we reached the middle of the road, when they spotted us and picked us up, though we begged them to let us go to the hospital; we were wounded, visibly dripping in blood. In a group made up of passers-by we were herded towards Wola. New people were added all the time. In one place, the group was divided into younger and older; the younger women and young men were separated off and led to a house from which shots were coming. It was also probably an execution site — this was past ulica Płocka in the direction of St Stanisław's church. In the end, my friend and I were herded to St Stanisław's church. Along the way, I saw enormous amounts of dead bodies, body parts, I saw Poles clearing the bodies from the streets. The German officers standing in front of the church laughed at us, they kicked people and hit them. The church was absolutely full; lots of people were being led in and out. I was so exhausted that I lay with the sick by the main altar. There was no help given. All I got was a sip of water. After 2 days I was transported by truck with the seriously ill to Pruszków, from there to Komorów and then on to Podkowa Leśna. It was only here, on 11th August that I received any assistance or medical attention. On 20th August, I gave birth to my son. I presume I lost not only my three children, but my husband too, as he

told me he would stay in Warsaw to the last; I have no hope that he is alive after all that's happened.

The Germans burned, evicted, drove and beat us; in the yard of the Ursus factory, the Ukrainians, under the command of the German in the helmet, shot people, it was said that the commander was from the SS. As far as I could see and assess it now, there could have been around 5—7,000 bodies in the yard of the Ursus factory. From our home alone, around 200 people were taken there (forty-something flats with 4 people per flat) and all of them were lost.”

(18) Protocol nr 27:

*witness: name unknown, a painter from the Warsaw Fine Arts Academy  
ul. Wolska; reporter's name unknown.*

“On 1st VIII I was at ulica Granicza 12, in the RGO [the Rada Główna Opiekuńcza, Central Welfare Council] for dinner; between 4 and 5 we heard shooting. A few of us just sat there waiting for it to blow over. Groups of AK and women arrived, who took over the rooms in the RGO. My 13-year-old son and I decided to go home. We had to stay in strangers' shelters, though, for 2 nights, on ul. Rynkowa 3 and on Ceglana. On Ceglana, we were constantly sniped at from the rooftops, so you couldn't go out. Finally, we got to ulica Wolska 7. There we regretted having made the trip, because there was a great deal of unrest there. The Wehrmacht wanted to take the men off to do some work, but the begging of the women and the wailing children helped. Fighting and bombing continued up to the 5th VIII. On the night of the 6th (the young men had gone out an hour earlier), shooting before they entered, soldiers entered our house. We heard them in the courtyard (in the house there were only women, children and a 77-year-old man), finally they came into the shelter, spoke to us for a while in German interspersed with odd Polish words, including “Pan Bóg” [Our Lord] — invoking the name of God; fierce, unpleasant faces. There were two shelters. They came into ours every ten minutes or so and took the women for their needs. We decided to make our way to the other shelter, where my father and family were. After some consideration they let us across the courtyard. In the second shelter, there was a group of deter-

mined people. My father gave me the news: "We have to get out in the morning, the house will be torched, it's tough, I'm 77, but it has to be done." He prepared a collapsing table. Then an older soldier showed up, stroking the children's heads; apparently they'd all been given an egg each. Then another came, older, very handsome, sharp features, non-German looking. He spoke with Dr J. Gackowski, full of nonchalance, whistling, with a mocking expression. Then came a typical German (in a round cap with a death's head on it), he spoke to the doctor and Mr. Majorunas Kowalskis (he worked in the RGO). We were told to sleep soundly, in the morning we would all set off. A moment later, though, a soldier with a machine gun came (the one with a round barrel), he walked round with the cocky expression and said "wrong". At a certain moment, driven by instinct, I left the group, taking my son, saying: "Krzysiu, come", I went in front. Krzys said: "Mummy, what about the backpacks?" and stopped. At that moment through the door frame of the cellar, I heard shots, screams, cries. I froze — my son was still on the other side. I heard the sounds of them all dying. After a while, it went silent, only a light somewhere was flickering. I waited for a soldier to come for me. The minutes drag on. Then somebody called me by name. Three women came out, one of them, injured, was hiding a child beneath her, three years old, who didn't know how to keep silent, he threw in a grenade, killed the mother, injured a knee, luckily the bones aren't broken. The cellars lead one into another, they've set fire to the one closest to the entrance, in the second are the dead\*). We bring water from further cellars, which soon runs out. We look for another way out. We knock a hole in a wall, we walk along the side cellars beneath the shop — iron doors — we go from the cellar to the shop above by ladder. There are bars on the windows. Luckily in one window, there's a padlock. We break the shackle, open the window, the entire building was in flames, glass crashing everywhere, you could hear the crash of burning beams falling. We didn't think of taking any useful packages, warm clothing or shoes. Me without a coat, and the injured without shoes, which they took off to fight the flames. We jump through the window. Freedom. It's a part of a terrace. We run out into the next street — Krochmalna. Toward

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\*) The inconsistencies in the text are kept exactly as in the Protocol.

Wolska, soldiers are at work dismantling the barricades. In some places we crawl under fences. Krochmalna is empty, we get across the square and the property on Grzybowska, Karolkowa, Kolejowa, on the way we make bandages and head for Jelonki. There, some kind hosts offer to let us stay a few days. But on the next day, we go on, as “they” are already there. In the house where we are, they search high and low and take the prettiest girl. We headed once more toward Babice. Doctors everywhere are kind hosts. Then Ożarów, the RGO is open. Lodgings. We have to escape. They’re picking out Varsovians, “Banditen.” My wounded stay to be looked after, being wounded — safe. I head for Leszno through Płochocin, where there are round ups a few days later. Near Leszno, “Ukrainians” are alleged to have burned down a village and forest without reason “Banditen.” Appeals. Shots, fires. I go by car to Grodzisk. Relative calm — there is a party of people for digging and the reward: water, sugar, salt. Ogonki, handouts, filming. I’m going to relatives. Milanówek. Systematic round ups, while I was there, my cousin returned from a camp, sick, after a terrible time. But they wait until forcing us to move on. Hunted animals. In the papers I read: “German soldiers help children and women, the people submit to their care.” I’m still crying for my son. My legs keep moving under me. At the relevant time I look for further explanations, witnesses are still alive. In my presence were killed: my father, 77, my son, 13, my sister-in-law, who was 9 months pregnant and her children: a girl of 7, boy of 10, on top of the, the janitor, 55, her daughter-in-law, 20 and an eight month old baby, her son. On top of that, a lot of women, together 16 people shot or murdered at Wolska 7.”

(19) Protocol nr 251:

*witness Maria Irecka from Polish Red Cross HQ;  
document handed on 2. XI. 44 to Irena Trawińska.*

“On 2nd VIII 1944 Ms. X from Pruszków came to the Information Point and informed us that Zofia Kędzierska, from Warsaw, ul. Płocka 73, aged 46, and her mother, Rusin Julianna, same address, were on 5th August 1944 taken out of a group of people from that house by Ukrainians and shot dead on ulica Górczewska —

Moczydło. Apart from those mentioned above many others were also shot, among those also the doctors from the Hospital Wolski, lined up in sixes.”

(20) Protocol nr 61:

*witness name unknown, resident of Warsaw, ul. Gostyńska 17;  
reporter's name not given.*

Ulica Gostyńska 17 in Wola; on the night of the 5th and 6th August 1944. We were sitting in the cellar. The house was surrounded by the German army; a couple of soldiers come up and throw incendiary grenades into the flats on the ground and first floors. The house went up in flames. We had to get out or we'd be burned alive; someone peered through a gap into the courtyard — machine guns pointing at the entrance to our tenement. Meanwhile, the blaze spread through the burned out ground floor to the cellars. The smoke became more and more unbearable. If we stay — we're all going to die — if we flee, some of us might survive. We run out. Women and children first, they might spare them. Unfortunately not, the Germans greeted those emerging with machine gun fire — the fall to the ground dead, very few manage to flee uninjured. There's no other way out — we run quickly, one after another. The cellar empties, the yard is full of the dead and the badly injured, those lightly injured got away; of my large family, only my father escaped unharmed, but he was captured later and transported to a camp. I was shot in both legs and have been lying in hospital ever since.”

(21) Protocol nr 146:

*witness Leszek Trojak, aged 6—7, residing in Warsaw, ul. Skierniewicka 34;  
reporter Edward Serwański 7. X. 44 in Święcice near Józefów (Sochaczewskie).*

“On 7th October I was in the hospital in Święcice, where a young boy was brought who had witnessed an execution on Skierniewicka. He was a small, slightly backward boy. He had a pale, anaemic face and small, round eyes. You could still see the signs of physical exhaustion. The ward sister showed me the scars of the wounds suffered during the execution: on the neck and back. The boy had an

arm in a sling, still not healed from the wound to his shoulder. The boy's story can be reconstructed in the following manner: "The Germans all to come downstairs from our flats (the boy didn't remember the date, but it was in the first days of the outbreak of the uprising). The other residents of our house were already assembled in the courtyard, as well as from the other nearby houses. Then, they took us all "down Płocka" (ul. Płocka) in there they shot at us all. They killed my mother, my father, my granny and my sister. She was 6. They killed everyone else. And then they went. I was injured and lying on the ground. I moved and a passing German soldier saw me. I was taken to the church and lay there with the other injured. Then I was transported to Pruszków, and from Pruszków, here."

(22) Protocol nr 215:

*witness Stefan Staszewski, food manager St. Łazarz' Hospital  
reporter's name unknown.*

"On the night of the 5th and 6th August, St Łazarz' Hospital was taken. In the face of intense artillery bombardment and bombers, both staff and patients hid in the shelters. The Germans threw grenades and mines in there, poured in petrol and set fire to it. About 600 people were burned alive. They also set the entire hospital building ablaze, first removing all the Germans who were being looked after there with the same care as soldiers of the AK. When one of the nuns interceded for the injured, the Germans threw a grenade at her."

(23) Protocol nr 15:

*witness Stefan Staszewski, hospital food manager\* residing in Warsaw,  
ul. Leszno 156, Karol and Maria Hospital; reporter's name unknown.*

"1st VIII... the hospital was prepared; all the less ill children had been removed, only 44 remained... Stretcher services were provided by young girls, who collected the wounded while under heavy

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\*) the witness was most probably the food manager to both St Łazarz' Hospital and the Karol and Maria Hospital (see prot. nr 215).



fire with no visible signs of fear or upset. After capturing a German store, the AK soldiers took to wearing German uniforms. To distinguish themselves, they wore a white band on their left shoulder, and when the German spies started to copy this, the band was switched to the right. After 1st VIII the hospital came under heavy fire from artillery, an armoured train and aeroplanes. If there were no beds for the injured — the staff gave up theirs. About 1,000 people were fed. The hospital had prepared its surgical teams well, whereby the seriously injured remained, while the less seriously injured were sent to St Łazarz', which was on the other side of the street. About 80 of the injured died, and were buried in the hospital grounds, each had a bottle with their documentation in it attached to their legs. The coffins were made by Hungarian Jews who had escaped the ghetto. When there was no wood left, they were buried without coffins.

On the morning of the 6th VIII 3 Germans came to the Karol and Maria Hospital to gather intelligence, and in a few hours the hospital was surrounded by Ukrainians who, after thoroughly robbing the staff, herded everybody towards the Dworzec Zachodni. The main building was torched with the injured in it."

(24) Protocol nr 189:

*witnesses: Janusz Regulski, 45, residing in Podkowa Leśna;  
Anna Chomiczowa, 30, nurse at the Pruszków camp; joint testimony;  
reporter Irena Trawińska, October 1944 in Pruszków.*

"St Łazarz' hospital, 6th VIII. The less seriously ill and staff, around 200 people, were taken out of the hospital. They were all shot, including 28 of the senior personnel. Dr Barczowa with her husband — also a doctor — fell injured during the shooting and was found the next day and, together with several other nurses, who were still living, was moved to St Stanisław's Hospital. Dr Barcz was not found and is presumed dead. One of the rescued nurses, Ms. Maciejewska, claims that prior to that the seriously injured and elderly, who were being moved to the shelters under her care were murdered when the hospital was taken by grenades thrown into the shelters and that no one got out alive.

(25) Protocol nr 100:

*witness P. Stachowska, about 25,*

*office worker, secondary education, residing in Warsaw, ul. Wronia 57;*

*reporter Maria Małaszczek end August or September 1944 in Włochy.*

(On 1st VIII 44, the witness was returning home with her mother by tram.) “The street was dominated by a panicky uncertainty. The conductor wanted to turn at Towarowa direct to the depot. The Germans onboard forced him to go down Wolska. On this street, too, we saw, after getting off the tram, German soldiers with cases of weapons (showing they were preparing for the uprising and why they weren’t surprised by the insurgents). Shots could be heard. The atmosphere was elevated. We had to go into the basement. The young men and women — even children — all were ready to put the red and white armband and go out into the street to confront the enemy. The young people enthusiastically looked for bottles, filled them with petrol and naphtha. It felt like we were about to conquer the world. There were comic moments, too. Down Wronia, past our gateway came the cobbler from ul. Leszno: tall, skinny, long-striding, loping, and behind him, his assistants, little chaps aged up to 10. Each of them had a bottle in their hands. All of them were going in single file behind their leader. Their leader frequently turned and ordered them to walk “slowly, in single file.” They turned onto ulica Wolska to battle the tanks. When we looked every now and then into the street, we could see German soldiers on the corner of Leszno and Ogrodowa, tanks rolling by and our young AKs, grouped around the neighbouring gateways. The night passed vigilantly, bringing nothing new. The enthusiasm engulfed not only the youth, but the children, too, who suddenly demanded red and white armbands. It’s hardly surprising, opposite the police station a red and white standard had been raised. According to statements, negotiations were ongoing which did not bring any positive results; the AK wouldn’t agree to a march by police with their weapons. Raising the white standard newly raised spirits, and as a result red and white standards went up in all the neighbouring houses. The situation began to change for the worse for the Poles on Thursday, 3rd VIII 44, when the first German planes appeared and began bombing. The

red and white standard on the police station disappeared, and so did all the other flags. All around there were fires, we were surprised that the people weren't rescued. It was difficult to get out far enough to find out exactly what was going on. We survived in this way through Friday, Saturday and Sunday (6. VIII.). From time to time we popped for a moment to the flat, but mostly we stayed in the cellar. During the night on Sunday into Monday (6/7th VIII) 2 soldiers (Wehrmacht) with guns came backed up by a tank and ordered all the residents to leave the cellars and flats and to gather in the courtyard. We had to get everything together in a rush and come out. When the children started screaming and crying, the soldiers threatened us, that they would throw grenades, and at the same time, to frighten us, they fired a few times in the air. In the courtyard, the men were separated off at once and they were led off first, then the women. We were led in a group of several hundred, down Wronia, along Wolska towards St Stanisław's Church in Wola. The sky was turning grey. We walked between partially burned houses. We were sure we were heading to our death. It got light enough to see, when we reached the church on Wolska. Then shots from a machine gun burst out.

Some of the women fell into despair. Some wept, others begged for their lives. One of the mothers asked not for her to be left alive, but her 17-year-old daughter. The soldier calmed her, claiming that the Reich wasn't in the habit of killing defenceless women and children. When we got close to the church, there were civilian men removing those shot dead on the other side, behind the church (there was apparently a pyre for burning them prepared there), then they came with buckets of sand and removed the traces of blood, which ran all the way to the road. Now we were convinced that at any moment, we would be put up against the church where the executions had just taken place and be shot."

(The narrator's mother didn't want to carry a bag of food: "what for? We're going to die in a moment.") "After the square was cleaned, the doors to the church were opened and we were ordered to go inside. There were already people inside; the injured by the main altar, looked after by the nurses of the Red Cross. There was enough room, not only to sit down, but to lie. Initially, there

was screaming and crying in the church. Women threw themselves wailing at the foot of the altar, the children were in tears. It seemed that a human couldn't survive this, that your heart would burst. Then in the pulpit appeared an SS-man with an interpreter and said: "please calm down, no one is threatened with death here. The executions, whose traces you see in front of the church, were of bandits who attacked German soldiers. That is not your fate. You will be taken from here, to a place where you can live. As you can see, in Warsaw living isn't really possible, as nothing will be left of it. We shall employ you in camps, digging potatoes or other manual labour; you will get employment cards. Now we are organising a field kitchen, you are to feed yourselves, put something together, we will make some food."

Soon, more groups began to arrive at the church. It got more and more crowded, there was standing room only. Next to us was a priest from the parish of St Anne's, who was injured. My mother gave him a scarf, to wipe his damp face. He said that, from Krakowskie Przedmieście, in four places, he worked on dismantling the barricades, before making it to St Stanisław's Church. He had been beaten, pushed around, passed through a hail of bullets. He believed, he had been saved by the Communion Bread, which he carried next to his heart. Every now and then, the nursing sisters went into the pulpit [asking] for various things needed for the sick. At one point, they asked if there was a midwife there.

At around 1pm, we were informed that before long, the first group would be taken to the trains. If you felt strong enough, you should prepare for the journey. Everyone started talking about what to do. After deciding together with my mother, we agreed to move on. Maybe the change would be for the better. The soldiers prepared us to leave and led us down ulica Wolska through burning houses. It turned out that before long, the soldiers left us, telling us to head for the level crossing. There were several thousand of us. Seeing that no one was guarding us, mother and I left the group, heading towards Włochy.

We got here safely, and were greeted warmly by friends."

(26) Protocol nr 62:

*witness Jan Brodiewicz, 38, office worker, residing in Warsaw,  
ul. Senatorska 36;  
reporter's name unknown.*

"I fell into German hands on ul. Senatorska. Ignoring the fact that I had a broke bone in my left arm, I threw off the sling and the splint, put on my overcoat and set off towards Wola with the others (the direction given by the Germans). I didn't want them to know I was injured, because if you're injured, you're a bandit, and your fate is sealed. The route was guarded by SS and gendarmes. These were the most terrifying moments I went through in my life. From Senatorska stretched an immeasurable column of displaced people; everyone's walking: the elderly, children, men women, the sick, the wounded; there were constant checks and robberies, chases, beatings, shootings of anyone they didn't like. Everything around was in flames, tenements were collapsing, the streets were covered with rubble, and corpses at the sides, masses of bodies; the whole route was dominated by death and destruction."

(27) Protocol nr 97:

*witness Jakubowska, residing in Podkowa Leśna;  
reporter Irena Trawińska, 18. IX. 1944 in Podkowa Leśna.*

"Warsaw, 6th August, 1pm, Wola, ul. Młynarska 10 when the insurgents left our house (there was an AK resistance point there, on the balcony stood machine guns, people helped however they could — even small boys aged 10—12 crawled under tanks and threw molotov cocktails) — the SS came, surrounded the whole house. The men left the house first, the women and children remained. The house was totally surrounded; they ordered us out of the shelters. Into the assembled throng of residents — the commander of the division, an officer, I think, threw two grenades and pulled the pin on a third. There were 30 corpses on the ground and numerous wounded. At this moment a young woman, a resident of the house threw herself (though bloodied and wounded) into the officers embrace, she began kissing his face, his eyes, begging him, to spare the rest:

“Look what you’ve done, so many dead women and children.” The officer, disarmed, put down the third grenade, went pale and staggered, he asked for water, and for the woman, bandages; then he left the gateway, ordered the soldiers to leave our home, treat the wounded and take them to hospital.

The bullies turned instead to nr 18, which they torched, and if people tried to escape — they shot them. That’s how I survived.”

(28) Protocol nr 58:

*witness Jakubowska, residing in Podkowa Leśna;  
reporter Irena Trawińska.*

“Making my way from Wola out of town, I passed down ulica Górczewska. It was 7th August, 1944. As we were passing Górczewska nr 9 (it was a nunnery), we were called inside to move and bury the bodies inside. The scene in the courtyard was horrific: it was an execution site — masses of bodies, there for several days it seemed, because there were bodies all swollen, and freshly killed, bodies of men, women and children, all killed with a shot to the back of the head; it’s hard to say how many: perhaps a 1,000 (thousand), maybe more; the piles were in several layers all thrown here and there. The men were ordered to carry the bodies, we women were told to dig; we placed the bodies in anti-tank trenches and filled them in; in this way, we filled a whole series of tank traps on ul. Górczewska. I have the impression that during the first three days of the uprising, everyone was killed, later the women and children were sometimes saved, but the men were still slaughtered. I watched this until 7 August. Then I got out of that hell, saved by miracle.”

(29) Protocol nr 59:

*witness Jakubowska, residing in Podkowa Leśna;  
reporter Irena Trawińska 18. IX. 1944 in Podkowa Leśna.*

“Warsaw, 5 August, 1944, about 4—5pm, ul. Wolska, nrs 105, 107 and 109, just after the bridge, the so-called Hankiewicz houses. All three blocks were completely surrounded by Germans; they threw

grenades, and torched the house, while tipping some kind of white powder out of bags. There were a lot of residents in there and a lot of people from the city; there was no order to leave; once the Germans surrounded it, no one else came out; everyone was burned alive, or killed by the grenades, nobody got out of there, only those who got out earlier were saved. As I said, everyone was burned alive in those houses where there were insurgents. In the Hankiewicz houses, there were apparently 2,000 (two thousand) people, maybe more.”

(30) Protocol nr 60:

*witness Jakubowska, residing in Podkowa Leśna;*

*reporter Irena Trawińska.*

7th VIII, 1944, 9am, ul. Górczewska nr 15. The three Wawelberg, four-storey blocks were surrounded by Germans from the SS. They threw grenades inside, all around machine guns were placed; they let no one out; the house was set alight on all sides; anyone who emerged was shot; burning people jumped from the windows, nobody could escape the flames; they burned alive; you could only get out by a miracle; I heard of one woman who jumped from the second storey and was saved; the entrance was full of bodies of those who tried to escape the flames; I saw among them women with babes in arms. The houses were surrounded on all sides. As far as I can tell, there may have been as many as 2,000 (two thousand) people there. Nobody got out of there alive, unless by some miracle, like the woman mentioned above.

(31) Protocol nr 1:

*witness Edward Serwański, aka Karol Szymański, 3, lawyer,*

*residing in Warsaw, ul. Elektoralna 9;*

*First-hand protocol, written in August 1944, in Brwinów.*

[Evacuation from Elektoralna through Wola; this fragment concerns Wola.]

“The forced march through Elektoralna was made difficult due to all the rubble on the streets, remnants of burning wooden beams etc. From Chłodna we marched through the unimaginable horror of ex-

traordinary destruction. On the right side of the street, all the houses were burned down; meanwhile, the whole of the left side was ablaze like one massive torch. There were moments when it was like a single wall of flame. The individual experiences of us all, herded like cattle, preyed on by fear, in the face of constant danger, with fighting going on, against the backdrop of these ruins and the awful fires, grew to unearthly dimensions. The contrast between the sight of the civilian population women with bundles, children, the sick, the walking wounded, and the atmosphere of battle that was all around was astonishing. In no cases did the Germans take into account these shifting masses of people. They didn't stop fighting. From time to time they stopped us before the most difficult crossings. In such cases, the Germans came up to us and took anything of value. In this way, I lost my watch. The officers and soldiers picked out among us those who they didn't like the look of and carried out thorough, brutal searches, frequently manhandling and swearing at them. On some routes, there was a row of soldiers on the left and right sides of the march route and they cursed us, hurling insults and calling us thieves and bandits.

The march, from Karol Boromeusz church to Żelazna, was a long trail of fear, deceit and torture. I made my way through these streets, helping to carry bundles, baggage. For a while, I carried 2-3 year-old Basia in my arms. She had lost both her mother and father. The attitudes of the women moved me deeply. Determinedly, in a state of profound concentration, paying attention only to their children and bundles, they marched ahead like soldiers, taking special care not to draw attention. During that entire journey, up to Żelazna, where the women were separated from us, in no case did I hear wailing, bitter tears, appeals for assistance. The women were bent double under bundles, baggage, often carrying babes and children in their arms. There were moments when the heat from the flames of the burning houses made it impossible to pass in places. The wind blew acrid smoke and ashes into the street, completely blocking the view. At one point, precisely during the most difficult crossing, and directly in the face of fire and constant shelling, an air raid began. There was panic, chaos, angry Germans running around, all this mixed with this terrible hubbub, filling all of us with entirely justified dread.



We left the sick, the old and the crippled behind us. I saw in many cases how trembling old women, sitting on suitcases or the burnt out remnants of houses, stiff old men, or paralysed and unresponsive sick people were simply swept from the path of the march. Nobody cared for them. The sight of these people against this backdrop of awful terror has grown in my mind to an image of utter desolation.

In several other cases on Żelazna, I saw lying groups of murdered people. They couldn't have been the victims of bombings or shootings, because they always lay several in one place. On Żelazna the women and children were separated from the men. The women took most of the baggage with them. These were extremely difficult moments. First, due to the women's total exhaustion, who still had to carry the baggage, and secondly due to the uncertainty over the fate of their loved ones — fathers husbands, brothers and sons. From that moment, the Germans, pushing us, the men, to the right side of Chłodna and leading us down Wolska along the walls of the burned houses, treated us literally like bandits, murderers or arsonists. Above all, everyone had to have their hands raised. All the time they would descend on us with weapons in hand, ready to shoot us like criminals, swearing, hitting, screaming without reason. The most terrifying thing was that we expected we could be shot at any moment. Every now and then they would train a machine gun on us, forcing us to speed up, or ordering us to form up differently. Whenever we saw the barrel of a rifle or revolver pointing at us, or a machine gun, the march would buckle, we turned our backs on the soldiers, pressing towards the walls of the houses, as if we could escape death in that way. Between us and death, there was no space at all. In the same way, we sensed there was no distance between us and the bullets in the Germans' guns. This state of affairs stayed with us till the end. There were so many moments of imminent danger during the march that not only can I not remember the details of the passing images, I cannot even recall whole fragments of the route from Wolska — to St Stanisław's church.

From Żelazna, we began to be systematically robbed. It took place in stages, mostly at road block or barricades. Everything was taken. Forgetting about the watch, I lost the smallest items from my pockets, including my pen-knife, batteries and matches. Our house

keys were thrown away with a special passion. I saw how, from among my group of closest colleagues, the Germans took wallets, money, and documents and papers were thrown away with a flourish onto the pavement. People who the Germans didn't like the look of were ordered to keep their hands up especially high, of course, they had to drop even the smallest items of luggage. Any head coverings, caps or hats were taken off us.

Several times, I tried to "make contact" with the enraged Germans with the aim of discovering what fate awaited us. I also tried several times to save my things and I can recall no answer other than something like a loud mooing: "Waaas? Looos" etc. They were just guttural, bestial noises.

The men's attitudes were impressive. This was a massed group, like a single body, like lava pouring down a street, frozen in silence, stiff with determination, no begging, no shouting, no sign whatsoever of any terror or fear.

Our group of several hundred men were finally pushed into the gap between St Stanisław's Church in Wola and an unplastered house; as it turned out, it was a gendarme post. Here the final thieving took place. We had to leave absolutely everything here, whatever we had in our hands. Right in front of me, an old man had his overcoat pulled off his back. While doing this, the two "robber" soldiers, talking to one another, said: "He's not going to need it any more." Right by us, to the side, a pile of suitcases, bundles and all sorts of items soared into the air.

We were herded through the gateway, to the upper storeys of the building. It was most likely an unfinished Polish school.

I was in a group of about 100 people in a totally empty room about 5x5m. It was around 3pm. My companions in woe proudly showed the items they'd rescued. Someone pulled a watch out of their shoe, another even managed to save his pen-knife. An old man pulled out from under his shirt a piece of bread. We divided it among us, into the tiniest pieces, and those almost into crumbs. When I received a piece of bread and then shared that further with my closest colleagues, I was extremely moved. It was, of course, a form of mass communion, in which the associations were so strong that the comparison was unavoidable. The lack of water was a major dif-

ficulty. Somewhere in one of the corridors a fire bucket was found. The bucket was empty; the water most probably already drunk.

We were forbidden to leave the room. Every now and then, new people were shoved in. We knew that in the neighbouring rooms, in the corridors and in the stairwells others were quartered.

We were all still profoundly affected by recent experiences, and above all, full of fear for our fate. When we were pushed up the stairs to the empty room we were certain that this was the end of our lives, that the house would be barricaded, they'd throw in grenades, or shoot us all and burn the shack.

To cap it all off, every now and then, after closing us up in the room one of the drunk gendarmes would come up to us and start speaking in this fashion: "You're all communists, tomorrow morning you're going to be shot." After a tirade of abuse, name-calling, and curses directed at the "little rebels" and insurgents, he left. This man paralysed us with terror. He wandered down the stairs and we'd barely caught our breath when he was climbing them again, and the whole thing began all over again.

One of the gendarmes finally allowed us to be brought some water. In that way, we survived till evening. Nearby homes were ablaze. The heat from the flames and the smoke flowed right into the room, making breathing quite impossible. The explosions resounding to us from the city and the horrific glow added to the menace of the situation. We slept through the night, lying cheek by jowl, one by another. On the morning of 8th VIII at 6am we were taken out of the house, prodded along like cattle, with arms raised. We learnt that we were being driven towards the Dworzec Zachodni, and from there to the Reich to work."

(32) Protocol nr 159:

*witness Wiśniewska, 40, warehouseman's wife, residing in Warsaw,  
ul. Żelazna on the corner of Leszno;  
reporter Edward Serwański August 1944 in Brwinów.*

[Evacuation from Leszno; the fragment concerns Wola.]

"On 7th VIII we left the new flat because the Germans were approaching, and there was enormous destruction taking place. The

Germans came into the house, threw grenades into the cellar and ground floor flats and set the house ablaze. We had to flee. We made our way towards Wronia through tunnels. In the shelters, we saw the corpses of elderly people and children, especially in the cellars of the houses on the corners of Ogrodowa and Wronia. We got as far as Plac Karcelego and Ogrodowa, to ground which was already in German hands. There were about 30 of us. We were split up immediately from the men and the Germans and so-called Ukrainians began robbing us. All the men were robbed of everything. Pan R. was shot on the spot for having an OPL [Obrona Przeciwlotnicza, or Anti-aircraft Defence] armband in his possession, whereas Mr Z. was horribly beaten.

From there, we were led in a group of about 80 women to Wolska accompanied by an armoured car, which was placed in the middle of the group, so we surrounded it on all sides. We made our way during the course of heavy street battles.

Near the Franaszek factory, I saw how when separating the men from the women, one man was forced to leave a two year old child with the women's group. A moment after having said farewell and taking a few steps, he was pushed by a soldier's rifle butt and shot right there.

At about the same time, I saw how 2 boys aged 16 and 18 were led to a group of women from ulica Górczewska, bloodied, with wounds on their bodies and faces, beaten by the Germans and cursed and sworn at. I saw how eventually, they were led to the other side of the street and moments later, I heard shots.

At Franaszek's I also saw our menfolk, naked to the waist, carrying piles of corpses out of the houses on rickshaws, carts and wagons, 10 to 30 at a time. There must have been about 30 of these wagons. The SS-men were running around with riding crops, chivvying the men along. Among the corpses I saw a lot of women and children, almost totally naked. I am convinced they had all been shot.

All along the way, we were pushed and bullied. When I asked some Germans where they were taking us, laughing, they answered that we were going to meet our maker.

On our way from Karolkowa, I saw corpses lying in the street, and in some places actual piles of cremated bodies.

Once over the bridge, ew asked a group of soldiers for some water. One of them came up to us with a mug, but his friend tipped it over and spilled the water right in front of us.

Also across the bridge, I saw how the Germans torched houses, throwing packets of something inside. In front of the arson group went Germans in the yellow uniforms of the SA, who broke into shops and removed items on wagons.

Along Wolska, we were led directly to Pruszków.”

(33) Protocol nr 117:

*witness Aleksandra Bajtasiuk, student, residing in Warsaw, ul. Leszno 4.*

“On 7th VIII at 9pm we were evicted from ul. Elektoralna nr 2, from the Ministry of Trade and Industry. There were several hundred people, evicted from various burning houses. We were herded through the basements of the Ministry. In the corridor, one of the Germans pulled me out and tried to rape me, then a moment later he grabbed another victim instead from an approaching group. Wanting rid of me, he took out his revolver and aimed at my head. At this moment another person showed up, who he chased off with a shot. Taking advantage of the confusion, I fled to the Ministry. We were herded along through the gardens of the Treasury and through burning streets to Solna nr 5, where we were held all night, until 11 the next morning. We had our watches and valuables stolen then. We were then driven through Plac Mirowski, Elektoralna, towards Wola. In the square, there was an enormous bomb crater, burning bodies and the nearby streets were in flames. The glare of the sun, the heat from the burning houses was unbearable. At the junction of Chłodna — Wolska — Towarowa — Plac Kercelego we were hopelessly blocked. From Plac Kercelego our lads were shooting towards Towarowa. The Germans, going into action, stopped us and made a living barricade out of us. Under threat of being shot, they ordered us to line up from one side of the road to the other. Our backs turned towards our boys, we knelt, or rather crouched, and the Germans lay on the ground behind us, or, kneeling on one shoulder, shot between us towards Plac Kercelego. There were 23 of us (including 2 children), mostly young women. There was Pan Wikler, janitor from the

Measures Authority, with his wife and daughter; Wrzosek Mikołaj, a locksmith, his wife Magdalena and nephew Jurek, a nine-year-old boy; Pani Zydanowicz with her daughter, wife of an engineer, and others. It's hard to put into words, what we went through during the two hours of the incident. We were all prepared for death and said the rosary out loud. Bullets whistled over our heads, past our ears, between our heads, the bangs of the German rifles deafened us. By a miracle the bullets from our lads hit only Germans; 8 Germans died in front of us; we expected to die at any moment; when the first German fell, we were frozen in terror; mother said to me: "If I'm hit by a bullet, remember, don't shed a tear, don't wail, keep calm and retain the dignity of a Pole and don't show them any weakness." The children only cried the more and were sore afraid.

The Germans were astounded that only they were dying. They ordered the men to carry the body to one side. We thought that they would take their revenge out on us. Speechless and dumbfounded they looked towards the insurgents and at our stony, resigned calm, and at the trembling children hugging their mothers. Then they let us go."

(34) Protocol nr 282:

*witness Aniela Osiadacz, about 37, factory worker's wife,  
residing in Warsaw, ul. Wolska 105*

*reporter Maria Malaszek in November or December 1944 in Brwinów.*

"On 8th August, 1944 some Mongols arrived at our tenement. In a rage, they wanted to set the house on fire at once. they quickly drove us out of the flats into the courtyard. The men and women were separated and at once the men were lined up on the right side, women to the left. A terrible wail went up from the women and children. While the men were being mown down with a machine gun, my two year old son went up to one of the Mongols guarding us and kissed him on the hand, and my older 10-year-old son asked him to save us from death. The Mongol allowed us to leave, but he hit me with his rifle butt so hard, blood ran from my mouth. Leaving the courtyard, I saw the pile of men lying there — my husband was killed there among them — and the executions of women began.

I walked amidst the burning homes on ul. Wolska with my two children to the edge of town, and from there, further towards Włochy.”

(35) Protocol nr 247:

*witness Maria Bukowska, 40, residing in Łowicz;  
reporter Irena Zgrychowa, teacher, nurse with the Polish Red Cross,  
26. IX. 1944*

(The evacuation of Powiśle; the fragment concerns Wola.)

In the church on Wola [7th VIII 1944] we were robbed of everything. All the young girls stayed, some aged 12—14; we older ones with children went to the Dworzec Zachodni, and then by rail to Pruszków.

A large, damp, dark production hall. Mud up to our ankles in the floor. We're locked in. Wails go up in the dark; one of the women is giving birth — without assistance, without a drop of water. There is a lady doctor, but what can she do without equipment, water, light, all we have is matches; the child is born dead.

At the other end of the room an old woman dies. Several people are saying prayers for the dying, others sit blankly, and others are discussing how to get out.

Morning. They let us out of the hall. We walk... there are a few thousand women and children. SS-men shoot above our heads. They lead us to the station and we travel, hungry and thirsty into the unknown. At the stations, we get coffee, bread, tomatoes.”

(36) Protocol nr 6:

*witness Aleksandra Hilper, 20, married, residing in Warsaw, ul. Karowa 4;  
reporter Edward Serwański in August 1944 in Brwinów.*

(8th VIII, 1944 evacuation of Powiśle, from Karowa; the fragment concerns Wola)

“...After a short break, we were herded along Chłodna towards Wola. On the way, I saw lots of cremated bodies, lying in piles of around 10, women and men, and also the road was strewn with

charred bodies. Near the church in Wola I saw dead bodies being transported on rickshaws from Skierniewicka. From Wola our march was overseen by Ukrainians. We were bullied, and at halts, they ran up to us and robbed us; they took our handbags, rings, watches, jewellery, suitcases were snatched, or rather they looked inside them. Better off people were pulled out of the column and thoroughly searched. The women were constantly harassed, and the younger ones pulled out of line, following which highly dramatic scenes took place. Rapes and taking women to gateways which were still standing or houses which hadn't been burned down, I didn't see, but there was talk among us that such things happened. At one moment, seeing a well in a side street, I ran to it, shouting to the soldier, "mein Kind," so he would understand that the child wanted water. I was chased back at gunpoint. All the women were similarly treated when they went towards a well, crying out for water. I can't say how many women there were marching with children and baggage. I couldn't see either the beginning or the end. At around 5pm, we reached the Dworzec Zachodni, where we received the first assistance from our railwaymen and their families. They looked after us with enormous generosity. They gave us milk, bread with marmalade, coffee and gingerbread. On seeing this, the Germans, somewhat shamefacedly, offered the children chocolate and sweets. While we were there, one transport of men arrived. Taking advantage of the kindness of one woman I stayed briefly in her flat, where I could tend to my child. From her I learned that trying to escape, two women had been shot on the spot. At around 10 in the evening we departed. On the way, in total darkness, women jumped from the speeding train and fled into the fields. We arrived in Pruszków at 1am."

(37) Protocol nr 221:

*witness Zula Kwiatkowska, about 30, teacher,  
nurse in the Polish Red Cross, residing in Warsaw, Maltański Hospital;  
First-hand protocol.*

"On 7th VIII at 3pm I went from the main building of the Hospital Maltański at nr 36 on ul. Senatorska, to get some sleep in the



room of one of the nurses before going on night duty. Only about 10 minutes passed before I heard the rattle of planes; incendiary bombs rained on our house, from below came the sounds of hand weapons and artillery guns. These last sounds persuaded me to head down. I managed to get down a dozen or so steps from the II floor before I came across German soldiers with guns at the ready running upstairs. After a week of breathing free Polish air, the meeting was a heavy hammer blow to the head.

After having my documents checked, I had to lead the Germans to the 1st floor, where the ward of our hospital was. I didn't recognise the usually perfectly organised rooms: the nurses hurriedly moved the beds and stretchers with the patients into the corners, as far as possible from the windows, on the floor was heaps of broken glass. The Germans glared at the patients with such hatred that, despite the five years experience of their "friendly" expressions, I felt troubled deep down inside, because it had seemed to me that the ones I had met were essentially human. And here, for the first time, I heard them saying with such emotion the insult "Polish bandit."

One of the German soldiers announced that the building was about to be torched, so if we wanted, we should take out the patients. Terrified, we went about the work without a word. We were ordered to place the stretchers with the patients in front of the house. Some of the wounded could with difficulty stand, they wandered to the street by themselves. After about 15 minutes, I was ordered with several other nurses to head for ulica Elektoralna and Przechodnia. "Someone else will carry your bandits."

On the corner of ul. Elektoralna and Przechodnia stood our much loved ward sister with two nurses. We stood together, unable to speak. All the time we were being joined by these figures, moving with difficulty, wrapped in blankets. And we began speaking once again, helping our patients to get dressed in the various pieces of clothing they had hurriedly grabbed.

And before our eyes, there passed a crowd of men, women and children, evicted from their homes on ul. Senatorska, Plac Teatralny, Plac Bankowy. What's going to happen to our patients? What are they going to do to them! We decided to try and persuade our

“guardians,” that our place was there, in the hospital, with our patients.

“You want to look after your bandits — they don’t need it,” “you’ll find out what we’ll do to them.” That was the reply, frothing with rage, from the “man with the death’s head” embroidered with silver cord. We spent long minutes waiting in front of the Ogród Saski.

More and more people are herded here. They separate husbands from wives, fathers from children. What next? Our boys hadn’t stopped fighting. Hidden in various houses, they sent bullets from their rifles towards the enemy. A German furiously fired off a salvo in response and a Tiger was constantly howling.

A “guardian” approached our group. We have to go to the Hospital Wolski to look after German soldiers. It seemed to me then that I had a millstone instead of a heart. It was hard to breathe, hard to move from the spot.

We were walking on 7th VIII towards the Plac Żelazna Brama. Behind us a division of German soldiers, shooting towards our boys, hidden behind walls and in gateways, who give as good as they get. A Tiger appears, moving along, “howling.” We understand that our white aprons are intended to stop Polish bullets. How naive. We walk. Bullets whizz past, bricks fall from burning houses, window frames. We walk slowly, carefully, passing the lying bodies of women, children and men. Plac Mirowski. The heat is hard to describe. The German soldiers are in goggles, with cotton wads in the nostrils and over their mouths, and their whole faces wrapped in damp cloth, and they laugh at us that we’ll be roasted. We straggle on. Flames, rubble, bodies and German eyes looking on us with hatred. At one point, a German soldier grabbed me; I felt all the blood run to my feet. Luckily all he wanted was my watch.

I surrender my friendly companion of many years to enemy hands. Ulica Wolska. One, two, three hospitals. The German head doctors look at our less than encouraging expressions and tell our “guardians” that they don’t want any help from Polish nurses. We breathed a deep sigh of relief. But not for long. We were informed that we were to be taken to a camp in Pruszków, and from there to the Reich, where we would work in the hospitals.”

(38) Protocol nr 142:

*witness Tadeusz Kraszewski, 40, journalist, residing in Warsaw,  
ul. Bryłowska 16—18, the Okocim company;  
First-hand protocol, prepared in August 1944 in Brwinów.*

(Those inhabitants who escaped execution fled Wola down Bryłowska. The residents of ul. Bryłowska, still in their own homes, had more than one occasion to talk with those fleeing. Among the numerous tales related, he gave the following information.)

“...we were told that from the 4th to the 6th VIII, the Germans pulled 70 people out from among the thousands interned in the church in Wola, after which they carried out an execution, shooting the victims with machine guns...”

“Three people came by: a woman, a man and a 15-year-old boy. In the night, people were pulled from their homes on ul. Młynarska, a massacre took place near the tram depot. These three people escaped from under the bodies, spattered in the blood and brains of the victims. The man had lost his wife and three children, the woman — her husband and mother, the boy — his parents...”

(39) Protocol nr 29:

*statement of two women who didn't give their names,  
residing in Warsaw, ul. Ogrodowa;  
reporter's name unknown.*

“On 6th August, we made our way to the “Kwarantanna” shelter on ul. Ogrodowa reinforced concrete building. From here, they were evacuated between 6—8 August. A crowd was herded along ulica Wolska to the church. Here, everyone was ordered to sit facing the church, and behind them lined up armed soldiers. Because people assumed they were going to be shot in this position, the women placed their children in front of them, on their knees, shielding them, and themselves sat upright, so that death would come quickly, in a single shot. Nobody cried or wailed, silence pervaded the air. This waiting for execution lasted a long time, nobody knows how long, then, once night fell, they were all ordered to lie alongside one another in a deep row. You were not allowed to move. If someone had to get up to answer a call of nature, they

asked for permission to go to one side. Others took advantage of these moments to lie a little more comfortably on the ground. Immediately after, they were ordered to lie once more flat out, without movement.

In the morning, the men were separated from the women and the women were taken to Pruszków. Here, they managed to buy their freedom for 2,000 zloty.

They also recalled that in the first days in Wola, wherever men were found in a house, they were slaughtered and thrown into the burning houses.”

(40) Protocol nr 56:

*witness Laskoczyński, 60, residing in Warsaw, ul. Miodowa 3;  
reporter Tortini 23. VIII. 1944 in Podkowa Leśna.*

“We were taken from ulica Senatorska on Tuesday, 8th August, 1944 at about 12 noon, ordered to empty the house in only 10 minutes. We were transported there by the SS; on the way, we had to abandon our packs, as we were ordered to march with our hands raised. There were about 500 women. We were led down ulica Leszno to St Stanisław’s Church in Wola. About 1/2 km before the church, we were forced to run and exhausted in this way, we were herded into the church. We stayed like that till noon the next day, without food or water. We all dealt with our physiological needs right there in the church, as we couldn’t go outside. At a certain moment, a gestapo officer in a cap entered the pulpit, with a “spray gun”, and informed us we were being sent to a camp and then put to hard labour, but that right now 250 young men must leave the church. These men were taken out. A few hours later only 102 returned. They said the Germans had used them as living shields, behind which the SS walked with their spray guns, shooting at the insurgents. On top of that, they ordered those gathered there to dismantle the barricades amidst a hail of bullets coming from both the Germans and insurgents. As a result of that, 148 people in the group were killed. One of the young men returned from the incident with a head full of grey hair.”

(41) Protocol nr 71:

*witness Krystyna Świętochowska, 24, student, residing in Warsaw, Langiewicza 5;  
reporter Irena Trawińska, 28. VIII. 1944 in Podkowa Leśna.*

“Being injured, I was lying in hospital in mid-August (I don’t remember exactly when), a group of 20—30 men and women who were horribly burned were herded to the hospital. They told me they had been expelled from their home shelters on ul. Wolska. When they went into the street, the Ukrainians sprayed a liquid of some kind on them and drove them down the street between the burning houses; the flames immediately caught on them, especially the women’s clothing — more delicate — it caught fire immediately. Several people, engulfed in flames, didn’t get through. The rest made it but with severe burns. Because they were in no shape to be transported further, they were led to the hospital. Their suffering was terrible: eyes burned, faces, open wounds, only 1/3 of these victims survived, the rest died in inhuman agony.”

(42) Protocol nr 70:

*witness Krystyna Świętochowska, 24, studentka, residing in Warsaw, Langiewicza 5;  
reporter Irena Trawińska in Podkowa Leśna.*

(Ul. Płocka, Hospital Wolski in Wola)

“I was there, injured, from 18—20 August. The hospital was in German hands, the staff were Polish, among the injured were man AK soldiers; I was told that between 6—8 August the Germans came to the hospital and shot many of the wounded, it was one of the few hospitals where the staff were not murdered. How many wounded were shot, I cannot say.

From 18—20 August (I don’t remember exactly), when I was in the hospital, the Germans showed up. They ordered the injured (who could walk) downstairs, into the courtyard. Three young Germans from the Hitlerjugend divisions were standing there. They pointed at various of the injured saying: “He was on the barricades.” “I saw him.” The people selected in this way were taken to the building in the courtyard and shot. The rest were driven out, including some of the staff (orderlies), taken purportedly to work. Apparently they were herded to St Stanisław’s Church in Wola.”

(43) Protocol nr 506:

*witness Kazimierz Nec, 21, residing in Warsaw, ul. Okopowa;  
reporter Jan Grajkowski, 26, medical student 15. XI. 1944  
in Hospital Wolski, evacuated to Olszanka near Skierniewice.*

*(This protocol was created independently of the main documenting operation conducted in the Warsaw suburbs and was submitted to the Western Institute during the preparation of this publication.)*

“On 6th VIII 1944, at 6am, I was taken from ulica Długosza (as a civilian) and led to ul. Sokołowska, to the HQ of the so-called Arbeitskommando. On the 7th, I reported together with 50 colleagues for work, thinking that in this way I might improve my circumstances. From there, we went to the property opposite the church of St Wojciech on ul. Wolska, where around 600 (six hundred) bodies of women, men and children were lying in a pile; nearby the pile were dozens more bodies, which we added to the pile. Then we went to the house at ul. Wolska 60, where on both sides of the courtyard lay the bodies of over 100 men displaying the signs of mass executions. In the grounds of the same property, in the bushes, we found over a dozen corpses of women, children and babies, all murdered by a shot to the back of the head. To the same place, we moved over a dozen partly cremated corpses of men and women, all killed by a shot to the back of the neck, from the house on the corner of Płocka and Wolska (the large yellow tenement). From a house on ul. Płocka — the stretch between Płocka and Górczewska — we brought around 100 bodies. In one of these houses, we found the corpse of a partially cremated man, hugging two children by the neck. On returning to ul. Wolska 60, we laid a wooden base, and on it a pile of bodies, then thoroughly cleared the site of traces of the German crimes (documents, clothing, underwear etc.), which we piled up and doused in petrol before burning. While this was alight, a drunken officer of the SD [Sicherheitdienst] arrived by car, who selected three men from the column of refugees aged around 20—30. He killed them with a shot to the back while conducting a fake friendly conversation. After killing the first, he ordered us to throw him onto the pyre, right in front of the others.

On 8th VIII, we were led to the yard of the Ursus factory on ulica Wolska. The entire factory yard, measuring about 50x50m was

strewn with corpses so deeply you couldn't cross it without stepping on them. Among the corpses, half were women and children, often babies. All the bodies showed signs of having been robbed. The positions they were in suggested they had been murdered singly, in a particularly bestial fashion. After laying a wooden base, we set the pile ablaze. About 50 people spent around 6 hours building the pile. The number of bodies there, in my opinion, was over six hundred. The clothing and luggage suggested that they had been refugees. While moving the bodies from nearby houses I came across a large number of corpses in a house on the corner of ul. Skierniewicka and Wolska, in a cellar flooded with water. Due to the high water level, we only pulled out a dozen or more. I think the people were dumped there after being murdered in the courtyard, where there were a dozen or more bodies. Next, we were taken to the Franaszek factory on ulica Wolska, where we burned a similar number of bodies as in the Ursus factory mentioned above. I saw women and children among them, as usual. One of the following days, we were taken to work in the Park Sowiński, where a majority of the corpses were women and children, and I even saw the bodies of pregnant women. The bodies laid out in a line indicated a mass execution. In two piles, we burned over a thousand bodies. We were forced to search the bodies and hand over any valuables to the SD, and paper money we had to burn, together with the other evidence of the crimes. We spent the whole day working there. The next day, we were taken to ul. Wolska 24 (the Wenecja playground). We took bodies there from the section of ul. Wolska between ul. Młynarska and Karolkowa. We burned over 200 people there. That same day, we cremated about two hundred people in the house at ul. Wolska 4. In the house on the corner of ulica Wronia and Chłodna, we burned about fifty corpses which were lying there already partially cremated. Meanwhile, I saw how a junior SD officer murdered an 80-year-old man walking along ulica Chłodna, whose body we threw onto the burning pyre. In the Machlejd company building, we dumped bodies brought from the nearby homes into the burning basement. During the next day, we worked burning bodies in the grounds of the St Łazarz' Hospital on ul. Wolska. We found the bodies of the murdered patients and

staff in the hospital rooms, in their beds, in the stairwells, corridors and basements. From what I saw, I assume that all the patients and staff were murdered. The majority of the bodies were cremated in the cellars. After partially burning the corpses in the grounds of St Łazarz', we burned bodies in homes whose addresses I don't recall. After returning to the hospital grounds, we found 40 (forty) freshly murdered male corpses. On one of the following days, we burned around 100 (a hundred) corpses from ul. Młynarska in the section between ul. Wolska and Górczewska, in the yard of the Michler factory, and another hundred or so on ul. Ptasia. In the evening, we cleared the grounds of the St Łazarz' hospital of the traces of the crimes. Then, due to illness, I stopped working on burning the bodies. Based on the stories from my colleagues in other columns, I conclude that work on removing the traces of the mass murders lasted until the middle of September 1944. The organisation of the work was like this: the body burning group consisted of a hundred people divided into two separate working parties of 50, kept strictly separate from the rest of the Arbeitskommandos. Work was carried out under the supervision of 15 SD troops led by an SD officer. During the work, some of the workers prepared the pile, some brought bodies from nearby houses. Meanwhile, I learned that the order to cease executions was given on 6th VIII 1944 in the morning. During this period, I cannot specify the exact day, I moved the bodies of around two hundred priests. Meanwhile, I witnessed individual murders of the elderly and priest. For example, on ul. Żelazna an SD-man shot two ill elderly ladies. After burning the piles at the Wenecja playground, the ash from the cremated bodies was tipped into the anti-aircraft trenches in the playground. Our group of 50 people worked from 6th VIII to 15th VIII in the area of ulica Chłodna and Wolska including the cross streets. The second group worked in the Górczewska area and cross streets, although I don't have any more detailed information about their work.

I cannot guarantee the accuracy of the dates, or the numbers of burned corpses I state, which are given only roughly, but the real figures are definitely not lower and probably higher. This concludes my statement and having read over the contents, I sign."





# OCHOTA-ZIELENIAK



The uprising in Ochota broke out and was extinguished. The main German posts were not successfully taken, in particular the enormous, six-storey Dom Akademicki tower block on Plac Narutowicza. That decided the further fate of the fighting almost within the first hours. The insurgents retreated to Śródmieście, excepting only the crews of several resistance points which were destroyed by the Germans within a few days. In this way, the district found itself in the hands of the German army, which set about evacuating the people and systematically burning buildings.

The German leadership used special divisions of the Wehrmacht to this end, who carried out the orders of the German SS leader, von dem Bach.

The inhabitants of Ochota described these people mostly as Ukrainians. The evacuees gathered in the large bazaar on Grójecka, known as the Zieleńniak, paved with logs and surrounded by a fence.

The German leadership claimed that they wanted in this way to protect the population from the excesses of the so-called Ukrainians, yet it was precisely there that the biggest crimes were committed.

Warsaw, while growing to extraordinary proportions in its heroism, also displayed through mean-spirited people the moral bankruptcy of man. It is sadly understandable in times of war — a human trait. These little people left their unpleasant stamp on the history of the martyrdom of Ochota, and especially the Zieleńniak.

(44) Protocol nr 34:

*witness aged 40, medical orderly from the Radium Institute,  
residing in Warsaw, ul. Wawelska.*

“The medical orderlies of the Institute knew nothing about the date of the uprising. We worked as usual. On the first day of the rising in the afternoon a few characters appeared, principally semitic types, around 30 years old, informing us that the Institute had to give them space for military operations.

They took up positions on the balconies, and after a while heavy firing broke out in Plac Narutowicza, so nearby the Institute. The bullets reached the Institute.

After several hours fighting the Ukrainians broke into the Institute, removing all the staff to the Institute’s garden. The Ukrainians threatened to shoot them (i.e. the staff), and put the orderlies up against a wall, three times, at the same time robbing them thoroughly, then herding them to the Pole Mokotowskie. From there, after many hours waiting, they combined them with other groups and transported them to the camp in Pruszków.”

(45) Protocol nr 203:

*witness Józefa Krzemińska, 24, nurse; reporter Jerzy “Zbigniew” 6. XI. 1944*

“On 6th VIII 1944, being by profession a nurse, employed in the Radium Institute in Warsaw, I was in the Institute on duty. At 11 am the Ukrainians, led by a German NCO, burst into the building, ordering everyone, staff and patients, as well as medical staff to leave the hospital building. Those patients who couldn’t get up from their beds, however, were shot immediately where they lay. Among them were 3 injured young boys who had participated in the uprising, who were also murdered with a shot to the head from a revolver. Meanwhile a man (whose name I do not know) who was in the Institute, who was there visiting his sick cousin, was led out with us into the street. The Ukrainian leading him beat him the whole way with his rifle butt around the head so much so the man fell to the ground. The German NCO commanding the Ukrainians ran up to the poor man and stood on his neck with both feet for a few

dozen seconds, until the man began to convulse, clearly as a result of asphyxiation. Only then did the German take his life by shooting him with his pistol in the back of the head.”

(46) Protocol nr 200:

*witness Jerzy Śliwiecki, 33, law graduate, residing in Warsaw, ul. Wawelska;  
reporter Jerzy “Zbigniew” 7. XI. 1944*

“On the day of the outbreak of the uprising I was in Warsaw on business on ul. Wawelska. As soon as the shooting began I was apprehended by several soldiers in German uniforms in the grounds of the allotments near the Miejskie Zakłady Ogrodnicze [Urban Gardening Authority], where I ran with several other passers-by for fear of being shot and in the hope that it will be easier for me to take cover in one of the furrows. These soldiers began to hit us with their rifle butts, and because we raised our hands to protect ourselves, shielding the places where they were hitting us, we were ordered to lie on the ground. I saw one of the men lying on the ground, lying not far from me, have his throat slit by one of the soldiers with a pen-knife. Another soldier jumped on me, catching with his boot in the head and causing me to faint. I came to in the night amidst the light cast by numerous rockets, which enabled me to establish that I was lying next to two corpses: one with a slit throat; I saw no wounds on the other, save the face, disfigured from being stamped on, further testified to by the soil stuck to the wounds round the lips, forehead and eyes. I received a deep head wound from a horseshoe, and several wounds and scars from hobnails, and I also had a broken forearm. That had to be amputated.”

(47) Protocol nr 201:

*witness Jan Gadowski, 33, architect, residing in Warsaw, Częstochowska 3;  
reporter Jerzy “Zbigniew” 6. XI. 1944*

“On the day the uprising broke out I was on my way to see friends on ul. Częstochowska in Warsaw. Because I was afraid to continue my journey in the face of heavy fire, I took shelter in the gateway to

house nr 8, hoping the shooting would soon be over. I spent about 5 hours in the gateway, until I was stopped by a dozen or so soldiers in German uniforms. At that moment, from an upstairs window a female figure in a white blouse appeared and threw a hand grenade. This grenade exploded a few feet from me, severely injuring one of the soldiers. The remainder, leaving me under guard, ran shouting into the gateway of the house and several hours later returned, dragging the woman by her hair. Two of them pushed her over by the gateway, a third raped her, and a fourth, with several strokes of a kitchen knife, slit her throat.

(48) Protocol nr 233:

*witness Wojciech Kondracki, 44, office worker, residing in Warsaw, ul. Litewska 13;  
reporter Jerzy "Zbigniew", 23. XI. 1944*

"On Tuesday, the day the uprising broke out, I was at my friend's allotment near ulica Wawelska. The shooting forced me to lie among the potatoes. I covered my head with a spade. I guess about 20 minutes passed when I felt that someone was jumping up and down on me. The pain was unbearable, the more so that I was lying on a rake which was jabbing me in the side. When I screamed out in pain, unable to stop it, despite the German who was jumping all over me and kicking me telling me to stop screaming, he threatened to kill me. When I screamed out again, he shot me from behind, wounding me on the left of my neck. I fainted. I came to in the night and crawled to the Miejskie Zakłady Ogrodnicze, and from there to Mokotów."

(49) Protocol nr 234:

*witness Stanisław Konopacki, 33, railway mechanic at the  
Dworzec Zachodni, residing in Warsaw, ul. Jasna 5;  
reporter Jerzy "Zbigniew" 23. XI. 1944*

"On the day the uprising broke out, at 4pm I was on my way home. Despite the shots, I decided to go on, which I succeeded in doing until I found myself on the corner of ul. Twarda and Złota, where I fell into the hands of the German army. On the way, on

ul. Szczęśliwiecka, on the part between the Dworzec Zachodni and ulica Niemcewicza, while I was hiding in a row of potatoes, I saw several Germans in military uniforms leading a woman aged about 30 towards the PKP station with a perhaps two-year-old son in her arms. While crossing the road, the woman tripped on the tracks of the EKD [Elektryczne Koleje Dojazdowe], and I noticed that as she fell the child hit its head badly on the live rail. One of the soldiers immediately shot the child and dragged the woman away from its body and led her on, not sparing her numerous punches to the face.”

(50) Protocol nr 42:

*witness a young man, 20, a farmer ejected from Wielkopolska,  
residing in Warsaw near Plac Narutowicza.*

“The first day of the uprising, near Plac Narutowicza. I fought with my division in the city, and after fruitless efforts due to the massive German numerical advantage, I left the city, heading with my comrades towards Pęcice, a village about 10km from Pruszków. In the night and early morning fighting with German divisions took place, and our division was captured. We had dead and injured. The Germans ordered us to dig a trench and bury the dead. Once we’d done that, and stood in silence for a moment over our dead colleagues graves, the German division cut down everyone with their machine guns. I can’t put a number on the dead, I managed to survive, tending the wounded, among others, a female orderly who later died. After this execution, the Germans several times carried out fake executions on me. Finally, they didn’t kill me, but allowed me to get away, i.e. to escape.”

(51) Protocol nr 237:

*witness Zygmunt Barszcz, 33, lawyer, residing in Warsaw, ul. Marszałkowska 113;  
reporter Jerzy „Zbigniew” 23. XI. 1944*

“On the first day of the uprising, I was returning from a client who lived on ulica Wawelska. The shooting took me by surprise on



the corner of ul. Wawelska and Grójecka. For that reason, I ran across the street and hid in the gateway of the house opposite.

From the direction of ul. Opaczewska came a Tiger, and opposite, hugging the wall of the house a group of women and two children ran crouching past. The Tiger fired off a shot. Once the dust settled, I saw that from the group of women, only one remained, still running, screaming and holding her shoulder. The remainder lay strewn across the pavement, the children lay almost torn to shreds.”

(52) Protocol nr 77:

*witness, name unknown, 26, medical orderly,  
residing after the uprising in Podkowa Leśna;  
reporter Irena Trawińska 22. VIII. 1944 in Podkowa Leśna.*

“On 2nd August 1944 I was working as a medical orderly at a clinic on ul. Nasierowska, on the corner of Kaliska and Jotejki; at a certain moment a wounded person was brought in; he was commander NN (name not established), a man of great stature, who they wanted to rescue at any cost; only immediate assistance saved him (from a serious stomach injury). The decision was taken to move him to the Hospital Infant Jesus; it wasn’t possible for adults to move him, because the Germans were shooting at orderlies and you couldn’t go out in the street; a plan was hatched to use children to carry him. There were 9 children at the clinic, the 2 youngest were scout couriers, then 3 other boys aged 11, 12 and 13, 4 girls, the youngest medical couriers aged 13—15, all volunteered; the boys carried the stretcher — the girls, in white aprons with red crosses provided cover — at the front went the little boy with a red cross flag. Formed up in this way, they made their way under fire, hugging the wall, across Plac Narutowicza and turned into ul. Grójecka. At that moment, the Germans began deliberately attacking them from the Dom Akademicki with machine guns. The insurgents didn’t fire back. Only 3 boys and one of the girls returned, carrying the patient on his stretcher, who, wounded once more, died; the rest of the children were killed.”

(53) Protocol nr 2:

*witness, a woman of 60, residing in Warsaw, ul. Spiska;  
reporter Edward Serwański 17. VIII. 1944  
in a ditch by railway lines in Rawka near Skierniewice.*

“On the first day of the uprising, the Germans came into our street and ordered us all to leave our shelters and cellars. We women with children, were separated from our menfolk. The Germans ordered the men to return to the cellars and then threw in grenades.”

(54) Protocol nr 202:

*witness Stefania Justak, 32, nurse, residing in Warsaw, ul. Chmielna 104;  
reporter Jerzy „Zbigniew” 6. XI. 1944*

“On 5th August 1944, after removing all the medical staff from the Radium Institute in the so-called Zieleniak, located on ul. Opaczewska, I found myself with friends by the barbed wire next to the road. At that moment an old man of around 50, together with a 10-year-old boy and a roughly thirtysomething woman, were brought across the road. All three were being rifle whipped by the soldiers accompanying them. Brought through the fence, they were ordered to put their suitcases on the ground, and they were thoroughly searched. In the old man’s case was something which from a distance looked like a rifle shell. Immediately after this, the soldiers carrying out the search called a soldier with NCO’s stripes who listened to the report of his subordinates and then struck the man with the butt of his revolver in the face, after which he killed the man, lying on the ground, with several brutal kicks to the head. Throughout this time the boy accompanying the poor old man was being held by the throat by one of these filthy soldiers, and the woman by her hair. After killing the old man, the boy and the woman were shot in the back of the head. Their cases were taken together with their contents by the murdering soldiers.”

(55) Protocol nr 258:

*witness Anna Zientara, residing in Warsaw, ul. Wawelska 3;  
reporter Irena Zgrychowa 14. XI. 1044 in Łowicz.*

“The uprising began while I was at friends. There was no way I could get home, so I was left literally with nothing. In the moment when we learned that it was the uprising, there was an extraordinary happiness, we felt free. We looked with disdain on the German patrols, waiting for our boys. You could hear shooting the whole time, but the insurgents didn’t take control of our district, because on 4 VIII the Germans ordered us to leave our homes and head for the Zieleniak, the market square for the vegetable trade. There were a lot of us, well over ten thousand. The journey was terrible. All the time, we were shot at. Those who couldn’t walk were beaten. The elderly and crippled were shot at. It’s hard and difficult to talk about today. We saw wild faces. Those escorting us were looking for young girls, gold and watches among us. Women were pulled into abandoned houses, we heard screams coming from them, the sounds of fighting and often shots.

At the Zieleniak, we were arranged into a large square and waited for something, but nobody knew what. As hot as the days were, the nights were cold. We were hungry. Not everyone had taken a supply of bread from home with them. There was no water. Anyone who had water sold it for 200zloty a litre. All night, there were shootings. The Ukrainians were shooting at women who resisted. They went with torches, shone them in our eyes and asked everyone the same question: “Where’s your husband?” “Where’s your son?” If the answer came that he was still in Warsaw, the woman was right away taken as the wife or mother of a bandit, raped and then killed. Two children were born during the night. The screams of the woman giving birth rang out, and the laughter of the drunk Ukrainian bullies, who stood round the woman and gawped. The children died soon after birth. I think the woman died, too. The next day, things began to be somewhat organised. Someone built a brick oven, pots and tables were found. Some soup was made, which cost 1 zloty a portion. The Ukrainians herded a couple of cows in, and cow hunting began. The Ukrainians shot at the cows from all sides. People were killed in this, but what did it matter! When a cow dropped, the

people threw themselves on it with knives and cut pieces off it while it was still almost alive, which they sold for a lot of money. The sight of all this was terrible. The hunger, it's true, was enormous, like the uncertainty as to what would become of us. The Ukrainians shot over our heads and constantly raped women in the open, in front of everyone. One woman was raped by 14 Ukrainians. I see the scenes from the Zieleniak like scenes from a nightmarish film. After four days spent on the Zieleniak, we came to Pruszków, then to Rozprza, where I live with good people."

(56) Protocol nr 259:

*witness Władysław A. Olesiński, residing in Warsaw, Filtrowa 75;  
reporter Irena Zgrychowa 22. IX. 1944 in Łowicz.*

"The insurgents retreated to Śródmieście. The Wehrmacht and SS with the Ukrainians began to take particular houses. They order the civilians to stand for hours with their hands raised while they search the flats, they shoot all the young men, steal whatever they can. After two days, we were ordered to leave our flat and go into the street. The house was immediately torched by throwing in grenades. We went to the Zieleniak. Everyone was carrying a little one on their backs. The Ukrainians kept running up, seized the last of our goods and threw them into the flames. The weak and the sick were beaten. The sick and wounded were shot. There were masses of people in the Zieleniak. Enormous hunger. We lay on the bare ground. The nights were the worst. People died without assistance. Nobody buried them, they were just thrown over the fence. There was a whole pile of these bodies, one on top of another. Awful. A mother dug a hole in the ground with a spoon, in which to bury her still born baby. It was horrible. A young girl was in despair. Several Ukrainians had raped her: she cried, prayed, cursed. Who would revenge her? They ordered the crowd to stand, because an SS General was coming. We waited, and I suddenly saw how a tall boy pushed through the crowd, fell on his knees in front of the General, stretched out his hand and begged for something. Then a woman with a child. The cameras are running. The General says something, strokes the child on the head. Around the world, the news

will go about how good they were to us on the Zieleniak. And who filmed the nightly rapes, the thieving? You can always pay people to play their roles well, like those beseeching the General.”

(57) Protocol nr 88:

*witness Wilkowa, 39, tertiary education,  
residing after uprising in Podkowa Leśna;*

*reporter Irena Trawińska 2. IX. 1944 in Podkowa Leśna.*

“On 6th August, 1944 the so-called Kalmyks burst in to our flat on ul. Długa nr 1/3, flat 1, throwing hand grenades through the windows and terrorising the inhabitants. We were called to leave the flats, ordered to leave the sick behind, who were most probably burned alive.

When we left our flat on ul. Długa, the house wasn't yet burning. It was torched the next day. I know that a lot of men were still in there, who were then found and murdered on the spot.

Convinced they were leading us to our death, we didn't take anything with us. We were led to the so-called Zieleniak on ulica Grójecka. On the way, we were searched several times, and beaten at the same time; absolutely everything was searched, all our clothing patted down, the whole body, under our underwear; any valuables were taken, pen-knives, banknotes, which were torn up. For hesitating in giving up objects you were not only beaten, but killed. Before my eyes, a man was shot, who watch strap got stuck. On the way to the so-called Zieleniak the filthy soldiers pulled young women out of the column and dragged them into the houses for an orgy. In that way, my servant, an 18-year-old girl was pulled out. She was taken to a house which was full of Kalmyks — she was raped by 5 of these filthy soldiers in front of the rest, watching; when she screamed, crackers were placed in her mouth; when she begged them to kill her, one of the soldiers led her back to the Zieleniak. Some of the girls who were pulled out returned after 3 days. I was on the Zieleniak from Sunday to Tuesday in total. The nights were the worst, during which the filthy soldiers with torches pulled out women of all ages, from 12 to 50; mothers torn from their children, pregnant women, mothers and daughters together, who were pulled

to the fence surrounding the Zieleniak while being beaten and then subjected to rape and the most bestial orgies.

There was a woman sitting near us on the Zieleniak, trying to protect her two daughters, 16-17-year-old girls, from being raped, allowed herself to be raped, begging only for them not to touch her children. As a result, about twenty of the so-called Ukrainians fell on her — one after the other — then raped her two girls in front of her. All three lost consciousness; where they went to after that, and what happened to them — I don't know. At night, mostly the so-called Ukrainian bullies roamed the Zieleniak.

In front of my eyes, a mother was torn away from her 2 babies, one month old twins, with a revolver to the head. The hideous fact of a woman who gave birth on the Zieleniak being pulled out of the crowd to be raped was commonly known. An hour or two after the birth, the child was suffocated, the unconscious mother dragged to the fence; she reportedly died soon after the rape. Because the women screamed out while being assaulted, they were refused food as a punishment. The first night was the worst: people were beaten and shot for the slightest reason; the heat, thirst, lack of water and food as well as the fear of these beasts — it was indescribable, I simply felt sorrow that they didn't just kill us straight away. The stench, no toilets, injured, sick, dead and dying, lunatics, women giving birth — all under open skies, without food or water.

The German army played the role of our supposed escorts. For example, the executions initiated by the Kalmyks in the allotments of the Pole Mokotowskie were halted by the arriving Germans.

From the Zieleniak, we were taken to the camp at Pruszków; here, the men and women were separated. The men were apparently sent on. Then I was separated from my husband, and I don't know what's become of him."

(58) Protocol nr 124:

*witness, 45, office worker at a power station, residing in Warsaw,  
on the corner of Uniwersytecka and Mochackiego; Protocol written 3. X. 1944*

"Pani X (no further information given to the reporter, as far as the accuracy of the testimony goes) states that on 7th August

1944 the Ukrainians expelled all the residents of the house on ulica Uniwersytecka, on the corner of Mochnackiego, letting them take small packages and cases with them, after which they were all thoroughly right away, outside the house on ul. Mochnackiego, taking not only gold and valuable, but all the cases; some people had their coats ripped off them. All this was done in a most brutal manner — the women had their blouses ripped or cut off them and were undressed, looking for hidden valuables. Right away, the younger, prettier girls were selected and taken away. Pani X saw two return, and both had been raped, one of them was injured, Miss Y, aged 16. The Germans observed the street from the windows of the Dom Akademicki through binoculars. After looting them, the crowd of dozens of people was herded down ul. Wawelska and there, the so-called Ukrainians, following them, shot into the crowd with handguns and threw grenades. 34 people were injured, the speaker was hit in the leg. In front of the Radium Institute, which had been torched, there lay enormous piles of cremated bodies. The crowd was herded to the Zieleniak, which was so overflowing that the wounded were laid on the grass by the fence where the soldiers' horses were grazing, chewing the hair of the wounded together with the grass. There was no medical assistance. Only the next day were the wounded transported by vehicle to Pruszków and Milanówek."

(59) Protocol nr 232:

*witness Andrzej Jaskólski, 28, book binder, residing in Warsaw, ul. Barska 20;  
Protocol written 23. XI. 1944*

"I was on the Zieleniak on 2nd VIII 1944, I saw first hand how a German corporal pointed out a seven year old boy walking through the square to one of the Ukrainians. The Ukrainian grabbed the boy by the throat and hung him off the barbed wire, where he killed him by pistol whipping him about the head. The Ukrainian dumped the body over the fence. I don't look any further, I was too scared."

(60) Protocol nr 52:

*witness Zofia Sokołowska, 45, office worker,  
residing after the uprising on the Rynek in Grodzisk Mazowiecki;  
reporter Irena Trawińska 20. VIII. 1944 in Grodzisk.*

“On 9th August 1944, after being expelled from my flat, I stood in a larger group on ul. Filtrowa and I saw how the Ukrainians led away 4 young women aged 18—20 and dragged them into the rapes and orgies in a flat in nr 71a. Let out in the morning, the girls joined our group. One of them told me how she was raped the whole night, passed around by these filthy soldiers subjected to horrendous rapes accompanied by music and drinking; one of them clung desperately to the piano, by playing constantly to escape the raping — but she too, by force, drunk on vodka, was hideously abused. The next day, one of these girls was pulled out again on the pretence of the commandant wanting to see her; on her return, she told me she was beaten and roughed up and raped again.

Our group was led to the Zieleniak. Stops were made on the way; we were searched then, doing everything [they wanted to do]; women were pulled out, with guns and even knives to their heads. Even older women were at risk. I saw how an older woman of about 60 was chased and bullied. All these bestial acts were committed by the Ukrainians.”

(61) Protocol nr 161:

*witness Leopold Pajdowski, about 50, residing in Warsaw, ul. Filtrowa 67;  
reporter Edward Serwański 8. X. 1944 in Brwinów.*

“On the 3rd and 4th VIII, it was relatively quiet in our property. People were getting along quite well. The attitude of the population, I would describe as quite excellent.

On these days, the German artillerymen in formation searched the Pole Mokotowskie. In the gardens they found about 30 people, the uprising broke out while they were there working. From a window of our house I saw with my own eyes, how the first 3 men they found in the gardens were shot on the spot by the Germans from only 5m away.



On 4th VIII, they carried out a planned incursion into the Pole Mokotowskie with a broad line of Ukrainians, in which they carried out a search of the property at ulica Filtrowa nr 67, but only in our block, on the ul. Dantyszka side. They completely looted the flat of one of the directors of the sugar works, plundering and devastating the rooms. It was similar in other flats. Gold, valuables, underwear, suitcases, cash and especially watches and jewellery, vodka and food were taken. They also demanded money. During this looting, one woman was beaten who tried to tell the Ukrainians to stop their thieving. Drunk to unconsciousness, the Ukrainians shot over our heads in reply.

On 5th and 6th August, they came back several times to loot.

On 7th August, two women were sent from the nearby wooden shacks who told us that we should prepare to leave our homes, because our blocks were going to be torched. Just behind the women came 6 Ukrainians who above all demanded vodka. Nobody actually knew what fate awaited them, or what would actually happen. Some of the residents prepared to evacuate and gathered in the courtyard, others waited in their homes. The Ukrainians calmed us, persuading us to return to our flats. Despite this, about ten minutes later, a horde of about 50 Ukrainians descended, demanding we immediately take our things and leave the entire building on Dantyszka, because it was going to be torched. Just behind the first horde came about 500 more. They began to thoroughly torch our home in front of our eyes. The Ukrainians went into our flat, into every room, leaving flammable materials there. Many residents managed only to take the things earlier laid out in the cellars. After torching our block on Dantyszka, the Ukrainians went to further blocks and torched them too. In this way, the housing blocks of the Ministry of Military Equipment caught fire. At a certain moment the Germans showed up, who ordered the newly fires be immediately extinguished. As it turned out, the Germans forbade burning those blocks because they hadn't been emptied of the property and valuables of the inhabitants. So, only the block on the side of ulica Dantyszka was burned.

Once the fire had been put out, all the residents, about 500 people, were herded to the Zieleniak.

I managed to get away from the group and made my way to ul. Solariego with another family being escorted by the Germans, where I stayed until 26th VIII.

Here I learned that on Aleja Niepodległości in one of the houses, during looting, about 40 women and children were driven out and shot. It was reported to have happened between the 6th and 8th of August.

A similar event apparently occurred on ul. Spiska.

When it comes to the Słowackiego Gymnasium, in which the Ukrainians were quartered, I heard that mass rapes of women took place.

On Solariego, the officers, taking advantage of the fact that the houses were empty of residents, slipped in and took whatever they could. Among other things, Sergeant Kurt from Wrocław took a violin from one of the flats which belonged to the wonderful violinist NN.”

(62) Protocol nr 64:

*witness Krystyna Świętochowska, 24, student, residing in Warsaw, Langiewicza 5;  
reporter Irena Trawińska.*

“The Germans gave the order to evacuate. The staff and injured, without losses, move to ul. Langiewicza nr 11/13. On 7th August the position was surrounded by German aviators; they threw grenades; there was a brutal search carried out by the aviators and the so-called Ukrainians, during which 4 young AK were killed, many of the injured were beaten; the seriously injured, being beaten, were moved to another house on ul. Langiewicza; those less injured, escorted by the aviators, were shot together with a group of civilians (from ul. Jesionowa and Prokuratorska) in the allotments in the Pole Mokotowskie.

The field hospital, shunted from place to place, wandered from house to house in Kolonia Staszica, there were constant assaults of female orderlies — lots of them were raped; the injured were frequently beaten; those who escaped execution scattered until the clinic was liquidated. I have no further information about the fate of its patients.

What happened to the field hospital on ul. Jesionowa and Prokuratorska — I don't know.

The civilian population in these districts went through terrible ordeals. In a stairwell in ul. Rakowiecka nr 275, 45 civilians were shot. During the earlier mentioned execution in the Pole Mokotowskie, the actor Maszyński and his wife were killed. The people had no way of taking their personal possessions, they were thrown out of their homes, which were then torched; the elderly, and those that couldn't keep up with the march, were beaten and wounded."

(63) Protocol nr 54:

*witness, 40, medical orderly from the Radium Institute, residing in Warsaw, ul. Wawelska.*

"7th August 1944, the Germans began emptying our house on ul. Filtrowa. They came in screaming, beat people and shot into the ceilings and floors. I went outside with my husband, taking the servant with us, a twentysomething girl. After we had left, the house was torched. For a week, we stayed with relatives on Opaczewska in a semi-demolished house. After a week, the Kalmyks showed up there, began looting everything and throwing people out of their homes. One of the Kalmyks, a senior cavalry officer, I think, who spoke a little in Polish and a bit in German took me to one side and said that because I reminded him of his mother, he felt some sympathy towards me, so he advised us to flee Warsaw, if I wanted to save my life and my husband's. We've got orders — he said — to wipe Warsaw from the face of the earth, and even those people left living among the ruins to mercilessly exterminate. I know that that order will be carried out — to wipe Warsaw from the face of the earth, and even those people left living among the ruins to mercilessly exterminate. I know that that order will be carried out, and I also know that I won't get out of here alive and I'll never see my home or family again. Of course, we left. On the way, we met Germans who directed anyone wearing a headscarf to the Zieleniak, where in theory we would find care and assistance. In doing this, the most thorough and brutal body search of both men and women was carried out, in

which SS soldiers did not refrain from the most drastic inspections of ladies' underwear. We went through five or six searches and were left without money, almost with nothing at all."

(64) Protocol nr 230:

*witness Józef Ptaszyński, 28, print worker,  
residing in Warsaw, ul. Syreny 40.*

"Among the people herded to the Zieleniak on 8th VIII 1944 was also a man with no legs, who walked with the aid of a crutch. This man walked, or rather loped along at the back due to the difficulty caused him by the uneven surface on ul. Grójecka.

The German soldiers escorting the march thought the cripple was too slow, so they hurried him along by pushing him in the back with their rifle butts. At a certain moment, to improve the fun, one of the soldiers took the man's crutch away, which he snapped and tossed aside, and in return gave the man a piece of the stem of a sunflower, ripped out of one of the gardens along the way.

Finally, on the corner of ul. Wawelska the man was killed by repeated blows from an iron bar (another prize) to the head."

(65) Protocol nr 502:

*witness, a young farmer displaced from Wielkopolska.*

"While we walked down ul. Grójecka, shots came from the streets and houses at the marchers.

I was carrying a briefcase, hung on a stick across my back. The bullet tore the briefcase to shreds, which saved me from death. Along the way, there were horrific sights: bodies had been lying in the streets for days, lying in the heat they swelled to enormous proportions. Both men and women were lying there, because there had been an order from the German command to shoot without hesitation at women and children.

At the Zieleniak systematic thieving began. The Ukrainians and Germans took watches and valuables. They also stole clothing and took money. Heaps of money were blowing along the route and on

the Zieleniak, but no one was allowed to pick it up. On the Zieleniak we saw girls raped by the Ukrainians. These were gang rapes in full view of everyone. Some groups who were earlier herded into the Zieleniak spent about 3—4 days there without food or water. We were ordered to go to the Dworzec Zachodni with hands raised. People couldn't hold up their baggage and so threw it away en route."

(66) Protocol nr 107:

*witness Halina Kaźmierczakowa, 35, widow of  
an independence activist, residing in Warsaw, ul. Głogera 3;  
First-hand protocol.*

"I'll never forget it. Like a suffocating dream, the sight of the Zieleniak will appear in the nightmares of those that passed through it and survived.

We were chased out of our house on 9th August at about 1pm. A band of Ukrainians, drunk, dishevelled, with wild expressions, in unbuttoned uniforms or without uniforms at all, but loaded with grenades, revolvers, rifles or "spray guns" in their hands, emptied the shelters and cellars, ran through the flats, screaming, shooting warning shots, robbing whatever came to hand. The people they robbed and beat were pushed into the street. They herded the crowd between burning houses, among constant explosions and bullets whistling around their ears. The crowd went, confused, terrified. Our "guardians" didn't waste the opportunity. They were constantly pulling people from the crowd who didn't seem to have been sufficiently robbed to them. They searched, even looked in people's mouths, looking for hidden diamonds and gold, and pulled suitcases from their hands. There were lots of corpses on the street: mostly men, often a grenade landed in a group of people, there were shots for no reason — simply to satisfy the bestial instinct to murder.

The crowd kept growing, more and more groups joining it from adjoining streets. Some of the groups were carrying wounded, wrapped in blankets. Unable to bury the dead earlier, and not wanting to leave them, they carried the corpses with them. During halts, meagre funerals in shallow graves take place. Many people, exhausted by their ordeal, couldn't endure the difficulties of the

march — they died on the road in their colleagues arms. In front of my eyes, 2 children and an elderly man died in this way. They were buried in a hole by the road.

We were walking along ul. Grójecka and Opaczewska. We arrived after many hours marching, during which we had all been prepared for death to arrive at any moment — at the gates of the Zieleniak. They finally opened in front of us at 8am. We were the first residents of this new camp. There were over 12,000 of us. We took up half the square (the other half we were not allowed to fill), squeezed together. We collapsed on the ground with exhaustion. Anyone approaching the fence was pushed back by the rifle butts of our “guardians.” They’re clearly worried about escapes, even though the fence was 2.5m high. Night fell. We were consumed by a feverish thirst. There was no water in the square. We forgot about hunger. The moral torture was worse, the worries about the fate of so many loved ones. Our “guardians” roamed the square, looking for young women. From the city came the constant banging of guns. In the square, rifle shots ring out. You can hear the constant crying of women and children. Four in the morning. The square wakes up. People are cold and hungry. We beg for water. To get it, you have to go out. They let a few people out at a time. A queue forms. We won’t let the men go. But the young women who risked it, don’t return. In the distance, screams and pleading are heard, then shots. 6am. Hunger bites. Some of the people from Ochota, regardless of the circumstances, made it to the Zieleniak with bundles stuffed full of all kinds of good things, including food. They even manage to get water here. They light fires, without worrying that the smoke, spreading across the ground, might make our already hard sojourn here more difficult. They make a stew. They eat enormous amounts of food. But when asked for a bowl of water for a semi-conscious child — they refuse. 8am. In the square, totally deprived of any shade, it’s baking. The temperature is + 34°. We learn there’s a Polish Red Cross point. I go there. They haven’t got a drop of water, no bandages, no medicines. All they have is a small, dirty shack with four-tier bunk beds covered in straw. A few dying people are lying on them unattended. The Zieleniak’s first victims.

Among the gathered crowd, there are constant fights and arguments: over water, about going outside to get potatoes. These argu-

ments are quelled by our “guardians” with shouts, shots and beatings. New victims fall. More and more people arrive at the camp. It gets more crowded. Trips outside to get firewood from behind the old shacks are organised. Here too, there are fights, shots and victims. Young girls don’t return from trips beyond the walls. 12 noon. The shooting is constant. Red Cross aid for the injured is impossible. A rumour goes round they’re going to set us free. There’s confusion. We get a few dozen potatoes for our group of 32 people. We roast them, and share them equally. But the thirst is tormenting. The “guardians” roam the square, looking for victims for the night, or just dragging them out at once. If a mother defends her daughter, or men their wives, there are rows. One old woman was beaten and kicked unconscious till she dies in agony. 4pm. The Germans set homes neighbouring the square ablaze. Above us, planes circle, taking pictures. A line of vehicles pulls up with Gestapo, gendarmes and SS. They set up machine guns. They arrange another spectacle. They circle the crowd, watching through binoculars. They gather information, but only from social outcasts. They claim that everything is okay. They cannot hide their satisfaction and ironic smiles. Everyone knows where it’s leading, but on the outside, the crowd remains completely calm. The “guests” photograph us against the burning buildings. Some people try to approach them, to ask for things, but they reply with derisive laughter and insults. This spectacle lasts about 2 hours. 8pm. We’re breathing. Still alive. A new group of Ukrainians arrives in German uniforms, drunk, monstrous. The hunger is unbearable, the thirst even worse. The suspicious types from Ochota eat a healthy supper. We go to sleep hungry. 10pm. Panic suddenly erupts. A desperate cry goes up: “Save yourselves, if you can! They’re killing us!” The torches of the Ukrainians roaming among us gleam. People shoot at them. It’s a provocation. They look for the culprit. The Ukrainians approach us, looking for victims. I try to hide behind my colleagues. I’m shaking with terror and disgust at the thought of what will happen if they find me. Midnight. They spot me and pull me out amidst screams and begging from my loved ones. I’m petrified. I have no thoughts in my head. Then, a chaotic cry turns into a chant, one worth chanting: “We want the commandant.” Before I’m dragged to the gates, my “saviour,” a Ger-

man officer appears. He hits the Ukrainian with the butt of his revolver and pushes him off me. The Ukrainian, cursing under his breath, leaves. The officer leads me back.

The next few hours pass peacefully, but no one can sleep, as everyone is morally abused, helpless, rendered hopeless. In our hearts, we wish for death, to end this awful situation.

7th VIII, 1944. The hunger becomes painful. They bring a few confiscated cows. The Ukrainians kill them, shooting at them like target practice. Groups of people throw themselves on the meat, tearing the carcasses to pieces. Again, we get nothing. 6am. Fires are lit. Cooking. And here the speculation starts. A bowl of soup sells for 100zl. Unfortunately no one in our group managed to save any of their money. 10am. Several young people volunteer to work, for which they are to receive food. Friends bring me men's clothes and black glasses, to hide me from the Ukrainians. 12 noon. Several people are killed for bringing too many beams for firewood. A Ukrainian shows a grenade at a girl for asking for a mug of water for her child, shredding her chest. 2pm. We cook our first food after 3 days going hungry. Everyone got a saucerful of stew. 4pm. We are ordered to lie in a row on the ground. The smoke from the fires is suffocating. These hideous "cows" pass above us, screaming. We lie like this for two hours. Nearby numerous houses are burning. 7pm. A committee of some kind appears. It creates a glimmer of hope. But they choose only Russians, Volksdeutsche and Ukrainians. They lead them out of the camp. The Poles remain. 8pm. The thirst is so bad that for lack of water, we drink the muddy liquid from the puddles at the bottom of the wells. 10pm. A hideous night. Unexpectedly, they catch me a second time. I pretend to have fainted, play dead. My colleagues explain to the Ukrainians that I'm injured. They give me up. They pull out an older woman, murmuring: "we've had three younger, the fourth can be older."

There is crying in the square, screams of despair, shots. Next to the fence, 3 young women are shot. What's happening outside the fence? The noises gradually disappear. Midnight. Three women give birth. Their cries for help go unanswered. The newborns die. Their mothers lie in agony on the ground, under the skies.



During the night, there were a few hours of calm and relative quiet.

On the 8th VIII masses of new people arrive. We warn the young. The savages are asleep — under quilts, drunk, tired from the night. 10am. It's so crowded, we're stepping on one another. There's no chance of lying down. In our group, all the children are sick, feverish. The older ones don't feel much better. There are numerous cases of sunstroke. 12 noon. We organise supplies of water such that the older people bring it to the gates. We're consumed by fever. Mouths dried to a shell. We look dreadful, unwashed, mud spattered. 2pm. More and more people arrive. Lots of wounded on stretchers. Many people die. They are buried in mass graves: one on top of another in a deep hole. A man is shot at the Red Cross post, his artery bursts. They throw water over him, and that was the only assistance he got. Again, the rumour goes around: "They're letting us go." But nobody believes it. We're all half alive, exhausted, resigned. 4pm. New explosions, new fires. Mokotów is burning. Drunk Ukrainians took the last case that my friends had hitherto managed to save. This was in revenge for calling the officer in the incident with me. 6pm. Shots. Beyond the walls, several young people who went out to get potatoes were shot. The boys from our group returned from their work. Gathering corpses. They bring food, but they went through hell. We won't let them go again. 8pm. The smoke and stench of the fires make it impossible to breathe. Crouched, hugging each other, we lie, so as to take up as little space as possible, so as not to be trodden on by people passing through the square. Planes are still circling above us, taking photographs.

The night passed peacefully. There were no new victims.

9th August. Again the rumour goes round that we're going to be let out of here. One version says we'll go free, the other — that we're going to camps. It's all the same to us. Anywhere but here. Another committee drives up. Again nothing.

8am. Around 7am, we stood in a line for a bottle of water. When we got to the front, there was none left. Despair. Rifle butts and shots push us away from the gates. The order to clear the square goes out. Drunken Ukrainians shoot everywhere. Again, many are killed. The Zieleniak is to be emptied by 2pm. We form up in lines.

There are even those who feel alright here and want to stay. By the fence lie rows of sick and injured. The march sets off. We're escorted by Ukrainians on horseback, some carrying parasols to protect them from the sun.

We walk through the ruins, the corpses of men and of raped women. Whatever awaits us — the horrors of the Zieleniak are behind us."

(67) Protocol nr 501:

*witness, 23, chief orderly at an AK field hospital  
in Warsaw, ul. Filtrowa.*

"In the first days of the uprising we were rounded up and herded to the Zieleniak. Surviving there was simply a nightmare. There were masses of people there of all ages and sexes, all wretched and maltreated, hungry, thirsty, living in fear of the killings and bestiality of the Ukrainians, for they were mainly in their care. Most tragic was the fate of the women and young ladies, and even young girls — age played no role to these debauched locusts. Many girls hid among the men and elderly, sleeping in the biggest crush, almost covered by the bodies of their fathers, husbands or mothers, frightened of making the slightest move, for if a Ukrainian was passing he might take her to have his fun, and she might end up swelling the numbers of those who lie dead by the fence, or those whose moral sufferings were so painful. I went through such painful experiences. On the Zieleniak the lack of water was terrible. So, I went as cautiously as I could with a group of people to the nearest house to ask for water. Unfortunately, we met some drunken, depraved Ukrainians who terrorised the men and hit me in the face, dragging me to the cellar of the nearest house. I don't know for sure how many of them there were — about 10, who wanted me as their plaything. I defended myself as much as my strength allowed, and I had quite a lot of strength, I pleaded, begged for mercy, prayed. I begged aloud for grace, cursed, kicked them, bit them, anything I could use to defend myself, I used, at moments I lost consciousness, and these bestial bullies tore off my clothes, scratched me, pistol whipped me — I screamed for so long. Like a salvation, at

one point a Ukrainian NCO came, an older man, and I asked him to release me. After an argument, he took me to another cellar and started to persuade me to become his wife, and that he would then keep me for himself; after much anguish, pleading, threats, he decided to take me back to the Zieleniak, in farewell hitting me in the back and on the face with his pistol butt; I got out of that hell and had the feeling I was a worthless slut. I was ashamed to be alive, I felt so bad and it was hard to live. My god, those were experiences which cannot be described.

The doctors there had no bandages for me, because there weren't any, and I had some deep wounds. Luckily, they took us to Pruszków and there I reported to the doctor, I think it was Dr W. Looking at me, the Dr gasped at how much I'd been gouged by those bullies' claws. She gave me a preventive vaccination and luckily announced that I was totally healthy, and they hadn't managed to rape me. God gave me superhuman strength to resist. Those are my personal experiences in brief; due to the traumatic moments, please do not reveal my name.

While I was in the Zieleniak a German general visited, who gave a speech, which we had to listen to while kneeling, bare-headed, about the fighting with "bandits" in Warsaw and that they will be crushed, and that they are Poles, and that they will pay a heavy price for it. While he was there a delegation led by a doctor approached, asking for the protection of the German Wehrmacht, and putting an end to the Ukrainian rapes. The general said he would speak to the Ukrainian leaders and sort something out. He did send German soldiers, but they changed nothing, because the Ukrainians wouldn't let them intervene and made such fools of them that the officer decided to withdraw. Regardless, that night at one end of the Zieleniak it was a little calmer. This all happened in the first days of August."

(68) Protocol nr 11:

*witness name unknown, first-hand protocol.*

"From the moment the uprising broke out, I stayed in my flat, going down to the cellar when the bombs dropped. On the after-

noon of the 5th VIII 4 Ukrainians entered the house. They went through all the flats, taking watches, suits and other valuables. After that, they hung around the yard. On 8th VIII at 9am, they ordered us to leave our flats immediately. One came into my flat, ordering me out, at the same time setting fire to the pantry, which had wooden walls. Other flats were set a light the same way. On leaving the stairwell, everyone was searched, and valuables taken. The next search took place on passing through the gateway to the garden of the next door house. There we were herded into a square, where we were joined by the inhabitants of the neighbouring house, nr 35, and there a NCO gave us the information that as of now, we were under the care of Gen. Kamiński, we should remain calm and we were not in danger of any cruelty or bullying. A moment later all the men were called out, we were ordered to run to our house and put the fire out. This we managed, with great difficulty. Then we were herded to the Zieleniak. On the way, I was searched three times. On entering the Zieleniak I was searched a sixth time. Everything was taken, even some of my documents, notes, share certificates and so on. Due to the terrible heat, I wanted to drink. But there were massive queues to the taps, so there was no chance of even hoping of getting a drink today... We settled down to spend the night on the ground. In the night, I heard terrible desperate weeping of a woman, and then a shot. It turned out that the desperate woman who was shot had two daughters raped. During the night, I saw how the Ukrainians pulled better quality looking shoes off the dead. You could still hear the hysterical weeping of a woman somewhere, and then another shot. I found out in the morning that the woman went berserk for lack of water.

On 9th VIII we were led from the Zieleniak to the Dworzec Zachodni. I was forced to leave my son-in-law's sick 74 year old mother, hoping that some sort of rescue service would pick up all those ill elderly people. We were escorted along the road by drunk Ukrainians, taking, along the way, anything that they hadn't already stolen. Loaded onto a dirty wagon at the Dworzec Zachodni, we arrived at the Railway Workshops in Pruszków."

(69) Protocol nr 99:

*witness, woman, name unknown, residing in Warsaw, ul. Białobrzaska.*

“The uprising broke out on 1st VIII, 1944. From my home on ul. Białobrzaska (Ochota), where I lived, I was able to observe part of the operations in that area. Already on the second night, the Germans evacuated the hospital set up in the Szachtmajerowa Gymnasium. In the morning, the insurgents took it. The shooting could still be heard at intervals in various places. During the day, smoke could be seen, and by night, fires from the direction of Mokotów and other places. Saturday morning (5th VIII) was quiet, a nice day. News came that the Ukrainians were coming. The insurgents disarmed and left the Gymnasium, taking their wounded. At around 10am we saw through the window how the Ukrainians were expelling people on ul. Częstochowska. We didn't know where they were taking them or how. Half an hour later, we heard shooting in our house, downstairs, a row, yells and screaming: “Polaks, get out.” We managed to put our coats on and grab some hand luggage, when the doors were broken down and a Ukrainian with a machine gun stood there. His first word was: “Czasy.” Meaning we had to give him our watches. He searched us and ordered us to go downstairs. We were herded along Częstochowska to Grójecka and further towards Okęcie. On the way, we were robbed by the Ukrainians we met. They took torches, money, even fountain pens, though it was obvious that they didn't know very well what they were. Walking down Grójecka, we saw houses which were being set ablaze. We never thought this fate awaited the whole of Warsaw. The population of Ochota was gathered on ul. Grójecka, beyond the city. In the evening, we were herded to the so-called Zieleniak, a big square, surrounded by a high wall where there was a vegetable market. We sat there for 5 days. By day, the sun burned down. At night, it was cold. There was no cover. We slept on the bare ground. But everything pales against the behaviour of the Ukrainians. They were our sole rulers. The whole time, they shot at us for any reason, or no reason at all. Mostly into the air, though there were cases of killings. In the night, they walked between the people, looking for young girls. Waving their revolvers, they dragged them off to the public school where they were quartered and brought them back defiled the next morn-

ing. The last two nights in this regard were a little calmer, as accusations were reported to the German officers who came to inspect the camp. They grandly declared that nobody would be killed, that we would be taken from thee to another camp, where there would be aid and assistance, that we had been evicted only to protect our lives and that our suffering — that was all down to our countrymen who started the uprising. From the Zieleniak, you could see smoke and flames. All of Ochota, and later other districts were burning. There was frequent guns fire. It was tiger tanks destroying homes. Apart from that, every day, about 25 planes bombed the city, and on 8th VIII, at 3.30pm, we were ordered to lie down, because grenade launchers standing somewhere in Okęcie were launching shells towards Warsaw.

On the second and third day residents of our house were still being brought in. They told us that our house was set ablaze once, and then a second and a third time, because it didn't want to catch, and then it was thoroughly plundered.

The food situation was terrible. This resulted from the fact that there were queues of several kilometres for everything, where the strongest would barge in. The queues for potatoes were the calmest, because the handouts were organised. A Ukrainian allowed a few people to go through a hole in the fence and steal, others waited. In addition, men weren't allowed to stand in the queue, because the Ukrainians wouldn't allow it, and also they were taken away for other jobs.

The queues for water were more dynamic. People wouldn't stand in line and pushed toward the well, stamping on others and pushing them. The Ukrainian on duty there was hoarse from shouting and eventually started shooting to chase everyone away; he switched off the water. Later he opened the tap again and it started all over. I got once to the actual pump, held it in one hand, but I couldn't get any water into the bottle and I had to give up. It was the only attempt to get water that I undertook.

The queue for meat was the shortest and soonest ended. The Ukrainians led in a few cows and killed them on the spot. In the blink of an eye, a ring of people formed round the dead cow. Immediately it had been quartered, they fell on it with knives in hand.

Shouting, confusion. The Ukrainians hit people over the head with their grenades, and fired shots. From time to time a lucky person emerged from the scrum with arms bloody up to the elbows, holding a large piece of meat. In under twenty minutes there was no sign of the cow. Of course, in these tussles the people who had the best chances were those built like athletes. But also women of a certain type had success. It should be added that in these conditions the only lovers of cow's meat were the residents of "Pekin"\*) (a house on the corner of Radomska and Grójecka) and others like them. They had everything: potatoes, water, stores of meat and they sold bowls of soup for 300zł, 25 zł for a kilo of potatoes, and a litre bottle for 100 zł. I don't know if they had any purchasers.

In general, the camp on the Zieleniak was chaos, with no organisation at all, over which the Ukrainians were sole rulers."

(70) Protocol nr 49:

*witness, woman name unknown,  
orderly at AK field hospital in Warsaw, ul. Filtrowa;  
First-hand protocol.*

"On the morning of the 8th VIII Ukrainian divisions entered the blocks. Where the boys who had been in flat nr 91 hid, I do not know. Because the cellars were connected and had double corridors, they probably hid from the Ukrainians in them. The people were herded into the courtyard and robbed of their watches, jewellery, pen-knives and so on. There were people who collected the watches on behalf of the Ukrainians. There were threats to torch the house. Soon, however, the matter was dropped. Me, Janka and one other remained in the accommodation. They came, asked for water and took it — they were sober.

Knowing there was a passage through the tunnels under Asnyka, I suggested to the team leader Stanisa that it might be better to lead the girls out via Asnyka, where until 10th VIII there were no Ukrainians and leave staff behind consisting of older people. From Asnyka we'd head either for a quieter district, or across the fields

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\*) A building in which there used to be a cinema.

to the Polytechnic. The reply: "Don't you worry about that, if necessary, the order will come."

On 9th VIII in the afternoon, they appeared suddenly, came into our accommodation through the window. As it later turned out, already on the 9th somebody had told them there was a position in number 41. Straight away they were on my case. "AK orderly" — "No." — "You're coming with us." I was searched for weapons. Pani Jadwiga asked me to step out. Escaping (on order) from nr 41 to nr 52 (Goldman's flat, our boss, is a barracks) through the cellar, I came across the Ukrainians and by a miracle evaded capture. I sat for six hours in an empty cellar which was by chance left open. In the evening, I managed to get to Dr Goldman's. I receive the information that I'm being looked for throughout the entire block. Dr Goldman forbade me to return to nr 41 and hid me in his place together with 4 other girls. The night I spent in a kitchen cupboard high the wall, in the morning they bandaged my face and, pretending to be a patient, I slept for a couple of hours on the sofa.

At noon, after waking up, I learn that most of the girls left Dr Dąbrowska's via the tunnels under Asnyka (on the night of the 9th and 10th there were 16 rapes). I left with the doctor and the remaining girls to his parents-in-law's house on Daleka. There we were put up with a whole bunch of people in an empty factory building, he stayed with his daughter at the in-law's. Half an hour later, the Germans ordered us out. Immediately outside the gates, I lost contact with my colleagues. There was a German gun standing on the corner of Tarczyńska and Daleka. I saw how the Germans and the people they were herding take cover by the gates to avoid shrapnel. The route was full of Ukrainians, who weren't at all concerned about stealing in front of the Germans. Seeing them herding us towards a camp on the one side, and seeing them pestering young women on the other, I decided to hide in an empty house and to slip through to Śródmieście in the evening. I sneaked into the gateway of the house on the corner of Ślupecka and Grójecka, where I hid in a looted shop. Despite the fact that my hiding place wasn't secure, I couldn't change it, as I would risk showing myself to the Ukrainians, who often roamed along Grójecka and Ślupecka. After a time, a group of drunk Ukrainians came into the house where



I was hiding, and while they were looting it, I was discovered. They quizzed me, searched for weapons, twice pushed me against a wall. Finally, they led me out of the house, stole my backpack and led me down Spiska together with two more women. Going down Spiska, we stopped by a house from which you could hear the sounds of music and shouting. I stated categorically that I would not go inside; if their “komandir” wanted to search me, he could do it on the street. While waiting for the decision, guarded by the Ukrainians and 2 SS-men (one soldier and one officer) I spoke to the officer in French, asking for his protection and removing me from the hands of these drunk Ukrainians, and taking me to Grójecka. At that point, my escort emerged from the house with another soldier with a rifle and, after brief exchange with the Germans, threatened me with the rifle, and the representatives of the “Herrenvolk” left their allies. I was led into the house. I was quizzed, calmly at first, so I began to take heart that I might get out in one piece. On asking to be let go, they explained that I wouldn’t make it in the dark. Two hours later, I was quizzed again, but this time they were drunk, there were threats of torture, beating, attempted rape. I defended myself against 6 of them. As a result of the noise, another komandir appeared, who ordered them to leave me in peace. He led me to another room and ordered me to sit on some kind of daybed, and that’s how I spent the night under guard. Seeing that I could expect the worst, I wanted to provoke my wards to shoot me, but in vain. I tried to rip a rifle out of the hands of a sentry; help arrived and I was overpowered. At dawn, I was led to the basement and put up against a wall. I was shot in the throat. When I fell, he didn’t go to the trouble of checking if I was alive, and I was left alone. When I came to, I staggered out of the cellar. I got into a ground floor flat, looking for water. There I collapsed and almost passed out — I lost all sense of time, then I came to again; checking my pulse, I established that my neck was injured. I made my way to the bathroom for water, then I lay in a corridor until another Ukrainian found me, who led me to a room and aid me on a daybed, and used his own bandage on me. I spent the night that way. In the morning, they were supposed to torch the house, but the same Ukrainian took me to the janitor’s house and from there I set off with the janitor’s fam-

ily for company to Spiska. Because I was very weak, they left me. I wandered to Grójecka, where I was picked up by a passing medical patrol which was retreating with wounded from Filtrowa.”

(71) Protocol nr 238:

*witness, 55, name unknown, tertiary education,  
residing in Warsaw, ul. Filtrowa.*

“On 3rd VIII, 2 German soldiers appeared at the house on ul. Filtrowa, aviators, who warned us that if any shots came from the house, the men would be shot. However, it wasn’t possible as the house was surrounded on all sides by Germans, and apart from this, the majority of the inhabitants of the house were women and older men. They said that the German soldiers would not shoot at the windows, even if people appeared in them. Some time after the soldiers left, one of the men stood in the doorway to his balcony. A shot rang out from Filtrowa. Hit in the head, he died a few hours later. Before noon on 4th VIII, chaos engulfed the estate. From a house (still part of the estate) on ul. Dantyszka all hell broke loose. People were running around saying that the Ukrainians were shooting and stealing. The residents gathered mostly in the cellars. An incomprehensible roar could be heard at the entrance. Then there were shouts: “Kamerad, nie strzelaj” [Comrade, don’t shoot]. A young man ran out saying: “Give me your watches.” A few people did so, and the young man gave them to the assailants. Two shots rang out by the entrance. Everybody stands. A search begins. Someone offers money. They don’t want it. They keep searching. They say that if they find any weapons, everybody will be shot. They find some rings on some people and gold items, which they took. Someone proposes vodka. They get 5 litres. However, they selected 4 of the men and led them out. They put them up against a wall and want to shoot them. Another one comes up to the men and shouts at them, but nevertheless lets them go. The vodka (5 litres) clearly encouraged them to hasten to the feast. The residents who were in their flats escaped looting. The next day, the same thing happens, but more calmly. We explain that their colleagues had come the day before and we’d given them our gold and watches. They talk among themselves

that they need to talk to their “komandir,” because he didn’t split anything with them, he has to give it back. We’re searched again, anything more valuable is taken, a pen-knife is even found on one person, some scissors, torches, necklaces. They also went into some of the flats lower down, where they robbed the people. The raids and robberies repeated on the 6th and 8th of August. The next time the raiders descended, one woman called the Germans. None came to the rescue, though. Someone came running from Wawelska, he was shot from the building of the State Forestry Directorship. He fell injured. When at dusk we tried to go to his assistance, he was shot dead. At the slightest movement on the street or in a window on the side of Wawelska there is heavy fire. The residents of the house organised large quantities of food for newcomers from the streets (of which there were 25). Anyone who made it to friends shared their “food” fate.

I landed with a man who had no supplies other than sugar, so I went hungry.

The fighting closed in around the city. The smoke and fires showed that Ochota was ablaze. New arrives that from Filtrowa, from the direction of Plac Narutowicza they are throwing people out of their homes and torching them. On 7th VIII a large division (about 50) SS and support arrives. They search everyone again. Thorough body searches. Again, watches, gold, etc. They smash furniture, throw it across floors and stairs. Any alcohol they find, they drink. You can tell that some can’t even drink any more, because they’re smashing bottles before they’re empty. They herd people to the ground floor. One soldier, seeing that some of the residents have no possessions with them orders them to their flats to get their things, whatever they can carry. Some people even bring their waste baskets out. People don’t seem to realise what’s happening, though they can see the next door house is ablaze. There was a woman with an injured leg, who a man and a doctor wanted to carry down, but the soldiers beat them with their rifle butts and forbid it. I don’t know what happened to her. I’m standing downstairs in the house. One of the soldiers comes. I say to him: “So, what now?” And he replies: “It’s all the same, all will be destroyed.” “So, why are you doing it?” — “Those were the orders: expel, shoot, burn.”

They push us all through the Pole Mokotowskie. Our escorts shoot every now and then at dogs, into the air. We pass a lot of corpses (over a dozen). On the streets near Grójecka the searches begin again, by the same soldiers. They drag a pair of long boots off a woman. Here they steal someone's suitcase, another they take the shoes. Someone has their pockets searched. The German soldiers we pass observe all this with cheery expressions on their faces.

Finally they herd us into the Zieleniak. It's swarming with "cossacks" searching cases, bags, bundles. They take whatever anyone had left. After about half an hour an older one arrives, pushes the cossacks away and himself, with his own people begins an official search. They take scarves, underwear, clothing, fur muffs, shoes. It all gets thrown on a pile, which rises to about 2m. Then it gets calm. They ordered us to seat ourselves by the wall. People try to get as close as possible to it, to hide from the blazing sun. In the distance you can see many people sitting or walking in the southern section of the massive Zieleniak. One stream of people flows into another, snaking along. Water was very hard to come by, because there were no vessels. Someone was selling bottles for 100 zł. Apparently they had a stew of some kind, but you needed to fight to get to it. Those freshly arrived rest from their experiences. Wondering about the apathy and calm of displaced people, observing them, not only here, but in Okęcie, and in Pruszków, leads to the conclusion that their one and only goal is to save their lives. Anyone who was saved their life becomes calm. Some kind of senior commander of the German divisions appears at the Zieleniak and gives his subordinates the order to stop the constant shooting at the Zieleniak. It isn't imposed strongly though, because, albeit very rarely, they carry on shooting. They entertain themselves by launching the odd shell from behind the fence, which then screams its way across the square. In the afternoon a German officer appears — an aviator. He sympathises with those he speaks to. He says they will remove us from this hell. People speak with horror in their voices of what takes place during the nights here. The filthy soldiers rape women; if they resist, they're murdered. They say that the previous night one went out of her mind. I think about how to avoid this misfortune. Towards evening, a large group gathers which had some form of legitimization

from the German authorities or institutions and herds us to Okęcie to some kind of factory and wood store. On the way, we pass two piles of suitcases stacked up by the Ukrainians next to the road.

In Okęcie, the locals handed out warm coffee, tea, bread and fruits. In the chaos, nobody tries to escape. Everyone is subdued like an animal. In this factory-camp the Germans are our guardians: a captain and the officer-aviator. They say: "Things will be okay now. You will travel to Pruszków, where the German authorities will look after you all. They will provide food, accommodation and disperse you among families and friends, to places nearer or further." So, everything will turn out for the best, then. A Pole calls for anyone wanting to stay in Okęcie. He promises good food, pay and a flat. After a lengthy speech, a few people volunteer. People from the houses next to our camp give us food, washing water, and some semolina and milk for the children. Relations are very sincere and full of care. For several hours in the evening, they serve us: about three hundred people all told. We sleep on piles of planks in a barrack without windows. In the morning of 9th VIII at sunrise they form us into a column and lead us to Raków, from there by EKD railway to Pruszków."

(72) Protocol nr 139.

*witness medical orderly, 23, secondary education;*

*First-hand protocol, written in August 1944 in Brwinów.*

"Punctually at 5am the operation began. The boys attacked the Województwo [Regional Government] building on the corner of Sucha and Filtrowa with molotov cocktails and grenades thrown from the gardens of the single-storey villas. The Germans laid down heavy machine gun and rifle fire from a multi-storey building and can see all the gardens and villas as plain as day. Weapons are brought to us, a few hand grenades and a sten gun, which got jammed. The operation ended on our side in the late evening. We were shut up a few each in the villas: a dozen or so people in one, surrounded on all sides by large buildings held by the Germans (the Województwo, Filtra, the barracks on Sucha, Podchorążówka on 6 Sierpnia, Kraftfahrpark, the hospital on 6

Sierpnia). The group took heavy fire from all sides, making communications impossible. Shots came from the windows of Volks-deutscher homes. Wherever you poked your head out, you were instantly shot at. The biggest losses (over a dozen people) were in crossing ul. Langiewiczza. On the corner of Sucha some aviators riding past on a motorcycle let off some machine gun fire shooting 2 injured boys. They shot at those collecting the wounded. They wouldn't even let you dig a grave. For 10 days we were totally cut off, hearing only the echoes of arguments and killings on ul. Langiewiczza, Sędziowska and Prokuratorska, where the Ukrainians were living it up. We received news about houses being burned with injured inside them, rapes of orderlies and murders of the civilian population. All we heard was swearing, screams of despair, orders in German, and we saw fires nearby. One of the orderlies from Langiewiczza ran up to us, where the Ukrainians had broken through and, under threats of killing the injured had raped an 18-year-old girl. Communications with the city were established, for 4 nights boys and girls went in groups of 150 to the city. On 12 August the Wehrmacht entered Kolonia Staszica and the expulsions began. They came into our house with guns aimed and threw us out at once, it was almost impossible to take anything. I had to beg to be allowed to carry out our wounded, but they consented. One came out under his own steam, the second we carried on an improvised stretcher. At the first checkpoint they wanted to finish him off. We just managed to drag him away. From there, despite a wound to the side, he had to walk by himself. We went through rows of Ukrainian searches which were almost "gynaecological." The Ukrainians beat people with their rifle butts, hurled streams of insults, took whatever they wanted (gold, jewellery, watches etc.). Sometimes they snatched handbags and baggage and threw them on the ground. We found an injured girl on the way who couldn't walk, we carried her for as long as we had strength. Finally, we plucked up the courage and I stopped a German vehicle. I begged the Germans inside to take us. They took us by car to the EKD."

(73) Protocol nr 17:

*witness, a woman of 50, with her daughter, expelled from Wielkopolska,  
residing in Warsaw, ul. Mianowskiego on the corner of Wawelska.*

“The HQ was in our tenement. There were 150 insurgents. We came under constant fire. We women supplied ammunition to the fighters, we handed out bullets. Together, we constructed very high and strong barricades. The bullets peppered the upper storeys. When the 5th floor collapsed, we moved down to the fourth, then the third and second. People were constantly phoning us: “Hold on, help is coming. You’re the Alcazar of Warsaw.” So we defended, but the help never came. Finally, when the upper half of the tenement had been chopped down, we went into the cellars. Suddenly, there was a terrible bang and the roof caved in. In the face of that, the insurgents said it was time for them to go and we were to surrender. I don’t know if it was already too late, because the Germans had already covered the exit points from the underground, but maybe they somehow managed to get through. The Germans couldn’t get to us at first, because the barricade was so good, they couldn’t tear it apart. The Germans were in a rage. They pulled us out through a gap and pushed us with their rifle butts. Father Salamucha was stoned to death. Every tenth man was shot, among others Professor of chemistry Leśniewski. Two men were ordered to collect the bodies, and then the Germans handed them over to the Kalmyks to enjoy themselves. Meanwhile, one of these men had actually been born in Turkiestan<sup>\*)</sup> and talked to them. The Kalmyks let them go.

We, the remaining men and women, were sent to the Zieleniak. It was hell there. Each night the Ukrainians came looking for young girls, who they raped publicly. The men hid the younger girls under their coats and hats so it looked like it was a man sleeping. Mothers were beside themselves worrying about their daughters. Those nights were horrid.”

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<sup>\*)</sup> Turkmenistan [editor’s note].

(74) Protocol nr 169:

*witness, a middle aged woman, residing in Warsaw, ul. Mianowskiego.*

“When our stronghold finally fell, and we announced our surrender, the last shell hit the cellar and the roof collapsed. Father Salamucha waved a white flag and we waited for the enemy to break in on our last legs. What happened next was appalling. German soldiers were standing all around the square. Each was in a metal helmet, in full battle gear, draped in grenades, belts of bullets, in the corners were machine guns, field guns and tigers – the Germans had their top buttons undone, sleeves rolled up, they were black from smoke and gunpowder, they gazed bleakly, with disdain and irony. And then they let the Ukrainians loose on us. They watched with satisfaction at the spectacle playing out in front of them. The Ukrainians, who had been drinking vodka, were like mad beasts. Their rage was caused by the fact that they couldn’t immediately get to us through the high, wide barricade. Finally, they found a narrow gap. Father Salamucha, still with the white flag in his hand, they stabbed with a bayonet and beat to death with sticks. Żwirowicz, the newspaper editor, was stoned to death using bricks and Professor Leśniewicz<sup>\*)</sup>, a chemist, was shot. They started dragging us by the heads and shoulders and push us through the narrow gap in the barricade. There was no way of knowing how to descend over the rubble, over the piles of furniture and asphalt slabs and crumbling earth. The Ukrainians beat the women and children about the head with their rifle butts, screaming: “You’re the worst devils.” With arms folded, the Germans looked on and laughed at us. Finally, everyone was driven out and herded to the Zieleniak. I spent only one night there, but it was the most terrible of all. It was a large square enclosed by a fence of palings. People were camped on it in groups. We had nothing to drink or eat. We had barely sat on the ground before our clothing was wet with the damp. We shook feverishly with the cold. All around — near and far — the city was burning, like one big hell, but on our square it was utterly dark. Above us planes wheeled, we thought that at any moment bombs would drop on us, so as to ultimately finish us all off. At some time in the night

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<sup>\*)</sup> Leśniewski, see Protocol nr 17 (73).



a row of tigers aimed their gun barrels at us — we thought that we would be cut down en masse. Every now and then, there were bursts of gunfire and screams, we were certain that soon it would be our turn to be executed. Our hearts froze with fear, and in the square itself hideous things were being done. The Ukrainians were guarding the resting people. Drunk and boorish, with torches they circled the people sleeping like sardines, flashing the light in their eyes, looking for girls. When they found a younger woman, they dragged her out by force and went to “work.” They didn’t take them far — to the fence — and there they raped them in public. Fortunately, it was dark, but that made the screaming and wailing of the victims all the more heart-rending: “Leave me alone, sir, I’m only 13,” and the screaming and weeping of the mothers, throwing themselves to their daughters’ defence. I myself shook to my core with concern for my daughter. Only a mother can understand what I went through. The group of people among which we found ourselves was made up entirely of very old, ugly women; we were regarded as a bunch of witches to which the Ukrainians would not come close. I pushed my daughter down into the mud and hid her beneath my body, so she couldn’t be seen, my own face swathed in rags. The night seemed to have no end. Some girls came back staggering, many didn’t return at all. The next day, we were chased out of a burning Warsaw, the next night we found ourselves in Pruszków. After the Zieleniak, there was naturally relief, although it was here that hunger really began to tell on us.”

(75) Protocol nr 123:

*witness Jerzy Pomianowski, engineer, residing in Warsaw, ul. Filtrowa 30;  
reporter “Z”*

“The engineer testified that on 12 August 1944, at noon, German soldiers entered the property at ul. Filtrowej 30 and ordered them, in a brutal manner and not leaving any time to pack their cases but only to grab whatever was to hand, to leave the house immediately. Everyone was herded down Filtrowa towards Plac Narutowicza.

In the square the crowd was driven into on ul. Wawelska, the soldiers threw themselves on the evacuees and demanded above all

watches, then rings and other valuables. They were ripped off people in the most brutal way imaginable, ripping women's blouses and skirts, conducting even "gynaecological" searches. Pani X was even stripped naked twice. The blouse and underwear of 84-year-old Pani Y was torn, she also had her laced up shoes taken. The thievery took place along the entire route from the square between Filtrowa and Wawelska up to Opaczewska, whenever one band of filthy soldiers finished, a new wave appeared. Valuables were taken, gold, cigarette cases, and then clothing, footwear, suitcases, even food. Women and girls were dragged off and taken, mostly never to return (in any case this engineer never saw any return). At a certain moment on ul. Wawelska a young girl emerged from a gateway, about 18, with a round face, bloodied face and hands, begging the engineer for help, because they wanted to rape her. She took some of her things and hid among strangers. In an overcoat buttoned on the left and a man's hat she managed to get with Pan and Pani X to the Zieleniak, where she found her family. They were on the Zieleniak for only a few hours, the thieving was continuing, screams, young girls taken. Then they were herded to the Dworzec Zachodni and then by train to the camp in Pruszków.

The engineer heard from people who spent several days on the Zieleniak about the terrible rape of even underage girls, especially during the night, when the filthy soldiers didn't even go to the bother of taking them outside the actual camp, but 5—6 in turn raped them in front of everyone."

(76) Protocol nr 133:

*witness Stefania Pobiedzińska, 20, residing in Warsaw, ul. Nowogrodzka;  
First-hand protocol, written in September 1944 in Brwinów.*

"We were led out of a shop on ul. Pankiewicza. There, an officer emerged from the Bank Rolny and gave one of the women a plan of the march route. Walking down ulica Nowogrodzka, I saw 3 or 5 dead people in various places. We went with white scarves on our sleeves down ulica Nowogrodzka, Oczki, Koszykowa, Wawelska, Sucha, Filtrowa (on Filtrowa I saw 6 decomposing bodies on a tram). We headed towards Okęcie. Passing through plac Narutowicza, I saw the dam-

age to St Jakub's Church. Near Placu Narutowicza, entire streets had been burned down. Near one street (I think it was Spiska) behind the houses by the allotments, I saw some young boys lying dead on their stomachs. They were lying among the potatoes. Almost all of them were in long boots. I assume they were dead AK soldiers. On the other side of Plac Narutowicza, I think it was behind the gardens of the Dom Akademicki, we were stopped by the Ukrainians. On their orders, we had to leave the road and go through the allotments, heading down a narrow path between the potatoes to the fence around a property, the Dom Akademicki, I think. Once about 100 people had got onto the path, the Ukrainians began beating everybody with their rifle butts and sticks, driving them towards the fence. One of them fired. He killed three women. Running down the path behind others, I saw a pile of bodies of people who had fallen over from the beatings and in terror. When the group of beaten women approached the fence, the Ukrainians who were beating us ran over to another group of around 300, standing on the road. They didn't want to be beaten and shot at, because they saw what had happened to the first group. I don't know what they did, though, because I didn't look back, friends told me, though, that a couple was killed there. All these Ukrainians were drunk. Pushing us towards the fence, they also reached us all thoroughly. They took food, jewellery, and better quality clothing and underwear. After the search, pushing and beating us, they chased us onto the road, and from there, we made our way to Włochy, where the Germans herded us into a barracks. I sat there for a few hours and then joined a transport heading for Pruszków. These barracks were part of a large wood yard I think, because people were lying on heaps of planks. In one part, there was a shed, and in another part a roof above the planks. People spent 2 days there. On the way to the railway, I managed to escape thanks to the help of a man."

(77) Protocol nr 41:

*witness Józef Przybylak, 44, residing in Warsaw, ul. Nowogrodzka 36;  
First-hand protocol*

"On 18th VIII around 4.30pm the residents of the entire block were called on to leave their homes within half an hour. Only the old and the sick were to remain. Around 3pm that day, I left the house

with a group of about 6,000 people, down Nowogrodzka towards Plac Starynkiewicza. Leaving the house, we carried a white flag, in the face of which both sides stopped shooting. On the way, we met German divisions in the gateways and courtyards along ulica Nowogrodzka, their faces were tired and apathetic. Before we reached Plac Starynkiewicza, a large group of Ukrainians in German uniforms surrounded us and the thieving began, looking for watches in pockets, gold, money and similar objects. At this point everyone lost their watches, rings and wallets. When we turned left from Nowogrodzka onto plac Starynkiewicza heading to Koszykowa, and then walked along Koszykowa through Filtry, we came under fire from machine guns: 2 women were killed. The fire came from the direction of the post office on ul. Żelazna, which the insurgents were in charge of. Going further to ulica Grójecka, to the so-called Zielony Rynek [Green Market], we were robbed by a small group of Ukrainians of the last of our valuables, hidden from the earlier theft. It did happen that one of the Ukrainians, using a long knife to threaten us, took a woman from our group, dragging her into a gateway.

After almost three and a half hours marching, we made it to the Zielony Rynek. There, the Germans were in control, with an SS formation speaking in Polish. They called on any Volksdeutsche, Ukrainians and Russians to step forward and put them in another group, for which a vehicle soon came to carry them away. They also asked if there were any wounded (the wounded from our group didn't reveal themselves, because they had been warned that the wounded were being shot). After this segregation, a thorough search through pockets, cases and bundles took place. There we lost the last of our possessions, even our underwear, with few exceptions, depending on the individual doing the searching. At around 9.30pm drunken Ukrainians approached our group, shining torches in the women's faces, dragging them off by force to their quarters. The next day, as a result of the denunciations of one of the Poles, I was searched again, even more thoroughly, looking for gold, which they didn't find, because I didn't have any. The angry, drunken Ukrainians called me a bandit who should be shot. Knowing that they would put their threats into action, I took advantage of a passing German officer, who was looking for workers, and seeing an opportunity for escape, I volunteered to work."

(78) Protocol nr 231:

*witness Grzegorz Wiśniewski, 40, setter, residing in Warsaw, ul. Smolna 6;  
reporter Jerzy "Zbigniew" 23. XI. 1944*

"In the third week of the uprising, I don't recall the date more precisely, I was hiding among the ruins of the burned down house nr 12 on ul. Barska. On one of the relatively calmer days, I saw 4 German soldiers leading a young girl, distressed and in tears.

Laughing, they dragged her into the courtyard of the ruined house where I was hiding and raped her, after which they killed her with shots from a pistol to the neck and left side of the chest."

# MOKOTÓW-CZERNIAKÓW ŻOLIBÓRZ



Every suburb and every district has its own history. In Praga, on the eastern side of the Wisła, the uprising lasted barely a day. Where the inner districts of the capital, Wola and Ochota were the first to fall, Czerniaków, Mokotów and Żoliborz — held out a long time, maintaining underground communications with the main centre of resistance, Śródmieście, through the sewers. Czerniaków together with Sadyba and Królikarnia capitulated between 7—12th September, Mokotów 26th September, and Żoliborz 28th September 1944, and so, not long before the ultimate collapse of the very heart of the city.

The materials for districts beyond Wola and Ochota are, in this collection, very meagre. There are districts and suburbs of which not a word is mentioned. There are no details for Brudna, Pelcowizny, Koła, Boernerowa and a host of others. It's hard to say what is more eloquent in these scant relations: that which is there, or that which is missing. Silence opens up a space for imagination, where the reality begs for it to be present. Establishing it precisely is, in the documentation of war crimes in Warsaw, the most important task.



## MOKOTÓW

### (79) Protocol nr 66:

*witness Krystyna Świętochowska, 24, student of journalism,  
residing in Warsaw. ul. Langiewicza 5,  
reporter Irena Trawińska 25. IX. 1944 in Podkowa Leśna.*

“...Rakowiecka — the church and Jesuit monastery in Rakowiec. 25th August, at 11am, the Germans came into the shelter where the locals and priests were; I saw it all; I was hiding in a building in the same area. They pulled out the priests, you hear the sounds of beatings, screams, wails — finally some gunshots and quiet. I then saw 17 priests taken out of the cellars, shot in front of the monastery; the sound of shooting echoed also from the cellars; precisely how many priests were killed, how many civilians, I can't say, I saw only those 17; before they were shot, they were beaten and tortured...”

### (80) Protocol nr 108:

*this protocol lacks any personal information whatsoever;  
Protocol written 4. X. 1944*

“...On 2nd August, six young people arrived at ul. Opoczyńska nr 2, escapees from the Mokotów prison, and they said that before the uprising a lot of people were released from the prisons, mostly older people, it's hard to say how many. The young ones mostly remained. We learned about the uprising from the guards. We heard about what our fate would be, and we were ready for death.

Four of them took small flasks out of their pockets containing papers with their personal details on them in order for their dead bodies to be identified.

The uprising broke out at 5pm. Within an hour, an hour and a half maximum, 1,100 people were led out into the courtyard. A long, deep trench was dug by the fence. Around 100 people were lined up by it and shot with machine guns. The next hundred had

to cover their comrades and then stand in their places. 400 people were shot like that. Finally, several dozen of the remaining 700 attacked the Germans. In disarming them, a dozen more died. Among those were 2 guards, and the rest split up and escaped.”

(81) Protocol nr 110:

*witness, hospital orderly in Warsaw, ul. Chocimska 1;  
reporter Antonina Czelna 15. IX. 1944 in Podkowa Leśna*

“...What happened at the Mokotów prison on ul. Rakowiecka? — I asked one of the orderlies at the hospital in ul. Chocimska 4 — I can only say that which I heard from people who came into contact with the Mokotów prisoners. During the uprising, the Germans began to liquidate the prisons in the following manner: a German would come into a cell, armed with a pistol, and shoot everyone in turn. How many cells they cleared, it’s hard to say. Apparently the other cells got wind of what was happening and one of them retaliated. They overpowered the German, got the weapon, shot a second German in the corridor and released the men in the remaining cells, and everyone escaped.

A lot of them made their way through the sewers towards the AK and even fought bravely against the Germans until the surrender, and some immediately went back to practising their profession, namely, thieving.”

(82) Protocol nr 144:

*- a conversation with a male unknown to the reporter, around 30, uneducated,  
residing after leaving Warsaw in Brwinów.  
Reporter Edward Serwański in October 1944 in Brwinów.*

“On 3rd VIII, the Germans attacked ul. Olesińska, where there was no AK centre. They went from house to house, threw grenades in the basements and set the houses ablaze. The inhabitants who got out alive, escaped from the cellars through a tunnel running along the street and which led to the last house on ul. Olesińska, a gardener’s house, whose workshop was at the end of the street. The inhabitants gathered in the garden were cut down by the Germans with machine guns.”

(83) Protocol nr 128:

*witness Konoyicz, residing in Warsaw, ul. Puławska 11;  
reporter "Z"*

"...A German woman, with Polish citizenship married to a Pole, with a son who was an officer in the Oflag and a daughter in the Uprising, gives the following testimony in the house at ul. Puławska nr 11. On 5th August 1944 the Germans entered the house from the roof of which insurgents had apparently been shooting, just before retreating. All the residents were ordered to go into the courtyard. From among them, any Volksdeutsche and foreign citizens were called out and allowed to go into the street with their belongings. Pani NN was able, not by stating she was a German, but through her fluent German, to get out with her husband, taking with her 5 Poles. Immediately they left, the Germans torched the building and began shooting at the people in the courtyard. According to Pani NN there were around 150 people there, mostly women and children. About twenty shots were fired. Most probably people from the courtyard who managed to escape to the cellars, because the shots then stopped. A dozen or so people were forced into the street; they were forced the the heat of the blaze to go to the other side of the street. The gates were closed and a guard left by it, so that no one could escape from the house. None of the residents was a saved. When later, Pani NN, held for a week with the group of Volksdeutsche together with the Poles she brought with her, arrived at ul. Litewska nr 5 and went with the others to work for the Gestapo on Aleje Szucha, she heard from a friend from ul. Puławska nr 5, that all the residents had been taken from there to Al. Szucha and shot. The teller was saved because he had been taken to work earlier as a tailor."

(84) Protocol nr 158:

*witness Edmund Sikorski, about 28, secondary education, legal worker,  
residing in Warsaw, ul. Narbutta 62; reporter Edward Serwański  
in September 1944 en route from Brwinów to Milanówek*

"...Until the 27th VIII the Germans burned our neighbourhood, on streets like ours, on Asfaltowa and Opoczyńska, every single

house, and drove out the residents, giving them only a few minutes to pack. Only our house was left untouched and one other in the vicinity, purely because the Germans, demanding vodka, good coffee and tea were fed for a number of days. Blackmailing us for a longer time, they continually promised the house would not be destroyed and that no harm would come to us. On 27th VIII we were ordered to pack and leave the house, because it was going to be torched like all the others. They claimed we had to leave the house for our own safety.

During the time in the house, the following incident took place: on the day Romania capitulated, one of our female residents went for water, most probably to a neighbouring house. While returning, she was shot in the leg, such that she couldn't return home by herself. The SS chief and division commander who was staying in the house absolutely forbade us to go and help the woman lying in the street, even though she was very close by. Finally, in the evening, one of the SS returned to our home and boasted about how, seeing an injured woman in the street, he shot her out of pity, to end her suffering. And the next day we really did see from the house the corpse lying there..."

(85) Protocol nr 65:

*witness Krystyna Świętochowska, 24, student,  
residing in Warsaw, ul. Langiewicza 5;*

*reporter Irena Trawińska 25. IX. 1944 in Podkowa Leśna.*

"...AK soldiers making their way from resistance points through the sewers were shot on sight. Petrol was poured into the manholes, set light to and grenades thrown in.

Retreating through the the Pole Mokotowskie towards Rakowiec they were caught and battered to death with rifle butts.

The Germans also held public executions in front of the house at nr 28 ul. Wawelska, where AK soldiers were shot with a machine gun."

(86) Protocol nr 218:

*witness Władysław Czewski, veterinary surgeon;  
his story was given for protokol Władysław Adamczewski;  
reporter Irena Trawińska 1. X. 1944 in Pruszków.*

“...On the day Mokotów capitulated, by a hole near the Skarpy on ul. Okocimska, the Germans beat and murdered 98 boys from the AK who they caught emerging from sewers. They were murdered in a bestial manner. Naked, kneeling, with hands up, they were rifle butted and then shot. This took place about 100m to 150m from the hospital on ul. Chocimska.”

(87) Protocol nr 217:

*witness Maria Kowalska, 42,  
residing after leaving Warsaw in Podkowa Leśna Wschodna;  
reporter Irena Trawińska 1. X. 1944 in Podkowa Leśna.*

“...In the first days of September 1944 in Warsaw, on ul. Konduktorska, a German tank appeared with a young girl of around 18 tied to the front, apparently an AK messenger. The tank came up very close and began shooting towards the insurgents. The commander decided to sacrifice the girl. The died when he gave the order to fire.”

(88) Protocol nr 157:

*witness Edmund Sikorski, around 28, secondary education, legal worker,  
residing in Warsaw, ul. Narbutta 62;  
Edward Serwański listened to and noted down the protocol in September 1944  
on the way from Brwinów to Milanówek.*

“...On the day the uprising broke out, my sister was on ul. Rakowiecka nr 15 in the Sisters of Charity care home. For her own safety, she wasn't allowed to return home. On the 4th VIII – as my sister later told me – the Germans entered the home, they drove out all the women, and the men and janitor, they shot.”

(89) Protocol nr 111:

*witness dr Srokowska, doctor at the Ubezpieczalnia Hospital in Warsaw,  
ul. Czerniakowska, reporter Gustaw Studziński, a teacher,  
the protocol was received by Irena Trawińska 28. IX. 1944 in Milanówek.*

“... On ul. Teresińska nr 9 was the Zakład Św. Józefa [St Joseph Care Home] for the elderly and children, among whom were very many sick. During the uprising the Red Cross flag was flying over the building. Despite this, it was shot at by the Germans with a variety of weapons. One time, a German NCO appeared and said that as AK soldiers were sheltering in the building, it would be torched.

It was said that the Red Cross flag was for the Germans — in the words of the witness — like a red rag to a bull. For as long as the Red Cross flag flew over the building, it was shot at; once it was taken down, the shooting stopped.”

CZERNIAKÓW

(90) Protocol nr 13:

*witness Anna Chechlowska, about 40, secondary education,  
residing in Warsaw, ul. Nowosielecka.*

“... 2nd August, the Germans came to Czerniakowska nr 137. They torched the house, which had a shed adjoining it; the gardener and his family had made a makeshift shelter in the shed. Inside were the gardener's 2 daughters, his two son-in-laws, his son, who was a cab driver, and his wife with their two children and a friend of the son plus two wagon drivers. The old man's mother came running up, wanting to rescue them, but she was shot in the neck. The son and his friend jumped out of the shelter, ran down ulica Nowosielecka to the Nazaret Hospital, but were shot on the way by SS. Everybody in the shelter, despite screams and pleas for help, were burned alive. Anyone who tried to escape, the Germans shot at. A tenant from the house next door tried to put the fire out. He was shot on the spot. Burning down the house was revenge for an operation by insurgents in the unidentified gardener's grounds. The Germans shot at anyone watching from neighbouring buildings.”

“...On 19th August, when the Germans ordered the emptying of the houses at ulica Nowosielecka nr 20, the lady janitor didn't want to leave. She was shot on the spot. The group of people was taken to ul. Agrykola, from where, after spending several hours under constant fire, they were allowed back to their homes, some of which had been torched. On the march back, the Germans hid behind the marchers for fear of being shot at.

“...On 21st August at 5am, they once again ordered us to leave the house. They help the people at the monastery of the Nazarene Sisters and at 3pm led them to the Dworzec Zachodni. Along the way, they rested in Plac Narutowicza. There, the Germans took photos of the entire group against the background of the burned down houses, claiming they were people who voluntarily surrendered to German care. From Warszawa Zachodnia the entire group was taken to Pruszków. In Pruszkow, people slept in the grounds of the Railway Workshops on pieces of iron and rails, in extraordinary filth — without straw. The next day, they separated the youths and children from their parents (children over 12). The adults and mothers with small children were sent to Skierniewice, where one of the groups was broken up. The youths were sent, some to Gdańsk, Hannover and Vienna...”

“...About 5-6th August people began leaving the city via the sewers. The Germans threw gas grenades into the sewers. After the explosion, you could see smoke emerging from the manholes. Anyone who emerged from the sewers was shot.”

“...On 2nd August, wounded insurgents in the Nazarene Hospital were shot.”

(91) Protocol nr 122:

*witness Halina Nacka, residing in Warsaw, ul. Belwederska, on the corner of Nabelaka; reporter “Ż” 25.IX.1944*

“...Pani NN says she witnessed how, on 20th August 1944, the Germans expelled people from their homes in the vicinity of ul. Belwederska on the corner of Nabelaka, on the corner of these two streets they pulled out a dozen or so men, and in front of everyone, including their immediate families, put them up against a wall with their hands up in order to execute them. Several times they

prepared to fire, then put their weapons down. They shouted, rearranged the men, then started again. This game carried on for half an hour accompanied by the wails of despair, prayers and weeping of the watching wives, mothers and children. Finally, the entire group was ordered to run at full speed alongside the tanks and the rest of the people were herded behind them.

What happened to these people Pani NN doesn't know, but they never returned home..."

(92) Protocol nr 112:

*witness Dr Zawadzki, a doctor at the Ubezpieczalnia Społeczna Hospital in Warsaw, ul. Czerniakowska; reporter Gustaw Studziński, teacher 28.IX.1944 in Milanówek*

"...the Ubezpieczalnia Społeczna Hospital on the corner of Czerniakowska and Ludna had about 200 patients of both sexes, including children at the beginning of August. At the beginning of the uprising the flag of the Red Cross was clearly flown over the building, visible from a distance. Despite this, the hospital windows frequently came under fire from the Germans with rifles and machine guns, as well as being shot at by a tiger from the direction of Frascati. The shooting forced the hospital's authorities to move the patients to the ground floor, and from there to the shelter.

In the second half of August appeared a woman with a letter from the commander of the German division, which was occupying the Museum Narodowe building, which announced the hospital was to be torched as there were armed insurgents hiding in it. In reply, the hospital authorities informed the said commander that the hospital was a civilian hospital full of women, children and newborns.

On 3rd September, between 4 and 5pm the hospital was bombed by German low-flying bombers using incendiary and high explosive bombs. As a result of this bombardment, the building was demolished; the shelter, in which the sick were hiding caught fire: 60 sick and injured burned alive. The planes flew very low, "almost at roof level," so the pilots must have clearly seen the Red Cross markings. The rest of the patients, about 120 people, were carried into the street by the medical staff and laid on the ground. Immediately after the hospital



was bombed, the Kalmyks appeared, demanding we hand over our watches, money and valuables, which they stole. At gun point, one of the nurses was raped, further rapes to other nurses were prevented through the energetic defence of one of the doctors.

The sick and wounded who survived were evacuated by the medical staff under fire to the nunnery of the Visitation Sisters on the Krakowskie Przedmieście...”

## ŻOLIBORZ AND POWĄZKI

### (93) Protocol nr 4:

*witness train driver, about 40, residing in Skierniewice, ul. Lelewela, in the so-called “Bursa.” Notes from a conversation drawn up on 15. VIII. 1944 in Skierniewice, and drawn up in protocol form in Brwinów by Edward Serwański.*

“...Having been several times in Warsaw on duty, NN told me the following details about the offensive operation carried out by the Germans in Warsaw: I saw — between the 12th and 16th VIII, 1944, how a German battery positioned at the Dworzec Gdański systematically shot at already emptied houses in the centre, putting holes in them and even totally destroying them. Next, the houses hit by the shells were shot at using a special kind of shell which flew high into the sky and then, falling vertically onto them, set them ablaze. Similarly, I saw large blocks riddled with holes from artillery in the vicinity of ul. Generała Zajączka. I came to the conclusion that the Germans were preparing the houses for arson with artillery.

In the breaks, the Ukrainians stationed in the Dworzec Gdański went to the demolished and burned houses with empty ammunition cases and stole from the cellars...”

### (94) Protocol nr 151:

*witness Maria Jurowska, 18, residing in Warsaw, ul. Słowackiego 35;  
First-hand protocol, written in Brwinów.*

“...The town of Powązki. The main points of resistance were: Fort Bema and the school on Elbląska. From the town of Powązki, AK divisions withdrew in the first days following the failed opera-

tion. Some went to Żoliborz, some — to Kampinos. The residents of some houses in Powązki flew white sheets. All the houses were torched, the people removed. In the middle of August the Kolonia Kościuszkowska (on Krasińskiego next to Burakowska) was torched, having first been robbed by the Germans. The populace was expelled. The houses robbed by the Germans...”

(95) Protocol nr 75:

*witness Fr. Chwileczyński, chaplain at the Hospital Wolski;  
reporter Irena Trawińska in September 1944 in Podkowa Leśna  
in the Hospital Wolski canteen.*

“...On 8th August 1944 in Warsaw — the people from Jelonki (a suburb of Warsaw nearby Wola, Ulrichów) called me to some unconscious young girls, victims of rape by filthy soldiers. I visited the poor things in houses on ul. Słowackiego in Jelonki; they were unconscious and in a terrible state; I was told that they had been raped and maltreated all night by numerous Kalmyks in the nearby fields; in the morning, the Kalmyks ordered the victims, who were unconscious, be buried; they gave this order to the inhabitants of the houses on ul. Słowackiego; the people brought the victims home. When I arrived, the Kalmyks ran up and putting pistols to either side of my head searched me and ordered me to leave. The victims, I was informed, survived.”

MARYMONT AND BIELANY

(96) Protocol nr 162:

*witness Zbigniew Pajdowski, about 18;  
reporter Edward Serwański October 1944 in Brwinów.*

“...Towards the end of August the waves of evacuees from Marymont began to pass through our monastery. A hospital for the sick and injured from Marymont was set up there. There were about 60 people there. I began to learn from the injured what had been happening in Marymont. According to the stories of the sick and

injured, the civilian population there was expelled from their homes by the Germans, often not allowing them to take the most essential items. The Germans entered the homes, threw grenades into the cellars and flats, usually not informing the inhabitants, and the men were typically shot. From more or less the 20th August to the middle of the second week of September, the Germans ferried about 2,000 people through our monastery, of which the ratio of men to women was about 1:20.

Apart from the route through our monastery, the people of Marymont were herded down ulica Marymoncka to Modlin. I have no information about that group.

Driving out the people, in the first ten days of September the Germans torched the whole of Marymont. More or less up to the 20th IX, the Germans burned down Marymont Górny and Dolny Żoliborz: Mickiewicza, Potocka, Marii Kazimierzy and so on...»

“...1st VIII, from 4pm the attack on the CIF\*) began by an AK division, as it was in German hands.

Around 10th VIII the Germans appeared in the monastery in three vehicles, about 120 people. They were SS. The immediately searched the entire building — they claimed — looking for partisans.

17th IX the building was torched, and we were forbidden to extinguish it. With difficulty, we saved the hospital. We began life in the underground.

23rd IX, the Germans ordered us to leave the monastery immediately, within 15 minutes. We didn't have time to take even the most essential items. Even while we were still there, the Germans been stealing and looting. I made it from the monastery to Wawrzyszew through Łomianki, to Lasków and on to Babice.”

(97) Protocol nr 150:

*witness Marta Jurowska, 18, residing in Warsaw, ul. Słowackiego 35;  
First-hand protocol drawn up in Brwinów.*

“...The main points of resistance in Marymont were: the Gas School, the oil works, the school on Kolektorska and the Blaszanika factory. At the end of August, Marymont was torched. The civilian

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\*) Centralny Instytut Wychowania Fizycznego [editor's note].

population was partly murdered, the rest fled to Żoliborz, where they stayed in the old forts in Park Żeromskiego (Plac Wilsona).”

(98) Protocol nr 149:

*witness Marta Jurowska, 18, residing in Warsaw, ul. Słowackiego 35;*

*First-hand protocol, drawn up in Brwinów*

“...After the enemy took Bielany, half the houses were burned down. The remaining houses were plundered by Ukrainians. The people were expelled. There were frequent round ups of men and women...”

## P R A G A

(99) Protocol nr 131:

*the personal details of the witness and reporter are not known to the editors*

“...Armed operations in Praga ended definitively on the first day of the uprising. As a preventive measure, the Germans issued an order totally forbidding men to appear on the street. If they met one, it usually ended in being shot. The same order restricted the freedom of women to move about to only 2 hours, namely from noon till 2pm. If a woman broke the curfew, the same draconian methods as applied to men were not used. This order stopped all movement in Praga and its suburbs, with the exception of Grochów, where the situation looked a little different. There were no operations in Grochów. In relation to this, the German authorities, via the Grochów commissaire, who was a functionary of the Blue Police [the police of the General Government], issued a curfew for the Polish population from 9pm to 5am.

Around 10th VIII, 1944 the partial evacuation of Praga began, which throughout my stay looked as follows: all the streets were closed from one side of the Wisła, ul. Jagiellońska from the other, including that street; this was the first phase (ulica Zygmunta , Bruckowa, Szeroka, Kępną).

Next, the the streets between Jagiellońska and Targowa in the second phase (Marcinkowskiego, Sprzeczna, Zamojskiego, the left side of Targowa).

In the third phase, people from the right side of Targowa between ul. Kijowska and ul. Skaryszewska (Skaryszewska, Lubelska, the right side of Targowa). Only in this case the people were directed straight to the Dworzec Wschodni, where the trains were waiting.

The actual method of expelling people looked as follows: the region being displaced was surrounded by a military cordon, the deadline for leaving your place of residence was less than 6 hours. Most often, though, it was less than 2 hours. People were only allowed to take essential items with them. The houses were left under the protection of janitors, who remained in situ and who were given the keys to the flats. Evacuees were escorted to the former barracks of the 36th Infantry Regiment on ul. 11 Listopada, operating as a transit camp. Any attempts at hiding during evacuation ended in shooting. After segregation, a part of the people were released (the sick and old), the rest were sent to Legionowo. As far as the evacuation of Grochowa goes, it was done in the same manner, including all the districts within Grochowska and Zamieniecka - Zamojska. There were no particular repressions applied, nor were there any searches or hunting of AK members by the Gestapo..."

(100) Protocol nr 250:

*from Red Cross documents. Witness signature illegible;  
Protocol received by Irena Trawińska 14. IX. 1944*

"...In the second half of August this year in Grochów, vehicles driven by the SS rounded up young girls, driving them off to officers' and soldiers' canteens in Wawer and Kawęczyn.

Between 2nd and 10th IX, 1944 vehicles carrying troops entered the grounds of the camp on ul. 11 Listopada. An announcement was read asking for 15 to 20 young women, according to the spoken explanation: "for a pleasant time." Because no one responded, they were taken by force, but not driven back. During this, one girl bit

through her artery in order to take her own life; one of the soldiers finished her off with a revolver.

In a couple of cases, children were taken off young women, given to old women and the mothers taken.

(dictated by an eye-witness who was in the camp and left Warsaw with those held there on 11th IX, 1944).”



# ŚRÓDMIEŚCIE





Śródmieście — this is a broadly understood territorial term. It takes in both the Stare Miasto, as well as Powiśle and the centre of the capital — the śródmieście [city centre] in its most literal meaning. The fates of these districts were various. The Stare Miasto fell on 3rd September, 1944, Powiśle — 7th September and the actual heart of the city at the very end — 2nd October, 1944, after over two months of struggle.

The Stare Miasto, known in the language of the insurgents as the Starówka, suffered massive destruction during the military operations, which after the capitulation of this part of the city was carried to completion. The German artillery on the right side of the Wisła systematically destroyed whole section of the Starówka, starting from the lowest slopes next to the banks of the Wisła, directing their fire up along each terrace right to the top of the banks of the Wisła, to the Rynek in the Stare Miasto.

Alongside the artillery — the so-called “bellowing cows,” high explosive shells of extraordinary power were fired from launchers directly adjacent to the field of battle, and called so by the inhabitants of the capital due to the characteristic sounds accompanying the preparations to fire which recalled a cow mooing, and planes sweeping just above roof level over the Stare Miasto completed the job.

Along the axis running alongside the Stare Miasto — Chłodna, Elektoralna, Plac Bankowy, Plac Teatralny, up to Karowa — the use by the Germans of human shields of the civilian population left its own mark.

The Teatr Wielki (the Opera House) became a centre of executions of men (item. 106).

Powiśle was as badly destroyed as the Stare Miasto. That entire district was subject to sudden attacks from land and air by all military means. The closeness of the German positions along a significant part of the Krakowskie Przedmieście created highly favourable conditions for “plastering” Powiśle with fire.

The actual heart of the capital (the so-called centrum), which was taken over to a large extent by the insurgents, protected the civilian population from the fate of Wola, Ochota and other districts. Male execution centres in this area were — the ruins of the Generalny Inspektorat Sił Zbrojnych (GISZ) [General Inspectorate of the Armed Forces] on Bagatela (item. 125) as well as the Ministry of Religious Beliefs and Public Enlightenment on Aleje Szucha, where the Gestapo was based. Apart from one short note, there is unfortunately a lack of any more detailed information on the Gestapo headquarters.

The peak point of the tragedy that befell the sick and wounded — are the well-known today events at the Hospital Infant Jesus [Hospital of the Infant Jesus], which serve as an example of how the Germans acted in relation to the sick.

## STARE MIASTO

### (101) Protocol nr 168:

*witness Łyczynkova, around 60, residing in Warsaw, ul. Ogrodowa 8.*

“On 6th August the Germans appeared. They came into our basement, which served as a shelter, preceding their entrance by tossing in a handful of grenades. The men were herded out at once, and us, the women, were driven towards ulica Wolska.

The streets were burning. In front of our eyes, houses collapsed, burning beams fell from the roofs, balconies collapsed with a bang, the heat on the streets was indescribable, and at the same time the Germans were pushing us with their rifle butts, pressing us up against the walls of these collapsing houses. The smoke stung your eyes and blocked your view, the heat was choking, the fire caught your clothing. Many people were left on ulica Wolska, succumbing to the heat, perhaps the women died being herded too quickly, perhaps they were killed — I don’t know, because I wasn’t in my right mind. Shooting anyone who didn’t keep up with the march lasted the entire route from ulica Wolska to Włochy. That’s how we were herded to Włochy on foot, from where I escaped.”

### (102) Protocol nr 5:

*witness Tarczyńska, around 30, residing in Warsaw, Plac Żelaznej Bramy 8;  
reporter Edward Serwański 17. VIII. 1944 at Rawka railway station near  
Skierniewice.*

“On 8th VIII at around 2am, the German entered Plac Żelaznej Bramy from the direction of Chłodna and, throwing grenades into houses and cellars, called people to leave their homes. The first

group of people to leave their burning homes, the Germans shot. Some of the people made it through the wall of fire, some fell, others returned to their burning homes and most likely were burned alive. Those expelled were driven by the Germans through Wola to the Dworzec Zachodni and that same day, sent to Pruszków.”

(103) Protocol nr 6:

*witness Aleksandra Hilperowa, over 20, married, residing in Warsaw,  
ul. Karowa 4, after leaving Warsaw, in Brwinów;  
reporter Edward Serwański in August 1944 in Brwinów.*

“Tuesday 8th VIII. At 5am in the vicinity of Karowa they started smashing in the gates to houses. Closed gates were blown open with grenades. It was the Germans. We were ordered out of the cellars and shelters, women and children separately. In one of the cellars a grenade was tossed in. A moment later, a man with no arms, dripping in blood appeared, blood dripping from the stumps. He walked through the courtyard in front of all the people gathered there — children, women and men — on his own, and in accordance with the instructions, the Germans ordered him to rise his hands, so he raised his bloody stumps and walked out like that into the street. It was terrifying to behold. While leaving the shelters, a certain number of the men managed to escape into the underground. We were held in the courtyard of our house for several hours. During this time, around 20 men were led through the gate and behind them, as a human shield, the Germans began firing machine guns at an AK position in the doorway of a corner shop. Of the human shield, 3 were killed and 2 injured. At a certain moment, 5 women were selected from our group, who were sent out into the street and shot at from all sides, ordered to collect the injured and dead Germans.

About 1pm the march from Karowa began. The entire right side of Furmańska was being torched. The people had already been thrown out of their homes. As far as Bednarska, we didn’t meet a living soul. We went down Bednarska to the Krakowskie Przedmieście. As far as we could see, the Krakowskie Przedmieście was ablaze on the left and right sides. The Germans were in utter control here. On the way, I saw some corpses, including women. We were led down

Ulica Ossolińskich to the Plac Saski, where we were held next to a petrol station. The constant shootings continued, and loud explosions could be heard. Here, again we were divided into men and women. About 100 men up to about 35 years of age were separated off and left behind, the older men were added to the group of women and we were led on... (In Pruszków, I learned that the group of men who the Germans left in the Plac were used as a human shield for tanks. The men were tied together, 10—20 of them, sometimes 30, with wire and pushed in front of the tanks involved in the fighting. According to the person who told me — who lived at Dobra 79 — of the group who went in front of the tank, only he remained alive). Led to the Ogród Saski, we found ourselves right in the line of fire. The entire gardens was under heavy fire. The German guns, set out in the gardens, were firing at full tilt. We were led down the main avenue toward Plac Żelaznej Bramy under fire. If we ran or lay on the ground, the Germans ordered us to carry on and themselves hid behind us. At the extension of Marszałkowska the fire was so strong that we all lay down on the street. There were numerous men and women killed. Plac Żelaznej Bramy had been reduced to rubble. We were led between the buildings behind the barricades. Here the last separation of men and women took place. We arrived at the Karol Boromeusz Church. The streets were ablaze. We were forced at gunpoint into the church, which was smoking. Nobody wanted to go in, as we were convinced the church was on fire and that they wanted us to burn alive. While being held in the church, we were utterly certain that we would die there. After a short while, we were herded down Chłodna, towards Wola...”

(104) Protocol nr 4:

*witness 45, an intellectual, and his son, 22,  
residing in Warsaw, ul. Ogrodowa 55. The story of 2 men unknown to the re-  
porter, who gave the details below to the witnesses named at the beginning,  
drawn up by Edward Serwański in August 1944 in Brwinów.*

“On 8th VIII we were orderd on Ogrodowa to leave our homes. In many cases, the Germans almost without thinking threw grenades into homes where the residents hadn’t been called out. We were in a garage opposite house nr 55 together with our paralysed mother,

aged 50. While evacuating us from the garage (a family of 8 people) we were forbidden to take our mother. The garage was torched in front of our eyes. Mother was burned alive. We have had no news of our family.”

(105) Protocol nr 7:

*witness 40, lawyer, residing in Warsaw, in Mokotów;  
reporter Edward Serwański in September 1944 in Brwinów.*

“1st VIII. By 3pm from the bar at Królewska nr 17 you could feel the emotion among the German and their state of readiness. You could hear shots, here and there. The Germans, though, gathered on the corner of Marszałkowska and Ogród Saski. They accosted passers-by walking home. They were searched and had their ID checked. Two men, who tried to continue towards home after having their IDs checked were shot down by machine gun from the Ogród Saski. At a certain moment a German with a “spray gun” appeared in the gateway saying no one must come out, after which the gate was slammed shut. All at once, the trams were halted on the street and the passengers, as they were, also hid partly at nr 17. The speaker didn’t notice the moment the shooting began.

Any passers-by, together with the residents of the house were doomed from that moment to be completely shut off. The whole group came to about 50 people. During constant fire, the household was organised; space was made within the residing families. This was done voluntarily, with the heartfelt wishes of the residents.

2nd—3rd VIII. On these days, there was no movement outside at all. Fighting was going on all around. The Germans settled down in the General HQ, in the ruins of the Ogród Saski, opposite the neighbouring Zachęta and the Plac Saski. The AK shot at the German positions on Plac Napoleona and Mazowiecka. Simultaneously, the Germans used their tanks on the Royal Route in the Plac Saski. Using tanks and machine guns, they shot at the AK in the direction of the Hale Mirowskie. The Germans carried out a particularly cautious operation in the Ogród Saski. In the house, food rationing was introduced, to ensure the most efficient use of the food available.

The residents could only move freely in the courtyard. Everyone was waiting for things to change.

4th VIII. 9am. The lawyer Rebelowski, Leopold, aged 36, going into the courtyard, was hit by a bullet, fired from Zachęta, from a distance of 15m. Falling to the ground, unconscious, he managed only to cry out: "Lord, I die for Poland!" The two ladies who ran into the courtyard in order to rescue him were also shot at. 15 minutes after the incident, seriously injured, he was moved to the kitchen-diner — he died. Meanwhile, a 50-year-old man, a permanent resident of the house, was injured, also shot from the direction of Zachęta. After that, whoever showed their face in the courtyard was immediately shot at.

That same day, the first aerial bombardments took place. The residents, running through the courtyard to the shelter, were again shot at by the Germans from Zachęta. Among the several people who didn't have the courage to run across the courtyard due to the German fire from the gate, one person died, killed by a bomb that hit the house. The building was damaged.

From 4th VIII, life in the shelter began, due to the total demolition of the flats and lack of doors and window panes. The residents' movements were made difficult by the instant resumption of fire by the Germans whenever anyone appeared. Meanwhile, it was necessary to go to the cellars for water, bring your food and belongings from your flat and carry out a range of household tasks. On occasions, one of the passers-by staying at nr 17 spent almost 2 hours getting from the ground floor to the upstairs for their things, unable to lull into complacency the Germans, hunting them like animals.

The residents were repressed by the shooting to such an extent that you couldn't risk tidying up the bodies. The stench of decaying corpses poisoned the air. The Germans, for lack of hunting success, began shooting pigeons near the property until they shot them all. And so the bodies of the pigeons lay next to the victims of the shootings and bombardments. The house was constantly shaken by terrifying explosions.

This state of affairs continued until the 8th VIII. The Germans at this time not only didn't stop hunting, but from excellent hiding places behind the piles of clothing stored in Zachęta began specialis-

ing in sniping to such a degree that the windows of the shelters and cellar came under fire, knowing full well that there were people inside. Everyone was terrorised by this, such that they were forced to sit in the shelters without water, in the dark and cold without food. Any attempts to move, go for water or preparing meals led to injury; one woman and two men.

8th VIII. At 9am, two Polish civilians appeared, calling on all the inhabitants to leave the house. A group assembled in the courtyard, in which all the men had to march with their hands up, and from windows in Zachęta the Germans with special ardour held their weapons in their arms. In the shelters of Zachęta the women and children were separated from the men. Both groups were lined up against a wall in the cellar. The Germans, ranting on at the inhabitants that a shot had come from the house, carried out a thorough search of the flats.

Due to the fire in Zachęta, the evacuation of the group from the house at nr 17 began. We were all led through Plac Saski to the Poniatowski monument, joining other groups of civilians. In the square, around 40 men aged 17—36 were removed from the group for some unknown end. The small group of men was sent without escort, together with one injured woman, through Plac Saski, which was under fire from the AK, to the Komenda Miasta [City Headquarters].

On top of the colonnade of the General Staff, German officers were stationed, observing the entire regions through binoculars.

A group of men was separated from the evacuees. Around noon, the march from Powiśle (Dobra, Bednarska) of 1,500 people joined us. The whole was herded to the Ogród Saski amid heavy fire coming from Plac Bankowy. The march wound its way along trenches with machine guns placed in them. At the exit to the Ogród Saski again 40 men were separated off and ordered to head toward the Plac Bankowy, to go around the fountain in the square and then return to the gardens. That column was shot at. The Germans remained in the gardens. The group of 40 was then, on their return, searched and robbed, while the main march of evacuees carried on their way towards the Hale Mirowskie.



After the search, the group of 40 was formed again into a column and ordered to march down Żabia to the Hale Mirowskie under fire from the AK in the Plac Bankowy and Plac Grzybowski. The escorting Germans hid between the ranks of the column, in the middle of which a car also drove. Due to the shooting, the march was partially broken up, the car was hit, stopped, and with lightning speed the officers left the vehicle. The column got to Plac Żelaznej Bramy, leaving around 10 dead or seriously wounded on the street, everyone fell to the ground, crawling towards the designated goal.

The speaker stressed that all the Poles creating a human shield were very calm, whereas the Germans escorting them with revolvers and machine guns in their hands were running alongside like madmen, screaming loudly, pushing the marchers, threatening to shoot them by putting gun to their heads and beating and pushing them.

Near the Hale, the German soldiers approached the column swearing and cursing the "polnische Intelligenz" as the instigators of the uprising. Here again the men were robbed of the last of their possessions.

The speaker, from conversations with colleagues and with other groups separated, like him, from evacuee marches, learned that at the same time the Germans tied a similar group up with wire on the Plac Saski, then they were pushed in front of a tank going into action. From another companion in misery he learned that the group of men separated from his group of evacuees and taken from the Plac Saski towards the Hale Mirowskie were murdered by the Germans, shot with small firearms in the back of the head (Genickschuss). About 12 men were killed in this way.

From the Hale Mirowskie the group was taken as far as Wola, all the time force to keep their hands up. What torture it was is testified to by the fact that one of the men, a doctor, after entering the church in Wola couldn't drop his hands back down due to a form of paralysis. On the way, the Ukrainians descended on the march, stealing everything from the marchers. They spent the night in the church; 9th VIII they were marched to the Dworzec Zachodni and from there went to Pruszków."

(106) Protocol nr 22:

*witness, 22, secondary school finisher, residing in Warsaw, ul. Trębacka 2;  
First-hand protocol, received by Halina Bożyńska from Grodzisk,  
ul. Traugutta.*

“Starting on 3rd August, we saw German tanks drive by in the afternoon from the Stare Miasto towards Nowy Świat. These tanks were completely sealed up during operations and on the skirts on either side lay young men in civilian clothes (as far as I can recall, they were neither tied up, nor tied to the tanks). They were medium-sized tanks and definitely not tigers. Mostly, there were two men on each tank, one on either side. The men on the first tanks were wearing overalls, most likely they were taken straight from the factory or workshop. As I already mentioned, we saw this occur 3—4 days in a row, starting from the 3rd August, and, as I started saying, this tended to occur in the afternoon hours. During these hours the operations became more unpredictable and dynamic in our district. The number of tanks each time was from 6 to 10 (roughly).

The new stage in our lives began on 9th August at noon, when 2 Germans came into our home through a gap in the wall of the damaged building into the courtyard at nr. 4, ul. Trębacka with machine guns in their hands shouting: “Drei minuten, alles raus.” Both Germans spoke Polish. Meanwhile, 3 more Germans entered our courtyard. Initially, we learnt that we had 3 minutes to get out, as after that time the entire district was to be flattened by an air strike; so it was in our interests to get out as quickly as possible. All the residents were to gather in the courtyard and line up in fours, men at the front, women and children behind. It was not allowed, for example, to go into the basement for your things, if the Germans found you in your flat at the moment they came in, and vice versa. If the Germans found someone in the courtyard or in the stairwell, they weren’t allowed to go anywhere or to get anything. In line with the order, everybody gathered in the courtyard, naturally, even before the 3 minutes were up. Despite this, we were held in there for at least 20 minutes, in which we were subjected to vulgar abuse, that we were helping bandits, because we prepared food for them, we brought weapons, dug passages from one house to another, etc. All this type of talking was

interspersed by shots from a machine gun into the air or a window. At a certain moment, the owner of the house was pulled out of the ranks and ordered to go with one of the Germans up one of the stairwells, most likely to set the house ablaze. This owner, a man of about 60, with a weak heart, fainted on the stairs, so he was immediately killed by the German. Now, they set about torching the house: each floor was set ablaze separately, at the bottom, furniture was doused with petrol and set on fire. This all happened right in front of us; we were then led out into the next door property, the smoke already stinging our eyes. We were taken out not through the streets, but through holes knocked in walls or through basements, in which we were given a minimum time in which to get through these gaps. We were led from courtyard to courtyard, where more or less the same scenes repeated. Everywhere, we watched as a house was set on fire and we were led away only when the smoke began choking us. The whole time, we were accompanied by rifle shots, so as to keep us as scared as possible. They shot at household shrines in individual courtyards (e.g. to the beat of a foxtrot being played on a piano in one of the flats already set ablaze by the Germans), at windows, at various vats of water, at dogs, into the air to frighten us and finally at people who were sick or old and couldn't move quickly enough through all these holes and cellars etc. We saw an old woman of about 70 killed and another, younger woman, who had her leg in a splint. In one courtyard a machine gun was pointed at us and a fresh belt of ammunition loaded, with the words: "If anyone moves, you will all be shot." While this was happening, they began taking our watches, rings, bracelets or other valuables. I want to stress that the whole time here, we were in the hands of the SS not the Ukrainians. Next, we heard that if we didn't give them the wine or vodka we were carrying, the soldiers would search our baggage. It should also be added that almost all of the SS were already partly drunk. We (women) were verbally abused more and more vulgarly, that Polish women were prostitutes and with even filthier words, that each of us had a Polish bandit brother, or a Polish bandit husband or a Polish bandit son.

This macabre march from courtyard to courtyard, via cellars and the ceremony of torching all the houses, during which more and more people were terrorised (as the residents of new houses were

added to us), the shooting, throwing grenades towards us, the verbal abuse and intimidation went on a long time, as herding us from Trebacka nr 2 to the basement of the Teatr Wielki took 4 hours. At one point, we were herded from the courtyard on ul. Focha nr 6 or 8 to the barricade on ul. Daniłowiczowska. Behind us came crouching SS men. A few minutes after we appeared on the street the shooting from behind the barricade stopped, then we got the order to head for the Teatr Wielki. We get there calmly. First the men, then we, the women and finally the SS. They lead us down the stairs into the Opera building. The men are separated and led into another wing. The women are to stay in the above-mentioned basement.

We find a lot of other women there; some have been there since the uprising broke out, as the operations took them by surprise in the Plac Teatralny or nearby, other women were led here during the 7th, 8th and 9th August by SS divisions from places nearby. From the local women, we learned that the Germans turned up there only a few days before. The hygienic situation in the basement was atrocious. Naturally dark, dirty, close, with straw for bedding, which was rotting because the earlier transports had not only slept on it, but had used it as a toilet; water was almost dripping from the walls. To cap it all, we learned that the local SS who were quartered above would pull young girls out and rape them. The mood was terrible, the depression unbearable. Soon after our arrival at the Opera, they announced that women with children below the age of 12 and women over 60, and then added that also those over 50, as well as all foreigners, were to gather in front of the Theatre. Those gathered in front of the Theatre were apparently transported at once to the Dworzec Zachodni and to Pruszków.

After creating some kind of order in the basement, we tried to find out what happened to the men taken for transport. We learned that they were shot in the Opera. At first, we didn't believe it, but the information keeps repeating, until one of the women, whose 20 year old son and husband were taken, asked the commandant of the whole Opera building what had happened to our menfolk and was given the reply: "They were shot," and to her automatic response of, "that's not possible," came the words of the commandant, "I shot them myself." After this statement, the atmosphere among us got

even worse, and beyond that, we began to become even more convinced that the same fate awaited us.

At around 8pm, they announced that everyone was to get a coffee from the military quarters on the ground floor. Each woman was to go individually for her coffee, as they would only give out single portions. The SS wanted to look over all the women; those they liked the look of would be kept for the night. And there was to be no way of stopping it, no appeals, no one to turn to for help, because all the SS, starting from the commandant to the lowest rank was doing the same, drinking together and together looking for victims to rape. After the coffee it became clear that not enough women had gone for it (of our group in any case, none went), as there soon came the order that 8 women were to report to wash the dishes. All the older women reported, deliberately, they were ordered to return and to send the younger ones. After being chivvied several times, 8 young women (aged 20—30) went upstairs and only returned the following morning. Naturally, they had all been raped, were in a complete daze, so it was difficult to talk to them.

On 9th August, and so the day we came to the Theatre, at 9 pm everyone was ordered to go to sleep, to put the lights out and to observe strict silence, because the soldiers were tired. The night passed relatively peacefully. We were woken up at 8am the next morning. Naturally, nobody thought of washing, as the toilets and taps were on the ground floor, where the soldiers were quartered. Very few were brave enough to risk going for coffee. Crouched, we sat on the straw all together, praying, losing all track of time. Several times during the day, orders came for this or that number of women to report to dismantle barricades. When after an order went out for 30 women, only 10 reported, there was a big fuss, we were insulted and told we would be pushed onto the barricades or shot, the missing 20 were taken and for a while there was calm. This group of 30 women put up a barricade on 10th August at noon across ulica Wierzbowa (near Lours – Warsaw's hotel), and next across ul. Fredry. All the women stated in their recounts that they were not shot at by the insurgents. The group building the barricade on ulica Wierzbowa told us that the tallest woman among them was placed on a tall table in the middle of the street as a target, and then all 29 worked to build the barricade

as quickly as possible. The whole time, naturally, they were guarded by Germans with rifles. On the way back, they had to collect any injured Germans and take them to the Brühl palace. As a reward for their work they were to receive a double portion of the soup we all got that day at the Opera. During dinner, one of the soldiers, wandering through the basements took an interest in one of the girls from ul. Trębacka, and if it were not for the quick wits of another of the girls, who had by some miracle held onto a gold watch and offered it to the German, our friend would have suffered the same fate as the numerous young girls dragged upstairs. If she had put up any resistance, she would have been shot. That day, at 6pm a German, drunk of course, began to attack the offerer of the gold watch and me, and when the situation looked inescapable, by a miracle the order came to leave the Theatre immediately. There was some confusion, all the Germans were called for in high pitched tones. Unfortunately, such lucky ones as we — 3 young girls — were very few.

In line with the order, we had to collect our things and line up in fours and go up the stairs in the Opera. The concern among us grew, the question was asked: “Are they going to shoot us?” After getting upstairs, we looked down into the burned out building, the bodies of dead men lying there, some of those men were wearing German uniforms. We couldn’t make sense of it and anyway, we were convinced that in a moment they were going to shoot us. Then there came a new order. “Go down in pairs, into the ruins and then you can *schlafen*.” This statement made us even more convinced that we really were about to be shot. Meanwhile, Germans appeared from various nooks and crannies, pulling any younger girls out of line and disappearing with them into the ruins. Fortunately, it soon turned out that they weren’t going to shoot us yet, but ordered us to go to the Brühl palace, there they wouldn’t take us, but directed us to the Prince Józef Poniatowski monument, there they sent us towards ulica Ossolińskich. We were glad to head that way, in fact we don’t care either way where it is, as long as it’s far away as possible from the Opera. This time, the gathering point was some car workshops on ul. Ossolińskich. We waited there for about half an hour for some other groups. More and more groups appear, mostly all women and

children, there are almost no men to be seen. We learned almost nothing more about the men from our house.

Between 8 and 9pm we were led from ul. Ossolińskich through Plac Piłsudskiego by the Tomb of the Unknown Soldier (at that time an acceptable order was maintained on that tomb), through the Ogród Saski, down ulica Graniczna, Plac Żelaznej Bramy, ul. Chłodna and Wolska to St Stanisław's Church in Wola. The whole time we were preyed on by Ukrainians and Germans, taking whatever they could, and so: suitcases, blankets, bags, overcoats, capes, rings, watches, bracelets, bundles and anything they could get their hands on. Naturally, the whole time we heard various comments about the heroic deeds of our "bandits."

The night of the 10th into the 11th August we spent in the cellars of St Stanisław's Church, where again several young women were pulled out of our ranks by Germans, and despite putting up a massive struggle and weeping succumbed. On 11th August at about 7am we were led from the church to the Dworzec Zachodni, where around 9am we were loaded onto trains heading for Pruszków. We three, the youngest from our house, decided to escape at any cost, which we luckily managed to do. We escaped from the train, helped by a Polish railwayman. Once free, we learned that one of the men from ul. Trębacka nr 2 left a message en route while being taken in a transport to Germany. He said of his colleagues that they were split up on 10th August on the Plac Żelaznej Bramy. What happened to them after that, nobody knows. Anyway, it at least means that the commandant at the Opera couldn't have shot them all on the evening of the 9th."

(107) Protocol nr 248:

*witness, 42, residing in Warsaw, ul. Miodowa 7. Witness name and exact Warsaw address is known to the editorial board, it was deliberately withheld on account of the contents of the protocol, reporter Irena Zgrychowa 11. X. 1944 Łowicz.*

"2nd IX 1944, we had been sitting for three weeks, starving in the cellar. Everyone else had long since left, I sat with three children; the two older ones were injured: my daughter aged 14 and a boy — 12, and my youngest daughter aged 7, who was weak from hunger.

It was dark and frightening in the cellar, we couldn't tell night from day and only prayer and belief in victory kept us alive. Once, I had no time to bandage the wounded, because there was very little water, and what water there was — was dirty. There was no one, not from our side, or the enemy. Only planes, sowing destruction and fear. Finally, on 2nd September I heard voices, it was the so-called Ukrainians; they started shouting that we were to come out and that they would give us bread if we had any gold. I had a wedding ring, so I crawled somehow out of the cellar, but they didn't give me any bread, they just threw me onto a soldier and one after another raped me. There were more than a dozen — how many, I don't know, because I lost the strength to fight; at first I bit, kicked and scratched, but then I grew tired and began to lose consciousness, only the crying of the children woke me. The next day, the children and I were found by nurses of the Red Cross from the Carmelite Hospital, where they took great care of us and moved us to the St Roch's Hospital."

(108) Protocol nr 96:

*witness Irena Zgrychowa, 35, teacher,*

*reporter Irena Trawińska 15. IX. 1944 in Podkowa Leśna.*

"It was at the end of August 1944. A wounded woman of over 50 was brought into the Towarzystwa Dobroczyńności Hospital on the Krakowskie Przedmieście. She told me that she lived at ul. Miodowa nr 7, that while she was sitting in the cellar with her family and other residents, in came some "Kalmyks" demanding gold and valuable. Because nobody had any gold, they started maltreating the people. The speaker was dragged out into the street, several were raped, after which they were dumped on the street. Into the cellars, where there were several people, mainly men, a grenade was thrown."

(109) Protocol nr 160:

*witness an unidentified male,*

*residing in Warsaw, Krakowskie Przedmieście;*

*reporter A. Bolesław Kostrzyński, actor, in October 1944 in Brwinów.*

"On 8th—9th August, the Germans and Ukrainians took control of the Hotel Saski on ul. Kozia. 40 people, males were shot.



The women were taken away. Several men escaped, making it to our lines along Senatorska, from where this report comes. Those shot were lined up in tens on various floors and in stairwells, and died from bullets from behind. One of those who escaped reported (name unknown) that on his overcoat were traces of the brains of one of those who was stood behind him. NN, also one of the lucky ones who escaped, confirmed that his father remained at the execution site. NN escaped through the Ministry of Agriculture and was shot at. After the executions, the building of the Hotel Saski nr 5 was torched.”

(110) Protocol nr 19:

*witness Schöneich, doctor, residing in Warsaw, Krakowskie Przedmieście.*

“Krakowskie Przedmieście 5. On Friday, the house caught fire. The Germans surrounded it and set it ablaze without telling the people inside. There were no insurgents there. There was chaos among the residents in the shelter, one of them, a Volksdeutsch, was persuaded to go out to face the Germans and ask them for permission to leave. They initially agreed only that the women and older men came out, but after further discussions they allowed everyone to leave the burning house and herded the people onto Krakowskie Przedmieście, to the square by the Kopernik monument. There were about 2,000 people here, all around houses were ablaze.

Tanks drove up — the men were separated off from the women and children. When one wanted to stay with his own child among the women, arranged by the tanks, one soldier went up to him and with three shots, killed him on the spot. The women were herded by the tanks towards Nowy Świat. Once, a lot of gunfire broke out. Bullets were whistling from all sides. Then we were ordered to return to the monument and from there herded to Plac Piłsudskiego. There were a lot of tanks and soldiers here. They were led [the women] to the Ogród Saski and from there ordered to go as a shield to collect injured soldiers at Żelazna Brama. They were told to walk erect, though the German soldiers crawled along the ground while bullets whizzed from all sides. They collected 2 soldiers and, after transporting them to Ogród Saski, returned to Plac Żelaznej Bramy. The

metal doors had been smashed and on the other side of the Hale they were welcomed by Polish divisions. The emotions were so enormous that people cried aloud and shouted, one even had a heart attack and died on the spot.

We [all] survived for three days on ul. Żabia in the shelter of a tenement, and on the Monday again fell into German hands. The Germans herded them down ul. Chłodna. They ordered the men to one side. Two youngsters wormed their way in among the girls. The Germans spotted them and ordered them to turn back. They hadn't even taken two steps before they were both shot. The women were herded down ul. Chłodna, which was ablaze, black with smoke. You had to aid your way through the charred ruins. Cremated bodies were lying everywhere. In one place, there was a whole pile of charred corpses."

(111) Protocol nr 130:

*witness Piotrowska, residing in Warsaw, Krakowskie Przedmieście;  
reporter „Ż” 8. X. 1944*

"Pani NN was expelled by German soldiers together with the other inhabitants of the house at ul. Krakowskie Przedmieście nr 7 on 5th VIII at 11.30am. They were expelled in haste, not allowed to take their things. Pani NN, who the soldiers found in the stairwell, was not allowed to return to her flat even for her handbag. She was allowed to leave behind her 86-year-old mother and an injured person in her flat under the care of two ladies. "Sie können ruhig bleiben," despite the fact that the house was already being set ablaze (which those ladies were unaware of).

Those expelled from the house were directed towards the Kopernik monument. On the Krakowskie Przedmieście stood a line of tigers, pointing towards Nowy Świat, with barrels directed at the gathered crowd. Some of the older people and women with children were allowed to leave the crowd and steered towards ul. Królewska; the rest, being assured that there was nothing to fear, were herded down Nowy Świat to ul. Świętokrzyska, and, using them as a human shield, an attack on the barricades was launched, people fell injured, some tried to hide next to the walls of the houses, the tigers

fired. The first attack failed. Those who were still alive, about 50 people (there were many injured) were herded forwards again. In the second attack the German commander was killed so the Germans retreated, leaving the injured.

The crowd was herded again to the Pałac Staszica, after which, following long discussions and assuring them once again that there was nothing to fear, they were herded through the Plac Saski and to the monument to the Unknown Soldier from the Ogród Saski while under fire. There, hiding behind the crowd, some people were selected to collect the German wounded from the Ogród Saski. No shots came from the Polish barricades. After collecting the wounded, they were all ordered to head for Plac Żelaznej Bramy. Only once there did they realise that the German escort had withdrawn. So they smashed down the gate and escaped from the Ogród Saski, where it turned out that the insurgents were already there, and they could have got through via ul. Graniczna and Twarda to Śródmieście. Pani NN's story is confirmed by Pan X and Y."

(112) Protocol nr 31:

*the personal details of the witness and reporter of the notes below are known to the editors.*

"I saw a group of civilians on the Krakowskie Przedmieście, where there was the slogan written: "Come with us to Germany." There must have been about 200 there. They stood there under escort. I ran to the division on ul. Świętokrzyska. They were ready and waiting, with grenades and molotov cocktails. Now 3 German tanks came towards them. They fired their cannons, damaged some houses and approached the barricades on the corner of ul. Czackiego and Świętokrzyska. Here, the civilian evacuees were ordered to dismantle the obstacles, but the people worked very slowly. Our boys went on the attack. Some of the civilians were killed, a lot of SS and gendarmes. One of the tanks was surrounded by an escort of civilians. They managed to crawl towards us to safety. I intended to carry out an attack on the Police Headquarters and eject the Germans from there. It turned to be impossible, due to the lack of the

right equipment. You see, the Germans had dug themselves into narrow shooting stations in the walls, an untrained soldier had no way of hitting such a small opening with a handgun. We didn't have any cannon. This battle did bring a positive outcome, though: we anticipated and pushed back the tank attack and released a number of civilians. These people had been ordered to mill around as a shield for the German military movements, ordered to dig holes for bodies. However, due to our strong anti-tank defence, the rest of the 200 displaced civilian group remained by the Kopernik monument and were led through the Ogród Saski out of the town."

(113) Protocol nr 235:

*witness Stanisław Stefaniak, office worker, 39,  
residing in Warsaw, ul. Marszałkowska 118;  
Protocol written 23. XI. 1944*

"On Wednesday, in the fourth week of the uprising, the Germans led us through the Ogród Saski, where there was heavy artillery shelling. The moment we got to the Ogród, among flames and fire, the Germans ordered us to go forward, despite the shells, threatening that if we didn't, they'd shoot us in the back. We went. There were about 40 of us, over half of which were women and children. Of all those, barely 11 of us survived. The dead and injured were left to their own fate, because, when we tried to lift one of our comrades, a shot from the rear came, fired by one of our escorts, and killing my friend while he leant over the injured person."

(114) Protocol nr 91:

*witness Helena Boczakowska, 36, worker,  
residing in Warsaw, ul. Freta 16;  
reporter Apolonia Czelna.*

"Wounded in the leg, I was lying in the hospital on ul. Długa nr 7. on ...\*) IX in the afternoon, the nurses removed those less seriously wounded on the order of the Germans. Those that remained were seriously injured, lying on beds, cots and stretchers. Events took place

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\*) The day of the month is not given in the protocol.

at lightning speed. Eight German SS appeared. One was standing in the doors, goading me by his mere presence. To this day, I cannot work out how I managed, with my injured leg, to curl up so small in the furthest corner of the bed. A second SS man removed his revolver from its holster and, shouting all the time in German, of which I only understood the word: "Bandit," he went from one injured person to another, placed the gun against their heads and shot. Some power forced me to watch the cowering forms in the sheets, trying at all costs to save themselves. The merciless hand of the perpetrator tore the sheets off the heads of the victims and in cold blood, among cursing, shot each one in the head. After this, the murderer looked once again at his victims. Two of them were still moving and moaning in the throes of dying. He went up to them and shot them once again. This all lasted a couple of minutes. I only survived thanks to the fact that my bed stood right in the corner, just behind the doors. The doors, opening into the room, were like a kind of screen. The SS man standing in the doors, noticing me in the bed, waved a hand at me, telling me to be quiet; and the various medical bags of the nurses (who were not allowed to take anything with them), thrown across my bed gave the impression of a pile of rubbish. They left. You could hear single shots coming from other rooms. I looked at the pools of blood under the beds, at the twisted death masks of our soldiers. It was as silent as the grave. Seized by an indescribable fear, I jumped out of bed, barefoot and ran into the courtyard, supporting myself against the wall. I tripped over the body of a young boy (14, 15 years old). I don't know who, or where put a coat on me. I went out into Podwale. I made it to the Plac Zamkowy, from there to the Carmelites and then on to Milanówek to the hospital."

(115) Protocol nr 90:

*witness Apolonia Czelná, residing in Warsaw, ul. Krochmalna 89;  
reporter Irena Trawińska on 15. IX. 1944 in Podkowa Leśna.*

On 2nd IX 1944 the Germans started appearing from early morning; around noon, a division under an NCO appeared and began killing the injured. The NCO stopped by each of the young wounded, pulled the blanket off and shouting: "Bandit" killed them in bed; in

front of me, on my ward, 6 boys from the AK were killed. The same thing happened in other wards, from which numerous shots could be heard. At 2pm hordes of Germans and Ukrainians turned up, who got drunk and began roaming the hospital grounds. They came into the ward and with threats, stole from the wounded and staff their watches, money and valuables, saying that “bandits” didn’t need these things, because they were going to be shot anyway. At 4pm they ordered the evacuation of the hospital (the staff and the walking wounded were to leave immediately, the seriously wounded were to remain; there was indescribable chaos and confusion). The injured and the sick moved themselves with superhuman strength; the orderlies and the healthier patients, with all their strength and with the greatest heroism, helped the injured to get out of their beds and leave the hospital. (On my ward, unfortunately, 15 seriously wounded patients had to remain; it was impossible to get them out, as it was forbidden to carry patients out on stretchers, and those who were carried out that way were shot later at checkpoints on the street. There were cases where in the face of this danger, the injured on stretchers were grabbed under the armpits and led through being supported. Clearly, the soldiers had orders to kill the seriously wounded and to evacuate the lightly wounded). From the hospital, we made our way to the Plac Zamkowy, the march was awful. Through heaps of rubble, burning houses, collapsing ruins, we led the barefoot, naked wounded. The Germans, checking us every hundred metres or so, killed those who were in difficulties, or even those who were merely limping, pulling them off to the side and shooting them right in front of us; we left masses of corpses along the way.

Crowds walked along, on the way we joined up with the hospital from Podwale, which was being evacuated at the same time; an old man who I was helping along was torn literally out of my arms; I begged the Germans to let him go, they told me to move along and the old man was killed. In this way, we made it to the Carmelite Church and to the Towarzystwo Dobroczynności on the Krakowskie Przedmieście. The seriously wounded remained on ul. Długa in the hospital we left, of their fate it was said later that they were maltreated during various inspections by the Germans

and the Ukrainians, they were gradually shot, and the rest left to their fate in burning buildings (of which there are eye-witnesses). The German divisions operating in the grounds of our hospital were made up of SS."

(116) Protocol nr 120:

*witness Julia Lubowicka, residing in Warsaw,  
reporter Apolonia Czelna in October 1944 in Miła*

"Good god, it's one of the nurses from ul. Długa!" - she shouted, grabbing my arm. — "By what miracle did you get out of that hell?" For a long time, she couldn't get over seeing me, as if she had met a loved one who she had long since thought dead. After some time, I recognised her as one of those injured in my hospital. "When did you get out? Tell me all about it."

"I got out on 2nd IX. I consider it the greatest miracle that has ever happened in my life, I cannot explain it otherwise, because I should at the least have been burned alive, or before that, I should have gone out of my mind. No pen can tell, no words can describe, and he who has not himself lived through similar scenes will be unable to comprehend the utter horror of what went on at ul. Długa 7. Sister, might I tell you about it, it will ease my soul, for to this day I suffer nightmares. That hospital should go down in history as one of the most infamous sites of murders committed by Germans on Poles" — she blurted in outrage.

"From first thing in the morning the SS were wandering round the wards. They initially went round in pairs. They looked around the rooms, then they started calling us bandits. They also came alone, all malevolent. They put their guns to the head of the men, threatened to shoot them. After a few hours, the hospital courtyard filled with divisions of Germans and Ukrainians and with each hour, their numbers grew. They roamed the entire hospital. I heard single shots. I learned from the nurses that in other wards they were shooting the wounded. I stood by the window and observed the movement in the courtyard. One division would come in, after a while shots were heard — they came out again. Several soldiers came into our ward, angry, merciless, with revolvers in hands, and

brutally ripped the sheets off the injured boys, and shouting “Bandit,” shot them in the head. On my ward, there were almost all women and only a few young men. Two of them were killed in front of me. In the next ward, where there were almost all men, mostly elderly and a few younger ones, 4 were killed. One of them, a strong, well-built young man, was in agony for half an hour, maybe longer, until a new party of Germans together with Ukrainians came, and one of them finished off the victim. Again, there is the sound of shots in various rooms. I was already under no doubt that each shot meant a death. They preyed on them, tortured them mercilessly, until finally around 4pm the order came to leave the hospital. Those who could walk, were to leave, the rest were to remain. The nurses helped those less seriously wounded to leave.

Myself, despite my legs being okay, I decided to stay. I had an arm injury. I saw the whole columns traipsing through the courtyard towards Podwale. Civilians who found themselves within the hospital went, helping the wounded; the nurses took those wounded who couldn’t look after themselves; wounded walked singly, injured people waded helping their injured comrades, old men walked with bundles on their backs, healthy women walked by, injured women walked by. The injured, mostly barefoot and half naked, leaning on mops and on other companions in misery. They walked through a column of bullies who screamed, pushed and chivvied the slow ones, pushed them with their rifles and kicked them. How long that pilgrimage lasted, it’s hard to say: perhaps an hour, maybe a little more. The waves of walkers drifted off. Only the seriously wounded remained, and those who couldn’t leave, or were afraid to, or didn’t want to. Once again, the Germans returned in large numbers into the wards, again, they ordered those who could walk to leave. With their last strength, the injured began heading into the courtyard. All were wounded. They coped as best they could and moved at a snail’s pace. They were stopped at the gateway, lined up and then cut down with machine gun fire. You could hear more and more shooting coming from the other wards: so the others were shot on the spot.

Finally, they set light to the hospital and stood until the flames took hold of the building.



It was getting dark. I ran out into the courtyard and hid in a coal cellar. I sat there for about 2 hours. I came out of the cellar. The barrels that stood in the courtyard were belching out flames and fire: they had clearly been filled with petrol. I swathed my head in a damp rag and ran through the heat of the courtyard to the gates on ul. Długa. Dozens of wounded were lying in the gateway, who had managed to crawl out of the burning building. Some had burning bandages and clothing. It was one massive wail and a cry for help. I ran into the street. The scenes I saw, the fire, the wailing and crying of the wounded was making my head explode.

With great fortune, I made it to the Carmelites. From there, the next day, help was sent to the survivors.

(117) Protocol nr 92:

*witness Bronisław Dylak, 32, residing in Warsaw, ul. Przebieg 1;*

*reporter Apolonia Czelna Irena Trawińska 16. IX. 1944*

*in the hospital in Milanówek. Questioning and drawing up the protocol took place over several sittings in very tough conditions in a ward bursting with seriously wounded patients, amidst a stench in an atmosphere of fear and suffering, in terror of the patrolling gendarmes. The reporters made their visits under various pretences. The injured witness only testified due to his trust of the nurse who saved him.*

“Being seriously wounded in the stomach, I lay in a field hospital on ulica Długa nr 7. On 7th IX 1944 the Germans ordered the nurses and the walking wounded to leave the hospital and to leave the seriously wounded behind. I remained among these last, in the ward in the cellar. Throughout the hospital there were still several hundred seriously wounded and sick patients who were unable to leave the hospital. Shortly after the nurses left (in the evening) the German SS arrived; the shooting began; first were killed those who, with superhuman strength, tore themselves from their beds and approached the doors or stairs, expecting to be rescued. They were killed immediately by the entering Germans. Two murderers came into our ward; one lit the candle (it was already dark), the

second used his revolver to kill, shooting at close range as they lay, while shouting: "Bandit, Bandit." I escaped together with several from my room, because it was difficult to reach our beds past some of the other ones. The ward was composed as it were of two rooms: I lay in the second, smaller one, to which the entrance was blocked. In the first part, everyone was killed, the second part was by some miracle missed (perhaps because voices came calling the murderers back), a lot of shots could be heard coming from other rooms. The executions took place throughout the hospital. Then a number of inspections took place, checking that everyone had been killed. We pretended to be dead; my colleague, lying alongside me, made a bloody stain on his chest and temples, simulating a victim. One of the Germans, speaking Ukrainian, walked among the dead, poking them in the face with his rifle. The night was terrible. At one point a grenade was hurled into your ward through the window, a so-called "stick grenade"; my colleague's stomach was ripped to shreds. Finally, the building was torched.

The fire spread quickly; those who tried to crawl out, were killed.

In our room there was a woman who pushed the flammable materials away from the entrance and kept the flames out of the ward. Other wards were ablaze, the stairs; smoke, the stench of burning bodies, indescribable thirst; the injured grabbed bottles of medicine for lack of water, one of my neighbours grabbed a bottle of iodine crazed by the heat and the thirst, he drank the contents and fatally poisoned himself; I, together with others, moistened my lips with boric water. We lay like that till morning the next day, when with a superhuman effort I crawled through the glowing embers. Because I was three days after a stomach operation, my stitches burst, with difficulty I made my way to Podwale. Here I was stopped by the Tatars in German uniforms and directed to the Carmelite Church.

The heroic Polish Red Cross nurses set off to fetch those left on Długa, those injured that were still alive, having escaped death by a miracle, having begged the Germans for permission to reach the wounded and move them.

In this way, of the several hundred seriously wounded, who were murdered in the hospital on ul. Długa 7, perhaps a dozen survived.

## POWIŚLE

(118) Protocol nr 209:

*witness Józefa Świdorska, about 50, residing in Warsaw, ul. Solec 107;  
reporter Maria Malaszek in September 1944 in Brwinów.*

“After 5th IX a slow withdrawal from Powiśle took place. The Germans didn’t take the district at once, they just called on the inhabitants to leave their homes. Already on the 5th IX you could see the first residents of Powiśle with white flags. It was a terrible sight, impoverished people, pale, thin, emerged from the surrounding ruins. We had no intention of leaving our as yet undamaged house. The people who surrendered had first to help clear the streets, digging trenches, removing barricades. The Germans here used the human shield method.

“...To remove the barricades, behind which insurgents were sometimes still hiding, the residents who had decided to emerge were used. At machine gun point, men and women were led to the barricades (in Solec).

At most danger were the young women who emerged from the rubble. The drunk German bullies (Wehrmacht) were totally ruthless. Rape was the order of the day.

On 8th IX all the residents were called on to leave their homes. We left in the morning. For a day and a half we were held in the courtyard of the Red Cross (from ul. Czerwonego Krzyża). Among the crowd of several thousand were AK soldier. The Germans tried to intimidate our soldiers, driving the younger and weaker ones crazy. They kept repeating that in a few hours they would be shot, kept repeating: “Banditen! Banditen!” One of these young people begged the women around for a gold ring, wanting to bribe the Germans with it. We barely managed to calm him, pulled him away from the crowd, hiding him from sight of the patrolling Germans.”

(119) Protocol nr 132:

*the personal details of the witness and reporter of the notes below are known  
to the editors.*

“Around 15th August, the Germans began wildly shooting grenade launchers (for 2 days) from the University grounds (the stron-

gest point of the German defences). A lot of light and heavy grenades fell in the courtyards and streets, injuring a lot of civilians. In the following days incendiary bombs were fired, in order to terrorise the civilian population. This continued with little change until the evacuation of the Stare Miasto region, and so until the 2nd September. Meanwhile, a rumour went round, not personally checked by me, that the Germans were using civilians as protection for their tanks. During the night of the 2nd into the 3rd, a communique was announced in Polish from the University grounds by megaphone which I quote word for word; "Attention — Warsaw has fallen — the leaders have fled — Polish divisions are called on to put down their arms — soldiers and civilians are to head for ul. Karowa — in the morning, planes will drop leaflets which will serve as passes for any amount of people" (nota bene such leaflets were not dropped). From that moment the liquidation of Powiśle began, with the aid of all means available, above all by aerial bombing (explosive and incendiary), heavy artillery and fire. The enemy operations were carried out in this manner, that the closest row of houses were destroyed by bombing (explosive and incendiary). Stronger buildings were attacked by bombs dropped at an angle, in that way mainly destroying the ground floors and shelters where the civilians were (who more than once had not managed to evacuate). The houses undefended by the AK were torched with molotov cocktails from the attic and ground floor (the people were expelled without managing to save anything). The demolished houses, but not burned — were set alight. Those people who were buried in the ruins who were unable to get out were in many cases not rescued.

On 5th September, the enemy reached ul. Radna and part of Leszczyńska. Our divisions moved to ulica DREWNIANA (to the Fuchs factory). On this day, enemy planes bombed a block of houses on Leszczyńska, of which the majority were flattened (cellars and shelters in these cases were usually destroyed). The collapsed buildings caught fire: we got an order for volunteers to unblock the entrances to the shelters, to save the people. After clearing the first one (some of the people managed to reach the Fuchs factory) I got injured, and a moment later the Germans came in - Wehrmacht, and there was some confusion; one of the German soldiers put a makeshift bandage on me and ordered three civilians (elderly people) to carry

me to the University. On the way, we met a female German orderly, the orderlies called us over, but seeing I was injured, didn't help. It was the same in the German hospitals (of which there were a lot on the Krakowskie Przedmieście and surroundings), nowhere would accept Poles or give any assistance. Finally we reached the Carmelites, where a dressings point was set up for Poles. Along the way (I was fully conscious) on the Krakowskie Przedmieście, I saw civilian Poles aged 15-50 forced to work on pain of death to build barricades for the Germans under fire from us; they were guarded by soldiers of the Wehrmacht and SS with automatic pistols, hidden in the nearby gateways. In addition the Poles were ordered to carry the wounded to the furthest German outposts, also under fire from us. Of these - I heard - many died. After spending two days with the Carmelites, they began to evacuate us. German buses drove up, taking us to the Dworzec Zachodni, from where we were sent onwards."

(120) Protocol nr 246:

*witness Zofia Roguska, 24, office worker, residing after leaving Warsaw in Łowicz; reporter Irena Zgrychowa 22. X. 1944 in Łowicz.*

"Our district (Powiśle) was in no man's land for a couple of days; by night AK divisions and German patrols passed through. A lot of people, the first people fleeing — from the burned down houses on Nowy Zjazd; everyone helped them. The bakery at ulica Furmańska nr 8 baked bread round the clock, and handed it out to anyone, without rations cards or money for a loaf.

A German SS division came to our house in the morning with barrels of petrol and naphtha; we were ordered to leave the house amid shouting and abusing us as bandits. Almost all the Germans spoke Polish or understood perfectly well what was said to them. There was constant shooting coming from ul. Karowa. People gathered, discussed what to take, others said that but for a couple of grenades, we could have held them off. Again the SS came in, shouting, noise, beatings, pushing people, throwing them into the street. The worst was with sick people unable to walk; in the next door house, the Germans killed an old man in bed and began in front of us to burn his possessions accumulated over many years — the

meagre possessions of a worker. They threw open oil cans or bottles full of petrol through windows into the flats, and then grenades, and everything went immediately up in flames — entire houses and streets. People stood with despair in their eyes and the desire for revenge, they swore aloud at the Germans, regardless of any consequences. Pani X from nr 16 threw herself upon a German, grabbed his petrol can and stopped him setting her house ablaze. A German SS man pushed her into the flat and set it ablaze, from a distance the voice of Pani X was carried, as she burned alive while praying.

Then we went through the city down ulica Bednarska and the Krakowskie Przedmieście, somewhere down the side streets to the Dworzec Zachodni. On the way, we had everything stolen from us, any nicer suitcases, watches, rings, even shoes became booty for the SS.

Then they put us onto a train which was heading for Pruszków. At Włochy station, I escaped.”

(121) Protocol nr 247:

*witness Maria Bukowska, 40, residing after leaving Warsaw in Łowicz,  
reporter Irena Zgrychowa 26. IX. 1944 in Łowicz.*

“7th VIII, 1944. Under orders from the SS, people from the entire district had to leave their homes, which were immediately set alight. Several thousand of us were walking, herded by the SS and pushed along. If you fell over, they hit you with their rifle butts, if anyone went to give assistance, they were beaten, too. We walked down Bednarska, then Krakowskie Przedmieście to Trębacka; on Plac Marszałka Piłsudskiego the men were separated from the women — crying, complaints. In Ogród Saski there was shooting, in the distance, from the Hale Targowe, you could hear the insurgents firing. An SS division started forming us up into a human shield, they order us to lie on the ground, beat us, push us, quickly a wall of living bodies is created, you can hear crying, swearing, the SS start shooting from behind this barricade.

Things quieten down. We walk on. The SS are guarding us; the Ukrainians steal watches, rings, tear money into pieces. At the Plac Żelaznej Bramy, right by the Hale, there’s a pyramid of stolen suitcases, anyone who had a nicer looking suitcase, they took it and

added it to the pile; you could see trucks carrying our property off into the distance. We walk on; there's shooting, an SS car drives up, the officers get out, look over the walkers and pull 3 young, pretty girls out of the ranks: two sisters of N and one I didn't know. The car drives off, the girls are screaming, fighting off the attentions of the SS officers. An old man falls over, he can't go on. An officer shoots him in the back of the head, and again swearing can be heard, and opposition and a desire for revenge grows in the hearts of thousands of people.

In the church in Wola, they steal the rest of our things. All the young girls stay behind, sometimes 12—14-year-old, we older ones with children make our way to the Dworzec Zachodni, and then by rail to Pruszków..."

(122) Protocol nr 25:

*witness Górka, 50, teacher, residing in Warsaw, ul. Gęsta.*

"On the Tuesday, the first day of the uprising, on ul. Gęsta in the Urszulanki care home at 5pm the daily afternoon mass began. In the establishment were nuns, lay residents of the care home, mostly elderly. Suddenly during mass, the first shots were fired, followed by machine gun fire. Nobody knew that it was the beginning of the uprising. The young priest there at the time said he was going out into the street to look after the dying and care for the wounded. Together with the priest 6 young nuns went out to give assistance. The gunfire didn't stop, at moments the fighting intensified. While those in the chapel were still praying, the priest who had gone out to attend to the dying was carried in. He was seriously wounded, dripping with blood and a moment later, died. The sisters did not return. One of them, badly wounded, was brought in a few days later, the others died taking help to the injured. Then, one day, many of the residents of the home were killed, and many were condemned to wander. After they left, the home was occupied by the Ukrainians and Germans. The Germans abused the elderly people and nuns who remained, saying: "You have Jesus on your altar and yet you protect bandits." They all looted, demanded that valuables and watches be given to them etc., swearing, when the mainly impover-

ished residents had nothing to give them. Next, they ordered all the females to leave the home. They were herded through the burning streets to the Dworzec Zachodni, having no mercy for the elderly who fell to the ground during this tragic march, lifting them up, only for them to fall again. They were constantly goaded, taking the last remnants of their possessions in the form of their clothing. They were all herded to the Dworzec Zachodni.”

(Reporter’s note: the witness couldn’t recall which streets she went down; they were so badly destroyed, she couldn’t recognise them.)

(123) Protocol nr 242:

*witness Julia Maraszówna, 33;*

*reporter Irena Trawińska 23. XI. 1944*

“The AK hospital on ul. Drewniana, Powiśle. During the uprising, the AK hospital in the school on ul. Drewniana (nr 8, I think), after this part of Powiśle was taken by the Germans, was left to its own fate. After a few days, the Germans suddenly appeared and shot all the wounded in their beds with their revolvers together with all the medical orderlies and doctors.

How many injured died then, it’s hard to establish. The hospital was estimated to have 200 beds.

I was told about this by a doctor who by some miracle escaped.”

(124) Protocol nr 93:

*witness Irena Zgrychowa, 35, teacher;*

*reporter Irena Trawińska 15. IX. 1944 in Podkowa Leśna, in the woods.*

“We were orderlies at a field hospital on ulica Furmańska in Powiśle. On 7th September, the Germans-SS arrived, threatening us at gunpoint, calling us bandits, pushing us; the medical staff and orderlies were ordered to leave the clinic, abandoning the sick and wounded; in the street, the staff were robbed, taking watches, money and valables, led to the nearest barricade and lined up for shooting, ripping off their Red Cross armbands and calling them



bandits. The German commander asked those standing there: "Are you afraid?" and when the reply came: "No, no!" he ordered the preparations for execution. They kept us like that for a while, until finally the commander ordered the condemned to run back to the hospital, but the same day the SS appeared again. To protect their own lives, they lay among the wounded. Some of the soldiers were drunk and began taking documents off the staff, demanding vodka and girls for the night. The staff, despite beatings and threats, they stood up for themselves and resisted the bullies. The soldiers tried to torch the hospital and demanded the wounded be carried out. For several hours, the nurses defied this, literally pulling the petrol cans full of alcohol which the soldiers were trying to use to torch the building; in the evening, the evacuation was ordered. They used the wounded as a shield, the Germans steered them towards a point of resistance and shot from behind them. Many of the wounded were fatally wounded. Amidst the smoke, flames and shooting, the nurses carried the wounded down the Krakowskie Przedmieście to the Charitable Society building. In this manner, they returned 40 times into the line of fire, and each time, the Germans were using the wounded as shields. The Germans entered the Charitable Society (*Res sacra miser*) every few moments and despite being asked to remain quiet for the sake of the seriously wounded, shot into the walls and ceilings, screamed, shone torches into the eyes and hassled the young girls among the staff and wounded, terrorising everyone around with their weapons and grenades with the pins taken out. Despite resisting, two of the nurses were taken off and raped.

Two days later, the Kalmyks appeared, often drunk, they behaved even worse, shouting, screaming, walking naked through the wards, hunting girls... They threw themselves on the demented people remaining in the Home, one of which they raped. The guards in from of the hospital didn't stop the bullies from entering. The fires which broke out repeatedly were set by the Kalmyks, which they used to distract staff so as to be able to rape young girls without being disturbed. The officer we complained to said that soldiers are a law unto themselves during wartime. It was all a way of letting off steam, and lots of them were deserters.

One evening, the SS came into the Charitable Society with revolvers, chased out the injured and the sick into the courtyard and shot 12 people, including some wounded.

The nurses went out into the street to collect the wounded. The Germans shot at such medical patrols to scare them off, shooting over their heads and laughing if the nurses were disturbed.

The hospital in the "Charitable" lasted for 4 weeks: under constant threat of rape, shooting and arson carried out by depraved soldiers. For 6 weeks, the nurses didn't change their clothes, being in constant fear [of their lives] both their own and their patients. The SS constantly threatened that they had to close the hospital, the building was to be torched, the nurses thrown out and the injured and sick left to burn. From observing and talking to the soldiers, it emerges that a part of them were recruited from among criminals with serious court convictions; they boasted that they had been in concentration camps, where they committed murders, with they were quite proud of. One SS who was brought wounded to the hospital, while suffering, admitted to the nurse that he was sorry for the cruelty they were inflicting on Warsaw. He spoke of the piles of bodies in Wola, of the terrible killings of civilians and insurgents, of how, during the executions, they killed the mothers first, so that the children saw their mothers' deaths; he said that in the entire history of the world, "die Weltgeschichte," there had never been anything like it, and that, "we Germans will have to be punished for it."

Others boasted that they killed young people and threw their documents into the fire, so the bodies couldn't be identified. For taking the capital city, the soldiers received promotion and leave. Travelling to the Reich, they took stolen jewellery, especially for their fiancées and families (showing it to their sisters).

Soldiers and NCOs testified that they had strict orders not to give any help to the wounded, claiming they were bandits. If they gave any help, it was done slyly, so that others didn't see, as it was severely punished. They were even forbidden to speak to Poles.

The Germans in general were cowardly, they were afraid to go into battle, to enter unknown houses or cellars. The leaders gave them various promises."

## CENTRUM

(125) Protocol nr 212:

*witness Wohlschläger, around 50,*

*residing after leaving Warsaw in Podkowa Leśna Wsch.*

*reporter Edward Serwański in October 1944 in Podkowa Leśna Wschodnia.*

“On 1st VIII, I was taken at around 5.20pm from Aleje Ujazdowskie and led with a larger group of men to the Gestapo building on Al. Szucha, to one of it's courtyards. Together with the men, women were taken to Litewska. According to the information I later received, among the men were those taken from nearby houses, especially Aleja Róż. After the first mass round ups, only farmers were released, who had come to Warsaw from the countryside the day the uprising broke out. Apparently they also released people who could demonstrate that they had relatives abroad.

From Aleje Szucha I was taken with a group of around 400 people to ul. Bagatela. We were held in the building of the former “Podchorążówki” [Cadet School], which had been burned down in 1939, standing on ul. Bagatela off Aleje Ujazdowskie, behind the house where the German police were stationed.

We were all ordered to strip naked, and to place our things in a pile in front of us. We were led out on groups of 10 to 12 into the burned out remains.

I was taken out in the second group.

I saw piles of bodies. The victims were led up to these piles and then the killers approached with small firearms and shot them in the back of the head. Among those killed, I saw a man with a child in his arms. First the child was shot, then the child's father. Among the victims were children as young as 4. Young boys aged 14 were shot. I saw piles of dead old men, cripples, a man with false legs. SS officers, gendarmes and gestapo were all witnesses to these executions. I escaped because I called over an SS officer who I recognised and after a great deal of haggling, he agreed to take me out of the Gestapo building and place me in the barracks beside the avenues, where I spent 14 days. That period — is in the further statement.

Led away from the execution site to the barracks, I saw about 150 bodies lying in front of the canteen, AK soldiers. Whether

these soldiers were murdered while trying to capture the canteen, I don't know. I did see, though, how the Ukrainians robbed the dead, smashing jaws with their rifle butts to get at gold teeth. I learned about the executions and how they were organised from SS officers, cavalry, who were constant witnesses to them and returned to the barracks where I was kept. On account of the situation I was in, I couldn't get any fuller details. I can only state that which I was told.

On 1st VIII, 980 people were shot. The pile was doused in petrol and naphtha and set alight.

Starting from that day, similar executions were held daily. The shooting lasted all day. By my calculations, anywhere from 1,500 to 2,000 people were shot. The victims were men from the the houses and streets on Aleja Ujazdowskie, Aleja Róż, Piusa, 6 Sierpnia etc. I didn't see these executions, I only heard the sounds of the shootings. The number of killings I give is based on the amount of shots.

Talking about the the executions, they admitted to me that mass shootings of the men was a basic principle in dealing with the Polish element.

I learned that the murders were carried out especially by 2 lackeys, who were given 3 litres of vodka daily. After each execution, the pile of bodies was doused with petrol and naphtha and set alight.

Sturmbannführer Plank, returning from the executions, told me more than once that what was happening was an extraordinary crime. Things like that really shouldn't happen.

These executions definitely lasted 14 days, that is for as long as I was in the barracks; that day, I was taken out of Warsaw.

From the place where I was detained, I saw how columns of arsonists set off, made up of Ukrainians, setting out to torch streets.

I heard that those interned on Al. Szucha were beaten and and forced to testify.

I didn't hear of any mass shootings of men in the Gestapo headquarters on Aleja Szucha.

From the artillery officers I later learned that the executions in the "GISZ" went on every day up until the day when England and America recognised the AK as combatants.

How great the number of those shot was, and then burned on pyres, is testified to by the fact that a friend of mine, who lived on plac Unii Lubelskiej, told me that when he opened the windows to his house, there came in such an intense smell of burning bodies that it was unbearable. He didn't know how to explain the fact. Listening to him, I explained to him what the cause of the odour was.

The witnesses to the daily executions, and the sources of my information were:

1. Willy Plank, 40, Sturmbannführer,
2. Kurt Ponisch, 30, paymaster,
3. Stippe, cavalryman.

(126) Protocol nr 115:

*a communique of unknown origin handed to a documenting cell  
to Edward Serwański by Irena Trawińska.*

“Aleja Szucha, the central site of executions of AK soldiers and civilians associated with the uprising, from ul. Marszałkowska, Aleje Ujazdowskie, Klonowa, Chocimska etc. Number of those killed approximately 2,000.”

(127) Protocol nr 32:

*witness a man aged 40, a member of the intelligentsia,  
residing in Warsaw, ul. Wiejska, on the corner of Piusa.*

“In this house (on the corner of Wiejska and Piusa) lived several wealthy tenants, who had beautifully arranged interiors, with paintings, antiques, crystal etc. Among others, the Piłsudski family, relatives of the Marshal, very wealthy land owners, and the Chałupczyński family, also extremely wealthy. On Wednesday, 2nd August, the Gestapo came to the caretaker of the house with a list of residents, ordering him to show them the flats of the Piłsudskis and Chałupczyńskis, as well as of the other wealthy residents of that house. The caretaker, fearing for his life, took them first to the Piłsudski family. The Piłsudskis were at home at the time, together with 2 other ladies, a total of 5 people. Without any kind of inter-

rogation, they were ordered to stand facing a wall and shot on the spot.

The Chałupczyński family (3 people) were treated in the same manner.

In several more flats in the building, the events were the same.

The witness cannot recall the names of the other residents. Finally, they led the caretaker into an empty flat and, in order to kill him, shot him in the back of the head. He fell, but wasn't killed. The ladies in the house tended his wounds, then he fled, telling about the whole event.

The day after carrying out these murders, the perpetrators came again and took the expensive contents of their victim's flats and placed them in the buildings of the Sejm on Wiejska.

Next came the columns of arsonists to destroy the house. When the flats filled with smoke, and the flames belched from the cellars, all the people in the house were ordered to go into the street through the burning basement. The women, crying and wailing, were allowed to leave by another route, but also fraught with danger.

It should be stressed that there were no insurgents in this house."

(128) Protocol nr 154:

*witness is a school graduate and an orderly, residing in Warsaw, ul. Natolińska;  
Protocol written 29. X. 1944.*

"On the third day of the uprising, a messenger brought the order to evacuate the point. The injured were placed in private residences at nr 5 and 7 on ul. Natolińska. Transport was difficult. There was heavy fire coming from the building of the Ministry of Military Equipment. Heavy machine guns on ul. 6 Sierpnia sent raking fire towards us. On this street in the RGO house, there was a small resistance point. The Germans came in. They found 2 wounded. One ran away, the other was taken to Szucha. We received information that on the 6th August an execution took place in the stairwell. The Germans went into nr 16 on 6 Sierpnia. There was Doctor NN and his assistant there. The Germans took 3 — 4 orderlies to Szucha. Meanwhile, we had the task of removing the wounded as quickly as

possible and closing down the point. The most difficult thing was to get across the road under constant fire and in fear of a German attack.

I later met some of my female colleagues who were taken to Szucha, one of them, very young, had gone totally grey. The girls were placed on tanks and then driven towards the barricades. The noise of the machines and the shells being fired was atrocious. The girls jumped off near the barricades, and in a hail of bullets made it to the Polish side. They preferred to risk their lives than go back to Szucha.”

(129) Protocol nr 266:

*witness a woman aged 60, wife of a retired official of the Urban Credit Society,  
residing in Warsaw, ul. 6 Sierpnia 18;  
First-hand protocol 23. IX. 1944.*

“On 4th August at 7am, I heard a voice saying the Germans were at nr 16, in 10 minutes they’ll be at our place. We were rooted to the spot, frozen. We heard the doors being smashed in with grenade launchers, there was a sudden burst of fire and a terrifying: “Raus!” From their fury, we understood that it meant our deaths, so sudden and unpredicted. In that deciding moment, I quickly took down from above my husband’s bed the picture of Our Lady of the Scapular and picking up only the file with our documents and my husband’s bandages, we went outside. In the courtyard the Gestapo and the Ukrainians were arrayed with guns pointing in our direction, and they herded us between the burning houses with arms raised, and I with the painting of the miracle held aloft. After reaching the canteen, and after regrouping us, they drove us down Al. Szucha to the Gestapo; we still didn’t know anything and didn’t have any idea what they were going to do with us. Then came the order: “Men step forward!” We women were told that our homes were burned, and as it was late, they would take us for the night to the fire brigade, and we went yet again, haunted and desperate between the burning homes. That first night without my husband, but thinking about him, seemed truly ghastly to me. In the morning the Ukrainians came upstairs and sent some of the young women to fetch the German corpses,

holding the older women hostage. At around 11am we were led down Aleje Ujazdowskie under fire. The weather was good, the sky azure and the sun was blazing, and in my soul, limitless sadness and pain, on top of a whole day without food. After further tribulations, consternation, confusion and uncertainty, the Germans decided to put some of us in front of their tanks, so as to be able to transport their food and weapons to ul. Piusa to the telephone operator, to the small PAST (short for Polska Akcyjna Spółka Telefoniczna, Polish Telephone Joint-stock Company building); several women were placed on tanks, and the others were lined up in rows of 10 accompanied by Germans dressed in our overcoats and armbands behind the tanks. I must stress, I had no idea I was unaware I was in Warsaw; it seemed to be a large, powerful German stronghold: there were so many soldiers, tanks and German discipline. Their fury was boundless, as they couldn't get us into group: this didn't happen without tears, because they said that the children and dogs were to stay behind, and there were some rather comical scenes because the Germans ran around with their pistols taking children and the beloved dogs away from their mothers, cursing and threatening. One such angry type ran up to me, grabbed the holy picture, the file and briefcase and threw them on the street. They also said it was forbidden to faint, because there was to be no help and sufferers would be left on the street. Finally, this cross march set off, and in front of us 3 tanks, which stopped at the corner of Piusa and the Aleje, and we opposite, leaning against the fence of the Park Ujazdowski, each blast from the tanks was just over our ears. It was quite terrible, something that froze your blood and was deafeningly stupefying, which I'll never forget. At the same time, there was the return fire from our boys and the flames from the house burning alongside. With each bang, we fell to the ground, half alive. If a tank caught fire, we had to throw earth onto it.

After several hours of torture, we returned, and I was permanently worried about the picture of Our Lady of the Scapular, and about my husband's file with all our earthly goods. Meanwhile, it was getting late, dusk was falling when we returned for our baggage, which was all over the street. It turned out that another few thousand people had arrived, so I didn't think for a moment that



I would be able to find anything. The led us into the Gestapo building for the night, into a dirty, scruffy courtyard, quite damp, whose small proportions made it impossible to find a comfy spot. The hunger was gnawing, the cold, the smoke, the dust, the papers from the burning houses, and along with this the strafing of aeroplanes, and of course the Gestapo or the Ukrainians with their rifles, standing in the windows of houses, their German shepherd dogs, the screaming and the footsteps of the guards, which during the night curfew echoed like a thousand paces.

After this night our “caravan” looked like ghosts, pale, terrified, covered with grey dust from the burning houses. Nervous, we felt exhausted, asking ourselves deep down, what are they going to think of to do with us? It brought a tear to your eye, looking at this human misery. at these mothers with several small children, at a 12-year-old girl, alone, a young mother feeding a baby in a pram. Mass misery, perhaps even worse than that of a single person. Life makes its own rules, despite it all, people ate, some even had quite large supplies, only we didn’t, because after all: you don’t take baggage to your death.

Meanwhile, around 11am, another transport of “apellants” arrived (those people who responded to the German appeals to leave Warsaw), around 2,000, so there was no room left in the meadow, to squeeze past one another. There were rumours that they were going to take us to Pruszków to work, meanwhile, most unexpectedly, they said we could return to the city to our loved ones and tell them to stop this “stupid” shooting, because otherwise, Warsaw will be reduced to rubble, and our menfolk, held as hostages, would die. At first, we didn’t believe it, suspecting a trap; we were led into the Aleje in fours and escorted till we came under fire from our own positions, where ulica Litewska and Marszałkowska met. From there, we ran like crazy, shouting: “Don’t shoot” and waving white hankies, We didn’t recognise the streets, they had changed so much since the Tuesday, all barricaded, the young, fired up insurgents, smiling, as if happy, full of hope, with their armbands. And again Warsaw seemed changed to me, strange, truly Polish, yet far removed from the old one, before the rising.”

(130) Protocol nr 129:  
*witness officer Drang, probably an alias;  
reporter "Ż".*

"Pan NN states that while leaving the grounds of the Red Cross hospital he was able, thanks to the insurgents, to get out of there in a doctor's jacket and make it home to ul. Czerwonego Krzyża. From there, on the 3rd or 4th August, he was taken with other men to the Muzeum Narodowy and from there in a group of about 60 herded in front of tanks and a division of attacking Germans down Al. Sikorskiego towards Bracka. On Bracka, behind Cristal<sup>\*)</sup> there was a barricade which the German attack was directed against. In an attempt to scotch this manoeuvre, Pan NN, together with another young, dynamic chap, decided to steer the crown in another direction and finally made a vain attempt at escape down Marszałkowska. The Germans opened fire at them with machine guns and threw grenades. People fell like flies. Only 9 made it as far as the third or fourth gateway on ulica Bracka and hide in the recess. The gateway had been barricaded and couldn't be penetrated. German fire continued. In light of this, they ran on. Only 7 made it. Of these, 4 managed to get through the upper window of the courtyard gate, 3 ran on. Only Pan NN made it to the next gateway and there, got through."

(131) Protocol nr 38:  
*the personal details of the witness and reporter of the notes below are known  
to the editors.*

"In the afternoon, the SS entered the courtyard, shouting: "Raus!" The deadline for leaving the house was immediate, so the residents were unable to take even the most essential items with them. Lined up in fours, they set off to the Gestapo HQ on al. Szucha. Here, the men were separated off, women and children together. The men were locked up in the Gestapo prison, the younger women were separated from the older, and so mothers from daughters, and they were ordered on pain of death to their mothers, to collect up the Ger-

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<sup>\*)</sup> A famous restaurant [editor's note].

man bodies within 2 hours. Each girl was to report to a given point, where the battle was raging, and bring back a German corpse. The mothers were ordered to go into the city and announce everywhere that the uprising was at an end. When the girls left the Gestapo courtyard, heading for the designated points, they were stopped by the gendarmes, pointing out as the only way out — Mokotów.

There, the older women also headed, under heavy fire. What then happened to their daughter, the mothers never learned, their husbands were most likely shot..”

(132) Protocol nr 67:

*witness Henryk Haboszewski, 30,*

*residing in Warsaw, ul. Selekcyjna 8;*

*reporter Irena Trawińska in September 1944 in Milanówek.*

“On 3rd August, the Germans arrived and torched the houses nr 1, 2, 6 and 7, saving nr 5 and 3. On 5th August, an armoured train shot at the Red Cross hospital “Na Skarpie.” Red cross markings were visible; a series of salvoes; building nr 5 (the main surgical building) was bombarded, and the I floor with the operating theatre was destroyed. When the shooting stopped, a delegation from the hospital went to the train, explaining that it was a hospital... They were told that they didn’t know. Soon a division of infantry appeared, ordering an evacuation. As a result of discussions, we were left. Shortly, with the same order, another German infantry division appeared, and as a result of explanations and pleas, we remained. On 7th September at 11am a military division with a command unit appeared, expressing their surprise that we were here. They ordered an evacuation, giving 15 minutes. Chaos, confusion, indescribable haste, we carried out all the injured. The medical orderlies led out or carried out the wounded. There was no time to take any personal items — everybody left as they were. They escorted us through Powiśle to the Carmelites, then we stood for a long time by the Mickiewicz statue on the Krakowskie Przedmieście. We were ordered to wait. No one else arrived with any other orders. We made our way to a nearby command point, tell them about our expulsion. We received a vehicle. Exhausted and in

a mighty crush, they took us to the Dworzec Zachodni, from where we were taken by train to Milanówek.

On 20th August, by order of PCK HQ, the surgical ward for young patients was moved to the Pałac Radziwiłłów at ul. Pierackiego nr 395. On 6th September, the building was bombarded, shells fall, the so-called “bellowing cows”; the building, especially the higher floors were in flames, the internal wooden staircases burned and the injured on the II floor had no way of getting out — rescue was impossible; with an enormous effort, the staff removed the injured from the I and ground floors, the rest burned alive — terrible scenes. The II floor was specially full of young males. Those saved from the hospital were moved to the basement of building nr 7 (already burned down earlier). Then, there we were ordered to evacuate on 7th September, we were told to leave the non-walking wounded; the staff and less severely wounded left the ward; on the way, though, the staff were turned back — orderlies, doctors, who returned to tend the seriously wounded. The whole time, the staff and patients were prone to various abuses from the roaming drunken soldiers: the nurses were in danger of being assaulted and it was hard to defend them from rape. The main building nr. 0 was occupied by the Germans, it was totally looted, equipment, such as x-ray machines, was removed, equipment stolen. Then, after several days, the remaining patients from building nr 7 were moved to the Hospital Wolskiego on ul. Płocka 9 (together with the staff) and at the moment they are being transferred to Milanówek, to the part of the hospital which was transferred there first.”

(133) Protocol nr 55:

*witness Henryk Haboszewski, 30,*

*residing in Warsaw, ul. Selekcyjna 8;*

*reporter Irena Trawińska 10. IX. 1944 in Podkowa Leśna.*

“I was lying in the Red Cross hospital on ul. Pierackiego. The hospital was burned down; a so-called “bellowing cow” arrived and fired its load into the hospital; the I floor was destroyed and caught fire. Within a matter of minutes, the entire building was ablaze. Very few got out alive. Thanks to the fact that I was on the ground

floor, I got out with the aid of the nurses; most of the wounded died in the flames. The hospital was especially full of wounded that day, and those rescued from under rubble — there wasn't a bed free. Screams and wails came over the crackle of the flames and the whistle of bullets. They burned alive. Those that could jumped to their deaths. It was a terrible sight."

(134) Protocol nr 188:

*witnesses Janusz Regulski, residing in Podkowa Leśna,  
and Anna Chomiczowa, a nurse in the Pruszków camp;  
reporter Irena Trawińska October 1944 in Podkowa Leśna.*

"The obstetrics clinic on ul. Starynkiewicza was occupied by an SS division and the Ukrainians and used to shoot at the neighbouring streets. On 19th VIII, after the SS left, the clinic endured a terrible night: the women, among beatings, shouting and shooting were raped by the remaining soldiers, both sick and pregnant, nurses and nuns."

(135) Protocol nr 21:

*witness, a nurse from the Infant Jesus Hospital in Warsaw*

"The action started on 1st VIII at 5.05-5.10pm. The first shots came from Nowogrodzka and Żelazna. The hospital terrain came under fire from the Germans from the windows of the Military Geographical Institute. The first insurgent was killed, called Morawski. Soon after, the hospital also came under fire from the Dom Medyków [Medical Dormitories]. In the first days of the uprising, injured AK and Germans were kept in the same wards. Later, the Germans ask us not to house their wounded. There were cases of Germans hiding in the hospital.

On 4th VIII one of the hospital buildings, the so-called "Observation ward," was shot at by a German tank. From 5th—7th August as a result of a leaflet drop calling on us to head West waving white flags, a range of people fell victim to the Ukrainians. The funerals of those killed and of those patients who died were held in the hospital. On 8th gain there was a funeral in the hospital. On the 9th, the Ukrainians appeared there. They carried out a thorough search, supposedly looking for weapons, but the real aim was to steal watches and valuables. The next day, the SS ordered all the

men to leave the hospital to have their ID checked. One doctor on each ward and the most essential office workers were left behind. Of those taken, none returned to the hospital.

On the night of the 13th into the 14th, the AK retreated from the Military Geographical Institute, the Dom Turystyczny and the Post Office building on Żelazna. Over the next few days the Ukrainians took over the hospital. Their were acts of rape and intimidation. There were instances of shooting on the wards. Those people arriving at the hospital, who were looking for shelter there, were chased away. A 14-year-old girls was brought to the hospital: a victim of rape, who was placed on a ward. On the night of the 15th into the 16th, bestial acts took place in the night on the separate Obstetrics Clinic. Women were raped. On the 16th, the clinic was transferred to the hospital grounds. On the 17th, a German outpost, consisting of a few soldiers, was driven away. In the following days, the night time visits to the wards in search of young girls continued, as well as the searches and theft of the property of hospital staff. Hostages were taken, two lots of 10 people, separately. The witness, feeling at risk herself, fled the hospital in the evening of the 23rd, in a food supply cart.”

(136) Protocol nr 208:

*witnesses — doctors (Dr Rydigier and Dr Pertkiewicz), nuns and nurses at the Infant Jesus Hospital in Warsaw; Protocol written 26. VIII 1944 in Brwinów; the personal details of the witness and reporter of the notes below are not known to the editors; Protocol received by Maria Małaszek.*

“On 26th VIII at around 6pm, 180 people from Warsaw arrived at the RGO at the Infant Jesus Hospital’s TB, Skin Complaints and Medical Ward. That included staff, nurses, orderlies and patients. Of the doctors, there were Dr Rydigier and Dr Pertkiewicz.

The Infant Jesus Hospital was until 6th VIII in Polish hands, but after the insurgents retreated, the Wermacht took control. From 13th VIII the Ukrainians were at large, they lived there and did whatever they wanted, bringing an atmosphere of uncertainty and fear. One of the lady doctors, who at this time was a patient in the obstetrics clinic, stated that when the Ukrainians descended on the Clinic on the 13th VIII, the committed rape on several of the patients and nurses in front of everyone.

In the hospital, the shortage of food was noticeable, there were no potatoes or vegetables for three weeks.

On the 15th VIII, about 400 men were taken from the hospital, including doctors, orderlies and some of those less injured and not connected with the hospital, but there only by accident. They were supposedly taken to the city command centre for a few hours to have their ID checked, as it was suspected there might be insurgents among them.

After 15th VIII, a tank stood for several days, to protect the residents. Those taken to have their IDs checked didn't return (according to the testimony of the wife of one of the orderlies taken away, she received word from her husband from Piotrków, from where they were supposed to be sent to Łowicz).

On 25th VIII, at around noon, we were ordered to evacuate the hospital within one and a half hours. The patients together with the staff came to around 1,600 people. The evacuation was difficult on account of the lack of time and the condition of the patients. The Sisters of Mercy wanted to remain with the seriously ill. Threatened with death, only 5 remained with the sick, but later even they had to be evacuated. The evacuation took place in horrendous conditions, the patients, often helpless, had to walk several kilometres to the Dworzec Zachodni under escort. The patients from the Obstetrics Clinic, carrying small infants, were collapsing under the load. The convoy halted in Tworki for the night. Because there was no space in Tworki, patients were designated for different places on the way to Grodzisk. En route, some patients and staff went to stay with friends.

On 27th VIII, after overnighiting, the patients from the Infant Jesus Hospital were sent on to the hospital in Częstochowa."

(137) Protocol nr 187:

*witnesses Janusz Regulski, 45,*

*Anna Chomiczowa, 30, nurse at the Pruszków camp, and others, reporter*

*Janusz Regulski, Protocol received by Irena Trawińska*

*in October 1944 Podkowa Leśna.*

"The Germans set up machine guns and established an ammo dump in the grounds of the Infant Jesus Hospital, housing the Ukrainians there, who attacked women and beat the staff. On 25th

VIII, an SS division appeared and ordered the evacuation in 20 minutes of all staff and less seriously sick. Around 1,200 people were in this way moved out without any personal possessions, equipment of medical means. Robbed and beaten by the SS and Ukrainians, they were herded to the Dworzec Zachodni from where they were taken to the hospital in Tworki by train. In the hospital there remained one doctor and around 300 seriously ill. That evening, the Ukrainians went crazy, raping women including two nuns.”

(138) Protocol nr 502:

*witness Antoni Spandowski, around 30, journalist,  
residing in Warsaw, ul. Złota 8, in the Infant Jesus Hospital during the uprising;  
First-hand protocol.*

“I regret not keeping diary in this period, but in the most basic calculations we didn’t consider for a moment that the engagement with the Germans would last longer than a few days. We tended to assume that it would be a question of days. And when the fighting heated up, we experienced the events playing out around us so intensely that, despite total inactivity, we didn’t have the time to technically record them. Hence, there are certain elements lacking in these recollections. They will only concern the chronology of events, though. If, however, there are small inconsistencies in the descriptions, they should be put down to the specific conditions and atmosphere, and justify them by the lack of even the simplest forms and means of passing on information generally accepted in an organised society.

When, at around 5pm on 1st August, the first shots were fired, we we assumed it was just another street incident, or perhaps another assault on some fighters barricaded in a house. So, we waited for information. The shooting continued, and that was unsettling, because in the face of the Germans’ technical superiority, street fighting almost only ended successfully for us when we it was over quickly. Finally, word went around that this time it was not a local matter, but it was “the time.” Warsaw blazed.

The barrage of information was bewildering. On a skyscraper, the Polish flag flew. Soon after, our foighters took over the buildings of



the Military Cartographic Institute, and on its turret the red and white flag appears. Shots rang out ceaselessly. Nowogrodzka came under constant fire. On the other side of the street, there is already, "Freedom."

At dusk, a blood-red moon rose near the station. And the news was already racing through the rooms that the station had been taken, the German barracks burned down and the remnants of the Germans were putting up desperate, yet hopeless resistance. We didn't sleep a wink that night. We keep a vigil by the windows, trying through the murk, through the dense greenery, to see our formations moving forwards. The smoke billowed in clouds, the air was full of the smell of burning, the clatter of automatic guns echoed without break and a bloody moon hung over Warsaw. We were all optimistic. The next day would bring freedom. There was no one among us who predicted that in four weeks' time we would walk through the ruins of several districts of our city to the Dworzec Zachodni, herded by those in detestable greenish uniforms.

The breaking day brought telling incidents. A military ambulance brought the injured to hospital. In the courtyard stood German soldiers with spray guns and under their cover, the German wounded were unloaded. There were a lot of them. Gossip increased their numbers, everybody wanted to see a German injured in open battle. That day made it clear that we, locked up in the Infant Jesus Hospital, would remain for now under German rule. The Germans, though, were terrified, and in their behaviour we found the greatest confirmation of our conviction and our belief that the day of liberation would soon come.

Contacts with the city were totally severed. We were left to the hospital's provision. There were no potatoes. We spent the days hungry, but what does that matter, given that tomorrow our soldiers will be here?

Nothing actually happened that might have affected us directly, yet we lived in a state of unimaginable excitation and anxiousness. In the evening, the doctors' and staff duties were reorganised. The uprising had broken out in the evening, when essentially only the duty staff were there. So there was a shortage of doctors and nurses. They only staffed all the wards with difficulty. This reorganisation gave us a bad feeling. Could it be the rising would take longer?!

Sadly, the days passed. We were gradually deprived of water, gas, electricity, we begin to really starve. No potatoes, no bread and no medicine. An unchanging menu arises: soup with barley or millet three times a day, and small portions of that. The hospital has no supplies. In spite of yourself, you think constantly about food.

Even more misfortune arrives, though. The German army enters the hospital grounds. On the second floor of one of the buildings, the German army placed some heavy machine guns, and under cover of the international sign of the Red Cross, they shoot by night at our lads in the city. In the evenings, the German divisions marched positions opposite the Polytechnic and WIK [Wojskowy Instytut Kartograficzny, Military Cartographic Institute]. A "bellowing cow" was stationed in the hospital grounds. The shells scream over our heads. We count in terror: one, two, three, usually six. And then we listen, how in the heroic, battling city the sound of six detonations ring out. And again, black clouds of smoke rise over Warsaw, now here, now there, and we all think with concern of our loved ones, who remained at home, of those fighting and dying. The smoke enveloped the entire hospital. Wola was in flames. A nurse made it out of there to the hospital and tells us things that at that moment we could scarcely credit. Ochota and Kolonia Staszica were in flames. The sun's rays pierced the clouds of smoke with difficulty, glowing bloodily. It seems as if the whole world is burning.

Every day, injured Germans were brought in. The German ambulances were led by an armoured car, the ambulance men were armed soldiers. They all shot at our positions. I saw one occasion how one of the Germans was killed. The ambulance drove from Nowogrodzka onto the hospital terrain. One of the soldiers, very young, 18 at most, went into the street and started shooting from an automatic weapon towards the Polish positions. Suddenly, he fell, with a shattered skull. Our nurses, despite the ongoing shooting, went into the street and brought back his body. The weapon was left lying in the street. Then the Germans demanded that the nurse brought it to the hospital courtyard. They didn't want to. Then the Germans threatened her with their weapons, so eventually one of the nurses went and brought the weapon from the street. Driving in or out of the hospital, the Germans did a lot of shooting as if to give themselves courage. We have some German deserters in the hospital. One came with an injured finger, two other soldiers brought one with an ear injury, and

none of them wanted to leave the hospital. One of the soldiers asked a doctor to hide him and not give him away. Another agreed to do the most menial tasks in the kitchen. They gave their weapons to the doctors and in a manner shameful even to the enemy, asked to be “hidden” from the threat of returning to the front. The doctors were in an awkward situation, bearing in mind that the hospital was housing German divisions.

Each evening, after night fell, the Germans took up their positions. They returned in the mornings in foul moods. They were suffering huge casualties. Every day, we learn that this one or that one was dead.

They try to speak to us, the sick. Among them are those who understand a little Polish. They “pity” us. One time, one of the patients asked a German for a cigarette. Then the entire ward threatened him, that if he ever asks a German for anything again, he’ll be taught a lesson. He learned quickly.

The fighting around us intensified. Tanks begin taking part in the operation. Tigers drive down ulica Chałubińskiego. At one point, a tiger fired its big cannon right under our window, and as a result, every single pane was shattered. Because it started happening more and more often that errant bullets came into the wards, most of the patients moved into the internal corridors. It was dominated by an unbearable stench. The innumerable flies wouldn’t give you a moment’s peace. The staff tried to maintain some kind of order, but the extraordinary crush and complete lack of flytraps made fighting this plague impossible.

The Germans came to comfort us that everything would be okay, as they only have to deal with the “bandits” in the city. Each time, we protested at the use of this word and it did have some effect. More and more often the Germans said “insurgents.”

Slowly, despair overwhelms us. We realise that there’s no chance of a quick victory. A general conviction takes hold that the uprising will last at least two weeks. Joking, I say that it will last at least four weeks. There were howls of protest and outrage: “who could survive that?” It’s true, it’s hard to believe. Warsaw is burning from end to end, and if the Soviet army doesn’t come to the rescue, absolutely everything will go up in flames.

One day, a strict order is issued, forbidding looking through windows after dark. All windows are to be closed, you are not allowed to approach, talking is forbidden. The German checkpoints received orders to shoot anyone seen from the outside. We paid little attention to the order, and in the darkness, nobody sees us. We sense, though, that something is afoot.

We had been in the line of fire since the first day of the uprising. Our positions fell one by one. After Filtry was taken and the buildings on ul. Starynkiewicza, fierce resistance was still coming from two positions in our area: the Polytechnic and the Military Cartographic Institute. The concentration of divisions and heavy artillery indicated that the Germans were preparing here for a decisive attack.

It soon turned out that those suspicions were accurate. The German divisions were preparing an attack on the Polytechnic and the Military Cartographic Institute (WIK). On the turret of the WIK, the Polish flag had flown without break. The actual turret looked as if it were utterly devastated. Smaller and bigger shells had shattered it to such an extent that it was hard to comprehend how the flagpole there was still aloft. One day, a well-aimed shell destroyed the base of the mast, which fell. Despite being under constant fire, one of the insurgents managed to reach the turret and fly the flag once again.

The hospital had a certain amount of contact with the defenders of the WIK. A hole was knocked through the wall surrounding the hospital grounds on ul. Nowogrodzka. Through this, communication took place. You had to quickly run across the street under fire. The WIK defenders several times came into the hospital grounds, bringing us some food. And vice versa: the hospital nurses went into the WIK and tended to the wounded. They first put up a flag with the Red Cross and went out into the street. As a rule, these trips took place without incident, several times, though, the Germans shot at the nurses.

In general the streets were empty. Sticking your head outside your house risked death. One time, the nurses brought a young man from the street who was suffering from severe shock. At the moment the uprising broke out, he hid with a range of other people in an official building of some kind. After several days of total starvation, a few of them decided to venture out into the street. The moment they did so, they were welcomed by a volley of shots from an automatic weapon. Two men and one woman were killed in the spot, the fourth went

into a state of severe shock and when the nurses brought him into the hospital on a stretcher, he refused to believe that he wasn't wounded. Every day, the screams and cries of the wounded, begging to be rescued, came from the Pomological Gardens on ul. Chałubińskiego. The Germans shot mercilessly at anyone they saw. The victims killed in the Pomological Gardens were mainly women, either those who were on their allotments when the uprising broke out, or those who after several days of starvation sneaked into the gardens in order to get some kind of food.

It was a truly bloody irony. Those barricaded in their homes and we, sick in hospital, were permanently hungry, and before our very eyes there was a wonderfully tended garden, full of vegetables, potatoes and fruit. We went through a real torment of Tantalus. Hunger is a truly massive impulse, it also seemed to us that we were as miserable as you could possibly get. Did any of us suspect that we would miss those days? Soon after, it came to that. After lengthy preparations, the Germans launched their attack on the Polytechnic and the WIK grounds. We went through nights of despair and triumph by turns. Firearms and artillery went crazy. One flare after another burst over the Polytechnic. One "communique" followed another. We didn't ask where or who from. It was enough for us that they brought good news. The bad, we didn't want to believe. The shooting increased at moments, then diminished, but it continued, and it was a sign to us that our lads were defending themselves. Nobody in the hospital slept. The nuns held a service for the success of our soldiers. The emotions were intense.

In the morning, we couldn't see the Polish flag on the turret of the WIK. It was replaced once again by the swastika.

The German soldiers brought the news that the Polytechnic had also fallen. Soon, nurses from the nursing school arrived, neighbouring the Polytechnic and the Ministry of Communications, which was permanently in German hands. We were cheered by the news that only part of the Polytechnic had been taken. To this day, I do not know what the actual situation there was. Simultaneously, a seriously ill old man was brought into the hospital from the officers' quarters on ul. Koszykowa. The residents of these buildings had been ordered to evacuate after the Polytechnic fell. By way of an exception, this patient was allowed to be brought to the hospital. In this way, we

learned from an eye witness that all the men taken in the Polytechnic had been shot in the street by the Germans. There were around 150 of them. Some of our soldiers were among them, and also men not involved in the fighting who hid there when the uprising broke out.

The defenders of the WIK met a kinder fate. After exhausting all means of defence, and unable to resist the tigers, they retreated down Al. Gen. Sikorskiego to the Poczta Dworcowa, which held out till the day of capitulation.

The sick man mentioned earlier was brought to the hospital by 2 Italian prisoners. They told us how the Germans treated Italians who fought for Badoglio. Of the initially large number of prisoners in Warsaw only a handful remained. They were treated like cattle. Their food was so meagre that there were increasing numbers of them dying from starvation and exhaustion. The fighting in Warsaw created an ideal opportunity to get rid of the rest. Totally consciously and deliberately, the Germans sent the Italians into the most dangerous areas to do totally unnecessary work. The Italians spoke of the Germans and of Mussolini with intense hatred.

The defeat of the Polish positions closest to us opened our eyes to the danger of the situation. Yet again, during this war, Warsaw was experiencing a real bombardment, this time worse than the first, as the current enemy was utterly ruthless when it came to the civilian population. The ceaseless shooting from automatic weapons was supported by aerial bombardment and worst of all — *sui generis* — flamethrowers. Over Warsaw an enormous glare hung and it was hard to believe that in this hell people might actually live and, what's more, defend themselves. We finally began to understand that external help was immediately essential.

On the hospital grounds was a secret radio. We listened in excitement to the radio messages from London, that help was being prepared, or on its way. It raised our spirits, but meanwhile, Warsaw continued to burn.

In the first days of the uprising, we received the messages from General Bór. We were aware to an extent, albeit not thoroughly, with the situation Warsaw found itself in. Heated discussions filled the wards. After all, it was only the Sunday before the uprising that withdrawing German tanks drove down the street between Targówek and

Drewnica, about 3km from the Wisła. Where is the German army now? What's happened to them? We were lost in speculation.

The situation in the hospital got worse and worse. Due to the lack of electricity, the X-ray was switched off, the quartz lamp, the infra-red lamp. This was pure spite on the part of the Germans, because the neighbouring buildings, occupied by them, still had an electricity supply. Treating the sick was made enormously difficult. Testing had to be carried out by ear. All the more modern medical equipment became worthless. The doctors were reading through old medical books, looking for forgotten methods of testing. For example, due to the fact the electric centrifuge wasn't working, urine testing was carried out using an archaic method involving pipettes. We got more and more hungry, and we felt it all the more as the battle grounds moved beyond our field of view. With me, instead of infra-red treatment, I received a painful series of injections. I was supposed to eat as much as possible during this. I looked at my watch the whole time, calculating all the time how long I had to wait until I got my bowl of soup. Although, in spite of this, I returned to health, it was an unusual, quite extraordinary event, against all rules of logic and understanding. "I simply cannot understand — the doctor told me jokily — how you haven't died yet. After the war, we shall have to write an article on your starvation diet in relation to your illness." Much later, after I had already left Warsaw, I told another doctor about this starvation diet and he expressed the conviction that the quality of food plays little or no role, the main thing was not to consume liquids. The irony of it. During that 3 week period, the only non-liquid meal I ate was a piece of underbaked, almost raw, yet wonderful bread, which the nurses, with extraordinary strength and energy baked on 15th August on Assumption Day.

For a long period, we were left without water. The water dripping off pipes in the basement was collected for the kitchens. The Germans cut off the water supply, so as to eliminate the possibility of fighting fires. The laundry was closed. The hospital linen, painstakingly patched up, was gradually turned to shreds. Our own attire, sweaty and smelly, was revolting. Dirt and disorder crept everywhere. The doctors and hospital staff were collapsing from exhaustion. One of the nurses, on permanent night duty, had a 39° temperature. With the greatest difficulty they managed to switch her to the group on duty



during the day. People were taken on to work who volunteered because they just happened to be in the hospital grounds. In our ward, an elderly woman, a volunteer, swept the floors. She showed us photos of her sons. The oldest was being held in Auschwitz, arrested during a round up of AK. Her youngest son, who was involved in some minor sabotage, was arrested shortly before the uprising broke out. The middle son said goodbye to his mother and wife before the uprising and went to his designated position. His wife and baby were in a flat on ul. Noakowskiego. "It's a robust house — he old woman consoled herself — perhaps nothing will happen to them." Her eyes were dry, but we knew how much it was costing her. If anyone doubted the sense of all these victims, the woman got angry and protested vehemently.

It was cold. We, who were in the rooms without window panes, felt it especially. The glass in the main doors had also been shattered, at least partially. So the draughts were enormous and the sweaty clothing gave no protection against the cold. In the corridors, meanwhile, there was an unbearable stench. Mostly elderly people lay there. While they slept, haggard and exhausted, it seemed as if they were all corpses. That impression was intensified by the countless flies that walked over our faces and arms. The sick lacked even the strength to chase them away. Night brought no protection against them. Whenever a cannon fired nearby, the flies awoke and flew in the dark. They got under the blankets, fell down sleeves and you had to totally undress to get rid of them. Someone brought a rumour that we were to be evacuated.

There were several injured AK. The first of them were placed on the surgical ward. The Germans came and looked them over. "They are bandits." We got the impression they would take them to be shot. Further of our wounded, we hid on different wards. There was also one injured old man who didn't take part in the fighting. He lived on ul. Grójecka. His house was taken and torched. He himself had been hurriedly gathering his things on the 4th floor. At one point, a Ukrainian burst into the flat. He shot 2 times. One of the bullets hit the chest, the other shattered the shoulder. The injured man was left to the vagaries of fate, came to and managed to get out of the burning building. In some incomprehensible manner, he got out via the gap between two buildings, in the most dangerous place. In the street he was spotted by a German soldier who shot at him with an



automatic weapon. Fortunately, he missed. The wounded man fell to the ground, pretending to be dead, then crawled to the nearest fence. There, the nurses found him. In the hospital, he was bandaged, but his shoulder couldn't be X-rayed. He lay bandaged for days. Gangrene was a concern; it's all a matter of luck. The lack of bandage material made it impossible to change the dressing. In another room lay an AK second lieutenant with a shattered leg. He was permanently cheerful, undemanding, never complained and probably for these reasons became the darling of all the nurses. The patients who didn't smoke gave him their cigarettes. The little shop that there had been in the hospital was closed. The owners first of all gave away sugar to the most seriously ill, and then began giving away cigarettes. It's true, they were only "Junak" cigarettes, but, as it turned out, they can on occasion be a wonderful smoke.

One day, the Germans removed their wounded from our hospital. The German soldiers transported them to a hospital on Koszykowa. According to their explanations, the wounded were to be gathered in a single location and evacuated from Warsaw. Again, gossip spreads about the inescapable retreat of the Germans. One of the rumours went that a transport of wounded sent back to the Reich had returned to Warsaw, because the Russians were already at Kutno. The German soldiers were already nervous, almost every day they bade us farewell "for good," yet somehow always returned.

While gathering up the wounded, the Germans drove their deserters out of hiding. A heated discussion took place between them and the German soldiers from the escort. The deserters were worried about the "retreating" army, and wanted to "retreat" too, but stated they absolutely did not want to go to the front line. I don't know what assurances they received, but they sufficed for them to leave the hospital grounds. As they did so, they said they were going to their "Heimat."

Removing the wounded Germans from the hospital — it turned out — did not in the least mean they were retreating from Warsaw. The next few days clarified the situation. After clearing the immediate vicinity of "bands" of Polish, the German lines moved and the hospital grounds, as the "rear" was handed over to the Ukrainians. In our hospital life, it was a change so fundamental that it was a turning point, dividing our tale into 2 periods. The first period, in which we experienced so much hardship at the hands of the Germans, was

over. Our assumptions that things couldn't get any worse — turned out to be false, as in the following days we went through such a hell that all the details become blurred in the memory, time loses all shape and appearance of reality. The days and nights blended into one, incidents happened one after the other with lightning speed, giving us no breathing space, events rained down on us by the hour and today I can only wonder how we didn't go out of our minds. Only then did we begin to understand the fate of the residents of Wola.

The taking over of the hospital grounds by the so-called Ukrainians coincided with the evacuation of the less seriously injured. One evening, a German order went out that those patients who could walk should leave the hospital grounds. In the evening dark a group of several hundred patients with doctors gathered. In extreme agitation, the Germans marched that group to the Dworzec Zachodni. At the last moment, they were allowed to stay in a bronchial illnesses hospital. Dramatic scenes were played out at the hospital. One of the patients came back for his documents. An angry German, heavily draped in belts of machine gun bullets, pointed his weapon at him and shouted that if he took one more step he would be a dead man. In the basements which you passed through to reach the gathering point, patients and nuns were saying prayers for the dying through their tears. The words of the litany were burned into my memory and stuck there mindlessly in my smoky, dull brain, mixing with the only conclusion, "so it's the end?" For the first time, I saw how such literary phrases as: "a husband sundered from his wife, son from mother" and so on, can actually emerge from reality.

Amidst shouting and screaming the transport headed into ul. Oczuki. At the last moment a doctor told me to return. I went back via the basement to my ward. I walked, utterly exhausted. Total strangers greeted me with delight: "Another one." I felt somewhat like I'd been raised from the dead. I saw women faint, children crying. I reached my ward with difficulty, walked past the empty beds, answered a few questions and utterly exhausted lay down in my bed in an empty room. I slept heavily.

For a few days we had no news of the patients who had gone. Later, it turned out that they had been placed in the famous Pruszków camp. There, lying on the bare ground, sparsely strewn with straw, they continued their treatment in the midst of a total lack of

medicines and medical equipment. The transport had been escorted from the hospital by the Ukrainians. It was said, although I cannot swear by the truth of this information, that during the march to the Dworzec, the Ukrainians shot a number of patients who couldn't keep up. Apparently they shot from the front of the division at the legs, and anyone who was hit and fell — they finished off. I didn't see this myself, and gossip tends to exaggerate. Regardless, though, I can state that it seems probable.

The next day the women from the "terrain" were taken out of the hospital. This term was used to describe those people who came to the hospital from the city. The path for this group of people led down ulica Chałubińskiego, as they willingly, or by force, left Warsaw. In the cellars of the Roma Theater on ul. Nowogrodzka a concentration point was set up for the people rounded up from the houses in that area. From there, every day a larger or smaller group set off towards the Dworzec Zachodni. These groups mostly went unguarded, which was entirely understandable as the route to the station passed through terrain occupied by the Germans, so there was no chance of escape. The only such opportunity was provided by our hospital, which you could get into via the gate on ul. Nowogrodzka, just a few dozen paces from ulica Chałubińskiego. Despite the danger, a certain number of the braver ones in each group "detached" themselves to seek asylum in the hospital. Despite the difficult situation, everyone still believed that the uprising would ultimately end in victory, and anyone who had already tasted that freedom was in no haste to return to German rule. With the passing of time quite a lot of these people from the terrain accumulated in the hospital. This made our situation regarding provisions even worse, but we wanted them to stay. In those great days, we were gripped by an unforgettable camaraderie.

A clearer explanation of the German order to evacuate those less sick and then the sick people from the "terrain" was that the German doctors carried out detailed tests on the remainder, and anyone hiding who was well, was shot. Under these conditions, the majority decided to leave the hospital. Quite a few still stayed behind, though. In my room, a young man hid, who, after long discussions was recorded as suffering from rheumatism, for that condition is very difficult to test and confirm.

In the following days, more people again came from the “terrain.” The tests didn’t take place, though, and all those who had risked it remained until the day the hospital was totally evacuated. It soon turned out, though, that they had chosen the worse option.

The Ukrainians took total control of the hospital grounds. Right at the beginning of their command, they carried out there own search of the empty buildings and hospital departments. In the Anatomicum building alongside, they demolished the doors, smashed open a medicines cupboard, destroyed valuable samples and equipment in their haste to find gold and vodka. Vodka was, it seems, the only aim of their lives. The entire time, I didn’t once see a Ukrainian sober. They lost all similarity to a human being. They roamed the wards, beltless, with jackets undone, shirts hanging out, unshaven, without caps, staggering around and overturning equipment and smelling horribly. Their very appearance was terrifying. They were always armed and pointed their pistols at everyone’s chest. Their armaments were quite extraordinary, too. They possessed early prototypes of revolvers, but also Mausers, and several carried American automatic pistols. They never put their weapons down even for a moment. I don’t know why, whether it was out of fear, or because the role they played gave them pleasure... There were moments when despite the danger of the whole situation, they made us laugh. For example, on one occasion they found a bicycle rickshaw, this wartime means of transport was utterly fascinating to them. After that, for days we could see the Ukrainians taking turns to ride in this rickshaw to howls of laughter along the roads and paths of the hospital. On another occasion, they commandeered a horse and carriage from somewhere; there was no way not to laugh, seeing 4 Ukrainians constantly riding round in this carriage. The front seat was especially privileged, so the positions were constantly changed. Driving around gave them such an inordinate amount of fun they had difficulty putting a straight face on, which increased the hilarity of the situation. They behaved like children who dreamed of being a cabman “when they grow up.” The Ukrainians’ cruelty was not born out of sadism. There was a primordial wildness to it, recalling the times when the victorious chief gave his soldiers the captured city as a reward, and for this reason the responsibility for all the deeds of the Ukrainians falls on the German hand steering this blind instrument.

In vain, I have tried to erase the details of the images from those days we spent with the Ukrainians. It was a period of unceasing terror, such that we lost all sense of reality and the passing of time. We lived to the echo of the bullies' footsteps, the clamour of wild chases, shouts, screams and wails. It seemed as if we were living in a hospital for the insane, and it's astonishing we emerged with our sanity. The morning hours were relatively peaceful. I don't know if the Ukrainians were on duty during these hours, or if they slept following their all night orgies. Whatever, we had a little more peace, most probably because they weren't yet all that drunk. The real hell began in the afternoon. All the Ukrainians were drunk by then and, at the same time, unbelievably aggressive.

I lack the words to describe the living hell that the women in the hospital went through. It seems at times to me unbelievable, and most likely I wouldn't believe it myself if I hadn't witnessed it first hand.

The first instance in this regard took place while the hospital was still occupied by the German army. In this period sporadic cases of Ukrainians getting into the hospital grounds. They came to visit a sick Russian woman. The Germans generally got rid of them, but not very energetically, because visits of whole groups of drunken Ukrainians kept repeating. During one such "visit" 2 Ukrainians dragged 2 women into an empty room and raped them. After this incident, the Germans gave assurances that the Ukrainians were forbidden from entering the hospital. But despite the supposed ban the Ukrainians kept coming to the hospital, and we didn't have to wait long for further excesses. Walking down the corridor in which the sick women were lying, a Ukrainian saw a fifteen year old girl keeping vigil over her sick mother. In front of over a dozen sick women, the Ukrainian threw the girl on her mother's bed and raped her. This kind of rape repeated a number of times, but not all of them — for understandable reasons — became common knowledge. So you can understand what terror the women felt when the hospital grounds — despite earlier assurances — was placed under Ukrainian guard. Shortly, the worst suspicions began to take place — in fact — the reality exceeded all imagination.

Together with the approaching dusk, a wild chase began in the hospital. Woe to the woman who was late in hiding from the enraged bullies. Every day saw a series of rapes, whose horror was increased by the fact the the Ukrainians happily formed "queues." A woman

who fell into their hands was typically raped by at least 5 Ukrainians. The Ukrainians were particularly enthusiastic in hunting down the nurses who were nuns, maybe because they were mostly very young. The poor, pursued girls could barely stay on their legs.

They hid in all sorts of way. They locked themselves in their rooms. A band of Ukrainians stormed the doors, another band went through the wardrobes, wherever they could. One of the cleaning ladies fled from a Ukrainian into the attic and buried herself beneath a pile of rubble, ash and soot. One of the Ukrainians took a liking to her and chased her without break. When on one occasion she managed to misdirect the chaser into our room, she broke out into such hysterical laughter that we thought she had gone mad. All the nurses were in a crazed state. The emotions were too great even for those with strong nerves. We were utterly helpless; unarmed against armed Ukrainians, we could only help the nurses to hide. Whenever the Ukrainians arrived, the nurses jumped into our beds. We hid them under our blankets and the drunken Ukrainians didn't spot the trick. Only once did a Ukrainian get what he deserved, He stopped one of the young doctors and demanded he show him the place where the nurses were hiding. The doctor refused, and when the Ukrainian threatened to shoot him — he replied that he didn't want such a life. "Come on then" — said the Ukrainian dragging him toward the courtyard. Things looked serious. Right by the entrance, the doctor turned around and knocked the Ukrainian out and made his escape. The next day the Ukrainians came asking where was the doctor who hit "naszego komandira" in the "zuby" so hard that he had a massive bump. For a series of days, there were sudden, but ineffective searches. One time, a Ukrainian spotted an elderly cleaning lady, a woman of about 60, resting in a bed. "I'm old" — the woman said. "Not to worry — I shan't check your teeth" — the Ukrainian replied, and raped her.

The pinnacle of all this was the infamous raid on the obstetrics ward. Around 50 Ukrainians went in there one evening and raped virtually all the patients. They raped women who had just given birth. One of the new mothers, raped a day after giving birth by five Ukrainians, died the day after from an infection. After this incident, the women from the gynaecological, obstetrics and TB wards moved into our ward each night and spent the nights in the basements or wherever they were able to.

The Ukrainians suffered from a persecution complex. They argued the whole time, claiming we had hidden weapons in the hospital and were sniping at them. These accusations were baseless, nevertheless, they were enough for the Ukrainians to begin a new game, based on a German example. It began with gathering hostages. In the evening, the Ukrainians gathered 10 people, women and men, from among the medical and nursing staff and patients. They held the hostages in the building of the Military Cartographic Institute and then released them the next day. This repeated several times. Among the hostages, the Ukrainians picked women who had to accompany them in all night long orgies. One such victim, they visited the next day where she worked and a “queue” raped her again, both she and the other women they caught there.

Finally, the German command, which had until recently taken entirely unwelcome control of our hospitals, withdrew from its initial position. The delegations of doctors had to negotiate directly with the Ukrainians. Our grounds had been handed over to the Ukrainians, who were hypersensitive about their prestige and irritated by any German intervention, which in such circumstances only brought us misfortune.

So, we tried that, too. The “Komandir” solemnly swore that he would curtail the excesses of his soldiers, and immediately ordered the shooting of one of the Ukrainians for a trivial misdemeanour, after which he drank vodka with the man, saying the shots came from the hospital — and as a result nothing changed. Reaching an understanding with the Ukrainians was out of the question, their mentality was utterly foreign to us. You couldn’t explain to them that raping women was a tragic misfortune for them. “We aren’t doing you any harm — the Ukrainians said — we even gave you matches.” They considered rape something entirely natural. They were surprised and angered that the nurses ran at the sight of them. They considered it evidence of a hostile attitude to them. It was impossible to find a common language with them...

Warsaw blazed and battled, and the London radio patiently explained that air raids over Warsaw were too costly, as this and that percent of planes would be destroyed.

Then came the fabled day, 24th August. The day passed like any other. In the night, the Soviet attack on Praga began. There was no



way I could describe our feelings. We didn't sleep a wink. The cannon fire got closer, it grew, the artillery fire turned into one unbroken explosion, thundering ever closer. We took bets on what time the Germans and Ukrainians would leave us, unsurprisingly, we nearly jumped out of our skins in excitement.

And then something terrible happened. The cannon fire began to retreat and grow quiet. By morning, all you could hear was the usual shooting from the city.

At around 10am on 25th August, our evacuation order arrived at the hospital, which was to take place at 12pm. We packed our things in a rush. After over a month and a half being bedridden, I felt weak, but packing my meagre possessions didn't take long. We sat on our bundles and waited, who knows, maybe a different order would arrive. Maybe they'll leave us after all. Despite everything we had been through, and maybe precisely because of it, we wanted to stay where we were and wait in Warsaw till the moment when the Germans were gone.

Once more, our hopes were disappointed. At 12 noon, a division of Ukrainians showed up and threw us out of the corridors. Only the bedridden patients, the elderly, the wounded, all those unable to walk unaided, remained. The already drunk Ukrainians ordered us to open up the basements, because they are about to throw incendiary grenades into them. All medical and nursing staff and orderlies were to leave the hospital with us. We were certain that those who remained would be murdered. We quickly said our farewells. In the courtyard, we lined up in pairs. At a certain moment some window shutters came smashing open and a young woman dropped to the pavement. With wounds on her legs, she fell into line with us, semidazed. It turned out that she had planned to stay with her injured husband. The Ukrainians burst into the room, shut the doors and in front of her husband, intended to rap her. She managed to struggle her way free and threw herself at the window, which fortunately gave way. An elderly woman, in despair, pushed a hospital trolley with her sick husband on it. She asked everyone for help, begged the Germans on her knees, clutching their hands, but in the end, they tore her away from the patient. She came with us, half-alive.

We passed through all the hospital grounds. On entering ulica Oczki the Ukrainians were lined up. They ripped watches off our wrists,



searched us and too any valuables. The Gestapo and SS observed this with bland smiles. One of the Ukrainians stood with a crop, occasionally hitting passers-by. He didn't like something about me, because he raised the crop, took aim and I would have got a beating if another Ukrainian hadn't suddenly punched him in the teeth. He collapsed spread out on the ground and I went by.

In the gateway building stood Germans and Ukrainians looking over the patients as they left. Here and there, they picked someone out of the parade and put them to one side. One woman grovelled at the feet of the Germans, begging them to let her husband and son go. A terse order was issued and both were taken out of the building and shot.

On ul. Oczki a long line of people formed. In the glare of the sun we waited to march off. The Germans and Ukrainians meandered around us. We looked at the surrounding buildings pocked by bullet marks. The waiting dragged on. We grew weaker. A woman from the obstetrics ward haemorrhaged. The orderlies got a stretcher from somewhere and a moment later carried past us the woman, who had fainted. Her bare, spread legs were covered in blood. We sat on our bundles. Then the order came: march! We lifted ourselves up and again, we waited. This went on forever. Finally, we moved off.

We walked down ul. Oczki, Sucha, Filtrowa, through Plac Narutowicza and Kopińska to the Dworzec Zachodni. I was at the rear of the file. On the road, at the junction of ul. Oczki and Sucha lay a great pool of blood. On Filtrowa the burned bodies of horses blocked the way. In the square on ul. Łęczycka lay some human corpses, laid out systematically and neatly in rows. We walked past burned out buildings through one of the loveliest districts of Warsaw. We could see at first hand that these houses weren't hit by incendiary bombs. They were torched. Near the Regional Government building, arm-chairs stood on the pavement. The Germans were sitting in them, at that moment eating jam straight from the jar. On the first-floor balcony of one of the burned down houses on ul. Filtrowa lay a massive St Bernard. He looked at us with a philosophical gaze. On Pl. Narutowicza a large building next to the church was in flames. Of ul. Kopińska only memories remained. On the entire length of the route, the only building not burned down were the officers' blocks on ulica Koszykowa, the Regional Government building, one house on

ul. Asnyka and the teacher's hostel on Pl. Narutowicza. The rest were burned down or in ruins.

On Filtrowa, one of the nuns couldn't keep up with the march. An SS officer approached her, kicked her suitcase, which fell onto the street, opened and spilled its contents, threatened her with a Browning and pushed her on. In tears, the nun rejoined us. A brief rest was ordered. We tumbled to the ground. Some of us had high temperatures, there were many who had grown unaccustomed to walking. I, myself, had lain constantly in bed for over a month and a half. I'm surprised we managed to make it such a long way. It seems people can do a lot, when they have to.

Some of the more heavily wounded, the weaker ones, especially the elderly, gathered up their remaining strength. They stopped and held onto trees, rubble or walls, resting for a few seconds of relief. Suddenly a truck drove up. The weakest were to be taken by it to the journey's end. It turned out that no one was weakest. Nobody wanted to climb on board the vehicle. Fear of the Germans gives you strength. In a crowd, everybody feels more sure of themselves. The doctors and orderlies forced some of the elderly men and women onto the truck. The Dworzec Zachodni was barricaded. We had to get through the fences and barbed wire. This again made the journey longer. In desperation, some people hurled their bundles, which they had carried with such difficulty, into a ditch. Despair took hold. Again, we were wandering, we passed through a tunnel, we wandered among the trackside rubbish and finally made it to the station platforms. Some immediately took their places in goods wagons, the rest waited. In an unbelievable crush, we jostle around on the floor. Slyly, I took two photographs.

Then, there was a commotion. A woman went into labour. She'd had labour pains for over a day. Now it was starting, it seemed, for real. Those accompanying her laid her out across several bundles. The woman lay there moaning. It took a while to find the right doctor. Finally, they found him and he came. We moved out of the line of sight and settled in another place. The woman was surrounded by other women. Her two, small, scared children observed what was happening to their mother with terror.

An orderly brought us some water to drink.

After waiting a long time, an electric locomotive was brought. The train was full in a flash. I left on the third transport in the evening. And I was lucky in that. It turned out that the first two transports were taken from the station in Pruszków to a transit camp about 3km away. On the intervention of the doctors, the Germans agreed to send us to a hospital in Tworki. So, both the first two transports had to return to Pruszków and wait for us. In the late evening, we set off for Tworki. The institution for the mentally ill in Tworki was mostly full of Germans. Mostly for this reason, we were held at the gate for a long time and it was only past midnight that we were led into the hospital grounds. The Polish doctors received no notification of our arrival, so nothing had been prepared. We stayed in the concrete cellars. Some spread their overcoats out on the bare cement floor, threw themselves onto them and fell instantly, deeply asleep. I found a chair somewhere and spent the whole night on it.

From the early morning, there were discussions among the doctors about our further fate. The decision kept changing. The hospital isn't able to receive such a number of patients. At noon, a snap decision was made. We are to be placed in the hospitals in Podkowa Leśna and Milanówek. In about fifteen minutes or so, an EKD train arrived. Without eating dinner, we went on.

The hospital in Podkowa Leśna, it turned out on our arrival, was absolutely full. They could accept maybe 2 women into the TB ward. We jostled around on the lawns, indifferent to it all. In the evening, the doctors stood us on our feet. We have to go to Brwinów, where we are to spend the night in the hall of the local cinema. The future looked bleak. The doctors advised us in secret, that we should try to find a place to stay by our own devices. At a certain moment, I made a decision. I got onto a train and went. Luck was on my side. One of the passengers invited me to spend the night. The next day, I travelled to Grodzisk and from there, by several train journeys, reached my family.

Again, another chapter in life was closed. A long time passed before I got used to normal, pre-uprising living conditions again. It was hard for me to understand that you could walk down the streets, eat bread or potatoes, without hearing explosions, that the air could be clear, the nights dark, not lit by the glare of fires, the sky full of stars.

I recovered well. I'm now healthy again and I'm very happy about that. Perhaps, next time I'll have more luck. I don't want to lie in a hospital again.

PRUSZKÓW

VII



Dulag 321 (Durchgangslager) — Pruszków. Currently, the site of the railway workshops in a town lying 18 km from the capital in the direction of Żyrardów — this is an epilogue to the living hell of the uprising. Evacuated from Warsaw, the people were gathered in halls unprepared for such large numbers, in extraordinarily primitive conditions.

From afar came the sounds of battle, a glow hung over Warsaw. But here, in the Pruszków camp — there was quiet, only interrupted by the odd shot. Despite this, the reality was no less terrible than that which had gone before. Families who had lived together before the uprising, now had to part, those considered politically suspect, to concentration camps, those able to work — to work camps, the sick and wounded to various places within the General Government area. For these last, Pruszków was the last stage before freedom, for the majority, it was the first stage before a new torment, which only began in its full horror inside the Reich.

(139) Protocol nr 164:

*witness dr W. Wolffram, female, a doctor at the Pruszków camp;  
Protocol handed to a documenting cell by Halina Kaźmierczakowa,  
living in Warsaw, ul. Głogera 3.*

“...The transports began arriving on Sunday 6th August, but they travelled on unloaded, On the Monday, they began arriving on foot and by train. Monday, Tuesday was Wola; Wednesday, Thursday and Friday — Ochota. The people had been severely maltreated, because they had passed through a second camp in the Zieleńnik. Saturday, the twelfth, more from Filtrowa, Sucha, the first large numbers from Grójecka, the last from Aleje Jerozolimskie. This transport was very large and the barracks were crowded. All through Sunday and Monday the camp slowly emptied. On Monday 14th, in the evening, there was a small transport, partly from Aleje Jerozolimskie, partly from Mokotów; their condition was relatively good, no wounded. For the next week, the barracks were relatively empty. There was a transport of some kind from Nowogrodzka to Marszałkowska, transports of men from Praga, brought in part from the Infant Jesus hospital. On Tuesday, 22th, a large transport of people from Mokotów came. That day, if I’m not mistaken, people rounded up off the streets or from Pruszków homes with Warsaw “kennkarts,” or even Pruszków ones, began to arrive.

Wednesday, 23rd August, several hundred people from Miłanówek, mainly young men.

24th VIII, evening, Krakowskie Przedmieście and Nowy Świat (not more than 2,000 people).

25th VIII — more from the Infant Jesus hospital.

26th and 27th VIII men rounded up by order from Rembertów, Wesoła, Babice and Włochy. In the afternoon 400 children aged 0—5 years from the Fr. Boduen orphanage on Nowogrodzka. Not much for the next few days. Some from Praga and the vicinity near to the Wisła, like Zielonka, Kobylka, some of Mokotów, Żoliborz, Marymont, Bielany, some rounded up from places between Warsaw and Pruszków.

On Thursday, 31st August, in the evening, the Starówka begins. All Friday, Saturday and Sunday, without break late into the night, about twenty transports daily. Very poor physical condition. More or less 40 to 50% are slightly injured or sick. More or less 3—4% seriously wounded, mostly severe burns to the face and arms. According to their tales, the most seriously wounded people haven't been transported. In the night of the 2nd into the 3rd of September about 43,000 slept in the camp. At another entrance, a new transport of wounded men was brought in.

On Sunday, 3rd September, whispered news came of insurgents arriving by vehicle. They didn't bring them into the grounds. They were apparently placed in the barracks alongside, and anything further — is not known. One of the nurses, who was a secretary in the wagon, apparently heard the Germans talking among themselves that these bandits should be shot.

Monday, Tuesday — more from the Starówka and Powiśle begins. Also in large quantities (over a dozen daily). The people were exhausted and sick. Fewer wounded than from the Stare Miasto.

After Friday, 8th September the whole of Śródmieście, Tamka, Krakowskie Przedmieście, Nowy Świat, Smolna etc. arrived, either by force or willingly.

Mostly women, the elderly and children, a lot of wounded; in very low spirits. Friday or Saturday at midnight, while unloading the transport onto the tracks, either by accident or design a train was sent down the neighbouring track from the opposite direction. 9 of those unloading were killed, 12 injured.

After Sunday, 10th September, the number of arrivals dropped considerably. A few still arrived from Powiśle up to Plac Trzech Krzyży.

Czerniaków, badly maltreated; around 17 — Wawrzyszew, Bielany, Żoliborz up to Plac Wilsona.

On Saturday, 16th September, all men captured in Włochy aged 16 to 50. They merely marched through the camp; they were loaded immediately onto another transport.

The transports mostly arrive by electric train (3 or 6 wagons), more or less 400 or 800 people..."



(140) Protocol nr 190:

*two witnesses — Janusz Regulski, manufacturer,  
residing in Podkowa Leśna, worker at the Pruszków camp,  
and Anna Chomiczowa, nurse at the Pruszków camp.*

*Report drawn up by I team of members of the RGO in Pruszków.*

“...The camp was set up on 6th VIII, 1944 under the direction of the SS and the gendarmes, up to the moment when it was taken over by the Wehrmacht, and so till the 11th VIII, the evacuation population received food only through collections from the local community organised by the Pruszków health centre. From the moment the army took over the camp, conditions improved somewhat and a certain organisational system was introduced.

The camp leader became Col. Sieber, who together with his army division organised matters connected with security and life in the camp; the displaced, though, were exclusively governed by those who lived in the so-called “green wagon”... [?] under the command of Sturmbannführer Diehl and his deputy Untersturmführer Wetke, consisting of a dozen or so Gestapo and gendarmes. Next to the “green wagon” stood 2 goods wagons, serving as the camp prison. The chief doctor was Stabsarzt König, his deputy Stabsarzt Klener as well as temporarily, during the period of the greatest occupation, 5—6 German officer-doctors. In carrying out their duties, the doctors followed the directives and orders of the local Gestapo.

Polish staff in the camp consisted of a dozen or so doctors, some of whom volunteered, some from among those evacuated from Warsaw, then of a few hundred nursing nuns, as well as a few men who, under various pretexts, gained rights to enter and work in the camp.

It should be recorded here that all the Polish staff, not representing any organisation, yet assembled exclusively of people individually and on their own initiative volunteering to work in the camp, worked with enormous dedication and without heed to the difficulties and personal risks. These staff, in the struggle with the German rulers to release people from the camp, created a force which the German authorities couldn't combat either by regulations or repression. Tens of thousands of people were released from the camp as wounded or sick, the vast majority on the pretext of illness, thanks to the enormous invention in terms of getting people out, at great

personal risk. Lots of nurses were punished by the police authorities by having passes taken away or arrest, two were sent to the Ravensbrück after lengthy incarceration in Pruszków. No threats or repressions though could dissuade these volunteer Polish staff from their total dedication to their work, which was carried on to the last moment with identical intensity, despite the Germans applying all their energies to opposing the varied and ever new methods applied by the nurses. This utter devotion and courage deserves the profoundest respect. This isn't in any way altered by the fact that some took somewhat unethical fees for various help, or even in certain cases extorted them. Excesses take place everywhere nowadays, so they took place here, too.

The people removed from Warsaw arrived in goods wagons through gate nr 14 at the Railway Workshops. Here, they were unloaded and brought into the camp escorted by gendarmes. The German soldiers were not allowed to help either the sick or the wounded in disembarking the wagons, nor elderly people in carrying their bundles, but it was the Polish [staff], of which there were very few in relation to the massive influx of people for that assistance to be in any way sufficient. The transports arrived day and night. Once a terrible accident occurred, when at night the people standing on the tracks were hit by a goods train travelling without lights and without warning from the railway staff. 12 people were slaughtered that night.

From gate 14, the enormous transports made their way slowly towards separating hall nr 5, about half a kilometre away from the entrance. These lines of people, not knowing their fate, scared, often weighed down with their own baggage, the old, sick and the wounded, created a terrible scene. Already, the Polish staff were helping to carry things, move the injured, giving the poor people brief information on what to do during segregation and of ways to free themselves. The German guards did what they could to block these conversations and watched to make sure that individuals from the transports weren't being separated off by the Polish staff and hidden in the kitchen or the clinic, which despite their efforts, still took place.

At the same time, bread and tomatoes were handed out. The kitchen serving these massed ranks was organised by the Polish staff and used the equipment that they found in the Railway Workshops. They gave out coffee morning and evening, and a little bread as well as some well-made vegetable soup during the day. Daily, they served up to 50,000 portions. Despite this, the vast majority didn't receive any soup because it was so hard to get to the kitchen, or rather due to the lack of crockery. Due to the enormous crush, at certain times children went without food, and there were even cases of children starving to death.

Hideous scenes were played out in segregating people. For example, on 2nd IX a husband was separated from his wife and three small children, despite the fact that his wife was crippled with one leg and a prosthesis. In another case, a father was delegated to work while his six children were to be sent to the orphanage. Only the wails of the little ones led to the children being sent with their father to work.

This segregation took place on the railway tracks immediately upon arrival of a transport at the gates, or in front of hall nr 5. The principles of the segregation were as follows: regarded as unfit to work in Germany: mothers with children up to 15, women over 50, as well as men — starting at around 60, and later around 50, and finally pregnant women in the sixth month, the sick and infirm. All the rest were designated to be sent to work in Germany, among which train and tram drivers were separated off. In the first few weeks, the women were also separated from the men among those deemed fit for work in Germany and transported separately.

The segregation along these lines was not carried out by doctors, but by army bureaucrats with utter ruthlessness. Without warning, families were separated, and the wails and pleading created a savage reaction from the Germans in the form of beatings, kicking and shoving. Families, often having their goods packed together, had no time to divide them up and pushed and abused went their ways with the wrong baggage or with only what they were standing in. Wailing and begging by the unfortunate ones provoked explosions of anger on the side of the Germans, who were not averse even to using their fists on women. In one case, the officer carrying out the

segregation, noticed someone walking behind a stopped train, he raced there, 4 shots rang out, after which, with a smile on his face, he returned to his savage work. Those carrying out the segregation took no notice of any certificates of illness, saying that they were to be examined in specific halls. In fact, in the enormous crush of people, up to 5,000 in each hall, only a small portion of those actually ill could get to see a doctor.

Those unfit to work in Germany were directed to hall nr. 1, while those fit to work — in the period when men and women were separated — the women went to hall nr. 4, the men to hall nr 6. Later, as a result of the dismantling of hall nr 6, the men and women went to hall nr 3, or 4.

Hall nr 2 was the clinic where the German doctors categorised the sick; it was from here that most people got out of the camp on the pretext of being sick, and here there was the greatest efforts by the Polish staff in liberating people from the camp.

The individual halls, each holding from 2—5,000 people, were totally unprepared for people to live in. Terrible filth and mud covered the concrete floors between the inspection pits, full of rotting refuse, dirt and insects. Throughout the entire 2 month period, these pits were not cleaned out even once, nor even smothered in lime. People lived in these pits in the ground, sometimes on a few straw mats, or on scattered fragments broken off wagons. During the period of the most intense usage, the conditions were so terrible that a large part of the people preferred to sleep under the open skies, especially in hall nr 1, regardless of the cold, and even often the rain. Cases of fainting, and even death among the old and children were a daily occurrence. In this way, on 3rd IX, for example, in hall nr 1 eight small infants died as a result of not being given anything to eat.

Truly Dantean scenes were played out during the loading of people onto trains in hall nr 1. This enormous crowd of people, mostly unfit for work, the old, children and the sick, were let out through a single gate, pushed through the exit, crushing the weakest. Horrible screams could be heard the whole time, some were suffocated. The German guards made no effort to maintain order, their entire effort was directed towards searching among the crowds for those fit to work or younger, pulling them to one side and sending them back

to hall nr 1, often despite their certificates of illness, even those from the German doctors stating they were unfit for work. And here, the inspections were carried out by the officials of labour offices and gendarmes without the involvement of doctors. Screams and cries of desperation accompanied this procession to the wagon.

Medical assistance to people in the camp was almost entirely absent due to the minimal amounts of bandages and medicines. The German doctors were exclusively interested in checking whether those claiming to be sick were fit to work in Germany, in which only the most serious illnesses and visible disabilities were taken into consideration. It's true that in the second period a hospital was established in the camp grounds in hall nr 8, however, it's aim was more to monitor illnesses and treat smaller wounds with the aim of obtaining more human material for work.

The first transport that arrived in Pruszków on 6th VIII from Wola, of 3,000 people, consisted mainly of women and children, herded on foot for 15km, in a terrible state. Many of them had feet worn to the bone, with small stones and gravel embedded in the wounds. Also in this period in Pruszków, a series of groups of young men suspected, either on account of their wounds or their youth, of having participated in the uprising. People from the nearby village of Kanie said that there too a largish group of people from the Pruszków camp were shot.

The greatest number of people were in the camp on the days of the 1st and 2nd IX — around 75,000 people, after the Stare Miasto fell. People walked in a state of terrible exhaustion, many dug out of the rubble, a lot of wounded and injured, most almost without personal possessions as they had been driven out of their shelters supposedly only to be counted, and then directly moved on without being able to gather any of their things.

In this period, severe restrictions in the camp were imposed, making release from the camp as difficult as possible; all those injured were sent for inspection to hall nr 8.

On 5th IX, when the arrival of a delegation of the International Red Cross from Switzerland was expected the most senior representatives of the RGO and the Polish medical staff were ordered to sign a declaration stating that everything was alright in the “green

wagon.” The text of the declaration was printed later in the “New Warsaw Courier” with alterations. The text is attached.

Following leaflets dropped by planes over Warsaw on the 7th, 8th and 9th September, for a few hours each day, the civilian population could freely leave the city centre. The remaining, isolated battle zones, like Żoliborz, Mokotów, were not included in this. The greatest number of people left on the 7th IX, in the following days this number gradually fell. Altogether, the number of people who left during these three days can be estimated at anywhere from 80—100,000 people.

At the same time, 3 transports of men aged from 15 to 55, expelled from Włochy passed through Pruszków.

This period was distinguished by a certain softening of the course of events in the camp. This was expressed via better relations of the authorities with regard to the Polish staff, in a reduction of the difficulty in getting released to hospital, in the possibility of individual releases by the Gestapo, and finally by a certain care in cleaning the halls. This coincided with the recognition of the AK as a combatant, to a large extent the use of the term “bandit” disappeared.

In the second half of September the main influx of people came from Czerniaków, Powiśle and as far as Nowy Świat, gradually, in line with the taking of these districts. After the capture of the Sadyba estate, in Czerniaków a characteristic incident took place: the people expelled were taken together and a German general apparently gave a speech in which he claimed that the German army didn't fight civilian populations, that the unnecessary provocation of the uprising was the only cause of their suffering. Nevertheless, the army would take people under their care, ensure them a roof over their heads, bread and work, that people will be properly treated, families would not be split up and this difficult period could be survived peacefully. This speech made a very good impression on these bedraggled, exhausted people such that a cry of joy even went up. A few hours later, though, the people thus comforted found themselves in the camp amidst the above described conditions, facing bestial functionaries splitting families apart. Also regardless of the pretty speech of the German general in Sadyba, according to doctors' reports, located there in Powiśle and lower Mokotów, those

more seriously injured, in light of the inability to remove them from the shelters were killed. The same took place in the ZUS hospital on Czerniakowska, where, among others, Prof. Dr Górecki and Dr Dziwanowski and his wife were killed. Also, those evacuated by force from Zielonka, Anin and Bielany passed through the Pruszków camp.

On 17th IX two Polish officers in uniform were brought to the camp. One of them was apparently called Captain Piasecki. After their blindfolds were removed, which they arrived wearing, they were led through the halls, after which they were driven away. Together with them were two orderlies in uniform, one from the army of Gen. Berling. They were initially sent as orderlies to the clinic, but after a couple of days they were taken to the military camp near Gdańsk together with the AK girls from Mokotów.

During this time, the Swiss delegation of the Red Cross finally arrived. It was composed of 2 Swiss. They looked at some of the halls, after which there was a meeting with the Polish doctors in which the German authorities did not participate. In the name of the Polish doctors, Dr Kielbasińska gave the report on the camp conditions, after which one of the Polish doctors took the floor and said he had to declare that things in the camp were not good and that the German doctors were not respecting the diagnoses of the Polish doctors, that hygiene conditions were atrocious, and that the segregations were not carried out by doctors, but by gendarmes. This doctor, a lady, despite the absence of the German authorities was immediately arrested, but released after 2 but not allowed into the camp. International Red Cross aid for the camp came in the form of 2 wagons of condensed milk and other food products.

On 25th IX the first transport of people captured by the Germans in the southern edges of Mokotów arrived. The evacuation of Mokotów lasted until the 28th IX. During this time, the first transport of prisoners of war also arrived, of 1,200 AK officers and soldiers, of which some were female. They were isolated in hall nr 7, to which no one was allowed entrance. That day, the Gestapo let a dozen or so German soldiers who had been Polish prisoners in Mokotów into the hall to look for Poles who had purportedly treated them

badly. These soldiers picked out around 20 Poles who were led out. Many of them were beaten and finally they were all taken away by the Gestapo. Soon after, the camp commandant, Col. Sieber went to Sturmbannführer Diehl and, following an angry exchange of words, in which he stated that they were prisoners of the Wehrmacht and that the police had no rights to them, he took them all back. It is hard to establish if all of them returned. The camp commandant, Col. Sieber ordered on the first day that the Polish military be given white bread. On 28th IX this group was marched in close columns through the camp and loaded onto wagons which were then sealed. It was said that they were taken for the time being to the camp in Skierniewice.

That day, a delegation of AK arrived at the camp, including: a Lt. Col. in civilian clothing and with a red and white arm-band on his sleeve, a Dr Bartoszewski, director of the hospital on Jaworzyńska, as well as Dr Tarnowska as a representative of the Red Cross. Sturmbannführer Diehl called a few people from among the Polish staff and told them to lead the delegation through the camp, giving them whatever information they wanted, declaring that neither he, nor the German authorities would participate in the visit, but that he would be available should any facts need to be clarified. The delegation arrived at the camp at about 4pm. At this time the first transport of prisoners of war from the AK in Mokotów had just left. A high ranking Wehrmacht officer stated he could have the train brought back if the AK Lt. Col. so wished, however, in light of the technical difficulties, they asked the colonel if he would go to Pruszków station, where the train was being held, which he did. During this time, the remaining members of the delegation were led through the camp in detail by the Polish staff, confirming the conditions and receiving explanations as regards the functioning of the camp, after which the delegation left for Milanówek and Podkowa Leśna to examine the condition of hospital services. At that time, over 7,000 sick and wounded were registered in the hospitals, while the Germans stated that a further 3,000 spaces could be found. In the evening, the delegation drove off by motor car to Warsaw.



Gestapo officers meanwhile spoke with the staff of the friendly discussions regarding the capitulation, and that the Polish side was making the capitulation conditional on its being accepted by the Polish government in London, which was entirely understandable to them...”

(141) Protocol nr 199:

*three witnesses — Władysław Mazurek, 35, veterinary doctor,  
Władysław Adamczewski, 40,*

*before the war a bank director in Poznań, and Dziublicki.*

*Report drawn up by II team of members of the RGO in Pruszków.*

“On 6th VIII, 1944, the Managing Committee of the RGO in Pruszków was informed that within a matter of hours assistance was to be organised for the people expelled from Warsaw. The former Railway Workshops were designated as the temporary holding place for these people by the German authorities, which from that time became a transit camp. As part of the Committee, the following people initially took part in work on the camp: the Chairman, Fr. E. Tyszka, Vice-Chairman, Wł. Mazurkiewicz, Dr Mazurek, Dr K. Szupryczyński, p. Walowa, p. Wala, p. Kałuska, p. Chojnicki and others. From the 12th of August to the present day, the permanent representatives of the Committee in the camp were: Dr Wł. Mazurek, councillor Michał Dziublicki, Dr Adam Adamczewski, p. Gawlik and also intermittently p. Józwiak. Apart from this, an exceptional contribution to the work came from the ladies of the food and care section, such as p. Chodkiewiczowa, Walowa, Mazurkowska, Bińkowska, Chmielewska, and a number of Pruszków residents, such as Bogucka, Wołyńska, Chojnicka, Baciowa, Bednarska Maria, Józwiakowa Jadwiga, Cybulska, Ciekońska, Świerczewska, Wojtczakówna, Bednarska, Majewska Barbara and many more, and in the trips to Warsaw, of which more below, among others, p. Gula and p. Szwejkowski. The camp was run by three authorities, the Wehrmacht, SS and Arbeitsamt. Decisive sway over life in the camp was clearly held by the SS.

## Organisation of the kitchens

Aid for the displaced began with the gathering of crockery, plates, bowls, spoons etc., bearing in mind the priority of feeding the bedraggled, hungry populace of our capital. The German authorities, albeit having total responsibility for feeding the displaced, provided only bread and coffee, while the organisation, supply and preparation of all other meals fell onto the shoulders of the local population. It must be stressed that the dedication of this society, taking into consideration the five years' destruction of the war, was so intense it is worthy of the highest praise. In the second period of the existence of the camp, when the offerings from the local populace diminished due to exhaustion of food supplies, the burden of supplying the kitchens was taken over by the administrating authorities. The makeshift kitchens were insufficient, due to the enormous influx of people from Warsaw, in light of which the local people hurried with assistance, providing prepared meals, and neighbouring villages supplied agricultural produce and dairy products. Similar help was provided by people from further away through the mediation of the local RGO Committee and through private initiatives (e.g. Fr. Stalnowski from Łowicz).

Thanks to the reports of our committee, created to operate in the camp, the military authorities decided to expand the kitchen equipment which, with the passing of time became almost sufficient.

Kitchen assistants were chosen by members of the Committee from among the evacuated populace, initially around 50, and as necessary expanding to 480 people. This help was divided into sections with specific duties, such as 1) kitchen section 2) peeling section 3) vegetable section 4) bread section (slicing bread) 5) woodchopping section 6) cleaning 7) transport 8) mechanical section (preparing ladles, crockery, mugs and other kitchen equipment).

The kitchen was divided into the following divisions:

- a) infants food, initially led by p. Wołyńska, and during the second half of the camp's existence by the Urban Health Centre led by p. Lipińska;
- b) food for children up to 5;
- c) food for the sick;

- d) food for kitchen and medical staff;
- e) general food.

Overall management of the kitchen was in the hands of p. Bogucka.

While the camp was in existence, and especially from 6th August to the middle of October of 1944, anywhere from 5,000 to 45,000 people daily arrived at the camp, whereas the kitchens were capable of only producing 35,000 covers. Obviously, not everyone could receive a meal for purely technical reasons. It should be stressed, however, that for other reasons, too, thousands were unable to receive these meals, namely, as a result of the transports, classifications and movements from one barrack to another carried out during meal times. On top of this, a certain number of people didn't receive food on account of the presence of brutal types who, abusing their physical strength, obtained several meals to the detriment of others, especially the old and sick. Frequent interventions to the relevant authorities, as well as the accumulated organisational means (barriers, fencing, supervision and persuasion) in order to rectify this shortcoming were not entirely effective.

Daily rations consisted of three meals: black,  $\frac{1}{2}$  litre of unsweetened coffee, morning and evening and 200—250 grams wholemeal bread, in the afternoon  $\frac{1}{2}$  litre vegetable broth, krupnik [a kind of barley soup - Trans.], potato soup, sometimes with added pasta, or tomato. The amounts given are rough estimates as the people frequently had different sized receptacles, such as vases, watering cans, spittoons, buckets or thermos cups, or no receptacles at all. The lack of the appropriate amount of crockery was a constant concern of the Committee, despite large parties of crockery (plates, salad bowls, empty tins) being delivered to the camp, as they were keenly appropriated by the population and carried away.

The quality of these meals in calorific terms was insufficient on account of the lack of fat, meat and sugar. Throughout the entire period of the camp's existence, four cows were supplied to the kitchen (photographed repeatedly by the military reporters) and two horses, which were killed in unfortunate accidents. Due to the lack of the necessary money, the Committee was unable to supply the kitchen

with fats, albeit sporadically offered in amounts insufficient to meet the needs.

The kitchen was a safety mechanism against being transported to the Reich, especially during the first period of the camp, and was a staging post towards getting out of the camp (addition by Ch.)<sup>\*)</sup>

### Organisation of individual barracks

There were 9 usable halls in the camp, each surrounded at a distance by barbed wire and watched by German sentries. Movement between halls was forbidden. Hall nr 5 was a transition hall and was where the selection of people fit or unfit to work in the Reich took place. After selection of those unfit for work, they were sent to hall nr 1 to be sent on further into parts of the GG, like, for example, Łowicz, Skierniewice, Piotrków, Częstochowa, Kielce, Sędziszów, Skarżysko-Kamienna, Miechów, Starachowice, Końskie, Opoczno, Głowno, N. Sącz, N. Targ, Limanowa and the immediate vicinities of those cities. Those considered fit for work, both men and women, as well as juveniles who were physically strong, were initially placed in barracks nr 6, and after the dismantling and demolition of that, in barracks nr 4. In barracks nr. 3 train and tramdrivers were placed together with their families. From barracks nr 3 4 6 people were taken to work camps in the Reich, such as: Halle, Zelle, Nuremberg, Wrocław, Mauthausen, Falkensee, Prusy Wschodnie, Oświęcim, Groningen, the Hamburg region and Stuttgart. Barracks nr 2 was the sick ward in which the Polish and German doctors controlled. Unfortunately, only a tiny proportion of the sick and injured got into the sick ward, because a transfer to that barrack required a certificate from a German doctor, which for technical reasons was difficult to come by (two doctors and usually no space in the sick ward). From this barracks the seriously ill were referred to hospital in Pruszków or nearby, or eventually to barracks nr 1. More than once, though, people were redirected to the barracks, from which they were sent to work. Barracks nr 2 had a subdivision 2b, run by Bolshevik

<sup>\*)</sup> The report by Committee members was added to, in their presence, by Irena Trawińska. This was indicated in the protocols by: "uzup. Ch." [addition by Ch. – Trans.]

prisoner-doctors, which was a mixture of infectious hospital, observation ward for those with TB or dysentery. Barracks nr 8 was the so-called camp hospital, directed by the Polish doctor, Rudzki, to which Committee members, on the basis of their own, first-hand observations, expressed their deep reservations. Barracks nr 7 was initially a transit zone, but after the fall of Mokotów and Żoliborz it became a space for AK divisions, and after they had left — for men together with their families, temporarily employed in making fortifications. The last barracks nr 13, the so-called Dom Braci Jabłkowskich, was, and remains, the space for people used in removing the remaining public amenities from Warsaw.

With the aim of organising a solid source of information, as well as of maintaining order in issuing meals for the displaced, the Committee created an institution of managers of the individual halls, recruited from among the displaced. These managers were to deliver all information and especially to give instructions as to how to behave during classification, passing on inter-barracks post and finding particular individuals.

These managers organised safe havens for the displaced who were ready to be released or moved out but were not included in a transport (addition by Ch.). Because the sick, injured and others (“others” concerned people who were supposed to be moved out together with the sick (addition by Ch.) referred to local hospitals who could only leave the camp on some form of vehicle. The Committee organised a camp stables, consisting of 3 horses and four carts obtained from the camp commanders from among property left by the expelled on camp grounds who were transported on further by rail. These stables looked after moving the wounded, sick and infirm to gate nr 14, where people expelled from Warsaw were unloaded from trains to the sick ward, or from there on to Pruszków hospitals or the EKD railway station. More than once, especially during the periods of mass transports of people expelled to the camp (Wola, Ochota, Stare Miasto, Powiśle, Czerniaków, Mokotów, Żoliborz and Śródmieście), the intense work of the stables was insufficient so Committee members brought sympathetic people from the town with horses and carts, often 20—30 a day. The

principle was adopted that the more carts there were, the easier it was to leave the camp. So, all the carts bringing in food supplies were directed by the Committee to at least once removing some of the injured. The bodies of those that died in the camp, often around 5-7 a day, were also removed by the camp stables to the distant Żbików cemetery.

With the increasing organisation of the stables, the Committee gave it the nature of a multi-purpose unit, and on account of our special aims, a highly useful one. For a long time, the stable was the only route for getting men out of the camp (addition by Ch.).

### General remarks and observations

The Committee's guiding principle during the existence of the camp was to ensure the provision of the necessary multifaceted care, as far as possible, for the unfortunate inhabitants of Warsaw, as well as removing any shortfalls observed, yet whose complete resolution was not within its power. RGO activists, the Pruszków Committee, did everything in their power to introduce the organisational factors needed in bringing aid onto the camp grounds. However, the powers of the Pruszków Committee were limited in the face of the enormous needs and the misery which the Pruszków camp presented. The efforts of the representatives of the RGO were enormous in relation to their human and material resources, and were the only, and an extremely valuable means of maintaining an organised social aid operation (addition by Ch.).

All the barracks in which the displaced were placed did not have even the most basic hygienic amenities: the massive spaces of the individual halls were strewn with parts of dismantled machinery, various kinds of scrap metal, dirty with grease, refuse, dripping with water etc. The total lack of straw made it impossible for even a few hours rest for the expelled, exhausted to the very limits of endurance. It should be stressed that according to the rough calculations of the Committee, over 650,000 evacuees passed through the camp in the period from 6th VIII to 30th X, whose path from Warsaw to the camp was covered on foot or by train.

Cautious estimates consider that:		
the population of Warsaw is	1.100.000	
people remaining in Praga, S. Kępa		150.000
losses during the uprising		150.000
population which didn't pass through the camps		200.000
through other camps, like Ursus, passed		50.000
	<hr/>	<hr/>
	1.100.000	550.000

So, through the Pruszków camp, from Warsaw passed	550.000	(1.100.000 -550.000)
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From outside Warsaw (Wawer, Anin, Zielonka, Kobylka, Tłuszcz, Łomianki, Młociny, Wawrzyszew, Boernerowo, Włochy, Je-lonki and people from local round ups)	100.000
In total, passing through the Pruszków camp:	650.000

Through transports to the Reich and General Government more or less 400,000 people were removed from the camp (the camp commanders put the figure at roughly 350,000). The number of those officially released and taken out illegally may be somewhere around 100,000. More or less 150,000 evacuees were taken in transports to Germany, and very many men, about  $\frac{1}{4}$  of the camp population (addition by Ch.). More than once, the halls were simply overflowing, and each held up to 10,000 people. The improvised toilets were inadequate and there was a lack of any sewers inside or outside the barracks, as a result of which the stench was frequently unbearable. All the efforts or attempts at improving this sphere came to nothing. The cleaning section consisted of a small amount of Soviet prisoners of war and answered exclusively to the camp commanders. The moment it was stated that a number of people were not receiving meals for the reasons given above, the Committee ordered apportioning food immediately upon arrival at the camp on the way to the barracks, in the form of: a portion of bread, tomato and onion. On top of that, in cases where it was shown that a certain number of people had not received food

for one reason or another, a mobile section was set up, whose task was to take food to those who missed it. Attempts were also made to ensure the old, sick, weak and children were as far as possible given substantial food. It is of course obvious that all the efforts in this regard, to satisfy those who were hungry and thirsty, taking into account the rapidly changing crowds of evacuees, had nowhere near the desired effect.

The aim of further assistance in providing food, and stopping undesirable elements from taking advantage of the unfortunate evacuees by charging excessive prices for foodstuffs, the Committee organised mobile canteens, run by S. Zabielski, whose task was to provide food, cigarettes and essential items at cost price. The usefulness of these canteens is testified to by the [fact] that turnover during the period from 25/9 till 13/10 was almost half a million zloty.

Alongside the economic section, organised with the help of the Committee, there was also a medical-hygiene section, composed of doctors and medical staff, often working skilfully and with dedication, but also often unqualified and behaving utterly inappropriately.

Medical staff and doctors were mostly assigned to the sick ward (barracks nr 2), and additionally to each individual barracks. In the second period of the camp's existence, one German doctor was also assigned to barracks nr 4 and 5. Medical assistance and hygiene was frequently inadequate, because on the one hand the vast majority of people, following their experiences in Warsaw, demanded immediate medical attention, and on the other hand the organisation of the medical assistance left a lot to be desired. The shortcomings and inadequacies in the medical and hygiene services identified by the Committee were passed on to the relevant medical organs. The organisation of these activities fell within the Committee's competencies, but the interventions did not achieve the desired effects.

A large role in the work of the Committee was played by providing information and instructions on how to behave during clas-



sification, when moving to another barracks, while being loaded onto wagons, during medical inspections etc.

Interventions related to the frequently brutal behaviour of some officials during repeat segregation in loading transports, as well as negotiating the often differing orders of the 3 authorities, frequently exposed Committee members to personal abuse.

In order to improve contact between people kept in the camp with their relatives and friends, the delivery of parcels and letters from outside was arranged. This operation was highly successful, providing people unexpectedly incarcerated a great service in supplying food and clothing. More than once, the number of parcels delivered daily exceeded 300. Apart from the overall work in the camp, the committee also organised on 18th VIII an operation to bring aid to the ill and injured still in Warsaw hospitals, namely: the Infant Jesus Hospital, Wolski Hospital, St Stanisław's, on Koszykowa, on Chocimska and in "Nasz Dom" in Bielany, and after the final capitulation of Warsaw in a number of hospitals in Śródmieście. Trips were made twice a week, to start with on horse-drawn vehicles, later by truck, gained thanks to the efforts of the Committee. On average, up to 3 tonnes provisions were taken, of which an important part was white bread, usually about 250 kg, and occasionally fats and condensed milk.

If we take into consideration that in some hospitals the initial symptoms of scurvy and bloated stomachs from starvation were being observed, that the trips made were more than once during a period when the battle in Warsaw was still raging, and also that these vehicles were used on the way out by the Committee to carry wounded and healthy from Warsaw to their families, residing in Pruszków and the vicinity, as well as the correspondence delivered or sent on further, the operation by this Committee is revealed as one of the most praiseworthy among all its work. It should be stressed that the vehicle, as well as carrying wounded, also served to take medicines and bandages, as well as to partially evacuate hospitals.

The fevered work in the camp was interrupted around 20th August by the formal visit of Bishop Szlagowski, who visited all the barracks, spoke with the displaced, tried the food and comforted the distressed. Before leaving each barracks, the bishop blessed the ranks of displaced, and moved by the misery surrounding him, especially the bedraggled children and displaced mothers, cried together with them. The moment of being blessing the young girls designated to be sent to the Reich, which accompanied a litany of tears, was so powerful and heart rending that even on the faces of the representatives of the camp authorities appeared traces of amazement and emotion.

In mid-September two wagons arrived at the camp from Geneva, a gift from the International Red Cross, directed to those displaced from Warsaw. These wagons contained food (condensed milk, powdered milk and soup) and medicines. The first wagon was divided up by the Pruszków Committee between all the local hospitals and those accessible in Warsaw, as well as charities, also taking into consideration the needs of the camp. The second wagon was divided between Warsaw RGOs. Following the same path as the gifts, a representative of International Red Cross from Geneva visited the camp, who, in conversations with representatives of camp staff, gathered a lot of material for their visiting report. During conversations, as a result of the Committee's intervention, further wagons with even more contents were announced.

The most painful moment in the hard, responsible work of our Committee was the fact of being forced to sign the statement which appeared in print in a form entirely changing its sense. Signing took place as a result of the categorical demands of the German authorities, which was stressed in the statement signed. The statement handed over for signing went: "... the displaced people of Warsaw in the Pruszków camp are in as good a position as conditions allow, are provided with nourishment and medical care. Apart from that, they may avail themselves of spiritual and material care. This statement is submitted as demanded by the Ger-

man authorities without coercion.” Not signing the above statement risked, among other things, immediate removal of all Polish staff, replacing them with Germans.

Regarding the statement in the press:

Sumoned by Sturmbannführer Major Diehl, the RGO for Pruszków appeared at the so-called green wagon (Command point); only the Chairman of the RGO, Fr. Tyszko and the Vicechairman Dr Mazurek, without permission to bring a translator. In the green wagon the delegates and several people from among the camp staff were presented with statements to be signed, in German after being read by Diehl, excluding all objections. The text was translated by a nun, Tyszkiewiczówna Alicja — not known to the delegates — and in her translation, the text presented and signed in that context read:

“We, the undersigned managers, partners and cooperators of the Polish RGO Committee in Pruszków, testify that the liberated people of Warsaw, held in a transit camp in Pruszków, are in as good a position as local conditions allow. They are provided with nourishment and medical care, and they may also avail themselves of spiritual and material care. We further testify that there are no abuses taking place in the camp. This statement is submitted as demanded by the German authorities without coercion.”

After reading the text, the RGO delegates objected, accusing of brutality in the selection process, of separation of families despite the authorities’ instructions, of blocking all RGO interventions, of brutality towards those intervening, their removal etc. In response, Diehl stated that if he didn’t draw the full consequences of discovering an incendiary bomb in a food parcel, of the facts of the illegal extraction of camp detainees on staff IDs. of the fact of extortion of money and valuables by some of the nurses and other inexcusable acts committed by the displaced, then he wasn’t inhuman and he deserves to have this declaration signed. When the accusations were repeated, he stated that if the declaration was not signed he would take action on the incidents listed and the Pol-

ish staff would have to leave the camp and be replaced by German staff prepared to that end. The threat of blocking the provision of any assistance at all, forced the signatures. In taking that decision, matters of personal safety did not play a role, but the desire to continue to provide assistance in the terrible conditions of the camp, even at the cost of compromising one's name. The delegates signed the German text and a moment later, amidst the chaos and rush almost created deliberately (the arrival in the camp of Gen. von dem Bach), they signed without being able to read the Polish text.

The appearance of the declarations in an altered text in the press came as a total surprise and caused consternation among the activists who were unable to respond (addition by Ch.).

The works and actions of the Committee given in this report did not alleviate the suffering of the displaced, did not eliminate the numerous faults and shortcomings, but they did bring perhaps the tiniest relief amidst the enormity of the misery, if only through the assistance brought with devotion, sympathy, dedication and willingness by the society of Pruszków to their fellow countrymen.

### The visit of Bishop Szlagowski

During the visit of Bishop Szlagowski, Sturmbannführer Diehl asked His Excellency what he wished, and gave various assurances. All these assurances, that families would no longer be separated, that all shortcomings will be made up for, came to nothing. At the very moment the bishop left the green wagon, orders conflicting with these declaration were issued and no shortcomings were addressed or changes for the better made. The camp commander, from the Wehrmacht, noticed this and said so angrily in conversation with members of the RGO board.

## T E X T

statement of a representative of the RGO as well as the Polish staff of the Pruszków camp, submitted on the demand of the German authorities.

Text signed:

Text printed in the papers:

Pruszków, 5th September 1944

We, the undersigned heads of the Polish RGO Committee, and their co-workers, confirm by our signatures that the civilian population of Warsaw liberated from terror which currently finds itself in Pruszków in as camp for displaced persons is treated as well as the conditions allow. They are receiving food and medical care.

We also state that there are no abuses or illegalities taking place and also that the RGO Committee has not been hindered in any way by the German authorities in supplying material and spiritual assistance.

We, the undersigned, declare that the above information is submitted without coercion at the request of the German authorities.

(—) Dr Jadwiga Kielbasińska  
head doctor  
Edward Tyszko  
priest and chairman of the Polish  
Central Welfare Council

The undersigned head of the Polish Central Welfare Council in Pruszków, and all his co-workers hereby testify under oath, confirmed by signature, that the civilian population liberated from Warsaw and freed from terror, who find themselves in the transit camp in Pruszków, have received adequate quarters, sufficient food and appropriate medical care in all aspects to such a degree as conditions allow. We further state that no one has been badly or unfairly treated.

The undersigned wish to assure that in relation to physical and spiritual care, the work of the Polish General Welfare Council has not been hindered in any way by the relevant German authorities.

We, the undersigned, testify as strongly as possible that the above statement was submitted by us freely and of our own volition.

(—) Tyszkiewicz  
acting head sister  
Dr Mazurek  
Vice Chairman of the Polish  
General Welfare Council

Maria Dreszerowa  
nurse

(142) Protocol nr 220:

*witness Zula Kwiatkowska, about 30, teacher,  
nurse in the Polish Red Cross, residing in Warsaw,  
during the uprising, a nurse in the Maltański Hospital;  
First-hand protocol.*

“I arrived in Pruszków on the night of the 7th into the 8th August. The tired and hungry people were told while still at the Dworzec Zachodni that a warm meal was waiting for them in the camp as well as comfortable, peaceful accommodation. In later weeks, 2 times a day I travelled from the EKD station in Tworki to the camp, and to this day I do not know how our transport was taken to the camp, the road was so long and twisty. Tired and cold, we finally found ourselves in the camp, in hall nr 1. Fragments of planks scattered chaotically, metal bars, rails, piles of rubbish, puddles — that’s what the room looked like, “prepared” for the homeless, 90% of whom had been taken without any baggage, the “comfortable” accommodation. The crying of hungry children reminded us that we had been promised a warm meal. On 8th VIII at 6am we received a little black, bitter coffee and a morsel of black bread.

I came to Pruszków with several nurses, without baggage. That made it easier for the nurses from my hospital and I to mingle with the nurses from the Pruszków PCK, and then, with their assistance to get outside the gates. I remained in the camp to help the Pruszków women. To get the gendarmes used to seeing me, the nurses took me everywhere with them. I shall never forget my work in the clinic. Among the medicines, I saw valerian, stomach drops, iodine and peroxide; dressings: bandages, cotton wool and tissues; equipment — absolutely nothing. In the corridor and on the stairs, dozens of patients, who the most determined doctor or nurse could not help in these conditions. Seriously injured patients could be sent on to hospital.

The stores were in the first days supplied mainly from private donations. Here, I must stress the generosity of Pruszków and the vicinity. Despite the difficulties made by the gendarmes in getting out, as well as inside the camp, carts with supplies were constantly arriving.

Pruszków women stood in the kitchens, in the first days, next to enormous 300-litre pots. There were no more than about 6 usable pots to start with. Food was cooked separately for the babies, on a small stove with smaller pots or even plain bowls.

Distributing the meals was a real nightmare. We carried it round in enormous milk churns, or pushed the churns on railway trolleys, which didn't help much. After a few days, we were allowed to take some men from the halls to help move it. Morning and evening, we handed out dark, bitter coffee and pieces of black bread, at noon — soup. Unfortunately, though, only a fraction of the homeless received the food. Despite the most dedicated work, day and night, the staff could do no more in the circumstances. We should also add to these difficulties the prowling gendarmes poking their noses into every nook and cranny, their shouting, abuse, shoving, rifle whipping or even shooting “as a warning,” which often led to injury, even fatal wounds. In this manner, the Germans wanted to “teach” us discipline. Attempts at escaping from the camp were punished simply by a bullet.

And here again, I must emphasise the enormous, selfless devotion of Pruszków in helping people get out of the camp. They were not cowed by the abuse, beatings or removal of nurses to transports to the Reich. In whispers, news was passed on in the first days of the camp about the people dropping dead in the camp, not only of escapees, but of nurses who assisted their flight.

The shots certainly rang out often enough, so often that we even stopped reacting to them or asking what caused them.

From mid-August, the army took over the running of the camp. It's true, that a few days later, the “green wagon” and the gendarmes also began operating, but as of then, conditions in the camp changed for the better. In the kitchens in the vegetable prep room, the bread slicing room, wash room and stores, there were “almost” permanent staff (“almost” permanent, as the operations to assist people escaping continued to flourish), working in two shifts. The cooking boilers were fixed and added to, in hall nr 2 and later nr 8 a “hospital” was made, in which, although the patient had a dirty mattress, the number of orderlies was significantly increased, and one day, we were even graced by the presence of a washing and de-

lousing wagon, whose benefits the kitchen staff were able to avail themselves of two or three times. Here and there, in the halls appeared straw mattresses to sleep on, more improvised toilets were built, but the halls still looked much the same — scattered tools, planks, rails, a muddy swamp, deep ruts from hall full of rubbish and various refuse, swarms of flies. This is how the bright, clean Pruszków camp halls, lauded by the “gutter press” looked.

I know that, as a Pole, I cannot and will not forget the “blessings” of the Pruszków camp, but as a run down, tired, person, I would like if only for a little while to not remember them.”

(143) Protocol nr 173:

*witness Kaniewski, 45, trader, residing in Warsaw, ul. Niemcewicz 9.*

“So, we made it for the second time to the Pruszków camp. The first time was when my wife and I, with my daughters, were thrown out of our flat at Niemcewicz 9, on 11th August. We spent only 3 hours here then. Now, 3 months later, little has changed in “number 5,” apart from the workers’ toilets in the hall being closed; there had been a hideous stench there at the time, but in their place a simple latrine was set up outside the hall. Also the food was better: bread and soup, or a so called dry dinner, i.e. bread and tomato. As to the accommodation, though, nothing had changed. You still had to seek out a few boards to lay your head on and cover yourself with you overcoat, lying on the bare ground. In the middle of the night, when we were already properly cold, we covered the girls with our coats and my wife and I marched up and down the hall to warm up. We spent 7 nights and 6 days in this manner. We were taken from a round up of houses in Nowa Wieś, despite my explaining to the gendarme this and that in German. He was happy to speak, but ordered us to dress and took us with him.

First, everyone was herded into “number five.” Here in the entrance, the first segregation took place, not by papers, but by eye. We were ordered: “number two,” “number one” etc., and the soldiers took those separated off and directed them to the individual barracks. I was immediately sent to “number four.” I looked behind at my family: all my three were also for “four.” So we found ourselves



all together in hall nr 4. It was the barracks for those to be sent to work in Germany. I asked, when will we be sent on? When there are 2,000 people. I looked around. There was perhaps about a thousand, so there was no time to waste.

I did the relevant things and got nominated "Hallenleiter." I got an armband and received instructions from the Germans. One of my jobs was to maintain order in the queue for soup, in handing out bread etc. Each barracks had a Polish doctor. So, at once, a crowd appeared around the doctor in hall nr 4, who was looking at the sick. The certificate was given to the chief doctor, a German called König, for signing and as he felt, either countersigned, if he was in a good mood, or torn into pieces, stating the illness was faked. Anyone from "four" who got a certificate was sent to "two," and from there, you left the camp.

In the camp grounds was the so-called green wagon, an old 4th Class carriage, with desks and a typewriter. There the Gestapo ruled from. Anyone called there had nothing to laugh about. I went there, too, as I could move freely about the camp. I met a German acquaintance who want to employ me in clerical work in... (place not given in the protocol), it was Brunwerke\*); he had just come looking for a group of locksmiths and also needed a few traders. He said I would be able to take my family with me and I'd be comfortable in the barracks at the factory. I thanked him, but asked instead if he could help me get out and into the town of Pruszków. He laughed and went.

The day after, the transport to Germany left. The leutnant called me and gave orders. In the morning at 7am, I had to line up the people with their families: railworkers, tramdrivers, locksmiths etc., and finally, those without a trade, or as he called them: "Mist" (dung).

When the first group stepped onto the platform, the women and men were separated and loaded up, 40 per wagon. The wagons were locked and sealed and escorted. Later, at the destintion, the families were to be reunited. In this way, they loaded the railworkers, tramdrivers etc. separately according to trade. The leutnant asked me if I had sent all the people that I was personally responsible for;

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\*) A german company [editor's note].

I said I had. The gendarmes searched the barracks and reported back that it was “leer” (empty). Obviously, they hadn’t found those we’d hidden, locked in the toilets. There was a person who would do anything for anyone, who had been a hall manager since the beginning. He had had hundreds of opportunities to get out of the camp, but hadn’t taken them. He stayed, saving others, especially the young boys most at risk. He earned a medal after the war. What’s more, he didn’t speak a word of German and the Gendarmes and SP\*) trusted him. Once, he even received 24 hours official leave and visited his family. He returned. Once, he called me, because the Germans wanted to drink with him and he was extremely bored, being unable to talk with them. They were soldiers from Thuringia, from Mecklenburg, who made the camp snacks, but the Germans were more interested in vodka: I served as translator. I know all the German slang, because I went through military training in Bavaria.

I learned from the escorts precisely what fate awaited those transported to Germany. Straight from Pruszków all the human material was sent to two points: Durchgangslager (a transit camp) — one near Wrocław, the other near Berlin. The first served Bavaria, Austria, Śląsk, and so southern Germany, the other — Brandenburg, Pomerania etc. and so the north. Various businesses, munitions factories, institutions and private firms registered their requirements and received the necessary number of qualified workers. First, in the camp, the people were disinfected, washed, deloused and vaccinated. The camps had bunks, baths, a refectory and were in perfect order.

Next, segregation was carried out. The Arbeitsamt and Gestapo were in charge. Papers were arranged, a detailed questionnaire filled out, questions answered about what you had done during the war and before it, what your specialisation was. Members of the intelligentsia were usually regarded as unqualified labour, and so put in with the groups of simple workers. It did happen, though, that they didn’t like the look of someone, or they had their social position clearly indicated on their kennkart, in which case they were separated off. They were sent on to a concentration camp. I had already received news from a friend in Oranienburg. In the Durchgang-

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\*) Probably Straż Porządkowa (security vanguard) [editor’s note].

slager there were individual barracks, e.g. cobblers, tailors, plumbers, girls designated to the cotton mills and others. When an order arrived, the relevant number of human pieces was sent. The most important authority here was the Arbeitsamt.

Once a group of workers was at their destination, they went to a "Gemeinschaftslager." Here, significantly gentler conditions were in force. Each received a blanket, toothbrush, comb and current regulations; they were assigned to a work leader. At certain times, they were allowed to go out into the town marked with a "P" for Pole. There were workers of various nationalities in these camps.

A certain family from the intelligentsia from Poznań, with whom I was in Pruszków, were employed in agriculture near Berlin, all three together.

I also saw the following scene: on the platform in Pruszków two trains arrived at the same time: one, in which those from barracks I were loaded, travelling into the unknown, so, for example. to Częstochowa, the old, women with small children, and a second train, for number IV, and so to Germany. A young woman I knew was separated in this way from her mother and relatives. There was crying and screaming, as the women said farewell from the two train windows, and neither knew where the other was going. I had some experience in such matters, as I have been displaced three times. When the Germans entered Gdynia in 1939, they took us first to Gdańsk, to Langfuhr. There we were told that those who served in the German army would be freed. Quite a lot of us stepped forward, but we were not treated well at all. A row of tables was set out and two young Gestapo at each one, in their twenties; at random, I went up to one of the tables and had to show my papers. Immediately the German tore into me: "Ah, purchaser, I've got you! You're just what I needed. Was it nice driving round in your own car?" — "I've never had a car." — "So you had a motorcycle?" — "No, I didn't even have a bicycle." — "You're lying, where is your weapon?" — "I haven't got a weapon. Rich people need revolvers to protect their possessions, but not such unimportant employees as me. It wasn't allowed to own a weapon in Poland." — "You're lying, you're a member of the Polish Union of the West." — "I'm not." The Gestapo turned my papers around in his hands, finally he threw it

toward his colleague. The questioning began again, more or less in the same pattern, I was tired and scared, I told him that I'd already been asked all this, but it made no difference. I had to answer all over again. Finally, I was released.

Others either cracked, or allowed themselves to be provoked by the brutal treatment, and they were told to stand to the right, they all went to Stutthof. The most interesting thing was the release certificate, issued to me on 23rd September 1939, was filed in on a form that must have been printed much earlier. On it was the location "Gdingen," corrected in pencil to "Gotenhafen."

I moved to Poznań, from where I escaped one day before being displaced once more. The day after my arrival in Warsaw my mother took me to Główna.

Nobody should be under any pretences that going off to work just meant going off to work. No! The destination was always a camp of some kind — either transit, or a work camp. And when it came to the intelligentsia, they were most usually sent to concentration camps, to be destroyed.

Our provisions were based above all on the food we bought through the fence, and the guards didn't trouble themselves, even encouraged us to buy treats. We shouted: "Got any bread, got butter, sausage — how much?" The Pruszków folk gathered by the fence replied: "Highlander, chuck it over the fence, and I'll give you it." And over the fence went money, lard, bread, rolls, almost landing on the soldiers' heads.

In the barracks, though, the Gestapo circled, looking people over. They didn't give us a moment's rest. Me with my wife and daughters, we finally got out with the help of the RGO and the Red Cross who worked on it from the outside to rescue us. But we went through terrible moments — I prefer not to think about them. My Hallenleiter armband immediately went to someone else. Anyway, there isn't a word of truth in what was written in the paper about the evacuations from Pruszków. The Workshops in Pruszków were a typical work camp, where people are treated badly, where families are split up and where human material was passed on to further camps depending on the needs of the German employment market.

(144) Protocol nr 196:

*witness Jerzy Kawecki, 32, qualified engineer, residing in Warsaw,  
ul. Genewska 5;*

*First-hand protocol, written 17. IX. 1944 September, Brwinów.*

“...The evacuation of equipment from the Workshops continued until mid-September, when I left the camp.

Latrines were built in front of the halls, and only in hall nr 2 in the infectious ward were they separate. It was the same in hall nr 8. All of hall nr 5 was flooded with water.

Hall nr 6 was especially dirty, to such a degree that there was absolutely nowhere to lie down.

The water which was drunk in the camp came from fire hydrants. Hall nr 1, 2, 5 and 6 had a series of drainage ditches in the floor (ca. 1.2m wide, ca. 1.00m deep), so the available floor space in the hall was reduced by 25-40%. These ditches ran lengthways eventually leading to the washrooms.

As an example, I provide a sketch of the washrooms for hall nr 2 (the section where the selection of the sick by the German doctors took place, as well as where the clinic was). Here, in this hall, especially those drains, were a burden (to the sick). There were cases of people falling into these ditches (especially at night — leading to injuries, even broken limbs).

Apart from this, all the halls (apart from number 2) had sundry openings in the floor, dropping immediately to a depth of 2m, left behind after the machinery had been removed which required dug-outs in the floor. These holes acted as a breeding ground for dirt, as a kind of rubbish tip, the more so that (probably as a result of misunderstood orders) the guards outside the halls wouldn't always let people visit the latrines at night.

Due to the lack of space for lying down in hall nr 6, the displaced even slept in railway wagons (left for the dismantling of the halls) or they climbed a ladder to the electric gantry and slept in the small gantry driver's cabin (ca. 1m x 1.5m), and even on the gantry itself, only 70cm wide and about 7m above floor height of the hall — without rails (the gantry was wooden and relatively clean).

How dirty the floor in hall nr 6 was (parquet), is testified to by the fact that the evacuees decided to make the backbreaking climb

up poles and ladders to the hall's ceiling, so as to tear the paper shades off the skylights and use it to somehow cover the floor so as to be able to lie down.

In the part of the hall for those with infectious diseases in barracks nr 2, three rooms had wooden bunks, three more had normal warehouse shelves made out of planks with the gap between levels — 0.7m, very dirty; it was difficult even for a healthy person to lie on them. They lay on three levels.

The only barracks which didn't change its initial designation was the kitchen. Included in it was: 1) the barracks next to it (the locksmith apprentices' workshop), changed into a pigsty, and 2) a warehouse, and so draughty, which served as a vegetable store, but above all as a sleeping area for the staff (variable amounts, constantly increasing from an initial figure of a dozen or so, to over 200 at the time of my escape from the camp).

Some of the staff slept on the ground floor of the warehouse on the concrete, covered only with reed matting, in small shacks made of the matting, and some on the first floor in worse conditions on account of the presence of large amounts of glass fibre — whole clouds of glass-fibre dust would be lifted on the breeze.

The kitchen was the entire time a safe haven for hundreds of people who had decided not to surrender and not wait for an opportunity to escape, and who throughout their stay in the kitchens constituted its staff. The kitchen management helped us in this, taking advantage of the discord between the Wehrmacht and the SS (the gendarmes were forbidden to enter the kitchen).

Special praise must go to the work of the kitchen manager Pani E. B. She was first in the kitchen (already at 4.30am) and last out, once everybody had finished work (often very late at night). Many people have her to thank that they didn't go to Germany. Before 1st September there was a visit by a German general, and more or less about 2 weeks before the visit of the International Red Cross Committee the Germans issued an array of orders. In that was a general tidying of hall nr 6, 5, 7 and 1 took place. Beds were put into hall nr. 1. The lavatories were improved in front of the halls. Around 10th IX a bathing train was brought with a delousing unit with a capacity of about 23 people an hour.

There were not enough staff to serve the camp when full (about 30,000 people — 28th August). The massive shortage of crockery made the feeding operation difficult.

The work of the RGO is worthy of special praise.

(145) Protocol nr 28:

*witness Mazurkiewicz, secondary school director.*

“...The crowds of people who passed through Pruszków are difficult to put a number on. They were mostly rail transports, sometimes on foot, sometimes also by EKD. In general, they were all directed to the “Workshops,” in addition, there was a certain number of those who were immediately set free. There were one or two such EKD transports, but they were unusual. Adding to that those who escaped from the transports, you get a figure of around two thousand people who did not pass through the transit camp.

If asked about the number of those that passed through the Workshops, it would range from 200—400,000. As a minimum, a  $\frac{1}{4}$  of a million people should be agreed. The influx of numbers varied, sometimes more, sometimes fewer people in one go. From the very beginning the RGO actively assisted the displaced both in the camp itself as well as outside the camp in the RGO’s own centres. All those who volunteered to help worked diligently and willingly, trying their utmost to relieve the misery of the unfortunate ones. The citizens of Pruszków spontaneously and unanimously stepped forward, wanting to help those affected as efficiently as possible. Right from the first days, 5,000 plates were supplied, because there wasn’t anything to serve meals on. Bottles and mugs were brought, too, as it happened that while being transported, those being expelled had to purchase their own crockery at extortionate prices, e.g. 50zł for a bottle. They were severely thirsty, and had nothing to drink water from. At the sight of the children arriving in the wagons, the inhabitants of Pruszków simply flooded the camp with rolls and white bread, despite the high prices; milk was bought, though it was hard to come by here, baskets of fruit were brought, gifted to the Varsovians. At the same time, people willingly offered free

lodgings and shelter to strangers, feeding them and more than once even clothing them.

The matter of supplying provisions to the Workshops settled down right away in such a way that the local residents provided half a kilo of bread daily to the displaced, and a warm meal came from the RGO. Committee members of the RGO asked nearby villages for help with provisions. Immediately gifts began to arrive, lines of horses and carts turned up carrying vegetables and potatoes. From as far away as Radomsk, Łowicz and Piotrków carts came carrying bread for the Workshops. Local bakers more than once gave their entire day's bake. The RGO, having supplies secured, could to a degree meet the need for provisions. The average daily portions of soup, at half a litre per person, ranged from 2—25,000, and even went as high as 30,000 portions. Initially, these soups were made without fats; currently, they are made on a base of, and fortified by meat: cabbage soup, potato soup, beetroot soup, tomato soup etc. Children get milk soup. There was a case where an infant died of starvation, because the mother, expelled from Wola, had nothing to eat herself for three whole days.

Apart from caring for the camp itself, the RGO looks after people outside it, too. They are at the moment running a shelter for the old and infirm in the old cinema's common room. There are over 100 residents, requiring constant care. In a local school, there are 30 orphaned boys who the RGO have taken in, and the cost of their keep is being covered by the Majewski pencil factory. Each of the Warsaw homeless who has come into the care of the RGO receives daily nourishment, temporary accommodation where needed, as well as being directed on to more peaceful locations. Those completely deprived of life's essentials receive one-off assistance of 60—120zł for the journey. Sadly, neither clothing nor footwear can be given, as the RGO has none. Currently, aid has arrived from abroad, namely, on 15th IX tins of powdered or condensed milk as well as powdered soup. There were two such wagons from Switzerland. The best of this food went to the children first — then the old and the seriously ill. 240 children's romper suits were also received and distributed. Currently, Pruszków is running operations feeding 5 Warsaw: Wolski, Maltański, St Stanisław's, the Infant Jesus etc. Above all, this



covers 100 seriously wounded, to whom they supply food thanks to safe conduct passes but at risk to their own lives.

If we are talking about conditions in the camp, the RGO representatives and the PCK have the high regard and gratitude of the evacuees. The nurses behave impeccably. Our cross to bear is the so-called "white hyenas," who we are unable to get rid of. These women have of their own volition put on medical whites and nobody knows who they are or what they are supposed to be doing. They often take personal advantage of the impoverishment of the Varsovians. The evacuees mostly treat one another well, despite being in such primitive conditions creating a certain paranoia. This is manifest in the canteen, where people who have gone hungry for several days cannot understand that there is food enough for all, and that the weak should not be pushed aside.

The attitude of the Germans to the camp is simple: they are dealing with human produce, so they carry out the work selections with indifference. Rows of trains set off to work camps in the Reich. The camp was visited by General Sendel, the elderly Bishop Szlagowski was also brought.

100 per cent of the residents in Pruszków are currently arrivals from Warsaw. There were 40,000 of them, there is still at this moment 25,000 to 30,000. This is a large burden for the town, in which provisions are currently hard to come by."

(146) Protocol nr 106:

*witness and reporter unknown.*

"...It is evening in one of the first days of August. On the sidings at Pruszków one electric train after another arrives. Men, women and children from Warsaw emerge from them. The crushed human masses are harried by soldiers through the large iron gate to the manufacturing hall. Inside it is already pitch dark, which it is forbidden to illuminate with even the the dim light of a torch. A hideous stench in the nostrils. What on earth is it? The overflowing and uncleaned toilets spill their contents right into the centre of the hall. You trip over planks and bricks strewn across the pathways. In another place, the hall has water flowing across it, stand-

ing in swamps, such that your feet often clad only in your slippers, or clogs, become wet and sticky. There is only one tap for everyone, not secured in any way. And everyone wants to drink and wash. There are perhaps 10 or 11,000 people here at the moment, packed in like cattle. There are no beds, no benches, not a single table, not even a piece of straw has been put down. And there is no shortage of pregnant women, and babies, and sick, and the elderly. Anyone who has a bundle or a suitcase squats down on it. You can't stretch out your legs due to the enormous crush. Those who are already at the point of exhaustion after torment of the several hour march through the blazing city, collapse and are unable to get up again. But the place where they are lying is not a floor. It is a thick, dirty mud, of clay, oils, greases, dotted with nails, fragments of the earlier dismantled and removed factory machinery. And everyone is dying of hunger. No one gives them anything to eat. In a corner, a mother cuddles her newborn. It's a woman from Wola, for three days she's eaten nothing. The baby quietly moaned, and died before dawn of hunger. And this night of nightmares seems to have no end.

More and more trains come, the crush in the hall grows, people shout in the dark: "Ulica Grójecka, Plac Narutowicza, Filtrowa, Jerozolimskie." Family, friends, colleagues look for one another, mostly without success. Hour after hour passes slowly. This is what the first stage of our so-called liberation looks like. What will the morning bring?

For the suffering of the Warsaw expelled is various: physical and mental, and still there is no end in sight. There are two visions that freeze your heart in terror, and have your hands wringing in despair: segregation and transportation. For if the experiences in the burning city were terrible, and if the sight of the corpses and the burning ruins still hover before your eyes, if you know that you have lost everything, your house and most treasured keepsakes, there was still one consolation remaining: you were safe with your family, the children are there, wife, parents. And now the worst is to come: parting from your loved ones. The gendarmes burst into the barracks and by eye, according to their own criteria, make the selection. In separate groups, the men are lined up, the women separately, and then especially the children, They are led off to differ-

ent barracks, surrounded by a barbed wire fence. Sometimes only invalids and the very sick can remain with their own. Sometimes, a corpse lies in a barracks unburied for a whole day.

Now comes the third stage, the worst. Over the human crush, which daily reaches almost as high as 40,000, hangs the threat of having no idea what the next few hours may bring. What, above all, will happen to the people from “number six” — this is the specially isolated barracks where the young men were placed. What is their destiny? Will they be shot, or transported away? Maybe to Auschwitz, to Mauthausen or even near Gdańsk to Stutthof? In the neighbouring barracks, their mothers and wives fret about them. In the next barracks, young girls and boys await being sent off to work in Germany.

The Pruszków camp is a transitory one. You stay there for a day, or two, or three. Unexpectedly, the soldiers burst in to the barracks. In 15 minutes, you have to be ready to travel. The trains are arriving from Warsaw and leaving into the unknown. They are accompanied by crying and wails of despair. They go with the heartfelt sympathies of the residents of the small, quiet little town who want as warmly as possible to bring aid to the unfortunate. Pruszków brings to the “Workshops” everything it has to offer, after all, it’s a poor working estate. So plates, spoons, mugs, the bread from the mouths, rolls for the children and milk bought for a pretty penny, and clothing and medicines. Carts arrive from the nearby villages with vegetables and potatoes.

They will not allow those expelled from Warsaw to die in hunger and poverty.

Some are released into the area of the General Government: the sick, as diarrhoea and dysentery rages among them, the old and infirm, as they are of no use as forced labour, women with small children, so as not to be a burden. Some are rounded up again from the queues, from nearby locations, placed behind barbed wire and again subjected to segregation. Once again, they are torn away from their families and sent far away, who knows where.

In the course of two months, around 400,000 people passed through Pruszków.

Who will count the tears they shed there, in that camp?”

PHOTOGRAPHIC  
DOCUMENTATION  
(ANNEX)

VIII



As an annex to the publication “German war crimes in Warsaw” we attach original photos taken by Alfred Mensebach, a member of the “Sprengkommando.”

Alongside we include the Protocol explaining the origin of these photos. In publishing, we were forced to make a selection of materials.

The publishers would like here to express their thanks to the Town Hall in Leszno for making available to us the archive of Mensebach’s photos.

## I. Protocol

### *Text of Protocol:*

“Urban building engineer Franciszek Pluta from Leszno, in the course of exercising his duties, reports the discovery of an archive of photographs from the period of the destruction of Warsaw as testifies to the following: On 21st March 1945, I went, on the orders of the Town Hall, to the house of the architect Alfred Mensenbach in a property in the vicinity of Leszno, on ul. Leszczyńskich 32 in order to execute official matters in his studio.


While examining this studio, I came across a file of photographs containing 137 photographs. The majority came from the period of the destruction of Warszawa, as well as photographs of people participating in that operation in the period from September to October 1944. The taker of these photographs, it emerges from the file, is the architect Alfred Mensenbach - “Mitglied der Reichkammer der bildenden Künste A.248o9.” This file also contains photos of the oath-taking ceremony of “Volkssturm” in Leszno.

The file, with all its photos, I have brought immediately to the Town Hall, handing them to Deputy Mayor citizen Jakubowski Artur for safe-keeping.”

Leszno, 21 March 1945

<b>BILDKARTEI</b> DIPLOM-ARCHITEKT <b>ALFRED MENSEBACH</b> LISSA (WARTHELAND)		KLASSE: <i>XII</i> <i>TV</i> ABTLG.: <i>HC</i> <i>CL</i> GRUPPE:
POSITIV NR.: <i>3387</i>	LAND: <i>Polen</i>	
NEGATIV NR.: <i>194/16</i>	GAU:	
DIAPOSITIV NR.:	ORT: <i>Warschau</i>	
FOTOGRAF:	<i>T.N. Mann Mensebach</i>	
NAME: <i>Diplom-Architekt</i> <i>Alfred Mensebach</i>		
ORT: <i>Polen</i>		
STRASSE: <i>Der Wenden Straße A 24809</i>		
DATUM: <i>3. IX. 44</i>		
ERHALTEN VON:		
NAME:		
ORT:		
STRASSE:		
DATUM:		
BEARBEITER: <i>Diplom-Architekt</i> <i>Alfred Mensebach</i>		


Buchner, Thiel, Lissa 192692



II. "T.N.Mann Mensebach"


<b>BILDKARTEI</b> DIPLOM-ARCHITEKT <b>ALFRED MENSEBACH</b> LISSA (WARTHELAND)		KLASSE: <i>L</i> ABTLG.: GRUPPE:
POSITIV NR.: <i>3316</i>	LAND: <i>Polen</i>	
NEGATIV NR.: <i>212/21</i>	GAU:	
DIAPOSITIV NR.:	ORT: <i>Warschau</i> <i>Verlassene Partisanen</i>	
FOTOGRAF:		
NAME: <i>Diplom-Architekt</i> <i>Alfred Mensebach</i>		
ORT: <i>Polen</i>		
STRASSE: <i>Der Wenden Straße A 24809</i>		
DATUM: <i>25. IX. 44</i>		
ERHALTEN VON:		
NAME:		
ORT:		
STRASSE:		
DATUM:		
BEARBEITER: <i>Diplom-Architekt</i> <i>Alfred Mensebach</i>		

Buchner, Thiel, Lissa 192694



III. "Executed partisans"




<b>BILDKARTEI</b> DIPLOM-ARCHITEKT <b>ALFRED MENSEBACH</b> LISSA (WARTHELAND)		LAND: <i>Polen</i>	KLASSE: <i>L</i> <i>IV</i>
		GAU:	ABTLG.: <i>AS</i> <i>AB</i>
		ORT: <i>Warschau</i> <i>ein Banditenoffizier wird abgeführt</i>	GRUPPE:
POSITIV NR.: <i>3345</i>			
NEGATIV NR.: <i>218/21</i>			
DIAPOSITIV NR.:			
FOTOGRAF:			
NAME: <i>Reditel</i> <i>Alfred Mensebach</i> <i>Mitglied der Reichskammer</i> <i>der bildenden Künste A 24809</i>			
DATUM: <i>2.X.44</i>			
ERHALTEN VON:			
NAME:			
ORT:			
STRASSE:			
DATUM:			
BEARBEITER: <i>Alfred Mensebach</i> Buchdr. Thiel, Lissa 32664			


IV. "A bandit-officer is led away"

<b>BILDKARTEI</b> DIPLOM-ARCHITEKT <b>ALFRED MENSEBACH</b> LISSA (WARTHELAND)		LAND: <i>Polen</i>	KLASSE: <i>L</i> <i>IV</i>
		GAU:	ABTLG.: <i>AB</i>
		ORT: <i>Warschau</i> <i>Reste der Banditen aus Zoliborz</i>	GRUPPE:
POSITIV NR.: <i>3344</i>			
NEGATIV NR.: <i>217/20</i>			
DIAPOSITIV NR.:			
FOTOGRAF:			
NAME: <i>Reditel</i> <i>Alfred Mensebach</i> <i>Mitglied der Reichskammer</i> <i>der bildenden Künste A 24809</i>			
DATUM: <i>2.X.44</i>			
ERHALTEN VON:			
NAME:			
ORT:			
STRASSE:			
DATUM:			
BEARBEITER: <i>Alfred Mensebach</i> Buchdr. Thiel, Lissa 32664			

V. "Remnants of bandits from Zoliborz"

<b>BILDKARTEI</b> DIPLOM-ARCHITEKT <b>ALFRED MENSEBACH</b> LISSA (WARTHELAND)		LAND: <i>Polen</i> GAU: ORT: <i>Warschau</i> <i>Auftwangsarbeit an ein Sprengkommando</i>	KLASSE: <i>IV</i> <i>IV</i> <i>IV</i> <i>IV</i> ABTLG.: <i>CL</i> <i>AB</i> <i>C</i> <i>8</i> GRUPPE: <i>8</i>
POSITIV NR.: <i>3386</i> NEGATIV NR.: <i>194/10</i> DIAPOSITIV NR.: FOTOGRAF: NAME: <i>tom - Brückel</i> ORT: <i>Alfred Mensebach</i> STRASSE: <i>Alfred Mensebach</i> DATUM: <i>3.7.44</i>		<i>Hauptmann</i> 	
ERHALTEN VON: NAME: ORT: STRASSE: DATUM:		Diplom - Brückel BEARBEITER: <i>Alfred Mensebach</i> Buchar, Thiel, Lissa 39664	


VI. "Giving orders to a demolition group"

<b>BILDKARTEI</b> DIPLOM-ARCHITEKT <b>ALFRED MENSEBACH</b> LISSA (WARTHELAND)		KLASSE: <i>II</i> <i>IV</i> <i>IV</i> ABTLG.: <i>AG</i> <i>CE</i> <i>CL</i> GRUPPE:	
POSITIV NR.: <i>3396</i> NEGATIV NR.: <i>202/35</i> DIAPOSITIV NR.: FOTOGRAF: NAME: <i>tom - Brückel</i> ORT: <i>Alfred Mensebach</i> STRASSE: <i>Alfred Mensebach</i> DATUM: <i>8.7.44</i>		LAND: <i>Polen</i> GAU: ORT: <i>Warschau</i> <i>Vorbereitung der Sprengung der alten Kommandos a.9. Weichsel</i>	
ERHALTEN VON: NAME: ORT: STRASSE: DATUM:		Diplom - Brückel BEARBEITER: <i>Alfred Mensebach</i> Buchar, Thiel, Lissa 39664	

VII. Blowing up the Royal Castle on the Wisla"




<b>BILDKARTEI</b> DIPLOM-ARCHITEKT <b>ALFRED MENSEBACH</b> LISSA (WARTHELAND)		KLASSE: <u>XII</u> <u>IV</u> <u>II</u> ABTLG.: <u>4</u> <u>W</u> <u>CL</u> GRUPPE:
POSITIV NR.: <u>3376</u>	LAND: <u>Polen</u>	
NEGATIV NR.: <u>224/14</u>	GAU:	
DIAPOSITIV NR.:	ORT: <u>Warschau</u>	
FOTOGRAF:	<u>Sprengmeister Krause</u>	
NAME: <u>Alfred Mensebach</u>		
ORT: <u>Warschau</u>		
STRASSE: <u>Warschau</u>		
DATUM: <u>7.2.44</u>		
ERHALTEN VON:		
NAME:		
ORT:		
STRASSE:		
DATUM:		
Diplom-Ing. Alfred Mensebach BEARBEITER: <u>Alfred Mensebach</u> Buchdr. Thiel, Lissa 32602		




VIII. „Sprengmeister Krause“

<b>BILDKARTEI</b> DIPLOM-ARCHITEKT <b>ALFRED MENSEBACH</b> LISSA (WARTHELAND)		KLASSE: <u>II</u> ABTLG.: <u>AG</u> GRUPPE:
LAND: <u>Polen</u>		
GAU: <u>Warschau</u>		
ORT: <u>Warschau</u>		
<u>Brand an der Plocka</u>		
POSITIV NR.: <u>3403</u>		
NEGATIV NR.: <u>÷</u>		
DIAPOSITIV NR.:		
FOTOGRAF:		
NAME: <u>Thomas Schmidt</u>		
ORT: <u>Nałtowisk</u>		
STRASSE:		
DATUM: <u>Sept. 1944</u>		
ERHALTEN VON:		
NAME: <u>D.O.</u>		
ORT:		
STRASSE:		
DATUM:		
Diplom-Ing. Alfred Mensebach BEARBEITER: <u>Alfred Mensebach</u> Buchdr. Thiel, Lissa 32604		




IX. „Fire on ul. Plocka“

<b>BILDKARTEI</b> DIPLOM-ARCHITEKT <b>ALFRED MENSEBACH</b> LISSA (WARTHELAND)		KLASSE: <u>II</u>	<u>IV</u>	<u>IV</u>	<u>IV</u>
		ABTLG.: <u>AG</u>	<u>CE</u>	<u>CL</u>	<u>W</u>
GRUPPE:					
POSITIV NR.: <u>3393</u>	LAND: <u>Polen</u>				
NEGATIV NR.: <u>207/21</u>	GAU:				
DIAPOSITIV NR.:	ORT: <u>Warschau</u>				
FOTOGRAF:	<u>Sprengung an der Markthalle</u>				
NAME: <u>Diplom-Architekt Alfred Mensebach</u> ORT: <u>Mitglied der Reichskammer der bildenden Künste A 24009</u> STRASSE:					
DATUM: <u>6.12.44</u>					
ERHALTEN VON:					
NAME:					
ORT:					
STRASSE:					
DATUM:					
BEARBEITER: <u>Diplom-Phototechnik Alfred Mensebach</u> Buchdr. Total, Lissa 32602					




X. „Blowing up the trading hall at ul. Mirowska“

<b>BILDKARTEI</b> DIPLOM-ARCHITEKT <b>ALFRED MENSEBACH</b> LISSA (WARTHELAND)		LAND: <u>Polen</u>	KLASSE: <u>II</u>	<u>IV</u>
		GAU:	ABTLG.: <u>AG</u>	<u>CE</u>
ORT: <u>Warschau</u>		GRUPPE:		
FOTOGRAF: <u>Sprengung an der Markthalle</u>				
POSITIV NR.: <u>3391</u>				
NEGATIV NR.: <u>199/18</u>				
DIAPOSITIV NR.:				
NAME: <u>Diplom-Architekt Alfred Mensebach</u>				
ORT: <u>Mitglied der Reichskammer der bildenden Künste A 24009</u>				
STRASSE:				
DATUM: <u>6.12.44</u>				
ERHALTEN VON:				
NAME:				
ORT:				
STRASSE:				
DATUM:				
BEARBEITER: <u>Diplom-Phototechnik Alfred Mensebach</u> Buchdr. Total, Lissa 32602				



XI. „Blowing up the trading hall at ul. Mirowska“

<b>BILDKARTEI</b> DIPLOM-ARCHITEKT <b>ALFRED MENSEBACH</b> LISSA (WARTHELAND)		KLASSE: <u>XII</u> <u>IV</u> <u>IV</u> ABTLG.: <u>4</u> <u>W</u> <u>CL</u> GRUPPE:
POSITIV NR.: <u>3341</u>	LAND: <u>Polen</u>	
NEGATIV NR.: <u>217/16</u>	GAU:	
DIAPOSITIV NR.:	ORT: <u>Warschau</u>	
FOTOGRAF:	<u>T.N. Mann Hartmann</u>	
NAME: <u>tom - Architekt</u> <u>Alfred Mensebach</u> ORT: <u>Stilles der Reichsarmee</u> <u>der Stilles der Reichsarmee</u> STRASSE: <u>A 24809</u>		
DATUM: <u>2.X.44</u>		
ERHALTEN VON:		
NAME:		
ORT:		
STRASSE:		
DATUM:		
BEARBEITER: <u>Diplom-Modellist</u> <u>Alfred Mensebach</u> Buchdr. Thiel, Lissa 32662		



XII. „T. N. Mann Hartmann“


<b>BILDKARTEI</b> DIPLOM-ARCHITEKT <b>ALFRED MENSEBACH</b> LISSA (WARTHELAND)		LAND: <u>Polen</u> GAU: ORT: <u>Warschau</u> <u>Sprengung am Feuerwehrturm</u>	KLASSE: <u>II</u> <u>IV</u> ABTLG.: <u>AG</u> <u>CE</u> GRUPPE:
POSITIV NR. <u>3392</u>			
NEGATIV NR.: <u>200/19</u>			
DIAPOSITIV NR.:			
FOTOGRAF:			
NAME: <u>tom - Architekt</u> <u>Alfred Mensebach</u> ORT: <u>Stilles der Reichsarmee</u> <u>der Stilles der Reichsarmee</u> STRASSE: <u>A 24809</u>			
DATUM: <u>6.X.44</u>			
ERHALTEN VON:			
NAME:			
ORT:			
STRASSE:			
DATUM:			
BEARBEITER: <u>Diplom-Modellist</u> <u>Alfred Mensebach</u> Buchdr. Thiel, Lissa 32664			



XIII. "Blowing up the tower at the Fire Brigade HQ"




<b>BILDKARTEI</b> DIPLOM-ARCHITEKT <b>ALFRED MENSEBACH</b> LISSA (WARTHELAND)		KLASSE: <i>XII</i> <i>IV</i> <i>IV</i> ABTLG.: <i>4</i> <i>CL</i> <i>W</i> GRUPPE:
POSITIV NR.: <i>3342</i>	LAND: <i>Polen</i>	
NEGATIV NR.: <i>217/17</i>	GAU:	
DIAPOSITIV NR.:	ORT: <i>Warschau</i>	
FOTOGRAF:	<i>Oberzugführer Baumer</i>	
NAME: <i>Architekt</i> ORT: <i>Alfred Mensebach</i> STRASSE: <i>Mitglied der Reichskammer der Architekten Rünke A 24809</i>		
DATUM: <i>2.8.44</i>		
ERHALTEN VON:		
NAME:		
ORT:		
STRASSE:		
DATUM:		
BEARBEITER: <i>Diplom-Architekt Alfred Mensebach</i> Buchdr. Thiel, Lissa 32002		




XIV. „Oberzugführer Baumer“


<b>BILDKARTEI</b> DIPLOM-ARCHITEKT <b>ALFRED MENSEBACH</b> LISSA (WARTHELAND)		KLASSE: <i>XII</i> <i>IV</i> <i>IV</i> ABTLG.: <i>4</i> <i>CL</i> <i>W</i> GRUPPE:
POSITIV NR.: <i>3398</i>	LAND: <i>Polen</i>	
NEGATIV NR.: <i>205/13</i>	GAU:	
DIAPOSITIV NR.:	ORT: <i>Warschau</i>	
FOTOGRAF:	<i>Sprengmeister Sedlag</i> <i>aus Kościan</i>	
NAME: <i>Architekt</i> ORT: <i>Alfred Mensebach</i> STRASSE: <i>Mitglied der Reichskammer der Architekten Rünke A 24809</i>		
DATUM: <i>11.12.44</i>		
ERHALTEN VON:		
NAME:		
ORT:		
STRASSE:		
DATUM:		
BEARBEITER: <i>Diplom-Architekt Alfred Mensebach</i> Buchdr. Thiel, Lissa 32002		



XV. „Sprengmeister Sedlag from Kościan“

<b>BILDKARTEI</b> DIPLOM-ARCHITEKT <b>ALFRED MENSEBACH</b> LISSA (WARTHELAND)	LAND: <i>Polen</i>	KLASSE: <i>IV</i>	<i>IV</i>	<i>IV</i>	<i>X</i>
	GAU:	ABTLG.: <i>C L</i>	<i>W</i>	<i>AB</i>	<i>8</i>
	ORT: <i>Warschau</i>	GRUPPE:			
	<i>Ordensverleihung</i>				
POSITIV NR.: <i>3368</i>					
NEGATIV NR.: <i>222/6</i>					
DIAPOSITIV NR.:					
FOTOGRAF:					
NAM: <i>Diplom-Architekt Alfred Mensebach</i>					
ORT: <i>Mitglied der Reichsarmee des Bildenden Künstler A 24009</i>					
STRASSE:					
DATUM: <i>7.8.44</i>					
ERHALTEN VON:					
NAME:					
ORT:					
STRASSE:					
DATUM:					
BEARBEITER: <i>Diplom-Architekt Alfred Mensebach</i>					
Buchdr. Thiel, Lissa 32664					

XVI. „Giving out decorations“

<b>BILDKARTEI</b> DIPLOM-ARCHITEKT <b>ALFRED MENSEBACH</b> LISSA (WARTHELAND)	LAND: <i>Polen</i>	KLASSE: <i>II</i>	<i>II</i>		
	GAU:	ABTLG.: <i>A S</i>	<i>B</i>		
	ORT: <i>Warschau</i>	GRUPPE:			
	<i>Brand nach dem Einschlag von Wurfgeschossen</i>				
POSITIV NR.: <i>3390</i>					
NEGATIV NR.: <i>199/13</i>					
DIAPOSITIV NR.:					
FOTOGRAF:					
NAM: <i>Diplom-Architekt Alfred Mensebach</i>					
ORT: <i>Mitglied der Reichsarmee des Bildenden Künstler A 24009</i>					
STRASSE:					
DATUM: <i>6.8.44</i>					
ERHALTEN VON:					
NAME:					
ORT:					
STRASSE:					
DATUM:					
BEARBEITER: <i>Diplom-Architekt Alfred Mensebach</i>					
Buchdr. Thiel, Lissa 32664					

XVII. „Blaze after grenade explosion“



<b>BILDKARTEI</b> DIPLOM-ARCHITEKT <b>ALFRED MENSEBACH</b> LISSA (WARTHESLAND)		LAND: <i>Polen</i> GAU: <i>Warschau</i> ORT: <i>Flüchtlinge</i>	KLASSE: <i>II</i> <i>II</i> ABTLG.: <i>AG</i> <i>AG</i> GRUPPE:
POSITIV NR.: <i>3346</i> NEGATIV NR.: <i>218/22</i> DIAPOSITIV NR.: FOTOGRAF: NAME: <i>Adm. Reichelt</i> <i>Adm. Reichelt</i> <i>Adm. Reichelt</i> ORT: <i>der Reichsammer</i> <i>der Reichsammer</i> <i>der Reichsammer</i> STRASSE: DATUM: <i>2.8.44</i>			
ERHALTEN VON: NAME: ORT: STRASSE: DATUM:			
BEARBEITER: <i>Diplom-Technik</i> <i>Adm. Reichelt</i> Buchdr. Thiel, Lissa 32664			


XVIII. „Escapees“

<b>BILDKARTEI</b> DIPLOM-ARCHITEKT <b>ALFRED MENSEBACH</b> LISSA (WARTHESLAND)		LAND: <i>Polen</i> GAU: <i>Warschau</i> ORT: <i>Flüchtlinge</i>	KLASSE: <i>II</i> <i>X</i> <i>VII</i> ABTLG.: <i>AG</i> <i>N</i> <i>C</i> GRUPPE: <i>3.3</i>
POSITIV NR.: <i>3408</i> NEGATIV NR.: <i>2</i> DIAPOSITIV NR.: FOTOGRAF: NAME: <i>Thomas Schmitt</i> ORT: <i>Neustadt</i> STRASSE: DATUM: <i>Sept. 1944</i>			
ERHALTEN VON: NAME: <i>n.o.</i> ORT: STRASSE: DATUM:			
BEARBEITER: <i>Diplom-Technik</i> <i>Adm. Reichelt</i> Buchdr. Thiel, Lissa 32664			

XIX. „Escapees“




<b>BILDKARTEI</b> DIPLOM-ARCHITEKT <b>ALFRED MENSEBACH</b> LISSA (WARTHELAND)	LAND: <i>Polen</i>	KLASSE: <i>VII</i>
	GAU: <i>Warschau</i>	ABTLG.: <i>AG</i>
	ORT: <i>Flüchtlinge auf der Libramontstraße Straße</i>	GRUPPE:
POSITIV NR. <i>3406</i>		
NEGATIV NR. <i>7</i>		
DIAPOSITIV NR.:		
FOTOGRAF:		
NAME: <i>Thomas Skurik</i>		
ORT: <i>Neutominhel</i>		
STRASSE:		
DATUM: <i>Sept. 1944</i>		
ERHALTEN VON:		
NAME: <i>S.O.</i>		
ORT:		
STRASSE:		
DATUM:		
BEARBEITER: <i>Diplom- u. Fotoarchitekt Alfred Mensebach</i> Buchdr. Thiel, Lissa 92664		



XX. "Escapees on Wolska"

<b>BILDKARTEI</b> DIPLOM-ARCHITEKT <b>ALFRED MENSEBACH</b> LISSA (WARTHELAND)	LAND: <i>Polen</i>	KLASSE: <i>VII</i>
	GAU: <i>Warschau</i>	ABTLG.: <i>AG</i>
	ORT: <i>Flüchtlinge</i>	GRUPPE:
POSITIV NR. <i>3404</i>		
NEGATIV NR. <i>7</i>		
DIAPOSITIV NR.:		
FOTOGRAF:		
NAME: <i>Thomas Skurik</i>		
ORT: <i>Neutominhel</i>		
STRASSE:		
DATUM: <i>Sept. 1944</i>		
ERHALTEN VON:		
NAME: <i>S.O.</i>		
ORT:		
STRASSE:		
DATUM:		
BEARBEITER: <i>Diplom- u. Fotoarchitekt Alfred Mensebach</i> Buchdr. Thiel, Lissa 92664		




XXI. „Escapees“

<b>BILDKARTEI</b> DIPLOM-ARCHITEKT <b>ALFRED MENSEBACH</b> LISSA (WARTHELAND)	LAND: <i>Polen</i>	KLASSE: <i>M</i>	<i>VII</i>
	GAU: <i>Warschau</i>	ABTLG.: <i>C</i>	<i>AG</i>
	ORT: <i>Reichlinge a.D. Kirche d. Lituanenstädter Straße</i>	GRUPPE:	
POSITIV NR: <i>3409</i>			
NEGATIV NR: <i>-</i>			
DIAPOSITIV NR:			
FOTOGRAF:			
NAME: <i>Thomas Schmitt</i>			
ORT: <i>Neutauwisch</i>			
STRASSE:			
DATUM: <i>Sept. 1944</i>			
ERHALTEN VON:			
NAME: <i>A.O.</i>			
ORT:			
STRASSE:			
DATUM:			
BEARBEITER: <i>Diplom-Architekt Alfred Mensebach</i>			
Buchdr. Thiel, Lissa 32654			




XXII. "Escapes near St. Stanislaw church"

<b>BILDKARTEI</b> DIPLOM-ARCHITEKT <b>ALFRED MENSEBACH</b> LISSA (WARTHELAND)	LAND: <i>Polen</i>	KLASSE: <i>M</i>	<i>VII</i>
	GAU: <i>Warschau</i>	ABTLG.: <i>C</i>	<i>AG</i>
	ORT: <i>Reichlinglager a.D. Wola</i>	GRUPPE: <i>3</i>	<i>2</i>
POSITIV NR: <i>3348</i>			
NEGATIV NR: <i>217/18</i>			
DIAPOSITIV NR:			
FOTOGRAF:			
NAME: <i>Alfred Mensebach</i>			
ORT: <i>Reichlinglager a.D. Wola</i>			
STRASSE:			
DATUM: <i>2.X.44</i>			
ERHALTEN VON:			
NAME:			
ORT:			
STRASSE:			
DATUM:			
BEARBEITER: <i>Diplom-Architekt Alfred Mensebach</i>			
Buchdr. Thiel, Lissa 32654			



XXIII. "Escapee camp in Wola"

<b>BILDKARTEI</b> DIPLOM-ARCHITEKT <b>ALFRED MENSEBACH</b> LISSA (WARTHELAND)		KLASSE: <u>II</u> ABTLG.: <u>AG</u> GRUPPE:
POSITIV NR.: <u>3378</u>	LAND: <u>Polen</u>	
NEGATIV NR.: <u>212/23</u>	GAU:	
DIAPOSITIV NR.:	ORT: <u>Warschau</u>	
FOTOGRAF:	<u>Scheiterhaufen</u>	
NAMES o m. A. R. C. I.:		
ORT:		
STRASSE:		
DATUM: <u>24.12.44</u>		
ERHALTEN VON:		
NAME:		
ORT:		
STRASSE:		
DATUM:		
BEARBEITER: <u>Diplom-Ing. Alfred Mensebach</u> Buchdr. Thiel, Lissa 32662		

XXIV. "Scheiterhaufen"