



KAZIMIERZ GĘBCZYŃSKI

Warsaw, 16 January 1946. Judge [S. Rybiński?] from the Warsaw Court of Appeal, employed in the District Commission for the Investigation of German Crimes in Poland for the capital city of Warsaw, heard the person named below as a witness. The witness testified as follows:

My name is Kazimierz Gębczyński, I am 40 years old. I am a Roman Catholic and a metal turner by profession. I live in the settlement of Ursus in the Warsaw voivodeship at Kościuszki Street 8. I have a clean criminal record.

On 5 August 1944, I was living with my wife and children at Młynarska Street 20 in Warsaw. Following the outbreak of the Uprising on 1 August 1944, I took part as a volunteer, but on 5 August I was already back home, as I had decided to withdraw, and I wasn't carrying any weapons. On that day after 4.00 p.m., the Germans entered the courtyard of my house and told my family and the other residents to leave the premises. Next, the Germans separated the men from the women and children and marched us to the courtyard of the house at Staszica Street 15, where an execution was taking place. When we arrived at that spot, some corpses of victims were already lying there. There were over 2,500 of us. Trying to escape, some dozen men and I entered that house, but we couldn't find any way out, as the neighboring houses were all on fire. Besides, the Germans forced us to go back to the courtyard. The gendarmes lined us up and then started shooting at us, either with revolvers or with rifles. One of these tormentors – I didn't notice who exactly – fired at me and wounded me in the palm of my right hand and in my left leg above the knee. Immediately after the shot I fell to the ground, pretending to be dead. I escaped death because I was covered with corpses of other murdered people while the Germans were finishing off those who had managed to survive. Then a car with a barrel of petrol arrived at that courtyard, and we, both the dead and the wounded, were doused with petrol with the use of sprinklers. Next, all the people lying there, both the dead and the wounded, were set on fire.



At that moment, the insurgents were launching an attack on German positions from the direction of Kercelego Square. The Germans had to repel them. This saved my life, because the Germans left the site. I left the execution spot as quickly as I could and went in the direction of Jelonki, where I met up with my family. Then, on 8 August 1944, I arrived in Pruszków, where I had the thumb of my right hand amputated because the shot had shattered my whole right hand.

The Germans executed some thousand men in the courtyard at Staszica Street 15. Women and children were not executed there. Among the executioners – German and Ukrainian soldiers whom I didn't know – there was one Pole, a former constable of the blue police, who wore a hat and [...] uniform. He had served in the police before the War. I knew him by sight, but I didn't know his name.

I would recognize him if I saw him. This man also shot at the victims, paying no heed to their cries for mercy and shouting back that they were futile.

Should I manage to learn the surname of that policeman, I will notify the court authorities of the fact.

The "Ukrainians" forced some of the men who had tried to hide in the house at Staszica Street 15 to jump from the fifth floor, and the Germans, using their rifle butts, made us watch them fall and die.

The report was read out.