



MICHALINA MAZIŃSKA

Warsaw, 28 February 1947

War crimes committed by the Germans on 17 September 1939

I, Michalina Mazińska, residing in Warsaw, Stefanówek 9, the house of Piechala (that is, Białołęcka Street 103, flat 3), lived in 1939 in the same house in which I live now. I hereby describe my experiences and what I saw with my own eyes.

On 16 September 1939, when the Germans opened fire on Warsaw, I fled with my husband and child, but we stayed just a dozen or so meters away from our flat. When I realized that people were running around in circles and didn't know where to go, we returned to our house. This was on 17 September 1939.

I encountered many Polish soldiers in the courtyard and the flat. They had left the trenches, hungry and tired, and since nobody was in command, they didn't know what to do. When they noticed a corporal, they surrounded him, and he advised them to back off. Nevertheless, there were still soldiers in the trenches, as not all of them had left their posts. When the Germans noticed that the forces were small, they surged forward and killed or wounded those soldiers who didn't manage to flee. One heavily wounded soldier burst into a house, but the Germans set it on fire and he burned alive.

I was in my flat with my husband and child. When the Germans entered, they took us out for execution. When I went back to the flat to fetch a cloak for the child, as I didn't know where they'd take us, the Germans didn't let me leave the flat again. The child joined me and in effect we stayed in the flat, and my husband was taken for execution. My child was crying desperately for its father, and I looked through the window. The Germans got three men, ordered them to put their hands up and executed them by shooting. I couldn't stay in the flat due to the overwhelming noise and shooting, so I went to the basement. As I was going downstairs, I heard the last words of my husband, who said, "Jesus, Mary, deliver my soul!", Germans yelling, a crack and a blood-curdling moan. The last moans of other executed people were also clearly audible.

The hail of bullets, as well as fire and smoke permeating the air, prevented me from going out to see or rescue the men – especially since I was alone, with a child. I managed to take a look



the next day, on Monday, 18 September. I saw my husband lying with outstretched arms, so I took him and carried him to the outhouse. The Germans wanted to shoot me, so there was nothing else I could do.

Three days later, I crawled towards my husband to dress and bury him, but I only managed to dress him. Three days after that, I crawled towards my husband again and buried him in the garden.

When I was dressing him, I noticed that my husband received six bullets and was stabbed in the side with a bayonet. Three weeks later, I buried him in the cemetery.

Eighty men were executed then in that district. I didn't know the surnames of them all, but I submit the ones which I know:

Paweł Maziński,

Olecki,

Wincenty Piątkowski,

Władysław Wójtasiak,

Roman Kaczorowski,

Adamczewski,

Władysław Wielgosz,

Pleczeluk,

two of an unknown surname,

Józef Piechał,

Sapigórski,

Hałpt,

Józiek Mikołajczyk, a 14-year-old boy,

Franciszek Rodak,

Piotr Rodak,

Władysław Setnik,

two of an unknown surname,

four of an unknown surname.



One of the executed, Stanisław Żuchowski, lives to this day. Although he was wounded by several bullets, he came round after a few hours and crawled towards the Polish troops, from where he was taken to a hospital and thus survived.

M. Mazińska

Warsaw, 28 February 1947

War crimes committed by the Germans in the winter of 1942

A car full of men arrived and they were all executed in Białoleńska Street. The bodies were taken away.

In the late fall of 1942, the Germans built gallows at Toruńska Street and hanged ten men. I saw this with my own eyes. I confirm the above with my own signature.

M. Mazińska