



PIOTR JANOCHA

Warsaw, 15 March 1946. Judge Stanisław Rybiński, delegated to the Commission for the Investigation of German Crimes, interviewed the person named below as a witness. The witness was advised of the criminal liability for making false declarations and the significance of the oath. The judge took an oath from the witness, who then testified as follows:

Name and surname	Piotr Janocha
Date of birth	28 June 1889
Parents' names	Antoni and Maria, <i>née</i> Adamska
Occupation	merchant
Education	secondary school
Place of residence	Warsaw, Praga, Ząbkowska Street 30, flat 3
Religious affiliation	Roman Catholic
Criminal record	none

In 1943, I lived with my wife and two sons, Edward (born on 2 January 1925) and Aleksander Jakub (born on 25 July 1927), where I currently live. My older son worked in a plumber's company called "Janczewski i Frejman" located at Mokotowska 49, and the younger – Aleksander – studied at a technical school, the former Tadeusz Czacki Secondary School; he was already in the third grade. On 13 November 1943, Aleksander left home and went to a barber's. It was at 4 p.m. I do not know if there was any roundup that day and if my son was caught on the street or if he was detained in some premises, but he never came back home. I had no information about him for several days, and finally, at the end of November 1943, I received a letter from Radom from a man whose name I don't remember. That man informed me that he had been released from the prison in Tomaszów Mazowiecki, where he met my son Aleksander Jakub; my son was still in the prison.



As soon as I received the message, I went to Tomaszów and I managed to see, through a gate that was open by accident, my son in the prison yard. He also noticed me. I left a package for him in the prison. In this way, I managed to deliver a few packages with food and clean underwear for my son. In the first week after Christmas, my wife and I went to Tomaszów and brought our son a package, which was delivered to him. Later on, however, when I brought him clean underwear and wanted to collect the dirty one, the prison guard told me that underwear was washed in the prison. Therefore, I stopped bringing underwear for my son, but later I was given his underwear, covered in blood and very dirty. It turned out that he had had to wear dirty underwear for a long time because he was not given a clean one. Then, when my wife went to Tomaszów on 20 January 1944, she was told that on 18 January our son had been taken to the Gross-Rosen camp. I wrote to the camp's commandant and obtained permission to send packages to my son. I started sending him packages, but after some time all the packages legally sent were officially returned to me, and I was informed that political prisoners like my son were not allowed to receive packages and mail.

The packages sent before that, without permission, never came back, but I don't know if my son received them. The last package was sent already in December 1944, after the uprising, and it was also returned. However, in July 1944, the Gestapo summoned my wife to Szucha Avenue, where she was informed that our son, Aleksander Jakub, had died of pneumonia on 12 June 1944 at 7.15. We still don't believe that our son died.

I must add that our older son, Edward, is also missing. On 1 August 1944, he left for work to Mokotowska Street and never came back. It was the day when the Warsaw Uprising broke out. I don't know what happened to my son because the factory he worked at has burned down and I haven't been able to find out if he even came to work that day. I haven't heard from him since.

In December 1943, when my wife and I were returning from Tomaszów Mazowiecki, suddenly, at the Płyćwia station, German policemen in helmets jumped into the train car and pulled us out onto the platform. They ordered us to stand by a wall with our hands in the air. They searched us and ordered us to pay a fine, God knows why. They didn't find the larger sum of cash that we had hidden in a shoe. A total of about thirty people suffered the attack. The train driver saw the incident and started the train, leaving us at the station. The



gendarmes told us to go to a field. It was only when they left that we dared to come back to the station. None of the locals let us stay for the night at their house because they were afraid of being searched and executed.

The report was read out.

I would like to add that my son Edward belonged to an organization. I don't know if Aleksander did too.