



WERONIKA ŁOSIŃSKA

Warsaw, 23 October 1945. Investigative Judge Mikołaj Halfter, assisted by the clerk of the court Halina Wereńko, interviewed the person named below as a witness. Having been advised of the criminal liability for making false declarations of the significance of the oath, the witness was sworn and testified as follows:

Name and surname	Weronika Katarzyna Łosińska, <i>née</i> Baszczak
Date of birth	30 April 1904
Parents' names	Józef and Honorata, <i>née</i> Kozłowska
Place of residence	Targowa Street 4, flat 26, Warsaw
Occupation	presently trading, chemist by profession
Religious affiliation	Roman Catholic
Criminal record	none
Relationship to parties	none

After the outbreak of the Uprising, on 2 August 1944, I was at Puławska Street 5. On the fourth or fifth day of the Uprising, I can't remember exactly when, the Germans escorted me and all the other people to Unii Lubelskiej Square and then to aleja Szucha, at the corner of Aleje Ujazdowskie, near the well. There we were segregated. Foreigners were lined up apart from the rest of the people. Young Polish women were sat on tanks or put into groups of four and having formed large companies in this way, were marched to the barricades as hostages "protecting" the Germans against the fire from the insurgents. I know this as I heard a German officer declare that the women put on tanks or joined into groups were going to be used as hostages.

Still at Unii Lubelskiej Square, the Germans separated all the men from the group I was in. We were all filled with horror. Taking advantage of the fuss that broke out as one of the women attempted to resist being rounded up into one of the groups, I separated myself from the Polish group and joined that of foreigners. I posed as an Ukrainian, although there was no sign "U" in my identity card. I claimed that I was born in Galicia and my parents' name was Baszczak. Along with a group of foreigners I was taken to the house at Litewska Street 4. The house, which had once been occupied by some Germans, now stood vacant. I stayed there for two days, eating, just as all the others, only what the "Cossacks" supplied us with. Generally we were hungry. Soldiers kept telling us that we should work to pay for the food they gave us. I volunteered, along with two other women whose names I don't know and who had passed themselves off as Poles. We were taken to work at the military barracks at aleja Szucha opposite Litewska Street. The task we were given was to wheelbarrow the rotten cabbage and other refuse out of the basements. The work was hard. Subjected to strict discipline, we were not allowed to move unescorted and we were usually accompanied by Russians in German uniforms. I saw no Ukrainians.

On the second day of my work, around 8 August 1944, I was working on the third floor in the Cossacks' kitchen with two other women who came to work with me and one Polish woman who worked in the building on a regular basis (I cannot remember her name). About 45 years of age, she was a stout blonde of medium height. At one point the soldier assigned to guard us left us alone. (The witness was shown the plan of the execution site at the former General Inspectorate of the Armed Forces building). I was in the building marked on the plan with the number 4. The Polish woman who worked there called me and my companions, saying: "Come here. I will show you where they kill Poles". I looked out of the window and saw the neighboring building. Its first floor windows were nailed up with boards (as I said I was on the third floor). The building, marked "2" on the plan, had had its upper floors damaged. The interior of the building, enclosed by a wall, was cleared of rubble and the pit looked like a floor. In the middle, marked in the plan with a cross, I saw a pile of dead bodies, naked men and women. They crammed the room, leaving only a narrow passage at one side. The pile came halfway up the floor and the bodies were arranged against the wall on the right (marked "3" on the plan). In the yard, beside this room, a group

of Germans in denim clothes were busy clearing some planks and logs. Then the woman who worked in aleja Szucha told us that the day before she had seen the Germans escort undressed Poles in groups of four into building no. 2. The latter were ordered to lie flat on the ground. Those brought in later were shot after climbing the pile. Because of the way the execution was carried out the pile grew so high. She also told us that every second day the Germans burned such a pile, having doused it with some liquid. She said that the pile we saw was going to be burned the following day at 4.00 p.m., after releasing people who worked there. The following day, at 4.00 p.m. – 5.00 p.m., from my house at Litewska Street, I saw clouds of smoke coming out of the yard. Before the day on which I was tasked with removing the rotten cabbage from the basement (the basement was located where one can now see the arrow indicating the entrance in the building marked "4" on the plan), and on which I saw the pile of dead bodies, I had seen a stack of documents, notebooks, wallets, notes, mirrors and pencils. I looked through a number of passports and concluded that their owners' names were Polish. I also noticed a photograph taken in 1939 of a Polish officer. I do not remember these names now. One of the identification cards belonged to a man who held two diplomas/university degrees. I could not write anything down because I was being watched and I was not sure whether I would be able to last through the day myself. Having seen the pile of dead bodies, I gave up working at the Cossack kitchen altogether. After one day spent out of work at Litewska Street, I went, on the following day, to peel potatoes in the German kitchen, which was situated in front of the building marked in the plan with no. (the number is missing). At aleja Szucha I worked on the first floor. The floor's windows gave onto the courtyard. There were only German soldiers there, pretty Polish girls selected by German officers for whom the girls were to work, and about seven women who actually worked there on a regular basis, I, as a Ukrainian, and the Russian woman who took me there with her and who enjoyed the confidence of those with whom she worked. I do not know the names of all of these people. On the first day of working in this kitchen, I saw German soldiers bring a group of about 17 people. It was about 10.00 a.m. The group was led into the courtyard where I was peeling potatoes. The soldiers stopped as one of them called for taking these people for interrogation. I speak German and I could understand what they were saying. The people were then taken into the room on the first floor occupied by



some Gestapo men. As I noticed, there were not any officers there, only a second lieutenant with one silver strap on his epaulet. Such an important interrogation lasted just a few minutes and I think that the group was then escorted out of the building into the garden, behind the courtyard where I was staying, in the direction of Aleje Ujazdowskie, or perhaps into some room. After a while I heard a salvo. As this was happening, a *Volksdeutsch* woman, who supervised the peeling of the potatoes, was approached by a Gestapo man wearing a green uniform with a brown collar who said in German that "today some 300 men have been shot". Except for one woman, about 22 years of age, and an intelligent-looking old man, there were only very young men in the group that I saw. There must have been a big pile of dead bodies in the garden where the Poles were killed, but I could not see what was going on there because we were strictly forbidden to enter this area. In addition, the Germans began to watch me and I had to be very careful. Even my supervisor, a *Volksdeutsch* woman, warned me that they were keeping a watchful eye on me. I also heard a German soldier tell his girlfriend that the Germans were going to look for Poles among those who worked for them. I got scared and no longer turned up for this work.