

FRANCISZEK POSTEK

On 28 November 1988 deputy district prosecutor Ryszard Wiączek (MA) from the District Prosecutor's Office in Węgrów, delegated to the Commission for the Investigation of Hitlerite Crimes in Białystok, proceeding in accordance with the provisions of Article 4 of the decree of 10 November 1945 (Journal of Laws No. 51, item 293) and Article 129 of the Code of Criminal Procedure, without the participation of a reporter, interviewed the person named below as a witness. Having been advised of the criminal liability for making false statements, the witness confirmed with his own signature that he had been informed of this liability (Article 172 of the Code of Criminal Procedure). The witness then testified as follows:

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| Name and surname | Franciszek Postek |
| Parents' names | Stanisław and Julianna, <i>née</i> Pietrak |
| Date and place of birth | 8 June 1927, Stoczek Węgrowski, Siedlce voivodeship |
| Place of residence | Stoczek Węgrowski, Siedlce voivodeship |
| Occupation | retiree |
| Education | 7 years of elementary school |
| Criminal record for perjury | none |
| Relationship to the parties | none |

I was born and currently live in Stoczek Węgrowski (Siedlce voivodeship). Certain periods of my life under occupation I can recall quite well [as they are sealed in] my memory. I remember that in July or June of 1942 three Jews from Warsaw came to my father. I do not remember the names of those Jews, but I know that they arrived at my father's right after or [just] before the ghetto in Warsaw was liquidated. We did not know them before. There were three of them: two men, about 25 years of age, and a girl, about 20 years old. My father

sheltered them in the potato cellar, about 100 meters away from our house. They spent days and nights there. My [father] would not visit them during the day, only in the evenings. During the day us siblings would do the shopping in Stoczek, our mother would cook meals [for the Jews], [but] only in the evenings did my father deliver the food to them. Some evenings they would come by the house, but very rarely. I would speak with them sometimes. My mother would bring them the bread she baked, soup and groceries. My parents ran a farmstead. After about two or three months, when [the Germans] organized a roundup of Jews in Stoczek, three more Jews from Stoczek joined us. I knew one of them, his name was Hajkel and he was a goat maker, about 30 years old. The second man I did not know. He was about, or narrowly over, 30 years old, but I do not know his name or profession. The girl could have been about 30 years old or under, I do not know her profession. My father prepared a second hideout for them at our farmstead, in a close proximity of about 50 meters. These three Jews stayed in this hideout separately and my father also would bring them food which we, that is my mother and our entire family, prepared for them. The evening deliveries of food by my father went on for a year and a half. I remember that when the revolt broke out in Treblinka, several more Jews sheltered in these two hideouts, 17 people altogether. Until September 1943 my father provided them with food in the hideouts. I remember that one day in September 1943 at 6:00 a.m. a man leading a cow to pasture visited us. He told us that the Germans were in the forest near our buildings. I drove the cows to pasture and came back home. As soon as I came back, I saw Germans in the yard and I saw that my brothers Henryk and Waclaw were at home together with my mother and father. While my mother stayed inside the house, I was at the well with my brothers. I asked if I should go get the grazing cows which I was in charge of and he [sic!] agreed, ordering me to go get them. I ran towards the forest, moved the cows a bit and ran to the house of my brother Józef, who lived in the township of Stoczek Gajówka Wschodnia. I told him that the Germans were at our place and instead of returning home, I ran to the house of my brother Kazimierz Postek, who lived in Stoczek Wieś Kolonia. I stayed there without saying anything to him at first, only assisting my brother in threshing the grain with flails. Once my brother's wife arrived, she said that the Germans killed many of the Jews who were staying with us and planned to murder our entire family. That same day, my brother Kazimierz and I ran to his brother-in-law's house in Lipki, and spent the night there. The following day I went to the house of my first cousins, who lived in Marianów. Kazimierz, my eldest brother, returned home to care for his farm and I stayed in Marianów with my first cousin for a month. Then I returned

home, as did my sisters, Marysia and Celina, who were in Warsaw, and my brother Jerzy also returned home from Marianów. At the time of my return, the Jews were already murdered and buried – in the yard and just outside the forest. As I learned later, the Germans killed my mother on the spot, and took my father and two brothers, Henryk and Wacław, with them. I was told that after the Germans had murdered the Jews, they returned to our house and bludgeoned [my mother] with sticks. She was buried at the local cemetery. After a while, when we went back to living at the house, the Germans arrived in search of Jews. They threatened me with an axe and demanded information on where more Jews were hiding. I couldn't tell them since I did not know where they were, [if anywhere at all]. [The Germans] took me from [my home] and led me to the cemetery. On the way there, they confiscated butter and eggs from a woman passing by. I was carrying those items, but finally ditched the eggs and escaped behind the cemetery wall. I do not know if they were searching for me or chasing me, but they didn't arrest me again. In late October 1943 my brothers Henryk and Wacław returned after being held by the Germans and told me [that] they were imprisoned at the Pawiak prison, but [eventually] released somehow. In June 1944 two Germans arrived by car and took my brothers Wacław and Henryk, [who] have not returned to this day. We do not know where they were killed, as the Germans did not notify us of my brothers' death. My father ended up being deported to Auschwitz and never returned. I remember us receiving a notification that my father had perished in Auschwitz. We do not have photographs of my father and mother, as during liberation in 1944 a fire consumed all the buildings. That is the end of my testimony in this case. I have signed the report after having confirmed it is consistent with my testimony.