



## MICHAŁ WRÓBLEWSKI

Warsaw, 30 May 1950. Judge [no name], acting as a member of the Main Commission for the Investigation of German Crimes in Poland, heard the person named below as a witness. The witness testified as follows:

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Name and surname	Michał Wróblewski
Date and place of birth	30 August 1887, Omięciny, Płoński county
Names of parents	Piotr and Anna <i>née</i> Ochman
Occupation of the father	farmer
State affiliation	Polish
Religious affiliation	Roman Catholic
Education	3 grades of elementary school
Occupation	bailiff
Place of residence	Dembińskiego Street 2/4
Criminal record	none

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From 1941 I lived in Marymont at Marii Kazimierzy Street 21. I was there during the outbreak of the Uprising in 1944, too. The sanitary post number 3 was set up in the school building in the back of our property in the first days of the Uprising; Danuta Taran (currently domiciled at Marii Kazimierzy Street 29) was one of the nurses there.

Since the majority of the houses in our area were made of wood, the inhabitants gathered for safety in the brick-built school. Until 14 September, our area was controlled by insurgents. One of their most important posts was in the Olejarnia on Gdańska Street, and the German troops were stationed in the Central Institute of Physical Education, in the



school on Kolektorska Street and in the Gas School on Gdańska Street, which the Germans had transformed into a barracks even before 1941. The troops, however, retreated from the barracks to the Central Institute of Physical Education some two weeks before our area was captured by the Germans. During the entire period of the Uprising we couldn't move around our area freely. The Germans built a shelter at the exit of Marii Kazimierzy Street and were shooting from it. Anyone who wanted to walk that street risked being killed. Besides, the German soldiers were looting houses in the neighborhood of the barracks. They were throwing incendiary missiles at the wooden houses and shooting at the civilians who tried to put out the fire.

On 14 September, the insurgents retreated from our area. The German tanks entered through Marii Kazimierzy Street, shelling the entire area. The houses were set on fire and the civilians ordered to leave. There were some 70 people in the school at that time. The Germans entered our yard and ordered us all to get out. Since we were surrounded by burning houses and fences, we decided to leave. Some people went in the direction of Dembińskiego Street, whereas I, with my wife Izabela, my daughter Alfreda and two other women, Franciszka Radomska and Maria Radomska, went to the adjacent yard in the direction of the barracks. We wanted to go to the basements, but all were packed. We were standing in the yard. A German came up to us and told us to follow him. Two other Germans with rifles walked behind us. The German took us to the path leading by the barracks towards Chryzostoma Paska Street (in the past, there was a pump by this path). He pointed to the path and told us to go forward. On Marii Kazimierzy Street, up to Potocka Street, tanks were standing beside one another. The German who led us there backed away to the tanks. Then a volley of machine gun fire was directed at us. Three women fell dead on the spot. My daughter, seriously wounded in the temple, fell on her back. I was not injured at all. The bullets only lacerated the fur I was wearing. I fell face down on the ground. The collar of the fur covered my head. I remained lying thus for a moment. A German soldier was standing behind me. I lifted my head a bit: I saw my daughter's face. She was staring with eyes wide open. When she noticed that I was alive, she told me that she was seriously wounded in the head and that she was dying. The German heard her whisper. He began to check whether all of us were dead. When he came close to her, he looked her in the eyes, and then he took out a revolver and shot her twice in the head.

I remained lying still for the night. A German tank was maneuvering just by my feet all the time. All night long, I could hear screams of people begging for help, yells of Germans and



shooting. In the morning, all went quiet. I fell asleep, tired of the horrible experience. When I woke up, the tanks were gone. I went to Krechowicka Street and then to Czarneckiego Street, where I remained until 30 September 1944, so until the day Żoliborz fell. I was taken to Pruszków along with the inhabitants of that area.

When I came back to Warsaw on 18 January 1945, I couldn't find the corpses of my family. They were no longer at the execution site; they had been buried. When the exhumations of graves in our area were conducted in the spring of 1945, I found the bodies of my daughter and wife. I was present at an exhumation of corpses from a common grave which had been dug at the site of one of the biggest crimes committed in our area on 14 September 1944, a crime committed by the barracks – the execution of civilians from the house at Rymkiewicza Street 3 and other houses.

At that the report was concluded and read out.