



ZOFIA JAKUBOWSKA

Warsaw, 11 March 1949. Judge Halina Wereńko, a member of the District Commission for the Investigation of German Crimes in Warsaw, interviewed the person named below as an unsworn witness. Having been advised of the criminal liability for making false declarations and of the obligation to speak the truth, the witness testified as follows:

Name and surname	Zofia Stanisława Jakubowska, <i>née</i> Korczak
Date and place of birth	22 March 1900 in Warka
Parents' names	Jan and Janina, <i>née</i> Przybylska
Father's occupation	farmer (more than 56 acres)
Citizenship and nationality	Polish
Religion	Roman Catholic
Education	six classes of secondary school, tutored at home
Occupation	collects a pension as the widow of an office worker
Place of residence	Warsaw, Puławska Street 71, flat 81
Criminal record	none

When the Warsaw Uprising broke out, I was in my flat at Puławska Street 71. Between 1 and 3 August, our house was occupied by the insurgents. I did not see the insurgents shooting at the Germans from our house, however they frequently ran through the property. On 3 August 1944, at around 4.00 p.m., our house came under a withering fire. Together with the majority of the residents, my family and I hid in the bakery, which was located in the courtyard. After 6.00 p.m. the front of our house was set on fire, and German soldiers burst into the courtyard. Residents

told me that these soldiers were shooting at those who were trying to save the house from the blaze. When the German soldiers burst into the bakery, I hid with my daughter, Halina, in the changing room next to the bakery. My husband and second daughter, Maria Wanda, were led out from the bakery into the courtyard along with the others. A few minutes later a soldier found me and my daughter, Halina, in the changing room, and ordered us to come out, shouting *raus*. We went out into the courtyard, and I saw that around 20 tenants from our building were standing next to the wall of the annex opposite the bakery, with the stable behind. A group of German soldiers stood nearer the wall of the bakery, opposite the group of tenants. I drew closer to the group of residents of our house who were standing along the length of the annex, parallel to the front of the house, and then – together with my daughter, Halina – managed to leave through the gate of this annex, which led to the clay pits behind our house. We caught up with a tenant of our house, Bochenek, who told us that his wife had been shot before he had left the house. We took shelter in a house standing near Giżycki's school in Lower Mokotów. The next day I was approached by the caretaker of our house, who informed me that my husband had been shot dead, while our daughter had survived and was currently at Ludowa Street. On 5 August I found my daughter at Ludowa Street: as it turned out, her leg had been shot through. The next day I managed to get through to our house and learned from Ms Magiera, the owner of the bakery, that on 3 August some twenty or so people had been killed during the execution at our house. The bodies of the murdered victims were buried by the residents of our house in two graves near the clay pits behind our house. I saw these graves on 5 August 1944. After spending a few weeks at Ludowa Street, my daughters and I returned to our house at Puławska Street 71, where we remained until 27 September – the day Mokotów fell. When I returned home, there were insurgents there.

On 27 September, after the insurgents had left, German soldiers came to our house and took me away together with the other civilians. We were taken to Służewiec Race Track, where we spent the night, and then driven on foot to Włochy, from where we were transported by train to the transit camp in Pruszków.

At this point the report was brought to a close and read out.