



WŁADYSŁAW WILCZEWSKI

Warsaw, 13 March 1946. Judge Stanisław Rybiński, delegated to the Commission for the Investigation of German Crimes, interviewed the person named below as a witness, without an oath. The witness was advised of the obligation to speak the truth and of the criminal liability for making false declarations, and testified as follows:

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| Name and surname | Władysław Wilczewski |
| Parents' names | Walerian and Maria, <i>née</i> Halackiewicz |
| Date of birth | 21 February 1892 |
| Place of residence | Warsaw, Mokotowska Street 52, flat 8 |
| Occupation | Member of the Management Board of Spółdzielczy Bank Ogrodniczy |
| Education | agricultural school in Paris (France) |
| Religious affiliation | Roman Catholic |
| Criminal record | none |

On 13 October 1943 at noon, in a roundup on Świętokrzyska Street, my son Olgierd Jerzy Walerian Wilczewski, born on 11 December 1922, was arrested. My son was a student of the gardening school at Puławska Street and was registered as a laborer in Henryk Szczeciński's gardening company in Górcze 69. My son, although he was an active member of an anti-German political organization, was detained by accident and had no compromising documents in his pockets. I know this for sure.

I learned about the circumstances of my son's arrest in the roundup from his tailor, whose name I cannot recall right now. Later on, I found out that Rafał Brzuziński, about 30 years old, Józef Wiesław Karwat, and Konstanty Raspopin had been caught together with my son.



A total of fifty people who were detained were taken to the Pawiak prison and placed by a wall in the prison yard. They were kept there for about two hours. Finally, they were approached by a Gestapo officer of an average height, in a raincoat and long boots, with a scar on his face. I couldn't find out his surname. The Gestapo officer selected, from among the detained, ten young boys, the tallest and most handsome ones, including my son Olgierd, and took them with him from the Pawiak prison.

The rest stayed in Pawiak and one of them, whom I know – Sakowicz – was soon released. It was Jan Sakowicz, then residing at Pańska Street 29, flat 30, who told me about the circumstances of my son's arrest. After that conversation with Sakowicz, I began efforts to get my son released.

I submitted petitions through the district and the local administration office on behalf of my wife. The Gestapo told my wife they didn't have our son. Since my son was a student and a horticultural worker, I directed my efforts at his superiors and school, the gardening department of the Municipal Administration, subordinate to the then city governor Leist.

In the German Municipal Administration, there was a Polish clerk named Głębocki – he dealt with gardening matters. Głębocki agreed to make efforts to get my son released through Leist himself. On that day, Głębocki went to Leist and asked him to put in a word for my son, but Leist refused to do anything and said he would not engage in releasing Poles because he did not consider it appropriate. I went to the district office to see the head of the Plant Production Department in the Faculty of Food and Agriculture, Wilhelm Schobelt, who worked there. He told me that all the people detained on that day would be investigated by the Gestapo and, if it turned out they were guilty, they would be shot dead. Then, Schobelt sent me to Maks Horn, *Regierungsrat*, the administrative head of the Faculty of Food and Agriculture. He was an adviser to the Nazis employed in the district and an ex officio intermediary between the Warsaw Gestapo and the district. Horn heard me out and accused me of raising my son badly. He stated that Poles in general should be raised more strictly, but he promised to ask the Gestapo and accepted my petition. However, I did not receive any answer from him.

Additionally, I tried to get some information about my son from a man from our horticultural cooperative, *Volksdeutsche Ketter* from Ożarów (I don't remember his first name). He had a friend in the Gestapo who lived in Włochy. Ketter informed me, "Your son is dead because

many people arrested that day had been shot.” Then, Bartke (I don’t remember his name), the father of one of my son’s friends, who was the director of a factory in Żyrardów and was friends with a Wehrmacht colonel, the military administrator of Żyrardów (I don’t know his name), informed me that my son was alive and was not in danger, which he allegedly had learnt from that colonel. I received this information in February 1944.

At this point, I believe it necessary to add that, in order to thank Bartke for the information, I went to his apartment at Marszałkowska Street, in the building in front of Litewska Street, on 6 May 1944. Then suddenly, at 4 or 5 p.m. in Pole Mokotowskie, the Germans carried out a mass slaughter of Poles working in garden plots or taking a stroll. We were able to observe parts of the incident because the windows of Bartke’s apartment overlooked Pole Mokotowskie and the apartment was on the fourth floor. Through the window, I saw passing balls of light. When we went out to the balcony, we also heard shots. We saw a group of people who were baffled and didn’t know where the shots had come from. The group was soon approached by six Gestapo officers and the Vlasov Army soldiers, who beat them and drove them off. They started beating a young man with rifle butts and when he fell down, they kicked him with their boots, probably until he died because he did not move again.

Since the Germans detained my son, we haven’t heard from him. Despite conflicting information that my son was alive (which I learned from Bartke), I am convinced that my son is dead and was shot in the Warsaw Ghetto a few hours after his arrest.

My son was a very talented, clever, and bright young man. He was detained by the Germans several times and he managed to escape, so if he were alive, he would have let his parents know because he was too smart not to do so. Apart from him, we only have one daughter.

I would also like to add that around 20 October 1943, through intermediaries, I was able to ask the then commander of the Pawiak prison, Kurt Walter, about my son. An intermediary informed me that he had learned from Walter that my son was not in Pawiak. My son had all his own authentic documents with him when he was detained.

The building where Sakowicz lived has been destroyed; I haven’t seen the man after the uprising and I don’t know where he is. I also haven’t heard from Głębocki, Brzusiński, Karwat, and Raspopin, who – as I was informed by Sakowicz – were taken together with my son from the Pawiak prison by the Gestapo officer with a scar on his face, haven’t returned home



either. I met the family of Brzuziński and Karwat. Karwat's mother constantly visits us to find out if we have heard anything from our son. She hasn't heard from her son either.

Description of Maks Horn: over 50 years old, below average height, plump, stubby, gray-haired, baldish, with a shaved face.

The report was read out.