

Accession number 8838, roll number 7.

Mr. Bogacki, reel 7.

Well, as I said before, we were transferred from this-- the place we lived outside Warsaw to Warsaw main HQ of the Gestapo. And well, we sat there in the corridor for quite a time. And then they appeared, the uncle, this chief of secret service, with the Germans appeared outside. They asked him the question to verify that this lady, elderly lady, is the sister, that this younger one is his niece, and I am her husband.

After that, he disappeared somewhere with them. And we were taken to the prison called Pawiak in Warsaw. I was separated with my wife and my mother-in-law and put in a single cell at that night. They took everything-- rings from me, except they haven't found the few cigarettes which I had still in my pocket. I was smoking at that time.

I went into that cell. It's unbelievable, really, how the mind works. I found on the wall a crate, like a bedspread, but without any mattress, nothing. But I had a fur coat on me. So I pulled it down from them, lit my cigarette, put myself down, and snoozed off immediately.

You wouldn't believe it after this stress, but my feeling-- and I'm quite honest here-- was I was, in a certain way, suddenly felt a feeling of relief. That's the end of my war. Whatever happens after this strenuous four years, '40, '41, '42, '43, that's the end of it-- no more responsibility, finished. And I slept.

They kept me there for a few days. And they transferred me to a different cell-- there a long time, probably a week or more. I couldn't remember now. Nothing happened. Then I was taken for interrogation.

And I pretended from the very beginning that I do not know a word in German, although I am a good command of that language. And I talked to the interviewer through an interpreter. And there was a typist, there a woman. He asked me questions about my life. And I was of a different name. My name was [? Chrapkowski. ?]

And all my curriculum, from the beginning to the end-- and it lasted quite a few hours-- was false. So he asked me a question through the interpreter, the interpreter who wasn't-- not very good in translating this whole things gave me time to think. I gave the answer in Polish. And she interpreted to the interviewer. And the interviewer, in turn, dictated to the typist. So that's why it took so long.

In the end, he said, you have to sign that. Do you want to know what's written there? I said, yes. So again, the interpreter tried to translate this whole thing to me. And this took no end.

Anyway, I went through that. Nothing happened-- quiet-- nobody shook me, nobody shouted at me because I think they knew that I am-- they knew who I am. And they didn't expect from me-- they asked me about this gentleman. I said, I know-- he was a pre-war officer, isn't a family man. He was doing something.

Yes, we have seen some secret print sometimes. I read them, yes. But you know perfectly, there's print and lots of them transmitted, the underground newsletters or something like that. And I gave them to other people. And that's all it was-- was quite normal to us. He accepted that explanation. Anyway, not going into details, I was sent back.

And this was-- lasted June-- February. At that time, in Warsaw, the chief Gestapo man was shot by the underground. I forgot his name. And in retaliation, the Germans-- I don't know how many. There was 100 or 200 people, something-- quite a lot of them were taken out of the prison, put in the wilderness outside the prison, and shot.

I was not because my interview interrogation wasn't finished. They are very meticulous, the Germans. Because mine was not finished, so they haven't-- otherwise, we had all finished. Normally, they would-- we would be sent to a concentration camp or whatever, kept in prison. Nothing would happen to them, as far as life was concerned. In that case, they were shot. So they saved my life there again. March, I'm still there.

And one day, I knew my whole thing was finished. One day, in the unusual time in the afternoon, when they never took prisoners for interviewing, I was called out of the cell, taken by two civilians agent into a small car. I remember, it was an Opel, driven through Warsaw from the prison to the Gestapo HQ, and taken somewhere in the back stairs in that, up top there, in a room.

I didn't know what it was all about. Then my interviewer, who I remembered, came in after a certain while with this big file of documents, which I'd never seen before and it was all about. Started asking me questions from the beginning-- who I am. He perfectly knew what I am because he'd-- since we talking before hours.

But in the meantime, sitting just opposite him in front of a desk, quite a distance from the wall there, purposely so-- there was a door. And the door slightly open. And I felt someone is looking. Did not take notice.

Then somebody came in, this gentleman talked to him, and looked at me. They were talking, whispering in German, so I couldn't hear in the beginning, went out again. Somebody opened. Then somebody came in, lifted, asked me to get up, turned around, turned left.

I felt, I'm observed there for some reason. And I haven't a clue what it's all about. That means they are looking at me. They're trying to come to a conclusion that somebody has to determine who I am. I was puzzled. I didn't think this idea was all about.

Then, I think, there must have been the superior of that interviewing officer. And he spoke quietly. They spoke quite loudly so I could understand. And my interview told him, I think we might have shot him in retaliation for that chief of staff-- chief of Gestapo in Warsaw. They must have been just taken like that at random in that time.

Anyway, I went down to-- taken back to the prison. I hardly came in, when, knocking on the door and shouting, to the bath-- [GERMAN]. The showers, he took us once a week or something like that. This was winter, snowing. So I put my fur coat on, put my hat on, put the towel on my neck, and went down. But instead to the shower rooms left, they took us right, and we were walking around like horses in the paddock.

So I looked on the windows, look over there, and I seen behind the frosted glass, this grating, few faces looking at us. I put my-- looked a bit down and walked further on . I didn't know what it's all about. And after three minutes, I don't know how much, quarter of an hour or something, then they sent us back to the cells, not a shower.

A so-called kapo or-- in charge of this house-- of the floor was one of the prisoners whom I knew he was from the underground. Nobody knew why, but we knew each other. He was from the secret service.

And I said, look, George, tell me, find out from the main office-- because he had a certain freedom of asking-- in the main office were Poles-- prisoners were Poles who kept the records there-- was anybody else from the whole prison-- there was a few thousand people-- taken to the headquarters of Gestapo today in the afternoon apart from me?

He said, I'll tell you tomorrow morning. He always came in before they locked the door, threw a cigarette through it, something like that. The next day, the answer was no. So I was puzzled completely. This was the end of March, about, I think, 28 or something at March.

They organized a transport to concentration camp at Gross-Rosen already, early morning or night, taken out from the cells, and they're standing on the corridor in fours, just bound together by hands here and by strings or something. And I was in the cell.

I said to myself, oh, this is no good. I would prefer to go out. That means I am not in the prison anymore and no suspect, no interrogation, just concentration camp. In the last minute, when they were already walking out, I was called out and attached to the transport to Gross-Rosen.

I arrived in Gross-Rosen. It was the end of March, April-- yeah, might have been later on. But to that incident, I'm coming. In July, when the Russians already approached the war zone, the prisoner of war from Pawiak was emptied.

And a lot of prisoners were sent to Gross-Rosen concentration camp. And I found one of my chief radio telegraphists coming in, who was arrested after me.

One evening, walking after the day-- this always was an hour or something, where nothing was done with us or we were walking on the little streets from that concentration camp-- I told him that episode. And he just looked at me, laughed. You know who was behind the door? That was me.

Once they arrested him, he was asked because he was officially arrested on work. They knew who he was. And he admitted that. They asked him about me. Where is this man, Bogacki? This is only the chief and this one chap. He knew that I was arrested. But-- and he knew-- he gave them description, false description.

There was a little-- that's what he told me. Prisoners like me and him, we were of certain connection, we could send papers, grips, so-called grips or papers out of prison. And he asked them about me, what happened to me because he's very hardly interrogated, and even treated slightly harsh.

And he got an answer, peculiar answer, which I haven't solved today, even-- answer that I have been sent to a prison in Kraków and shot. That was very severe-- strict prison in Kraków. So when they started this-- when they interrogate him further, and asked him, and pressed him about me, he said, well, you have him here. You didn't bother him there. But he never changed his false description.

And when he spotted me, he said, I was really breathless there. Luckily, I insisted, that's not the man. I gave him a different description. That's how I found out how I was interrogated.

And they must have come to the conclusion after my-- this uncle's-- my wife's uncle that I must have been somebody, the nearest one they came, to assess that I am a signalman, somehow concealed. Because I was the only one who was taken out, confronted with my signal people, trying to find out who I am. And they came in the end to the conclusion that I am not what I am, not the Bogacki they were looking for.

How long were you in Gross-Rosen?

Gross-Rosen, I was evacuated on the 10th of February, 1945. The dates, I remember exactly-- '45, when the Russians approached Silesia.

What were conditions like in Gross-Rosen?

Well, I personally cannot complain. I must tell you one thing. The Germans, at the end of the war, their industry was bombarded. And they tried to decentralize production. And they opened some kind of workshops of Siemens-Halske in the workshop. Because-- and I officially was in my-- I was an electrician.

So they took me out to the team, who first installed electric lighting points in the barracks. And then I worked in the radio electronic section, and under the roof, where others were kept in the open and moved around. We worked in shifts all night or day all the time. So that's why I can't really complain. I was under the roof. Food-wise, well, it was miserable, miserable all the time.

Were they all Polish people in the camp?

Oh, no, no. No, no. This was a mixture of nationalities-- lot of Czechs, a lot of Italians. Near to me were Italians-- Germans, even, of various descriptions, from criminals to some kind of-- they called them [GERMAN]-- that means Bible-- something like who said they can't fight against their principals. They will not wear any weapons-- and so on and so on.

There were many, many, many. There were Russians. And here, I'm coming back to these prisoners. There were once, I had been told, 2,000 Russian prisoners taken there-- soldiers put in the concentration camp. When I arrived, from these 2,000, there were probably a handful. They were just maltreated and they died.

Why should soldiers be put in a concentration camp?

That's a good question. The Germans didn't bother. As far as the Russians are concerned, they just killed them like animals. I have been told-- I haven't seen that myself-- when they kept in this open enclosures like cattle, they hardly any food-- they put there a live horse or fowl running in. And they just put them alive into pieces by hands-- hunger, unbelievable.

Did you see such a thing?

I have not, I say. I have been told about it. I have not. But I could believe that it might happen because I know.

Were the different nationalities treated the same or were they treated differently in the concentration camp?

I would have thought the same-- the same. Yes. It all depends how you-- well, in the first month, I worked on the-- with the shifting soil from place to place, unnecessary, with these push wagons there. And I was even struck with a stick somewhere. That's all. And then no-- more or less evenly.

The only thing is illness was really a death certificate. It was there hardly any treatment, although they had some kind of little hospital or something there with prison doctors-- I mean, prisoners-- doctor prisoners, but not much medicine in it. Once the metabolism of the body stopped working and-- through hunger and so on, they lost their control, and the brain started not working. And they was walking around.

And if they could even some potato peelings somewhere in the sand, they were eating that kind of thing-- horrible views in Scotland. So treatments in general was the same. If somebody was lucky and employed or in an office somewhere, or in the kitchen, or whatever, then he could manage to get some little more food and cover or properly even slightly better treatment.

But he could be struck by these Germans soldiers. German soldier was the highest rung is-- he was the-- of your destiny. He could kick you, this-- he could damage your legs or something like that. For instance, in the morning, there was a-- how do you say it in English-- in front of the barrack reporting, and the Germans came here. And there was an elderly prisoner of the barrack, and he reported how many were there, and so on.

Sometimes, there were letters came through from family. And he shouted in German the number or name. If you did not understand-- I think the Italians or Czechs-- there were many who did not know the language at all-- he didn't bother about that. If you answered, say, few seconds too late, he jumped like a tiger in the middle with-- like a leg from a stool and over the head just because he hasn't answered ja, hier.

So there was a Italian standing next to me. And I heard his number, I just nick-- him, gave him a box, and he shouted. So that was the kind of life of which you were-- one was accustomed and had to be accustomed himself to live in.

Sleeping accommodation-- you wouldn't believe normally were there-- well, normally, there would be about, say, 20-30 people, I can't really. But they pushed about 400 people there who had to sleep and move around. Beds bunks were threes on three floors, three stages one above another. And on each bed, two people slept.

Of course, there-- you couldn't have any windows shut in there in that case. Whether it was a winter or summer, they were always open. We were overwhelmed, which sounds harsh, by fleas. The body was just black with fleas walking all over. So that were the conditions in which you had to live. There was a small room in front of there, where we-- were a few tables and where, in turns, we sat down and got our watered soup or something like that and eating.

Was there any possibility of any kind of resistance to the Germans or sabotage?

I heard about it. I did not come across it myself. I heard about it. And especially in Auschwitz, I heard about it. I mean, even books were written about that by Poles. A friend of mine wrote quite a good book about it. In Gross-Rosen, I don't

know. I don't know. Probably, they were talking here and there. But as I say, I was involved in that barracks-- factory barracks and quite secure not to be involved and exposed to any maltreatment. This was a certain relief.

Were there any escapes?

Oh, yes. Yes, there were escapes. But I can't remember any which would succeed. They brought them back. And I had to witness quite simple, three or four of them in front of us, just hanged. That was all.

How did they hang them?

By a rope you have. They built special-- how do you call this, this whole thing?

Scaffolds?

Yeah, scaffold, and just put them on top, and knocked it from under the feet, and finito.

With the assembled camp?

Oh, yes, the whole camp was assembled there and looked at it. And they were told why.

How did the people who were executed behave?

Very quiet, without any resistance. They might have been, how would you say, injected something to keep-- kept them calm or something like that. I don't know. Might have been walked quietly on and just gone.

Did you know them?

No. No. Well, there were a few thousand people there one could know.

Can you tell me how you were evacuated from this camp?

As I said before, 10 of February, 1945, the Russians approached. And we had heard already artillery, some bombings, airplanes buzzing over us. So they organized a rail transport and a fuel transport. I was one of them put on a railway, open railway wagons, similar on which coal is transported.

And on that, they put us that head to head or back to back just like that. We-- they look-- that was on the standing position. Or you could slip slightly down on your knee or your heel. That's all. They gave us one blanket. They gave me one loaf of bread. And that's all.

And we started from there. And I think, on the third night-- two days and three nights, the third night of the many stoppings-- because the German network was probably bombarded here and there, through many, through Czechoslovakia here, there, we arrived at the next concentration camp, a small Kommando of a concentration camp of Flossenbürg in Hersbruck, not far from Nuremberg, at night.

And mind you, two days and nearly three nights, you were standing, doing nothing. And there were people who went berserk. On each wagon, there were two soldiers-- armed, of course-- to want to keep them calm. Not on our wagon, but the next to us, the next one, they just couldn't manage. They just shot in the crowd.

So when we arrived in Hersbruck that night, they opened the side door, like getting out, I was knocked on my back. And from the next one, they were knocking out bodies like that on the floor. So I was forced, with another man, to just carry them and put them side by side on the floor. Some of them were still alive.

The rank of a sergeant or something, German sergeant, had this pistol. He just went to them, who the eyes were still blinking, just shot them in the head a few times-- mercy shots, mercy killing. In my own hands, therefore, I think. I just-

- when I saw that kind of thing, I thought, my, what an end I might be. So I just mingled into the crowd from other wagons and got into the crowd.

So they were going berserk because of claustrophobia?

Probably claustrophobia because this was all open. Mind you, it was February. There was a rain, there was snow on us coming down. They were weak, already weakened by the previous time spent in the concentration camp, in Gross-Rosen. Well, the strength of-- psychological strength of people, this varies very much so.

But it is essentially because of the time waiting?

Standing just like that two days and three nights-- or even if you could slip down, you couldn't. There were no toilets, appropriately. You don't think about that. There was pandemonium in this whole thing. So people of a smaller strength just went down.

I must admit one thing, that the concentration camp didn't bother me much, as far as facilities are concerned. I was brought up in a very strict service before I joined, before I was commissioned. I joined already the army as a small, a young cadet in 1925 of a very strict discipline regime, in very strict conditions.

So this was like living in that time in the army.. And bunks, or facilities, or rain, or something, I was trained physically strong, and so on. But people went just mad, probably attacked these soldiers, and they just shot wildly.

Anyway, life wasn't worth much at that time. So Hersbruck-- after a few days, I was attached to a unit which was sent to an underground-- how to say that-- mining unit. But in the little mountain, they were building some factories in this whole mountain there. And we were digging into it with machinery and this sort of thing without any special safety precautions, like the miners have these props or something like that-- no, nothing at all.

38, roll number 8.

Mr. Bogacki, reel 8.

So in Hersbruck after a few days, they divided us in certain working parties. And I was attached to a working party which was sent to a mining unit. That means it was a German organized by civilians, who dug big underground corridors in the mountains not far from Hersbruck in some sandy conditions, without any safety precautions, or propping, something like that.

So there were, of course, many events where people were killed by falling roofs in and so on. Anyway, that supposed to be in the future some underground factory, something like that. But I wasn't there a long time-- probably, I don't know, a week maximum.

And then I was transferred, again, to a unit which was sent every day short distance from Nuremberg by a railway truck. And the last few kilometers, we have to walk to Nuremberg railway station because everything was bombed and demolished. Purpose being to repair the railway tracks through Nuremberg for the trains to run.

And I was attached to an electrical unit which-- whose purpose was to cut all the overhead bombed and damaged wires, and take them away, and put new ones on, under the supervision and guidance of German civilian technicians. And this was the whole railway station, so-called, not the-- where the person-- how to call it-- trains run, but the-- how do you call it-- sorry, it's not-- the good trains. They were packed completely with trains and partly bombed to the ground.

So we had quite a job to clean. And took us probably, I don't know-- after a week, we were able-- that means the Germans were able, with help of ours, of the unit of few hundred inmates, to clear-- repair the track. And the first train was slowly pushing through. And after the first few yards after was the next train coming in.

This lasted probably one or two days. But already, overheads were the Americans, I think, at that time-- reconnaissance

airplanes, and the third day, we had a fleet of heavy bombers, American heavy bombers coming over us. We were there. And we were showered with bombs from there.

I was luckily on the small unit and quite ahead. And we jumped with our German soldier, who was on-- a Hungarian, by the way, into the forest about a few hundred yards. And the only thing we could do-- lie on our back and see how from those airplanes these bombs coming onto us. There was a lot of killed people. Luckily, none of us was hurt. But it was quite a thing to observe and quite a strange feeling.

So they damaged this whole thing again. And the repair didn't work anymore. And this was beginning of April. We were again, due to the approach of the Russians-- and not so much the Russians, but the American and English Army-- we were on the American side, on the southern part.

So they evacuated us from Hersbruck. And we marched about nearly two weeks in that way, that-- manipulating the side roads in the country towards Dachau. There was nothing to eat all the time. Sometimes, they-- I was managed to get one or two raw potatoes from that time, that's all.

And we arrived in Dachau in the second part of April, could be 21 or something like that. I was on my really last physical strength not to eat hardly for two weeks. Even we slept in the open in April on some meadows. One day, I lit a little fire, and warm up a little bit of water in the can, and put a bit of grass in it.

The Germans spotted that. He just knocked it away from me with his foot. So arriving in Dachau, I was physically on my feet. One or two days more, I probably wouldn't go anymore, just no more strength. Anyway, we arrived in Dachau. This was not many days-- three, four days. And we heard already machine guns around.

They tried, through those-- and they did manage-- get out some people, somewhere, the Germans, especially Ukrainians, I heard later, took them out and shot them somewhere. They tried to as many-- kill as many as possible. I think it was the 25th of April, they locked us all in the barracks. There were wooden barracks. Bullets-- machine bullets just were ripping through this whole thing.

And the Americans-- I remember the first American soldier who went through. The Germans were still on the observe towers there. But they sat quiet. One of them was-- started shooting. So he didn't live long. They just got him out and shot him on the spot, the Americans. And the others, they wouldn't bother about them. They let them go.

The first soldiers who went there, barbed wire, you wouldn't believe. The barbed wire went into shreds under the hands of the inmates. They took the soldier on their back and run with him after the Germans, he just-- with his machine gun or machine pistol in his hand looking around. This was the enthusiasm of the inmates of liberation. And that was the end of my war.

Did the Americans show any reaction to the condition of people in the camp?

Oh, yes. We were then showered with film units walking around. And I remember lying, hardly moving on my bed-- so-called bed. And they're walking around and filming, this sort of thing-- and a lot of bodies lying outside the barrack who died. Every night, somebody died, just took them out. You didn't know. You wake up in the morning and your neighbor is dead.

What condition were you in when the camp was liberated-- you, personally?

I was in the-- physically, rather in the poorish condition, poorish condition. When we came in, they gave us immediately-- I got a kilo of some goulash and a bread. People were eating-- they opened and eating immediately. They didn't live long. I just opened it. I had few little things on my mouth and stopped. I realized that I can't do that. Otherwise, this would-- some instinct told me not.

How did the conditions in Dachau compare with conditions in Gross-Rosen?

Well, I think they're more or less the same. The outside always was clean because that was their principle, the Germans. We did nothing but polish floors, cleaned, swept, washed, and this sort of thing. They looked about that. They didn't want any epidemic things. So this was more or less the condition. Well, food, I can't tell much-- say much about because in a few days, we were-- and then we were supplied, already, with more or less edible things.

I spent my May, more or less, May. And in about a week or something, there was organized a Polish military unit or a Polish camp in the camp. There were other nationalities but the Polish one.

And there was a colonel. He was an ex First World War signalman, a professor and director of the Polish university. And he called me one day. And he said-- I was a major. And he said, look, Major, I have-- I am transferred from here to Belgium and called in by the Belgian university. And I am in command of that unit. And I have nobody to give it over to. Somebody must take it over. And I think you must take it over.

I said, well, there are of higher ranks here. But nobody wants to take over. I said, yes, I do that under one condition. If you call all these higher ranks officers in, present me to them, and they will commit themselves to any instructions I give, to obey.

Otherwise, there is no use to be in command of a unit or how long-- how temporary it is. Because from an organizational point of view, it was necessary to keep this unit somehow in order so this doesn't go wild. Or there were people who might commit some little bad things as a hatred against Germans. They were running around here. And there were robbers and some robbing.

I'm not saying just these people, but they were happening at that time. And the American Army, and the Polish liaison officers, and other liaison officers of different-- not Americans-- had quite a problem on their hands. Because nobody loved the Germans at that time, especially those in the-- inmates from concentration camps.

But shortly after, we were transferred not far from Munich to a garrison or barracks of SS. And from there, I was selected with about a unit of 20 various distinguished people, who were selected by the Polish general, who was a liaison officer to General Eisenhower, who came visited the camp.

And of course, I had to report myself. And knowing that I was in with somebody from the underground movement, so I was attached to it, and through Paris, supposed to be transferred to London. This was June. I can't remember what kind of time in June.

So the Swiss Red Cross came, collected us, and took us from Dachau-- not Dachau, from near Munich there was-- I can't remember the name-- to the French occupation zone, to Bregenz, Lake Bodensee. And they left us there. And that was where the French [INAUDIBLE] put us through the certain selecting system or-- and sent us to Paris.

But at that time, something happened politically very important for us Poles. That's where the Allies, including the British government, withdrew acknowledgment of the Polish government in exile and accepted everything what they agreed with in Yalta and Tehran with Stalin. And the French, of course, didn't want it now to help us in any way further on. So we were just stuck in Bregenz.

So the French security thus played-- delayed actions. We contacted our liaison general [? Chalet ?] in Frankfurt, near SHAEF Eisenhower's. And somehow, we-- the French took us to Strasbourg on the last border and started asking questions.

The next day, we supposed to go to France and to the Polish organizations-- then-government organizations, and supposed to send to England. But the next day, we were called out. Lorries were there. French policemen with pistols, machine pistols, rounded us up on the lorry back to Germany to camp, put us in the camp, where I was together with the cavalry major, a friend of mine at that time. I said to him, say, look, George, it's no good. We are just going out of that camp on the train back to Bregenz.

When we arrived at Bregenz-- and we went straight to the train security, and we told them, you so-and-so, why don't



you play that kind of thing? You sent us there, you know it perfectly well that they won't let us through. Why? We don't know. Was very bad. And they were very surprised and very-- felt very unpleasant from our few words they heard from us.

The next day or two, we just got to the local Austrian-- this was Austrian-- how would you call it-- social unit to get such a paper. We went on a train and went to Innsbruck by train, this friend of mine and me, to Innsbruck.

In Innsbruck, there was the forepost of the Second Polish Corps, General Anders there, so-called Red Cross forepost. They said that right away, that was advanced posts, something like that, to contact with German prisoners of war, and so on which were gradually taken from Germany to the Polish Second Corps and incorporated in the Polish unit.

Going back to the period when you were working for the Polish resistance, I think there was one time when you were using very elementary generators.

Yes. Those generators, they were part of transceivers, transmitters, transceivers dropped to us and-- from England. They were manufactured in England. I think I mentioned this before. The Polish workshop, military workshop has produced various kinds of transceivers for the secret service-- Polish secret service, from which, also, the English one benefited and bought some or got them.

Anyway, the one dropped to us were designed to use on a normal electrical grid, on a 220 or 110 volts. And then being away from it, from town, working in the fields, sometimes, which we had to do sometimes, just on the field between corn and laid down, there was no electricity, of course.

For that purpose, we had batteries or, as you ask me, a generator, which you had to turn by hand all the time, by handles. And this generator supplied the energy to the transmitter and to the transceiver.

To the transmitter, you only turn it so long as he was keying the Morse telegram. And then he could stop and relax. Because it's quite a hefty job to turn this by hand. But listening, you had to turn it all the time. And of course, there had to be one or two men who just, in turn, changed and operated it.

But to make it easier, I gave them the idea, the boys who were on it, take a bike, adjust it to a bike via chain to the rear wheel, sit on it by lifting it, and just pedal. And they did that kind of thing. This was fantastic improvement-- very primitive one, of course, but the only way we could do it on that in those circumstances.

And thus probably is the answer. This was a supply for the transmitter and the receiver together on this generator. That's all. Apart from that, from the battery and mains, I said before, and the generator, there were also vibrators, which were, again, supplied from a battery.

This was a cumbersome thing because you had to carry with you a normal battery, like car batteries or something like that, who supplied the vibrator. And this one, in turn, supplied the energy to the transmitter and receiver. I wouldn't like to go more in technical details because I don't think it's necessary at the moment. But this can be supplied any time. I have all the technical details-- not with me here, but available.

And could you also say something about a period when you were producing materials in a Philips factory? Was it in Warsaw?

In Warsaw, yes. Well, before we got the supply, what I mentioned before from outside world, in Poland-- I think from England-- and this started in '42, some first half of '42, we were already-- we started from 1940.

So as I said in the beginning, that I got some transceivers, which were produced before the war for the Polish secret service, but they were running out. They were-- needed repairs. And we needed more.

So I contacted with a friend of mine who was, at that time, my superior because he was a higher rank of me, and an engineer, electrical engineer, who worked in the Philips factory before the war-- and of course, remained in it. Because

the Germans took it over and produced whatever they wanted for their war machine there-- some radio station transmitters, whatever they were-- of a normal military kind.

So we had a meeting. And I gave him-- this is my idea, I must admit that. It's not self-praise, but I did it. What I expect for my purpose-- because to build a transmitter receiver for an expert is not a very difficult job. It can be big clumsy or something. But I wanted something which can be portable, easy to take away, and easy to conceal.

So I told him, look, I want that unit in three pieces, which, when put on the table, I just click them together by pins, and they are together-- for instance, the transmitting side, the amplifying side, and the supply-- energy supply side. For instance, that was one idea. And then I said, look, now, what to do?

Could you, for instance, take a normal electric heater with two or three bars in it, make it slightly thicker so in the back, you could put these three units, one another of another, so in other words, two in one heater and one in another smaller heater. And they can be in the room even used and heated, and shouldn't be any effect on the instrument itself, on the transmitter or receiver, for that matter.

And he did that. And you could-- you see something there. You wouldn't-- when he came, he just connected by certain lids or something like that and used it as a transceiver to correspond. Why go into details? Because this saved the life of a wireless operator and the messenger who was there with him.

How did that come about?

One day-- this was 1941, I think. One day, apparently, this messenger-- was my wife with him at the time. This was in the evening. And they went to one of the private flats in Warsaw on one of the streets. The system was when the operator operated, she stood in the window there in the same room, looking on the street.

And on the street, we have these-- our lookouts, two or three gentlemen, our ex-military men, walking and watching. Because you can see people who have a certain interest in us, in this goniometry. They walk-- or they have concealed-- how you call this--

Headphones?

--headphones. They walk in a certain way because this is a direction finding, you see, or a slow-moving van or something like that. Anyway, they knew what they were looking for. And they gave a signal to there and so on.

Something happened in that-- they spotted too late. And they haven't seen somebody who already went into the house, went-- and this was on the fourth floor-- went on the fourth floor. They have not given the signal or gave the signal too late.

So when my wife spotted it, and when they frantically started waving, she just asked him to stop. He didn't want to stop because he was telegraphing now. He was a duty-conscious radio operator. So she just ripped this from the mains and said, backup, the Germans. And she-- and he just went. And they were in those, as I mentioned before, electric heaters.

Anyway, she went out on the-- went from that flat, from the fourth floor. She met somebody coming up there with something on their head. But they haven't stopped her. They knocked on each floor. This-- one has to remember this play or-- one flat on the right side on that floor, one on the left. By mistake, they went first onto the left one, not on the right one.

So he had time to just close this heater and do something. And then they came to him. And of course, he was a stranger in that house. And they asked him what he is doing.

And he said, well-- this is winter-- I'm producing, because I manufacture these heaters, and I'm producing and selling these heaters to them. And he said, well, they're still hot there. I just switched them off. And my wife went down there. She was stopped in the downstairs before she got out with a crowd other people. They wouldn't let anyone out.

Then she saw him taken by these Germans down on a backyard, put him on the wall. She thought he has been caught. And we found out later-- anyway, they let her go. She came to me. I got a call from her because she knew-- he knew-- sorry, I'm a bit erratic, probably-- but he knew-- the only one who knew where I live because that was a rule.

Nobody knew where somebody lived at that time. So if he would be tortured, he couldn't give it away. But he was my confidential radio operator who worked with me always in emergency purposes. Then I went with him myself, or he went with my wife together. If something had to be done and nobody could do or was cracking somewhere, he went with the radio transmitter anywhere with her, even in the cemetery, she was at night with him, just to transmit something to England.

So when she phoned me that he was arrested, and in her opinion, because she see him taken down by the Germans-- and this was the other part of Warsaw. So I just had quite a lot of material in the house. I just packed it in my few suitcases. And this was already the time when you were not allowed to move in Warsaw. I want to call this curfew.

So I take them, and got them out from the house. A friend of mine who lived not-- I went on the bus toward my wife-- this what the last bus when she came-- and went to a friend of ours somewhere there, and slept there. What happened to him, we didn't know.

Next morning, we rung a mutual contact place. Have you ever heard about this? He was [? Wieslaw, ?] was his crypto name. Because something happened. No, no, I'm sorry-- before, I asked my wife, do you just walk back to our house there? Because we shut everything.

And she said, well, I have seen somebody open a little window somewhere there, here, there. Nobody is in. And we ran there to that contact place. And he was there. Apparently-- no, sorry.

He-- they knew he was there. But he went to the house in the evening. He couldn't get in because we were not there-- coincidence. So he opened the little loft there. He just get in, slept in it. And we learned out that he was back.

What happened when they took him back in that house down there? He said, they believed me, in the end, but they were not 100% sure. They left these transmitters in those heaters, in the house, took me down, still checked me around here. Somebody knocked me in the face or something like that and say, go off, and let him go. And that was his relief.

But what happened later? They realized they made a blunder because the next morning, they came to that same flat, took away these. They tried to find out where these transmitters were. Apparently, the owners of the flat removed them already.

And they checked the whole house, including oven, everything, if they find something. They haven't found anything. But they have arrested the owners. What happened to them, I don't know because that was the danger people took when they took us on. We could run away, they couldn't. I hope they were all right. I don't know.