

PAWEŁ MILLER

I. CO ROBIŁEŚ, TATUSIU?



Dr. T. Cyprian

W słonecznej Casablance

BYŁEM KIEDYŚ ŚWIADKIEM TAKIEJ oto scenki na jednej z węzłowych stacji brytyjskich. Z pociągu wysiadł żołnierz. Do piersi przyczepioną miał wstążeczkę. Witał się z oczekującą go na peronie młodą kobietą z chłopczykiem. Zapewne żona i synek — pomyślałem — Jaś miałby teraz dziewięć lat, akurat jak ten chłopczyk. O ile jeszcze żyje, dorzuciła zgrzyzota.

Dobiegły mnie słowa chłopczyka — Co robiłeś, Daddy, gdy cię nie było tak długo? Spojrzałem na żołnierza, ciekaw, co odpowie. Dopiero teraz zauważyłem, że miał pusty rękaw — Nic wielkiego, odrzekł z uśmiechem, gonimę trochę Niemców po pustyni. — A czy widziałeś strusia? — zapytał znowu chłopczyk.

Nie słuchałem więcej. Mój pociąg miał nadejść lada chwila. Trzeba było się śpieszyć.

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Siedząc wygodnie w przedziale zdarzałem się trochę. Ot, przykłada się głowę do miękkiego oparcia ławki, zamyka znużone powieki i powoli zapada się w półsen. Trwało to zapewne bardzo krótko, gdyż pociąg wlokł się powoli i przystawał na każdej stacji, co z reguły wyrzywało z marzenia. Właściwie dopiero teraz, gdy piszę te słowa, wymyślam sobie, że kiedy śnię, "widzę" obrazy — ot — taką wstęgę filmu przesuwającą się szybko i tylko czasami "słyszę" we śnie słowa lub zdania. Zwykle pozostają z tego w świadomości jedynie niktne okruchy, które strząsa się prędko po przebudzeniu, gdy senne wspomnienia są przykre, lub — przechowuje pieczołowicie w pamięci, gdy sen dawał chwilę przyjemnej ztudy. Ten właśnie, choć tak krótki, wzbudził we mnie całą gamę uczuć.

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Oto śniłem, iż zobaczyłem Jasia. Witał mnie na jakimś stacyjnym peronie, tak, jak jego brytyjski rówieśnik witał swego Daddy. Tymi samymi słowami: — Co robiłeś, tatusiu, gdy cię nie było tak długo? Słowa te "styszałem" we śnie i pamięć zachowała ich dźwięk i barwę. Zaciekawienie dziecka i zarazem wyrzut. Tak, bezsprzecznie, w słowach tych tkwiło wiele wyrzutu i zawodu. Ból może?

Wtedy właśnie pociąg przystanął i przerwał film sennego widziadła. Gdy ruszył znowu, zacząłem marzyć. Przecież chwila taka, jeżeli dobry Bóg pozwoli, może nadejść istotnie. Modłę się o nią codziennie. I cóż wtedy odpowiem dziecku, którego wyobraźnia napewno więcej pobudzona będzie wspomnieniami niemieckiej rzeczywistości, niż doznania wojenne jego brytyjskiego rówieśnika.

— Ot, nic wielkiego, odpowiem jak ów żołnierz... To będzie chyba wszystko, co będziesz mógł mi powiedzieć, zaszydziła zgrzyzota.

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A więc zacząłem tłumaczyć Jasiowi, że nie mogłem bić Niemców. Ani we Francji, gdyż po prostu nie miałem takich możliwości, ani, tym bardziej, na Wyspach brytyjskich, chociaż przygotowywałem się do tego z całą gorliwością po obozach kadrowych. Tłumaczyłem mu, iż byłem stary, tak, zwyczajnie za stary a zarazem niezbyt zdrowy, aby iść do linii, zostać lotnikiem lub komandosem.

Odrzucałem te niezręczne tłumaczenie, któreby nie mogły zaspokoić wyobraźni dziecka. Tak, bezwzględnie tłumaczenia te były niezdarne a przedewszystkiem nieodpowiednie dla dziecinnego umysłu.

— Powiedz mi o wystawie, szepnęła zarozumiała. — Jaś lubił fotografie. Tak poważnie i chętnie pozował. Wystawa fotograficzna była twoim wyłącznie pomysłem. Obejrzało ją 200.000 ludzi w 34 miastach. Ileż brytyjskich matek przyglądało się z rozrzwaniem portretowi Jasia. Jego energicznej buzi o dużych, wyrazistych oczach. Podobizna jego zdobyła cztery wydania katalogów wystawy...

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— Pamiętasz, szepnęło wspomnienie, portret ten zrobiłeś akurat przed niespodziewanym rozstaniem, a negatyw udało ci się później przewieźć bezpiecznie. Zrobiłeś to zdjęcie w słoneczny poranek niedzielny. Jaś wstał dopiero co z łóżka — miał wówczas cztery lata — był w różowej pidżamce i miał ślicznie potarganą swą blond czuprynkę. Stał posłusznie przy oknie, jak mu kazałeś, spoglądał na ulicę. Poważny, rzekłbyś — namaszczony. Ot,

z takim małym marsikiem na swym dziwnie wysokim czole.

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Powoli zapadłem znów w półsen i dalej prowadziłem rozmowę z Jasiem. Opowiadałem mu o miastach, które gościły wystawę, o ludziach, którzy ją chwalili i pisali o niej w gazetach. Pisali również i o portreciku Jasia. Mówiłem o pięknych krajobrazach i zabytkach architektonicznych, które udało mi się zwiedzić i zfotografować z myślą o urządzeniu wystawy w Polsce. Mówiłem z entuzjazmem, jak

dobrzy byli tu ludzie, jak rozumieli smutek wygnańców i traktowali naprawdę jako swych braci.

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Pamiętam wyraz twarzy swego synka, kiedy skończyłem opowiadać. Jaś nie rzekł ani słowa. Tylko spojrzął na mnie uważnie, z powagą, tak, jak spoglądał ze swego wystawowego portretu; zwrócił na mnie swe rozumne, duże oczy, bardziej dojrzałe, niż jego ciało i — milczał. A może tylko zdawało mi się, że nie dopowiedział? Może przebudziło mnie znowu

zatrzymanie się pociągu i sen został po prostu przewany? Szperałem w pamięci. I czy doprawdy wyłowilem wreszcie odpowiedź Jasia? Może podsunęło mi nią moje sumienie, przeczułone być może. Były to słowa gorzkie i ciężkie, których zapomnieć nie sposób tak jak i wyrazu jego oczu.

— Przyjemnie spędzałeś czas, tatusiu, podczas gdy mamusia pracowała w niemieckiej fabryce, a ja byłem głodny.

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— Czy doprawdy z taką spotkamy się odpowiedzią?

II. THROUGH POLISH EYES

NA OBJAZDOWEJ WYSTAWIE fotografii artystycznej "Through Polish Eyes" wisi mapa całego świata, pokreślona liniami. Biegają przez wszystkie kraje, poprzez kontynenty i morza i zchożą się wszystkie, co do jednej, w Polsce.

A może to właśnie z Polski wybiegły w szeroki świat, znacząc ślady naszej wędrówki? Ależ tak, oczywiście. To jest mapa naszych szlaków wędrkowych od września 1939 po dzień dzisiejszy. Brytyjczycy spoglądają na nią z zaciekawieniem, choć nie obce im są dalekie podróże. — Więc tędy żeście szli, tymi zdążyli drogami, aby łączyć się i móc dalej walczyć?

— Tak, odpowiadam poprostu. — A co znaczą w takim razie te fotografie? — pytają znowu. — To są pamiętki z tych naszych wędrówek po świecie. Brytyjczycy są zdumieni. Jakże trudno im zrozumieć tę prostą rzecz. — Więc jakto, po utracie z Polski, po utracie Ojczyzny, rodziny, przyjaciół, po stracie pozycji społecznej i majątku osobistego mieliście czas i ochotę fotografować tym swoim ocalonym z pogromu aparatem?

A gdy odpowiadam, iż niejednemu z nas trudno było istotnie oprzeć się pokusie fotografowania rzeczy pięknych lub ciekawych, widzianych w obcych krajach, zdziwienie Brytyjczyków przeradza się w szacunek. — To jeszcze jeden dowód więcej, że jesteście prawdziwie kulturalnym narodem, mówią.

Oczywiście nie obrażam się o to. Przecież o Polsce i o Polakach wiele nie

słyszeli. Może właśnie dopiero ta wystawa zbliżyła nie jednego z nich po raz pierwszy do Polski. Gościła w tylu rozmaitych miejscowościach, od Edinburgh do Penzance, od Liverpool do Scarborough, zjeżdżała wzdłuż i w poprzek całą Wyspę — w 34 miastach jak dotąd — że dla wielu z pewnością była pierwszym objawieniem polskości. Tak, polskości. Bo co właśnie zaciekawia inteligentniejszych Brytyjczyków, to sposób, w jaki przejawia się w tych fotografiach narodowy charakter Polaków. Czy jest tak istotnie? Czy doprawdy charakteryzują nas one? Osobiście raczej o tym wątpię.

Skala fotografowanych obiektów, reprezentowanych na wystawie, jest ogromna. Przeważają krajobrazy. Nic to dziwnego. Przecież slishmy nieznanymi drogami i bodaj po raz pierwszy w życiu mieliśmy możność podziwiać Acropolis w Atenach, francuską Riwierę, lub port w Szangchaju. Niagara widziana z Kanady wydała się bajką, a kolorowe ryby w japońskim jeziorze to same, zapewne, wzbudzały uczucia. Widać z tych fotografii, że czasami dziwiliśmy się jak dzieci. Bawiły nas Arabki w białych strojach i holenderskie wiatraki. Smukłe jachty na rozpalonej wodzie i południowe owoce na straganach w Tunisie.

A gdy przybyliśmy wreszcie na tę Wyspę, ogarnęła nas istna furia fotografowania. Przyciągało nas piękno, zakłete w kamiennych budowlach: katedry, stare, zrużdziałe domki i kręte uliczki. Przyciągało nas piękno rozsiane wszędzie potrochu: uśmiechnięta buzia dziecka i

lew, drzemiący w klatce, lub zabawny pingwin-bezłotek. Samotna ławka w zamglonym parku londyńskim i rozpięta na krzaku pajęczyna, lśniąca rosa. Puste łódki na cichej wodzie i rozchylone płatki kwiatu. Gdzież można w tym wszystkim odszukać charakter narodowy?

A jednak Brytyjczycy odnajdywali go. — Jesteście romantyczni i uczuciowi. Macie dużo poczucia sztuki. Jesteście sentymentalni, jak my, choć inaczej to ukazujecie. Czyż, na przykład, ta surowa, pomarszczona twarz rozmodnionej kobiety z drzewcem chorągwi kościelnej w dłoniach nie świadczy o waszym mistycyzmie? A sylweta samotnego drzewa na tle ciemnych, skłębionych chmur, czyż nie mówi o waszym smutku? Albo ta straszka kolumna grecka! Czyż nie przypominała wam ona waszego zburzonego domu? I jakże charakterystyczne są wasze fotografie z Polski. Jesteście dumni zarówno z waszych starych pałaców, jak i z nowożytnych, wielkich gmachów. Chwalicie się posiadaniem dobrze wyszkolonych żołnierzy i ich wyczynami bojowymi: Monte Cassino, Ankona, Breda. Miłujecie swoich lotników i marynarzy i pokazujecie ich w słońcu, pod słońcem, we mgle, w nocy bodaj.

— No tak, oczywiście, odpowiadam. — To prawda, że wiara jest naszą siłą i że jesteśmy smutni, bodaj co dnia smutniejsi, ale przecież dumni też, chyba, być możemy....

Brytyjczycy słuchają cicho. I tak oto snuje się dalej rozmowa o Polsce, objawionej im w fotografiach, pozbieranych troskliwie z przeróżnych zakamarków.

VIGILANT

BEZPIECZEŃSTWO I RYNKI ZBYTU

WIECZORNE WYDANIE DZISIEJSZEGO Evening Standard (Maj 26) ogłosiło pod nagłówkiem. Rosja może rozciągnąć protekcje nad całą Europą" następującą depeszę z Moskwy: Sobota. Polityczny komentator p. D. Zaslawski pisząc w oficjalnym organie Partii Komunistycznej "Prawda" stwierdza:

"Związek Sowiecki jest wielką demokratyczną potęgą posiadającą dostateczną siłę, aby nie tylko zabezpieczyć swoje granice, lecz również, aby zapewnić bezpieczeństwo ludom Europy.

"Im rychlej zostanie to uznane przez naszych przyjaciół i naszych nieprzyjaciół, tym lepiej będzie dla całej ludzkości.

Zważywszy, że Rosyjska Partja Komunistyczna, rosyjska prasa i rosyjski rząd to jest jedna i ta sama rzecz twierdzenie powyższe ma poważne znaczenie, a opublikowanie jego przed dwoma miesiącami oszczędziłoby zapewne ludzkości wielu trudów i zawodów na konferencji w San Francisco.

Bezpieczeństwo Europy przestało być skomplikowanym zagadnieniem. Całkowity jego ciężar zamierza Rosja wziąć obecnie na swe szerokie barki. Nowy rosyjski porządek rzeczy mógłby zostać ustanowiony w rekordowym tempie. Jeden rok wystarczyłby Czerwonej Armii

na wcielenia potrzebnych mężczyzn z okupowanych krajów w swoje szereg. Dwa lata byłyby dla N.K.W.D. okresem dostatecznym, aby przenieść pozostałych zdolnych do pracy mężczyzn i najzdrowsze kobiety do swoich gigantycznych obozów pracy na Sybirze, oraz do zlikwidowania wszystkich ludzi zdolnych do jakiegokolwiek opozycji: "faszystowskiej," "antidemokratycznej" albo poprostu "zachodniej." Wszystkie przypuszczenia nieprzyjaciół Rosji, że powyższe zadania przewyższają siły rosyjskiego systemu są poprostu dziecinym myśleniem według pragnień.

Pełne gwarancje oferowane przez Rosję ludzkości za bezpieczeństwo ludów Europy nie rozwiązują jeszcze wszystkich problemów. Pozostaje jeszcze do rozwiązania wiele spraw poważnych wielkiej wagi jak sprawa bezpieczeństwa ludów Afryki, Indji i Chin, ponieważ bezpieczeństwo Ameryk nie jest obecnie kwestionowane.

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Przypuszcza się, że polityka U.S.A. idzie obecnie w myśl zasady: Czekać i obserwować czy współpraca z Rosją w Europie jest wogóle możliwa, a tymczasem poczynić pare istotnych posunięć naprzód w sferze Pacyfiku.

Mr. Eden wysłał do Mr. Molotowa depeszę z okazji trzeciej rocznicy Sojuszu, w której czytamy:

"Wstępujemy w okres powojenny, w

(Dokończenie str. 4)



P. Miller Oxford: Czekają spokojnie

WALERIAN CHARKIEWICZ

ŚWIĘTY JAN SOBIESKI POD WIEDNIEM



Na pięknej wyspie, nie bez racji uważanej za jeden z cudów przyrody, na Capri, znajduje się stara, dźwigająca się obecnie z ruiny i zaniedbania "certosa," mówiąc po włosku, "chartreuse" po francusku, "kartuzja" jakbyśmy powiedzieli z łacińska po polsku.

Zakon kartuzów został założony przez św. Burnona z Kolonii, który pochodząc ze starej i znakomitej rodziny i mając poza sobą wspaniałą karierę, był już biskupem, zerwał ze światem i w r. 1084 wraz z sześcioma towarzyszami znalazł w Alpach Delfinatu, koło Chartreuse, niedaleko Grenoble odłudne ustronie i zaczął tam prowadzić życie pustelnicze.

Regulę zakonną (Consuetudines Carthusiae) opracował dopiero piąty następca św. Brunona, jako głowa zakonu, przeor don Pedro Guido w r. 1130, a zatwierdził ją papież Aleksander III r. 1176, typ jednak klasztoru i zasady życia zakonnego zmianom nie uległy.

Klasztorzy Kartuzów budowano w ten sposób, że cele zakonników otaczały kościół, tworząc krużganki. Reguła zakonu była bardzo surowa: obowiązywało ścisłe milczenie, ostry post, usilna praca ręczna i umysłowa. To też każdy zakonnik żył jakby odrębnym życiem, mając do swej dyspozycji celę, w której mieszkał, pokoić-pracownię i nieraz mały ogródek,

który sam uprawiał. W okresie największego rozkwitu kartuzi mieli w Europie ponad 250 klasztorów, sięgając, jak wiadomo i do Polski (Kartuzy, Bereza Kartuska), a z nich szczególną sławę zdobyły: we Francji — la Grande Chartreuse, we Włoszech — Certosa di Pavia, istny cud sztuki.

Certosa di Capri powstała w r. 1374. Fundatorem był Jakób Arcucci hr. Altamura, pan na Minervino i Capri, sekretarz królowej neapolitańskiej Joanny I Andygawieńskiej. Wielmoża ten był bezdzietny, choć był dwukrotnie żonaty

Zeniąc się po raz trzeci, Arcucci złożył ślubowanie, że jeżeli będzie miał potomka, ufunduje kościół i klasztor, a że doczekał się aż dwóch synów zbudował wspaniałą i malowniczą certosę na Capri, nad brzegiem morza.

Dzieje tej kartuzji nie są dokładnie znane. To tylko z grubsza jest wiadome, że nieraz przeżywała ona chwile tragiczne, była wielokrotnie rabowana, nieraz niszczone i spalona aż się mury rozsypywały. Szczególnie katastrofalny był niszczycielski napad na Capri, korsarzy w r. 1553, ale i późniejsze czasy niosły ze sobą zniszczenia i pożary. Wiek XVII wniósł do zaciśniętych cel kartuzów na Capri wielki niepokój ze względu na coraz zwiększającą się groźbę turecką. Walka Krzyża z Półksiężycem była znana kartuzom na Capri nie tylko w postaci dalekiego echa, ale jako zmaganie się bliskie i decydujące o przyszłości ziem, omywanych falami morza Śródziemnego. Nic też dziwnego, że bitwa pod Wiedniem wstrząsnęła życiem pustelników i zrodziła wśród nich długotrwałą legendę o potężnym a pokornym, iście chrześcijańskim królu polskim, który uratował Europę przed nawałą muzułmańską, zatrzymał zwycięski pochód Półksiężycy i nowym blaskiem otoczył święte godło odkupienia — Krzyż Chrystusowy.

Sława, a nawet mit Sobieskiego we Włoszech miał wyjątkową siłę, co zaznacza się po dziś dzień. Wyrazem jednak najmówniejszym i najciekawszym jest malowidło w kościele certozy na Capri, dopiero w ostatnich latach wydobyte z pod warstwy tynku, którym było zakryte, jak wogóle wszystkie malowidła w tym kościele. Uratować się właśnie dało bitwę pod Wiedniem.

Jak się nazywał kartuz-artysta, czy i jakie pozostawił po sobie prace, niewiadomo. To tylko jest wiadome z pewnością, że malował obraz w r. 1699, bo datę tę umieścił pod obrazem. Malując

obraz w szesnaste lat po zwycięstwie wiedeńskim, mógł nieznanemu zakonnikowi do dyspozycji doskonale podobny król Jana, widocznie jednak albo miał jakieś trudności albo też nie dążył do ścisłości portretowej, wydobywając w obrazie prawdę wewnętrzną dziejowego zdarzenia.

Jak w wyobraźni ascety-kartuza mógł wyglądać wspaniały wódz chrześcijański? Oczywiście, jako asceta, jako archanioł z mieczem. Ale Sobieski był człowiekiem, toteż artysta podkreślił to dając polskiemu bohaterowi śpiczastą bródkę, wówczas tak modną. Wreszcie czyn Jana Sobieskiego był tak wielki i tak brzemnienny w zbawienie dla wiary chrześcijańskiej następstwa, a pokora potężnego króla tak szczerą i głęboką (...Deus vincit...) że wywoływała przekonanie, iż znany ze swej pobożności i szczególnego kultu Najświętszej Maryi Panny, król Jan walczył pod Wiedniem opromieniony łaską Opatrzności. Stąd na obrazie aureola świętości nad jego głową...

I oto ukryty we wnętrzu starego, zrujnowanego kościoła na Capri stacza król Jan Sobieski zwycięską walkę z muzułmanem — polski król i rodowity Polak, — z wyglądu raczej Szwed czy Francuz, z ubrania — Rzymianin, z pozy i ruchu — niby święty Jerzy, — z aureoli nad głową — święty.

Zapatrzonego w dal trąca natchniony zwycięzca wrogów i ich konie i w niepowstrzymanym pędzie rwie się naprzód, dokąd drogę mu wskazują lecące w obłokach aniołkowie...

Nieliczni Polacy, którzy zatrzymują się przed tym obrazem, gdy im przewodnik wymienia imię króla Jana, wołają stanowczo:

— Niemożliwe... to nie jest Sobieski... Owszem, to nie jest portret Jana Sobieskiego, ale kto wie, czy to nie stanowi portretu duchowego... Polski całej?...

VIGILANT

BEZPIECZEŃSTWO I RYNKI ZBYTU

(Dokończenie)

którym ułożyliśmy się że będziemy współpracować ściśle i przyjacielsko, biorąc w rachubę interesy innych Zjednoczonych Narodów, nie dążąc do żadnego powiększenia naszych własnych terytoriów i wstrzymując się od mieszania w wewnętrzne sprawy innych państw."

"Jestem, jak zawsze dotychczas, przekonany, że jeżeli nasze dwa państwa będą trzymały się wiernie ducha przymierza i następnych umów, w których obaj byliśmy układającymi się stronami, trwały pokój i powszechny dobrobyt przyniesiony zostanie ludom Europy."

Ten jasny wykład Brytyjsko-Rosyjskiego przymierza nie jest w całkowitej harmonii z koncepcją p. Zaslawskiego.

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Skoro w polityce Marszałka Stalina liczą się tylko fakty, należy je rozważyć.

Estonia, Lotwa i Litwa zostały włączone do Rosyjskiego Imperium. Tak samo wschodnia część Finlandji i Bessarabia. Uznano za sprawiedliwe i doradzono Sprzymierzonym Polakom odstąpienie wschodniej połowy ich kraju Rosji. Reszta tego Sprzymierzonego kraju pozostaje w okupacji Czerwonej Armji i N.K.W.D.-Rumunja, Bułgarja, Węgry i Jugosławia są również pod rosyjską okupacją, a ich życie społeczne i gospodarcze są już zmieniane na modłę rosyjską. Większość fabryk Czech i Górnośląska, która pozostała nietknięta, już pracuje dla Czerwonej Armji. Liczba i jakość zdobytych tak robotników dorównują prawdopodobnie wojennemu potencjałowi całej Rosji przedwojennej. W ten sposób, o ile chodzi o zbrojenia "Lend and Lease" nie jest dłużej potrzebne. Bastiony Czech, Jugosławji i Siedmiogrodu przedstawiają pozycje strategiczne obronne, lepsze niż Rosja posiadała kiedykolwiek. Również

nie posiadała Rosja podobnie dobrych szans wpływów na politykę Persji i Bliskiego Wschodu jak w chwili obecnej.

Z drugiej strony straty wojenne w rosyjskiej sile żywej obliczane są na 15 milionów. Mogą one wprawdzie zostać zastąpione obywatelami krajów okupowanych, ale to nie jest to samo, bo okazują się one mniej posłusznymi niż rdzenni Rosjanie, którzy nigdy nie zasnali wolności.

* * *

Jeden czynnik przed innymi mógłby hamować realizację wspaniałych planów rozciągnięcia protekcji nad wszystkimi ludami Europy, a tym jest brak żywności. Nie wielu ludzi na tej wyspie zdaje sobie sprawę z tego, że jakkolwiek Rosja posiada największe obszary najlepszej gleby zbiory jej z akra wynoszą w normalnych czasach około 30 procent zbiorów angielskich albo niemieckich. Obecne zbiory tego kraju wielkich reform rolnych mogą być jeszcze niższe, ponieważ większość obsługi traktorów zajeta była wojną, a większość koni poszła na rzeź i spożycie. Wiarogodne informacje z wewnętrznych i azjatyckich krajów mówią o wielkich wsiach, a nawet okregach, bez dorosłych mężczyzn. Kobiety czynią wszystko, co jest w ich siłach, aby dzieciom swym zapewnić pożywienie, ale znów nie są one tak ochotne, jak mężczyźni, do oddawania tej żywności na rozkaz władz.

W tych warunkach jest całkiem jasne, że skoro się raz przerwie strumień amerykańskich i kanadyjskich: maki, konserwy, masła, sera i cukru, płynących dotychczas na wyżywienie Czerwonej Armji, zadanie dostarczenia ludom Europy, nie tylko bezpieczeństwa, ale również żywności, może przerosnąć potęgę Rosji. Alternatywnym rozwiązaniem byłoby wysła-

nie tylu tych ludzi, ile tylko potrzeba celem poprawienia stanu rolnictwa w Rosji. To się już robi, ale pozytywnych wyników nie można oczekiwać przed kilku laty.

* * *

Z rozkazem "Zaprzestać ognia" na froncie europejskim punkt ciężkości wojny i polityki przesunął się na Daleki Wschód. Ostatnie dni przyniosły nam decydujące wiadomości. Tokio i wyspy Japonji rozpoczęto ciężko bombardować z baz lądowych, a Doolittle wziął tę sprawę w swe ręce. Japończycy zostali faktycznie odcięci od swoich zdobyczy na południu. Chińczycy poparci przez amerykańskie siły powietrzne wypierają Japończyków na wschód i na północ. Mówi się o koncentrowaniu sił przez Japończyków w północnych Chinach i niebawem amerykańskie transporty zaczną napływać do Chińskich portów.

Pozycja rządu Czan-Kai-Szeka została tak znacznie wzmocniona, że ustaly już przedstawienia o konieczności współpracy z komunistycznym Yenanem i stworzenia rządu Jedności narodowej wedle wzoru Jugosławii.

Po unieważnieniu paktu Stalin-Mit-suoka Tokio znalazło się pod naciskiem konieczności wybrania polityki, zanim nie będzie za późno. Rosja zapowiedziała już swoje pretensje do Mandżukuo, Korei i Formozy i tu znowu powstaje pytanie: co jest dla niej ważniejsze: protektorat nad europejskimi czy nad azjatyckimi ludami. Które są bliższe jej sercu?

* * *

Jesteśmy zainteresowani nie tyle w polityce ogólnej ile we wpływach jej na stosunki gospodarcze. Szczególnie interesujące jest rozważać, jakie zmiany nastąpiłyby w bilansie handlowym Zjednoczonego Królestwa, gdyby rosyjska

sfera interesów tak, jak za jej stworzeniem od lat przemawiał "The Times" i jak ona dotychczas tworzyła się pod działaniem operacji wojennych została ustabilizowana.

Należałoby statystyczne zdjęcia fotograficzne z ostatniego przedwojennego roku 1938 rzucić w projekcji na nową mapę Europy z wyznaczonymi granicami stref interesów.

Rosja, ze swą ludnością obliczaną na 160 milionów sprowadzała w roku 1936 towaru wyprodukowanego w Zj. Królestwie za kwotę £3,5 miliona, czyli pięć i pół pensa na głowę. Reprezentowało to 8 promille wywozu Z.K. W roku 1938 kwota rosyjska wzrosła do 6,434 tys. £, czyli 9d. na głowę.

Następujące kwoty towaru zostały sprzedane w r. 1938 innym krajom znajdującym się obecnie w zonie rosyjskiej:

	ludność	kwota zakupu
Polska	34.500.000	£5.369.000
Finlandja	3.630.000	£4.250.000
Czechosłow	15.270.000	£2.287.000
Litwa	2.550.000	£2.117.000
Lotwa	1.970.000	£1.678.000
Rumunja	19.650.000	£1.343.000
Jugosławia	15.400.000	£1.295.000
Estonia	1.130.000	£938.000
Węgry	7.010.000	£539.000
Bułgarja	6.320.000	£321.000
Razem	97.430.000	£20.137.000

Zakupy towarowe w Zjednoczonym Królestwie krajów, które zostały włączone do Sowietów, albo do ich sfery, wyniosły w roku 1938 okragło trzy i pół razy tyle, ile samej Rosji. Podczas gdy import rosyjski dawał 9 pensów na głowę i rok, na głowę tych innych narodów wypadało 49 pensów.

Całkowita kwota dwadzieścia milionów

funtów, o przedwojennej sile kupna, rocznie nie jest sama w sobie bardzo wielka. Jest ona o kilka milionów niższa, niż zakupy Kanady, a o kilka milionów wyższa niż zakupy Nowej Zelandji na rynkach Zjednoczonego Królestwa. Jest ona również wyższa niż zakupy Francji lub Niemiec. Nicomal całkowite wyłączenie powyższych krajów z handlowych obrotów międzynarodowych może jednak spowodować poważne obniżenie siły kupna innych krajów a w szczególności Niemiec, Francji i Włoch. To może znów oddziaływać znacznie silniej na Brytyjskie Dominia, niż na samo Zjednoczone Królestwo.

Dwoma najlepszymi odbiorcami Zjednoczonego Królestwa są Unia Południowo Afrykańska i Unia Austrialska. Południowa Afryka może kupować w Z.K. towarów za blisko 50 milionów, bo sprzedaje swoje złoto do krajów Europy. W sksporcie Australji blisko połowę wartości reprezentuje wełna. Liga Narodów podaje ("The Network of World Trade," Genewa, 1942, str. 33) że Z.K. odbiera tylko 29 procent światowego eksportu wełny, U.S.A. tylko 5 procent, ale przemysłowe kraje Europy 50 procent. Poważne osłabienie siły kupna kontynentalnej Europy byłoby więc ciosem śmiertelnym dla dobrobytu Australji i jej siły nabywczej na rynkach Zjednoczonego Królestwa.

Rynki eksportowe Z.K. nie mogą być zredukowane bez najpoważniejszego następstwa. Przeciwnie muszą one zostać zwiększone o około 200 milionów, aby zastąpić utratę dochodów od sprzedanych inwestycji zamorskich. Zjednoczone Kr. może na pewne produkować więcej towaru, niż przed wojną, ale kto go kupi?

Bezpieczeństwo jest pierwsze, ale rynki są zaraz drugie. Bezpieczeństwo, któreby zabijało rynki Zjednoczonego Królestwa nie zadowoli tutaj nikogo.

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Mgr. ZYGMUNT KACZYŃSKI

NEITHER PEACE NOR WAR

THE ENEMY OF MANKIND No. 1 has been completely broken and overcome. Simultaneously the world has seen the nightmare picture of the concentration camps and has been convinced by its own eyes what the Germans are capable of. The hell of Dante has paled before the horrors of the German camps. For many a one this moral shock at the conclusion of the war was greater than the memories and experiences of the last five and a half years.

Among the nations joyfully celebrating the day of victory and chanting the hymn of gratitude "Te Deum laudamus" to God in the churches, there was no Poland. Her participation in the festival of liberation was wanting, just as she was absent from the discussion table at the conference in San Francisco. Is it not a terrible irony of fate that Poland, who was the first to oppose German aggression and was the first to make the sacrifice of her blood and possessions on the altar of this war, has been left out of the conference which has to prepare the principles of future peace and safety? It is at the same time the greatest insult and affront to the ideals of Liberty and Justice in whose names the peoples were encouraged to fight and conquer.

The problem of the recovery by Poland of full freedom and national independence towers above all the problems that await their solution after the war. The Polish question cannot and must not be placed on one and the same plane as other problems, such as, for example, the ownership of Trieste, the occupation of Germany, the sharing out of interests in Asia, etc. These are all incommensurable things and petty in comparison with the question of the existence of Poland, a state of 35 millions in the centre of Europe, the coming key to the peace and safety today not of our continent alone but of the entire world, as we see from the example of this war.

The present tragic position of Poland is the result of evil deeds committed against her at Teheran and at Yalta. A compromise is generally attained with the co-operation of the party interested and with his consent, and not by sacrificing him and at his cost. The "compromise" made on Czechoslovakia and forced on her in 1938 has terribly avenged itself on humanity. It did not stand the test of life even for one year, and became the firebrand that started the awful war and those atrocities, the remnants of which we see in the German concentration camps. Three months had not elapsed since the "compromise" at Poland's cost in Yalta before it showed itself to be evil and hard to bring to life. Yalta acted more swiftly than did Munich and the Anglo-Saxon statesmen have today experienced disappointment sooner than did Neville Chamberlain and the statesmen of his epoch. Hence, therefore, the words of the Prime Minister, Mr. Churchill, uttered through the B.B.C. on May 13th, 1945, are assuming a certain weight and are not without a profound meaning:

"On the continent of Europe we have yet to make sure that the simple and honourable purposes for which we entered the war are not brushed aside or overlooked in the months following our success, and that the words 'freedom,' 'democracy' and 'liberation' are not distorted from their true meaning as we have understood them. There would be little use in punishing the Hitlerites for their crimes if law and justice did not rule, and if totalitarian or police governments were to take the place of the German invaders."

In this passage Winston Churchill had in mind the 16 prominent political

leaders, arrested and carried out of the resistance and struggle against the Germans during more than five years of war, and during the VE-day period deprived of liberty and menaced with a trial and sentence. Churchill certainly thought of Poland which did not share in the victory holiday, and he certainly thought of the fact that the greatest compromise does not always yield even a minimum of success.

The question now arises of what will happen after the Three Powers' discussions of the Polish problem have broken down.

Our reply can be but one: Poland will not cease from fighting to regain her freedom and complete sovereignty. The nation which for some 150 years fought persistently against the Tsarist regime and did not allow itself to be fettered into slavery, which for the five years of the present war was able to wage a bloody struggle with the Germans, has given proofs that it will not endure any other tyranny nor will it permit itself to be deprived of liberty. And outside the

Homeland there are 8,000,000 Poles in the world, among them some 5,000,000 citizens of the United States, who will fight for Poland to the last breath.

It is, further, difficult to believe that peace could reign over Europe after the destruction of Poland and that a feeling of security could permit of an easy sleep to the nations of western Europe. In such a case there can not only be no question of disarmament, but on the contrary there will ensue a further feverish arming and preparation for all events. Then a single spark may cause the explosion of the gathered powder, and a cataclysm.

We are, therefore, living in a period which the Commissar for War in the Government of Lenin described in a lapidary form after signing the peace with the Germans at Brest in 1918:

Ni mira, ni wojny (neither peace, nor war).

The immediate future will show whether sobriety and agreement in matters of principle will follow, with the concomitant assurance of a long peace.

ANTONI PLUTYŃSKI

MIRACLES OF ST. ANTHONY

THE POLISH PEOPLE BELIEVE, AND believe strongly, that the only saint to whom they may appeal for help in their temporal and material troubles is St. Anthony of Padua. This faith is particularly strong in the districts of Lublin and Zamosc, and I will tell you why.

It was in November, 1915. The first of my friends who came to see me in the Lublin hospital, once the convent of the Sisters of the Visitation, was Tadeusz Ciswicki, a man endowed with such a prodigious memory that he could quote almost word for word passages from books he had read years before, and he knew the history of the Lublin district, its families and its battles, its churches and its monasteries, and could tell it as no one else could.

He inquired eagerly about my adventures. I told him how I had floundered through a bottomless swamp, how I then caught a fever, how my comrades of the patrol placed me in the hut of a country Jew who out of fear of the Cossacks left me alone, how it happened that I was found but by a patrol of Linsingen's army, etc., etc.

Having heard me, he said seriously: "I say, Pluter-bey" (I do not know why he wanted to make a Turk of me). "You owe your life to your patron saint and you must repay him by getting the monastery in Radezcznica back for him."

"Radezcznica. What's that?"

"Now, Anthony, how can you not know? You know you used to work for the Unia," he replied in a shocked voice.

"Oh yes; I used to smuggle over the frontier prayer books, appeals and *The Pole*. I used to meet with obstinate Uniates in Lezajsk and in the Sokal monastery on the Austrian side, but no one ever said a word about Radezcznica."

"Well, just you listen," and he began to tell me at great length what I shall repeat in short, because I have forgotten a great deal.

On the borders of the Zamosc and Krasnostaw districts there is a lofty eminence, overgrown with magnificent old beeches, from which there is a wide vista of a land that is hilly, full of charm, and the birthplace of valiant men. At the foot of the hill a mighty spring gushes out, several fathoms deep, and flows in a great stream amid flowery meadows.

Legend tells how in pagan times there was a fane on that hill, then a chapel, until at last the Bernadine Fathers built a beautiful church there with two towers and covered stairs leading to the spring. They dedicated the church to St. Anthony of Padua.

Each year on June 13th pilgrims came to Radezcznica from the most distant parts of the eastern lands of the Commonwealth; for the spring was famous for its miracles. Many a sick man, after praying before the picture of the Saint and bathing in the spring, recovered the use of his limbs.

When by the order of the Emperor of All the Russias, Alexander III, all the monasteries in the Kingdom of Poland were closed, the miraculous picture of Radezcznica was carried to the church at Labunie and the great monastery stood empty. The people of Lublin, wounded to the very heart, suffered deeply, but they never lost hope of regaining the holy place.

Some time after the Cassation, I think it was in 1889, the Russians settled some friars from Moscow in Radezcznica and placed a picture of Anthony Newski on the altar. These monks behaved so indifferently that they had to be withdrawn. They were replaced by nuns who, under the leadership of Eulogia, a cousin of the Tsar, very prominent and respected in the capital of Russia, began an active fight against the Catholic Church and for conversions to Orthodoxy.

These nuns, there were finally eight of them, used to gather forsaken Polish children. They sent the boys to an Orthodox monastery in Moscow, and educated the girls most carefully in the Russian tongue and faith. When the girls grew up, Eulogia through her agents sought out young Poles, who had committed some minor crime, had quarrelled with their families, or for some reason or other found themselves on the verge or beyond it of the Polish community. The agents brought these young people to Radezcznica. They were entertained there and finally it was suggested they should choose one of the wards as wife and have a job in the post office or in a tax office under the powerful patronage of Eulogia, of course on the condition of going over to Orthodoxy. In this way, out of Polish girls and demoralized young Poles a Russian home and hearth was formed well prepared to Russify other Poles.

There is little crime among Polish peasants, but at weddings and dances brawling and fighting often occur among the young rustics. The Poles look upon these fights as the young men's right, but the penal code treats them differently. In such cases it was enough for the family of the person condemned for a criminal personal injury to pass through the gate of Eulogia's convent with a prayer for help and the guilty one was pardoned.

Eulogia wanted at any price to induce the people to start revisiting Radezcznica. Although the feast of Anthony Newski was celebrated in Russia in January, in Radezcznica it was cele-



L. Świącicki photo

Wiara jest jej siła
Faith is her strength

brated on June 13th. The Lublin governor himself came with his staff on that day and laid a cross before the High Altar. The army defiled, the band played, but the Poles hid behind the cottages and pretended that they saw nothing and heard nothing.

Eulogia was tireless. Outside the convent wall she built a hospital and dispensary, together with an operating room, and brought over three women doctors from Petersburg. She gave all this free of charge. If those in health refused to come, perhaps the sick might appear! This, too, was unsuccessful. Two gardening schools and an apiary were already under roof when the 1914 war broke out. Round the beloved holy place there rose ever higher a visible wall of the dull unwillingness of the persecuted but always steadfastly faithful Lublin folk.

When the Austrians drew near to Radezcznica the nuns left, but one of them became insane and fled back to Radezcznica. Some good people—Poles—took care of this unhappy woman.

"This church and convent is a holy place, and must be united to the Catholic Church, and given to the Bernadine Fathers and the Polish people," said Tadzio.

For many months I was busy in Lublin in publishing a paper and then in freeing prisoners from Austrian and German captivity at the instance of the Holy Father. When this was realized, with the help of Archbishop Teodorowicz, I felt all the more in debt to St. Anthony.

I drew up an appeal to the Austrian governor-general in Lublin and collected thousands of signatures, asking him to permit of the return of the church in Radezcznica.

I also tried to get the support of the Administrator of the Lublin diocese, but there was some sort of legal reason for postponing the return until after the war. Meanwhile the country people, encouraged by the success of the appeal to the Holy Father, began to urge me themselves more and more strongly to get the return of Radezcznica. In January 1917 Archbishop Teodorowicz came to Lublin and helped me as

much as he could, but he too got no results.

The governor got annoyed with me and my organization work. The relations of the Austrians with the Poles worsened. I began to fear that all my efforts were in vain, and I complained to my Patron Saint that I could do nothing, when suddenly, out of the blue, a new idea struck me. I would write to the general, the Chief of Army Staff in Lublin, who might know nothing about the matter. I would ask for the retention of 40 newly enlisted legionaries until June 13th, when the church in Radezcznica was to be consecrated, for the allotment of 40 rifles with ammunition, for rations, pay, etc. My superior, Lt. Wadon, resisted a little but finally signed the application, though he thought nothing would come of it.

Without waiting for the reply, I brought from the Fourth Regiment of the Legion a Bernadine father, whose name I forget, and with him began to visit the priests and authorities to enlist their support.

When the people in Mokre Lipie (the Radezcznica parish) saw the Bernadine in his habit, they all fell on their knees in prayer, and then kissed his habit and there was as much joy as if St. Anthony had already returned to his altar.

We were worse received by the Commandant of Zamosc, Col. —, a Pole, and a most charming man, whom we visited with a delegation of citizens about this matter. He said: "I have done what I could to carry through the Radezcznica affair in the Government, but it is impossible, and hair will grow on the palm of my hand before you get permission. Now you, sergeant" (to me) "belong to the Krasnostaw district. If you show yourself again in my section I shall have you sent in chains to the Legion Command."

When with a heavy heart we were going back to Krasnostaw together with the Bernadine father, it was in the evening of the Feast of St. Sophie. Wadon met us before our quarters joyfully waving a paper. The Chief of Staff, an army man who knew little about legal and religious matters but was eager to gain new soldiers for his Austrian fatherland, had issued an order in accordance with our request. So, quick into the train. Print the order in the *People's Gazette*. Within a few days there would be such a commotion that the Governor General would have to give way.

And so it was. The daily newspapers repeated the news. The Governor yielded and promised that a representative of his would be present at the consecration of the church. A field Bishop was to perform the ceremony. Special trains were secured for tens of thousands of pilgrims from distant parts.

All this was the work of a fortunate inspiration in a moment of despair.

☆ ☆ ☆
"Fellow countrymen," I said to several hundred prominent peasants, "God has blessed our efforts, and Radezcznica as you already know will be regained. But the church will be quite empty. The local committee has taken away with all due respect all the Orthodox furnishings to the little monastery chapel. The canon



P. Müller photo

Dunfermline: Trees in the Forest

(Continued on page 2)

STANISŁAW RODECKI

THE BALANCE SHEET

WITH THE DOWNFALL OF THE dictatorial states of Italy and Germany, the third act of the great drama of the world and of Poland is commencing. This is the proper moment to draw up a balance sheet of our sins and defaultings, virtues and achievements in the sphere of the spirit and of realities.

We have not been right in accusing the Polish nation of the sin of temerity, almost, in fact, of suicide, when that same nation opposed the challenge of the aggressor without hope of immediate help from other Allies. From recent publications of documents in England, it seems quite clear that our treaties of alliance not only with France but with Great Britain were solidly founded. Considering that these two powers were entitled to expect considerable sympathetic aid from U.S.A., we had the full right to expect not only to save our honour but to find ourselves ultimately in an honourable place among the victorious democracies of the world.

* * *

We are obliged to accuse ourselves openly of the sin of neglect in supplying technical weapons to our forces. At the time when the best Polish regiments were being broken by air bombardment and the pressure of the enemy's panzers, I was told by an old peasant: "We gave to the State all we were asked for; our sons, horses and carts. We have been paying taxes. What kind of management was it to let our children fight without proper weapons?"

We must take into consideration that we were warned by a most competent factor, by the many young Polish engineers. As early as 1930 Eng. KARCEWSKI published a book entitled, *The Fourth Partition of Poland or Great Public Works*, enumerating at the end the results of ten years' work: 2,500 bombers, 1,500 fighters, 3,000 tanks, etc. For this warning he was blacklisted and remained unemployed for years.

When again in another publication it was planned to cover the extra expenditure of such technical weapons (about 40 million pounds yearly) by the working people's savings, mostly lying idle, in the form of bonds, in exactly the same way that Great Britain is covering her war deficits, the manager of the State Bank called this plan "the worst poison one could administer to the nation." The highest economic authority of Cracow University in 1933 said: "I only wonder that a man, who has shown so much realism in his book *The German Paradox*, can hope, knowing the conditions of the treasury, to master the situation in Poland."

Of the sin of little faith, ignorance and disregard of the power of the work of millions of organized citizens, we should already be cured by defeat. We hope that since then hundreds of thousands of Poles dispersed in foreign countries have learnt much and that they will bring the knowledge of how to do better to their country. We have, of course, observed in many countries the same failure to foresee approaching dangers, the same wishful thinking which formerly prevailed in Poland, but we have also been given the chance to admire the modern methods of finance and modern works organization. If only in the Polish works, after the war, efficiency approaches the standard reached by Polish mechanics in the Air Force, we shall be assured of sufficient technical outfits for our safety.

We have only to regret that too many highly trained and immeasurably valuable technical boys have been allowed to be killed in place of others on the battlefields, in addition to those liquidated by the Germans and Russians.

* * *

We sinned in pre-war Poland not by great pride but by light-hearted grandiloquency. I do not remember who was the first to coin the slogan "the powerful Poland," but he certainly did badly by his Fatherland. Immediately after defeat a group of thinking Poles constructed the only practical programme for the

future: *Not a fictitiously powerful "Poland," but the really powerful United States of all the nations between Germany and Russia.*

Without the realization of this idea there can be no thought of security in Europe. The Government of General Sikorski adopted this programme, but instead of backing with all means at its disposal the spontaneous movements from nation to nation (irrespective of what political situation any individual nation had been forced into by the war), instead of supporting a federal movement as such, in the broad masses, the issue was directed into the channel of diplomatic negotiations with Dr. Benes. This was done despite most serious warnings that the ideological value of Dr. Benes was nil, and that his backing by the Czech nation was weak.

On the first signal from Moscow the only sound conception of stabilization in East Central Europe was presented by Dr. Benes to the Communists for annihilation. Moreover the new regional reorganization of the Balkans planned by young Poles together with the Bulgars and Yugoslavs was adopted and proclaimed in Jajce by the committee of Marshal Tito, with good prospects of the incorporation of the Balkan federation into the greater one of Moscow.

Once again it was established that the Poles in the Government over-estimated the action of the state, and under-estimated the power of idealistic social and national movements, which ought to go first, before diplomatic formulas. Despite the original defeat, we still have good hope that all the nations of our zone will go forward with the idea of forming a common security union, backed by both the British and American federal nations.

In carrying out the above plan the Poles have a great work to perform, and it is hopeless to try and shift our obligations to other nations because of the posi-

tion in moral and military aspects we have already achieved in this war.

We have to remember, however, that the federal system does not work with narrow nationalism, with centralization of the administration and power in one place, with the exception only of things concerned with defence and foreign affairs. We have not only to work in future with a whole group of nations as free with free and equal with equal, but also to learn the difficult art of fully appreciating and making full use of the various qualities of various nations for the welfare of the common cause. During their pilgrimage some Poles have acquired a way of winning the friendship of foreign nations, these qualities they will not forget or suppress after returning to their own country.

* * *

Despite heavy persecutions and the terrible losses of the Church under German and Russian occupation, the might of the religious creeds and religious feelings in the Polish masses has remained constant, but has greatly increased in ardour among intelligent circles (again in the first place among the Forces). Attacked from outside, and lately also from inside, in her unity, Poland has fully realized what a vastly important thing the preservation of the most important religious foundations of spiritual unity is in her ways of life.

Such convictions are strengthened by the realization of the fact that the actual war is raging just for the preservation of Christian ethics and civilization in the world. The spiritual bastions of Christianity have already been so heavily damaged that we have to fill the gaps with our bodies.

The pagan, Prussian principles of "Might over right" or "Business before moral good" have found an entry even into the leading circles of our Allies. The military and political co-operation with

Moscow, a totalitarian, dictatorial and godless State was bound to weaken the strength of Christian principles in the democratic camp. We fought with these noxious influences to the limit of our capacities, and in this struggle we have been accompanied by the blessings of the Holy Father, which has again strengthened our thousand-year-old ties with the Apostolic See.

* * *

When marking to Poland's credit her fidelity to the Christian spirit, we have to note on the debit side that war conditions and enforced separations have weakened the bonds of Polish family life. The Polish family life has to be reconstructed. After the war, when undertaking the work of revision of the constitution and legislation in general, we must take into account our observations, made in foreign countries, of devastation, especially in the demographic status of the western nations, caused by the fact that the individual instead of the family has been accepted as the basic cell of the social organism.

The reduction in numbers and the physical emaciation of the peoples on the whole territory of the Republic, and especially in her eastern provinces, is bringing home to politically conscious men Poland's extremely grave problems, full of historical responsibility. Our losses are proportionately greater than those of the thirteenth century after the Mongol invasions. We badly need great builders, men of the spirit of Casimir the Great.

* * *

The problem of leaders of the nation forces itself into the foreground.

In confronting the powers adverse to Poland by her own forces, any impartial observer must agree that during this war no other nation has displayed greater qualities of endurance and regeneration. Apart from the miraculous fact of the

formation of a regular Underground army we have to consider that the firing power of Polish emigré forces by the side of the British, is actually higher than the firing power of the Polish forces in 1939.

We estimate the efforts of the Polish people to be greater nowadays than at any previous time in history, greater even than in the times of the Jagiellons or Stephen Bathory. Such effort is all the greater credit to the Polish masses when Providence has not given them a great, generally known and accepted leader, such as was given to France in the person of Clemenceau in the last war, or to Great Britain in the person of Churchill in the present war. In direct contrast to the present situation, our nation in the last war was not united but split into two opposite political camps. Both, however, were directed by leaders whose authority to speak for their camps nobody in the country or abroad could question.

This phenomenon has been weighing and is still weighing against us in our foreign relations and its causes should be carefully analyzed.

* * *

The amount of vital forces Poland has been able to display during the war seems to prove not only her rights but also her own well-grounded ability to take over an important position among the nations. The whole world agrees on this point, or pretends to agree, like Russia, for instance. But we are only at the beginning of the task of Poland's liberation.

The Poles generally, and especially our men in the forces, are standing tensely well in a most critical situation. The question is to remain cool and constant to the end. The further problem is to prepare and organize already the centres of energy required to pass soundly from the war problems into the most difficult work of peace.

We hope it will be so.

ANTONI PLUTYŃSKI

MIRACLES OF ST. ANTHONY

(Continued)

from Labun will take the picture in procession to its old place on the High Altar, but a lot of money will be needed to fit up the church." I took off my soldier's cap, put a modest banknote into it and went up to President Stelmasiak. He unbuckled his belt, took out and threw into the cap all that he had on him—over a hundred roubles.

"Thank you for such a generous offering," I said.

"All I can say is that if I gave the half of all my property to St. Anthony I still should not repay him for what he did for me."

"Well, tell us President. Let us all know." "Just after my marriage, I was then 23 years old," said Joseph Stelmasiak, "I sold twenty-five acres of land which I inherited from my father, and bought from the bank sixty acres in Motycz. The first instalment of the contract was a large one, so that not much was left for the second one in autumn which also was big, but it was necessary to pay it because it was only then that I should receive the ownership. The yearly payments after that were small.

"I worked from dawn to night, so that my neighbours wondered, driven by the fear that I should not make enough. But the Almighty blessed me and gave good crops, particularly of beetroots. We both dug, though my wife was not very well, and hired help and yet we could not get even with the digging. I carted and carted these beetroots to the sugar factory, and I put the weight-cards in a box. When I finished the carting and they began to count it all in the office my eyes nearly started out of my head. It came to 2,600 roubles—one hundred more than the bank instalment. I was so wildly happy that on meeting three of my acquaintances I invited them to the pub. We drank plentifully till about three in the morning, and though I have a strong head I was a bit unsteady. When I came out into the fresh air I felt in my blouse. There was no money. Someone had snaffled it. I was alone in the street and I went home, an hour's walk. I could not tell my wife, who was expecting a child, it might cause misfortune.

I rose quietly at daybreak and went to St. Anthony. I made an offering for a Mass. I lay outstretched and prayed as I had never prayed before and constantly black thoughts of misery and wandering in strange places with my wife and child kept coming to me and preventing

my praying, but I continued to trust.

I returned home and my wife said to me: "Listen, Joe. Somebody has come to you from the town. He says he's got some business, but I have never seen him before, so I asked him to wait in the barn." I went to the barn and the stranger said: "Listen, master. I am that bad man who stole a lot of money from you last night, and I've come to give it back," and he handed me a whole bundle of hundred-rouble notes.

"But why?" I asked, not believing my eyes.

"Well, I stole it because you were drunk, because there is poverty at home and the other showed it me and persuaded me. He came to me in the evening and said: 'Get ready, let's go to Mordka.' I answered, 'I'm not going. I haven't got a farthing.' 'You will go,' he said, 'I am paying, and I tell you to. There is someone there who has drawn a lot of money from the sugar mill. This money will be ours.' This morning at eight o'clock he came to me and asked, 'Have you counted how much it is?' 'I have, it's two thousand six hundred.' 'Hand over one thousand three hundred.' And I said, 'What right have you to a half? Did you risk anything? I stole it, I ran the risk and not you.' He pulled out a knife, cursed horribly and knocked me about like the devil himself. But he did not stick me because my wife was at the door. He only laughed loudly and said: 'If you don't give me half at once I'll split to the police.' It was as if I had been struck with the whip. I was out of the door, shouting, 'You won't split, you devil, I'm giving everything back to the farmer.' He chased me but didn't catch me, and turned back at the village."

"I thought," ended Stelmasiak, "that this stranger must be very poor and I gave him three hundred because it was all, you see, given by St. Anthony. I have heard that he is now an honest and capable blacksmith. So our Saint saved two families."

* * *

On the thirteenth of June in splendid weather the church in Radeznica was solemnly reconsecrated. Processions with priests at their heads came from every quarter, and the neighbouring meadows on the hills were full of carts. We decorated the church, the monastery and the surrounding trees with white and red flags, and when the Austrians brought their black and yellow ones I ordered my peasants to knock holes

in the three domes which the Russians had built on the church and at the last moment to hang out three large Polish flags so that from a distance these black and yellow ones could not be seen. The governor sent a detachment of Bosnians. I explained to dear old Krzyzanowski who was in command of them, that there are Orthodox among the Bosnians and it is not right to use them at such a ceremony, so they were hidden in the monastery, and the soldiers sent from the Fourth Regiment of the Legion and our forty fired salvos at the order of a Polish officer.

The consecration itself of the church was a magnificent solemnity. First of all about sixty priests entered the empty church and sang exorcisms. Soon the whole church began to shake with these strong male voices and a din as of two struggling forces beat out through the open gates so that the people fell with their faces to the earth and trembled with emotion. After the Bishop had completed the act of uniting the shrine with the Catholic Church, a Polish uhlan cut the tape and the faithful entered the church in order to hear the Holy Catholic Mass again after thirty-eight years.

The candles were lit.

The Provincial of the Polish Bernadine Fathers delivered the sermon and then Krzyzanowski ordered me to speak to the crowd outside the church and asked me to say something about gratitude to Austria.

So I said that if the Austrians helped us to regain this shrine of ours they were repaying a part of the debt of gratitude for the deliverance of Vienna by Jan Sobieski, who saved so many Viennese churches from the Turkish invader. And then I said to these people that they were of the same blood and bone as so many great ones. And indeed from Sobieska Wola came the Sobieski family, from Stary Zamosc the Zamoyski family, from Zolkiewka the Zolkiewski family, and then all the villages near Radeznica in the surrounding districts, from them did these families spring under the particular care of St. Anthony. In these hard times in your fervent defence of the faith and Poland you must show yourselves the equals of these great ones.

At this moment the mighty roar of cannon came from the far east. It was Brusilow crush-

ing the Austrians at Luck. The crowd knew that war might again come to these lands, but who thought of it! There was no end of cheering. A giant in a russet cloak lifted an eight-year-old boy to me and cried out: "Bless my son, he is the grandson of a soldier who was killed in 1831." I kissed the boy and began to sing "God, who has blessed Poland . . ."

It was a day of great happiness.

* * *

The news had not reached all the villages in time. Some were late. A group of peasants from Bilgorajsk came one afternoon and the sacristan led them before the altar. As soon as they knelt down, they heard the sound of an organ, though all knew that there was not one in the church. They fell with their faces to the earth and the organ played until evening and they did not dare to rise. I was not present at this, but the whole Lublin territory spoke of this miracle of St. Anthony, who clearly needs no organ in order to play the most beautiful melodies on human souls.



Dr. T. Cybrian In London Zoo

PAWEŁ MILLER

I. WHAT DID YOU DO, DADDY?

I WAS ONCE A WITNESS OF A little scene at one of the British junctions. A soldier alighted from the train. A ribbon was pinned to his chest. He greeted a young woman and a boy who were awaiting him on the platform. "Must be wife and son," I thought; "Jack will be ten now, just like that boy. . . . If he is still alive," interjected my heartache.

The boy's words reached me. "What have you been doing, Daddy; you've been away such a long time?" I glanced at the soldier, wondering what he would reply. It was only then that I noticed he had an empty sleeve. "Nothing much," he said with a smile; "I chased the Germans a bit in the desert."

"And did you see any ostriches?" asked the boy again.

I heard no more. My train was about to leave at any moment and I had to hurry.

* * *

Sitting comfortably in the compartment I dozed a bit. My head rested against the soft upholstery of the seat, my wearied eyelids closed, and slowly I sank into slumber. It must have lasted only a very short time, because the train was leisurely and stopped at each station, which regularly plucked me back from my dreams. As a matter of fact it is only now while I am writing these words that I realize that when I dream I "see" pictures, a sort of ribbon of film passing swiftly, and it is only occasionally that I "hear" words or sentences in dreams. Of this, consciousness usually retains only an infinitesimal fragment, which is speedily shaken off if the memory of the dream is unpleasant or which I carefully retain in my memory if the dream afforded a moment of agreeable illusion. This dream in particular, though so short, aroused in me the whole gamut of feelings.

* * *

Well, I dreamt that I saw Jack. He welcomed me on the platform of some station just as his British counterpart greeted his Daddy. With the same words: "What have you been doing, Daddy; you've been away such a long time?" I "heard" these words in my dream, and memory has retained their sound and colour. The curiosity of a child, and at the same time a reproach.

Yes, undeniably, deep reproach and disappointment were evinced by these words. Pain perhaps?

* * *

Just then the train stopped and broke the film of the sleeping vision. When it started again, I began to daydream. Such a moment, if the good God permits, may really come. I pray for it every day. What shall I then reply to the child whose imagination will certainly be more affected by the memories of the German reality than the war experiences of his British counterpart.

"Oh, nothing much," I shall reply like that soldier. "That will no doubt be all that you can say to him," the heartache added.

So I began to explain to Jack that I could not fight the Germans. Neither in France because I simply hadn't a chance to, nor in the British Isles, although I eagerly prepared myself for it in the training camps. I explained to him that I was old, yes, simply too old, and also not healthy enough to go to the lines, to become an airman or a commando.

I rejected these clumsy explanations, which could not satisfy a child's imagination. Yes, without any doubt these explanations were awkward and, above all, unsuited to a child's mind.

* * *

"Tell him about the exhibition," whispered conceit. "Jack liked photography. He posed so seriously and willingly. The photographic exhibition was your exclusive idea. It was visited by 200,000 people in 34 towns. How many British mothers gazed with emotion at the portrait of Jack. His energetic face with its large, expressive eyes. His likeness secured four issues of the exhibition catalogues."

* * *

"You recall," whispered memory, "how you took that portrait just before the unexpected separation and how later on you managed to save the negative. You took that photograph on a sunny Sunday morning. Jack had just got up—he was four years old—he was wearing pink pyjamas and his blond shock of hair was delightfully ruffled. He stood obediently at the window as you told him to, and looked into the street. Serious,

you would say; anointed! Yes, and with a tiny little wrinkle on his strangely high forehead."

I slowly sank again into a half sleep and continued my talk with Jack. I told him of the cities which welcomed the exhibition, of the people who praised it and wrote of it in the newspapers. They wrote, too, of the portrait of Jack. I spoke of the beautiful landscapes and British architectural monuments which I was able to see and to photograph with the thought of arranging an exhibition in Poland. I spoke with enthusiasm of how good those people were, how they understood the sadness of the exiles and really treated them as their own brothers.

* * *

I remember my son's expression when I finished speaking. Jack did not say a single word. He only gazed at me attentively and seriously as he gazes from his exhibition photograph; he turned towards me his intelligent large eyes, more mature than his body, and—was silent. But perhaps it simply seemed to me that he did not reply? Perhaps I was awakened by the train stopping once again and the dream was simply interrupted? I sought in my memory. Did I really at last find Jack's reply? Perhaps it was suggested by my conscience, which possibly is hypersensitive. They were bitter and heavy words, consonant with the look in Jack's eyes: "You passed your time pleasantly, father, while mother had to work in a German factory, and I was hungry." Shall we really meet with such a reply?



P. Miller photo

My Sunshine

II. "THROUGH POLISH EYES"

IN THE TOURING EXHIBITION of artistic photographs, "Through Polish Eyes," there hangs a map crossed by many lines. They run across countries, continents and seas, and all lead to Poland. But perhaps they all emanate from Poland, reaching across the wide world, marking the footsteps of our wanderings? Why yes, certainly! It is the map of our journeyings from September 1939 till today.

British people examine the map with interest, although they are used to long journeys. So this is the way you came, by these routes, to join together to continue the fight? Yes, it is so, I answer. But in this case, what do the photographs mean?—they ask again. They are just souvenirs from our journeys through the world. The British are surprised. It is so difficult for them to understand this simple fact. So, after escaping from Poland, after you have lost your Fatherland, your family and your friends, after you have lost your social position and all you possessed, you were keen enough to take the photographs, having saved your camera from disaster?

And when I answer that for some of us it was rather difficult to resist photographing pleasant or interesting things seen in strange lands, the astonishment of the British changes to esteem. It is one more proof that you are really a cultured nation, they say.

Certainly I am not angry with them for this. They did not know very much about Poles or Poland. Perhaps just this exhibition brings them for the first time close to Poland. This exhibition has visited so many places from Edinburgh to Penzance, from Liverpool to Scarborough—thirty-four places up to now—and for many Britons it was the first revelation of things Polish. Yes; because what mostly interests the more intelligent British visitors is in what way the Polish national character appears in these photographs. Is it so, really? Do they in fact characterise us? Personally I rather doubt it.

in the exhibition is very wide. Landscapes predominate. There is nothing unusual there. After all, we went by devious routes and, perhaps for the first time in our lives we were able to admire the Acropolis in Athens, the French Riviera, or the Port of Shanghai. Niagara seen from Canada seemed like a fairy tale; as did the coloured fishes seen in a Japanese lake.

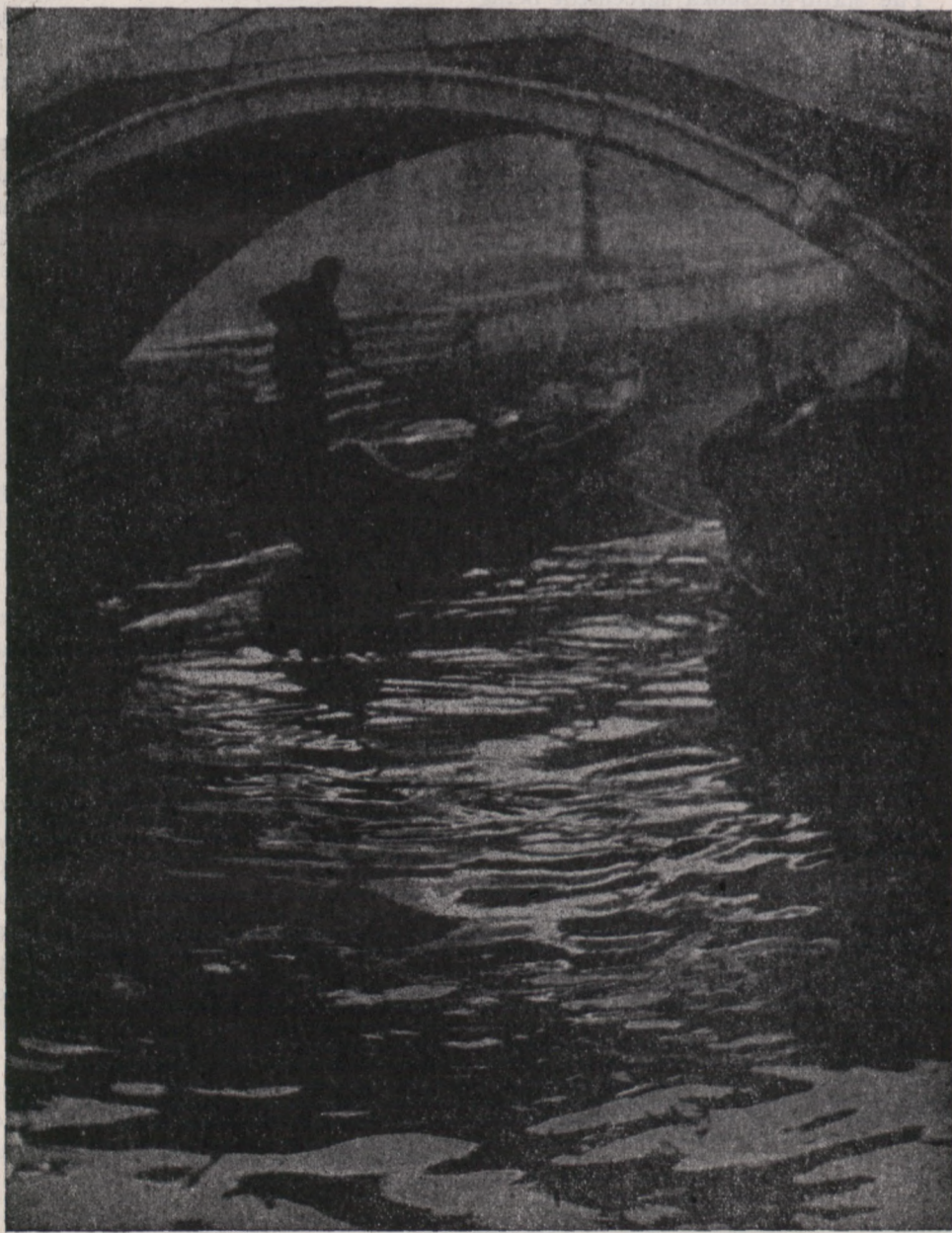
It is clear from these photographs that sometimes we were wandering like children. We enjoyed Arabs in white robes as well as Dutch windmills. Smart yachts on torrid seas and tropical fruits in a Tunis market. And, when we came at last to this island, a real fury of photographing possessed us. We were astounded and bewitched by the beauty of cathedrals and other old stone buildings, mellowed houses and crooked streets. We were attracted by the beauty revealed everywhere little by little—the smiling face of a child—a lion dreaming in its cage—a ludicrous penguin. A lone bench in a misty London park—a cobweb stretched on a bush, shimmering in the sun. Empty boats on a backwater—the unfolded petals of a flower. How is it possible to see revealed in all this a

national character? But the British used to discover it.

You are romantic and sensitive, say the British. You are as sentimental as we, but you show it in a different way. Does not, for example, this severe, frowning face of a woman praying, with a banner in her hand, show your mysticism?—or does not this silhouette of a lonely tree against dark clouds rolled up, betray your sadness? And did not this broken Greek column recall your shattered homes? And how characteristic are your photographs from Poland! You are as proud of your old palaces as of your modern buildings. You boast of having well-trained soldiers and of their military achievements—Monte Cassino, Ancona, Breda. You love your airmen and your sailors, and you show them in the sun, against the sun, in the mist, in the dusk...

Oh yes, of course—is my answer—it is true that our faith is our strength, and that we are sad, sadder every day, but we can also be proud, I think. . . .

The British listen quietly. And so the talk goes on, of Poland as expressed in these photographs, collected with care from every nook and cranny.



L. Świącicki photo

The Gondolier, Venice



P. Miller photo

Magnolia, Cheltenham

The scope of the objects represented

WALERIAN CHARKIEWICZ

"SAINT" JOHN SOBIESKI AT VIENNA

ON THE BEAUTIFUL ISLAND, NOT without reason considered to be one of nature's miracles, of Capri there rises from out its ruins an old neglected "certosa," as they call it in Italian, a "chartreuse" in French, a "kartuzja" as we name it in Polish from the Latin.

The Carthusian Order was founded by St. Bruno of Cologne, a member of an old and distinguished family with a brilliant future before him—he was already a bishop—who renounced the world and in 1084 together with six companions found a deserted spot in the Dauphine Alps, near Chartreuse not far from Grenoble, where they began to lead a hermit's life. The rules of the Order (Consuetudines Carthusiae) were first drawn up by the fifth successor of St. Bruno, as the head of the Order, the Prior don Pietro Guido in 1130. Pope Alexander III confirmed them in 1176, but the type of monastery and the principles of the monastic life did not undergo any change.

The Carthusian monasteries were built so that the monks' cells surrounded the church, forming a portico. The rules of the Order were extremely strict: absolute silence, severe fasting, hard manual and mental work were obligatory. Thus each monk lived a sort of separate life, having at his disposal a cell in which he lived, a small workroom and frequently a small garden which he cultivated himself. During the period of the greatest development of the Order, the Carthusians possessed over 250 monasteries in Europe, extending as is known as far as Poland (Kartuzy, Bereza Kartuzka), and special fame was gained by: in France, La Grande Chartreuse; in Italy, Certosa di Pavia, a real miracle of art.

The "certosa" on Capri arose in 1374. Its founder was Jacob Arcucci, Count of Altamura, lord of Minervino and Capri, Secretary of the Queen of Naples, Joanna I. This magnate was childless though twice married. When he married for the third time, Arcucci vowed that if he had an heir he would found a church and monastery, and as he had two sons he built a splendid and picturesque "certosa" on Capri, on the sea coast.

The history of this monastery is not accurately known. It is known in general that it frequently experienced tragic moments, was repeatedly plundered and sometimes destroyed and burnt to its foundations. The destructive attack of the corsairs on Capri in 1553 was particularly catastrophic, but later times, too, brought with them destruction and fires. The seventeenth century brought to the quiet cells on Capri great uneasiness on account of the ever-growing Turkish danger. The fight of the Cross with the Crescent was known to the Carthusians on Capri not merely in the form of a distant echo, but as the near and decisive struggle for the future of the lands washed by the waves of the Mediterranean. It is not strange, therefore, that the Battle of Vienna affected the life of the hermits and that there was born among them a long-lived legend about the powerful but humble and truly Christian Polish king who saved Europe from the Mussulman onslaught, halted the victorious progress of the Crescent and covered with new glory the holy symbol of redemption—the Cross of Christ.

The fame and even the cult of Sobieski was extraordinarily strong, and is visible up to the present day. The most expressive and curious mark of this is in a painting in the Carthusian Church in Capri which has in recent years been cleaned from the layer of whitewash with which it had been covered, as had all the painting in that church. It was in fact possible to save the "Battle of Vienna." What was the name of the Carthusian artist, whether he left any other work behind him and if so what it was, is not

known. The only thing that is known with certainty is that he painted the picture within sixteen years after the Vienna victory, the unknown monk could have had at his disposal excellent likenesses of King John. Apparently, however, he had certain difficulties or he did not aim at accurate portraiture, but sought in his picture the true inwardness of the historic event.

How did the magnificent Christian leader appear in the imagination of the Carthusian ascetic? Of course, as an ascetic, as an archangel with sword. But Sobieski was a man, and the artist monk emphasized this by giving the Polish hero a pointed beard, so fashionable at that time. Finally, the deeds of John Sobieski were so great and so fruitful in salutary consequences for the Christian faith, and the humility of the mighty king was so



sincere and profound (...Deus vincit...) that it aroused the conviction that King John, who was celebrated for his piety and his particular cult for the Most Holy Mother of God, fought at Vienna in the light of the grace of Providence. Hence on the picture the halo of sanctity above his head...

And here, King John Sobieski, hidden within an ancient ruined church on Capri, is waging victorious war with the Mussulmen—a Polish king and a true-born Pole—in appearance more like a Swede or a Frenchman, in clothing a Roman, in pose and movement like St. George, with the halo above his head—a saint.

Gazing afar, the inspired conqueror treads down his enemies and their horses and in irresistible impetus rushes ahead along the road which angels flying among the clouds point out to him.

The few Poles who halt before this picture, when their guide mentions the name of King John, exclaim definitely:

"Impossible, that is not Sobieski."

Certainly that is not the portrait of John Sobieski, but who knows whether it does not present a spiritual portrait of... all Poland?

VIGILANT

THE FINAL NIGHT EXTRA OF the *Evening Standard* of May 26th published under the heading "Russia Can Now Protect All Europe" the following dispatch from Moscow: "Saturday.—The political commentator, Mr. D. Zaslavsky, writing in *Prawda*, official organ of the Communist Party, states:

"The Soviet Union is a great democratic Power with sufficient might not only for the security of her own frontier but also to provide security for the peoples of Europe."

"The sooner this is recognized by our friends and by our enemies the better it will be for all humanity."

Considering that the Russian Communist Party, Russian Press and Russian Government are one and the same thing, this is a most important statement, which if published two months ago might have saved humanity the troubles and disappointments of the San Francisco Conference.

The security of Europe is no longer a complicated issue. Moscow intends to take all its burdens on her broad shoulders. A new Russian order in Europe might be established in record time. One year would be sufficient for the Red Army to incorporate the essential men from occupied countries into their ranks. Two years would be quite long enough for N.K.V.D. to transfer the balance of strong men and the best women to their gigantic work camps in Siberia and to liquidate all people capable of opposition, whether "fascist," "antidemocratic" or simply "western." All the hopes of Russia's enemies that the above actions exceed the power of the Russian system are just childish wishful thinking.

Full guarantees offered by Russia to humanity for the security of the peoples of Europe do not yet solve all problems. There remain still to be solved the major questions of the security of the peoples of Africa, India and China, because the security of the Americas is not questioned at present.

The policy of the U.S.A. is supposed to be to wait and see if collaboration with Russia in Europe is at all possible, and in the meantime make some essential forward movements in the Pacific zone.

Mr. Eden sent a message to Mr. Molotov on the third anniversary of their alliance in which we read:

"We are now entering upon the post-war phase, in which we have agreed upon close and friendly co-operation, taking into account the interest of the other United Nations, seeking no territorial aggrandisements for ourselves and abstaining from interference in the internal affairs of other States."

"I am, as always, convinced that if our two countries adhere faithfully to the spirit of the alliance and of subsequent agreements to which we have both been

parties, lasting peace and general prosperity can be brought to the people of Europe."

This clear statement about the conditions of the Russo-British Alliance is not quite in harmony with the conceptions of Mr. Zaslavsky.

As in the politics of Marshal Stalin it is only facts that matter, let us consider them.

Estonia, Latvia and Lithuania are actually incorporated into the Russian Empire. The same with the eastern part of Finland and Moldavia. It was found just to advise the Polish allies to pass to Russia the eastern half of their country. The western half is still occupied by the Red Army and N.K.V.D. Rumania, Bulgaria, Hungary and Yugoslavia are also under Russian occupation and their social and economic ways of life are already changed to Russian patterns. Most of the factories which are still intact in Bohemia and Upper Silesia are already working for the Red Army. The number and quality of workers so acquired represents nearly the Russian pre-war potential. Thus "Lend-Lease" in respect of armaments is no longer required. The bastions of Bohemia, Yugoslavia and Transylvania present better strategic positions than Russia ever had before. Up till now Russia has never had such a good chance to influence affairs in Persia and the Near East.

On the other hand, the war losses in Russian manpower are reckoned to reach the 15 million mark. These could be made up by men from occupied countries, but that is not quite the same; they would not prove to be so obedient as the Russians, who have never known freedom.

One item above all others could handicap the grandiose schemes for the protection of all European peoples, it is the lack of nourishment. Few people in this island realize that although the Russians possess the largest areas of the best soil in the world, their crops per acre amount in normal times to 30 per cent of English or German crops. The present crops in that country of great land reforms might be still lower, because most of the tractor men have been employed in the war and most of the horses have been slaughtered and eaten. Reliable information from the inner and Asiatic countries tells us about great villages and even whole districts being without any grown men. The women are doing their utmost to ensure nourishment for their children, but they are not so willing as the men to part with it when ordered to by the authorities.

In such conditions it is quite clear that, once the stream of American and Canadian flour, preserves, butter, cheese, eggs and sugar on which the Red Army has been fed is interrupted, the task of

assuring not only security but also food for the peoples of Europe, might surpass Russia's might. The alternative is to send only as many of these people as are necessary to improve the agriculture of Russia. This is being done, but positive results cannot be expected before a few years.

With the cease fire on European fronts the point of gravity of the war and politics has shifted to the Far East. The last few days have brought us decisive news. Tokyo and the Japanese islands have started to be heavily bombed from land bases, and Doolittle is taking the business in hand. The Japs are virtually cut off from their southern conquests. Reinforced by American air forces, the Chinese are pressing the Japs to the east and north. Japs are told to concentrate in northern China and soon American sea transport might reach Chinese harbours.

The position of Chiang Kai-shek's Government has improved to such an extent that talk of the absolute necessity of co-operation with communist Yenan and the forming of a national unity government on the Yugoslav pattern has stopped.

The Stalin-Mitsuoka agreement being invalidated, Tokyo urgently needs to make a choice of policy before it is too late. Russia has already announced her claims to Manchukuo, Korea and Formosa, and again the question arises as to which is more important to her, the protectorate over European or over Asiatic peoples. Which are nearer to her heart?

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We are interested not so much in general politics as in the economic effects of the same on economic conditions. It is specially interesting to consider what changes in the United Kingdom's commercial balance sheet might come about if in the Russian sphere of interests, advocated for years by *The Times* and up till now realized by war operations, become stabilized.

We have to project the statistical pictures taken in the last pre-war year, 1938, into the future, on to the new map of Europe, with the zones of interest marked on it.

Russia, with her population amounting to about 160 millions, imported merchandise produced in the United Kingdom in 1936 to the amount of £3.5 millions, or 870 million pence or about 5½d. per head of the population. The sum of £3.5 millions represented 0.8 per cent of the exports of the United Kingdom. In the year 1938 the Russian quota increased to £6,437,000, or 9d. per head. The following amounts were sold to other countries actually in the Russian zone.

	inhabitants	U.K. exports to
Poland	37,500,000	£5,369,000
Finland	3,630,000	£4,250,000

Czechoslovakia	15,270,000	£2,287,000
Lithuania	2,550,000	£2,117,000
Latvia	1,970,000	£1,678,000
Rumania	19,650,000	£1,343,000
Yugoslavia	15,400,000	£1,295,000
Estonia	1,130,000	£938,000
Hungary	7,010,000	£539,000
Bulgaria	6,320,000	£321,000
Total	97,430,000	£20,137,000

The purchases of merchandise in the United Kingdom from the countries incorporated into the Soviet Union or into its zone of interest, amounted in 1938 to roughly three and a half times the purchases of Russia herself. Whereas Russia's imports amounted to 9d. per head of the population, these countries imported an average of 49d. a year.

The total amount of £20 millions in pre-war values is not a great one in itself. It is a few millions lower than the purchases of Canada and a few millions higher than those of New Zealand on the market of the United Kingdom. It is higher than the purchases of France or Germany. The almost total elimination of the above countries from international trade might cause considerable losses in the purchasing power of other countries, especially Germany, France and Italy. This again might affect to an even greater extent the British Dominions rather than the United Kingdom itself.

The two best customers of the United Kingdom are the South African and Australian Unions. South Africa could afford to buy goods from the U.K. to the value of nearly £50 millions, because she has been selling her gold to European countries. In the exports of Australia nearly half the value is represented by wool, but the Economic Intelligence Service of the League of Nations states (*The Network of World Trade*, Geneva, 1942, page 33) that only 29 per cent of the world export in wool is taken by U.K., only 5 per cent by U.S.A. and 50 per cent by European industrial countries! A considerable weakening of the purchasing power of continental Europe would be a death stroke to Australia's prosperity and her purchasing power on the markets of the United Kingdom.

These export markets of the United Kingdom, however, could not be reduced without most serious consequences. As a matter of fact they must be increased by about £200 millions sterling at pre-war values to make up for overseas investments which have been sold. The United Kingdom can certainly produce far more goods than before the war, but who will buy them?

Security comes first, but the markets come second. Security of the kind likely to kill United Kingdom exports would satisfy nobody here.