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Mikolajczyk's New Year's Greetings to President

HERE is the text of Prime Minister Mikolajczyk's speech to the President of the Polish Republic on January 1st in presenting his New Year greeting to the Polish Embassy in London:

"According to custom I present to you, Mr. President, on behalf of the Polish Government and Polish Nation, our best wishes for the New Year. Homesickness for Poland is tearing at our hearts, and her appeals for speedy liberation from her tormenters ring ceaselessly in our ears, and guide our actions.

"We are dominated by a single thought: to be reunited as soon as possible with our nearest and dearest, with the source of our strength, our native soil.

"I am absolutely convinced that the New Year will see the fulfillment of our desires. Last year brought the United Nations a series of decisive victories on many fronts, and tightened the belt around the German fortress, which is being bombed with increasing force from the air, while well combined strategic plans and perfectly trained forces indicate that the general attack on the German fortress is imminent to eliminate the protagonists of aggression and the would-be conquerors of the world from the face of the earth.

"The foundations on which the future world structure is to be built have been laid, but many problems very vital to the future have not yet been solved.

"Nevertheless those foundations are proof of our allies' effort undeterred by any difficulties, they bear witness to the eagerness of all nations to make peace secure, they are a real attempt to remove any misgivings or suspicions that may stand in the way of common discussions, that may hinder common solutions of matters which, if dealt with by one party alone, would be a source of fresh complications and quarrels. The principles of cooperation in providing relief to liberated nations have also been laid down. They form a basis for the reconstruction of economic life and for better economic exchanges in the postwar world.

"Therefore the call made at the close of the old year, by the most authoritative men among the Allies, appealing to all to concentrate their efforts and their will in readiness for sacrifice and to be prepared for the possibility of great losses in the coming phase of the conflict, coincides with the work undertaken to prepare the future structure of the world, forge a lasting peace, and give speedy relief immediately after victory to the liberated nations.

"That appeal also applies to us Poles. The closer draws the hour of victory, the greater become our tasks and our duties. We must realize, fully and now, that the period of victory will not be one of joy and thanksgiving alone, but one in which a balance sheet will have to be drawn up of our losses and of the damage we have suffered, above all it will have to be a period of exceptional effort and of further immeasurable upheavals and struggles to reestablish and reconstruct our state.

"Just as today it is certain that victory will be won, so it is equally certain that Poland will arise free, strong and independent. There are of course people who put her territorial integrity in question, but it is undoubtedly acknowledged that a free, strong, independent Poland must exist.

"The very fact that this is generally recognized by others besides Poles, increases the duty and good right of every Pole to defend the whole of Poland and to strive to make her interests lastingly secure. Such a Poland is a necessity not only for Poles. It is also in the interest of Great Britain, of the United States, of Europe, of America. It is not national conceit that prompts me to say this but deep conviction.

"Already on several occasions I have emphasized that the experiences of this war have shown how small the world has become and how, because of technical progress and modern weapons, no corner of the world is any longer secure. There is no power that could win a world war by itself.

"In this war Great Britain ceased to be an island. A number of considerations indicate that she should link herself more closely with Europe, politically and economically than she has done heretofore.

"For the sake of her security and trade especially, Great Britain—threatened as she has been twice by Germany in the course of the last twenty years—should certainly cooperate with the states surrounding Germany. In this process her links with Poland, strengthened by comradeship in arms during the war, will certainly play a great part.

"If Soviet Russia establishes neighborly relations with Poland, that is relations excluding wrongs, she will find in us a faithful ally against Germany's 'Drang Nach Osten,' which would be no less intense even in a communist Germany. Moreover economic cooperation with and through Poland could contribute to raising the economic prosperity of both nations.

"Poland's cultural achievements and Christian principles, deeply rooted in the hearts of all Poles, link her with the western world. Furthermore, because of her geopolitical position, Poland is necessary to Europe to protect Europe and herself from the economic and political hegemony of Germany, and to build up common prosperity and peaceful co-existence both with the nations surrounding Poland and the nations of Europe in general.

"In the United States the war in Europe and the Pacific war are regarded as one—and rightly so. If isolationism is disappearing, it is because the realization that there would be absolutely no security in the event of a new world war, is growing and because the realization of the increasing economic interdependence of the nations of the world is growing also.

"To this too can be attributed the many clear declarations made by British and American statesmen, headed by Churchill and Roosevelt, on the necessity for the existence of a strong and independent Poland. There can be no doubt that these declarations are founded not only on formal or moral obligations, but also on a clear understanding of national interests, of lasting peace and a better future for the whole of mankind, of which Poland is an indivisible part.

"German propaganda seeing the profound trust that the states crushed and murdered by Germans place in the Anglo-Saxon states, is trying to undermine their faith by accusing our Allies of opportunism. The Germans will not succeed in this. The nations struggling against superior forces realize that in democratic states, based on public opinion, there can be no opportunist political moves such as are possible in totalitarian states.

"Those nations realize that public opinion, with which politicians must reckon, is an authority that judges political policy from the viewpoint of the interests of nations and the good of mankind, that public opinion in democratic states is sensible to all wrongs and acts of terror and injustice, and to any danger of new wars.

"It is the duty of us Poles to pay attention to that opinion. It is not so easy to remedy the ignorance of Poland and her interests that grew up abroad during many years, it is not easy to uproot prejudices that have accumulated, rightly or wrongly, as a result of the past. We must change all this. However, it must be done with a proper sense of responsibility, bearing in mind particularly that it is always right to rise in defense of our due rights, but that spiteful and aggressive accusations against others are harmful.

"Many misunderstandings about Poland are due to the fact that there are people who do not know that every Pole carries in his heart the words 'A Pole will never be a servant—he knows no master and will not permit himself to be thrown into chains by force' and that is why there are no Quislings in Poland, why the Poles have been fighting a life and death battle against the Germans ever since the first of September, 1939.

"The Germans realized this at the very beginning of the invasion, they tried to tempt the Polish people, after murdering the intellectual elite, by telling them they had come to liberate them from the slavery imposed by capitalist landowners.

"They met with resistance, scorn and the advice that they should first liberate their own nation from totalitarianism, and leave the affairs of the Polish state to Poles. Today those broad masses of the Polish people who have never ceased to defend their country, are now working underground on problems having to do with the future of Poland, as a free, democratic, socially just State.

"This achievement of Poland, bought in blood, is our pride and strength and should be borne in mind at times when we are falsely accused of representing the views of social reactionaries, landowners, or fascists.

"Nobody can actually name any such person and no wonder, for the truth is that we—the sons of the intellectual elite, of workers and peasants who have devoted our whole lives to bettering the lot of the Polish peoples—are defending the peasants, the workers, the intellectual elite, the tradesmen, the craftsmen and all other workers.

"We don't want any class or political or social or economic privileges in Poland. We recognize all the mistakes of the past openly as mistakes and don't hide them away in shame. We represent the living forces of the nation, the active social classes, the active political and social movements which find expression day by day in the secret and steadfast activities of the underground in Poland, and in open fighting beyond her frontiers at sea, in the air and on the various fronts.

"In all democratic countries there is freedom of word and of thought. Those who know us well and those who know but little about us have a chance to speak. We too have the right to speak in order to overcome prejudice, and show the world what we have achieved.

"It is said, as though it were something new, that liberated countries will choose their own forms of government and express their wishes through elections. It is worthwhile reminding the public and our friends that the promise of orderly democratic elections in Poland was made in France as long ago as 1939, after the President had dissolved the Sejm and Senate.

"Underground Poland guided by the Polish Governments delegate, working with political representation in Poland and in close cooperation with the commandant of the underground forces, supported by an underground administration representing the whole community, announced in agreement with the Government's declarations of policy made in 1939 and 1942 that it was determined on a democratic structure in the future.

"This determination was confirmed recently in a declaration made (Please turn to bottom of page 15)

"Freedom is the most dynamic, essential, and general factor in the problem of planning and reconstruction. Democracy is freedom in action. Freedom of conscience is the essence of religion, and religion is the core of civilization."

—Prof. Bronislaw Malinowski (1882-1942).
"Human Nature, Culture and Freedom" (1942)

POLAND'S IMMEDIATE PROBLEMS

by PROF. A. BRUCE BOSWELL

THE problems that will arise for solution after the war are difficult, but two new factors are at work. One is the settlement of border disputes by wholesale migration, practised so ruthlessly by the Germans in Poland. The other is the emphasis now laid on federal union as seen in the decision of the Poles and Czechoslovaks to form a federation after the war, which it is possible that other States may desire to join. Another problem will be the attitude of the Soviet Union, which in 1939 aided Germany in bringing about a partition of Poland.

In the West the former frontier of 1939 must be re-established, with the elimination of the East Prussian menace and such readjustments in Upper Silesia as may reduce the minorities in both Germany and Poland. The action of Germany in increasing the German population in Poznan and Pomorze by brutal massacres and expulsions must be undone. Danzig must be regarded as essential to Polish trade, without which it will be ruined. The problems in the West are quite clear, but the Eastern questions are more difficult. Here we are faced with the claims of national movements among the Lithuanians, White Russians and Ukrainians (or Ruthenians). It must be made clear that Wilno (Vilna), though once capital of the Lithuanian State, is not in the Lithuanian racial area. Its inhabitants are Poles and Jews, and in the surrounding country, where they are not Poles, they are White Ruthenians who are



Catholics and have no strong sense of nationality. A great many of Poland's greatest men come of this stock. The problem would be solved if Lithuania would join in a Polish-Czechoslovak-Lithuanian Federation. The problem is not insuperable as the Lithuanians and some of the White Russians are Catholics and have a strong tradition of association with the Poles, many of whom are of Lithuanian and White Russian origin.

The problem in the South East is more complicated, since the Ukraine Nationalists claim that all the people of the South, called Malo-Russians or Ruthenians, are members of one "Ukrainian" nation and should form one State of forty million people. There is a linguistic unity among these peasants masses, but there are fundamental religious, cultural and economic divisions. The East Ukraine with Kharkov has close connections with Russia, which has developed great industries there and has converted many workmen to Communism. The Central Ukraine, mainly west of the Dnieper, with Kiev and its rich fields of wheat and beet-roots is economically very important for the food supply of Russia, to which it has been united for a long time. Though the bulk of its peasants belong to the Orthodox Church, its workmen have come under Communist influence in the Ukraine Soviet Republic. Further west the situation is quite different. The Ruthenians who live in the provinces once called Halicz are inextricably

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LWOW—CITY OF MY REMEMBRANCE

by JERZY TEP A

"When the boundaries of Europe were being traced, and we struggled with the question of defining the Polish frontiers, Lwow answered in a mighty voice: 'Poland is here!'"

MARSHAL FOCH SPEAKING AT THE LWOW CITY HALL.

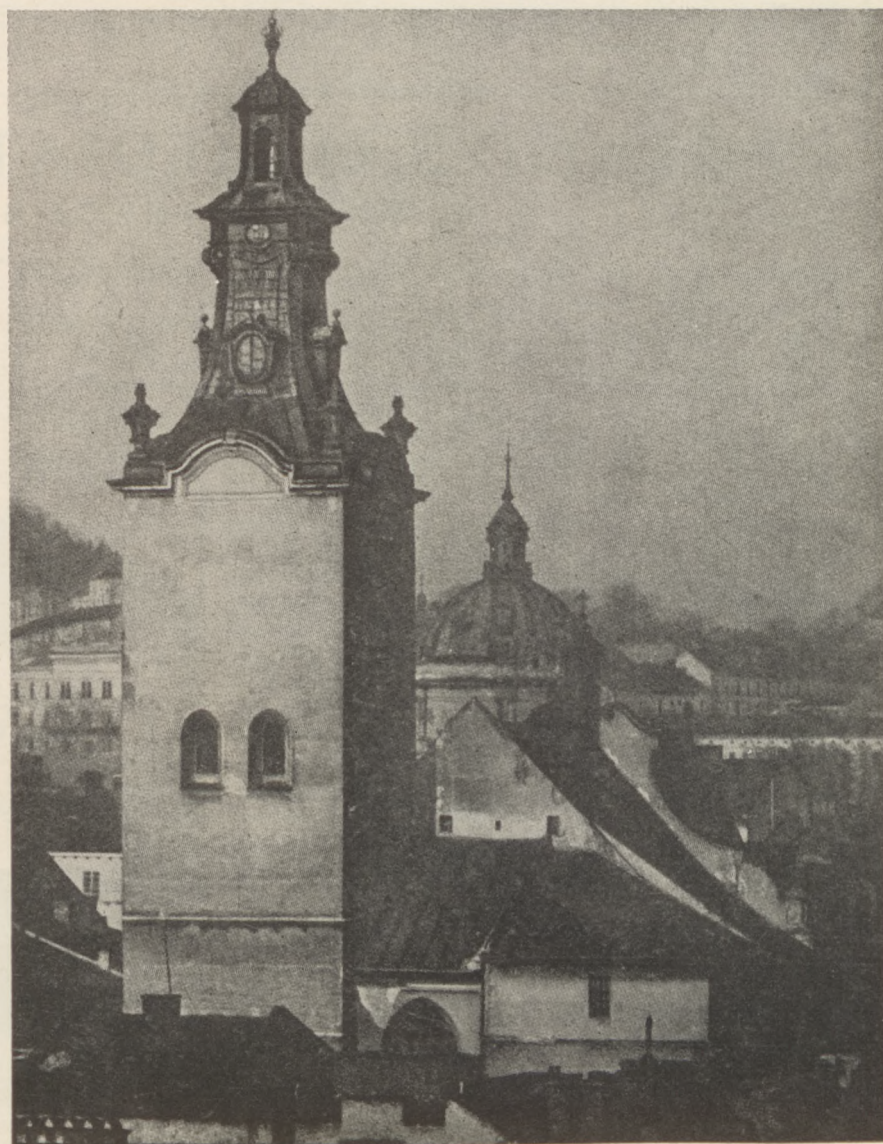
"A PEARL in the crown of the Polish Commonwealth"—was the name given long ago to a great city in Poland's fertile south-eastern lands, a city that has sealed its Polish character in blood at least once in every century. Tatar hordes and Muscovite armies, came to know it as an impregnable fortress.

This was not and is not the sole feature of a city that emblazons on its arms the proud motto "Semper Fidelis" above the "Virtuti Militari" Cross. It was stern and solemn like the Renaissance walls of the Cathedral in which King Jan Kazimierz made his historic vows. It was colorful with the charm of the East, the splendor of Armenian fairs and the opulence of the townspeople's houses. It was charming with its narrow cobbled streets and magnificent green hills, adorned with vineyards. It loved to dance and sing, having in its blood the rhythm of the mad sleigh rides of the 17th century and the melodious song of the troubadours of its eight suburbs. Gay with the broad smile of an exuberant border city and the carefree humor of a roguish mason, who after a night's revelry would disarm three Austrian gendarmes by himself, whistling a waltz the while, and then traditionally stop at a church for early mass and to repent his sins.

But above all, Lwow was Polish. The city was reminded of this daily by the majesty of its churches: of the Dominican Church with Thorwaldsen's sculptures, the Carmelite, the Bernardine, the Jesuit Churches, the Boim and the Kampian Chapels built for prominent Lwow burghers; by the architectural beauty of the pure Renaissance Royal Stone-Building and the Black Stone-Building, masterpieces by the Italian Barbona, by Krasowski, and by Ambrozy Przychylny, who bore the honorable title "murator di Leopoli."

In our lonely childhood strolls past the arsenal of King Wladyslaw IV, across the archaic Wisniowiecki and Sobieski market squares, or along the narrow alleyways near the Armenian Cathedral — one imperceptibly absorbed the city's Polish culture. Every house, aye every stone, held memories of bygone ages. As we grew up, our father would take us to the Market Square and point out the famous Turkish bullet that hung over the Cathedral to recall the miracle, the Ossolinski Library, the Skarbek Theatre, the Tall Castle. Every street had its century old eloquence, was steeped in the majesty of its Polishness, won by fire and sword, by the sacrifice and wartime hardships of the inhabitants of Lwow.

In September, 1939, war again came to Lwow, but the proud city had never feared it. And when in 1939, on a bloody autumn evening the railroad station was burning and German artillery pounded the city's churches, Lwow did not lose hope. Instead of surrendering, it repulsed four tank attacks at its outskirts.



Lwow Church Steeples

It was only after the war that tragedy came to Lwow. The pact signed by German Foreign Minister Ribbentrop and Soviet Foreign Commissar Molotov on the blood-stained frontier, handed Lwow to the Russians. The German army gave a city it had not been able to conquer to the "allied Russian army." For the first time in Lwow's history, its people were deported en masse.

As in the hallowed war song, once again, "children of Lwow walked row upon row" through the empty streets—Akademicka, Legiony, Kopernik, Sapieha—in the direction of the Main Terminal to the sealed cattle cars. But this time they were quiet and had no song on their lips. From behind shuttered windows, someone's reddened eyes took leave of them, perhaps forever; someone's hand traced the sign of the cross and remained suspended in midair; someone's aged lips mumbled the words of a prayer to drown the madness of despair; a child somewhere called out "Daddy"; someone shot at someone else or at himself. And again silence, this strange hitherto unknown silence, the tragic stillness of boundless Siberian fields, covered with snow, the silence of

madness, the silence of separation from earth, God and people. It fell from the steeples of closed churches, from the Cemetery of the Eaglets across sad streets, and enveloped the city as in a shroud. Pathetic in its stony horror, it changed colorful, singing, dancing Lwow into a gigantic gray mausoleum deprived of the dignity of a cross, into one large sepulchre of ruined lives, shattered homes, into a ghost town about whose past only ruins and rubble can speak.

Along the road where for centuries proud pennants had fluttered from tall lances, where beneath a rain of flowers had marched the magnificent soldiers of reborn Poland, there now walked shoulder to shoulder, teacher and seamstress, priest and janitor, official and nun, student and old woman, —walked the Lwow martyrs they knew not where or why, eastward to the snowy fields of Siberia, to face misery and death by starvation. They walked, beaten into submission by the butt of a rifle.

But Lwow remained. The Arsenal of Wladyslaw IV and the archaic Sobieski Market Square and the Eaglets Ceme-



Black Stone-Building on the Lwow Market Square

tery. Enshrined in these countless relics is the soul of this Polish city, the greatness of its agony, the pathos of its suffering, all that ennobles and tempers, but can never break, a hero's soul!

Despite its five-year gehenna, the city whose coat-of-arms bears the motto "Semper Fidelis" and the blue ribbon of the Virtuti Militari has not wavered. It has remained Polish.

POLAND'S IMMEDIATE PROBLEMS

(Continued from page 3)

mixed with Poles with whom they have been united since early history. They belong to the United Catholic Church and have little in common with the Orthodox peasants or Communist workmen of the Ukraine. The capital city Lwow has grown up with Polish institutions, and with its University and Polytechnic is one of the greatest cultural centres of Poland. Although relations between Ukrainian leaders and Poles have not always been good, they have co-operated in the Polish Republic. It is well-known that the Ruthenians fought bravely for Poland in 1939 and that their leaders suffered deportation by the Soviet authorities alongside their Polish neighbors. In Poland they had full parliamentary representation and schools in their own language. Their future is bound up with that of Poland. There are other parts of Poland in Volyn and Polesie where Ruthenians live who belong to the Orthodox Church and have been loyal members of the Polish State for centuries.

There is one great question in regard to Eastern Poland. What will be the attitude of the Soviet Union? Russian Nationalists have claimed that all White Russians and Ruthenians are members of the Russian nation and should belong to Russia. This is not true. It is impossible for a Russian (or Muscovite) to understand the language of a Ruthenian (or Ukrainian) any more easily than a Pole can, while Moscow or "Great Russia" had no connection with the Polish part of these lands until it seized them in 1793-95. Halicz has never been part of any East Slav group since 1340.* No word of Russian is spoken by the inhabitants of Wilno or Lwow. The great mass of the inhabitants of both cities belong to the Western Catholic Church. Moreover, the Ruthenian peasants are nearly all farmers, tenaciously attached to the land which they own and to their co-operative societies. Neither Russian Nationalist nor Communist claims to the Western Ruthenians have any real basis. Ukrainian nationalism is strongly anti-Russian and has been supported by Germany. Wilno and Lwow are bulwarks of a Polish-Ruthenian civilization that has given a great deal to Europe and will give much more.

Lastly, two important points should be considered. The Soviet Union has joined the Allies and desires with them to achieve security for peoples in the post-war world. This will render unnecessary the strategic principle with which she justified her occupation of Eastern Poland. Secondly, the entente between the Polish and Czechoslovak governments not only shows a new spirit, but offers a new machinery for the settlement of national disputes in East-central Europe, where the predominant considerations must be security and co-operation.

* Except for a few months in 1914-1915 and from 1939-1941.

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ARREST AND EXILE

by LILIAN

T. MOWRER*

In March, 1941, Olga Kochanska, American citizen, cultured daughter of a well-to-do Chicago physician, returned to the United States. She had just lived through an experience so astounding as to appear unbelievable—but it was true. Arrested by the Russians, without cause or explanation, in Lwow, Poland, on June 29, 1940, she was transported to a Siberian work camp. Six long, gruelling months passed before she was released. Lilian Mowrer, author of "Journalist's Wife" and wife of Edgar Ansel Mowrer, famed "Chicago Daily News" foreign correspondent, heard Olga Kochanska's story and deeply moved by the drama of a woman's courage in the face of privation and hardship, paid tribute to her heroism in "ARREST AND EXILE."



Hospital for Polish exiles in Russia

... POLAND was suddenly overwhelmed by the German invasion; the whole country seared by steel and fire. Before its valiant defenders could recover from this unexpected onslaught Soviet troops struck at their rear and what hope of resistance remained was over.

The Russians came in, and the Russians remained. Almost immediately Olga's house and property were commandeered by the N.K.W.D.

... Hardly had she begun to cope with her new existence when the sinister deportations began. No reason was ever given to the unfortunate people ordered so unceremoniously to leave their homes. At first it looked as if the Russians were merely choosing a rather brutal way of finding accommodations for their own people . . . for the troops, the officers and their wives, all the commissars, and petty bureaucrats who had flooded the city, taxing housing facilities to the utmost.

... But gradually the number of deportees increased, extending to officers, magistrates, civil servants, irrespective of political affiliations. It looked like a systematic dispersal of the Polish population, particularly the more influential and wealthy classes; and as Olga stood on the sidewalk that hot morning at the end of June she realized that the crowds beside her represented a cross section of the town's leading citizens.

... The train—a seemingly endless stretch of cars—drew up to the platform; it was composed of cattle trucks, more like prison cells than accommodations for passengers. The sides were high, with gratings near the top, and inside they were dark and fetid. There were no seats and they were far from clean. Olga found herself standing at the entrance of one of them, pushed forward by the immense press of those who had been assigned with her.

... The doors were slammed at last—like nailing down a coffin lid. Bolts were shot into place—that was the earth on the lid. The conductor blew his whistle—too late to think of escape now.

The long journey had begun.

* * *

... In a clearing among the trees four lanes of rough log cabins, about two hundred in all, spread out on each side of a stretch of trampled land. A half-ruined sawmill, a few barnlike wooden structures, the blackened skeleton of a burned-out electric-light plant met their gaze.

That was all.

That was their home, the only sign of human habitation in all that bleak landscape.

* Excerpts from ARREST AND EXILE by Lilian T. Mowrer. William Morrow and Co., New York.

They could not believe that this was where the Russians intended to bring them. They would not listen to the Commandant, who strode through the encampment, allotting them their huts.

"Here you will live forever."

... Zimny Gorodok was the name of the camp; it was just a speck on the Sosva River, a left-hand tributary of the mighty waters of the Ob, which empties itself in the Arctic Ocean. "Little cold town" is what the name means in the dialect of the district, and Olga remembered the long Siberian winter and shuddered to think what the words implied.

... In the distance a gong was sounding.

Prisoners were being lined up for roll call in front of the wooden shack.

The Commandant read the long list of names very slowly, pronouncing them with difficulty and delays. He was the tall, blond young man who had met them at the river and accompanied the convoy until it reached the camp. Evidently he was responsible for the re-education of his charges, for after the roll call he gave them a little lecture concerning their behaviour. They were lazy, dirty bourgeois, he assured them, but the Soviet government was offering them the opportunity to reform their ways. Hard work was to be their salvation; with work they could acquire new virtues. They must all work very hard indeed . . .

"For those who work, will eat," he promised them, saying nothing of those who were too old or too young to qualify for a meal.

... The shack where most had slept was the centre of the community, a clubhouse with chairs and trestle tables made of rough-hewn planks. The cabins, stretching in four long rows, were each divided into two rooms about fifteen feet square, with an old iron or earthenware stove in each section. Wide cracks between the rough floorboards were filled with dried clay that crumbled at the touch. Many of the stoves

were cracked or broken and added their quota of rubbish to the thick grey dust which covered everything like a pall. Small windows, smeared and grimy, with many broken panes, rattled in ill-fitting frames from which large gobs of dry clay dropped to the floor. The rooms were wired for electricity, but the plant was destroyed and there were no fixtures anywhere, or bulbs.

... "Now you must put all this in order, you dirty Poles," shouted the overseer as he assigned them to their respective places, and guards ordered them to begin the work at once.

Each cabin was to accommodate eight persons, four to a room, and Dr. Altberg and his wife begged that Olga might be allowed to live with them. They had spent the long, cruel journey together and had become attached by something more than misery shared in common . . . She looked hopelessly round the bleak little room which was to be her home for so many weary months.

"How are we going to clean all this?" she asked plaintively.

Other prisoners wondered the same thing too. They needed mops and pails and brooms and dusters, soap and cleaning fluid, wax and paint. And none of these things were to be had. The guards shrugged their shoulders when asked to produce them, and the shelves of the Soviet store were almost bare. Only a few cans of dirty-looking vaseline were on sale—these, and the ubiquitous portraits of Lenin and Stalin, in all sizes and varieties, with life-size busts of both in papier mache or metal.

So the first morning was spent in the woods, where they all gathered twigs and tried to make brooms out of them, a tricky business for those who have little experience with such things. "And what a waste of time and energy," thought Olga, forgetting that they had all the time in the world, and energy to burn.

Some of the women made brushes out of the tall grass, binding it in bunches with coarse creepers. Olga happened on a bit of rope and teased it out with infinite patience and found she had a mop to sweep the floor.

Everything began to acquire a totally new value in this world where every simple requirement was lacking. It did not seem possible that one could treasure up such old discarded objects, yet she caught herself looking around with new eyes, searching about to see if there were not something, perhaps, which the other campers had left behind. She strayed further and further from the cabins, and under a bush in the forest she discovered a pail, a large tin pail with a handle, but no bottom.

She took it to the store and asked if it could not be mended; an important find like this was surely worthy of consideration.

No one would help her, but next door in the kitchen, someone had put away carefully a scrap of metal, so this was soldered on to the pail and Olga marched off triumphantly, swinging it in her hand.

Now she could get some water!

No one else had any water to wash with.

She had a pail! The first bit of furniture for the house.

Later on, she found a chicken's wing. Just where it came



Polish children deported to Russia

from no one could even guess, for their certainly were not any chickens around. But the wing was there, with fresh feathers on it. Olga pounced on the precious treasure. Just the thing to sweep up some of the all-pervading dust.

Everyone envied her the possession.

"Give it to me," begged one of the cooks.

"No, to me! I want it," shouted the baker.

"It's mine!" said Olga, suddenly fierce and possessive. "I won't let anyone have it." She locked it in her suitcase, preserving it very carefully, for she never found another.

... Lack of adequate utensils hampered their work; all they had to cook with was a rough stick with which they stirred the only dish they ever prepared, soup made with burnt flour, grits, potatoes or barley.

Each prisoner was allowed a plate of this daily, with a pound of bread, a dark, soggy substance that went through the system like a dose of salts. No one ever knew when the rations would be distributed; it was never two days at the same hour, but word went around the camp when people could line up and get their food. No matter how tired the prisoners were they always had to wait in line. There was never enough of anything to constitute the least surplus; they could never buy supplies for the next day; never enough helpers to relieve them of this burden of waiting around to eat. The only ill humor Olga ever saw was during the hours they wasted daily when someone tried to push ahead and reach the kitchen first.

* * *

... The second batch of letters arrived.

... One letter was passed from hand to hand. It was written by a fifteen-year-old girl to an aunt in Lemberg (Lwow) who had forwarded it to her sister in Zimny Gorodok. The child had illustrated it with little sketches, a few rough lines with a blunt pencil on a rather dirty sheet of paper torn from a school notebook.

It came from Kazakstan.

"We live in a hole in the ground," wrote the girl. "It is (Please turn to page 14)

EDWARD WITTIG—MASTER OF POLISH SCULPTURE



THE AVIATOR

by Edward Wittig

Lucien Schnegg.

In 1903 he began to exhibit his sculptures. The French government purchased his *Sphinx* for the Luxembourg Museum in 1907, and shortly after, several of his other works were bought by various museums: his bronze *Challenge* by the Lwow Museum, his marble *Youth* by the National Museum in Cracow, *Woman's Bust* by the Alcorde Museal Collection in Buenos Aires. In 1911 the French government bought his large stone, *Eve*, while in 1925 the Museum in Grenoble acquired the bronze *Polish Nike*.

In 1914 Wittig returned to Poland to become Professor of sculpture in the Warsaw School of Fine Arts and at the Warsaw Polytechnic. When the Russian-Polish war broke out, he enlisted in the Polish army, and for gallantry in action received the Cross of Valor. 1921 found him organizing the Exhibition of Polish Art in Paris. France awarded Wittig the Legion of Honor for services rendered to Art.

During the years between the two wars, Wittig remained in Poland. His main work during this period was the tallest statue in Poland, a giant Polish aviator, which took him ten years.

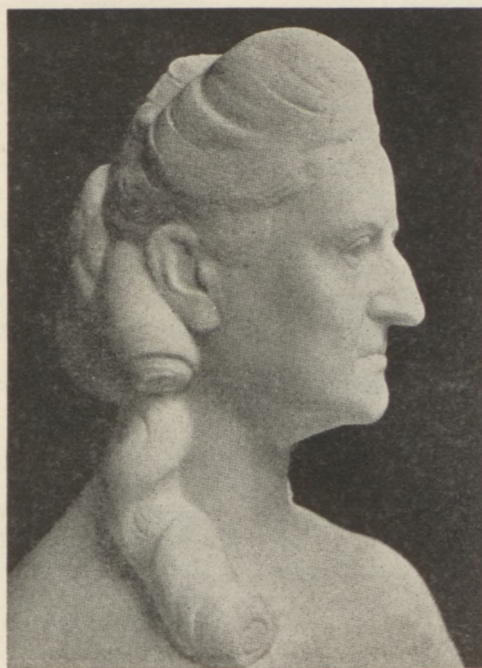
Active in community work, Wittig was for many years chairman of the local committee of the Polish Y.M.C.A.

Americans had a chance to see

FROM behind the shroud of German occupation in Poland, news seeps through in a steady trickle and we learn that the greatest of Poland's artists, writers and scholars are paying with their lives for their heroic devotion to their motherland. Dying in concentration camps, before firing squads or from sheer exhaustion, their names will live forever.

Among these victims of the German policy of extermination, Edward Wittig, one of Poland's leading sculptors, died in his native Warsaw two years ago at the age of sixty-two.

Wittig received his early education in the Polish capital and then left for Vienna to study sculpture. There he won the highest award in 1900. One of his prize works, the bas-relief *Maternity*, was bought by the Austrian Ministry of Education. The same year he left for Paris, where he attended the Ecole des Beaux Arts and worked in the ateliers of Alexandre Charpentier, Madeleine Jouvray and



WOMAN'S HEAD

by Edward Wittig

this famous Polish sculptor's bronze *Nike*, exhibited at the New York World's Fair in 1939-40.

POLISH NIKE

by Edward Wittig

Edward Wittig represented international tendencies in modern Polish sculpture. Every sculptor has three aims, a "realistic" to faithfully copy a given object, a "narrative-expressive" to depict a fact and evoke an emotion, and a "decorative" to combine color, line and mass. In his creations these three elements are generally fused and the extent of their mutual interdependence in a work of art may determine the birth of a new style.

Wittig's art presents a fine integration of these three essentials, for this artist realized that a contemporary sculptor must please the eye by balance and harmony of shape and color; impart a certain spiritual meaning or emotion by the skillful choice and



treatment of subject matter; and utilize the achievements and experience of realism and impressionism. Thus Wittig's art is at once true, artistically valuable and moving. In the Viennese Academy, and later in Paris, he had mastered the difficult art of reproducing the human form in clay, marble or bronze. This combined with his thorough knowledge of anatomy and the feeling that life is an inexhaustible treasure-house, drawing upon which can only enrich the artist, permitted Wittig to maintain stability and to develop continuously in the battle of "isms" and trends raging about him.

When Wittig began his artistic career at the turn of the century, art was in the throes of complete anarchy. Realism had proved inadequate and young artists floundered in their search for new ideals.

Wittig's first independent work was done under the influence of symbolism. Typically symbolic was a project for a tombstone, *Destiny* (a tragic head emerging from a block of stone, before which knelt a nude man). But already in this monument Wittig showed marked technical skill and a feeling for form. The contrast of the mighty geometric block, the tragic angular head and soft lines of the nude body, suggested the frailty of human will in the struggle with faith. The nude man and the head were carefully studied after nature and skillfully modelled.

Also belonging to this symbolic-realistic period of Wittig's activity are: *Nostalgia*, *Sphinx* and *Despair*. In his choice of a model, in his

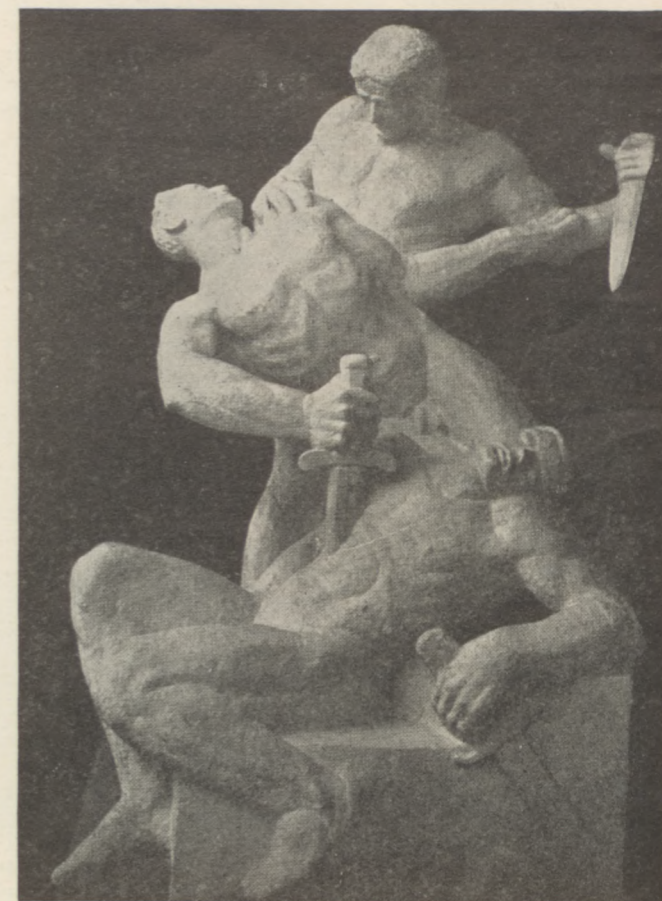
ability to find an appropriate gesture to express a given concept, Wittig clothed his ideas in forms that produced analogous impressions upon the spectator.

In this period, Wittig is especially concerned with "decoration" or "pure form." One can sense his desire to create beauty by the very relationship of masses and planes, and by exploiting to the full the inherent nobility of his material. *Sphinx* and *Nostalgia* appeal through the gleam and patina of bronze with varied and unusual silhouette.

Likewise to his desire to utilize all the possibilities of marble should be attributed such works as *Youth*, *Fear* and the first *Portrait of Mme Szczeniowska*; these half-carved figures, seemingly only partially finished, appear as visions out of the block of roughly hewn stone. To such treatment they owe their delicate grace, the charm of something half-said, the impression of color, of a vibrant body, of soft and loose tresses.

In his search for "pure form," Wittig turned for inspiration to Egyptian sculpture, which had formulated art canons that have held true for thousands of years, and to Phidias and pre-Phidias Greek sculpture, the eternal model and ideal of European art.

One can see how much Wittig owes these in such sculp-



THE STRUGGLE

by Edward Wittig

tures as *Idol*, *Deliverance*, *Awakening*. Their movement and attitude is calmer and more solemn; the rhythm of the masses and lines are purer and clearer; the contours more fluent and continuous; the body outline fuller and more simplified—so that these small sculptures acquire monumental qualities.

Awakening marks a turning point in Wittig's career. In this work he succeeded in harmonizing his three most striking tendencies: by her slimness and exquisite elegance the flawlessly built girl suggests a Greek amphora, the delicate play of light and dark on the marble's surface, the softness and fluency of her body are pure poetry. *Awakening* marked the awakening of Wittig's real talent. From then on, he had in hand all the constituent elements of his art and had only to perfect them.

From the point of view of Wittig's development, his portraits in stone were increasingly perfect exercises in changing realistic themes into decorative and monumental works of art. His *Fountain in Drzewiecki Park*, his harmonious and serious *Pax*, were preparatory works necessary to create his masterpiece, *Eve*.

There are not many works of art in contemporary sculpture so abounding in various plastic and emotional values as this *Eve*. The rhythmical and harmonious treatment of the mass, its wonderful contours, its fluent movement, evoke a kind of lofty esthetic satisfaction felt only in the presence of architecture and some creations of nature. One French critic compared *Eve* to a snow capped hilltop. The magnificent and beautiful body of the sleeping giantess is carved with thorough knowledge of anatomy and feeling for the body, and intensive simplifications are carried out without

(Please turn to page 10)

EDWARD WITTIG—MASTER OF POLISH SCULPTURE

(Continued from page 9)

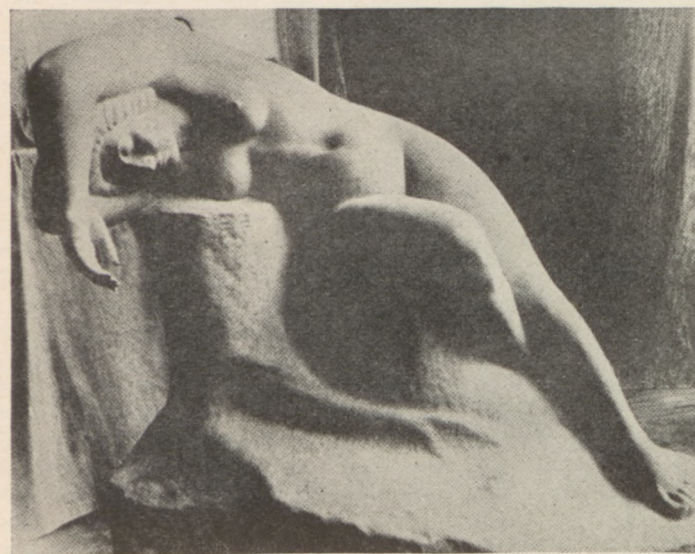
disturbing the basic structure of the woman's body. Various degrees of coarseness of the individual parts, their different technical treatment, enliven and enrich the whole. By a happy coordination of all these factors, the suggestive force of this sculpture is great, deeply stirring the spectator.

The last war awakened new sides to Wittig's talent—the quest for a plastic form to express pathos and idealism. Under the German occupation of 1915-1918 he executed his large plaster model of the monument *Struggle*, showing three athletes engaged in a combat with swords. Horror beats down from the violently contrasted masses, strong play of lights and shadows, sharp juxtaposition of angles and planes. The bronze *Nike* is calmer, one can sense its arrested movement; it has something of the majesty and simplicity of Greek pre-Phidias sculpture. Another fine piece of work is the large statue *Knights of Freedom*. With simple and noble gesture a winged Poland leads to final victory six armed warriors, insurgents from various periods of her proud and unhappy past.

Wittig's last work was a monument to honor Polish aviators fallen for their country. On a high pedestal the lone figure of an *Aviator* leans on the propellor blade of an airplane. Clouds and parts of the shattered plane treated as geometric masses, form a transition from the synthetically sculptured figure to the right angle of the base. All profiles of the monument, front, back and sides are sculptured with equal care. Under Wittig's expert touch the pilot's outfit acquired the artistic value of the casques and shields of ancient Greeks. This truly modern piece of work dominated and lent a solemn tone to the Union of Lublin Square in Warsaw, where it stood. In German occupied Poland it is a scene for popular demonstrations on national holidays.

Wittig's busts form a separate category in his work. His ability faithfully to reproduce features and expressions made Wittig a born portraitist, witness a magnificent and decorative Countess Branicka, a penetrating Czeslaw Poznanski and Binental, a serious Pilsudski and Narutowicz, an expressive Jan Dabski, and many others; these portraits are invariably "excellent likenesses," but at the same time they underline the subjects' outstanding traits.

As has been said, it is the desire of every contemporary artist to create integrated paintings and sculptures, i.e. true, artistically worthwhile and meaningful works of art. Be-



EVE

by Edward Wittig



THE ARCHER

By Edward Wittig

cause Wittig was so successful in achieving this end, he was acclaimed by connoisseurs and artists all over Europe. A leading Polish sculptor, the author of many beautiful works, he was also a co-creator of eternal art, reborn in a new guise.

ARREST AND EXILE

(Continued from page 7)

quite a large hole, and wooden poles support the turf walls which are covered with dry clay and manure. We have a stove but it fills our hole with smoke. Yesterday two of us fainted. Our ceiling is so low that we can touch it with our hands and we hate to crawl to go in and out. We are sometimes shaken with laughter at the way we are living; and then afterwards we weep. There are so many bugs and fleas we sleep with cotton in our ears.

"There is no permanent work here. W— has been working in the stables. Mother and S— and I have been embroidering linen. We worked all day for three weeks and earned enough to buy a pood (about forty pounds) of potatoes. The kirghiz are very wild looking, but some of them are kind to us. In all this village there are only two houses made of wood. Everyone lives in mud huts."

. . . Another letter from Kazakstan told of similar details.

. . . Some of the letters quoted news received from Siemipalatynskaja, in the same district; the living conditions were squally hard, thirty people living together underground, beneath a peasant's hut. Manure was the mainstay of life: made into cakes, it was the only form of heating; mixed with sand and clay it formed the chief building material.

. . . Dr. Altberg struck his forehead with the flat of his palm and lifted his hand accusingly to heaven, tongueless with rage; Henryk, his shoulders humped and hopeless, hands thrust deep in his pockets, bit his lips till a bloody line showed on the taut skin.

His father slipped his arm around the bowed figure, and caught Dr. Altberg's hand with a restraining solacing gesture.

"More than ever, my friend, more than ever, we must live through this trial; we must cling to our health and our sanity to be ready to give what we can. . ."

"THE POLISH LAND"

An Anthology in Prose and Verse — Edited by MARION MOORE COLEMAN*

"And so, when the deluge has passed,
Along the Vistula, far on Podolia's
plain,
Ravaged and utterly lone,
Out of the mist-clouds low-circling
Over the peasant-tilled fields,
Emerges all that is left
Of our homeland:
Emerges — the land."
—Kazimierz Wierzynski, 1941

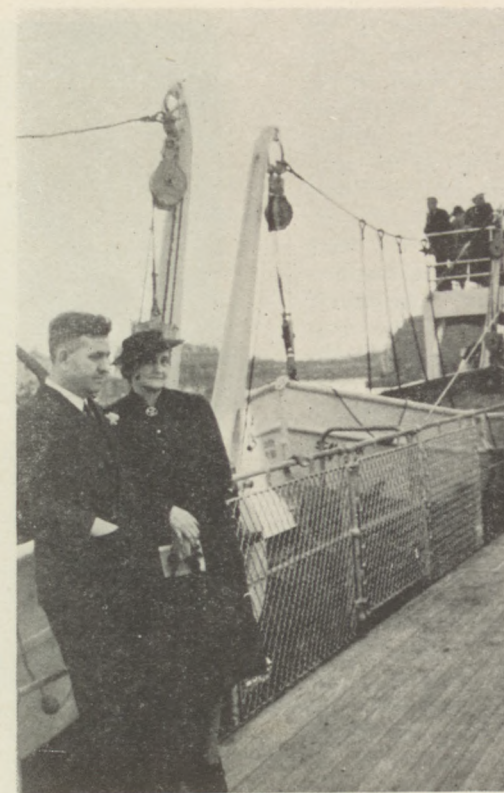
POLES have always borne a fierce love for their martyred land. Through the centuries this devotion to their native soil has found repeated expression in the outpourings of their poets and writers. So the preparation of any anthology dealing with the Polish land was no easy task. The very wealth of material might lead an unwary editor to present a one-sided, incomplete or overdrawn picture of the land that is Poland.

"The Polish Land," a recently published anthology in prose and verse, compiled and translated by members of the Polish Club of Columbia University and edited by Marion Moore Coleman, the wife of Dr. Arthur P. Coleman of the Department of East European Languages at Columbia, is in every way a valuable contribution to a rather difficult field of endeavor: the translation into English of Polish classics.

There is nothing stereotyped about this Klub Polski-Coleman piece of work. All of the one hundred selections from sixty-four Polish poets, past and present, make their first appearance in English, and the selections of verse and prose are grouped under regional headings — a refreshing departure from the usual alphabetical or chronological order. In reading this delightful volume, the reader has some idea of the rapidly changing panorama of Polish landscape, from the amber coast of the Baltic to the snow-capped Tatras in the South, from the plains of the West to the forests and quaint villages of the East. The reader will also have acquainted himself with some of the age-old legends of Poland's varied regions. He will know why an old Polish proverb insists on "brandy from Danzig, a girl from Krakow, shoes from Warsaw, and gingerbread from Torun," how the Polish State came to be created, why the tower on Lake Goplo is called The Mouse Tower, how Poznan got its name, why Wanda is the earliest of Poland's national heroines. He will be moved by the Warsaw legend of the Golden Goose, by the folk tales of the Tatra Mountains, by the story of how Wilno, City of the Heart, came to be built.

The anthology is divided into chapters: The Polish Land; The Seacoast and Pomorze; Wielkopolska—Cradle of the Polish State; Silesia and Krakow; The Heart of Poland—Warsaw and the Vistula Plain; The Tatras; Sandomierz; The Eastern Provinces: Litwa, Polesie, Volhynia, Podolia. The authors represented range from Rej and Kochanowski, 16th century poets of the Polish Golden Age, to those of our day: Illakowicz, Balinski, Broniewski, Bohdanowicz, Pawlikowska, Wierzynski, Pobog, Tuwim, Slonimski, Za-

*THE POLISH LAND. Compiled by Klub Polski of Columbia University. Edited by Marion Moore Coleman. 1943, 127 pp. \$2.00. May be purchased by writing to Klub Polski, 505 Philosophy Hall, Columbia University, New York 27, N. Y.



Dr. and Mrs. Arthur P. Coleman
homeward bound from Poland in 1939.

rembina, Zegadlowicz, Boguslawski, Iwaszkiewicz, Kossak, Lobodowski, and Makuszynski—a rare and brilliant galaxy.

The verse and prose renderings in "The Polish Land" are so uniformly interesting that it is hard to select any for quotation. These excerpts from Sebastian Klonowicz's "Poland's Rich Endowment" written in 1595 show how Poles from Sandomierz felt about their country 350 years ago:

When man can get his daily bread
Within his native land, instead
Of going forth the seas to roam,
He stays at home.

Since Poland on a living garden rests,
In God's own lap, the breasts
Of Poles yearn not for oceans now,
But for the plow.

Here bursting barns in neatly garnered
fields
And model husbandry behold, and quiet
yields,
Youth happy to possess earth's highest good:
Abundant food.

Horned cattle, well-fed oxen, stock
Of every kind, fat heifers and a flock
Of shaggy sheep, the eye swift notes,
And sluggish goats.

Here geese go screaming noisily about,
Trying to put the greedy ducks to rout,

While fattened cockerels on each roost attest
A dwelling blest.

The bounty of a richly wooded land
To Poles our Lord assigned with lavish hand,
Assuring those who care upon it pour,
Wealth evermore.

The sporting doe leaps lightly o'er the ground,
The trees are filled with birdlings' merry sound,
While bees unto the hive with zealous care
Their plunder bear.

With fish is filled each crystal stream and lake,
Each tiniest pond, each rivulet and brake,
For everything with energy is rife,
To bring forth life.

Written a hundred years ago in Paris, this little poem by Cyprjan Norwid expressed the exile's yearning for Poland as truly as it does today:

Unto the land where e'en a crumb of bread
Is plucked in reverence from the ground
As manna yet! . . .
I yearn, O Lord!

And for the country where 'tis held a sin
To harm, in pear tree crotch, the nest of stork
Who serves us all! . . .
I yearn, O Lord!

Unto the land where folk give greeting
In the words of Christ's own faith:
"May God Himself be praised!"
I yearn, O Lord!

One of the most touching poems in the book is by Swiatopelk Karpinski, a promising young poet of Free Poland who
(Please turn to page 14)

STAND BY —

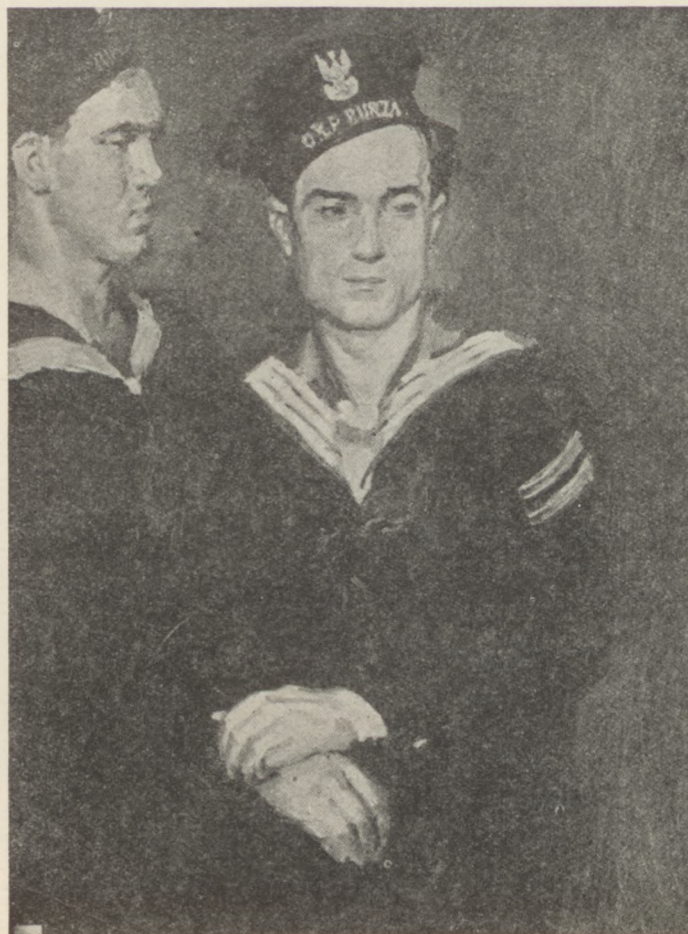
Told by an Officer of the

"ACTION stations! Action stations! Subs at 12 o'clock!" . . . "Stand by . . ." The rest of the sentence was lost in the scuffle and noise as the submarine alarm blared through the ship. Below deck figures jumped out of bunks. In the officers mess cards lay strewn on the table and a cigarette was left burning on the ash-tray rim. Someone was still struggling into his coat, buttoning it up carefully. Outside the sleet and rain were coming down like a whip lash. On deck orders flew back and forth buffeted by the strong wind. The moving shadows could scarcely be distinguished in the darkness. The danger was felt rather than seen.

"Sub to port," this message was swiftly relayed to the convoy we were leading.

"Depth charges!" the captain called out. A moment of expectant silence, even the wind seemed to have died down. The first explosion, then hell broke loose. Flashes marked the dark waters as far as the eye could see. Ships flared as torpedoes hit them, subs rose to the surface hit by depth charges and went down leaving only an oil spot on the surface. Soon wreckage and men floated on the waves. Far in back we could hear mingled cries of "Help" and "Hilfe." Who was friend, who was foe? We on the Polish ship did not know. Nor could we stop to rescue anyone. Orders were for full speed ahead. To stop would have been suicide. The radio-operator couldn't tell which ships had been hit. He sat tense by the sender, his hand poised for action. His assistant had the automatic S.O.S. sender ready, in case anything should happen. In other parts of the ship men waited. There was nothing they could do. That was the hellish thing about it. At best we could only make sure everything was ship shape. The cargo had been checked and rechecked. The depth charge was poised for release. Amid all the noise and action our inaction seemed unnatural. Yet no one thought to resume the card game or go to sleep. The scene held us nailed to the spot, although countless times before we had witnessed similar scenes.

The first night passed. Dreary dawn shed light on the destruction wrought at night. The sleet still drove down, visibility was practically nil, the subs were still in the vicinity. We counted our losses. Things were none too bright. If



Polish Sailors

this were to continue for many days maybe half of us would get through. The men looked uneasy and none too happy. We were in the van of the convoy in what seemed the most dangerous position.

The first day was the worst. Not that we were overwrought, simply the first day is always bad, but that soon wears off. On the second night although the subs were still at work, some of the men did not even come up on deck to watch the show. Fully clothed and with their life belts, they slept through the bombs and shells until their watch came around.

On the third day of the battle we were drawn back from the van to the rear. As on the previous nights the fireworks started again. The storm was not as furious, in fact it had stopped raining. About midnight it suddenly turned cold. Those on deck cursed under their breath.

"The d— deck will be covered with ice!" the deck officer muttered. As the cold came on the sea grew calm. This was bad, very bad for us.

"Sub at six o'clock," the radio-operator reported.

"Depth charge! . . . Release!" the command rang out. A moment and then an explosion that shook our ship from fore to aft. We missed them.



Constant vigilance

SUBS AHEAD!

Polish Merchant Navy

"Torpedo!"

The captain's voice remained calm as he issued orders. The whole ship waited. The white streak approached. Slowly, slowly the ship was turning out of its path. Would we make it? Cold as it was we were damp with perspiration. The torpedo streaked straight at us. It had been aimed amidships. The ship's motors revolved swiftly. We were turning almost in our own length. Closer, closer came the torpedo. Then a deep sigh — It passed harmlessly by.

No time for meditation, however. We were still in danger. The captain ordered more depth charges. The fourth got the sub, but he would not sink.

"Give him another." This one finished him. The glistening hulk of the cigar rose on end. Flames burst from the engine room. Slowly it slid into the water. That was one for us.

"Subs at 12 o'clock."

"It's like sitting on a powder keg" somebody hissed through his teeth.

"Subs on all sides!" the next report came. The captain ordered all hands on deck. Every ship in sight seemed to be throwing depth charges that exploded all around. The battle had reached its peak. Toward morning the firing died down. When dawn came all was quiet again. No subs were in sight.

We waited for signals from the convoy's leader. After a while the radio-operator tried to reach him. No answer. When full daylight came, we saw that he was not there. Evidently he had gone down during the night. The end must have come so swiftly that the radio-operator did not have time to notify us. To think this had been our position last night.

That day we returned to the leading position. Losses were not as bad as on the previous night. The enemy's toll, according to reports, was higher.

During the day the ships crew prepared for the night battle and as soon as the sun set the subs began to show their periscopes. Again the firing began. By now we were so used to the noise and flashes that the infrequent lulls were almost irksome. We forgot all about physical discomfort.

As the days went by the appearance of the crew changed. No one shaved, some just threw water on their faces. No one took his clothes off. We lived on the constant alert. Another change took place. Confidence that we would survive this ordeal grew from day to day. Ships had gone down all around us. Yet we had not even been touched. The men resumed their card games, the phonograph blared endlessly, a popular Polish tango—"Powiedz ze wroczysz"—"Tell me you'll return." The doctor vowed that at the first opportunity he would break it into bits. Even the ship's dog came out from under the bridge. This was greeted with particular joy by the crew. Now everybody was sure that no torpedo could get us.

In the days that followed we had many close calls, but always some lucky accident saved us from certain doom. On the tenth day of the attack the subs vanished as mysteriously as they had appeared. They must have run out of fuel.

Now came another stage of the journey. One which was perhaps worse than the actual

fighting. That was when we had to check up on our losses and damage done to the enemy. Our convoy had shrunk considerably. We had to be regrouped, signals had to be changed and damage repaired. What we disliked most of all was to sit inactive. Automatically thoughts and conversation would turn to what had just occurred. Mistakes were pointed out and as always we cursed at the fate that made it impossible for us to help the torpedoed ships. But orders were orders.

Watches followed one another in uninterrupted monotony. We slipped back into our everyday life. Engineer Witek again made fun of the deck officer, and the doctor began to pick on the radio-operator. The captain tried to impress upon everybody that the danger was not over.

"The Huns don't want to see anymore Polish fire." someone commented.

"Don't be so sure," Olek the doctor broke in. "Remember the last race they attacked us a day before we reached the safety zone. So you better keep a sharp look out this time." This last phrase the doctor directed at the radio-operator.

The operator was about to answer.

"All right boys, break it up," the deck officer said. He did not want to go through another of these word battles. But no subs were sighted, as the days passed uneventfully.

We were nearing our destination. Suddenly on a clear afternoon, the radio-operator reported:

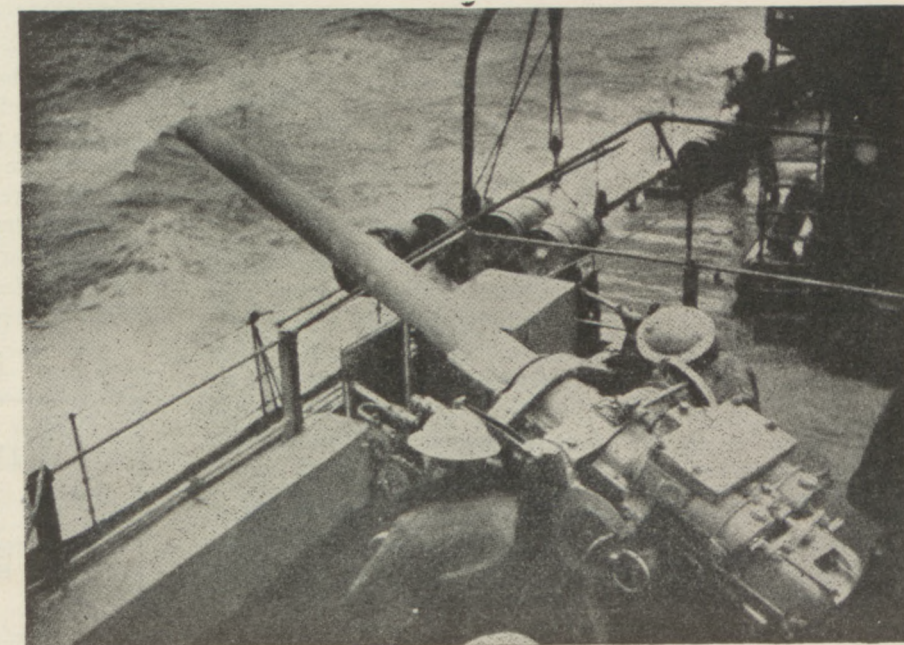
"Captain, Subs ahead. I see an Aldis flashing, but I can't decode it."

The captain trained his glasses at the flashing point. He looked for a while then slowly a smile crept on his face. Through the glasses he saw a buoy lamp bobbing in the low waves. We were nearing port.

"Tell the convoy, buoys to port," the captain answered the operator.

The operator looked as if he wanted to jump overboard. Instead, he carried out the captain's orders.

—Christina Swiniarska.



Fire!

(Continued from page 5)

To put the main problem shortly, even if it were true that during the time when the Polish State was overrun by Germany, strategic considerations dictated the occupation of Eastern Poland by the U. S. S. R., no conceivable argument can justify its retention, since apart from any question of the attitude of the Ruthenian population, it would entail the forcible suppression of at least five million Poles who are all individualists and mostly Roman Catholics, thus giving Europe a minority problem of the most serious kind—which

"THE POLISH LAND"

(Continued from page 11)

died suddenly in 1940. "In Taking Flight" was written in Warsaw after the capital had been forced to capitulate to the German invaders in September, 1939, and just before Karpinski himself, who participated in the defense of Warsaw as a soldier in the ranks, took flight from the doomed city.

This time, O native storks, when you return
To springtime verdure 'neath an azure sky,
The straw-thatched roof toward which your memories yearn
Will not be nigh. . . .

Frantic, you'll wheel and circle near,
Screaming to heaven as in baffled strife:
That once a hamlet nestled here,
Rye grew, and there was life.

Cease writing clamorous circles across the air.
Nothing is left. Grass will overgrow the site,
Earth hide it soon, with gravemound bare
And black, to match the ashes of its plight.

Fly swiftly then into the blue.
To other lands from yonder ruin flee,
To other marshes, vales and meadows new,
Where welcome waits white-winged birds and free.

And though, 'mid fair designs of foreign scene,
These meadows still nostalgic toll shall take,
Or frogs in croaking chorus make you dream,
The glowworm's flicker bitter yearning wake.

Despair not of the spring! Winged, 'twill free
Your wings unto the wind, to blow
You where the hamlet and the thatch shall be
Again, and tears of gladness flow.

"Poles who remained on the soil of their homeland during the Second World War," writes Mrs. Coleman, "found little of beauty in their lives beyond that provided by Nature herself in the changing aspects of the Polish landscape." "Now Smiles at Me," a poem, full of feeling, written in 1943 for an underground publication by a 'teen-age Polish girl, proves that despite the cruelty of German oppression Polish children are still capable of reacting to the beauty of a winter landscape.

Front Cover: Polish Commander-in-Chief,
General Kazimierz Sosnkowski, chatting with
a Polish Commando.

is just what all Europeans will desire to avoid. Now that the Soviet Union has openly renounced its desire to propagate Communism, it is to be hoped that its rulers will respect the national independence of the peoples on its western frontier. The former claim that Poles were aristocrats and anti-democratic is no longer justified, and in any case cannot apply to the five millions who are mostly peasant landholders in Eastern Poland. Poland in 1921 renounced her claims to the non-Polish parts of her former State. Surely she has the right to retain the remaining borderlands.

Now smiles at me the boundless plain,
Draped white in snowy net,
As pain and tears depart, to let
White ecstasy remain.

Each icicle gives back a smile,
Each diamond flake a flash.
The bushes even as you pass,
Smile back from garden aisle.

The azure vault of heaven too,
The house-roof deep in snow,
And every ancient, plundering crow,
Sends forth a smile at you.

Smiles, too, across each fencepost run,
The bench joins in the glee,
The frozen pond mocks fearfully:
Beware, you fickle one!

From every clod has laughter leapt,
From very earth, all lustrous white,
And hearts with ecstasy alight,
Forget they lately wept.

The translations read smoothly and are not stilted. Mrs. Coleman translated a number of the poems herself and put into verse other translations submitted, proving herself to be no mean poet.

In her foreword to "The Polish Land" Halina Rodzinska, wife of the conductor, writes: "Like the gracious yet sturdy willows that line every lane and highway of his homeland, the Pole has been in his devotion to his land: meeting the thrust of the storm wind, the slash of the hostile axe, the fire of invasion with toughness and fortitude, swaying but never breaking, his strength to resist rooted deep in the life-giving soil of the Polish land itself."

On laying down this little volume dedicated to the Polish land, one feels that a people who love their soil with such undying devotion can never die.

—HALINA CHYBOWSKA.

The Polish Review

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Odyssey of Two Polish Airmen, Shot Down Over Germany, Exchanged War Prisoners

Among the British prisoners recently repatriated from German camps were two Polish airmen, taken prisoner while flying with the R.A.F. They gave the following account of their experiences:

One of the men, Sgt. Jerzy Olszewski, aged 22, was a bombardier in a Wellington crew. Olszewski entered the airforce in Poland in 1938, served through the September campaign and after being interned in Rumania escaped to France. There he saw some more service with the airforce. Reaching Great Britain he volunteered for a bombardier course and took part in eight raids.

When over Hamburg on July 27, 1942, his plane was damaged by anti-aircraft fire. As there was prospect of reaching Great Britain, the crew determined to make for Sweden. It was a bright moonlight night. They had not flown far before they were attacked by a Junkers 88 Fighter. So effective was his aim that the rear-gunner was killed, the radio operator wounded and Olszewski hit by cannon shell.

The plane was seriously damaged and began to lose height. There was nothing for it but to make a crash landing in the sea. The plane came down about ten miles off the island Sylt and the crew was picked up by the Germans.

Olszewski was put on the edge of the German craft, his legs in the water. As one of his legs was torn and crushed, he could not crawl out of the breaking waves. Not until an hour later was he removed by the Germans to a hospital. Gangrene set in and the leg had to be amputated. He was unconscious for three days. The crew were held on Sylt for 17 days and after slight medical attention

transferred to a "Dulag" (transfer camp) where they were imprisoned in separate cells.

Olszewski was there for seven months.

Later Olszewski was transferred to Obermassfeld near Leipzig. In his removal from prison to prison he met some Polish prisoners who had been taken in France. They were treated the same as the French. They had a very hard time, could not contact their people in Poland and did not receive any food parcels from France since they had no relations or friends there.

They learned of Gen. Sikorski's death from a communique issued in the camp by the Germans which stated that after the catastrophe the Polish army was left without a leader. Olszewski was put down on the list of prisoners to be exchanged, as a Royal Air Force airman, incapable of further fighting. His greatest desire was to visit his squadron and to see his father.

The other prisoner Sgt. Wladyslaw Kazimierzczak is 24. He has been with the Air Force since 1938, fought as pilot in the September campaign in Poland. He escaped from an internment camp in Latvia and made his way to France via Sweden, Denmark, Holland and Belgium, then he came to Great Britain. After training he was posted to a bomber-squadron and took part in 28 raids.

He was taken prisoner on November 25th, 1942. On that day he had started out with a Wellington to bomb Essen by day. He was First Pilot. His plane was hit and he was wounded. He tried to land in an open small field. Kazimierzczak lost consciousness.

He learned later that the Polish bomber had landed in the midst of a German camp. Several huts had caught fire from the plane and

burnt down. When Kazimierzczak came to he was in an ambulance, his navigator, bombardier and radio-operator were lying next to him.

Kazimierzczak's leg was amputated. After removal from Amsterdam the Poles were eventually put down for exchange as incapable of further action.

The Germans' attitude towards them as Royal Air Force men was fairly decent and improved with the increase of allied victories. In Germany one can sense defeatism which has taken hold of the whole population including army. People are held in check by terror.

In Hanover and Duesseldorf, Germans have been shot for spreading defeatist news. The majority of Germans no longer believe in victory. Morale is best among young people, especially party members.

Kazimierzczak related an incident which took place during the search of prisoners' things for maps and compasses. Thousands of cigarettes were found of which there is a great scarcity in Germany. On the black market or in private exchange they cost one mark a piece. German guards remarked they were sorry they were not prisoners. British and Polish prisoners got on extremely well together. British prisoners who have been in camps in Poland spoke most highly of the kindness and help shown them by Polish people. The prisoners knew about the Royal Air Force raids. Even Germans spoke about them.

In a camp near Cassel alerts were heard almost every night from nearby towns. On their way to Great Britain the repatriated prisoners saw traces of bombing and comrades who had passed through Berlin told Kazimierzczak that destruction there was enormous. They met many Poles deported from Poland for forced

labor in the Reich who told them that with increased influx of German refugees from bombing into Poland, deportations had increased enormously. The Germans seized even the quietest and most peaceful Poles, giving them literally only five minutes to collect their things. Their lot in Germany is very hard.

Before returning to Great Britain the prisoners were examined by a medical commission of Swiss and German doctors, then by British doctors who were sent around the prison camp every now and then. Prisoners were transported through Germany in special trains, then shipped across the Baltic to Sweden. In the Swedish port, both Polish airmen were given cordial welcome by the Polish Consul who had specially come from Stockholm.

When they had all boarded the special ships they were given a Swedish cruiser as escort to pilot them outside the territorial waters. The cruiser escort said farewell with the signal "You are free." From there on they were escorted by British cruisers.

Besides the two Polish airmen who were repatriated a third sergeant, an American Pole, Sgt. F. Bartnicki from Pittsburgh, member of a Flying Fortress was exchanged. He had been shot down on his second flight over Germany. Bartnicki was born in Pittsburgh, his family is there. He is a flight engineer. He had suffered injuries to his spine and was sent back to Britain together with the Polish airmen. On taking his leave of our airmen he said that he was going straight back to America as instructor in an American flying and training school.

Kazimierzczak, like his comrade Olszewski, does not consider himself disabled. He wants to return to duty even as instructor, for he still has sound hands and a sound head.

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by political representatives. Poland will be democratic, as she already is today in the underground during this period of bloody struggle and as she has determined to be when peace comes. The very dates indicate that the intention of founding the future Poland on the people's will, to be expressed through elections to be held after the cessation of hostilities is not for us Poles a piece of opportunism and has not been formulated simply because it happens to suit somebody today.

"None of the views now fashionable existed at the time when, immediately after the dissolution of the Sejm and the Senate, the Polish national Council was formed, its composition, like that of the Government of national unity, being arranged as a mirror of political representation in Poland which was composed of the organized political forces of the vast majority of the nation.

"Therefore nobody has the right to accuse us of using fashionable opportunist slogans. Both Poland and we who are here, repose full trust in our Allies, with whom we are linked by formal and moral obligations. They reciprocate this, at times holding up Poland as an example.

"This also affects Poles in exile. So much Polish energy is often wasted in mutual efforts to give conviction where conviction is not needed, so many rumors are launched simply to force a reply from somebody, or to serve personal ambition, that it would really be worthwhile to decide whether the game is worth the candle.

"We who bear the weight of responsibility do not work for our own personal ambition or comfort, we who bear on high the standard of the Republic have the right—conscious of having done our duty to our country and done it well—to demand from all without exception discipline and a sense of responsibility.

"All will have to give account of themselves to Poland. This should never be forgotten. Impunity here does not mean impunity always, especially if that impunity were to bring harm to the Polish cause!

"On the threshold of the New Year in which we shall be called upon to stand the final test of this war, in which there are still many clouds veiling the brightness of the rising sun of victory, in which the thanks to the devotion and heroism displayed by Poland, her soldiers and sailors and airmen, her name shines untarnished, we need determination, social discipline, self-denial, devotion, readiness to sacrifice one's self in the service of Poland and of her future.

"I am convinced, Mr. President, in presenting you with our good wishes, that in the final moments of the severest fighting, all citizens of the Republic will stand the test as they have always done in misfortune, and will fulfill their duties worthily wherever the fortunes of war have cast them. Thus shall we contribute to the ultimate liberation of our country and to forging bonds with other nations so that the coming peace will bring that happiness, freedom and liberty our tortured and crushed nation so richly deserves."

Raczkiewicz's New Year's Broadcast to Poland

"The year that has just ended brought great changes in the war situation and in the relationships between the United Nations who today are marching towards certain victory! The achievements of the Allies in the field of production during the past years have been enormous, and still continue to increase, as are growing in number the human forces fighting on all fronts.

"In the coming year, the German Reich will fall beneath the ever tightening iron grip of allied fronts, and will experience a shower of fierce blows. Disorder already reigns in the States collaborating with Germany.

"As for us, we are paying our tribute of blood, and we have been doing so from the very beginning of the war. From the very beginning of the war we have been in the struggle. Our air force and navy have been fighting without respite. I hear from the Commander-in-Chief, who is just back from the Middle East, that our forces there are ready for the battle, into which they will soon enter, thus maintaining that continuity of sacrifice and effort which steadily increases our contribution to the war.

"The path we follow in this war is a straight path. From the very start we have been fighting for our nation's existence, our State's integrity, and for a better life in a better organized and safer world! Surely we need not be ashamed that we have yielded nothing.

"We have never indulged in any underhand politics, either at home or abroad. We have never adopted a temporary policy of survival or hibernation. We have nothing to hide, nothing to keep under cover. Our plans and intentions are known to the whole world. They found expression in our government's declarations. We have always wanted and we want to live in harmony with our neighbors, and we hope that the great Anglo-Saxon democracies will make a decisive contribution to the building of Europe's

and the world's future. In common with other nations we believe that if Great Britain and the United States play their part, peace and justice will receive their best guarantee.

"The world today is full of ideals, schemes are being born, plans are being made. We trust that the new world will be built on those age-old values and foundations that will remain in Europe, despite our enemy's efforts to destroy them. Much is said today about the factor of force. Power should not be the only decisive element of policy, but should be placed at the service of justice. Unless it serves a great creative ideal, power becomes destructive.

"Search is still being made for a formula on which the collaboration of nations could be based, for a code of laws and a common language! The path will not be smooth nor easy, and only those nations will be able to follow it that in the last stages of the war can summon the greatest effort of will and thought.

"On the first of September, 1939, our nation took first place in the ranks of those who defend the freedom of nations and of men! Though overwhelmed by the armed might of the enemy, the Polish nation continues to fight on at the cost of casualties that at times are greater not only proportionately but in actual number, than those of our allies on the field of battle. This fight is carried on at the cost of physical and moral suffering without a parallel in history. It is not fought in vain, but constitutes our great contribution to the present war!

"Overt or clandestine enemies, sometimes even short-sighted friends, qualify our uncompromising and sacrificial loyalty to the noblest ideals of humanity, as a lack of practical realism. It was that apparent lack of realism, said to be our national shortcoming, that filled the most glorious pages of our history and enabled us to survive the greatest trials."