

14/15

Cassolone
Billi



the POLISH REVIEW

Sorecka-Sagan



Resurrecturis

The hopes the world deems idle dreams,
 Oh! make them real,—
 In justice, faith,—
 To see and feel;
 Which, like a probe that deeply darts,
 Sinks in men's hearts.

When the third day shall dawn
 O'er Thy agony, on
 Thy martyrdom's white tomb,—
 At last the boon shall bloom
 For nations,—undefiled,—
 JUSTICE,—God's own fair child.

—ZYGMUNT KRASINSKI (1812-1859).

**May the Resurrection of Our Savior
 Herald Poland's Rebirth**

RESURRECTION

by JOSEPH P. JUNOSZA

IN the course of her tragic and heroic history, Poland has time and again been compared to Christ who was crucified between two thieves and died for mankind but arose again from the dead after three days to save those who had crucified him. Poland has also been compared to Christ who on his Way of the Cross fell thrice, only to rise as many times, just as Poland torn asunder by three partitions, rose up in three insurrections on her way of martyrdom to the cross of her fourth partition from which she shall be resurrected, to live forever free and independent!

Christ's resurrection combined with the idea of Poland's messianic destiny gave birth to many legends which went a long way toward keeping alive the faith of the Poles in the immortality and the mission of the Polish nation.

For centuries the Poles had stood guard over Western civilization and Christianity, and had championed the idea of freedom the world over. For their love of liberty they paid with their own bondage, partitioned as they were between three alien, autocratic powers. For their love of liberty and their unwillingness to compromise with the enemy they are now paying with the lives of millions murdered by the Germans, and of hundreds of thousands dying in the icy wastelands of the North.

Prolonged servitude and their unswerving struggling against the foe, bred in the Poles a deep aversion to compromise. Despite repeated German efforts, not a single Pole has been found in Poland to play the ignominious part of a Hacha, a Quisling, or a Laval. A pitifully small group of opportunists, utterly unknown in Poland and strangers to her spirit, now cooperating with Eastern imperialism, constitutes an exception that proves the rule.

The Poles have fought, are fighting now and will continue to fight to the last breath against foreign aggression.

By their valor three Polish armies—one underground in Poland and two others outside of Poland—are giving proof of their indomitable will to fight. The heroism of Polish troops in 1939 won the respect of their very enemy, as shown by German reports that the Polish campaign was the hardest of all in the present war. The deeds of Polish divisions in France, the storming of Narvik, the defense of Tobruk, the affair at El Gazala, the Battle of Britain, the Battle of the Atlantic, the fighting now by Polish divisions in Italy have spread the fame of Poland's armies throughout the world.

And what of Poland under German occupation? A score of German divisions and 50,000 Gestapo have been unable to subdue the unbending people. The underground army in Poland wages all-out war by armed attack on German convoys going to the Eastern front, by industrial sabotage, by executing death sentences on ruthless German murderers, by heroically defending the ghettos of Warsaw and Bialystok, by operations of armed guerilla bands in woods and mountain hide-outs, by an underground press, by secret propaganda, by passive resistance on the part of the entire



Resurrection.

Woodcut by K. Wiszniewski.

population of Poland.

Millions of Poles dispersed throughout the world, are united in spirit with their mother country and with the other nations fighting for their own freedom and for the freedom of the world.

This year's Feast of the Resurrection, the fifth consecutive Easter under German terror, kindles our hopes in God's justice on earth, gives us faith in the sanctity of pacts and the inviolability of treaties.

Poland, first of the United Nations to take up arms to resist aggression will be the last to leave the field of battle.

“EASTER—IN BLOOD AND TOIL”

by ZYGMUNT NARSKI

THE fifth Easter of war. For Poland the fifth year of German terror. For Poles a fifth Easter in German concentration camps, in unswerving resistance on the home front, in fighting the enemy in the Underground Army, and with Allied armed forces abroad.

On the day of Christ's resurrection, the entire Polish nation unites in prayers for peace, for the rebirth of a free and independent Poland. For that Polish fliers, seamen and soldiers fight and die, for that the Polish Underground stints no sacrifice, for that the prisoners of war and civilians withstand the torments of German frightfulness. Here are three thumbnail sketches of how Poles celebrate war time Easter in the Polish navy, in the air force and in prisoner-of-war camps.

* * *

AT A POLISH AIR FORCE STATION:

It was noisy and gay in our pilots' barracks on the Saturday before Easter. I had received a beautifully colored egg from my family in London, in view of rationing a great sacrifice on their part. It was a beautiful azure blue, my favorite color. Memories of Poland crowded on me, but this was war and no time for sentiment. The job must be done first.

As I sat in the mess room staring dreamily at my boot, our commander entered. His face was set and we guessed that an important task awaited us. He placed the map of Northern France on the table and gave us the necessary instructions. A raid. I quickly placed my Easter egg inside my jacket and walked up to the group forming around the Squadron Commander.

We were to fly at 22,000 feet. The second squadron above us, and the third higher still. The French coast was to be crossed five miles south of B., after which we would make a semi-circle to the East. Enemy craft to be attacked and destroyed.

"Start in 15 minutes," were his final words.

After he finished the hum of voices rose again. In fifteen minutes we were in our planes. Every pilot was checking up his instruments, radio and other apparatus. At a signal from the commander our planes moved up to the start. Another signal, we stepped on the gas and in a minute we were in the air.

Our course was due South. The scenery became indistinct, fading



Regimental Commander sharing an Easter egg with his soldiers.

into a patched carpet. London, obscured by fog, looked like a huge black mushroom.

Soon the French coast appeared below us. We went into battle formation, opening the gun safety locks and preparing for action. The weather was fine, with only a few low clouds hanging below us. We crossed the coast below B. and turned left into the interior of France. A sharp look out was kept for the enemy. We must not let them surprise us, that is the first rule for all fighters.

Almost simultaneously we saw tiny objects moving in our direction. They grew larger and soon we could identify them as Messerschmitts. They evidently thought we had not noticed them, because they were maneuvering to attack us from the sun.

"Hello, wasps!" the commander's voice came over the radio. "Hello, wasps, we attack on the right and downward!"

Our planes made a quick turn and dove at the Germans. The Messerschmitts broke formation but too late. We were already on their necks.

My Messerschmitt took a right turn and was escaping deep into France. He was heading for the clouds. Near him flew another Messerschmitt. This one was shot down by my neighbor, and I followed my quarry at full speed. I had to get him before he reached safety in the cloud. My speedometer was well above 400 miles, and the Messerschmitt grew larger and larger, as I came closer and closer.



Easter worship of Polish fliers at an altar improvised in a hangar.

Calmly I set my sight on the enemy. A moment longer and then my machine guns spit a long series into the steel grey hull.

A second, then the first white trail of smoke appeared from the enemy plane and soon the whole ship was exuding a heavy black screen. I lost sight of him in the clouds. A second Messerschmitt was approaching me. Looking around I found I was alone. The best bet was to dive into the clouds and try to reach the French coast.

Near B., I noticed an enemy airdrome directly below with a number of planes on the ground. The temptation was too great, I dove at full speed and pulled up close to the ground, firing the remainder of my ammunition into the open doors of the hangar. As I was leaving the coast, the shore batteries fired at me. They did not hit me, I was traveling too fast. It really was a close shave.

Getting out of the ack ack, I set a course for England.

Upon landing, the mechanics rushed out to take the plane over.

"Well, how was hunting today?"

In answer I raised my thumb, "I probably got one."

"Not bad."

The mechanics then began to work on my plane. Within a few minutes my Spitfire stood ready for the next flight.

In the meanwhile the rest of the planes landed. Our squadron had shot down seven Messerschmitts, one of which was mine. But we also lost one of our pilots. He was shot down over Germany. It was then I thought of the egg. I felt for it in my pocket, it was intact.

Next morning I shared it with my friends. Our one wish was that Poland be free again and that we could in some measure contribute to bringing her back to freedom and independence.

* * *

EASTER FOR POLISH SEAMEN IN THE NORTH ATLANTIC:

"Subs to port—all hands on deck!" The ship became alive with scuffling feet. There below in the engine room, the voice boomed above the smooth and rhythmical revolutions of the machine cogs.

"Stand by down below: Subs to port!"

No commotion here. The machinery purred smoothly, soothing our nerves. Soon gunfire was heard. We were shooting. The ship rose as the waters surged up under the impact of depth charges. There were no more commands from above, evidently the U-boats were keeping their distance.

"Cut speed!" Half naked bodies turned knobs, pushed levers, and the motors began to turn slower and lower. Suddenly the ship shot up, and at the same time a boom tore the entrails of the ocean.

"Hold tight, Jurek!" Wacek shouted. Too late. Jurek had already been hurled to the floor.

"What's the matter with you.

Can't you stand on your feet, you landlubber?" Wacek laughed when he noticed that Jurek was not hurt.

The ship was turning slowly. Then a command barked down.

"Full speed, and hurry!"

Sinewy muscles bulged and strained, bodies bent. Blackened hands gripped wheels as the motor shot into a crescendo. Sweat began to pour freely as the tension grew. The whole ship shook as the guns fired and depth charges were launched. Jurek had a big bump on his forehead.

"Nice Easter egg you've got there. Want me to paint it? We could share it tomorrow with the crew." Wacek shouted above the clatter of the engines.

"Cut down revs to—" the tube blared. More detonations of close explosions shook the ship. Water pounded on the deck. The smooth hum of the wheels, the gunfire, the explosion of charges, the rumble of the water above, fused into a symphony of sounds. The electric bulbs, the shining machinery, the glistening bodies worked in plastic and colorful harmony. The ship shook, dipped and shot up, the voice from the bridge blared down: "Speed to—revolutions—Give her more juice—hold tight—we're getting close!" Then "We've got one. Good work there below. No slow down, the fog is getting denser."

These phrases linked us with the upper deck. The whole ship worked like the beautiful piece of machinery it was, as below deck commands were translated into action.

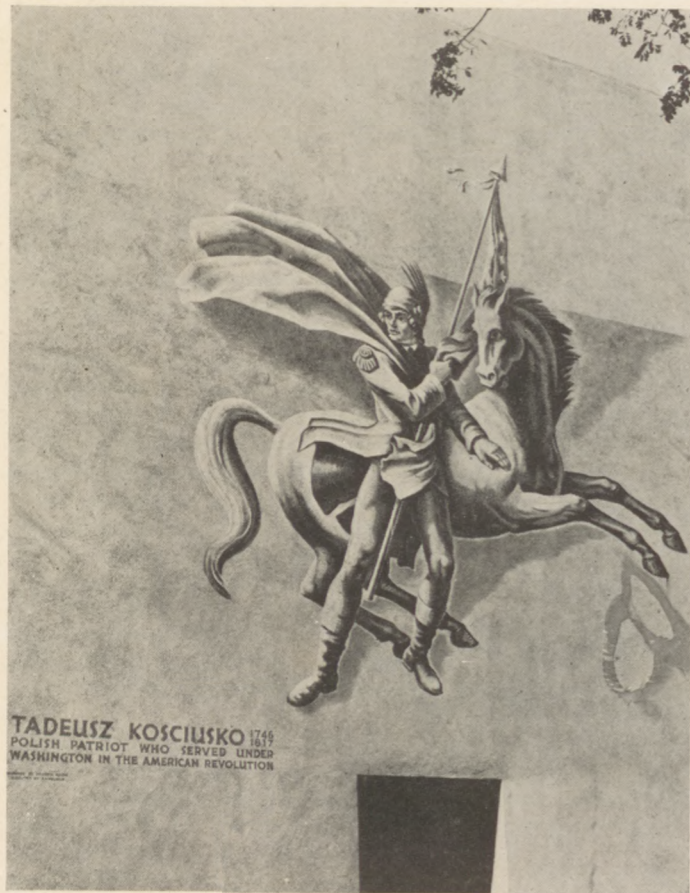
So far our convoy had been unusually lucky, but luck can-

(Please turn to page 18)



"We shall have a Polish Easter—with eggs!"

MAUNDY THURSDAY IN WARSAW 150 YEARS AGO



Mural from the Cycle "Heroes of the American Revolution" at the New York World's Fair, 1939-1940.

THE routing of the Russians by Kosciuszko and his peasant troops at Raclawice on April 4, 1794, changed the Polish insurrection from a local uprising into a general national upheaval and gained the support of the whole Polish army. The echo of the battle evoked enthusiasm in Warsaw among the soldiers and the civil population, as manifested in a revolutionary outbreak on April 17 and 18.

For weeks the preparation for the rising in Warsaw had been stealthily carried forward. The Warsaw conspiracy, crushed at the beginning of March, had been revived—at the end of the same month by a young lawyer, Thomas Maruszewski, the son of a townsman.

When the welcome news of Kosciuszko's victory reached Warsaw, the Russian garrison there numbered 7,500, with an additional 1,650 Prussians stationed nearby. The Polish garrison had only 3,500 soldiers. But Warsaw, having at that time a normal population of 100,000, had for two years been flooded with newcomers ejected from their homes by the war or deprived of normal means of livelihood. The town was crowded with a boisterous mass of artisans, many independent workmen and a large element of minor gentry, poor but exuberant. To these were added discharged Polish soldiers. Economic ruin contributed to a revolutionary atmosphere.

This was heightened by placards put up mysteriously on the walls of Warsaw, calling upon the Poles to rise. Patriotic writings were scattered broadcast, patriotic articles printed in Polish papers in spite of the rigorous Russian censorship. In the theatres plays were acted whose double meanings, inaccessible to the many Russians in the audience, were fiery appeals to Polish

Halleluia! Halleluia! Halleluia!

Easter bells rang out and human hearts, fired by victory, sang and with them sang all nature fulfilled of signs and wonders. Easter was as a gate, through which Princess Spring entered into the world, clad in solar rays and girdled with green. The sunny miracle of resurrection was becoming real. A new reign was proclaiming itself over the world. The golden censer of the sun sowed radiance, fragrance and might. The sky spread out in a gleaming tent of cornflowers, wafted by a sweet, caressing wind. The trees sang hymns with clouds of fresh verdure. The birds twittered their joy. Warsaw thrilled with happiness. All voices were lifted up in gladness. The streets were thronged and bustling. Every living soul went out into the city, wished to see for himself the scene of fighting, wished to fill his heart with the echoes of victory and to honor the heroes.

Signs of battle could be seen at every step: Blood spattered walls, smoking houses, smashed windows, falling walls, shattered weapons and large patches over which yellow sand had been thrown—all told of murderous combat.

But the enemy was defeated! The Insurrection had triumphed! Warsaw was free! Thus reassured himself more than one of the thousands who with their swords, their rifles slung over their shoulders, girdled with cartridge belts, and wearing fantastic feathered headgear, with a wife and children by their side, swarmed from early morning over the city, pointing proudly to the sites of their ascendancy.

Multitudinous and pious pilgrimages took place to the ruins of Igelstrom's Palace, to the arsenal, to homes at the corner of Miodowa Street and to Holy Cross Church. For hours the crowds pressed there in prayerful concentration and silence devout.

—WŁADYSŁAW REYMONT in "The Year 1794."

patriotism. Just before the uprising, the beloved actor and dramatist Boguslawski, presented a play that has ever since been linked with the Warsaw rising: "Krakowiacy i Górale" (The Cracovians and the Highlanders). Here is an eyewitness account by a foreigner who worked in the Russian chancellery (Seume) describing the effect produced by this play:

"At this dangerous time the presenting of a play entitled "Krakowiacy i Górale" fired even more the already inflamed minds. It is a national play, composed with great talent and skill, having as its theme a quarrel between Cracow peasants. The Russian ambassador objected to its presentation, but When Marshal Moszynski assured him there was nothing



Street Fighting in Warsaw, 1794. By J. P. Norblin

subversive about it, he granted his permission. The play's author, Boguslawski, toying with human passions and as fine a patriot as he is an actor, revealed his great talent in the play and even more so in his acting. It is a mixture of drama, vaudeville and ballet, very ingeniously knitted into a whole. Stirring music consists partly of national songs and partly of selections from the better foreign operas. One would be insensitive not to be carried away by the universal ardor. I myself saw two performances and I must confess that never did a play make a deeper or stronger impression upon me. The play is not a political one—but it is patriotic. Some of the actors had an understanding, because at a given applause they sang variants that soon displaced the real text and were repeated with great enthusiasm. These new versions spread among the people like wildfire so that in no time the Cracow wedding was sung all over Warsaw. Even Russian bands played the favorite arias from this operetta. Finally the Ambassador realized what was going on and issued an order immediately forbidding further performances. But the play had been performed *three times* already, which had sufficed to move minds. At first an ominous murmur was heard among the public and later pasquinades and even threats began to be circulated."

Igelstrom, Catherine II's plenipotentiary in Warsaw, had conceived the plan of having Russian soldiers surround the churches on Holy Saturday, at the moment of the Resurrection Service, of disarming what was left of the Polish army in the town, and taking over the arsenal. However, the secret was let out by a Russian officer and Jan Kilinski, a Warsaw shoemaker and ardent patriot who was very popular among the townsmen, led the Polish populace in an armed rising against the Russians at daybreak of Maundy Thursday. Two days of terrible street fighting ensued, in which Kilinski was seen at every spot where the fire was hottest. Literally every inch of ground became a battlefield and blood flowed freely on Warsaw's pavements. For two days the Poles fought the Russians for the arsenal and the Prussians for the powder magazine; they also attacked the Embassy, where Igelstrom had several battalions, and tried to destroy the Russian detachments that had been cut off. The townsfolk, numbering some 10,000 fighters, caused heavy losses to the Russians by rifle fire from windows and roofs while swarms of



Maundy Thursday in Warsaw, 1794.

By Aleksander Orłowski

insurgents resolutely attacked Russian detachments and buildings occupied by them.

"Dusk was falling, night was on its way—writes Seume—and the shooting showed no sign of abating. The nearby and distant thunder of the cannon, resounding in the streets, the racket of the accompanying rifle fire, the dismal rolling of the drums, the tolling of the bells calling on the people to attack, the whistling of bullets, the howling of dogs, the clash of swords, the wild "Hurrahs" of the insurgents, the quiet groans of the wounded and dying—such is the horrible picture of that bright and awful night."

On Good Friday, Igelstrom with a handful of soldiers succeeded in forcing his way to the Prussians outside the city, while part of the Russian garrison retreated in the opposite direction. More than 3,000 Russians survived but at least 4,400 were killed or made prisoner. The insurgents took 28 pieces of cannon, losing 1,000 soldiers, killed or wounded, and some 2,000 civilians.

When the morning of Holy Saturday broke, the Russians were out of the capital of Poland, and all the Easter bells in Warsaw pealed forth the tidings of what proved to be the greatest Polish victory of the Insurrection of 1794. On the same day the citizens of Warsaw signed the Act of the Rising and took the oath of allegiance to Kosciuszko. On Easter Sunday the Cathedral rang to the strains of the Te Deum, in the presence of the Polish King, Stanislaw August. The news was brought to Kosciuszko's camp in hot haste and a solemn Mass of Thanksgiving was celebrated.



Igelstrom's headquarters destroyed by Polish insurgents, 1794.

Contemporary drawing

TRADITIONAL POLISH EASTER

by FRANCES MORREL



winter.

For five years now the Poles have not been wishing each other "Happy Alleluia" as was their wont before tragedy befell their land. If ever any nation has become identified in its suffering with the Lord's Passion, that nation is Poland. As yet, Poland is still crucified. But she is looking to her resurrection and to the time when she may again be free to observe her traditional Easter customs.

Polish Easter customs are many and often vary from one region to another. In all Poland, however, the first thought of Easter occurs on Ash Wednesday, which marks the beginning of Lent. On that day young willow twigs are cut and placed in water so that they may sprout "pussies" on Palm or Willow Sunday. During the weeks of long wintry evenings, followed by mild fasting and absence of merry-making, many are the semi-pagan, semi-religious Easter legends, tales and stories told by the old folks to the family gathered round a stove or crackling fire.

At long last, it is Palm Sunday. The faithful take their "palms" to be blessed and Holy Week has begun. The blessed pussy willows are regarded as a symbol of happiness, prosperity and health. They have always been so regarded. The 16th century poet, Mikolaj Rey, declared that "who does not swallow a 'pussy' on Palm Sunday, will not achieve salvation." In some localities it is customary to visit neighbors and playfully strike them with unblessed willow twigs, saying,

"The willow strikes you—I do not.
In a week—the great week.
In six days—Easter Day."

The week between Palm Sunday and Easter is a busy one indeed. It is a time of spring house-cleaning, church-going, fasting and general preparations for *Wielkanoc*, or the Great Night, as Easter is called in Polish.

In all Polish churches, a replica of the Body of Christ is laid in the sepulchre and covered with flowers on Maundy Thursday. People come to worship at His tomb. They are not summoned by church bells for these remain silent until the day of Resurrection.

Not so long ago in some sections of Poland boys dressed as soldiers would drape black cloth around a straw effigy of Judas and carry it to church. After the service they would go to the cemetery, where amid shouts and laughter they beat

In the affections of the Polish people, Easter is rivalled only by the Christmas season. Originally a pagan holiday celebrating the passing of winter and the arrival of spring, it became, with the advent of Christianity, a fascinating combination of pagan and Christian symbolism. For, in the pageantry of Easter are welded the commemoration of the Lord's Resurrection marking the victory of spirit over matter, and the celebration of the triumph of life-giving spring over sleeping

Judas with sticks and wooden swords. They then placed the effigy in a wheelbarrow, took it to the parish house and the manor, raining blows upon Judas all the way. Finally the villain was drowned in a river or burned at the stake.

Although Poles eat nothing except roast potatoes and un-buttered bread from Good Friday to Easter Sunday, there is plenty of baking and cooking going on. For the *Swiecone* or hallow-fare must be ready by Saturday to take to church for blessing or be laid out on a large table covered with snow white linen to await the visit of the priest.

Tradition decrees that the hallow-fare must include certain symbolic foods. In the center stands the *Agnus Dei*, or Lamb of God, fashioned from butter or sugar, Poland's red and white flag waving at its side. Arranged around it and decorated with colored paper cut-outs and festoons of green are elaborate Easter pastry, cheese, coils of sausage, hams, suckling pigs and piles of painted hard-boiled eggs.

The Easter feast is as sumptuous as the family purse permits, for Poles will go to great lengths to prepare the right kind of hallow-fare. Their imaginations are stirred by the descriptions of Easter feasts in old Poland that read like a page out of the "Arabian Nights." Here is a particularly famous contemporary report of the Easter feast given in Dereczyn in 1630 by Voivode Prince Sapieha:

"In the center of the board, was a lamb, the *Agnus Dei*, made wholly with pistachios, with a banner. This delicacy was given only to the ladies, senators, dignitaries and clergy. At the corners stood four huge boars, one for each season. These boars were stuffed with pork meat, hams, sausages and suckling pigs. The chef gave proof of his high skill in roasting the boars so that they and their contents were perfectly cooked. Then there were twelve deer, also roasted whole, with gilded antlers, much admired. They were stuffed with game, hare, black-cock, bustard and grouse. These deer stood for the 12 months. All around, 52 very long cakes, one for each week in the year, was very wonderful Easter pastry, adorned with candied fruits from the Orient. Then 365 *babas*, as many as there are days in the year. Each was adorned with Latin maxims that many a guest only read, and could not bring himself to eat. To wash down this generous fare, four golden goblets pictured the four seasons of the year. They were filled with wine, 100 years old. Twelve silver pitchers with wine 80 years old, symbolized the months. Fifty-two kegs, also of silver, honored the 52 weeks. They contained wine from Cyprus, Spain and Italy. And in addition, 365 jugs with Hungarian wine, one for each day in the year. The attendants at the feast were not forgotten. For them were provided 8,760 quarts of honey-mead, as many as there are hours in a year."

No Polish Easter would be complete without the gaily decorated Easter eggs. The egg, symbol of life in embryo, was a favorite offering in pagan days to the souls of the departed and to the forces of nature. Christianity gave the egg new meaning—a symbol of faith in the hereafter and of the resurrection of the body.

Popular legend has devised countless explanations for the origin of colored eggs. One version has it that an angel appeared to Mary Magdalen at Christ's grave and told her she need no longer weep as Christ had risen from the dead. Overjoyed, she ran home and found the eggs in her room had turned lovely colors. Whereupon, she went into the street and presented them to the Apostles, in whose hands the eggs became birds.

During the days preceding Holy Saturday, Polish peasants vied with one another in the artistic decoration of hard-boiled eggs. As there were so many different techniques and so

many natural born artists, rarely were any two eggs exactly alike. Some were merely dyed in solid color—*malowanki*, *kraszanski*, or *byczki*. Others after being colored had outlines of birds, flowers and animals scratched on their surface—*skjobanki* or *rysozanki*. Still others were batiked, etched in artistic design and then dipped in coloring fluids—*pisan-ki*. Easter eggs are shared with friends and best wishes are exchanged, much as the unleavened wafer is shared at Christmas time.

Easter Sunday is not a day of visiting. The entire family partakes of the hallow-fare upon its return from the joyous Resurrection Service and remains at home.

But no such restrictions apply to Easter Monday, a holiday no less festive than Easter Sunday. On that day a round of visiting begins that does not properly come to an end until the following Sunday, called *Przewodnia*, or leading out of the holiday.

Easter Monday is popularly known as *dyngus* or *smigus*. On this day the young men in the villages throw water at any girl foolhardy enough to venture outside. The extent of the wetting depends on the village. It ranges from a mere sprinkling to a drenching or even ducking in a stream. In the cities water is frequently replaced by perfume, sprayed on a girl at an unexpected moment. Scholars disagree as to the origin of this unique custom. Some claim it dates back to the 10th century when Poland adopted Christianity and mass christenings in a lake or river were practiced. Others believe it is a reminder of the days when the early Christians gathered in the streets of Jerusalem to discuss the Resurrection, and Jews tried to disperse the crowds by throwing water at them. Still others feel the custom may have come from India where the sacred waters of the Ganges have long been a public shrine.

Another Easter Monday custom prevalent in some parts of Poland is walking around with the *kurek* or cock. Kidnapping a fine live specimen of the rooster persuasion, or fashioning one out of wood, clay or rags, village boys place him in a brightly colored two-wheel cart and go from home to home singing songs at the end of which they ask for a *dyngus* or donation. This is usually an egg or two, and a tasty piece of Easter cake. The custom is probably a relic of the days when the cock was held to be a bird dedicated to the gods or the evil spirits and was in some way linked with sun and moon mythology.

Just outside Cracow is a tremendous earthen mound erected by the people of that city in honor of the legendary savior of Cracow, Prince Krak. A ceremony takes place on its summit every Easter Monday with little change in all the centuries it has been practiced. The greatest Easter attraction in Cracow, it is called the *Rekawka*, derived from the word

reka, meaning hand, and doubtless referring to the fact that the funeral mound was built by hand. People from all walks of life participate in this curious rite—the casting into space of bread, apples, painted eggs, toys, balloons, etc. The ceremony probably has some connection with the idea of reborn nature, for the pagan Slavs observed their All Souls Day in the spring and held feasts on their funeral mounds leaving the scraps to the poor and the souls of the departed.

In some sections the custom is still preserved of village boys or girls going through the village singing and carrying the *gaik*, *maik*, or new spring—a beribboned green branch adorned with flowers, apples, gold and silver braid and sometimes bird feathers. Often a rag doll or two—once a symbol of the dead—are added to the decorations.

Easter week is also a time for spring excursions into the country. The freshly turned earth and budding trees are hard to resist and as every Pole is at heart a lover of the soil, it is not difficult for him to find an excuse for his first long hike.

Poland is an agricultural country. Thus, the Polish peasant, whose life is so closely bound to the soil and nature, has stored up a stock of rules and superstitions for guidance in sowing, planting and harvesting. Because the people of the soil are poets at heart, they have expressed their common sense prescriptions in succinct proverb form—usually a rhymed couplet. There are hundreds of such couplets bearing on all seasons of the year. Easter, too, comes in for its share, because coinciding as it does with the resurrection of nature, it is an important period in farming.

Here are examples of the distilled wisdom of generations of Polish peasant farmers:

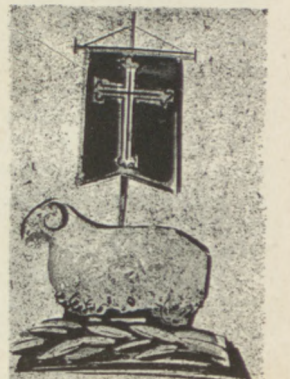
"Who sows on Good Friday, laughs at harvest time." "A fair Easter day helps the beans grow." "If Good Friday comes with dew, be generous in sowing millet. And if Good Friday comes with frost, place the millet in the granary." "Fair weather on Easter Sunday augurs a plentiful harvest." "In the days of the Cross. God did suffer, refrain if you can from sowing wheat." "Warm showers in April augur a fair autumn."

However, in the original Polish these proverbs are in reality little poems like the following:

"If the Sunday of his Passion
Comes to us with rain,
Will fail to get his grain."



15th century collection, National Museum in Cracow
In old Poland on Palm Sunday a figure of Christ on an ass was led through the village.



POLISH STAINED GLASS IN ALL ITS SPLENDOR

by DR. IRENA PIOTROWSKA



Coronation of the Virgin. Stained glass. Church of Our Lady in Cracow. Second half of 14th century.

STAINED glass reached the height of its perfection during the early Gothic period in France. From there the art came to Poland directly and indirectly, mainly through Bohemia. But the many wars Poland had to fight caused more ravages in Poland than in any other Western country and few samples of Polish stained glass of the Middle Ages have been preserved.

The most important stained glass in Poland are three windows in the Church of Our Lady in Cracow, dating from the second half of the 14th century. They

consist of various scenes from the Old and New Testaments in medallion-like compositions of which one hundred and fifteen were in existence before the war. Each presenting some holy scene, set in a Gothic ornament, forms a separate glass composition being a transparent mosaic of small pieces of colored glass held together by lead. Painting on glass is used with extreme restraint and applied only in cistre brown to bring out details of faces and hands and certain shadings. This use of brown paint, although necessary, is unimportant and does not affect the artistic beauty of the stained glass. The wonderful deep glow of the colored glass, its harmony and rhythm, its contrasts and repetition, the grouping of the medallions and the decorative effect of the lead outlines are truly remarkable.

Other stained glass preserved in Poland, is in the same style, the best known being the windows of the Dominican Church and the Church of Corpus Christi in Cracow.

The art of stained glass began to decline during the Renaissance, which had no understanding of the mysticism of shaded Gothic interiors produced by the refracted light of medieval glass windows. With the lack of feeling for the spiritual qualities of stained glass, came a lack of interest in its complicated technique. More and more plain glass panes were used in the windows, and when colored windows were desired, artists were employed merely to paint holy scenes and ornamental patterns on the uncolored glass. These painted windows lack the beauty and the glow of stained glass.

In Poland painted glass from the Renaissance period has come down to us mostly in the form of small medallions, set here and there in windows of plain glass, especially in the form of cabinet panels, decorating the windows of castles, palaces, and wealthier city houses. These often bore the coats-of-arms of the owners. These same 16th-century glass painters who painted these panels, distinguished themselves as painters of drinking glasses, described by this writer in an article on the "Beauty in Polish Glassware," THE POLISH REVIEW, Vol. III, No. 6.

Cabinet panels with coats-of-arms to decorate private residences were also popular in Poland during the late Gothic period, but then they were not painted on glass, but composed of small stained glass pieces, executed in the same way as were the stained glass windows of the churches.

A great blow was dealt to Polish stained glass by the extensive architectural activity of the 17th and 18th centuries in Poland. Baroque architects had even less liking for stained glass than architects of the preceding Renaissance period. When restoring old Gothic churches in Baroque disguise, they never failed to remove the priceless stained glass and to replace it by plain panes that allowed light to enter the churches in full strength. They did almost as much harm to Polish stained glass as did foreign invaders.

In Poland, as in all Europe, an attempt was made to revive stained glass for church windows in the 19th century, when a new-born enthusiasm for old Gothic architecture led to the erection of many imitation-Gothic churches. But the early 19th century glass painters, who made the windows for these neo-Gothic churches, had no feeling for the true beauty of the old stained glass. They used cheap, mass-produced uncolored glass sheets and painted on them scenes from the Holy Bible in the medieval style; they produced neither the deep resplendent glow of the old windows nor their spiritual appeal.

It was not until 1870 that the medieval technique of assembling small pieces of vari-colored glass and holding them together by lead came into use again. And it was another two decades before the artists working in stained glass found their own modern ways of expressing themselves in this reborn technique. Moreover, as elsewhere in Europe, so in Poland, glass works began to produce stained glass especially for church windows, so-called antique glass resembling that used in the Middle Ages.

Is it surprising that in this renaissance of true stained glass, Poland should have taken a leading part? It was only natural that stained glass should appeal to Polish artists, endowed with an innate feel-



Stained glass windows in the Franciscan Church at Cracow. By Stanislaw Wyspianski (1895).

ing for all ornamental and decorative values in art, and particularly with deep love for rich, glowing colors? It was toward the close of the 19th century that Polish artists re-discovered the beauty of Polish peasant folk-art, that combined a love of deep vivid colors with an unconscious but all the fuller realization that a true work of art must be conceived in relation to the material used, that works of art and craft should be determined by the properties of the medium employed.

One of the early enthusiasts of Polish folk art at the end of the 19th century was that most versatile of Polish artists, Stanislaw Wyspianski (1869-1907). He was the creator of the most beautiful of modern stained glass windows in Poland, matched only by the splendor of those created by Jozef Mehoffer, born in the same year of 1869, but who lived to see the rebirth of Poland and to adorn her churches with many masterpieces.

While Wyspianski was creative in many fields of plastic art, his talent expressed itself best in decorative art of monumental character. Doubtless this was to some extent due to his admiration for Matejko. As a pupil of that great artist, together with Jozef Mehoffer and others, he aided Matejko to decorate the vaults and walls of the famous old Gothic Church of Our Lady in Cracow. At the time, both he and Mehoffer had occasion to make a close study of the medieval stained glass windows to which reference has already been made. But it is significant that Matejko used certain floral motifs peculiar to peasant art. These motifs triumph in the church polychromies and above all the magnificent stained glass windows produced by Wyspianski and Mehoffer at the time of their artistic maturity.

Stanislaw Wyspianski's best stained glass was created for the Franciscan Church in Cracow, on which he worked from



Queen of Heaven. Stained glass window at Fribourg Cathedral, Switzerland. By Jozef Mehoffer.

1895-1897. These windows are devoted to *St. Francis of Assisi*, *St. Salomea*, *God the Father*, and the *Four Elements*. Later, in 1900-1901, he worked on stained glass windows for the Wawel Cathedral. But these were never executed. We know them from sketches and three cartoons, i.e. drawings of the actual size of the windows on which the lead frame lines that determine the form of the stained glass and the colors are indicated. These three cartoons represent *King Kazimierz the Great*, *King Henryk the Pious* of the first Piast dynasty, and *St. Stanislaw*.

(Please turn to page 12)

POLISH STAINED GLASS IN ALL ITS SPLENDOR

(Continued from page 11)

Of great interest are also two earlier cartoons by Wyspianski, stained glass windows designed in 1894 for the Cathedral in Lwow. One of them, *Polonia*, gives a vision of Poland fainting and the despair of her sons. This cartoon, although expressive and beautiful, is still conceived as a mural and not as a stained glass window. But all the creations of Stanislaw Wyspianski in his mature years are distinguished by a deep feeling for the art of stained glass. Already when at work on the Franciscan Church, Wyspianski fully realized that the compositions of the windows and their coloring must be determined by the transparency of the material and by the lead framing. In a truly masterful manner he knew how to combine the style of stained glass with modern trends in painting, and in addition to impart to it a genuine Polish character. The background for his figure scenes became a most important problem. The artist's intention was to select a background that would answer to the decorative demands of stained glass, i.e. that could easily be divided into small pieces of color. Furthermore, this background of small pieces of stained glass must present a surface that could not be confused with the figures of the scene represented. Wyspianski hit upon an ingenious idea. On many of his compositions he surrounded the personages with backgrounds of flowers. Flowers with their minute and strongly colored petals and leaves are marvelously adapted to reproduction in stained glass. Thus in place of the architectural and highly stylized patterns encountered on Gothic stained glass windows, Wyspianski used vivid, glowing, variegated flowers, which had played such a preponderant part in Polish folk art for centuries. These flowers gave Wyspianski greater freedom of design in place of the more rigid Gothic symmetry.

Wyspianski could also touch upon religious subjects, without losing his Polish style. His Madonnas and saints are like his kings, native Polish types. All of his compositions are characterized by unusual dramatic force, the dominating feature of his dramatic work. The expressive contours, typical of his painting and drawing in general, were especially well suited to stained glass, and lent a soul-stirring quality to his windows.

Jozef Mehoffer, who outlived Wyspianski considerably, continued his work. He had a real feeling for the decorative, was an excellent draughtsman and colorist. He painted portraits, landscapes, created murals, but became best known as one of the world's leading modern stained glass artists. In his youth Mehoffer studied long in Paris and he visited France's many medieval cathedrals, admiring their splendid Gothic stained glass, and learning the essentials of that great craft.

In 1894 an international competition was held for stained glass windows for the old Cathedral in Fribourg, Switzer-



St. Salomea. Cartoon for stained glass. By Stanislaw Wyspianski.

land. Forty projects were submitted from all over the world—and the first prize was awarded to the 25-year-old Polish artist. Since then Mehoffer spent thirty years in realizing his projects. Nobody knew better than he did how to apply the knowledge gained from the study of medieval stained glass, to creating new forms. He understood the medium he was working in better even than Wyspianski. The glass fragments in his works are smaller, the network of lead lines more dense, the colors richer and warmer. As background, in addition to flowers, he introduced new decorative elements, displaying unusual inventiveness and a great sense of the picturesque. He took ornamental motifs from the treasure-house of the Polish peasant's folk art, the peasant's costumes, paper-cutouts, embroideries, and painted chests, and adapted them to his needs. Polish peasant patterns are distinctly recognizable in the decorative stars and the wide colored wings of the angels in Mehoffer's stained glass windows, as in the star above the manger in the *Adoration of the Magi*, one of Mehoffer's stained glass creations for Fribourg Cathedral. The star of Bethlehem has grown in the artist's hands to the size of the human figures and is an important element in the entire composition. It is made up of a score of colors, and is surrounded by clusters of smaller stars. It brings to mind the vivid colors and ornamental beauty of the Christmas stars that the peasant carolers fashion out of cardboard and translucent colored paper with lights inside. And Mehoffer's holy personages are no less Polish in type than those of Wyspianski; but of all of them the most attractive are the angels, Polish boys and girls dressed in fanciful, gorgeous, heavenly attire.

After Mehoffer had finished his work for the Fribourg Cathedral, he began his long and indefatigable labors for his reborn native land.

Along with Mehoffer, many younger artists were working in independent Poland on stained glass. Kazimierz Sichulski (1879-1943) of Lwow, a painter, book illustrator, caricaturist, deserves chief attention as creator of monumental projects for mosaics and cartoons for stained glass windows. In the latter he introduced the expressive line of Wyspianski and Mehoffer, and like those artists filled his backgrounds with flowers, particularly Polish field flowers. In contrast to Mehoffer, however, he dressed the holy personages, the Madonna not excluded, in simple peasant costumes.

Through their great beauty, decorative and color values, and many native features, modern Polish stained glass creations have become an inseparable part of modern Polish art. Few Polish art exhibitions in reborn

Poland failed to display Polish stained glass. The beautiful Polish Pavilion at the International Exhibition of the Decorative Arts in Paris 1925, was decorated with stained glass

windows by Jozef Mehoffer; the Polish Pavilion at the recent New York World's Fair by a stained glass window designed by Mieczyslaw Jurgielewicz, a young Polish decorative designer and graphic artist. This window, now in the museum of the Polish Catholic Union in Chicago, represents a feminine figure as symbol of Poland. The White Eagle is under her feet, the image of the *Miraculous Madonna of Ostra Brama* in Wilno above her. The stained glass border of this window carries representations of the various Polish crafts.

Polish stained glass has not been killed even by the German invasion of Poland. It is being continued abroad by Polish artists now with the Polish Armed Forces. A year ago, one of the Polish Army units donated to the Catholic Church at Galashiels in Scotland, a stained glass rosette window representing our *Lady of Czestochowa* with the inscription *Regina Poloniae ora pro nobis*. This stained glass window was designed by a Polish army officer, well known in Poland as painter and dramatic author.

Another Polish artist, now in the Polish Army, under the *nom de plume* of Andrzej Wart, recently executed a set of cartoons for four stained glass windows on *Poland's Martyrdom*. The first represents the Polish Calvary; the second shows angels taking the banner of the White Eagle from the hands of a dying soldier in Poland and giving it to a soldier of the Polish army in France; the third displays the new banner in the hands of a Polish soldier in Great Britain; and



Adoration. Cartoon for stained glass window. By Kazimierz Sichulski.

the last depicts St. Casimir presenting to Our Lady, the torn Polish flag brought from Poland.

While these cartoons, interesting and well designed as they are, cannot stand comparison with the elaborate and magnificent creations of Wyspianski or Mehoffer, they bear witness to the talent of the young Polish generation, which if given the opportunity to work in peace will again raise Polish stained glass to its former perfection and splendor.

AN EXILE'S YEARNING FOR POLAND

From "The Lighthouse-Keeper" by Henryk Sienkiewicz — Translated by Monica Gardner

"The Lighthouse-Keeper" is the tale of an old Polish exile who, after years of wandering in Europe and America, made his way to lonely Aspinwall near Panama and became its lighthouse-keeper. One day he received a book through the mails. But it was no ordinary book. It was a volume of verse by Poland's greatest patriot-poet, Adam Mickiewicz. Having left his native country forty years earlier, he was stirred to the bottom of his soul by the opening words of the book, and when he read:

"So Thou shalt grant us to return by a miracle to our land.
Till then carry my yearning soul
Unto those wooded hills, those meadows green."

he burst into a passionate weeping that "was simply his entreaty for forgiveness from that loved, distant country, because he had grown so old, lived so intimately with a solitary rock, and forgotten so much, that even the homesickness of his soul had begun to wear away."

Here is Sienkiewicz's description of the lighthouse-keeper's vision of Poland, evoked by his reading:



WILIGHT had blotted out the letters on the white page. The old man leant his head on the rock and closed his eyes. And then, 'She who guards bright Czestochowa' took to herself his soul, and bore it 'to those fields painted with many-colored grains.' The pine woods roared in his ears, his native rivers gurgled. He saw it all as it used to be. It

all asked him: 'Do you remember?' Did he remember! Besides, he saw;—wide fields, green unploughed strips dividing them, meadows, woods, and hamlets. His old head was bowed on his breast, and he was dreaming. He did not see the house where he had been born because war had wiped it out; he did not see his father or mother, because they had died when he was a child; but he saw his village as though he had left it yesterday; the row of cottages with faint lights in their

windows, the dikes, the mill, the two ponds lying over against each other, and ringing all night with choirs of frogs. Once, in that village of his, he was on sentry duty at night. That past now suddenly rose before him in a series of visions. He is again a lancer on guard. The tavern is looking out from the distance with streaming eyes, and ringing and singing and roaring in the stillness of the night with the stamping of feet, with the voices of the fiddles and double-basses. 'U-ha! U-ha!' The lancers are dancing till their ironshod heels send out sparks, while he is bored out there alone on his horse. The hours drag on slowly. At last the lights go out. Now as far as the eye can see is mist, impenetrable mist. It must be the damp rising from the meadows, and folding the whole world in a grey-white cloud. You would think it was the ocean; but it is the meadows that are there. Wait a little, and you will hear the corncrake calling in the darkness and bitterns booming in the reeds. The night is calm and cool, a real Polish night. In the distance the pine forest murmurs without wind—like the waves of the sea. Soon the dawn will whiten the east; yes, the cocks are crowing already behind the hedges. Each takes up the other's voice, one after the other from cottage to cottage; suddenly the cranes, too, cry from high up in the sky. A feeling of life and health sweeps over the lancer. They were saying something over yonder about tomorrow's battle. Ha! He'll be going too like the others with a shout and fluttering of flags. His young blood plays like a trumpet, although the night breeze has chilled it. But now it is dawn, dawn! The night is waning. The forests, the thickets, the row of cottages, the mill, the poplars, steal out of the shadows. The well-sticks creak like the tin flag on the tower. That dear country, beautiful in the rosy light of dawn! Oh, beloved, beloved land!"

POLISH GUNNERS
IN ACTION ON
8TH ARMY FRONT
IN ITALY



Manning 25 pounders.



Polish troops take part in the joint
offensive on the Italian front.

SONG ABOVE DEATH

The "New York Times" reports that so many poems were contributed to a contest conducted secretly by the Polish underground monthly, "Culture of Tomorrow," for the best verses on Warsaw, that two prizes had to be awarded. Honorable mention went posthumously to a young girl who flung her manuscript to the crowd as she was led to execution.

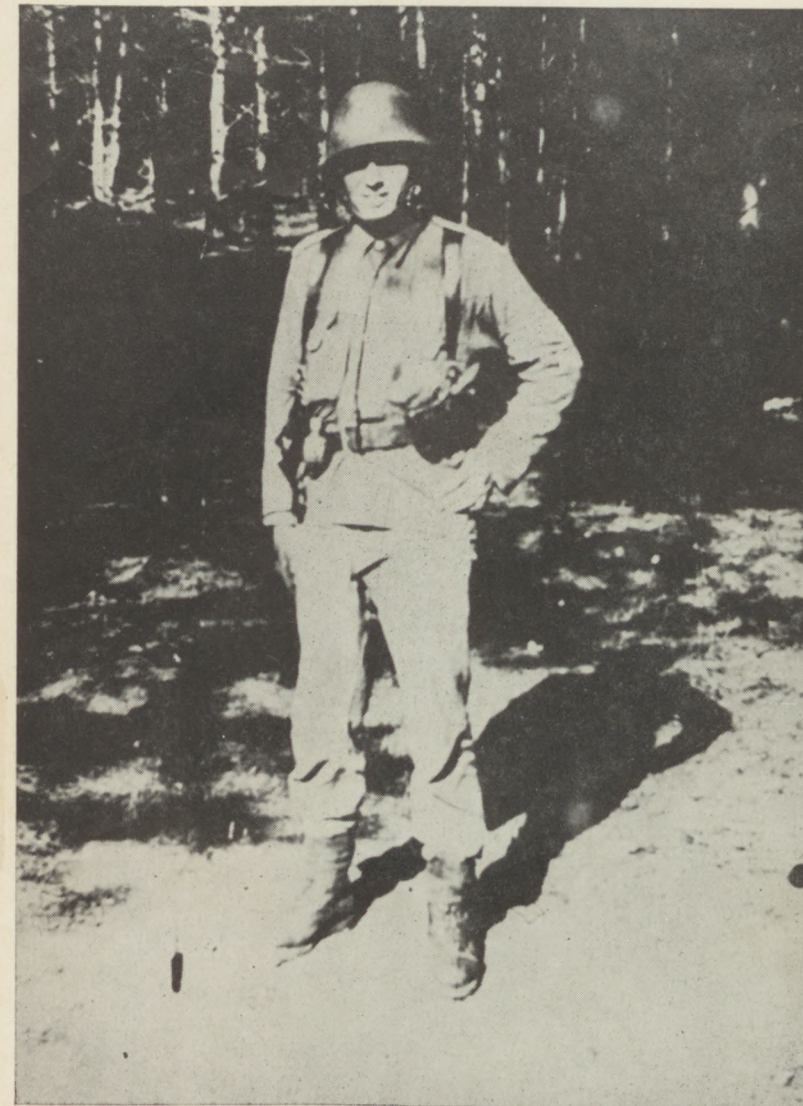
*Cut out a nation's tongue, it yet shall speak!
Maim, blind, lash, guillotine and burn—
Yet shall the dying sing, their voices weak,
But deathless. Even vultures turn:
The flesh of executioners is not sweet.*

*Raze ruthlessly; a shard of wall still points
With witness fingers. Warsaw falls
But not Parnassus, for the Muse anoints
Her poets: unslain song appalls
The murderer with breath of hell's foul heat.*

*Let bright young blood flow, starve and liquidate,
You cannot stop a river's source,
Trampling with boots of mad and mudded hate.
Scatter the bones with frenzied force:
A new-born race once sprang at Cadmus' feet.*

—JAMES EDWARD TOBIN,
Head of Department of English, Fordham University Graduate School.

UNDERGROUND PROOF OF POLAND'S WILL TO RESIST



By their pitched battles with German troops, the guerrilla warfare and sabotage activities, soldiers of the Polish Home Army have shown that they are a powerful force and one to be reckoned with.



In 1941 the Germans executed Mieczyslaw Niedzialkowski—a prominent Socialist leader and ardent Polish patriot. But they could not kill his memory. Under the very eyes of the Gestapo, braving the death penalty that awaited them if caught, soldiers of the Polish Underground Army paid tribute to their fallen comrade by naming a Warsaw street in his honor. This picture, smuggled out of Poland, shows how Wronia Street became Niedzialkowski Street. The Germans tore the new sign down, but to Warsaw residents the thoroughfare will remain Niedzialkowski Street.

IN A COUNTRY CHURCH



By Andriolli

... Presently the priest, from the high altar, intoned the grand 'Resurrection chant'; the organ took it up with a roar and boomed sonorously; all the bells rang out and pealed aloud. And then his Reverence, bearing the Most Holy Sacrament, surrounded with a thin blue cloud of incense smoke and the tumultuous din in the belfry, came down towards the people. The chant was continued, bursting forth from every throat; the waves of the crowd tossed and rolled, a fiery blast of enthusiasm dried every tear and lifted every soul to Heaven. So all together, like a living and moving human grove, swaying hither and thither as they sang the hymn in grand unison, went forward in procession, following the priest holding the Monstrance aloft in front of him, as a golden sun that burned above their heads, with chants sounding on all sides and bright tapers all around, scarce visible through the smoke shot forth from the censers: the object of the gaze of every eye, of the love of every heart!

"With slow and measured steps did the procession wend along the nave and thread the aisles, in a close-packed, surging, vociferously sonorous crowd.

"Halleluia! Halleluia! Halleluia! The noise was deafening; the very pillars and arches thrilled to the chant. Hearts and throats burst forth with one accord; and those glowing voices, instinct with mystic fire, flew up to the vault like flame-birds, and sailed out afar into the night, seeking the sun away in those regions to which at such times the soul of man mounts upon the wings of rapture."

—WLADYSLAW S. REYMONT, "The Peasants."

KILINSKI: SYMBOL OF WARSAW*

by MARION MOORE COLEMAN



Jan Kilinski. After a portrait in the City Hall in Warsaw.

AS Krakow, with its tombs of kings, is the Royal City of Poland, so Warsaw is the People's City, and no figure more truly symbolizes and embodies the popular nature of Warsaw's tradition than Jan Kilinski.

That is why, when in 1942 the Germans carried off the statue of Jan Kilinski to be "executed", the people of Warsaw felt that the very heart of their city had been torn out and trampled upon.

That is why, also, courage returned to the unhappy folk of Warsaw when, after a few days there appeared on the walls of the National Museum, in the courtyard where the statue had been set up for "execution", the words, scrawled in an awkward and uneven hand but large so that all might read,

I AM HERE, O PEOPLE OF WARSAW,
JAN KILINSKI!

Who was Kilinski? He was a shoemaker. A master shoemaker, in the days when shoes were all made by hand and when shoemaking was an exacting craft. He lived on the third floor of the stone dwelling at No. 5 Szeroki Dunaj, in the old section of Warsaw. Besides being a leader in his guild, Kilinski was an officer in the 20th regiment of the Polish army. He was also an immensely popular man personally with a decided gift of leadership.

When Kosciuszko declared Poland in a state of insurrection on the 24th of March, 1794, in Krakow, Warsaw patriots were all ready to follow suit.

On the 24th of March, 1794, Kosciuszko declared Poland in a state of insurrection. The declaration was issued in Krakow. Warsaw patriots promptly began to meet at Kilinski's apartment in order to make plans for working with Kosciuszko.

From "The Polish Land". Compiled by Klub Polski of Columbia University. Edited by Marion Moore Coleman. 1943, 127 pp. \$2.00.

Learning that the Russians planned to strike on Holy Saturday, Kilinski and his followers fixed on Holy Thursday, two days earlier, for joining battle. On that day, April 17th, at 4:30 in the morning, the alarm was sounded. The populace led by Kilinski, took a large part in the fighting and it was due to them that many a wavering appeaser among the aristocrats was brought into line and won over to the national cause.

Kilinski was the heart and soul of the popular uprising, and in commemoration of his spirit as well as of his deeds, a monument was later erected to him in the Old Town. This was one of the half dozen or so statues in Warsaw which the people really loved. Kilinski meant something to them. So long as he stood there in stone, his eyes blazing, his right hand raised as if to beckon the people forward, Warsaw folk felt themselves and their rights somehow secure. Kilinski was their savior, and while he remained among them they were safe. This feeling the poet Slowacki put into verse in the lines:

There stands in Warsaw, in the city's midst,
A stately column: migrant cranes rest
Often on its brow, and vagrant clouds are seen
Upon its tip. Majestic and serene
It soars, St. John's three noble spires behind,
And all about a veil of mist entwined,
Beyond a dusky labyrinth of lanes
And then the Rynek. A marvel now its panes,
Stone-framed, behold: Kilinski's eyes
Flash green — swift darts rise
From out them, as the street lamp's flare
Reveals a spectral Savior standing there.

The stately column to which the poet refers in the above is the imposing monument of King Sigmund. Legend has it that so long as the sword shall remain in King Sigmund's hand, Warsaw and Poland are secure. When word came in the early years of the Second World War that the Germans were bent on destroying all important Polish statues, the poet Wierzynski wrote, with the Sigmund Column in mind:

If you fall, if they shatter you too,
On whose summit Slowacki beheld the migrating cranes . . .
. . . There still shall remain the eyes,
Green still in the street-lamp's flicker,
Of Jan Kilinski . . .



Statue of Jan Kilinski in Warsaw. By Stanislaw Jackowski.



Germans dismantling Jan Kilinski's statue in Warsaw.

"EASTER IN BLOOD AND TOIL"

(Continued from page 5)

not last forever. This first attack was one of the biggest since the Polish Merchant Ship had sailed in the North Atlantic. The captain often said we were sailing under a lucky star. The ship had been close to danger many times, but always by some strange turn of luck got away whole. And now it was the night before Easter. We were in the middle of the ocean and right in the thick of an U-boat fight. The engine crew was sweating in the hot atmosphere of the furnaces and revolving machinery! No one knew what was happening above. The close explosions told them the enemy was near. The voice from the tube gave them no time to think of personal safety. Their minds were concentrated on the commands, their bodies almost automatically carried out the orders. Even the machines seemed somehow to understand the danger, and the unfeeling metal became one with man, responding with unusual sense to every touch.

Gradually the shots grew scarcer, and finally faded into complete silence. The air cleared down below.

Suddenly: "O. K. down below. All's clear. Come up to see the damage!"

Jurek then turned to look for Wacek, but Wacek was already on deck.

It was getting lighter, the fog was lifting and the smell of powder was disappearing.

This was Easter morning, somewhere in the world bells were ringing, somewhere there was joy. In Poland the resurrection had not yet come.

Jurek sighed. "Do you remember Easter morning in Poland?" Wacek did not answer because he could not. His eyes grew misty, but he just smiled and said. "Let's go down to breakfast, I'm hungry!"

* * *

EASTER MEANS HOPE TO POLISH PRISONERS OF WAR

Thaw was coming after the cold winter in a German camp for Polish prisoners of war somewhere near Hanover. Thinly clad feet that had been frozen and broken by the crust of ice and hard earth were now sinking into a soft slushy mud. But was it possible to think of life, of freedom here in the *Mordkommando*, the camp of death? Years, long years had passed since he had been free there in Poland. God, how far away that life seemed now. He had not seen home since the war broke out. At first, a few letters came, all alike, saying that they were well, that the war would soon be over. Then a few packages from home, miserable little packages that showed how little they had.

It was almost a year since he had heard from home. At first he was impatient, he revolted. That's when the guards beat him up and sent him to the *Mordkommando*.

In a year Jan was a changed man. His youth and fervor were extinguished, eaten away by stone breaking on the roads; wasted by lack of food, warmth and clothing. But he still maintained a fighting spirit. He had learned to take things as they came, but inside his determination to live and to outlast all German bestiality grew fiercer.

The morning gong broke his reverie. Jan slowly dragged his spent body to the courtyard. In the half light, he could scarcely distinguish other figures, slowly approaching the center. The straight silhouettes of the German prison guards stood out by contrast.

"Get on, you!" someone bellowed into his ear.

"Stand up straight, aren't we treating you well here? Maybe a week in a cool damp cell would give you some energy?"

Jan just moved on, he learned that under such circum-

stances it was best not say anything. Besides he needed every ounce of strength to perform the stipulated task.

The second gong sounded and roll call was taken in the dark. Now it was warmer and getting lighter, this long martyrdom was becoming more bearable. Hard and bitter were the mornings when shivering in their thin denim uniforms, the Polish prisoners were forced to stand at attention. Sometimes the roll call lasted two hours, rarely did they last less than an hour.

Eight o'clock at last. The grey columns filed in for breakfast in complete silence. Wooden tables and benches greeted the prisoners, the usual rations stood in front of them, something that was supposed to be coffee and a brown spongelike substance that was supposed to be bread.

The prisoners attacked their food. Hunger made man a pitiful beast. Trembling hands slopped the lukewarm liquid on tables and chins. For a moment only sounds of smacking lips and deep swallows could be heard.

Janek felt a nudge as he tilted the cup to the bottom. He looked at his neighbor.

"We're going to celebrate Easter tonight in the barracks, don't forget to join us." I have saved some bread and jam, we can have quite a feast."

"Fine, but don't let them catch us whispering, otherwise neither one of us will live to celebrate anything."

At that moment the rasping German accents broke in—"Attention, pass out single file and take your tools from the guards."

The prisoners walked out of the barracks. It was full daylight now. As the column marched through the fields. Jan could not help but notice the delicate green shoots of grain. The air made him dizzy. That's how it used to be in Poland. For a moment he thought he heard church bells ringing. Bells of his church, his church at home in Poland. On Easter morning they used to peal out at sunrise after their long silence. People sat quietly as if expecting a sudden joyful tidings. With the first rays of the sun they would burst into a song of exultant joy. Halleluiah, Halleluiah! Christ is risen from the dead!

The hymn turned in Jan's head. His steps fell into its rhythm. "Halleluiah, Halleluiah!" It stayed with Jan all day. He worked to its rhythm. He thought he suffered in its rhythm.

Evening came at last. Half hour before curfew the prisoners gathered around one bed, each bringing his share of bread.

The oldest among them, whom they called Grandfather, raised his piece of black bread and said:

"We have no eggs to divide between us, but this bread can serve the same purpose. May the wish which is in our hearts be heard at last, and may we, like Christ, rise from the darkness of our existence into the morning brightness of a free Poland. So help us God." Here his voice broke. No one spoke, only a dry sob burst from the crowd of men. Jan's throat contracted, his eyes stung for a moment as a frightful longing and prayer filled his soul, as the hymn surged up within his brain.

"Halleluiah, Halleluiah! Christ is risen from the dead!"

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Cover by Hanka Gorecka-Egan, a young Polish-American artist.

SPIRIT OF THE POLISH UNDERGROUND

Citizens of the Commonwealth!

For years on end the Polish Nation has been struggling against the most ruthless of all the invasions it has ever endured. For this struggle the Polish Nation has mobilized all its forces.

When in the autumn of 1939 the Polish Army succumbed in an unequal fight, only a small number of Polish soldiers were so fortunate as to be able to continue in uniform and on foreign soil the struggle for the freedom of the mother country and the glory of Polish arms.

We, Poles in occupied Poland, resorted to passive resistance, sabotage and guerrilla warfare for the purpose of inflicting damage on the loathsome enemy, by all means within our power.

For the fourth successive year the savage invader continues—deliberately, ruthlessly and by the cruelest terror, to exterminate the Poles for the sole reason that they are Poles.

For the fourth successive year we are struggling in every possible way to save the Nation, to maintain its morale, to preserve it for a great future.

We must be prepared! In the final phase of the war, now upon us, our enemy, to escape inevitable defeat, will apply methods even more cruel and ruthless. To meet this eventuality we must make a supreme effort and prepare for co-ordinated and united action. To intensified terrorism and oppression by the invader, the Polish Nation must retaliate with redoubled blows. To this end the conduct of the struggle against the invader, wherever the secret organization is operating on Polish territory, will be taken over by the Command of the Underground Army appointed by the Government's Plenipotentiary for Poland and by the Commander of the Armed Forces in Poland.

We call upon all citizens of the Commonwealth to obey implicitly the directions and orders of the Command of the Underground Army, to collaborate with and extend to the latter, as the lawfully constituted authority, any and all assistance.

The Command of the Underground Army will direct all resistance activities and all hostilities on the part of the Polish body social against the occupying enemy, will continue, day in and day out, the fight against the invaders, will retaliate by acts of terrorism to German terrorism, and by acts of revenge to the bestiality of the Gestapo.

Implicit obedience to the orders of the Government, of the Commander-in-Chief and of their Plenipotentiaries in Poland constitute the essential condition of victory in our hard struggle against the enemy.

Warsaw, July 5, 1943

Plenipotentiary of the Government
of the Republic of Poland
(signed) Klonowski

Commander of the Armed Forces
in Poland
(signed) Grot

