

THE POLISH REVIEW

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Polish Second Division
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PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT WELCOMES POLISH PRIME MINISTER



LETTERS exchanged between President Roosevelt and Prime Minister Mikolajczyk on June 17, 1944:

President Roosevelt to the Polish Prime Minister:

"My Dear Mr. Prime Minister:

"I wish to take this opportunity, just before your departure, to wish you a safe return after your most welcome visit to Washington.

"I particularly desire to express to you the pleasure I have had in seeing you again, which enabled me to have most frank, sincere and friendly exchanges of views with you on the many questions which are of mutual interest to us.

"I need hardly tell you how much the American people admire the courage and fortitude of the Polish people, who for almost five years have borne with brave and stout hearts the cruel hardships of war and oppression. Their steadfast determination to be free again and the indomitable spirit of their fighting men constitute the best pledge that Poland shall reassume her rightful place among the free nations of the world.

"The forces of liberation are on the march to certain victory and the establishment of a peace based upon the principles of freedom, democracy, mutual understanding and security for all liberty-loving people.

"Permit me to express again how much I appreciated the opportunity of renewing our acquaintance. I feel that such personal exchanges of views cannot but contribute to mutual understanding."

Prime Minister Mikolajczyk replied:

"Mr. President:

"I am deeply touched and most sincerely grateful for the great kindness and hospitality which I have received from you during my visit. May I thank you from the bottom of my heart for all the proofs of your kindness and for giving me so many opportunities

of seeing you and of having frank talks with you on the vital subjects and problems which affect Poland and Europe now and after the war?"

"I should like to thank you not only for your most friendly and kind reception but especially for your deep and so broad approach to the problems of the future.

"The ideals and principles of the Atlantic Charter and of the Four Freedoms of which you are the initiator are, for us Poles in our hard fight for the speedy liberation of our country, that encouragement and inspiration which we most need on our way of struggle, suffering and work.

"The loss of individual freedom and of all that man possessed has strengthened in the Polish people their love, respect and yearning for that freedom. The fate of the people, shared by all social classes irrespective of their origin and religion, has brought man closer to man in my country so strongly that it has cemented the foundations of democracy and created the conditions necessary to mutual understanding and collaboration. This love of freedom increases the striving to make it secure when, after the final victory, it will be necessary to build new foundations for nations and peace-loving peoples.

"I leave greatly impressed by the conversations which I was privileged to have with you, by your views and your wide knowledge of human and national problems.

"I would be very happy if the few modest suggestions which you gave me the opportunity of contributing in our talks could even in the slightest way serve the common cause and be of some use to you, Mr. President, who is leading your nation in this great fight for the common cause together with your allies, giving so much of yourself and carrying so great a responsibility as regards the fulfillment of the ideals with which you have inspired the hearts of the soldiers and fighters for freedom.

"Accept, Mr. President, the assurances of my deepest gratitude and of my highest consideration."

"The need of Poland is an integral part of the need of the world. Totalitarianism must be defeated and liberty and self-government restored."

—Ignacy Jan Paderewski (1941).

On the Third Anniversary of His Passing PADEREWSKI THE STATESMAN

by JACQUES DE CARENCY

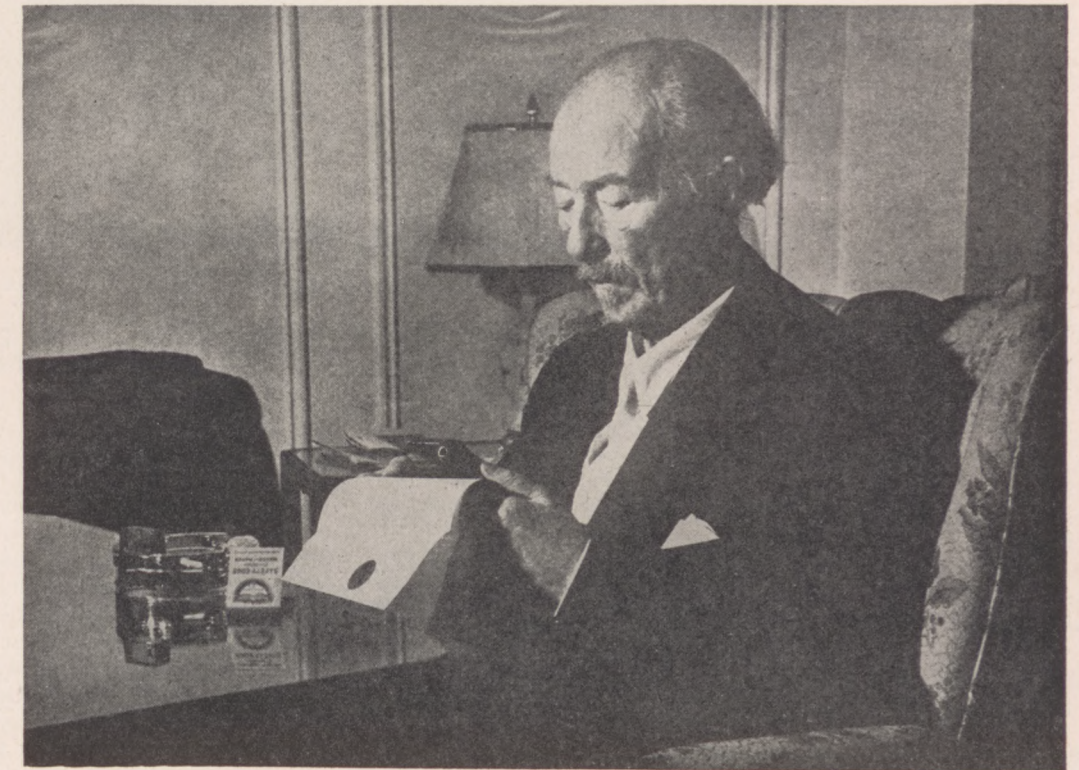
IGNACY JAN PADEREWSKI, who died in New York on June 29, 1941, was born on November 6, 1860. For the world he was the greatest pianist of our time, but for his compatriots he was something more—an incomparable orator and statesman. In an appreciation *The Times* wrote: "The Polish race breeds patriot artists; their patriotism is not enervated by their art, neither is their art vulgarized by their patriotism," and cited Chopin and Paderewski as examples, two masters in the world of sound, using a language internationally understood.

But it is only natural that in days of misfortune when the Polish nation is deprived of liberty, great artists become the guardians of its soul, its tradition and political thought. This was the part played by Poland's great romantic poets, Mickiewicz, Krasinski and Slowacki, after the unsuccessful insurrection against the Russians in 1831, and by the masters of the historical novel, Kraszewski and Sienkiewicz, after another unsuccessful rising in 1863.

On July 15, 1910, at Cracow, Paderewski pointed the road when he presented his compatriots with a monument commemorating the five-hundredth anniversary of the Polish Lithuanian victory over the Germans at Grunwald. The speech he made at the unveiling revealed him to his countrymen as an orator of remarkable power and eloquence. They knew already that he was a proud patriot and had refused to play in Russia and Germany. He gave concerts in none of the three powers of occupation except Austria, who respected the Polish nation. At the outbreak of the last war Paderewski went to America, where he became a kind of unofficial ambassador of his countrymen.

In his book *Le Problème de la Paix*, published in Paris in 1931, General Sikorski quotes the following words of Marshal Foch: "The first to formulate the plan of an independent and united Poland, possessing free access to the sea and consequently able to defend her independence, was President Wilson. He was won over to the cause of Polish freedom, he told me himself, by your great patriot, Paderewski."

At each stage of the first world war as it affected Poland, Polish patriots, statesmen and soldiers played a decisive part. Paderewski in particular was able to approach Colonel Ed-



One of the last pictures of Ignacy Jan Paderewski (1941).

ward House and gain his and President Wilson's confidence. It was through the mediation of an American industrialist, Mr. Robert Wooley, that House met Paderewski at the beginning of 1916. Shortly afterwards he presented Paderewski to Wilson, who invited the great Pole to dinner and questioned him on the situation of his country and the claims of his nation. Paderewski was also invited to a banquet at the White House during the summer of 1916. After dinner, in response to Wilson's request, he played some of Chopin's works. Paderewski, more so than any other artist, was, in the most dignified sense of the word, a propagandist of his nation's cause by his magnificent interpretation of this truly Polish music and the exercise of his magic powers.

Paderewski met Wilson for the third time on November 6, 1916, the day after the proclamation of the "independence" of Poland by Germany and Austro-Hungary. "What do you think of this manifesto?" asked Wilson. "A Polish state created in this fashion," replied Paderewski, "would be only ostensibly independent. As a matter of fact it would be under complete subjection of Germany." Wilson acquiesced. During the conversation it became clear that Wilson and Paderewski agreed upon many other questions. Wilson traced out

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PADEREWSKI AS SEEN BY HIS CONTEMPORARIES

“THE great artist had thrown up his musical career and devoted himself to the task of stirring up the Poles of America to a sense of opportunity offered to them by the War to recover their national independence. He developed oratorical powers of a high order and his seductive personality made a great impression on the President (Wilson) and his entourage. The President (Wilson) came to Europe an enthusiastic pro-Pole.”—page 311, *The Truth About the Peace Treaties* by David Lloyd George, Victor Gollancz, Ltd., London, 1938.

“The first person whom Paderewski went to see in London was the Foreign Secretary, Arthur Balfour. The interview between the two men who had known each other for a number of years took place at the Foreign Office. Balfour had assured Paderewski in 1915 of a future Polish independence and he had reassured him on this point again a few years later when they had met in New York. Now Paderewski asked Balfour for the third time whether he still stood by his earlier promises.

“Balfour answered: ‘Of course I stand by them. We all want an independent Poland . . . It is your task, Paderewski. I want you to go to Poland to unite the Polish hearts.’—page 119.

“Balfour once said in a conversation: ‘Paderewski is one of the very few people to whom the word genius can be applied.’—page 209.

“In 1928 a tribute was paid to Paderewski in the United States, which was an official acknowledgment of his work as a statesman and which was expressed through the mouths of America’s most distinguished men . . . The tenth anniversary of the independence of Poland was chosen for the occasion and a reception was arranged in New York which, though general in its scope, developed into a tremendous demonstration for Paderewski personally. The list of those who in personal speech or in a written message put their feelings for Paderewski into words reads like a roll-call of America’s most distinguished citizens. It contained the names of four of the Presidents of the United States. Calvin Coolidge, the President at the time, spoke of Paderewski’s ‘outstanding devotion to the advancement of humanitarianism and cultural causes.’

“Words of a similar kind were used by Franklin D. Roosevelt, Hoover, Taft, by General Dawes, Kellogg, James Davis, Lansing. Of the present 24 Governors of American States one said: ‘I admire Paderewski more than any other great man of our time.’ Elihu Root, the ‘great old man’ of American political life, used similar words. Nicholas Murray Butler, President of Columbia University, referred to Paderewski as ‘one of the chief ornaments of the public life of our time . . .’ and Charles E. Hughes, the Chief Justice of America, said: ‘Creative power has rarely had such an opportunity, and rarely has opportunity been so nobly used.’ Norman Davis considered it ‘an honor to pay tribute to the great liberator of Poland.’ The tributes of Bishop Manning of New York, of John D. Rockefeller, of General Pershing, and of a score of other leading Americans were equally flattering



Paderewski addressing Polish Army in Canada, June 13, 1918.

or affectionate.”—pp. 211-212, *Ignace Paderewski, Musician & Statesman*, by Rom Landau, Thomas Y. Crowell Co., New York, 1934.

“My original impression was not one of a complimentary nature in view of the task which he had undertaken in behalf of his country. It was due undoubtedly to the fact that he was a great pianist, the greatest, I believe, of his generation. I felt that his artistic temperament, his passionate devotion to music, his intense emotions, and his reputed eccentricities indicated a lack of the qualities of mind which made it possible for him to deal with the intricate political problems which it would be necessary to solve in the restoration of Polish independence and the revival of Polish sovereignty . . . It was only with time and with a fuller knowledge of the man that I learned how wrong this impression was and how completely I had failed to estimate correctly his attainments and his real mental strength . . . My second impression—and it is the impression that I still hold—was that Ignace Paderewski was a greater statesman than he was a musician, that he was an able and tactful leader of his countrymen and a sagacious diplomat, and that his emotional temperament, while it intensified his patriotic zeal and his spirit of self-sacrifice, never controlled or adversely affected the soundness of his judgment or his practical point of view . . .

The highly developed artistic nature of Mr. Paderewski seemed to be a very weak foundation on which to build the career of a statesman . . . But the judgment was wrong. He abandoned his music, which had been his very life, and threw himself into the work of politics with the same ardor and devotion that he had shown in following the impulses of his incomparable genius. As thousands had applauded his mastery of harmony, so thousands came to applaud the intensity of his patriotism and the sacrificial spirit with which he laid down his beloved music for the cause of his country . . . What Mr. Paderewski has done for Poland will cause eternal gratitude . . .”—pp. 200-209. *The Big Four and Others of the Peace Conference* by Robert Lansing, Houghton Mifflin Co., New York, 1921.

PADEREWSKI REMINISCENCES

by MICHAL KONDRACKI

AND you? Paderewski’s steady eyes seemed to pierce me through and through.

—I am a composer—I answered as if in a trance, hypnotized by his glance and some mysterious power emanating from that great man.

With three other musicians I was seated in Paderewski’s suite in the Palais d’Orsay hotel in Paris. We formed the vanguard of young Polish musicians who were to follow a course of advanced musical study in France. Anxious to get acquainted with the new generation of Polish artists, Paderewski had invited us to call on him. He gave each of us a searching look, addressing one after another.

—What have you composed?—he asked me, as I admired the magnificent head facing me. He was looking at me as if to find out who I was.

I mentioned the titles of several compositions of mine.

—Once upon a time I was a composer too—he said lost in thought. I made a timid remark as to the past tense he had used, and said with conviction:

—Once a composer, always a composer.

Paderewski shook his head without saying a word. I knew that he had ceased composing for quite some time.

On our return home we were told that Paderewski had invited us to his Swiss residence in Morges for his birthday. To show our appreciation, we decided to compose a hymn for four voices and sing it at the reception at his Rioud-Bosson villa.

We walked to Morges from the small Alpine hamlet where we were spending our vacation. Once in the town we changed to feminine attire knowing that Paderewski enjoyed a little fun. At first he didn’t recognize us, but when we had finished singing, he said: “It wasn’t bad. But the tenor was out of tune.”

The following day we rehearsed individually with Paderewski. I played my piano concerto, two partitions and several new orchestral themes. Paderewski listened with great attention and made observations on their form and style. During one of my lessons, Paderewski’s secretary brought a letter from a prominent person in Poland. It was a letter of introduction given to a young pianist. The young man was waiting in the entrance hall. Paderewski knit his brows. He did not like proteges. Yet after a while he left the room to hear the newcomer play in another salon. When he returned he said to me:—“That young man plays quite well in spite of his letter of introduction . . .”

In the summer of 1928, I spent unforgettable days in Rioud-Bosson, the most inspiring perhaps in my life. Social intercourse with Paderewski—of whom Saint-Saens said he was a genius who happened to play the piano—literally basking in the rays of his fascinating genius, was bound to stimulate and intensify one’s own intellectual powers. Everything seemed to acquire a new and unexpected meaning. Things he said took root in his listener’s memory, and left an indelible imprint in his mind.

Though he left us such a short while ago, Paderewski is already a legendary figure.

His life so colorful and rich in events has become the subject of innumerable sketches and anecdotes. He himself liked to reminisce about his earlier years.

On the threshold of his fantastic career, when still a very young man, he frequently played in obscure provincial halls dimly lit by kerosene lamps. In those days he was an unknown musician and some people even expressed doubts as to his talent; his professor among them. He tried to persuade Paderewski to give up the piano and to become a member of the students’ orchestra. So Paderewski, without much success, took flute and trombone lessons. As a member of the orchestra he had many unpleasant experiences. His temperament could not stand discipline. Hence many conflicts with the Conservatory’s director and punishments for such offenses as the smashing of class-room windows. Years later, when after studying abroad and his early triumphs, Paderewski returned to Warsaw, he looked up the janitor of the Conservatory whom he had so bedevilled and cordially shook hands with him.

Paderewski was lacking neither in modesty nor in sense of humor. While attending a private reception he was asked by the lady of the house whether he played the piano. Upon his affirmative answer, she suggested some dance music for the bored guests. Without further ado Paderewski sat at the piano and began to play waltzes. The report doesn’t state whether the guests were less ignorant than their lady-host, and whether they danced to Paderewski’s music . . .

Paderewski was always a hard worker. As a young man he studied under Leszetycki in Vienna. He used to practise daily for twelve hours or more. Indeed, he overworked so much that he was on the verge of a nervous breakdown. Even during the lessons of his fellow-students he used to peer into the interior of the piano to get acquainted with the intricacies of the working of the pedals to which he always attached a great importance. And thus he learnt it better than any of the great pianists.

Paderewski’s generosity was proverbial. During one of his

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Paderewski’s villa at Rioud-Bosson, Morges, Switzerland.

STUDY OF HIS HANDS



THESE were the hands of a great man and a great artist. These were hands that for more than half a century had fired the world's imagination and won the acclaim and affection alike of potentates and peoples. These were strong hands, but they were sensitive. They bespoke the iron will of a man who had spent more than a hundred thousand hours practising at his keyboard, so that his playing might never disappoint those who had come from far and near to hear him. These were also the hands of a patriot who gave up his great love, music; for his greater love, Poland. When the last war broke out, Paderewski closed his concert piano. His platform appearances continued—but now people came to listen to an impassioned orator who gave a new voice to free and independent Poland, and they learned that this man was not only a musical genius but a statesman of rare tact and wisdom. His country re-established, the artist reasserted himself in the world of music. Again his playing delighted audiences on both sides of the Atlantic. With age his fingers grew a trifle less agile, but they retained their sensitivity to the end. Below, the relaxed hands of Paderewski at 80 are kind and gentle, but still capable of a firm handshake. And when news of the German invasion of Poland came, those hands renounced the piano until such time as Poland might be free again. Two years later they were laid to rest as his spirit left this troubled world.



PADEREWSKI LOVED CHILDREN*

by ANTONI GRONOWICZ

PADEREWSKI loved to be close to people, and frequently made notes in a diary of meetings that had given him marked pleasure.

In Minneapolis, for instance, he met two small sisters called Wanda and Helena Janowski and he was as happy to talk to them as they were to greet him. Wanda and Helena had planned their salutation to the famous pianist for a long time before he arrived in Minneapolis. They would go to his dressing-room carrying a bunch of lilies and when the door was opened they would recite poems in Polish. They carried their plan out perfectly. Mr. Paderewski listened to them recite, then asked them something about music. Their answers were correct; he talked to them a little more, and was amazed by their knowledge of music. They surprised him, too, by their ability to recite in English as well as in Polish. In a very short time the two little girls told their new friend a great deal about themselves.

No, indeed, they were not rich, Wanda and Helena told Mr. Paderewski. They had earned the money for the flowers they had brought him by running errands for their neighbors, and, on occasions, looking after babies. What were they going to do when they grew up, Mr. Paderewski asked, and the two children said shyly that they would like to be musicians. Good! Good! This pleased the noted pianist, but were they practising every day, he asked them?

"We can't," one of the girls said timidly, "because we have no piano."

No piano! That was not an insurmountable difficulty. Within a few days Helena and Wanda Janowski had a piano.

Mr. Paderewski's "fan" mail was very heavy. One day, a letter written in a round, schoolboyish hand stood out from all the others. The musician opened it himself, and read it carefully. It was signed, "Howard Grossman," and Howard said, all in one sentence, that he was eleven years old and that his mother did not know he was writing the letter.

Howard and his mother had come to Minneapolis from Montana. They both wanted to hear Mr. Paderewski play, but when they learned that the only seats left were five dollars apiece, his mother had said that they could not afford them. So Howard had decided to write to Mr. Paderewski for a signed photograph. He took music lessons, he said, and he meant to put the photograph on the piano where he could look at it as he practised. Imagine Howard's mother's surprise when Mrs. Carlyle Scott, the concert manager in Minneapolis, appeared at her door with tickets for the concert!

"Mr. Paderewski wants you and Howard to be his guests," Mrs. Scott told the astonished Mrs. Grossman.

Nor was this all. When the concert was over, Howard was escorted to Mr. Paderewski's room, and treated to a feast of cookies and candy. The great musician talked to the boy, and Howard told him about his piano lessons, his school, his teacher, and his friends.

Ignacy Paderewski loved people, but his deepest affection was for children. When he was tired and discouraged, their laughter and happy faces were like an elixir to him. He never tried to explain the joy he felt in them, for it was so much a part of him that he probably never thought it needed explanation. He had loved his invalid son dearly and he may have found comfort for his loss of Alfred in the strength and promise of other children. Or it may have been a case of the

*From: "Paderewski, Pianist and Patriot," by Antoni Gronowicz. Thomas Nelson and Sons, New York. 1943. Text and illustration by permission of publishers.



Paderewski and three-year old Binky Stewart in a scene from *Moonlight Sonata*.
Press Association, Inc.

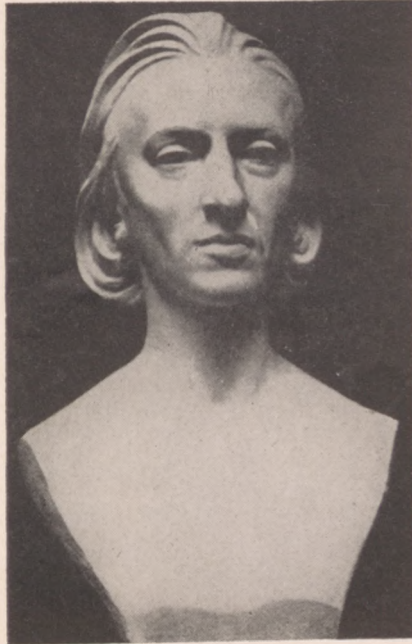
old artist, loving his art and striving to find in some young persons the assurance that that art would be carried on. But whatever it was, his love for children gave Mr. Paderewski much joy, and through it he was enabled to give generously. And there was nothing he enjoyed more than giving—not time only, but money, too. In every country of the world, it has been said, there are boys and girls having special opportunities for study because of the generosity of Ignacy Paderewski, the Polish pianist.

Unlike many other artists, Paderewski was applauded not only for his music and his gracious manners, but for that quality of friendliness that was in him. When he stood before an audience, it did not seem that he was greeting a miscellaneous group of people, but a party of choice friends whom he loved dearly. His sweeping bows seemed to say to the people waiting to hear him, "I'm so happy that we are to spend some time together."

This surprising gift of taking his audiences into his confidence brought him many privileges and almost as many problems, and if the truth were known, he probably loved the problems quite as much as the privileges.

POLISH SCULPTOR FRANCIS BLACK

by ALLAN S. SNOW



Frederic Chopin by F. Black.

medium in England. In Paris, he perfected his technique and began to produce original works. At one time he was the pupil of Antonin Mercié at the Paris Academy of Beaux Arts, but soon left France to make his home in Switzerland, near Lake Lemán. François Black was induced to come to Switzerland by his lifelong friend, Ignacy Paderewski. There he discovered his real artistic vocation and there he met a Swiss art lover, Louis Piguet, who helped him establish himself in his chosen field. Black's home became a favorite meeting place for the great and the near-great of various nations. The *Gazette de Lausanne* wrote of it thus: "The modest studio on Simplon St., where these beautiful works first see the light of day, is well known to Lausanne art lovers. Several prominent musicians have passed through it and those who have heard the piano playing of an Iturbi or of a Rossi, or the melodious voice of Mme. Castellazzi, among the sculptures of Black, have lived through unforgettable hours."

Francis Black is self-taught. His outstanding traits are an understanding of his period and an acquired faculty of expressing this understanding in an original yet faithful manner. Black's sense of modernism did not lead him to a metaphysical, symbolic or super-human approach; it brought him to a horizon where art draws upon life itself for its conscious pulsation. During his happy stay at Rioud-Bosson, Black created one of his most characteristic works, the *Temptation of Eve*. Encouraged by his Swiss friends, he exhibited in Lausanne in 1917. This was followed by exhibits in Geneva (1918), Chaux-de-Fonds (1919) and Zurich (1919). Swiss art critics waxed enthusiastic over him.

Because Black's art is sober and

LOVE of nature, an intuitive understanding of the force and structure of things, a full appreciation of the beauty of the human body—such is the equipment of any Polish artist. Francis Black's childhood was spent in precisely such an atmosphere. So, even though he left Poland some forty years ago at the age of 18 to live in London and later on the Continent, his work has shown Western influences as to form, but has remained Polish in spirit.

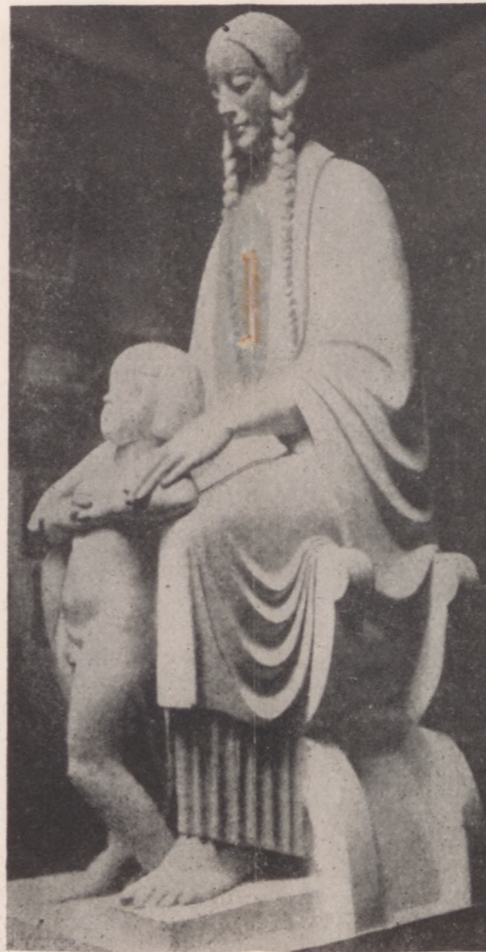
In Poland, Black started out as a sculptor in wood. He continued to work in this

sensitive to the eternal laws of Beauty, he placed great stress on construction and a minute analysis of the details of his sculpture, which creates a feeling of immediacy characteristic of Polish sculpture in general. His *Temptation of Eve* is conceived not only as a myth of the human cycle, but also as an ever present drama, revealing its hold in the complex frame of daily events. Eve, almost doubled over, concentrating on the mystery of prescient life, has taken the apple, symbol of the desire agitating her heart and her entire being. At the same time, with a gesture of modesty and feminine grace, she hides her face on which voluptuous ecstasy can already be seen. The artist's technique is likewise modern, for the statue's rhythm is such that it appeals not only to reason but also to the emotions. This eclecticism turned out to be admirably suited to Black's psychological art: His form has an affinity with the great sculpture of all times, while his inner content is the result of modern psychological observation.

In recent years much has been written about the advisability of sculpturing in the medium directly. Black follows the great masters of the past and carves in his material when he judges this to be advantageous to the final result, but he does not neglect other procedures when his artistic sensibility finds no objection to their use.

The qualities of style and psychological content manifested in the *Temptation of Eve* are typical of the series of heads and busts that came from his workshop in the years that followed. These busts grace private collections in 19 countries ranging from Poland to Trinidad and Martinique and were on display in five French museums. Intuitively and without any preconceived theory, Black has been able to portray the nuances in his model's face that make for individuality. He renders the delicate, complicated emotions of a woman and the impulsive animation of children with equal ease. And his busts of men, many of them artists, are remarkable for their faithful reflection of their true character: witness the important busts of Paderewski in the National Conservatory of Music in Paris and at the Vevey Museum, of the Polish singer Zaleski, the strange head of the painter Terlikowski, the powerful portrait of Poland's Marshal Pilsudski, the heads of Ferdinand Brunot and the Polish philosopher-mathematician Wronski.

At first glance, Black's *Madonna* seems to be the antithesis of his *Eve*. In reality, how-



Motherhood by F. Black. Acquired by the City of Warsaw.



Jozef Maria Hoene-Wronski, Polish philosopher and mathematician, by F. Black.

ever, it is the logical development of his earlier work. Such is the nature of this sculptor's creative production that without any apparent effort at continuity, there is always a point of contact between each new and the preceding work. Voluptuous and carnal Eve becomes a Madonna with firm orthodox lines. She is now a Slav virgin, noble and austere, looking with confidence and serenity at the sky above this tumultuous and unhappy world. The treatment of the figure is simplified, but it is neither banal nor incomplete. Its very simplicity gives an impression of strength and frankness. In *Christ the King*, a much later work (1935), one sees Christ as an apostle walking among humanity, another example of religious sculpture devoid of falseness and banality.

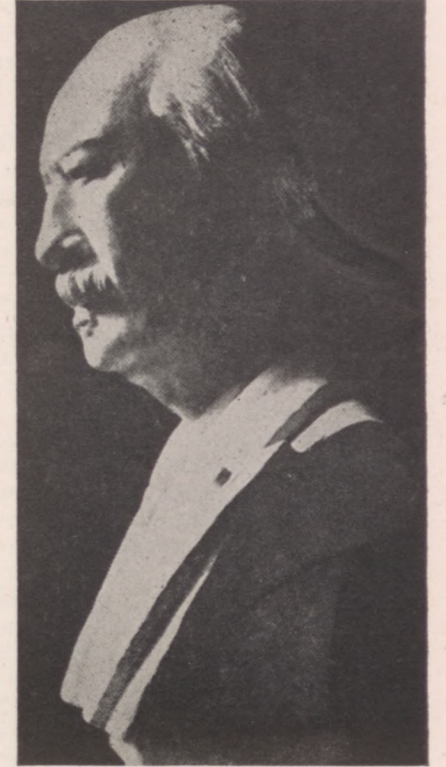
Black did not confine himself to busts and statues. He has to his credit a number of monumental works. With his compatriot and colleague, Antoni Wiwulski, he collaborated on a monument commemorating the great victory of Jagiello, King of Poland, over the Teutonic Knights of the Cross at Grunwald in 1410. This monument, one of the most vigorous in Polish sculpture, was presented to the city of Cracow by Paderewski in 1910. It occupied a place of honor in that historic city until German vandalism tore it down. Another monument, a tribute to Colonel Edward M. House, advisor to President Wilson and a real friend of Poland, stood in Warsaw, where its powerful simplicity attracted attention.

In addition, Black executed several striking models for more ambitious projects. That for a Simon Bolivar monument won third prize at an international competition in Paris, having been singled out from among more than 150 entries. His models for the lighthouse monument in the Polish seaport of Gdynia, for the Pilsudski monument, for the Mickiewicz monument are more than sculptural: they soar into the realm of great architecture.

Francis Black is a disinterested artist. Time and effort mean little to him. That is why in the thirty years that elapsed between his first exhibition in Paris in 1908 and his last, just before the present war, his quest for perfection has been so great that his works are few. He has concentrated on quality rather than on quantity.

Although Poles have always regarded Black's work with interest, they were particularly attached to his two monuments, that commemorating

the 500th anniversary of the defeat inflicted by the Poles on the Germans at Grunwald and that in honor of Colonel Edward M. House. The former, bearing the legend "That Their Spirit Might Not Flag," spoke to them of a great past and held out the promise of a brighter future. The latter expressed a nation's gratitude to Colonel House and indirectly to the United States of America. Both monuments were linked with Paderewski's personality, for it was this devoted son of Poland who had presented them to his countrymen. They symbolized his political philosophy which saw in Germany Po-



Ignacy Jan Paderewski by F. Black.

land's eternal enemy and in America her staunch friend.

To Paderewski, Patriot

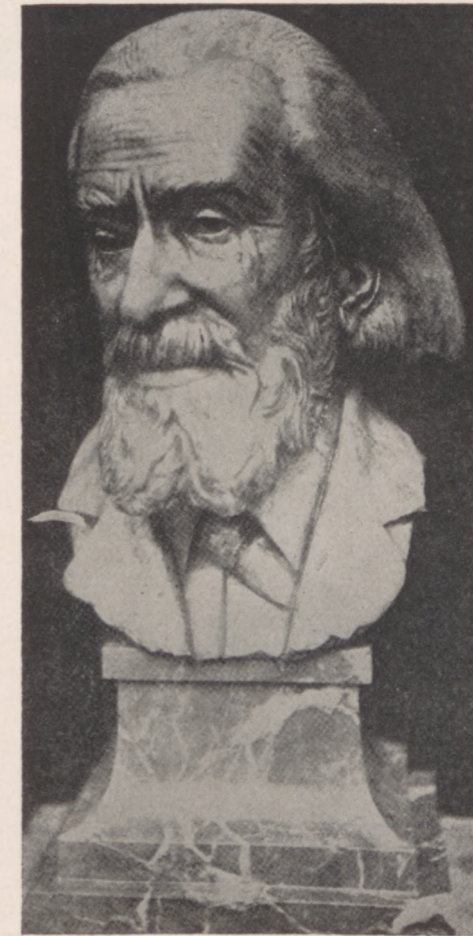
Son of a martyred race, that long
Has poured its sorrow into song,
And taught the world that grief is
less
When voiced by Music's loveliness:
How shall its newer anguish be
Interpreted, if not by thee?

In whose heart dearer doth abide
Thy land's lost century of pride;
Since triple tyrants tore in three
That nation of antiquity—
But could not lock with prison keys
The freeman's sacred memories?

Now, when thy soil lies wrecked
and rent,
By cruel waves of warfare spent,
Till famine counts so many slain
It looks on Slaughter with disdain,
However, others grieve, thou show'st
The noble spirit suffers most.

Master, with whom the world doth
sway
Like meadow with the wind at play,
May Heaven send thee, at this hour,
Such access of supernal power
That every note beneath thy hand
Shall plead for thy distracted land.

—ROBERT UNDERWOOD
JOHNSON (1916)



Wladyslaw Mickiewicz, son of Poland's greatest poet, by F. Black.

THERE WAS A FIGHT AT NARVIK!

by MIECZYSLAW PRUSZYNSKI



"To those who fell at Ankenes —their comrades."

A NORWEGIAN fishing village above a fjord not far from Narvik. Evening of May 27th, 1940. Our company is in reserve, but could protect the flank of the Allied front line. This evening a captain visits us, an old cavalry man, he was fond of good cheer. One of our soldiers unloads a cask of French wine from his motorcycle as he himself thunders from our doorway:

"I heard you plundered the food store of the French. Well, we took care of their liquor supply. We'll have a party to-night. We shouldn't suffer too much, even at the front."

Our diplomatic Kazio was already on good terms with the Norwegians, especially the pretty ones. He hadn't been a tower of strength in the Chicago consulate for nothing. In this country, there are no teetotalers—everyone loves liquor. Our company commander, Kazik Szternak, ceremoniously carries in a full glass with which he proceeds to toast King Haakon. The old fisherman replies by emptying his own glass in a toast to Poland, though we couldn't quite understand all he said.

Then Polish songs mingle with Norwegian chanteys in the low-raftered fisherman's hut. Our pleasant evening, however, is unexpectedly cut short by an earth-shaking explosion followed by others. They come from the far side of the mountain where artillery batteries have opened fire. It sounds like naval guns. The mountains rising from the



The Poles Attack! Drawing by Jozef Natanson.

fjord literally shake under the blows. I glance at my watch—a minute past midnight, but in far-northern Norway the nights are as light as noon in May.

For a time we sit on the fence behind the cottage trying to make out where the firing comes from. Shells roar overhead and make the wine, the girls, the songs seem far away and unreal. Next morning our commander has news for us:

"Do you know what's happened? Last night we attacked Narvik. It's ours!"

More news: Three battalions of Polish troops struck at Ankenes—the real key to Narvik. The French Foreign Legion stormed Narvik directly from their transports. British warships pounded the German positions. Our general led the attack from the front lines. When the Germans counterattacked they almost captured him with his entire staff, but they saved themselves by headlong flight. The Fourth Battalion succeeded in reaching them in time and routed the Nazis. When the Germans tried to escape by boats down the fjord, Sergeant Rozanski, formerly a famous Polish painter, was waiting for them, and all by himself killed 50 of them with his machine gun.

We lost Captain Moren of the heavy machine-gun unit. The Germans tried to use him as a booby-trap. They leaned his corpse against a tree in a kneeling position, but before they could try further tricks, they were beaten back to the Norwegian border high up in the mountains. Part of their forces even crossed over into Sweden.

Many of our friends, however, fell during that last battle. My brother too was missing, but someone assured me he had seen him after the battle. We had to carry our dead down the mountains for burial at Narvik.



Landing at Har Stad. Drawing by Jozef Natanson.

HERO OF THE POLISH UNDERGROUND

by ZENON KOSIDOWSKI



I KNEW him well. When German armored divisions were driving on Warsaw in September 1939, we left the Polish capital together, obeying orders of the military authorities for all men of military age to leave the capital at once. But somewhere near the Rumanian border he disappeared in the confusion of evacuation. I made my way to Paris and for a long time my inquiries about him brought no results. I did not know what had become of him.

As he was a well-known Polish writer, this absence of news was strange. It was all the more peculiar because more and more Poles were making their way to France from their occupied country.

One day in Paris I came across a friend who had just escaped from Warsaw. Our conversation naturally drifted to mutual acquaintances who had remained in Poland. I asked about the writer whose fate had given me so much concern.

"Oh, his nest is well feathered," replied the new arrival, "he rides around Warsaw in his own car. He must have gotten in well with the Germans. I saw him riding down Marszalkowska Street with my own eyes."

This piece of news amazed and worried me. Was it possible that this man I had known as a patriot, could stoop so low? And this, when no one in Poland had become a Quisling, preferring death to betrayal of his country.

"It doesn't surprise me at all," remarked the new arrival as if guessing my thoughts, "I always looked upon him as a German."

He was alluding to the fact that this writer, coming from Western Poland, which prior to 1914 had been occupied by the Germans, had gone to Prussian schools and spoke German like a native. Besides, he had written a monograph on Beethoven that had been awarded a prize by some German institute or other.

A few days after the conversation, I heard fresh details in a Paris café. There seemed no longer any doubt about the man's treachery. He had opened a large café for German officers and Gestapo men near one of Warsaw's main squares. The café was thriving and he was fast becoming rich. He greeted his guests personally, sat at their tables. In short, he was on the best of terms with murderers of Polish women and children.

I came out of the café very downcast, although deep in my heart I still could not believe the story. Maybe it was a case of mistaken identity, maybe malicious gossip, always so current in wartime, had confused him with someone else?

It was at this time that the first underground papers, printed in Poland, began to reach us. Deeply moved, we fingered the small closely printed sheets of paper. The more we read them, the greater was our admiration and our joy. These articles, written in simple, clear and forceful style, breathed such warm patriotism, such faith in victory, such an intransigent will to fight the German occupants that it made one proud to be a Pole. These papers were excellently edited. They were first rate and what a marvel of underground organization. How did it happen that printing presses, paper, type, typesetters and distributors were found under the very noses of the army and the German police, so notorious for its cruelty? Those who had accomplished all this were not only patriots holding death in contempt, but above all splendid organizers and masters of conspiracy. But he . . . How did it happen that he did not follow in the footsteps of his colleagues, but chose the road of dishonor and an easy life?

This contrast disturbed and depressed me. Suppose everything they say about him is untrue, an error, a misunder-

standing? One should wait for more precise information before condemning a man. I could not forget our memorable conversation one hour before we left Warsaw, when pale and earnest, he told me he would not leave, that he would go into hiding in the city to fight the invader even if the Polish army should be forced to leave. It was only when I reminded him that he should obey the orders of the Polish general staff that he gave in. Had that been an adroitly played comedy?

After the fall of France, most Poles fled to Lisbon, where many of us waited months on the slim chance of getting an American visa. Being in a neutral country, we were able to re-establish contact with our families and friends through letters. But I could learn nothing about the writer, about whom such dreadful tales were told.

Once, in the course of a conversation with a Pole about whom everybody whispered that he had special and accurate information about the Polish underground (although we had an unwritten agreement never to question him about it)—we admired the number and excellence of the Polish underground papers that came to us time and again by devious routes. At parting, this well informed Pole said with a smile: "You don't even suspect how well you know the person who edits these publications."

I was intrigued. A string of names passed through my head. I thought of familiar figures and looked for traits of character that might confirm my suspicions. Could it perchance be he? But that thought seemed too far-fetched. After all, the report about the café and his intimacy with Germans had proven true. But subconsciously, his name kept recurring in my suppositions.

Early in 1942 the Poles abroad were in mourning. The Gestapo had arrested about a thousand intellectuals in Warsaw. They were being shot by the hundreds on the military grounds outside the city limits. The underground papers, which had been reaching us, stopped appearing for a while. Evidently their editors were among the arrested. It was one of those awful moments of which the Poles have experienced so many in this war.

In New York I met a cousin of our alleged Polish Quisling. He showed me a letter he had just received from his family in Poland. It said that the café-owner and collaborationist was dead. He had been shot along with other patriots.

The letter gave no further details regarding the circumstances of this tragedy, but one thing was certain. The treachery of the well-known writer had no basis in fact.

It was not till a few months later that everything became clear. An emissary of underground Poland came to London. In the presence of writers and journalists he was asked about people and conditions in Warsaw. Someone who knew nothing about the execution of our writer remarked, "He's probably sitting pretty with his café and German girl friend."

The emissary gave him a long, strange look and said, "He was executed last June."

"Executed!"

"Yes, and that was our greatest loss."

"Our greatest loss?"

There was noticeable commotion among the assembled.

"We don't understand. And what about the café and those Germans with whom he was friendly?"

"Don't you see, it was all a camouflage, a masterfully organized conspiracy. Did you expect him to carry a sandwich sign, announcing that he was editor of virtually all the underground papers?"

"Do you mean he edited those magnificent papers *Mother Land, Our Freedom, On to Victory*?"

"Not only those, but five, six, eight others too. It was he

(Please turn to page 15)

THE WHITE EAGLE SOARS OVER THE APENNINES

RECENT victories in Italy have put new spirit into the hearts of Polish soldiers of the Second Corps. At last they have met the Germans, their mortal enemies, in a major engagement, and have defeated them. This in the fifth year after the "conquest" of the Polish nation.

The successes of this Polish Second Corps and its capture of Cassino and Monastery Hill, long considered impregnable, have been widely reported throughout the world. The capture of strategic Cassino materially aided the swift fall of Rome, but many Polish heroes did not live to see the Eternal City freed.

The narrow paths leading up Monte Cassino were strewn with their bodies. As swiftly as possible these were taken to a new military cemetery where simple white crosses mark their graves.

After the battle had died down, silence once again fell upon the Italian countryside, broken only by the rattle of tanks moving up to the new front line. Soldiers of the Kresowa, "Border" Division were going into battle for Piedimonte. Near some newly dug graves covered with wreaths of wild mountain flowers, Poles off duty stood guard. Hymns rose into the fog shrouding the mountain-side cemetery. Unlike those lost in North Africa, these soldiers were buried under oaks and maples—trees that are found in Poland. Further proof that they are nearing home. A country, like a flower, must be rooted in fertile ground. Poland's earth is being watered by the blood of her valiant sons who have fallen in battle.



Polish Commandos in Italy.

The Allied press has been loud in praise of these victories. A correspondent of the *Daily Telegraph* reveals that although British units of the Eighth Army might have been assigned to the Cassino Front, this most difficult sector was entrusted to the Polish Second Corps, whose Carpathian brigade had fought so valiantly throughout the Mediterranean Campaign.

Another *Daily Telegraph* correspondent describes the visit of General Leese, commander-in-chief of the Eighth Army, to the headquarters of General Wladyslaw Anders: "This is a great day in the history of Poland," General Leese told the Polish commander. General Anders thanked him for the excellent work of the British Transport Service which negotiated the difficult mountain trails on mule-back in order to keep open the supply routes to the front lines of the Polish Second Corps.

The *Daily Express* added that on the Friday following the battle for Monastery Hill, the terrain was closed off, while the Poles searched the ruins for hiding German paratroops, time bombs, booby traps and concealed munition dumps. Some forty enemy parachute troops were found hiding in the cellars of the ruined Abbey.

The neutral Swedish press also devoted much space to this victory. *The Stockholm Tidningen* wrote that "The red and white flag planted by Polish soldiers atop Monastery Hill is not just the standard of Poland, but of all the Allied nations whose soldiers now fight in Italy. The Battle of Cassino will undoubtedly become one of the most famous of the present war.

"Great must have been the Germans' surprise," stated *The Aftonidning*, "to have been defeated and taken prisoners by Poles in the fifth year after their occupation of Poland."

Equally unstinting was the praise of Allied commanders. "Congratulations on your victory, may your success continue," cabled General Sir Alan Brooke, Chief of the Imperial British Staff. "Good work, I knew you could do it," said General Holmes, commander-in-chief of the 9th Army.



British Official Photograph

A brief respite during action in Italy.

General Freyberg, commander of the New Zealand troops, wrote "Three cheers for the Poles. Congratulations on your great success."

When a Polish correspondent rode into Rome on a Second Polish Corps jeep decorated with the Warsaw coat of arms, a mermaid with a sword, he was surrounded by Poles who had lived in Rome through four years of war and one year of German occupation. They told him they had followed the entire Italian campaign on secret radios, but were anxious for further details of Polish victories. Soldiers of the Allied armies are already on their way North. Sappers are rebuilding rail connections, so that dark green railway cars, marked PKP—Polish National Railways—standing in Rome railroad yards may also move north.

As long as the memory of the shell-scarred town and the bombed Abbey are remembered the memory of the soldiers who fought and died there shall remain.

These soldiers of the Polish Second Corps moved up Monte Cassino in the face of a murderous fire from enemy guns hidden in crevices and behind boulders. The way up was marked by many dead and wounded lying along the mountain paths. Poles fought with bayonets and threw hand-grenades at the hidden German machine-guns and field artillery. They pressed on, at times moving over the bodies of their own dead in their desperate assault on the fortress that had withstood four months of Allied attacks. Finally, the center of their line reached the top and soon knocked out the remaining enemy batteries.

News of the victory was spread all over Poland by secret radios, the underground press and word of mouth. The entire Polish nation prayed for the fallen, and that the living might have continued success on the field of battle. Poland was covered by inscriptions taunting the so-called "Conquerors," chalked up by mysterious hands on city streets and buildings, on village houses, and even on isolated farm buildings. These inscriptions ridiculed the Germans and forecast their impending doom. They were the spontaneous reaction of a nation bloody but unbowed, a land occupied but never conquered by the Germans.

The following story is told by a Polish officer in Italy:



Polish first aid station in Italy.



British Official Photograph

Polish and British flags over the Abbey of Monte Cassino.

"I saw a rather small young private from the Carpathian Division. His clothes were tattered and grimy but there was a satisfied smile on his face. He was proudly leading a six-foot German lieutenant whose Prussian face was full of arrogance. Major Z. turned to the German and asked: 'Are you tired?' The German answered that he wasn't. The Polish officer then asked if the German was hungry. He replied that he was not because the Poles had already given him food. Then, Major Z. said to the prisoner: 'You know, I also was taken prisoner of war in September, 1939, in Poland. I was asked the same three questions. My answer to the first two was the same as yours.' 'And what was the third question you have not yet asked?' said the German with interest. Major Z. replied: 'The third question I was asked at my interrogation in Poland in 1939 was: 'The war is now all over for you, don't you agree?' Suddenly the face of the Prussian clouded. Here standing before me was only a tired, weary man, suddenly conscious of the inevitable doom of his Nazi Reich."

**Tables Have
Turned Since
1939**



The game is up for these Germans taken prisoner by the Poles in the battle of Monte Cassino.

**POLISH UNDERGROUND SENDS MESSAGE TO GENERAL ANDERS,
COMMANDER OF POLISH SECOND CORPS IN ITALY**

"On behalf of Underground Poland and the Polish nation, we convey to you, General, expressions of our deep admiration and appreciation for the commanders and soldiers of the Polish Second Corps for their heroic deeds and marvellous achievements in Italy.

"You gave new proof to the whole world that the Polish nation fighting indomitably for independence will assure a great future to its country.

"Aware of the serious dangers which are still menacing the very existence of the Polish nation and the Polish State, all Poland is deeply longing for the speedy return of the Polish Army fighting abroad."

—COUNCIL OF NATIONAL UNITY
—POLISH GOVERNMENT'S PLENIPOTENTIARY
AND DEPUTY PREMIER IN POLAND

ON THE THIRD ANNIVERSARY OF HIS PASSING—PADEREWSKI: THE STATESMAN

(Continued from page 3)

to the Polish patriot the outlines of his plan for the new political and economic structure of the world. Paderewski told him how the Polish nation hoped to achieve independence and unification of its territory. Wilson listened attentively, and asked questions. The problem of Poland's access to the sea interested him particularly. "When I left him," Paderewski said to me in Paris 1931. "Wilson assured me cordially that the Poles could be certain of his support."

When in 1917 the Polish National Committee was formed in Paris under Roman Dmowski, Paderewski was elected member and appointed delegate in the United States. Dmowski went to America in August 1918, and on his arrival at New York he asked Paderewski about the prospects. "Not too bright, either with public opinion or the Government," replied Paderewski. That pessimistic impression was mainly due to the fact that when Wilson in his Thirteenth Point spoke of a "free and secure access to the sea" he had not yet envisaged territorial access through Polish Pomerania. At the beginning of September of the same year Dmowski and Paderewski were received by Wilson, with whom they had a long talk. Dmowski insisted that only territorial access could be free and secure. "But," observed Wilson, "would it not be sufficient for you if the lower Vistula and the free

port of Danzig were neutralized?" "Mr. President," replied Dmowski, "that is just as if you had said to us you will have full liberty to breathe, but the Germans will have you by the throat . . ." Then he took up the strategic argument. "My dear Mr. Dmowski," Wilson interrupted, "who will talk any more of strategic measures after this war? We shall have a League of Nations." "I believe in the League of Nations as I believe in the justice of the United States. To guarantee it you need not only laws and tribunals, but also police and prisons." "But we shall have an international police force," put in Wilson. "Who will form it? Will you maintain an American army in Europe? Such a police force could only be formed by local armies. We cannot forget strategic considerations."

The question of Poland's access to the sea ended in a rather impractical compromise. The strategic argument was ignored by Wilson and by Lloyd George. That is why in September, 1939, the German army of General von Kuechler, 8 divisions strong, was able to strike from East Prussia at Warsaw and the Polish rear in Brzesc Litewski.

Volumes could be written of the countless services which Paderewski the patriot rendered to the Polish nation. But perhaps the greatest, and certainly the one which lay nearest his heart, was his work in America during the last war to gain for his country free and secure access to the sea.

POLISH PRIME MINISTER'S STATEMENT TO AMERICAN PRESS

"I welcome this opportunity of meeting the representatives of the American press and would be greatly obliged if you could help me to express my profound gratitude for the generous and kind hospitality which I am enjoying during my visit here.

"I am particularly grateful to the President who at this time of crucial events and great pressure of work invited me to come to Washington in order frankly to exchange views with him at this very important phase of the war. The several talks which I was privileged to have with the President covered a wide scope pertaining to Polish and general war and postwar problems. I was most happy to note the President's deep knowledge of Polish questions and interest in Poland's part in the common war effort and, later, in postwar Europe.

"I received from the President many proofs of sympathy for Poland's problems and for the Polish people.

"It gave me great pleasure to meet and to have a frank talk with Secretary of State Hull after his return from his vacation. I had been greatly looking forward to making the acquaintance of this eminent American statesman.

"The exceptionally close and most friendly collaboration offered me by Undersecretary of State Stettinius, whose acquaintance I had already made during his recent visit to London, enabled me to realize even more fully his frankness and sincerity and his friendly and helpful understanding of Poland's problems.

"I will leave the United States with a high heart and full confidence that Poland can count on the support and real friendship of the United States."

Blair House, Washington, June 14th, 1944.

—STANISLAW MIKOLAJCZYK,
Prime Minister of Poland.

HERO OF THE POLISH UNDERGROUND

(Continued from page 11)

who taught us how to organize. He supplied the paper, presses, type and editors. He travelled to Berlin, Vienna and Essen on a German passport. Once he brought complete printing equipment from Germany. He used the money earned in his café to save others. The distribution of the underground press is unusually dangerous and difficult. Hence every paper can have only a limited number of copies printed. To cover the whole area of Poland with underground papers, he travelled from place to place, organized editorial offices, placed workers in charge of them and then left to found others elsewhere.

"Finally, the Germans caught up with him. But they got nothing out of him in prison. He was our real leader and fell in battle like a soldier. But the organization he set up went on after him. We remained, his pupils. As you know, we now have more than one hundred underground publications—dailies, weeklies, monthlies, papers for children and for young people, military and professional publications, even satirical papers and illustrated magazines. The growth of this underground press will remain the pride of Poland. But he was its creator and hero. To his memory Poland will erect monuments."

His name was Witold Hulewicz.

PADEREWSKI REMINISCENCES

(Continued from page 5)

visits to Poland, when already a world famous artist, he received a letter from a poor widow asking for help. The woman had a daughter studying the piano who was unable to practise at home for lack of an instrument. One may imagine the joy and the amazement of mother and daughter when a few days later Paderewski sent them a beautiful piano.

Mme. Paderewski's influence in her husband's life is well known. She was always at his side as wife, friend and mother encouraging him and trying to eliminate any unpleasantness from his daily life. During his first trip to Australia, Paderewski became greatly discouraged and was overcome by fear that his concerts on the distant Continent would be a failure. On that occasion Mme. Paderewski played a truly feminine trick on her husband. She hid a walking stick that the Master had always considered a "kismet," and told him that as the cane was lost it might be advisable to cancel the tour. Paderewski agreed to his wife's proposal and felt relief. They decided to continue the voyage as ordinary tourists. After a few days of mental relaxation Paderewski regained his good humor; he again began to practice on the small upright in his cabin, and expressed regret that the tour had been cancelled. On the eve of landing Mme. Paderewski told her husband that the lost cane had been found and that the concert tour had not been cancelled. Paderewski greatly appreciated his wife's little joke that had spared him many hours of nervous excitement. The tour proved a huge success.

Paderewski's namesday on July 31st afforded his many friends and admirers an opportunity to manifest their good will and respect. Year after year crowds used to arrive in Morges, from all over Europe and America, and every hotel in the town and its vicinity was filled. The post office in Morges had to hire additional clerks to handle the incoming Paderewski mail from all parts of the world. Even modest Swiss farmers came to pay tribute to the most popular resident in the land of William Tell.

Everybody in Lausanne and the neighboring towns and villages knew the tall and striking figure of the Polish Master. His energy was inexhaustible. He used to mount the stage two steps at a time.

Paderewski's concerts were legendary. Wherever he played, the house was sold out. When he appeared on the stage the public rose acclaiming the king of pianists. When leaving the concert hall he was always met by crowds waiting for him in the street. Women knelt before him, kissing his hands.

Long after he had left, one saw people standing on the sidewalks, deep in thought, comforted and refreshed, feeling happy and grateful to the great artist for having unveiled to them a world of unknown beauty. Out of the concert hall, Paderewski had fashioned for them a temple.

On this anniversary of his passing to immortality, his pupils, friends, and admirers can but pay him a tribute of gratitude for the unforgettable hours of loftiest emotion and happiness his great Art bestowed upon them.



Mikolajczyk's Invasion Message to All Poles

"SOLDIERS, AIRMEN, SAILORS, POLES,—we are entering into the final stage of settling accounts with Germany. The order that marks the beginning of Europe's liberation from the barbarous occupation of the Nazi invaders and murderers has been given by the Supreme Commander of the Allied Armies, General Dwight Eisenhower. The order of the liberation of Europe has been given by a son of the free American nation and the free American soil of Washington, Lincoln, Kosciuszko and Pulaski, who by mutual agreement with Roosevelt and Churchill has been placed in supreme command of the attacking Allied Forces.

"In this long awaited and desired moment our hearts beat quicker as our soldier's ranks straighten and the soldiers of the Polish Underground Army clench their fists in readiness. Poles, wherever you may be, whether soldiers of the Polish Army on British soil, whether airmen covered with glory serving in fighter and bomber squadrons, whether sailors fighting under the Polish flag, or heroic soldiers from Monte Cassino, or Polish soldiers of the Underground Army—our reply is 'It's an order!' For the death, hunger, oppression and insults wrought upon our Poland. 'For Our Freedom and for Yours.'

"Victory depends not only on faithful obedience to the orders of the supreme com-

mand, but also on carrying them out properly and intelligently. Poles—soldiers of fighting units serving within Allied Army ranks, will discharge their duty with self-sacrifice and devotion. The Underground soldiers will carry out their orders received on the spot. The rest of you, my compatriots, will in full discipline and solidarity assist the struggle by means that are known and have been recommended to you.

"I wish to emphasize that the moment for general uprising has not come yet. The battle order concerns special units with special tasks in the Underground. The moment of general struggle will come. It is necessary to prepare for it. This moment will be announced to you by special order. Poles in the Underground of Europe, wherever you have been given the order to strike—strike powerfully. You must help to rally and await orders for the general and final blow. This moment is not far off. May God guide you. For honor and the fatherland. Death and destruction to our eternal enemy, the Germans!

"Long live Poland's Army, Navy, and Airforce! Long live the soldiers of the Polish Underground Army! Long live free and independent Poland! Long live the Allied Armies of freedom! Long live their supreme commander, General Eisenhower!"