

THE POLISH REVIEW

ARCH WIDZ PRAS

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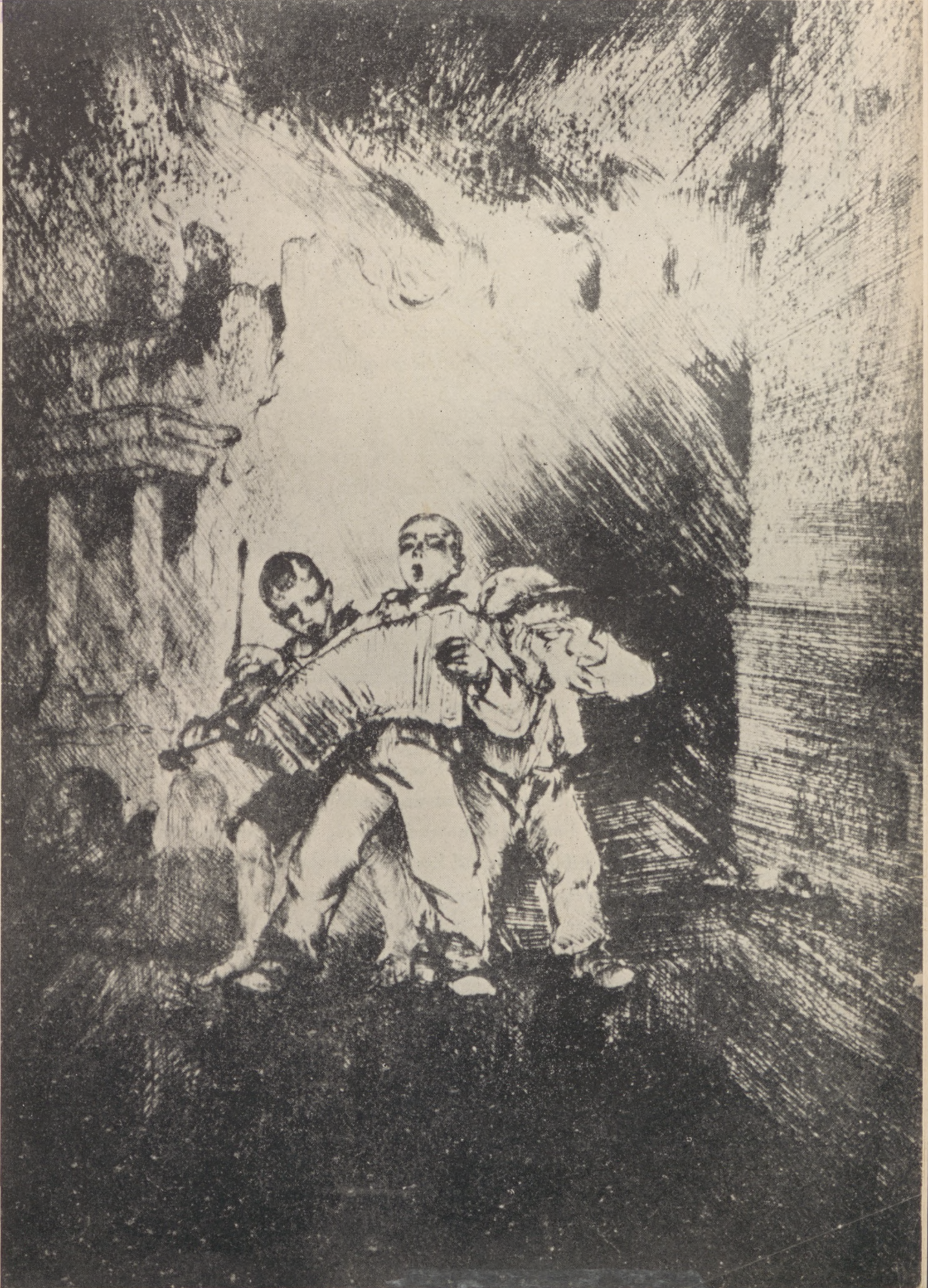
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"Song of Embattled
Warsaw." Drawing by
Marian Gleb-Kratochwil.

PRIME MINISTER CHURCHILL PAYS HOMAGE TO POLAND

“SEPTEMBER first five years ago the German armies launched on Poland their unprovoked attack. This attack precipitated a world conflagration which brought untold misery to millions of human beings. In 1939, the Polish armies, despite gallant resistance, were overwhelmed. But Poland fought on. For five years, despite the most barbarous treatment at the hands of the Nazi thugs and torturers, Polish courage and Polish constancy never faltered. At home and abroad, the Poles under the leadership first of Sikorski and then of his distinguished successor, Mikolajczyk, have remained as one in their determination to continue with the United Nations the struggle against the German oppressors of their country. Polish armies have won and are still winning renown, fighting on all main fronts in the great final battle which will liberate Europe and make possible the restoration of a strong and independent Poland. In Warsaw the heroic struggle continues, watched attentively by the world. The day of liberation is drawing near and at this time it is fitting that we should pay homage to all those gallant Poles, both at home and abroad, who continued the struggle against terrible odds and have earned the lasting admiration of all free peoples. From their sacrifices a new Poland will be born.”

“I am convinced that the day of victory is at hand when all the nations, great and small, will again be able to enjoy freedom and independence, and that you will have a free and democratic Poland.”

—Philip Murray,
President, Congress of Industrial Organizations (C.I.O.),
addressing the Fighters of Warsaw.

President Raczkiewicz Speaks to Poland

On September 1, 1944, fifth anniversary of the German attack on Poland, Wladyslaw Raczkiewicz, President of the Republic of Poland, made the following broadcast to his countrymen:

“FIVE years have passed since the day when Poland started resisting the aggression of German arms.

“Today again, for the third time in five years, the battle front is on Polish territory, spreading fire and destruction. It is also for the second time that Warsaw—the capital and very heart of Poland—ravaged by flames—has undertaken the unequal struggle against the enemy and again become the symbol of those principles on which Poland based her participation in this war: the love of freedom, steadfast adherence to principles and readiness for any necessary sacrifice.

“In five years of war we have never wavered from these principles. As reprisal for the fact that we were the first to resist and therefore became the stumbling block that wrecked their plan to gain control of Europe by trickery and by catching other nations napping, the Germans adopted in Poland a system of the most ruthless and inhuman extermination and biological destruction ever inflicted upon a nation. In spite of this, we did not follow, as did almost all the other countries of Europe, the path of opportunism, nor did we seek even a partial compromise and agreement with the occupant. For the past five years, our nation has waged an underground struggle and has sustained immense losses.

“The armed forces that we had concentrated on the territory of our Allies have never ceased fighting. Narvik and the Maginot Line were the first links in an unbroken chain of our struggle in foreign lands.

“At the most tragic period of these five years of war, when Britain was left alone to fight the battle and when it seemed to many that her decision to continue the struggle was sheer madness, we placed ourselves at her side as a trusted, tried and unfailing ally. We played no small part in the Battle of Britain in the air and the battle for the sea routes which were actions that decided the course of the war. The bastion that was Tobruk, in the battle for Libya, which put a check to German victories, was a further link in the chain that recently led to Monte Cassino, Ancona, Falaise, and Chambois. Meanwhile, as soon as the line of the eastern front approached the frontiers of Poland, the Home Army came out into the



Wladyslaw Raczkiewicz, President of Poland, and Stanislaw Mikolajczyk, Polish Prime Minister.

open and began to deal blows to the enemy in open warfare. “When the Soviet armies approached the capital of Poland, the city that had been conquered five years ago but had always stood ready to resume the struggle—rose spontaneously to overthrow its Teutonic oppressor and regain its freedom.

“We are fully entitled to say—and with pride—that in the history of these five years of struggle there was nothing of which we might be ashamed and nothing that we have left undone, and that our own duty and our duty as allies was always fulfilled by us—sometimes even in excess of what was expected of us, always without calculating the costs and without bargaining. The line of our conduct in this war, straight and undeviating, is in keeping with the psychology of our nation, its aims and its political credo, that was defined, not only in the present struggle, but also during the long ages of our history when nearly every generation had to fight, when every war that we waged was a defensive one, and not one was for conquest.

“Our deep love of freedom and independence not only made us rise in defense of these values, but also made us respect the right of other nations to possess them. German attempts to draw us into the orbit of their aggressive plans
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POLISH HOME ARMY'S MORTAL STRUGGLE FOR WARSAW*

THE Polish patriot army defending Warsaw is nearing the end of its strength after a valiant fight that has raged without surcease for 42 days. General Bor reports that the fighting has reached "the limit of human endurance," and that in order to continue the battle successfully, the Poles need at least five tons, or about five plane loads, of ammunition daily. German and Russian artillery duels east of the Vistula River between Zegrze and Radzymin can be observed from Warsaw, and the German Army is retreating from Praga toward Modlin.

Having lost their "Old City" stronghold last week, the Polish Home Army was driven still further back by German artillery, tanks and infantry that was entrenched between "Stare Miasto" and Sikorski Avenue to the south. Several points along the western bank of the Vistula were also forcibly abandoned.

The Poles counterattacked and recaptured buildings along Wrecka Street, but were forced out of the vicinity of Swietokrzyska Street. Meanwhile General Bor accused and named 28 German officers of committing atrocities during the battle. Further lists of war criminals are forthcoming.

The situation of the Home Army is still further complicated by the civilian population that has crowded into the few districts still in Polish hands. The food problem grows worse daily. Warsaw is now once again without electric light or water supply.

The Germans continue to concentrate their main attack on the "down town" district of Warsaw and particularly on Napoleon Square and the surrounding streets. Further north, in the Zoliborz suburb, the Poles still gain ground. They hold Marymont that was wrested from the enemy last week. However, the Germans are digging in about the Central Institute of Physical Education on the outskirts of Zoliborz.

In the southern suburb of Mokotow, the situation continued unchanged. The Poles held their ground despite 93 German aerial bombardments in one day. In the Jablonna district, sharp artillery fire was exchanged. The Home Army also still holds Mokotow and Czerniakow.

Food sent by the International Red Cross in Geneva has finally reached the 150,000 Poles in the Pruszkow Concentration Camp. The Germans rerouted the first food transports to Cracow, but on the protests of the Red Cross, the Germans agreed to send part of it to Pruszkow and promised that the entire next shipment would go directly to the camp.

A soldier of the Home Army managed to seize an order of the day by General Reinhardt to the German divisions assigned to capture "Old City," dated August 18. General Bor sent this order to London where it was received by military circles as proof of the great numbers of soldiers that

* News of the final outcome of the latest Battle of Warsaw has not yet reached the United States as this issue of *The Polish Review* goes to press.



Soldiers of the Polish Home Army.

the Germans had to use in order to drive the Polish Home Army from "Old City."

"The 110th Infantry Battalion, two battalions of sappers, one company of 'Tiger' tanks, reinforced by nine tanks armed with 88mm. anti-tank guns, 20 75mm. automatic cannon, 50 'Goliath' tanks, six units of 75mm. field artillery, 2 88mm. mortars, one 60cm. mortar, one mine detecting platoon, a platoon of flame throwers, an armored train equipped with 18 machine guns and four 105mm. cannon" were sent by the German general to attack "Old City" and pass through it to the western bank of the Vistula River.

They were to carry out this order in the region of the railroad bridge near the old Citadel, Theatre Square and Karowa Street. They were to attack simultaneously from the north and the west.

Following this order, German units attacked "Old City" on August 19. Heavy bombers and dive bombers were also used against Polish positions which they attacked from 15 to 20 times a day. Finally, on the night of August 31-September 1, when their battle against such tremendous odds proved absolutely hopeless, the Poles withdrew from "Old City" in good order to take up new positions.

That Warsaw is not forgotten by Poles abroad is testified by the following appeal issued to "the free peoples of the world," by the Foreign Committee of the Polish Socialist Party in London:

"We are appealing to you on behalf of fighting Warsaw. Our voice is the voice of Warsaw's people, who, for 150 years, have been rising in every generation to fight against foreign invaders. Our voice is the voice of Warsaw's workers, who are the backbone of the present fighting in Warsaw.

"Five years ago, Warsaw was the first to put up armed resistance against the aggression of German imperialism.

Message from His Holiness, Pope Pius XII to President Wladyslaw Raczkiwicz:

"You have turned to us again, with a feeling of filial confidence, to show us the deep concern which you and your government are showing about the news received from Poland, especially the news concerning the fighting in Warsaw.

"There is no need for us to repeat how deeply we feel in our heart the sufferings of all victims of this dreadful war, especially those of our dear Polish sons, who, for five years, have been suffering immeasurable persecutions and who, for five years, have had to submit to so many bitter blows.

"The appeal which the women of Warsaw addressed to us touched us very deeply. We have never ceased to pray to the Almighty to end mercifully the days of suffering and hasten the hour of deliverance and peace. More than once during the last years we have raised our voice to remind the world of the principles to which the fighting parties must adhere in wartime and of the bases of justice and mercy on which the peace must be built.

"Only a few weeks ago, when receiving in audience a particularly dear group of our Polish sons, we expressed the hope that lasting peace would bring to the Polish nation happy conditions of existence. Everyone knows that in carrying out our Apostolic mission, we have used all available means in defense of the oppressed, demanding for them the protection of law. As far as Poland—which rightly prides herself on being 'semper fidelis'—is concerned, we have more than once prayed for her speedy resurrection.

"Therefore, we whole-heartedly endorse this new appeal, which was directed to us, with the desire not to leave anything within our power undone to save many human beings. May the Almighty fulfill our prayers and supplications to crown our efforts with success and stop the flood of so many tears and so much human blood.

"With this prayer and those feelings, we send our Apostolic blessing to those Polish men and women who asked for them with so many touching words, to you, and to the whole Polish nation, whose feelings you express, as proof of our fatherly love and as a token of Heavenly help and consolation in moments of anxiety and worry."

—August 31, 1944.

Workers' battalions stood up in defense of the beleaguered and nearly defenseless Warsaw. In September, 1939, Warsaw paid for its resistance with 80,000 killed. Then we were



What was left of the Warsaw Ghetto.



Saint and ruins.

alone, but we did not regret our sacrifices, because we linked them with the certainty of future victory and the right of Poland to recover full freedom and independence in the hour of triumph of the free nations of the world.

"In defiance of the German terror regime, there grew up a wide network of underground organization, especially an underground labor movement centering around the Polish Socialist Party.

"The Polish Underground never capitulated and during five years of struggle sacrificed five million victims—human beings, men and women tortured in German prisons and concentration camps, shot, hanged, and executed in gas and steam chambers. Never did the Poles waver for a single moment, nor have there been traitors among them. We continued fighting even when the German armies reached the

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'WE STOOD ALONE'

by DOROTHY ADAMS*

"THE way to get on with the Germans," the priest remarked, "is to foresee their plans. Don't try to cross them. Never show fear or servility."

Someone sighed, "I hope I never live to see them here again."

Another, "But if they do come, this time they will regret it."

"*Panie! Panie!* The Poles are too courageous," said the priest. "I fear they don't count the cost . . ."

. . . During the years Poland was free, the peasants sent their sons to the University. They became doctors and lawyers and even had positions in the Foreign Office. More than thirty thousand graduated annually. They made up the new city middle class. This social revolution, accomplished without bloodshed, changed the complexion of Poland. The State provided new forms of employment in its factories, refineries, and on the roads which it was constructing. State hospitals and sanitariums called on young physicians, and young lawyers were needed for free State Legal Counsel . . .

. . . I was never to cease marveling at the streak of perfectionism in the Polish character. When a high road was repaired, its very foundations were replaced; and once a house was built it was supposed to last forever. Even the Polish peasant wanted nothing but the best in cloth and boots, and spent hours in the choice of those few items which he purchased . . .

When Miss "Book" first came to me, she was one of twelve teachers at the public primary school near our house. During the ten years I knew her, she advanced to the rank of principal. There were between seven and eight hundred children in this school. There were thirty in a class, the grades were subdivided into sections according to reading ability; those who could learn to read by whole sentences, those who could only learn a word at a time, and those who could learn to read only by syllables.

This teaching technique and the regulation which did not permit children starting school before they were seven years old, are, I am told, advanced theories in pedagogy put into practice by only a few schools in the United States. Poles believed that, before attending school, all children should have seven years of play in the open air. Even the poorest women were out with their infants in the bitterest weather, and there seemed to be more perambulators on the streets and in the parks than here in America. The pre-school children were taken care of in big playgrounds, where they were divided into age groups for supervised outdoor play. It was felt that a healthy child could learn more quickly and concentrate better on his work in later years, than if he had started school before the age of seven.

During my lessons, Miss "Book" explained this theory to me and she also told me about the public school routine. Immediately on arriving there was inspection of hands, nails and teeth. For the very poor, who couldn't afford tooth-brushes, the Parents-Teachers Association had its funds which were discreetly administered. Every morning each child brought his six cents for the lunch of milk, vegetable stew and fruit. The stew was cooked and prepared by the mothers in turn throughout the winter. Those too poor to pay even the six cents were given it free. The children themselves devised the plan that when they marched in line to give the teacher the money, even the ones who could not



Dorothy Adams.

pay stood in line, so that no one could know who paid and who did not. The poorest women volunteered most eagerly to help with the cooking and the serving.

The Parents-Teachers Club at her school met on Fridays. The teachers prepared little talks about child hygiene and the latest theories of education. They met in the roughly plastered and whitewashed basement dining room, which was furnished with the simplest wooden benches and tables. Here they also made clothes for the needy of the school, from the materials bought with the proceeds of the entertainments and assembly days, or from old clothes donated for the purpose.

. . . Because of having compulsory sickness insurance, when the teachers were ill they could have six weeks' treatment in semi-private hospital rooms. This provision was fortunate for teachers like Miss "Book" who lived alone. She told me how she had nearly died of appendicitis—luckily, when she had not turned up for school, one of the teachers had gone over to see what was the matter. The teacher was able to call an ambulance and get her to the hospital just in time. Had they needed first to find a doctor, it would have been too late. As it was, once Miss "Book" had recovered from a ruptured appendix, she went to a convalescent home built especially for teachers. It was in the forest outside Warsaw, and administered by the State Sick Insurance. The room which was allotted to her had folding glass doors, which in good weather were thrown open to a loggia. Chintz curtains and wicker chairs distinguished it from the rooms in

other hospitals. After six weeks she returned to Warsaw, but she still went twice a week to be baked by diathermy . . . My maid who developed housemaid's knee was prescribed a daily baking. Every afternoon I was obliged to give her the time off until she was pronounced cured. Nor had I the right of dismissing her unless I gave her board wages for the whole period.

Any servant needing a tooth filling, or eyeglasses, or any of the pleasures afforded by the medical profession, could spend hours out of the house receiving free treatment at the clinics. All of them received free sick insurance, old age and unemployment insurance, which cost me six or seven dollars a month per servant, according to their wages. To evade the insurance was a Court offense. The servant received indemnity and the right to the services of a State attorney free of charge, if such evasion were discovered. My husband's salary was also taxed for sick, old age and unemployment insurance.

. . . The sick of the whole country were tended by doctors sent out by the Department of Health. Out in the country few had health insurance, but disease was treated as the concern of the State. In this way malaria and typhus were stamped out, and typhoid reduced to negligible proportions. Poland was the first country in Europe to establish socialized medicine.

Every child had to be vaccinated against smallpox before it was six months old. When our child was born, the doctor warned us that if we didn't let him vaccinate Andrew the health officers would come to do it themselves. The child was born on the 25th of January; on the 25th of July the health officer arrived. In order to enter any school a child had not only to be vaccinated for smallpox once again, but also for diphtheria. Typhoid inoculation was also compulsory.

. . . Poland was forced to submit to German intrigue in the guise of carrying out minority treaties. Text books and German teachers were provided even where there was only one child that claimed German extraction. This farce of allowing an autonomous German state to exist within Poland opened the frontier to thousands of German agents . . . Poles could not conceive of minorities being used by foreign powers against them . . . It took years to prove to them that the Germans were re-arming the Ukrainian and Ruthenian peasantry and were stirring up an animosity which never

"In 1925 an American girl just out of college was on her way to Poland to attend an international conference for the League of Nations Committee. Only five years earlier the Russians had been camped in the suburbs of Warsaw. The Polish land had been devastated first by armies from the west and the east, then torn apart by treaties. It was still bitterly impoverished."

" . . . To any one who shares Dorothy Adams's preconception of Poland as a melancholy waste of poverty-stricken ignorance, this book should be as persuasive as the actuality became to her. She found herself among people whose gaiety, graciousness and kindness were as deep-rooted as their interests in art, music, and world affairs. She watched Warsaw rebuild itself from a dreary shambles to a city whose modernity at many points was startling to American eyes; watched the country evolve and innovate social programs which, in relative terms, would have been remarkable in any land. When, in 1939, she drove to Cracow at the beginning of the journey back to the United States, the towns on either side of a new pink and white cut granite highway stood freshly painted, with paved streets beneath which sewers and electric conduits had been laid."

—Mary Ross, THE NEW YORK HERALD-TRIBUNE WEEKLY BOOK REVIEW, September 3, 1944.

"When Miss Adams first went to Poland on a flying trip in 1925 she was appalled by the poverty she found there, the visible scars of long exploitation by Russia and Germany and of the first World War. But by the Middle Nineteen Thirties, she reports, astonishing progress had been made. Miss Adams scoffs at loose talk about the Poles as poor executives, organizers and business men. German propaganda, she says, it is, inspired by Germany's long determination to enslave the Poles and absorb Polish territory, as in the famous Silesian boundary disputes. The Germans had money for propaganda and great zest for false and scurrilous abuse. The Poles depended rather naively on justice. They ran the Silesian mines more efficiently than the Germans had in the one-third of Silesia left to them and spent the little money they had on roads and schools instead of on propaganda. As long ago as 1926 German maps used in German schools were showing large slices of Poland, and Alsace-Lorraine, too, as German territory."

" . . . Miss Adams' story of her grief and shock (after the death of her husband in an airplane accident) and of the courage she summoned up with which to face her grim future is unusually frank and unusually moving. But she had to be courageous to be worthy of her husband and of Poland, where men have fought courageously and desperately every generation that the idea of their nation might live. 'Nations only die when their people put their personal comfort before their country's welfare.' Poles may be quixotic, contentious and impractically perfectionist, but they have never done that."

—Orville Prescott, THE NEW YORK TIMES, September 4, 1944.

previously existed—taking advantage of social unrest . . . Only those who lived in the Eastern Provinces understood how serious was the situation. The rest of the country hoped to quiet the leaders with concessions and seats in the Diet. Our friends from the East told us of the talks current in the villages, of the effort to burn out Polish peasants in the Ukrainian province . . .

Among our friends was a young couple whose houses and lands had been destroyed by the Bolsheviks after the last war. They had gone back to their farm and lived in their milk shed, while they had invested all their capital in machines and fertilizers rather than personal comforts. Their shed had no floor and mildew crept halfway up the walls . . . At last in 1936 the farm paid so well that my friends could build a house and bring their children home . . . Hardly was the house finished than Ukrainians with burning torches marched through the village to their very gates. The head man shouted and swore ugly epithets to drive them from the village. Joseph went out unarmed to meet them.

"Friends," said he, "have I not always paid you well? You have wages from me now, whereas before I built up this farm, you lived with difficulty from your land. If you burn my house and destroy my crops, who will pay you? Go back to the dishonest man who sent you hither and say, 'we are not so simple as to destroy the goose of the golden eggs.' Let him leave our countryside and give his idle talk to more foolish men."

The villagers talked among themselves. Finally one said, "What you have said is true." They began to break ranks and put out their menacing torches. "We would be foolish to burn this house," they agreed.

"Do not leave my gates before we break bread together," my friend pleaded.

Jadwiga, his wife, who was watching from the veranda, ran down the path with bread and salt. "Wait," she said, "the last year's mead is not too weak to drink our healths. Here is the bread and salt. Please come in."

The incident left them with no hard feelings. "I love the Ukrainians," she said. "They are a noble people, fine workers. If only the government would find out who are the paid trouble-makers."

* Excerpts from "We Stood Alone" by Dorothy Adams. 284 pages. Longmans, Green and Co., New York and Toronto, 1944. \$3.

BEAUTY OF AGES LEVELED BY GERMAN FURY



"Warsaw in Flowers" was the slogan of the heroic Mayor of Warsaw, Stefan Starzynski.



Jewel of 18th century: Lazienki Palace built by King Stanislaw August, patron of arts and sciences.



The Belvedere Palace, where Marshal Pilsudski died.



Vistula. Detail of sculpture, Lazienki Palace, Warsaw, 18th century.



Spires and steeples of old Warsaw.



Neptune. Detail of sculpture, Lazienki Palace, Warsaw, 18th century.

THE POLISH CAVALRY'S COMEBACK

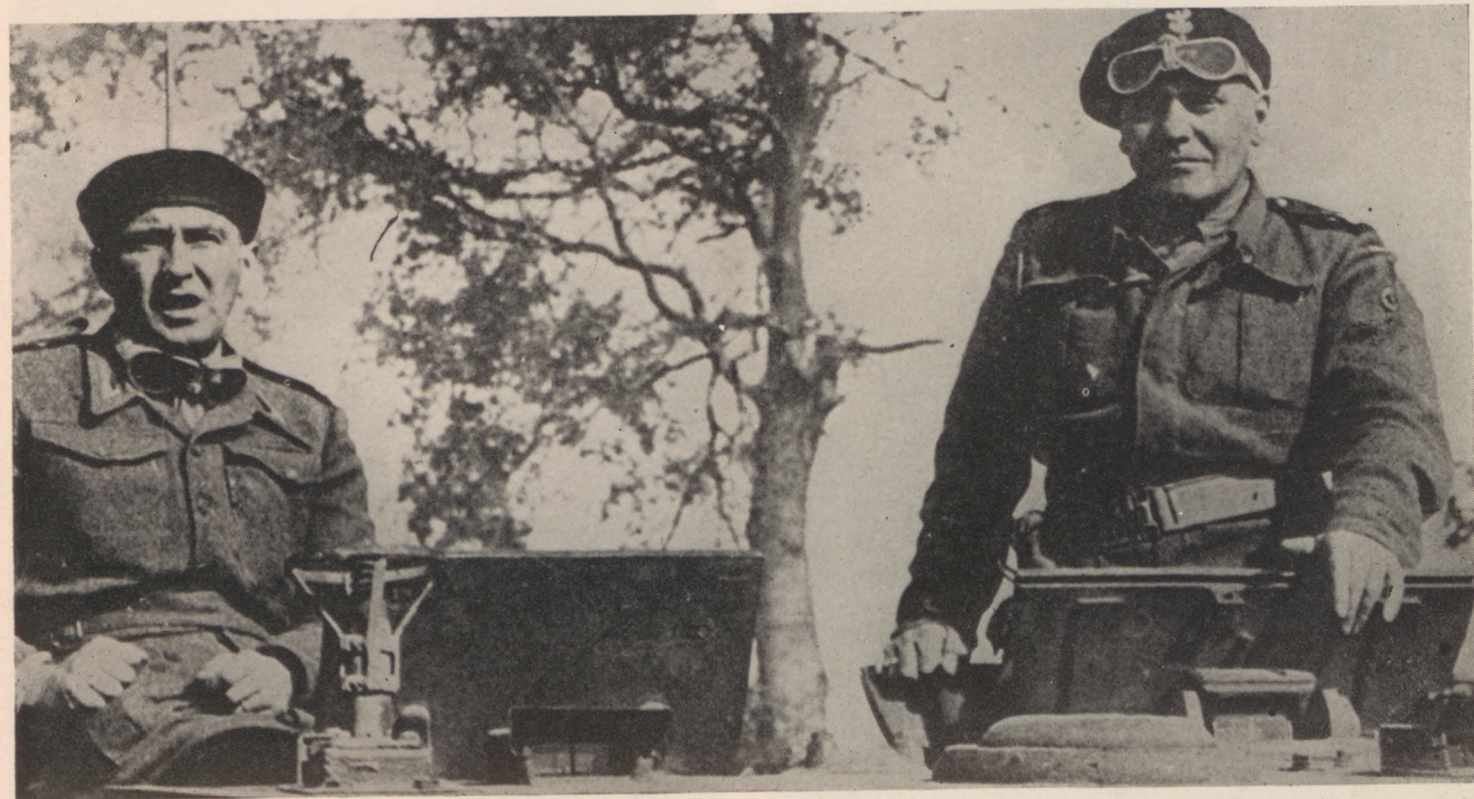
by LT. STEFAN BORTNOWSKI



TO the Polish Forces that have been taking part in the Allied offensive in Europe a new Unit has been recently added. On the Normandy front the First Polish Division of Armored Cavalry went into action a few weeks ago. Though it is not a question of mounted troops this Division is the largest Unit of the Polish Cavalry that has been employed on any front since the September campaign of 1939. With other Allied Armored Divisions—organizations vastly different from regular tank detachments—the Polish Division is engaged in an operation where cavalry tactics and fighting characteristics can be shown to their best advantage. Thus the cavalry—though mechanized—is back on the battlefield. There was a time during this war when cavalry was considered more than a failure: it was held to be a fallacy. In France during the fateful months that separated September 1939 and June 1940, cavalry was regarded with utter con-

tempt, if not by the General Staff, then by the rank and file of the Allied Armies. This contempt manifested itself even in the patronizing attitude of the civilians shown towards those officers and men of the Polish Cavalry who, in the fall and winter of 1939-40, began to drift into France to join General Sikorski's forces. "This is a war of machines; the airplane will control the battle-field; speed, maneuverability, *élan*—are meaningless"—it was argued. "The Polish Cavalry has been built up in world opinion as a formidable force that alone could destroy, out-maneuver, out-distance the Wehrmacht, that would carry it away on its swords and lances." "Instead—in four weeks—little less than a handful of men remained of the proud but useless regiments."

Under the burden of their recent defeat, these accusations almost convinced the humble and shattered refugee-soldiers. Yet, at the bottom of every heart the question remained un-



Two commanders of the Polish motorized cavalry division now fighting with the Allied invasion forces in France and Belgium. The Polish First Armored Division recently surrounded and took the historic Belgian town of Ypres. Even after Polish tanks entered the town, infantry groups had to wipe out German pockets of resistance. Many prisoners and much war materiel was taken by the Poles at the Flanders town.



Soldiers of the Polish mechanized cavalry wounded in action. France, summer of 1944.

answered: "Have we, and we alone, really failed?" Cavalry men, gathered in reconstructed regiments, under banners saved from dishonor and smuggled across the seven frontiers—did not have to wait long for the answer. It came, in a new defeat of 1940, in a defeat wrought by speed and maneuver, against static gunpower. The Poles were now not alone in failure. But it was not until the end of the fourth year of the war that a full opportunity was offered to Polish Cavalry to retrieve its reputation.

After the Battle of France in 1940 most of the Cavalry of the Polish Army abroad was assembled in the British Isles. There it was formed into two new and mobile organizations known as Armored Divisions. The First Cavalry Division, 1,400 men strong, comprises regiments of the 10th Motorized Cavalry Brigade that fought in Poland and France under General Stanislaw Maczek, now Commanding General of the Division. The Second Division was created in skeleton strength of three thousand men designed to expand into a full size unit when adequate replacements became available.

At the beginning of August, 1944, the First Cavalry Division landed in Normandy. With other armored divisions under British Command it was attached to the mobile reserve in the Falaise area. Its task was to await the moment when the outer crust of the enemy's defense was crushed and mobile troops unleashed. When at last they went into action their mission was typical of the cavalry: to penetrate a weak point in the enemy's flank, press their advantage driving a wedge in the enemy's lines and enveloping the main body of his

troops. Then to hold captured ground at all costs, prevent disengagement of the enemy and bar his route of escape. In fact, a mission generally in line with General George Patton's famous saying: "Hold the enemy by the nose, and punch him where you can."

This mission of the First Polish Cavalry Division turned out to be an important one, leading to one of the most spectacular and overwhelming defeats the German Army has suffered in this war. By the middle of August, Allied Generalship and the tactical mistakes of the Germans in Normandy, created a situation which presented an opportunity of complete encirclement of the German Armies East of Argentan. By August 15th, only two routes remained open to the Germans in Normandy. It was plain that what was required to close these gaps was a fast maneuver across some 60 miles of the enemy's flank. In the words of an official account of the British Ministry of Information: "On August 15th, General Maczek's Division was ordered across the river Dives, leading the thrust of the 21st Army Group southward, to complete the encirclement and link up with General Patton's advanced forces." On the night of the 17th, the Poles reached their objective and gained control of the strategic high ground near the village of Trun, thus barring one of the routes of escape to the Germans. While one part of the Division held the ground against the ensuing German counter-attack, another, comprising fast medium tanks, whirled round delivering blow after blow at the congested German columns.

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A NIGHT IN THE MILL

by ANTONI GRONOWICZ*

HIGH on a hill not far from Zimna Woda, there was a large mill. The old building had been weathered by the passing of many seasons so that the stones had the soft, smooth look of gray satin. The mill was now run by the Nazis, but the workers were Polish or Ukrainian men and women.

It was here that the indomitable Zosia Kowalski sought to earn a living when she was forced out of her home and of course Izio went with her. The work was hard and the hours were long but, though Aunt Zosia had passed her fiftieth year, she did not complain. She had never been afraid of hard labor and she went at her task with such cheerful energy that she often outdid all the others, even the men. If she was worn out at the end of the day, she managed to hide it from every one, even Izio. Many times during the day, her hearty laughter rang out, and the sound of it raised the spirits of her co-workers, in spite of themselves. She was always ready to encourage any despairing ones and she was never too busy with her own hard task to help weaker ones with their jobs.

Izio, under an assumed name and dressed like a country boy, also worked long hours at the mill. His job was to tie up the bags when they had been filled with flour. Then he and his companions loaded the filled bags on special lifts which lowered the sacks directly to the Nazi trucks, waiting to take them to Germany. This boring, heavy work went on over and over again for fifteen long hours every day.

At night, Izio could scarcely straighten his aching back or move his cramped, stiff fingers. His ears pounded from the noise of the growling motors. When he crawled into his bed exhausted, he could not sleep because of the pain in his back and the roar of the motors in his ears.

One night after a hard day at the mill, Aunt Zosia and Izio were sitting at the table eating their frugal supper of black bread and bean soup.

"I keep thinking," remarked Aunt Zosia, as she rose to pour the last of the soup into Izio's plate, "how fat that Nazi mill owner is getting on our hard work, while he pays us hardly enough to keep us from starving."

Izio rested his aching back against his chair. "And look at the stuff we get to eat," he complained wearily. "The worst kind of black bread, while every day truckloads of good white flour made by our hard work go rolling from the mill to the Nazi army on the Eastern Front. And we have to stay here and work for such criminals!" he ended bitterly. He walked over to the window and stood for a long time, peering out into the night. Suddenly he swung around to where Aunt Zosia was sitting, bent over and whispered into her ear, "Can't we do something about it—"

"For a long time, I have been thinking about what we might do," she murmured, fingering the bright embroidery of her blouse. Suddenly she walked slowly over to the door of the small room and flung it open. She stood there a few seconds, listening, and then apparently satisfied that she and the boy were alone, she began to speak in a low voice. "Today the Germans are bringing in the biggest load of rye and wheat that our mill has ever received. For the past week the Nazis have been confiscating all the grain from the neighboring villages. They are bringing more than two thousand tons to our mill. We must speed up our work so that they can get the flour to their army in a hurry. I have heard that other workers are coming to help us so that grain will be ground as soon as possible."

"I feel like blowing up the whole mill with its entire supply of grain and flour," she burst out in a low voice, quivering with anger.



Illustration by Dwight Logan for "Four from the Old Town."

Izio, white with the force of his emotion, thought to himself, "Auntie, you took the words right out of my mouth. I have been dreaming of something like that for over a month." He leaned towards her and said aloud, "It would be a pity to kill the workers. They are not Nazis. They are only slaves and must do as they are told, just as you and I do, Aunt Zosia."

"That is the first time you have called me aunt," Zosia exclaimed delightedly, smiling at Izio.

Without feeling the least bit embarrassed, he explained, "You are aunt to Kazik and I would be honored and happy if you would be aunt to me, too. You took care of me and my whole family. You have done more for me than any aunt—or even many mothers—would do. Without your help, we would all be in a concentration camp or ghetto."

"Tush, tush! I only did my duty," demurred Zosia, but Izio could see that she was pleased. "It's part of the fight against the Nazis. To hide people who are persecuted by those criminals is a patriotic duty."

Izio was silent. His silence seemed to strengthen the truth spoken by this fine, simple woman. They sat for a time, saying nothing, turning over in their own minds their hopes and fears.

Dusk began to creep through the window of the small room. Far to the right, the mill was a blaze of lights, for work there never ceased. The tired motors panted, "Chug . . . chug . . . chug" twenty-four hours a day. Day and night the enslaved people worked under German direction. It

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*From "Four From The Old Town," by Antoni Gronowicz. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York, N. Y., 1944. \$2.00.

POLES FIGHT WITHIN GOTHIC LINE IN ITALY



Polish armor and infantry in action on the Adriatic coastal sector of the Italian front.



Polish troops in Italy.

PRESIDENT RACZKIEWICZ SPEAKS TO POLAND

(Continued from page 3)

and into common war against the Soviet Union therefore were all in vain.

"We wanted peace and we wanted to develop our State amid good relations with our neighbors. This remains the cornerstone of our foreign policy today. After the war we want an organized system of security and we want to enter this system as an active member with equal rights.

"We want peace, not only for ourselves but also for the whole world, based on the power of law and not on the principle of 'Might is Right.' The line of our internal policy is also clear. Our attitude being a sincerely democratic one, we have declared a program of far-reaching reforms and have promised elections to the legislature on the basis of new democratic freedom. We are not defending the perfection of given articles of our constitution as they stand, but no State, apart from a dictatorship, can change its statutes by decree issued by its administrative authorities, let alone by a declaration of stray societies or organizations. A new constitution can be introduced only by the nation, through elected representatives chosen by free vote, expressing the free will of the people unhampered by any foreign occupation. The basis of a democratic system must be in compliance with the will of the nation.

"This is the principle that guides our state authorities who are devoting all their efforts outside the prosecution of the war to maintaining contact with our Homeland and binding themselves organically to it. That is why the legal state authorities of Poland can be sure that, not only from the

viewpoint of law, but also on the basis of actual fact, they are the sole body entitled to speak in Poland's name before any international forum.

"On the threshold of the sixth year of war, Poland's tragic position in the fight for freedom has repeated itself. Warsaw is fighting alone with only its spirit of sacrifice and unbroken will to win, to oppose the overwhelming material superiority of the enemy. This unequal struggle for every street and house has lasted for a month. From land and air the enemy is burning and destroying what remained of the city after the battle of September, 1939. In the ruins and among the smoldering debris everywhere, he is met by unconquerable knights of liberty.

"Let no one attempt to minimize the importance of Warsaw's rising, dictated as it was by an unselfish love of freedom and of our country.

"We must bow our heads before Warsaw's desperate and heroic struggle and not make harmful criticism when what is needed, first and foremost, is help. All of us over here are endeavoring to secure this help and to surmount difficulties to achieve this end.

"Warsaw is the proud and unconquerable capital of Poland, a blood-drenched symbol of freedom and the continuity of Polish sacrifice for freedom.

"On this fifth anniversary, I pay homage to you, Warsaw, and I pay tribute to your dead. Your superhuman struggle must not be in vain unless the slogans and aims proclaimed by the United Nations on this matter are to be ignored and the superiority of brute force over the moral rights of humanity sanctified by divine law is to remain unheeded."

THE POLISH CAVALRY'S COMEBACK

(Continued from page 11)

At this point the Canadians drew level with the Polish Division and closed the remaining gap.

On August 20th the desperately attacking Germans reached the peak of frenzy. Two Army Corps of the SS troops tried in vain to break through the Polish-Canadian ring . . . Then the fighting slowly died down, thus virtually ending the battle of Normandy.

The battle of the gaps lasted six days and six nights. Although the Polish Division took a severe hammering, suffering heavy losses, the Cavalry had had its success. This had been its long awaited opportunity to assert itself, and assert itself it did. Above all it had recovered its self-respect and gained its distinguished citizenship in the Armored association of the Americans', British and Canadians' mobile forces, those forces that are now carrying the blitzkrieg through France and Belgium back to Germany—at a rate of speed and brilliancy of maneuver that has set a record in military history.

The spectacular advance of the American 3rd Army, followed now by the British thrust in the North, proves, however, that little has changed in the basic tactics that govern a warfare of speed and maneuver. They remain, as they have been for centuries, essentially the tactics of cavalry. It is not a coincidence that General George Patton himself and most of his subordinate commanders are cavalry-men who have changed their mounts.

Tactics of movement and maneuver are inherent to the Polish Army. It has been dictated by the geographical situation of Poland and has proved successful many times in

Poland's long history of war, as well as in those campaigns when Polish troops fought as components of Allied Armies. Moreover, those very principles of warfare of the Polish Cavalry have somehow expressed the tradition and fighting spirit of the Nation.

The necessity of motorization was appreciated fully in Poland before 1939, though, to some extent, mounted cavalry will always be found practicable in Central and Eastern Europe. If, however, at the outbreak of the war, most of the Polish Cavalry were mounted troops, it did not result from the inability of the Supreme Command to perceive the implications of the new form of warfare—the means and time were lacking. Extensive reorganization was in fact in progress when Poland was attacked.

On September 1st, two brigades out of Poland's forty peace-time cavalry squadrons, were motorized, with new supporting tank and reconnaissance units added. If in 1939 these units could do little but score a few local victories and in the end succumb to overwhelming superiority, their successors in the Polish Army abroad have at last been given a chance to prove their value.

In Italy too, Polish cavalry has been in the lead of General Anders II Corps on the Adriatic Coast for the last three months; operating in small separate units—as Reconnaissance Battalions. However, it was in France that for the first time since the fateful days of September 1939, cavalry came into its own; the first Cavalry Division has proved itself worthy of the Polish Army tradition and was acknowledged a division that has been and will be a proper and valuable addition to the Allied Armored Force on the Western Front.

A NIGHT IN THE MILL

(Continued from page 12)

seemed strange that this old gray mill, powdered with flour dust, did not get tired of repeating over and over, "chug . . . chug . . . chug."

But there was no need to grieve or worry, for Izio and Aunt Zosia had thought of something.

Although Izio and Aunt Zosia had put in their day's work, they volunteered, as there was such a rush of work, to do an extra shift. As the laborers came in, the superintendent took down the names of the second shift. When he saw Aunt Zosia and Izio, he smiled broadly and clapped them on the backs, saying loudly in broken Polish, so that every one would hear him, "Here's a couple with the right spirit! We need more like them. They should have a raise and an extra food-ration."

The two, very much ashamed over the commotion they had caused, moved quickly away from the office to avoid the accusing, scornful glances of the other workers.

Once inside the noisy mill, Izio whispered to Aunt Zosia, "If they only knew—"

They went to work immediately before the rest of the new shift of workers were at their posts. Izio hastily lowered the lift. Feverishly they filled empty flour bags with ashes taken from the shed behind the mill. There were enough ashes here for any number of bags, but they could only manage to fill about ten or fifteen. They had to be careful to take only the ashes that were quite small so that there should be no big lumps to stop the rollers. If they needed more they could always come down and fill a few more sacks. Their faces were wet with sweat and their hearts beat, "Faster! Faster!"

But luck was with them. All they had to do now was to place the bags on the lift and the rest of the work would be very simple. All the bags were the same shape and color and no one could tell whether they had been tampered with before they had been brought to the mill, or if they had been filled on the spot.

"They will never be able to find out who filled them!" Izio reassured himself, for brave as he wanted to appear, he could not banish the thought that if they were caught, they would be severely punished.

But everything was working out as they had planned. The lift ascended with the filled bags. No one was around to question what they were doing. Izio let out a long breath in a heartfelt sigh of relief. Aunt Zosia, who was very strong, placed the bags near the huge crates where the grain stood ready to be poured. Once the grain was in the crate, it slowly seeped over the turning rollers which crushed it into flour.

"Listen!" whispered Aunt Zosia. "I hear the trucks coming in with the new rye and wheat."

Izio walked over to the narrow window and looked down on a long row of trucks lined up at the lifts. One end of the line stood out clearly in the light from the mill while the other end disappeared far into the darkness.

"As long as I've worked here, I have never seen so much grain as the Nazis have brought here today," Izio thought to himself joyfully. The loud roar of the motors made it impossible to carry on a conversation.

Before long the new grain began to come up for grinding. Aunt Zosia had taken two trustworthy workers into her confidence and they all set to work with a will. After every fifth or sixth sack of golden wheat or rye, half a bag of ashes followed. No one spoke, but four pairs of hands trembled as they moved swiftly. The motors raced madly, grinding the pouring stream of golden grain into flour—flour mixed with ashes. The whiteness of the flour showed no sign of the ashes. Everything went along smoothly and in order. Izio could hardly contain his delight, for he knew that they were successfully blending ashes into thousands of tons of grain. And before the flour reached the bakeries somewhere on the

Eastern Front, they could, with any luck, escape and be far away before any one suspected anything wrong.

After conferring with the two trusted workers from Zimna Woda, Izio and Aunt Zosia decided to make their escape after the job was finished. When the Germans found out what was wrong with the flour, the workers could put the blame on Zosia Kowalski and Izio, for they would be gone. Before the Nazis found out what had happened, the two would be far away from the village, leaving no trace of their whereabouts.

"Hitler's soldiers are going to eat delicious bread!" Izio exclaimed joyfully, as he winked at Aunt Zosia.

"As they chew they're going to make such a crackle that it will be heard in Berlin," she replied with her hearty laugh. "Thousands of tons of flour will have to be thrown away, for it will be impossible to do anything about it."

They kept at their work steadily pouring the grain and then the ashes over and over. They were lucky that every one was so busy with the trucks downstairs that no one came up to inspect the work that was going on.

Outside the mill, black night had settled over the countryside. There were no stars and no moon was shining. It seemed as if everything was bent on helping them this night. It was ideal for escape. The air was not cold and the blackness made visibility low in the whole area. Izio could almost sense the fragrant distant spring somewhere behind the far-away mountains, behind the forests as they prepared for its splendid pageant.

It was long after midnight when Izio and Aunt Zosia stealthily sneaked away from the mill. They walked swiftly even though they were worn out with exertion.

"Before they find out that we are not around, we will be in Lwow where our friends can hide us," Izio whispered, as they walked along hand in hand in the darkness.

"You will go on to Lwow, but not I," she answered quietly.

He stopped in amazement. "But why?" he demanded sharply.

"It would not be wise for us to go into hiding together," she answered. "We shall arouse less suspicion alone."

Though he knew she had more practice and experience in such matters, he could not help protesting again.

"If they arrest me, I shall say it was you who did the whole thing and I ran away because I was afraid they would blame me," she explained. "And if they catch you first, you must tell the same story, only accusing me of the sabotage. . . . When the Nazis search, they usually begin far away because they think a person will be afraid to hide near the place where he committed sabotage. They will probably expect me to hide with my relatives, in Krakow or in Lwow. Instead I shall fool them, and stay right here near Zimna Woda."

. . . They kept up their steady pace until Aunt Zosia said, "Here our roads must part. You go straight along the edge of the forest and in an hour you will be on the outskirts of Lwow. There you can take a trolley-car and go directly to Kazik. But under no circumstances must you stay there long. Make arrangements quickly to live with some one who does not associate with the Ziomkowicz family or who does not know your people. Tell Kazik and he will find a good place for you."

Aunt Zosia kissed Izio and squeezed his hand, saying, "Good-bye for now, until we meet again in a free country."

"Until we meet again in a free country," Izio echoed and then added, "If you could arrange to let my parents know I am well and safe, I would be very grateful."

"I certainly will!" Aunt Zosia promised. She gave his arm a last pat and turned away.

"Until we meet again in a free country," the boy whispered over and over again, as he made his way along the edge of the forest.

The good Polish night protected them with its wide black wings, like a bird shielding its young in its own nest.

The British Air Ministry announced that of 1,900 flying bombs destroyed during the Battle of London by Allied fighters, 223 had been destroyed by Polish squadrons.

POLISH HOME ARMY'S MORTAL STRUGGLE FOR WARSAW

(Continued from page 5)

peak of their success, when they occupied all of Europe, when they were at the gates of Moscow and before Stalingrad. We lacked one thing only: we did not have sufficient arms to contend against the modern mechanized might of the Huns. For a long time we have been clamoring for arms, our voices growing in insistence. The flower of the population has been waiting for those arms.

"Warsaw had to begin its fight on August 1, 1944, insufficiently armed. It began the struggle convinced it would receive speedy and efficient help from the Allies. This help did not come five years ago because the Allies were insufficiently armed. Today the armed forces of the Allies have overwhelming superiority over Germany. Yet today Warsaw must again fight the Germans singlehanded. After years of the hated rule of the oppressor, other capitals of subjugated nations are throwing off the yoke of occupation. We share the joy of liberated Paris and free Brussels. We share the pride of the people of London who victoriously withstood all trials. But today, looking upon the ruins of burning Warsaw, we ask ourselves and the world the following question: 'Why is similar joy denied us?'

"With the first stroke of the uprising, the workers of Warsaw, the nucleus of the Underground Home Army, seized nearly the whole city. With bare hands they captured German tanks. With bottles of gasoline they are destroying 'Panther' and 'Tiger' tanks. The arms of the insurgents consisted of hand-grenades produced secretly in underground workshops. Barricades blocked traffic for the German units.

"But after the first days of unequal battle, in which courage replaced arms passed, when no help arrived either from west or east, a torrent of fire and steel began to fall on our capital. After having cleared a passage of three main thoroughfares and bridges over the Vistula with fire, the Germans started their assaults and the systematic destruction of one district after another. Warsaw is under fire from 24-inch mortars, heavy artillery, flame-throwers, armored trains and gunboats. From the air, without respite, waves of German planes drop bombs.

"Among the ruins and raging fires, units of the Polish Underground Army have been clinging to every inch of ground and the enemy has entered only where no human being remained alive. The beautiful medieval Stare Miasto has been destroyed, not a single one of the thousand houses there escaped destruction and scores of thousands of people found their death under the debris. One district after another falls in ruins.

"The Germans drive the civilian population—men, women and children—into camps around Warsaw, there conditions are unbelievable for the civilized world. Warsaw is without

light and water, as well as without food. Nothing can stop the raging fires. Hunger and epidemics cause the death of masses of the people.

"The Germans threaten to erase Warsaw completely. The fate which met the Warsaw Ghetto in May of last year shall now be the fate of all Warsaw, the fate of a million men and women.

"Warsaw is not waiting for words of sympathy or consolation.

"Warsaw is not waiting for the applause of admiration nor for mourning wreaths. Warsaw is not begging for anything. Nor are we begging anything for Warsaw.

"We demand, and we have the right to demand, immediate and effective help in our struggle.

"We demand continuous and sufficient supplies of arms and ammunition for the Polish defenders of Warsaw. We demand fighter cover against the Luftwaffe.

"We demand the bombing of German positions and airfields in Warsaw. We have the right to state that, wherever, in the past, in both hemispheres, the fight for freedom was fought, the Poles shed blood. Polish soldiers have never been absent, during this war, on land, on sea and in the air, wherever freedom's battle is fought.

"Our nation cannot, and never will, understand why, in the hour of its hardest trial, it should be left alone. We repudiate all charges and all pretexts which aim at veiling the truth of the fighting in Warsaw.

"We know one truth and one reality—the truth of a city which is fighting and dying for the same and common cause, freedom of the world. We appeal to the simplest morality in relations between free nations. We appeal to the conscience of the world.

"Fighting with the utmost strain of nerves and will-power, Warsaw demands that the voice of conscience should be followed by immediate help in the struggle. We are forwarding this voice of Warsaw to the workers, peasants, democrats, trade unionists and socialists of the whole world. We believe that they will make the cause of Warsaw their own cause.

"We believe, we wish to believe that immediate and effective help for Warsaw will be a confirmation for the martyred Polish nation of its unyielding faith that a new solidarity, a solidarity of the free nations of the world, will be born of the sacrifices and tortures of the Nazi occupation and of the struggle of millions for freedom.

"We appeal to all men and women of free countries, to ordinary people in towns and villages, who will understand Warsaw's plight. After forty days of unequal struggle, fighting among the ruins and fires with the last of its energy, Warsaw is expecting help. This help can, and should, and must be granted to her without delay."