





# THE COMMON CAUSE

FORTNIGHTLY OF THE POLISH SECTION OF THE "SWORD OF THE SPIRIT"

EDITORIAL OFFICE: 27 GROSVENOR STREET, LONDON, W.1

Telephone: MAY 2928

Vol. I No. 12

JULY 5, 1942

Price 3d.

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HILAIRE BELLOC

## THE BIRTHDAY OF A FRIENDSHIP

IT IS NOW JUST TWO YEARS SINCE we landed in England after the collapse of France. These two long years were full of events and experiences, but still nothing so far has erased from our memory the welcome of the British people. After France, which had greeted us coldly, complaining that we had not fulfilled her hopes, and bid us good-bye accusing us of being indirectly responsible for the war and their defeat—Britain surprised us all with the warmth of her welcome. We shall not forget that as long as we live.

I remember landing at Falmouth with several hundred Polish officers and men, and the special train which took us to our first clearing station in Glasgow. We journeyed almost the entire length of the British Isles, from the south coast of Cornwall to the heart of Scotland. From its beginning our journey seemed to be a triumphal march. At every station people offered us food and drinks. In all the villages and towns through which we passed both old and young waved at us with their handkerchiefs, or stuck their thumbs up as a sign that they would not give in. The Scots, about whose stinginess we had heard so many jokes, refused to accept any money from us in the shops during the first few days after our arrival. Dock workers surrounded Poles they met in the streets, to invite them to the "pub." The owners of smart cars stopped and invited them to high tea or dinner.

I often tried to explain to myself the psychological background of this attitude. It could not be explained by the past, by a tradition of age-long friendship. Our historical and cultural achievements were and still are almost entirely unknown to the average Briton. We have no common heritage of joint fighting, defeat and triumph, of a long, close co-operation which could justify the instinctive friendship which we all shared. The comments about Poland, which Mr. John Citizen might have read in the Press during the last 23 years represented us almost always in a very unfavourable light—in fact, they were quite often directly inspired by hostile propaganda. The guarantee which the British Government gave to Poland just before the war—as well as to several other states—was the result of a decision by British statesmen, not the outcome of a wave of public sympathy.

Nor did the course of the war seem to justify this warm welcome adequately. Of course, our record was better than that of the French in every respect. We had more fighting spirit than the French, our officers and soldiers showed more gallantry, and above all the moral stamina of our nation was infinitely higher. But we were also defeated in a short time, within a month, so it was still strange that the recognition of our contribution should take such an enthusiastic form.

Even the deeds of our airmen in Britain, so well known to every Englishman today, were then still to come, and no one who saw those young newcomers in blue uniforms could foresee that these youngsters would soon be called to play such an important part in the Battle of Britain.

So we have to look elsewhere for the reasons for this enthusiastic welcome. To find them we must remember the peculiar atmosphere prevailing at the time following our landing in Britain.

England, quite unexpectedly, found herself alone. She was not fully mobilized nor sufficiently armed, and she had to face an enemy who had conquered the greater part of Europe and could attempt an invasion at any moment. In those days, when old men and children took up arms, when sports guns were offered for arming the Home Guard, the spirit of Britain was rather similar to that of our own risings in the nineteenth century. Almost the whole world, and Hitler himself as well, thought that Germany had already won the war.

## POZNAŃ

The greatest living British Catholic author, Hilaire Belloc, a great thinker, historian and poet, has this year published—in addition to his "Elizabethan Commentary," which we reviewed in No. 9 of "The Common Cause"—another extremely valuable book called "Places" (Cassell and Co. Ltd., London, 1942, 8/6). "Places" is a series of vignettes about towns and countries which the author visited at different periods, from the Scandinavian fiords to Syria and Palestine. Every one of these essays is remarkable for its delicacy of style and attracts attention by its insight and the depth of its perception.

In his last book Hilaire Belloc devotes five chapters to Poland. They are called: "The Vistula and Thorn," "Dansig," "Warsaw Remembered," "Poznan," and "Cracow." We give below a few excerpts from the chapter on Poznan:

POZNAŃ, THE GERMAN NAME FOR which is Posen, is that city out of all Poland where the profound contrast and antagonism between the Poles and the

people only—such contrast and antagonism among the people were present everywhere under Prussian rule, but it struck the eye the moment of entering the

and the rest, which were thoroughly German in appearance; but next, and much more, between the huge and hideous sham castle which stood up in its enormity contrasting violently with the old town. That contrast was the most striking of all.

I was told that this monstrous erection was proposed and sponsored by the last Hohenzollern monarch himself, and I can well believe it; but I was given no particulars of it and I read none. I repeat only what was told me in talk when I visited the town, now many years ago. That stamp of an alien dominion seemed in its ineptitude and blatancy not only out of touch with Polish things, but almost equally out of harmony with the older German spirit which had so much better and deeper roots than ever Prussia could strike. The Prussian side of Poznan was almost as much opposed to the aspect of, say, Weimar as to the old Polish town itself. It did at least what it set out to do—it impressed itself. After all these years that big annoyance still returns to me more vividly than any other thing I saw in my journey westward back from Poland. It affected me much as a loud and harsh voice will be remembered when other more pleasing experiences of some call paid to a friend's house would be forgotten. If you have ever been astonished and annoyed by such a noise in a decent drawing-room you will know what I mean when I speak with so much repulsion of the so-called Castle of Poznan.

Not far off, and behind all that, one comes to something as Polish as Poland can show—the old market-place and town hall in the centre of the town. Close by this you will visit, if you are wise, one of the best local collections of Polish engraving and drawing which I know. This was then quite a small collection, but so thoroughly national and the examples so well chosen that to go through it was like meeting a personality; like becoming acquainted with a character, and a very pleasant character at that. The old houses around the place and the whole spirit of it were pleasant with that tradition and special culture which have made Poland what it is, and will, I fancy, survive all accidents of the present and future as it has survived the accidents of the past.

It was one of the first acts of Berlin after the over-running of Poland to proclaim the re-annexation of this province to the Reich, and I am sure that to the Germans of my own generation nothing could seem more natural. For though the proportion of the old Polish kingdom which was ultimately seized by Prussia at

the end of the eighteenth century was not so large as the part that went to the Russians, it had been more developed during the later nineteenth century, and Poznan, lying as it did not far from the cultural and linguistic frontier and standing on the main railway line running eastward from Berlin (and that frontier is barely 100 miles away) seems to the passing traveller, at least, more thoroughly incorporated with the Reich than any Polish town; yet, as I saw it, Poznan was fully Polish in essence, and perhaps most strongly so from its experience of suffering under detested foreign tyranny.

It must be remembered that Poznan, like so much else in Poland, preserves very strongly those old memories of a long past by which the Polish spirit survives, and will survive. Religion is the ally of these enduring influences of the past, and another of their allies is the subtle influence of family tradition. When the blood is mixed, whether the bulk of physical inheritance be Prussian or Polish, it is the Polish air that is breathed and the Polish subtlety that pervades and gives savour.

The soil and its waters conspire to the same end; for Poznan is a city of the Wartha River, the second great stream of Poland and the avenue of Poland's western life, just as the Vistula is the avenue of Poland's central life. Thus it is that Poznan, however much its masters and colonizers have striven to obliterate the ancient meaning of the place, is still a city of the throne. The kings of Poland held their court here far into the later Middle Ages, and the royal claim, though the monarchy changed so greatly and fell at last to be elective (which was its ruin), is retained.

You may go past the centre of the older town to the bank of the river that nourished the growth of the city, and standing there make certain that the presiding genius of those waters will outlive so many and so tragic changes, including this last, the most shocking and perhaps the most ephemeral.

The West knows little of Poznan and its story. To us of the Occident it is but a name, and for nearly all of us a name not native; imposed from without. But history develops not on fixed, still less on direct, lines. The course of political change is devious; it meanders as the river of Poznan meanders through its plains; and who shall say to what end, in a century or less, the stream of time will bear this place upon the Polish towns? Who that knows the recurrent resurrections of Poland will affirm that the tale of them is concluded?



The old Town Hall and Market-place in Poznań.

On the back page: One of the medieval Churches in Poznań.

Germans is perhaps most strongly apparent. It is of all Polish towns the one in which the outward and material effect of the partition and of the Prussian domination over western Poland, over the "Outer Crescent of Polish land," was most evident. One did not see this at once. One did not find this among the

city from the railway station. One felt it more in Thorn. In Cracow there was hardly any of it because Cracow had been under the more sympathetic rule of Vienna; but in Poznan it was clear, and one saw it in two outward senses, which were very marked. First the contrast between the new quarters, the wide streets,

Meanwhile, the British nation decided to continue the struggle, "on the coasts, on the landing-grounds, in the streets," "never to surrender," despite all and everything.

It was at such a time that Mr. John Citizen suddenly saw thousands of Poles land in his country. While the German attack was expected from day to day, he saw thousands of officers and soldiers who had not lost heart after two defeats, but were eager to fight again at his side. Whilst invasion seemed to be a foregone conclusion, he saw groups of refugees looking for security in this threatened island, and seeking refuge in it from the "pacified" Continent. And these refugees were not just a little group of politicians who had no other resource or who were destined to form a sort of re-insurance while others, remaining in the conquered countries, simultaneously concluded pacts with the invaders. All the Poles who could

escape rushed to England without hesitating a moment, animated by one thought and one will only.

In the hour of their severest ordeal, the English suddenly discovered that there was another nation which, just like the English themselves, never doubted Britain's destiny and which unhesitatingly united its fate to theirs. Such experiences never pass without leaving some trace. For this reason: something new was born then, something which never existed in Europe before.

This thing was not proclaimed by the popular Press, which by the way usually passes over in silence the really important changes of historic significance; nor did all politicians fully realize its importance. This new thing which made its appearance then in history was the Anglo-Polish friendship. I mean not an alliance or diplomatic agreement, but just friendship. Such a friendship is not born in the offices

of politicians, but somewhere in the depths of the national consciousness; however, every politician must take it into account as a real and living thing, if he is at all anxious to behave in a realistic fashion. This new fact is already a part of the history of Europe, and it cannot be erased from it. We are celebrating the second anniversary of the birth of this friendship just now.

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I write these comments about the attitude of the British people towards us with practical ends in view. I should like to draw certain conclusions from these recollections for our propaganda and for our conversations with Englishmen.

We have accepted the view — and we constantly repeat it to ourselves — that if we want to gain the ear of the inhabitants of this island we must speak to them in their own language, and present our cause

in their fashion, from their own point of view. There is undoubtedly a grain of truth in this opinion, but in practice it has often brought more harm than good.

It is so difficult, if not altogether impossible, for a foreigner to adapt an alien way of thinking, especially one so individual and different as the English, that it leads more often than not to the use of some strange phraseology, which seems to us to be "native," and which, used wrongly, gives an impression of insincerity, seems to be a trick, and destroys all sympathy and confidence.

It is well to remember therefore that, while defending the interests of Poland to the English, we shall find but few Englishmen whom we may win over to our cause only by hiding or dissimulating our opinions. It is a fact that the average Briton is really friendly to Poland, and friendship not only does not fear sincerity but rather requires it.

## SOME MORE ABOUT AUSTRIA

*A politician holding high office, who has lived many years in Austria, and is an expert on conditions there, has sent us the following valuable commentary on our article about Austria published in No. 4 of THE COMMON CAUSE.*

THE PROBLEM OF AUSTRIA STILL finds no settled place in the war aims of the Allies and is still under discussion. It seems to me that this problem should be considered as part of a much wider problem, namely that of Catholic Germany. For a thousand years the Austrians formed a part of the Holy Roman Empire (up to 1804), and later of the German Confederation (1815-66). The struggle between Habsburgs and Hohenzollerns for hegemony in Germany ended in the creation of the so-called Second Reich, from which Austria was excluded. However, immediately after the Armistice of 1918, the Austrian deputies assembled in the Viennese Parliament unanimously voted for the re-union of Austria with Germany. In 1931 Austria decided to conclude a Customs Union with Germany. The great powers thwarted these plans, but in 1938 Austria was seized by Hitler not only without any bloodshed but with the active support and enthusiasm of a large part of the population. Among the enemies of Hitlerism, of whom there are many in Austria, those who favour an independent Austria are not necessarily in the majority. There are many adherents to the idea of the so-called Fourth Reich, Christian and Democratic.

The Austrian refugees in this country consist largely of "Austrians" rather newly nationalized, who came there from Germany when they had to flee the anti-Semitic laws imposed by Hitler in the Reich. These refugees are not in the least entitled to represent the Austrian people. The representatives of the Austrian aristocracy now in exile are still imbued with the traditions of the Habsburg monarchy and do not in the least reflect the spirit of the Austrian people. The claims of all these refugees here that Austrians are still conscious of being a separate nation are unfortunately not based on any reality. The two late Chancellors of Austria, Monseigneur Seipel and Dollfus, and Chancellor Schuschnigg, now in the clutches of the Gestapo, always described the mutual relationship between Germans and Austrians as "one nation, two states."

The Austrians belong to the same Germanic tribe as the Bavarians. The capital of Bavaria, though Catholic through and through, became the cradle and the centre of the Nazi movement. Hitler himself is an Austrian, and he has always surrounded himself with Austrians and Bavarians. In Poland, the Nazis from Austria and Bavaria are amongst the worst.

## ANDRZEJ PŁODOWSKI IN CHAPEL BEFORE THE TAKE-OFF

"THE WATER HAD ALREADY reached the level of my mouth when I saw Lieutenant O. leaving the turret. I screamed, they told me, 'Jesus Maria.' I gulped as much air as possible, and I began to go under with my plane. My brains still worked clearly and quickly. I was fully conscious that in a moment I should be dead. Within a few seconds all my life passed before my eyes. My first thought was: why didn't I go to the chapel today before the take-off, which I always used to do. Good-bye, my fatherland, and my dear mother. . . ."

This is a fragment of a document which came into my hands. It describes a forced descent on the sea of a Polish Wellington crew returning from a night raid on Germany. The Polish bomber, seriously damaged by German flak, was unable to reach the English coast. The pilot decided to come down in the rough seas of the English Channel, in the hope of saving the lives of the crew. So it happened. All six of them were rescued and landed safely in Dover.

This incident reminds me of a night spent in one of the stations of the R.A.F. This night was full of impressions and experiences for me, while for the Polish bomber crews it was one of the many nights when they had to carry out orders.

I am far from having any prejudice against Austria; on the contrary, for many reasons I know it and the Austrians perhaps better than any other Pole. I have much sympathy for the Austrian Catholics, especially for the good Tyrolese and the kind Viennese. I cherish my memories of the banks of the beautiful Danube, and perhaps for this reason I cannot be influenced by any propaganda, but only by the facts, which I know only too well.

The Austrian problem is a political problem, and it can be solved only by mature political thought. It is closely connected with other political problems of the Reich, such as that of Bavaria and other German Catholic provinces. The Allied Nations do not recognize the validity of the Munich Agreement, but so far they have not defined their political and legal attitude to the problems just mentioned.

Lastly, I cannot omit one painful problem, painful from a purely Catholic point of view, which is so obvious in the case of Austria. I have the highest regard for the German Catholics, who oppose the Nazis and are tortured for this in concentration camps. I have the highest esteem for Cardinal Faulhaber, and the Princes of the Church who have followed his example. But it is difficult to hold in high regard Cardinal Innitzer, and other representatives of the Austrian clergy, who accepted the Anschluss and compromised with the Nazis. They proved by their behaviour that the Austrian Josephine tradition of a close union of Church and State, and of making the Faith an instrument in the hands of lay authorities, is an improper method of settling the problem of the relationship between Church and State.

Mgr. ZYGMUNT KACZYŃSKI

## For the 29th of June

IS IT NOT WORTHY OF NOTE THAT WHEN Christ Our Lord entrusted the Apostles with authority in the Church and the mission of spreading the Gospel, He also ordained the way in which the good news was to be spread: "Going therefore, teach ye all nations . . ." (Matthew xxviii, 19). A profound thought is contained in these words of our Saviour—"Going therefore . . ." We have to preach the teaching of Christ not only within the walls of our temples, not only in our schools, and in the parish halls, but everywhere, wherever we may be. Pope Leo XIII reminded us of this injunction of Christ, when he promulgated his memorable Encyclical "Rerum Novarum," and when he called on all priests and lay Catholics "Fuori di sacrestia" (leave the sacristies). It is our duty to go amongst people of all classes and professions; our theological knowledge must advance, and it is our duty to increase our knowledge in this field.

THE UNION OF FLORENCE IN THE fifteenth century, which was supposed to put an end to the great schism, failed to secure the unity of the two great Christian Churches. The Western and the Eastern Church continued to develop separately, the first being centred on Rome, the other on Byzantium. They were not separated by religious differences alone. The social, cultural and ethical ideas of these two worlds sprang from different sources and were based on different principles.

The Roman Catholic Church, in its desire to fulfil the promise of one flock and one shepherd, has for centuries attempted to level down these differences, or—strictly speaking—to find points in common which would permit a restoration of the unity of the Church. Discussions on dogma reduced the differences, even including the famous "Filioque." There was only one point of a dogmatic and administrative nature in dispute; the necessity that the Eastern Church should recognize the supremacy of the Holy Father and Bishop of Rome as the Vicar of Christ.

The Church showed such liberalism in its desire for union that it recognized the whole traditional liturgy of the Eastern Church. The Eastern liturgy, the Eastern traditions, the church-singing—all these were maintained in the Catholic Church of the Eastern Rite.

The missionary activity of the Catholic Church had to be directed towards Russia in the first place. To re-unite more than a hundred million Orthodox believers who were severed from the Vicar of Christ to the Church of Rome was the main purpose of all the attempts at union made by the Holy See.

Poland lay on the way towards Russia. Her very geographical position between East and West, her traditional

allegiance to the Western Rite, her cultural mission in Lithuania and Ruthenia after the Union of Poland and the Grand Duchy of Lithuania—all this predestined the Polish Commonwealth to bridge the gap between the Vatican and Russia.

At the end of the sixteenth century a Union was concluded between the Western and Eastern Churches in Poland. It came as the result of an agreement between the Bishops of the two churches. It is worthy of note that though the Eastern Church fully maintained its separate liturgy it adapted this more and more to that of the Western Church, and, in the beginning of the eighteenth century, at the Synod of Zamosc, it adopted a number of reforms which brought it into ever closer conformity with the Rite of the Latin Church. This proves how strong was Polish cultural influence.

The Polish Orthodox Church also was coming more and more under the influence of Western culture, both before the Union of Brzesc and after it, when, under the tolerant King, Ladislas IV, the Orthodox Church recovered its full independence, and a Metropolitan See in Kiev and five bishoprics. During this period, the Orthodox Church acquired a Western taint, the Polish language became predominant in the life and literature of this Church, and the influence of this Westernized Church was felt in the most remote parts of Russia.

When the international position of Poland was weakened by the events of the eighteenth century, Russia, who was seriously concerned by this cultural infiltration from Poland, took advantage of this to intervene in Poland's internal affairs, and to play the part of protector under the guise of defending the alleged oppressed Orthodox Church.

When Poland was partitioned Russia

was in a position to destroy the Polish tradition of the Orthodox Church in the territories seized by her, and to start the persecution of the Roman Church there. Only slight vestiges of the former Uniate Church, which was to bridge the gap between the Church of Rome and the Orthodox Church, remained in Austrian Poland, where it was known as the Greek Catholic Church.

When Poland was restored in 1918, she became at once the scene of the perennial attempts of the Vatican to win over Russia for the cause of unity of the churches. The Catholic Church created a special rite called Eastern Slavonic or Byzantine for the Orthodox population of Eastern Poland, White Ruthenian and Ukrainian. This rite maintained the whole of the Eastern liturgy, on one condition only, that the members of the new Church should recognize the supremacy of the Pope. However, this rite proved to be a failure in Poland. Very few Orthodox believers joined this Church. This is not difficult to explain. This rite was adapted to the needs of Russia, and it propagated amongst the people of Poland Eastern ideas which had been alien to them for many centuries. The promoters of this rite forgot that even the Orthodox population of Poland was strongly imbued by Polish culture. This population was of the opinion that in the case of conversion from the Orthodox to the Catholic Church the rite should also be changed, and it preferred to embrace the Latin rather than the Eastern rite.

It is clear that the promoters of this rite were insufficiently aware of the conditions prevailing in Eastern Poland. They intended to use the latter as a spring-board for converting Russia to Catholicism, and they forgot that even the Orthodox Church in this part of Poland was closely linked with Polish civilization.

Furthermore, animated by distant and perennial aims, they failed, it seems, to realize that Poland's eastern frontier was the limit of the Western world. To the east of it, in Soviet Russia, the propagation of any religious doctrine, in particular that of the Catholic Church, was and is extremely difficult, for the simple reason that no religion can grow in a state based on materialistic ideas, the communal life of which is permeated with a ferocious hostility to every form of religion.

The gigantic plan of winning over Russia for the unity of the churches, achieved only very modest results in Poland itself. Some 25 parishes of the Eastern Slavonic rite were established, and the number of their believers hardly exceeded 30,000.

The Catholic Church in Poland was represented by one more new rite, which was symbolic of the fact that the Church of Rome is universal; however, this undertaking failed to assume proportions which would warrant the hope that any large numbers of Orthodox believers in Poland, even more so in Russia, would be gained—in this way—for the cause of Church unity.

not perceive the mystery of their souls, I cannot detect their secret thoughts. Do they ask for a safe return? Do they ask anything for themselves? Do they ask for glory or honours or promotion?

No. These young men do not think about fame. It comes to them of itself, making an aura round their heads. But they do not notice it.

Honours or dignities? The greatest honour for them is to have the feeling that they have done their duty well towards their country and their next of kin in the common cause.

A safe return? Yes, to be able again, as today, to start on another night raid, on another journey. But others pray for their safe return; those who remain on the ground and get their machines ready, and when the raiders are on their way, wait through the long hours of the night for their return—the mechanics.

About what are you thinking then, you Polish airmen, kneeling on the floor of this little camp-chapel?

Perhaps your thoughts are capable of covering an even greater distance than your machines. Perhaps they wander throughout the country for which you are fighting today. Perhaps they have not been able to find any of those dear to you there. Perhaps they wander despairingly through the wide spaces of enslaved Europe or limitless Asia. Perhaps even there they have not been able to find anyone. Perhaps they dwell on a small village cemetery, behind the half-destroyed walls of which lies a gallant woman—your mother.

How modest your work seems to you, done in this alien land. How small your efforts and suffering seem, when compared to the daily struggle of those who

who united sanctity and knowledge. St. Paul, the academician and scholar of the Apostles, was a great expert in Greek poetry, oratory and philosophy. Basil, the two Gregories, Cyprian, Lactantius, Tertullian, Augustine, Justin, Origen, all were brilliant defenders of Christianity, because they were also great scholars. As light comes from light, so in the long centuries of Church history thought kindled new thought.

Now at this turning-point in history the Church is facing the immense task of helping mankind to build a new world based on true progress and social justice. Everywhere we see a return to religious thinking. Modern man needs a new religious life inspired by the Gospel, which may free him from internal doubt. They need the clear, fresh, unveiled Word of God. From the Apostles we must learn to see life and its needs, and to mould it with the zeal of the Early Church.

"Going therefore, teach ye all nations . . ."

stayed at home. You look at your crosses and decorations, and feel unworthy of them. Indeed, how to be rewarded are the sacrifices of Polish women—your wives, mothers and sisters? By what standards is their gallantry to be judged, if you are considered a hero?

You take risks and you face death almost every night. You drop your bombs with the flak bursting round you or under the attack of enemy fighters. But you know that, in spite of all, your effort is a short one. After a night full of dangers you return to the station from which you took off, and you know that you will find peace, a comfortable room and a well-earned rest there. You are not afraid of every bell that rings, or every knock at the door. You know well that no hated Gestapo agent will pay you a visit, that you will not hear a sentence from some special tribunal, condemning you to death when your only offence is that you love and work for your suffering country.

You realize perfectly well that those others, nameless unknown heroes, are continuing the struggle in infinitely worse conditions. For almost three years they have been in the front line. They know no rest, no comforts, no pleasures. They know only one thing—the struggle which last twenty-four hours of the day.

You are lost in your thoughts, my friend. In thought you are talking to them. You hear their voices and their words, which are as strong and harsh as their present lot. You would like to join them, to help them in their struggle and in their daily work. In spirit and in thought you are united with them. You pray for them before taking off for the night raid. You pray for eternal rest for

those who perished by the hand of the enemy in our home country, that most bloody perhaps of all the battle-fields. You pray for the power to endure, and for the victory of those who carry on the struggle.

Perhaps now, at the same time, someone is praying at home for you. Perhaps somebody's lips murmur the same words you are whispering.

They pray for you, for your life and for your struggle.

Thousands of thoughts pass through your mind. You feel the link which has always united you with them. You have also followed the voice of love, because your deeds are the outcome of love, not of hatred or vengeance. You came here led by faith, in the power of God, by love of our country and our tormented people.

After this short communion with your thoughts in the presence of the Queen of the Polish crown, you rise from your knees. You rise smiling and quietly you walk back to your plane.

It is the take-off—one, a second . . . the tenth . . . and yet more. The mechanics make the sign of the Cross over each departing machine.

When you return in the morning you may perhaps learn that Our Lady of Czenstochowa protected you on your journey, that your mechanic put a medal in a locker somewhere in the machine. This medal may have been hung round his neck by his mother.

This mechanic has done this always, whenever you go on a raid. But he won't give the secret away to you.