

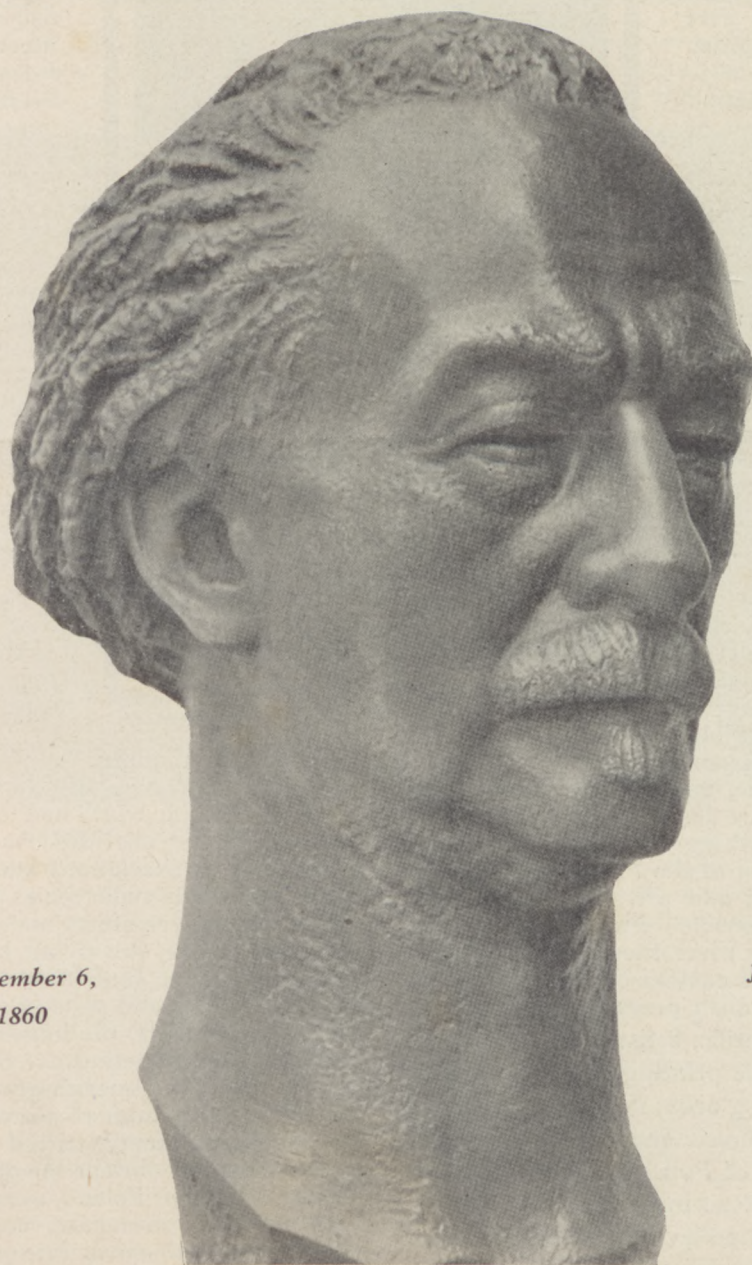
The Polish Review

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P A D E R E W S K I



*November 6,
1860*

*June 29,
1941*

ALFONS KARNY, Sculptor

SPEAKING OF POLAND . . .

Address by Prof. Edward Mac Iver

POLISH science has occupied a distinguished position in European culture, ever since the 15th and 16th centuries, when Poland was the largest and most enlightened nation in Europe. As the only Slav nation closely linked with Rome, Poland added her own creative imagination to the precision of Western classical thought. Copernicus and many other Polish scientists lighted the path of man on the long and hard road of modern progress. Nowhere have Polish scientific achievements received wider recognition than in the Universities and Colleges of the United States.

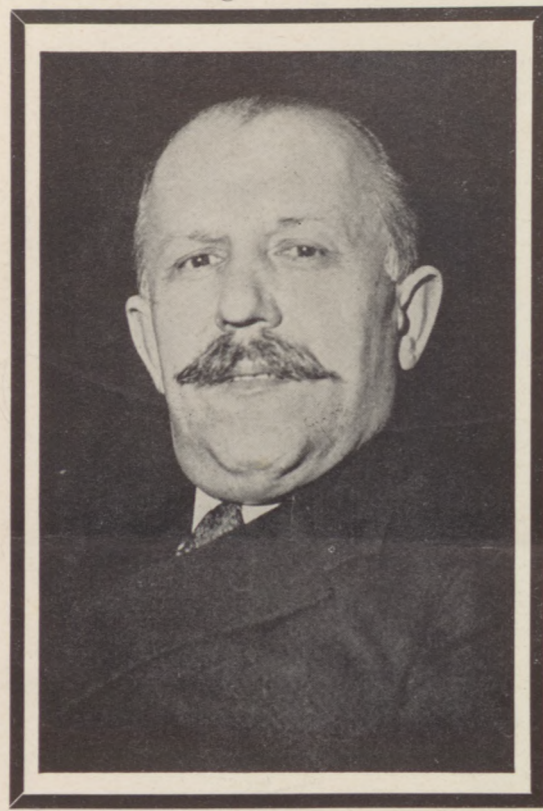
And so to the horror that American intellectuals feel over the barbarous slaughter of the Polish people there is added profound indignation at the deliberate attempt of Nazi Germany to exterminate its culture, to deprive of its national heritage and historical tradition what is left of a great nation of 35 million souls, in order to reduce them to the level of slaves fit only to toil for the "Herrenvolk."

This end the German government seeks to achieve by the deliberate and systematic destruction of the Polish intellectual classes—scientists, scholars, priests, professors, teachers, writers, artists, lawyers, engineers, doctors — by outright murder or by torturing the great majority of them to death in concentration camps, and depriving the remainder of their livelihood! It seems incredible that such things can happen in the 20th century.

But it is literally true, and to make their crime complete the Germans are destroying all monuments of Polish culture, everything that bears even silent witness to the great past of the Polish people; they are looting all national and private collections of everything valuable connected with science or art; they have closed all Universities and Secondary Schools, all libraries, all centers of learning and in some places even all Polish primary schools; they have paralyzed all scientific, artistic, literary work; they have prohibited the printing of Polish books; they have burned existing ones; they have destroyed Polish drama, cinema, music and plastic arts; they have abolished the use of Polish in public life, and are actively trying to do so in private life. Finally, they are lowering the moral level of the whole Polish community by stimulating the use of drugs and alcohol, by the promotion of gambling, the distribution

of pornographic literature and the production of licentious plays and vile cabaret shows.

Today is the anniversary of the execution of Dr. Bartel, one of Poland's greatest intellects, three times Prime Minister of Poland, Mayor of Lwow and President of the Technical College. He refused to be a Polish Quisling and was shot by the Germans. Twenty-two other Polish professors of the University were arrested, many were shot. All trace has been lost of the others!



PROF. KAZIMIERZ BARTEL, martyred by Germans

The arrest of the Lwow Professors was part of the ruthless plan for the complete destruction of the Polish scientific world. In 1939 the Germans removed from Poznan, all the University Professors, the majority were imprisoned in one of the worst fortresses in Poznan. Six died, among them such eminent scientists as Bronislaw Dembinski, Professor of History and Ludwik Cwiklinski, Professor of Classical Philology.

On November 6th, 1939, 180 professors of the Cracow University were arrested and imprisoned in the Oranienburg Concentration Camp. Fourteen died there, four more died after release a year later, and another seven died as a result of ill treatment! Two great scientists were shot in Warsaw: Kazimierz Zakrzewski and Stefan Kopec. Edmund Bursche, Professor of Protestant Theology, died in the concentration

camp at Mathausen.

In less than two years of German occupation, the Polish scientific world had lost a hundred of its most prominent personalities. As the number of learned men, rich in specialized knowledge and experience is being rapidly reduced; as an enormous percentage of people between forty and fifty, capable of creative scientific work, are dying in concentration camps; as the younger generation has no means of education, and boys and girls of school age are perishing in great numbers, the immediate outlook for Polish culture is extremely grave and threatening.

The heart of America goes out to the Polish Democracy in its hour of sorrow, and American intellectuals are deeply stirred by the fate of Polish scientists. But dark as the present is, they have faith in the rebirth of Poland, in the full restoration of her culture, that once more her learning and creative genius may shine over Europe. To this end American Universities and Colleges, and the entire nation pledge their wholehearted assistance.

Stop Hitler, before he masters the Atlantic

J. J. Paderewski

The Last Autograph

"HE SMILED AND SAID: 'MERCII!'"

HERE are two excerpts from the diary of Mme. Antonina Paderewska-Wilkonska, that throw a strong light on the breadth of Paderewski's vision and the strength of his personality.

Referring to his sister's request that he recommend a Pole who had done good work at the Paris Peace Conference in 1919, Paderewski said: "You know how I don't like to do such things. And besides, the fact that he worked at the last peace conference is no recommendation whatever."

"Why?" I asked in my astonishment.

"You see," he replied, "in these difficult times of

historical upheaval people in search of orientation are prone to historical comparisons. Where, amidst today's storm, can one most easily find a mariner's compass? Evidently in the war of 1914-1918, and in the peace conference of 1919. That is the line of least resistance. And it is all wrong. The war of 1914-1918 was entirely different from this war, and the eventual peace conference will face a very different task from that of the Versailles Conference.

"People have got into the habit of thinking: all we have to do is to beat Hitler, smash insane German nationalism, and then the good old times will return.

"The thing is not so easy. History is not repeating itself. In 1914, space and manpower counted most. Today space and manpower have been subdued by machinery. The progress of modern warfare has brought about conditions that remind one of Goethe's poem about the sorcerer's apprentice. Man has let

loose forces he is now unable to control.

"But it is not only the monster of modern warfare that matters. Many generous and lofty ideals to

which mankind owes so much, have been deformed by the forces of evil. The lofty ideals of social justice have been usurped by atheistic communism. Liberty has in many cases become liberty for the strong to exploit the weak. Hitler is transforming the national ideal into a cult of mad bestiality.

"All these deformations will be swept away by the tide of war. But do not believe that after the war, the good

old times will automatically return. We shall have to face not only the immensity of material destruction, but also the bankruptcy of many ideals and doctrines.

"Under such circumstances ancient shibboleths will not guarantee a good and durable peace. They will even prove to be a hindrance. We shall need people of strong character, with vivid imagination, and new ideas.

"The world must return to God, honestly and without compromise. We cannot afford a repetition of the half measures of the Treaty of Versailles. Those who are now shedding their blood in battlefields, the millions who are suffering persecution under enemy occupation, — they would never understand and never forgive the statesmen who in con-

(Please turn to page 4)

"HE SMILED AND SAID: 'MERCII!'"

(Continued from page 3)

cluding peace would replace community of war ideals by antagonism of interests. The atrocious destruction of this war must raise the problems of peace high above the level of selfish interests of the individual nations.

"In the reconstruction of the world two things, besides obedience to the Ten Commandments, will be of utmost importance. Two things that are really one. To ensure security to the nations that did not hesitate to fight for right; to make it impossible for nations that tried to conquer and loot the world, ever to repeat the attempt.

"The immediate, though not the essential cause of this war, was the cowardly and half-hearted settlement of the Danzig and East Prussia problems.

"They did not want to believe me at Versailles when I told them they were leaving the gates wide open to future war. They refused to believe it. It was as if even our Allies were afraid of a great and strong Poland. I could not blame them, for Poland was to them an unknown quantity, and I had not been able to instil in them the faith I had in my own country, the certainty that it would always be the mainstay of order in Eastern Europe. It took this war, and the attitude of our entire nation to convince them of it.

"Then the so-called German 'revolution' had won the sympathy of many groups in Western Europe. People were flirting with Germany and accusing me of imperialism, when the only thing that counted was to protect ourselves against the outbreak of a new war."

* * *

Describing their last day in Europe, before sailing for the United States, Mme. Antonina Paderewska-Wilkonska, wrote:

"This morning I was seated in the hotel lobby writing my last farewell letters. The lobby was crowded. A wealthy international public. Eloquent men of undetermined racial type, and women made up excessively.

"All of a sudden silence fell over the noisy hall. I turned around and saw Ignace coming out of the elevator. There must have been something unusual about his appearance for at once the attitude of the whole crowd changed. First a few people rose, then all of them. Not a word was uttered. It was as if they wished to pay silent homage to Ignace. While he was proceeding between two rows of heads bowed in respect, an elderly man, a diplomat recently re-



PADEREWSKI'S LAST SPEECH, June 22, 1941, Oak Ridge, N. J.

turned from Warsaw, kissed his hand. People had tears in their eyes.

"A foreigner who was standing next to me said in an undertone in French: 'This man is not of this world.'

"A lady offered Ignace a bunch of flowers.

"He smiled and said: 'Merci' . . ."

**PADEREWSKI
(In Memoriam)**

*Sleep, gentle soul of music—sweetly sleep,
In that Elysian borne where rest the great;
Lulled to repose in heavenly anthems, deep,
Whose strains these lower realms doth consecrate.
Sleep—to awake—when over Land and Sea,
Triumphant paeon rings: "Poland is Free!"*

— Severton

HOMAGE TO PADEREWSKI

EARLY in 1941, the many famous musicians then in the United States planned to contribute original compositions for an album in homage to Ignace Jan Paderewski on the fiftieth anniversary of his first appearance in New York on November 17th, 1891. These pieces were all played at the home of Mr. Samuel Barlow in New York on Feb. 17, 1942.

Publication was delayed by the death of the former President of Poland, and when issued as a Memorial Homage to Paderewski, the volume contained sixteen original compositions of the composers whose signatures appear in the center of this page.

Hugh Gibson, first American Minister to Poland, from 1919 to 1924, wrote the following foreword:

"Not long ago I spoke of the difficulty of finding words to do justice to the memory of Paderewski. The next day one of his closest and most devoted friends sent me the following lines:

"I have not come here to mourn a departed chief, but to rejoice with you in the light and greatness of an immortal spirit. I have not come to pronounce a sorrowful oration, but to offer my tribute of reverence and of love to one of the noblest and purest among men."

"These words might well have been spoken over Paderewski's grave for they reflect so faithfully the nobility and lofty simplicity of his character. Instead they were spoken by Paderewski at the funeral of Woodrow Wilson.

"It is difficult to describe Paderewski to those who did not know him without leaving the impression of almost inhuman perfection. And that picture would be utterly false for there was never anybody more intensely human. He is, of course, most widely known as a musician but that was no more than one

phase of his genius. If he had not been a musician he would have been famous as a mathematician, an orator, historian, or a classicist. Any one of these would have sufficed to make famous a lesser man. And with all this his place in history will be made secure, not so much by his genius as by his capacity for service and sacrifice, the most human of all human qualities.

"His friends cherish his memory not because of his genius but because of his rare capacity for selfless friendship. Perhaps his greatest joy in life was in helping his friends and especially his fellow musicians. Among the wide range of his friends were many contemporary composers and he was never happier than when he could help one of them. They never appealed to him in vain.

"It is natural that composers should wish to pay their separate tribute to his memory for he belonged to them. And there is no homage he would value more for he always looked on composition as the highest expression of art.

"A great number of the distinguished musicians of our time were in the Americas at the time we were celebrating the golden anniversary of Paderewski's debut. A group of them has contributed short piano compositions to be published together, the royalties to be paid for one year to the PADEREWSKI TESTIMONIAL FUND for the relief of distressed Poles.

"This is a happy conception that honors the generous donors as well as the great artist. At the same time it helps this admirable organization to alleviate suffering among its countrymen."

Richard Hammond
Arthur Benjamin
Bela Bartok
Felix D. Labinski
Tavoniv Weinberger
Vittorio R. Martin
Karl Rothaus
J. Kim-Culmelle
Maurice Catelnuovo-Tedesco
Moeckert
Theodore Chelser
Emerson Whithorn
Sigmund Hajavalki
Eugene Rossen

PADEREWSKI . . . THE COMPOSER

by Felix Roderick Labunski

THE French composer, Camille Saint-Saens, characterized Paderewski as "a genius who happens to play the piano." This apt definition could well be applied to any of his undertakings, as Paderewski was undoubtedly endowed with a superior creative intellect, that enabled him to dominate any field in which he was actively interested, and to achieve results far above the average.

It can also be applied to his creative work, for although devoting to it but a small part of his life, he ranked as an outstanding composer.

Paderewski - pianist and Paderewski - statesman eclipsed Paderewski the composer, but his creative work gives ample indication that, had he devoted himself to composition as completely as to the piano, he might have been one of the greatest composers of his time.

The first manifestation of his genius materialized in composition. From his early childhood, as soon as he could use his fingers on the piano, he started to improvise, and when he was six years old he composed his first piece. This creative talent was overlooked by his family and teachers, and his musical instruction was at first confined to piano playing. Later he studied theory and harmony at the Warsaw Musical Institute, but graduated as a pianist, not as a composer.



"POWODZ", original score by Paderewski

The urge to express himself creatively materialized in Paderewski's decision to enlarge his knowledge of composition. He went for a few years to Berlin, to study counterpoint, composition and orchestration with Kiel and Urban, two outstanding teachers of the time. He completed these studies at the age of twenty-three. He composed a series of piano pieces before that age, but his first mature works were published around the year 1884.

The span of Paderewski's creative output was comparatively short: the twenty-three years between

1884 and 1907. From this at least eight years should be deducted, when his concert activity precluded composition. With his growing success as a pianist, and increasing concert engagements, the problem of sparing the time for creative work grew more and more difficult.

When the revolutionary movement in 1905 in Russia gave the Poles hope for the liberation of their country, Paderewski's activity turned towards another channel, towards the political problems of Europe and the fate of his country. Soon this activity absorbed him so deeply that in order to fulfill this work he had to decide whether to eliminate composition or piano from his life. The pianistic career promised to be of greater help to the cause of Poland than the career of a composer. Paderewski's decision could not be other than to give up composition. He felt perhaps that it was a temporary withdrawal, but it proved to be otherwise.

A few years later he had to make another fateful decision: to give up his piano playing. This was in 1914 when he decided to devote all his strength and time to the cause of his country. Although he came back to the concert stage in 1922, not one musical work of his saw the light after 1907, the year he composed his symphony.

In order to form an estimate of Paderewski's music, we must not forget that, with the exception of his four last works, it belongs to the 19th century and represents the post-romantic era of European music, the era of Saint-Saens, Grieg and Tchaikovsky.

Paderewski's music follows the tradition of Chopin and occupies an important place in the evolution of Polish music. His music, like Chopin's, was basically influenced by Polish folk music and has a definite national character. In many instances the composer went deeper and farther into the folk music than any of his predecessors and succeeded in creating music of great originality, which at the time of



PADEREWSKI'S MAGIC HANDS

composer to stylize into a piano piece the Polish folk dance, Krakowiak. He used with great ability and originality the old classical forms, such as Gavotte, Minuet, Sarabande, Toccata, giving them a new texture and meaning, which was rather unusual at the end of the 19th century.

But his importance as a composer lies, in spite of their popularity, not in his short piano pieces, but in his larger works. His Symphony in A Minor was the first example in Polish music of such broad scope and creative depth. It is in three movements, written in cyclic form, and is inspired by the tragic conclusion of the Polish insurrection of 1863-64. This epic work passes through depths of mournful pessimism, to end in a more optimistic mood. The last movement announces prophetically the approaching liberation of his country. It might be compared with an enormous fresco depicting the misfortunes of the Poles.

This Symphony, the only one he wrote, is without doubt the crown of the composer's career. Never before had Paderewski displayed such a breadth and originality of form, such wealth of melodic invention, such masterful treatment of the orchestra.

The Concerto in A Minor, Op. 17, and the 'Polish Fantasy,' Op. 19, both for piano and orchestra, were composed between 1890 and 1894, much earlier than the Symphony. In spite of that, these works reveal an expert handling of the piano and the orchestra, and are among the most impressive and brilliant compositions of their kind.

its publication produced the impression of striking novelty and modernism.

Paderewski's music is known mostly through his short piano pieces, headed by the Minuet in G. The popularity of this piece did more harm than good to the composer. It classed him as a composer of drawing room music.

In these small forms, masterfully written for piano and possessing a great variety of thematic invention, the composer introduced many innovations. He was the first com-

The 'Polish Fantasy' is in one movement and is in rhapsodic form. Although it is full of different moods and rhythms, it produces an impression of great unity, as though the work was written at one stroke.

Among solo works for piano, the most important and representative are the Piano Sonata in E Flat Minor, Op. 21, and the Variations, Op. 23, in the same tonality, both composed shortly before the Symphony. The Sonata is in a sombre and tragic mood and seems to be spiritually related to the Symphony, and in many instances preconceives the latter. The Variations can be easily classified among the best piano variations of the pre-war era.

An example of the wide range of Paderewski's creative genius is provided by his opera 'Manru.' 'Manru', the libretto of which is based on Kraszewski's novel, 'The Hut Behind the Village', reveals Paderewski as an operatic composer of high standing. It is quite remarkable that in his first and only attempt to write an opera, the composer succeeded in producing a work that gives the impression of being written by an operatic composer of long experience. 'Manru' has its own style, and could be classified as an intermediate between opera and musical drama.

Paderewski's songs are among the least known of his music. This is the more surprising as they are

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PADEREWSKI — THE INFANT PRODIGY



CHOPIN PLAYS FOR RADZIWILL

By ANTONI BOGUSLAWSKI

A Radziwill, and Patron of the Arts—
The Prince was proud to be a man of taste.
He flicked his shirt-frill (exquisitely
laced)

And smiled, as he announced the man of
parts:

"Princesse — Altesse Royale, mon
cousin—

Voici Monsieur Chopin!"

And then, resuming his mahogany chair,
He waited for the tuneful clavicord
To make his tapestries a sounding-board
And carry to his ears a pleasing air.

Two of the elegants there listening
Were of the blood of that capricious King
Who, in his royal Prussian palace, once
Would play a tender strain upon his flute,
Then drill his giant guardsmen like a brute,
Then — write to Voltaire! This King's
daughter's sons

Nodded to Chopin.

Hush the conversation!

("A genius, Ma'am! He comes from
Warsaw — yes —

Most highly spoken of in the Paris
Press—

But will he justify his reputation?")

The conversation languishes, and dies . . .

Into the room he comes, and curious eyes
That lofty youthful forehead scrutinize!
The candle-light is full upon his face

As at the piano Chopin takes his place—
Passes a moment through his hair his thin
Exquisite hands—then over the keys they
race

In a theme that tears you like a violin!

Oh —
Piping over the meadows,
Over forest and field
Go!

Sing to the sorrowing shadows,
Sing of the wounds unhealed —
So!

Weep — and weeping, be gay!
For meadow and field and forest
Know

That they are a man's best stay
When the pain of parting is sorest...

He paused — and here the theme,
developing,

Is ripe for deeper notes. His fingers run
Down on the black. Mark how the change
of tone!

A few disjointed chords — then out they
ring,

The Monastery bells, the Prison bells,
Musical witnesses of miracles!

Oh, who be these imprisoned men,
Shut, as in coffins, in their cells?
And do they hear the city bells?

What is death but the gate
To life eternal? Then
What man will hesitate
To break his chains?

Oh, cast yourselves upon the Lord!
Trust in His Holy Word!
And end your pains!

They give you straw to lie upon —
Set it alight!

Burn with it! This that you have
done

All men will know tonight
The way of your release —
And you — your peace!

The sobbing, anguished notes are War-
saw's lamentation —
The bold conspirators — the foul denun-
ciation!

Stark sorrow, sheer despair
Vibrate upon the air!

"He plays," the Germans say, "with such
Slavonic passion!

No Frenchman would portray his theme
in such a fashion."

Chopin, still improvising, carried away
By the revelation of his hands, played
on —

Phrases of sorrow past, and hope by-
gone —

Echoes of words that Polish lovers say —
The rattle of Poland's chains — the
trumpet-call

To her avenging sons! — he played them
all.

The listening guests were moved, but
understood

That forte con fuoco not a whit.
Only the Prince discerned the sense of it.
That trumpet-call in the air!

He seemed to brood
As if a thought that he would fain have
shed

Haunted his paling face and drooping
head . . .

Translated by LEWIS GIELGUD

GERMAN PSYCHOLOGY and EUROPEAN SECURITY

IT IS a dangerous illusion to ascribe responsibility for the war not to the German nation but to Hitler's wickedness. The history of the German people during the last 200 years shows that Hitler is only continuing the work of Frederick II, Bismarck and Wilhelm II, and that all these leaders were but the instruments of the nation's collective will. During that period the German nation has revealed a continuity of collective political ideology, a constancy of mass emotion and an immutability to external political aims such as have been rarely recorded in human history.

The superiority of the German nation, destined to dominate the world, was so firmly implanted in the minds of the German people during those 200 years, that it became an article of political faith. Rejection of all ethical principles in dealing with other nations, and glorification of war form a second characteristic of German mentality.

Hitler has always had the whole German nation behind him in the policy he pursued when dealing with other nations. In no other way

can the crushing majority of votes that he got in the elections and plebiscites be explained. Hitler was expressing the will of the German nation when he attacked Poland in 1939.

None of the crimes committed by the Germans in this and in the last wars have provoked the slightest opposition or even protest from the German people. The destruction of Polish culture, the physical extermination of the Polish people carried out with unexampled brutality and ruthlessness seems to be in complete accordance with the wishes of the German nation as a whole. Even before this last war large organizations were set up for the sole purpose of propagating a policy of extermination, and they supported every move of the Prussian Government in this direction.

We must face the fact that in the very center of Europe there lives a nation, politically and ethically different from any other European nation.

Yet this nation is realistic. No war waged by Germany in the past two hundred years was started without scrupulous weighing of the chances and thorough preparation. The Germans never waged war out of desperation nor in self-defense; on the contrary, all their wars were waged in times of

economic prosperity, technical progress and political power. The wars of 1870 and 1914 were unleashed when Germany was at the height of political power and economic expansion. So it was with the present war — it was not economic poverty but economic wealth that tempted German greed for expansion.

That is why it is so absolutely essential to deprive the German nation of those instruments which she used to attain her ends. There will be no security in Europe if Germany's war machine is not destroyed. Germany's unity, her strategic position, her population, her industries, commun-



By Arthur Szyk

(Courtesy of "Collier's")

EUROPE — TODAY; TOMORROW — THE WHOLE WORLD!

ications, espionage services, scientific expeditions and the so-called German "national minorities" abroad are all part and parcel of her war machine.

East Prussia is one of the cogs of Germany's war potentiality. It is a menace to the peace of East-Central Europe. The removal of East Prussia from German sovereignty is indispensable to the security of free European nations.

The psychological factor must not be overlooked in the discussion of reducing Germany's war potentiality.

We do not believe in the possibility of educating a nation by persuasion from without or by the imposition of any political system after it has been defeated. Political systems do not perform miracles,

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GERMAN PSYCHOLOGY AND EUROPEAN SECURITY

(Continued from page 9)

... War knows of only one method: force. There is no other; it is destruction, wounds, death, and this employment of brute force is an absolute rule. As to international law, which all the lawyers are so full of, it imposes on the object and the law of war only insignificant restrictions; in effect, none whatever.

General Karl von Clausewitz (died 1831)
Bibl. I, 39(a), p. 94.

Must civilization raise its temples upon mountains of corpses, seas of tears, the death rattles of the dead? Yes, it must. If a people has the right to domination, its power of conquest constitutes the highest moral law, before which the vanquished must bow. Woe to the vanquished!

Count von Haeseler
Field Marshal Count von Hulsen-Haeseler
(1836-1919)

and their influence upon the character and ideology of a nation is felt only after a long time. The best way to influence Germany is to remove temptation. The frontier with Czechoslovakia and the position of East Prussia were standing temptations to Germany.

The dispute over the characteristics of the German nation is pointless so far as the question of international security is concerned. German discipline, genius for organization, ability, industry, and sense of duty are extremely effective weapons in the terrible work of destroying countries and exterminating peoples. That is the task on which Germany is now engaged. There is no consolation in the fact that

WORK FOR APOSTLES

It seems that a real change of mind in Germany can only be accomplished with the help of outside factors. It is impossible to hope it could be achieved by any formal change of Constitution. The problem of Germany is a moral rather than a political one. The political objective should be the complete military defeat of Germany, so as to prove to the Germans by practical demonstration the worthlessness of the beliefs on which they have been fed for the last three or four hundred years. Such a defeat, however, would merely provide suitable conditions for the carrying out of a vaster moral task to be undertaken by the nations now at war with Germany.

Great ideas are born of great sacrifices. The ocean of suffering released on the world by the preference of the Germans for obedience as opposed to cooperation, permits the hope that new moral wisdom may be born out of the chaos. The re-education of the German nation will be a work for apostles of a good cause.

— Jozef Winiewicz

the Germans are doing this because of their strong feeling of duty toward their State, and in believing that they really hate Hitler.

Federations of particular groups of States, regional blocs and wider associations of nations are essential for the security of all. But this edifice of future security can only be the walls and the roof, not the foundations. The edifice must be built on the solid foundation of balance of power. For nearly two hundred years that power was Germany's, and so we are now experiencing the fifth German war in Europe within a century. The restoration of a normal European balance of power is the most important and essential condition of future peace. And a strong Poland is one of the vital elements of such balance.

PADEREWSKI — THE COMPOSER

(Continued from page 7)

quite remarkable and should belong to the repertoire of singers who are interested in art-songs of the post-Romantic era.

It is not possible to analyze here the whole creative output of Paderewski. In the music of this composer one finds the same qualities that characterize him as a man: his music is emotional, without being sentimental; it is broad, without being vague; it is masterly, without being sophisticated, and it is simple, without being commonplace.

It is above all a direct and spontaneous expression of his great and noble personality.

Courtesy of "Musical America"

... The higher a nation stands racially, the greater must be its requirements. The German needs more housing space and a better standard of life than the Poles and the Jews. If it should be asked: "By what right?"— the answer is: "By the right of self-assertion." We Germans want to be co-leaders in this world because that position is due to us on the basis of achievement.

Robert Ley, conclusion of a speech delivered November 9, 1940. ("Deutsche Allgemeine Zeitung", November 10, 1940.)

"I REMEMBER . . ." by a Squadron Leader

PAINTED on the background of grey, green and yellow camouflage of the bodies of the Spitfires, above the red, white and blue circle of the R.A.F. and the red and white chequered square borne by the Polish Air Force, is the badge of the 303 Squadron. It is a circle, with red and white perpendicular stripes, surrounded by a halo of thirteen stars. In the center of the circle is depicted a Polish peasant's cap and two crossed scythes.

Called "Kosciuszko Squadron" after the great Polish revolutionary leader, it was formed in Poland in 1919. Hence the crossed scythes and the peasant's cap. The stars and stripes are a tribute to the Americans who were among the pilots who formed part of the original squadron. Also Kosciuszko, like Lafayette, fought in the American War of Independence.

We were standing outside one of the several dispersal huts of the aerodrome. The Squadron-Leader of 303 was speaking. To everyone on the aerodrome he is known as "George." but they have a wholesome respect for him, just the same! He said:

"I remember particularly being at 16,000 feet over Bethune, protecting three heavy bombers who had a chemical factory as their target. In spite of the height, visibility was excellent and I had a fine view of the whole target area. In a few minutes it was covered with a thick cloud of yellowish green smoke. It is not often that a fighter pilot has any time to watch results of bombing: he's too busy warding off enemy fighters.

"It happened to me, again, at Hazebrouck. A railway junction was the target and I watched the bombs bursting right in the middle of it. I saw the air photographs afterwards. Every vital point in the railway junction had been hit . . .

"It was at Hazebrouck, shortly after that raid, that we had our most successful fight. Nothing much happened until the bombs had been dropped, and we were turning over the target. There had been a lot

of Ack-Ack, but, so far, no enemy fighters had put in an appearance. Then, just as we were turning for home a large number of Messerschmitts swooped down on us from both sides. There were 'yellow-nosed' Me's, orange-nosed, red-nosed and I don't know what other colors. We found ourselves tied up in a dog fight that went on for a good ten minutes.

"There seemed to be enemy planes everywhere. Two of their pilots baled out and Messerschmitt 109's began going down in flames one after the other. We reformed near the English coast, and not one of our machines was missing. One of our pilots who up till then had had no luck, shot down two Huns. It seemed to break his spell of bad luck, for, a few days later he shot down four more. That's not a bad score: from nothing to six, in ten days! But breaks like that do come along, and fairly frequently taking everything into consideration.

"During a raid on Lille, we lost our Commanding Officer, a tough fighter. We were very proud of that fellow. The six of our planes which were up that day, were attacked by sixty Messerschmitt 109's. It was a good fight. One of the sergeant pilots had his engine damaged by

cannon shell and it stopped completely a few miles from the French coast. Being at too low an altitude to bale out he tried to land his 'Spitfire' on the water, with the result that he dived straight to the bottom. He landed right way up in the bed of the channel! He undid his straps, opened his hood, and shot to the surface like a rocket! He was slightly wounded, but he was pretty 'shocked.' He managed to climb into his dinghy, in which he floated about for three days without anything to eat or drink. Twice he saw the English coast, but each time he drifted away from it again. On the third day he was sighted by another Polish squadron returning from a 'sweep.' What's more, it was our Squadron that was detailed to protect the rescue work, and we didn't know that

(Please turn to page 12)



"Well done, again!" . . . "Magnificent fighting . . ." "303 Squadron have shown the enemy that Polish pilots are definitely on top!"

— George VI

"Many congratulations on the magnificent results which you have achieved in offensive action against the enemy this week."

— British Chief-of-Air-Staff

"To the finest squadron in the whole world . . ."

— British Wing-Commander

FROM THE LOG-BOOK OF SQUADRON 303

"I REMEMBER..." BY A SQUADRON LEADER

(Continued from page 11)

it was old 'Sparrow' whom we'd given up for lost!

"There are the other sort of breaks and less pleasant surprises. We almost lost a pilot after he'd had a running fight with five Messerschmitts. Diving on to the tail of a German fighter who was attacking a British bomber, he became separated from the squadron. He found himself alone over France with five Messerschmitt pilots trying to shoot him down. At roof-top level, twisting, turning and fighting, he first shot down one of his attackers . . . then another. Eventually he succeeded in fighting his way back to the Channel. His petrol was almost done in, but luckily the three remaining Messerschmitt pilots seemed a little afraid of our man. Their attacks slackened off. They didn't like the odds being reduced from five to one to three to one." George was being carried away by his story and I think I know who the pilot of this dog-fight was. . . . "So he shook 'em off, climbed as high as he could on his remaining gallons, steered by the sun over a rather wide part of the channel, in what he knew was roughly the direction of England.

"He soon began to lose height and from 12,000 feet was soon at 3,000; then, and then only, was he able to make radio contact with a ground station in



"ALL LANDED SAFELY!"

England. The ground station fixed his position, and knowing that he could not reach land, ordered him to bale out. When his aircraft had dropped 2,000 feet, the people at the ground station heard him say over the radio telephone: 'I am turning my aircraft on its back and baling out.'

"The jerk of the parachute as it opened shook off his loosely fitting flying boots. Would you believe it? As he was paddling about in his dinghy waiting for the rescue launch, they floated past him! He rescued 'em and used 'em for baling out his dinghy! He was picked up by a boat forty-five minutes later.

"We're a very happy squadron," says George with a grin. "I remember when it once happened that we did three sorties in a day, including two sweeps over France. The Squadron Commander found it very difficult to decide whom he should pick; each pilot argued quite heatedly that it was *his* turn: the other fellow had been 'out' twice that day . . . You know the sort of thing I mean," adds George. "Give me a chance, old chap, and all that!"



INTO THE UNKNOWN . . .

ANNA MACLAREN