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ALL HANDS ON DECK!



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POLAND SPEAKS

Broadcast by Prof. Stanislaw Stronski, Polish Minister of Information



GLOOMY news continues to come out of the Province of Wilno, the fate of which has been extremely hard from the very beginning of the war; but from the time the Germans entered it, more than a year ago, it has been turned into a veritable hell on earth for the Polish and Jewish population.

The crimes committed there are the outcome of close cooperation between the Germans and the Lithuanians, for the Germans have found accomplices among the worst Lithuanian elements. The percentage of Lithuanian people in the Wilno District was infinitesimal before the war and amounted to only five percent in the entire province and to less than one percent in the city of Wilno itself.

Tens of thousands of Lithuanians from Kowno province have swarmed into Wilno and into the province, to seize all sorts of jobs and positions they now continue to hold under German direction. It suffices to say that in Wilno where there were less than 2,000 Lithuanians in a population of 209,000, there are now 30,000 Lithuanians. German Lithuanian cooperation found its first expression in such things as the appalling massacres of tens of thousands of Jews, perpetrated by Lithuanian criminals under the eyes of the German authorities, so appalling that the world refused to believe this news, the accuracy of which can unfortunately no longer be doubted.

The next step was mass murders of Poles from time to time, here and there, in ten, in hundreds or even in thousands, as part of the permanent and carefully planned daily policy of exterminating the Polish people. It is obvious today that the German "mot d'ordre" to their Lithuanian accomplices was extremely simple: "Murder the Jews quickly and the Poles slowly." This briefly and clearly is the horrible essence of German Lithuanian cooperation in the Province of Wilno.

As early as September 1941, shortly after the entry of the Germans into Wilno, their Lithuanian collaborators surrendered 500 Poles to the Germans whom they treacherously denounced as alleged communists. They also seized 320 Poles in Lukiszki prison and shot them. About the end of 1941, most sanguinary outrages were perpetrated on the Polish population in Wilno, Troki, Landwarow, Jaszuni, Turpile, Turmont, Swieciany, etc.

In March 1942 thirty Polish priests were imprisoned in Wilno alone, among them all the fifteen professors of the seminary. Archbishop Jalbrzykow-

ski and Vicar General Father Swierkowski were deported to Mariampol and many nuns and monks imprisoned with all the alumni of the seminary.

In May 1942, Father Swierkowski was deported to forced labor in Germany and then shot. In the middle of 1942 mass massacres of Poles followed the earlier massacres of Jews.

At Swieciany, after three German officials had been killed on a road not far from that town, the Lithuanians under the direction of the Gestapo murdered several thousand Poles within a wide radius of Swieciany during the night of May 20th.

Later scores of other Poles were murdered in Olkieniki and Ponary, near Wilno where shootings were constantly carried out by Lithuanian criminals, as also in many other places. Among those shot were school boys and school girls.

But murders are not the only means of exterminating Poles used in the province of Wilno. Appalling devastation has also been caused by the deportation of tens of thousands of Poles to forced labor in Germany. The Germans fix the quotas. Lately for instance they demanded 30,000 laborers from Wilno alone, and the Lithuanians staged street raids to supply Germany with this appalling tribute of human beings.

In every house there is a Lithuanian snoop, the Lithuanian police rule the streets, in the forests the Lithuanian guards are on the lookout for Poles who have failed to register for forced labor in order to hand them over to the Germans. Thus, under the weight of this criminal German-Lithuanian cooperation, the province of Wilno has today become one great prison camp, notorious for the number of crimes committed there, even among the other provinces of bleeding and oppressed Poland and of German controlled Europe.

But cooperation in crime between the Germans and some Lithuanian elements, must also inevitably lead to a common share in retribution. Mr. Churchill, in his last speech in the House of Commons, on September 8th, said: "The hour of Europe's liberation will also be the hour of retribution." Mr. Churchill also quoted President Roosevelt's words: "All those who have committed crimes will be tried by the courts of the countries in which the crimes were committed."

This promise today hangs over the heads of all criminals whether they are those of German hangmen who ordered them, or of their henchmen or accomplices.

THE POLISH NAVY



GENERAL SIKORSKI, POLISH COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF, CHATTING WITH POLISH SAILORS

ALL surface warships of the Polish navy in the Baltic at the outbreak of the war perished doing their duty. After desperate struggles three of the five submarines were damaged and forced to take refuge in Swedish ports, while the *Orzel* and *Wilk* succeeded in passing through the Danish narrows and escaping to Great Britain where three destroyers had already been sent. The story of the *Orzel* is known all over the world. Though interned in Estonia, it managed to slip out of the port and, without maps or charts, safely reached England. Unfortunately, later it was sunk. The Polish navy has suffered other losses also, but these have all been replaced by the British authorities, and today it is stronger than before the war. Thus it is able to continue to play its part at the side of the British navy. It took part in the battles off the coasts of Norway in 1940, it contributed to the evacuation from Dun-

kirk. It is doing convoy work, and has to its credit the sinking of a number of U boats. The *Orzel* among other sinkings, torpedoed the large German transport, *Rio de Janeiro*, with 3,000 soldiers on board.

The Polish destroyer, *Piorun*, handed over to the Polish navy by Great Britain, was the first to sight the German battleship *Bismarck*. With skilful manoeuvring she was able to get in close enough to engage the enemy in a spirited manner, and was for some time under heavy fire from the *Bismarck's* guns.

Nor must the merchant fleet be forgotten. The ships of the Polish merchant navy are doing as dangerous a service as the navy. Despite serious losses, Polish vessels amounting to a hundred thousand tons are now engaged in bringing supplies to Great Britain and to Russia.

WARSAW UNDER FIRE AND THUNDER

Loose Leaves From the Diary of Stanislaw Centkiewicz

AT DAYBREAK on Monday, September 25th, the artillery fire slackened somewhat. Then there was a brief lull and I went to my barbers to get a shave as usual. Suddenly he dashed out of the shop: "Look, Look!" and looking up I saw hundreds of German planes. Their noise shook the town as they flew from west to north in a parade formation, three in a row. An alarm sounded over the city. It was then 8 a.m. and in a few minutes the bombing started, and the hell that followed lasted till 6 p.m.

The planes threw bombs and incendiaries, burning down and destroying the completely helpless town, where all "ack-ack" guns had ceased fire long ago, a town without light or means of communication. After a few hours of this, the fires and smoke grew into one big flame. Nobody tried to help the wounded, nobody removed the dead — going out into the street was sheer suicide.

Suddenly I was called to the roof of the six-story house, where I lived. It had been showered with incendiary bombs. They looked like silver champagne bottles, and though not hot themselves, in contact with inflammable material the bombs created a very high temperature, then fire.

We had buckets with sand already prepared, and first with fear, then fearlessly, we threw the sand onto the bombs. The one person who inspired us all with braveness was the doorkeeper's helper, a mentally defective boy, we all called "Stupid Joe". This boy showed more energy and contempt of death than anyone. He kicked one of the shells and covered it with sand. The example he set inspired us and we went to work with a will. In spite of all our efforts, the roof caught fire and we were forced to tear off the burning parts, which we did with our bare hands, picks and axes. The water supply was very limited, and we had decided to use it only in case of absolute necessity. "Stupid Joe" went out onto the top of the roof and with a big hook, threw down to the ground, the parts we tore up. After half an hour the fire was mastered. However, other houses in the vicinity were on fire and the flames were spreading rapidly.

Then, the plane attack was concentrated on the beautiful Ministry of Agriculture Building nearby where there were air raid shelters. The enormous building was soon turned into a ruin, pillars falling like toy bricks crushed the screaming people. Again the cries of wounded sounded above all other sounds. People dashed out of the burning houses, their clothes flaming. This was more than human nerves could stand, and yet we looked at it all from the top of the roof, unable to offer any help.

Suddenly the alarm bell sounded. We dashed down only to encounter a terrible sight. A high explosive shell had struck, making a hole big enough to admit the flames from the house next door that was burning. Expecting that in another fifteen minutes at the outside our whole house would be ablaze, we told the women and children to prepare to get away.



... THE STREETS ARE FULL OF TERROR-STRICKEN PEOPLE ...

Nothing seemed more impossible, as there was no place to go, and going out into the street was out of the question. Our "Stupid Joe" again found an answer. He dragged out from somewhere a huge sheet of asbestos, and jumped with it into the very center of the flames. In a minute the hole was covered and we held it in place with bricks and logs. In a few minutes the house next door collapsed and that stopped the flames from attacking our house. Dirty and covered with dust we went down to the cellar to tell the women that the danger was passed. They, however, stayed where they were, praying together.

Then a new alarm — a small house adjoining ours caught fire, and again the same danger threatened. The house was completely empty as it was used for some office. We ran to it, broke down the doors, and threw all inflammable things out of the window. There was also a private apartment. Oh, what joy! A bath full of water! I could not resist the temptation. In a second I was undressed and took a bath in the cold water, getting some of the dirt off myself. Later we crawled onto the roof and tore it all up.

We then noticed that the flames in the lower part of the burning house had started attacking the walls

(Please turn to page 8)

POLAND'S PAPER INDUSTRY

ALTHOUGH the paper industry was not one of the oldest in Poland, it probably existed as early as the 14th century when the State Chancelleries began to use paper. At the turn of the 15th century, factories producing hand-made paper supplied the needs of the home market, and exported their products to Hungary and Muscovy.

In the 19th century, after the introduction of wood-pulp and cellulose in the manufacture of paper, Polish paper mills became thriving industrial concerns.

The Germans in the last war caused severe damage to this branch of industry in Poland by stripping the paper mills of their stocks of raw material, and removing copper, brass, zinc and tin parts from electric motors, pumps, etc. Thus, when war came to an end and Poland regained her independence, the paper industry was in a most precarious state and enormous quantities of paper had to be imported during the initial post-war period.

But Poland was not slow to rebuild her paper industry. Nearly all the existing paper mills in Poland were again set in operation, and a number of new paper and cellulose works established. As the new machinery was very up-to-date, the Polish paper industry was soon able to meet the demands of the home market, and imports of foreign paper declined rapidly. As a matter of fact, Poland's paper imports were confined to small quantities of special papers for artistic and industrial purposes. Then Poland took steps to place her surplus paper production on foreign markets. The total capacity of Polish paper mills before 1914 was about 62,000 tons, after 1918 it fell to as little as 15,000 to 20,000 tons, and in 1938 it exceeded 200,000 tons.

Efforts made by Polish paper manufacturers to increase their exports had begun to yield most grati-

fying results. In 1938, despite the economic depression and consequent collapse of prices, Poland exported 3,696 tons of paper valued at 4,380,000 zlotys.

Poland exported chiefly high priced papers, cigarette paper in particular. In 1938, for instance, she sold more than two and one-half million pounds of cigarette paper to Australia, Brazil, Hong-Kong, British India, Cuba, Malaya, Mexico, Switzerland, etc. Other customers were the state tobacco monopolies in Greece, Turkey and Iran. As Polish cigarette paper had a high water content it gave very little ashes — a quality greatly appreciated by cigarette smokers.

The success of Polish books at international exhibitions was in no small measure due to the fine quality of Polish paper.

Apart from various kinds of packing paper, woodfree and other grades, there was a steady increase in Poland's exports of rotary newsprint, which, in spite of keen competition from Scandinavian countries, was sold on the South American market.

Shortly before Germany's unprovoked aggression in 1939, Poland was exporting woodfree and other high grades of cardboard in growing quantities. The export of cellulose also bid fair to become an important factor in Poland's foreign trade.

All in all, the country was on its way to be an important source of supply on the world paper market. Two factors militated in her favor. Her almost unlimited supply of linen rags, the basic raw material for the manufacture of cigarette paper; and her enormous forests, the annual growth of which was greater than the total world consumption of wood pulp.

Despite present German efforts to wreck Polish economy and to destroy her forests, Poland's 600-year-old paper industry will weather the storm of this war as it has done of many another in its long and turbulent history.



BANK NOTE PRINTERY IN WARSAW

1788: FIRST AERIAL EXPLOIT IN POLAND



Woodcut by S. O. Chrostowski

DURING the past three years Polish aviation has covered itself with glory. The skill, courage, and tenacity of Polish fliers has earned for them the title of Poland's Avenging Eagles. It is not surprising that the Poles give such good account of themselves in the air, for Polish flying dates back to 1788, when the first passenger balloon flight in Poland took place, only five years after the epic achievement of the Montgolfier brothers in France.

At the turn of the 18th century, Poland on the point of losing her independence and being partitioned by her more powerful neighbors, had a national renaissance. She had enough national spirit to produce enduring works of art, enough social consciousness to establish the first Ministry of Public Education in the world, and to enact her liberal Constitution of the Third of May, enough intellectual curiosity to experiment with the most daring scientific inventions of the day.

The first successful balloon flight in the world took

place in France, on June 5th, 1783 at Annonay, near Lyons. In February of the following year the first Polish trial balloon was launched by the Court chemist, Okraszewski, from the Royal Castle in Warsaw. A few months later Ignacy Groebel, Printer to his Royal Majesty, Stanislaus Augustus, printed the first Polish work on aviation.

The first Polish passenger flight in a balloon was made in 1788, when the French balloonist Blanchard came to the Polish capital to demonstrate the new invention about which fragmentary news had been coming in from Paris.

The day of the great experiment dawned bright and clear. Senatorska Street and the adjoining thoroughfares were jammed with thousands of men in velvet breeches and women in crinolines, who had hopefully risen before dawn to get a better glimpse of the impending event. Only a few privileged souls were able to squeeze inside the courtyard of the Mniszek Palace and view the preparations at close range.

When the huge round monster rose above the Palace roofs, it was greeted by the cheers of the assembled people. In the basket attached to the magic machine were, in addition to the inventor himself, the savant Count Jan Potocki, his Turkish manservant and his faithful white poodle. The balloon finally came down in a suburb of Warsaw where it became the object of undisguised deep interest.

Blanchard's second Polish flight was described by the "Gazeta Warszawska" in these words:

"... Famous for his atmospheric peregrinations, M. Blanchard, a Frenchman from the city of Calais, licensed by the King of France and a member of many learned Academies, presented this capital with a strange sight, when he made his 34th journey by air.

"The firing of cannon just before noon announced the spectacle that was to take place. At a quarter past one in the afternoon, from a garden in Nowy Swiat, he got into his wicker boat in company with a French lady, who it seems previously sailed in the air with him at Metz, and now happens to be in Warsaw.

"Amid great applause, they rose, at first only a little, for the weather was most fine and calm, and then ever higher, till they had climbed up from the earth (as was observed and calculated from the Royal Observatory) a distance of 3,975 ells. They sailed all over Warsaw and having flown across the Vistula, came down 49 minutes later in the Bialolecki Woods, more than a mile from their starting point.

"... On their return they were driven to the Theatre here, amid great applause. A Box was prepared for them, over which hovered a model Air Balloon, that upon their arrival was pulled up by means of ropes, and from it fluttered down on the audience, poems printed in French, in honor of these Sailors of the Air."

King Stanislaus Augustus, patron of the arts and sciences, could not remain indifferent to the occasion. He ordered a medal to be struck commemorating Blanchard's successful flight.

When this ill-fated monarch was dethroned shortly afterward, his interest in aviation persisted. His correspondence with Stanislaw Trembecki, the court poet who liked to dabble in science, shows the interest he took in improving the balloon.

But not everyone in Poland greeted the new invention with the same enthusiasm, as is shown by the following excerpt

from the "Magazyn Warszawski":

"... One apprehensive writer denounces the new machine as harmful to morals and society. He appears to think that if it should ever reach the perfection it is expected to attain, the security of our homes and the fair name of our maidens would be endangered. To him balloons seem to be an instrument for facilitating robbery and elopement."

The magazine goes on to point out that bolts and bars never were guarantees of feminine virtue, and concludes, "All the Balloons in the world will not weaken this infallible truth. It is the disposition of the heart and not of the vehicle that facilitates girl snatching."

Little did our naive author of 1788 suspect that the danger to the virtue of Polish maidens would

pale into insignificance before the mass murder of defenseless men, women and children from the air. Little did he guess that less than 160 years later, the noble purpose for which the aircraft was conceived would be prostituted by an unscrupulous foe to rain destruction on the open cities of Warsaw, Rotterdam and Belgrade.



Count Jan Potocki, First Pole to Leave the Ground

* * *

The loss of Polish independence prevented any extensive aerial experiments for years to come. It was not until 1885 that a young scientist, Stefan Drzewiecki, inaugurated a new era in the history of Polish and world aviation. He formulated a theory of mechanical flight. In his later works, "Le Vol plané" and "L'Aviation de demain", he introduced the revolutionary concept of a motorized glider. When he was living in Paris, Professor Drzewiecki devoted all his time to the study of aero-dynamics. His "Théorie générale de l'hélice" won an Académie Française prize. It was through his initiative that the first experimental stations and large-scale aerodynamic laboratories were established in France.

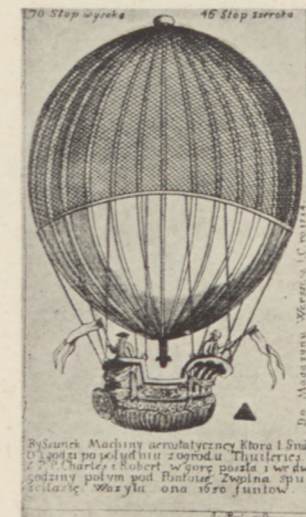
Another pioneer in Polish aeronautics was Czeslaw Tanski. Analyzing the flight of insects in 1893 he constructed a flying model that actually remained in the air. He also experimented with the glider and

helicopter. Encouraged by the successful flights of the Wright Brothers in 1906 he pursued the idea of the airplane and in 1907 exhibited an array of model "flying machines", which later served as the basis for the first Polish planes.

Thus, even a subjugated Poland managed to keep pace with the scientific development of the West, and indeed, contributed her share to the progress of mankind.



MEDAL STRUCK BY KING STANISLAUS AUGUSTUS IN COMMEMORATION OF THE FIRST FLIGHT IN POLAND



Picture of the Balloon (from the "Magazyn Warszawski")

(Continued from page 4)

of our house around the wooden stairs. We stood up a group of boys with pails of water, as soon as a flame shot up — it was drowned down. From the other side, another group of men was raking away the burning rafters from our house. This lasted several hours before we decided that there was no more danger. Shells kept buzzing busily overhead, the earth shook from the explosions, but Joe was not afraid of anything. Looking at the shells he said, "You sure aim badly, Adolf!"

In the evening the bombing ceased, planes stopped circling over the tired town, but the fires kept on spreading rapidly. To make things worse, a wind got up and carried the fire all over the town. Sparks, flying down the streets caught in people's hair, setting it on fire. Eyes had to be covered with wet handkerchiefs to prevent the eyelashes from catching fire and blinding the person.

I had to go out that evening to see what had happened to the rest of my family. Coming to one of the houses, I found only a pile of stones—still licked by flames. I asked where everyone had gone. Nobody knew. I went on searching while the fire kept roaring all around, at times higher than subsiding.

The streets are full of terror-stricken people carrying unnecessary things, such as canary cages, pillows, clocks. Most of them were dressed in fur coats, their most valuable possession. Mothers, in despair, were calling for their children, husbands, calling their wives. Every minute a new house caught fire and every minute new crowds of people dashed out into the streets. Rarely did one try fighting the fire. Women excelled in bravery, often showing more calm and self-control than men. I saw a young woman save her house by tearing up the roof with her bare hands. I saw women carrying out the wounded and injured.

The most terrible sight was that of the bombed and burning hospitals. In one of them, the surgery was bombed several times. Doctors and nurses at night carried the sick out into the garden, they were so exhausted they could hardly stand. Most of the seriously ill were saved, but the less serious cases were nearly all killed as they ran away blindly to where the shells were falling thickest.

Houses fell, burying people in cellars and shelters. It seemed as if at any moment, the earth itself would open up and bury the rest of us. The lack of water was something terrible and incomprehensible. After some time there was no water left, even to wet a handkerchief and the flames blinded the eyes and burned the hands.

I ran into friends who were so dazed they did not recognize me, they were looking in vain for some safe shelter. I finally reached my family and learned that one of my relatives had just been killed by a piece of shrapnel. The circumstances of his death were tragic. He was an elderly man whose legs were paralyzed for the last few years. The elevator did not run, having fallen from the seventh floor to the basement, so his wife and daughter had carried him many times to the cellar. He could not possibly run away, or save himself, and fell victim to one of the shells. He was being buried at once in the nearest place possible — the Parliament garden. Several soldiers hurriedly dug a shallow grave into which they slipped the coffin, made out of a few planks. A small cross with the name of the deceased written on it in pen-



... HOUSES FELL, BURYING PEOPLE IN CELLARS AND SHELTERS ...

cil, marked the grave. Nobody cried — we had no more tears.

I returned home. The Theatre Square was now a mass of flames. The Wierzbowa Street, called "the Warsaw Rue de la Paix" was burned down, so were the great Red Cross Food Stores; a house was cut in half by a bomb; the flames of the Opera were falling down revealing the only thing left of the building — the pillars; the flames had reached the underground structures round the Square where opera stage sets were kept and burst forth through the cracks in the street.

My house was one of the few that remained standing in that district. Thousands of homeless people from all over the place, came pouring into it, so many, that they were in danger of suffocation. All the cellars were filled. People were sleeping on the stairs — everywhere.

We did our best to organize immediate help, distributing some hot "kasha", but though most of the people had not eaten for the last few days, they could not eat now. They had seen too many terrible things.

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HITLER has said and Dr. Goebbels believes that the bigger the lie, the better chance it has of being accepted as true. In any case, a few gullible souls may be taken in.

One would think that after coming up against unswerving Polish resistance for three years during which they failed to find a single Quisling to betray his country, the Germans would have given up trying honeyed words, at least on Poles.

Yet, they did try again. This time with an airborne leaflet distributed among Polish troops in Libya last Spring. Beneath its veneer of friendliness this leaflet is of unparalleled insolence. It reads as follows:

"Poles! If you wish to see your country again lay down your arms and come over to the German side. The British tell you to shed your blood in their own interest." Referring to the battles of the Polish forces in France and in Norway, the Germans go on to tell the Poles that they were infamously betrayed by England and that at present they are dying in Africa for the defense of British capitalism.

"Your fight is aimless and hopeless," the text continues. "The victory of the Germans and the Italians is certain. The Soviet armies have already collapsed under the impact of the blows of Germany and her allied armed forces. A German victory in the East is a foregone conclusion. Cross over to the German and Italian side while there is still time. Only in this way will you be able to return to your fatherland."

This leaflet was provided with a safe conduct bearing a German stamp, good for an "unlimited number of Polish soldiers, commissioned and non-commissioned officers." The safe conduct also says: "The bearer is a Pole. He is voluntarily coming over to the German-Italian side to gain the right to return to his country. He is to receive good treatment."

It goes without saying that the obtuse and insolent Germans waited in vain for "an unlimited number of Polish soldiers, commissioned and non-commissioned officers" eager to return to their country by the good offices of kindly Germans. Although Herr Goebbels has so often shrieked that "the Polish army has ceased to exist", Polish soldiers will find their own bayonets to be better credentials.

(Continued from page 8)

The whole night long thousands of people kept running along the streets. After midnight, the artillery started shelling us again. I learned that the Germans had launched a direct attack at a few points, but had been driven back. In spite of this success, we all felt it would be impossible to hold out any longer.

Fire was still spreading, and the next plane attack would kill the rest of the people. The artillery shelling from both sides, German and Polish, lasted till 10 in the morning, then it stopped suddenly. Thousands of different explanations were offered. Perhaps the Germans had retreated. The Russians were

Polacy!

Jeśli chcecie ujrzeć raz jeszcze Waszą Ojczyznę, to złóście broń i przechodźcie na stronę niemiecką. Brytyjczycy kują Wam przelewać krew za swoje własne interesy. Przecieć to oni namówili Polskę do walki, ażeby potem, haniebnie ją zdradzić. Bracia Wasi musieli walczyć w Norwegii i we Francji na niesławnym żołdzie w obronie Anglików. Rownież i tam ponieśliście ciężkie straty. Teraz kazano Wam krwawić się za interesy kapitalizmu brytyjskiego w Afryce.

Walka Wasza jest bezcelowa i beznadziejna. Zwycęstwo Niemców i Włochów jest pewne. Armje sowieckie zainasny się już pod razami potężnych uderzeń niemieckich i sprzymierzonych sił zbrojnych. Zwycęstwo Niemiec na wschodzie jest już przesądzone. Przechodźcie póki czas na stronę Niemców i Włochów. Tylko w ten sposób zdołacie powrócić do ojczyzny

Przepustka

(ważna dla nieograniczonej ilości polskich żołnierzy, podoficerów i oficerów)

Oznaczenie polskie jest Polakiem. Przechodził dobrowolnie na stronę wojsk niemiecko-włoskich, ażeby uzyskać prawo powrotu do ojczyzny. Podlega dobremu traktowaniu.

194 pol.

Passierschein f. polnische Soldaten, Unteroffiziere u. Offiziere.

Lacina-passare per soldati, sottoufficiali ed ufficiali polacchi.

The Germans would be wiser to set aside the money they are squandering today on useless propaganda, for a rainy day after the war. They would do well not to worry too much about the blood shed by the Poles on all fronts. This concern is strikingly lacking in German-occupied Poland. Besides, we know something about what the Germans call "good treatment."

It is superfluous to tell the Poles how to return to their country. The Poles will find a way, never fear. It would be better for the Germans to breathe a prayer to "Providence", that this road may not lead through German cities, for there will be no "safe conducts" for the murderers and torturers of the Polish nation.

supposed to be coming to our help, led by General Sosnkowski. That was the most frequently repeated story. The English were supposed to have landed in Danzig and occupied part of the city, they were supposed to be urging us to keep up — Supposed . . . supposed . . . supposed.

At about noon the real explanation came — an armistice. Everyone took it as a sign of weakness on the part of the Germans, that they agreed to the armistice, while the word "Capitulation" was not once mentioned.

The 26th was a bright, sunny morning. Great crowds turned out into the streets and it really

(Please turn to page 12)

WE ESCORT A CONVOY By "EYE WITNESS"

WHEN I reported to the naval commander's office as official observer, I was told that my next assignment would be to cover a trip on a Polish destroyer escorting a convoy.

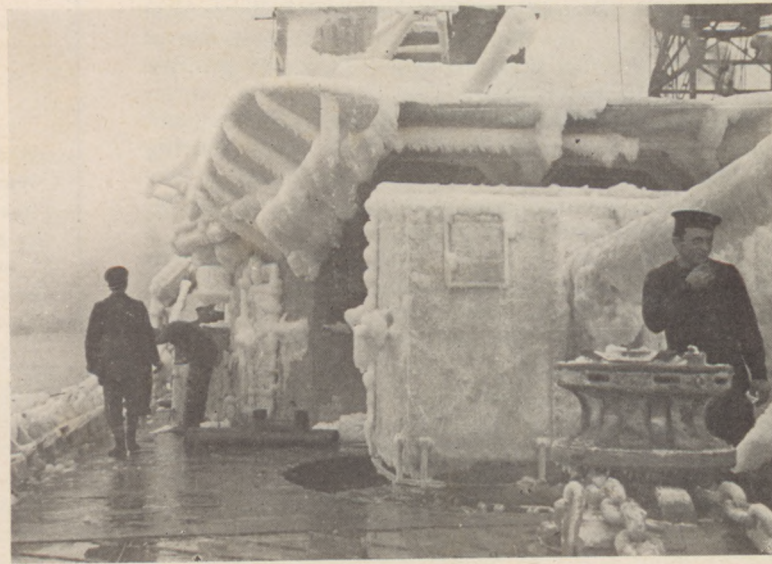
Three days later, with a navy cameraman, boatswain's mate P., I reported on board the "Garland", manned by a Polish crew.

We weighed anchor one heavy misty morning and began our voyage northward. My first "war" impression I gained from target practice off the coast of Great Britain. I had been an artillery officer in the last war, and was amazed by the accuracy of the ship's gunfire. I was even more stunned by its deafening roar.

The "Garland" soon met a British destroyer at sea. Together we escorted a large passenger boat safely to its destination. I had ample opportunity to appreciate what sailors are doing to win this war. Dangers beset him at every moment and he is a real front-line fighter. To the usual perils of the sea, fog, storms, icebergs, etc., are added the risks of battle of the never-ceasing merciless "Battle of the Atlantic": planes, submarines, floating and magnetic mines. The lone warship must at all times be ready to meet or ward off attack. When escorting a convoy, its responsibilities are much heavier. It must ever be on the alert, that the priceless tools of war may get to where they are needed.

The convoy itself is like a floating city, gathering around an auxiliary cruiser bristling with heavy anti-aircraft equipment. It was once an Atlantic liner and flies the flag of the retired admiral who is in command. The merchant ships move forward in even columns, watching for signals from the flagship. Signals broken from the latter are in code and at times a few low blasts come from the flagship's whistle and, as if touched by a magic wand, all ships turn left or right together, by just so many degrees. Radio is used as little as possible. The convoy is escorted by an outer ring of fast-moving destroyers, slower corvettes and mine-sweepers zigzagging to and fro.

I was on deck with my camera scanning the horizon. We were in the far North, where it is light 24 hours a day. The blinding May sun burned our skin but gave no warmth.



IN ICE AND FOG

A signal man handed the Captain a slip which he read aloud:

"Seven enemy planes are approaching the convoy from the northwest. Distance 30 miles."

"Well, gentlemen, if they begin, things will be warm from now on."

But the enemy did not attack the "Garland" from the air on that day. A light steam-like mist hovered over the nearby ice fields. An iceberg reflected the sun's rays. The ocean was dark and lazy, with an oily sheen. Flocks of sharp-winged sea gulls circled about our ship, sometimes passing so close that one could almost touch them.

In the evening, after tea, the electric bell gave a series of long broken rings, the call to action stations.

In a jiffy I was on deck. The officer of the watch had spotted a sub.

Orders were issued calmly. We veered sharply and a few minutes later dropped our first depth charges. Frightful explosion shook the sea and threw up a huge column of water, the spray from which hit our faces. The ship's joints groaned. The deck vibrated under our feet. We slowed down as if in hesitation, then wheeled suddenly and dropped six more charges near the spot where the first one

had been thrown. Returning to the convoy, we lost contact with the sub. But a short time after, when we crossed the spot again, someone called out, "Oil!"

A huge blotch of oil floated on the water. Reflecting all the colors of the rainbow, it was clearly visible against the dark surface of the sea. It had been a sub after all, and in all probability we "got" it.

Next morning I was awakened by short broken rings. An air raid alarm. A long black shadowing aircraft stood out against the sky.

"Get ready for the picnic," said the sailors, "we shall have the Huns on our necks, no mistake about that."

At 8:10 a second alarm. At 8:57 a third. But in each case the all clear sounded quickly. The ominous bird kept circling round the convoy, observing us and doubtless signalling to the subs and the airplane base.

At 10:10 a new submarine alarm. We made a few zigzags and dropped two more depth charges. Unfortunately, other war vessels from our escort "got in our way" and we lost the undersea craft.

The weather was beautiful. We were getting away from the iceberg and ice field. The sun was blinding but cold. The sea smooth and light-blue. Ideal weather for planes and subs, "Hitler weather", as the first officer put it.

It was interesting to talk with the men of the "Garland" crew. There were many types, yet all were so Polish, so familiar, types one reads about in Polish literature. Only the conditions of modern warfare are so very different.

"My grandmother," one of them joked, "would have died at the thought that her grandson is sailing the seven seas."

"Oh, that's nothing," said another. "I told one landlubber in Scotland that when a destroyer really had it in for a sub, it could even dive after it. He believed me, honest he did. He only asked how we do it. So I spun him a long yarn about diving into the water."

But there was little time for talk. When the men went off duty, they snatched some rest, and depth charges notwithstanding, slept like logs.

Finally, the Huns came. From the direction of the sun, almost invisible. But when they were over the convoy, they dived onto the ships from above like hawks. Freighters and warships alike vomited steel into the air with such violence that the sunny sky erupted with bursting shells. The "Garland's" big guns roared their challenge. The dull detonations of German bombs answered them. Huge mountains of water and smoke gushed up on all sides. The Junkers 88 approached in threes, dived over a single column of ships and dropped their loads of four bombs. But the

anti-aircraft fire was too strong, the strength of the escorting warships too great and luck was not with the attacking planes.

The dive bombers were followed by torpedo planes, flying low, furtively. I saw two torpedoes speeding through the water between the ships.

In spite of repeated and systematic attacks, the convoy held its course to the north. At each attack the escorting destroyers and corvettes drew in around the "floating city" and opened fire. The sky was covered with puffs of smoke.

Suddenly, something screamed overhead, our guns began to roar, our machine guns barked, something whistled through the air. A Junker dived in between us and our neighboring ship. It was greeted by a fantastic display of fireworks and a few moments later the flaming plane struck the water. Only a black smudge of smoke and a loud splash marked its passing.

The Garland's crew let out a yell of delight. But there was no time for rejoicing. A new German formation of six planes swooped down upon us.

All at once, a Hurricane was catapulted from one of our ships. The fighter plane made straight for the torpedo bombers. They went into a huddle and smoke spread over the horizon.

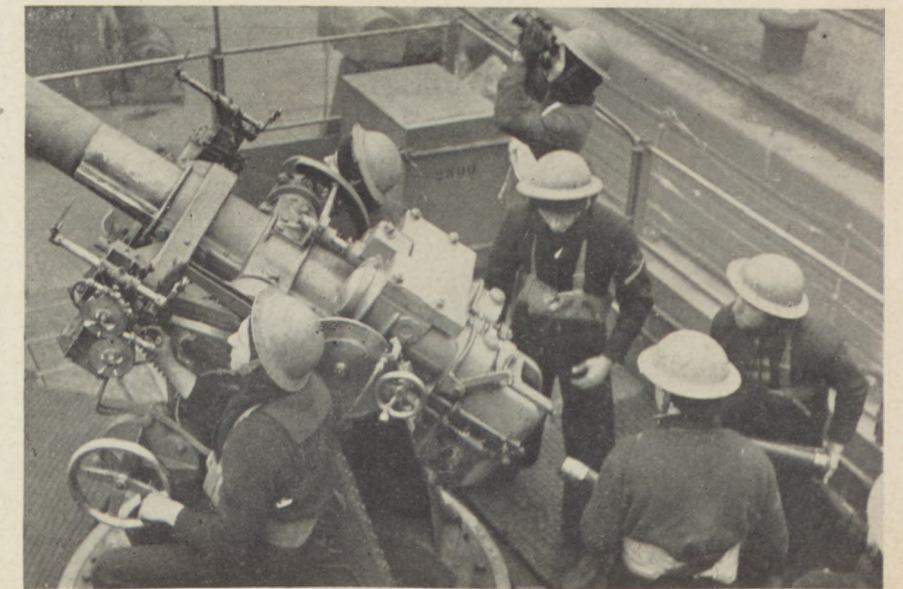
When the Hurricane was back over our ships, a merchant vessel opened fire on him. The pilot flapped his wings in desperation.

"Don't they know their own plane? They're shooting at their own plane!" I shouted. Someone barely had the time to say, "It happens," when six more Junkers emerged from behind the Hurricane.

One of the convoyed ships suddenly discharged a mass of white steam, fell out of line and came to a stop. A bomb splinter had evidently broken a steam
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ON DUTY AROUND THE CLOCK



ALERT!

W E E S C O R T A C O N V O Y

(Continued from page 11)

pipe. A destroyer and a corvette remained behind with the "wounded" vessel. But already in an hour the smoke was curling from its funnel. Mechanics, those nameless toilers of the sea, working in the scalding steam, had repaired the pipe, and their ship was slowly catching up with the others.

The air attack lasted in all two hours and 8 minutes, then the Junkers declared a recess. A quarter of an hour later, as I ran down to the mess room for a quick cup of tea, the alarm bells jingled again. A dozen fresh dive bombers were attacking the convoy from the rear.

"It's damn well a sight to see!" the first officer mumbled in my general direction.

He was damn well right, too. The planes were diving from a great height to some 150 yards. Each plane released four bombs and then scrambled. Fountains of water and smoke were gushing up everywhere. The sky was thick with bomb fragments. The whole show lasted only about five minutes but the convoy came through without a scratch.

"Men dismissed!"

Everyone who was off duty made for his hammock. But away to the east hovered the insolent shadow, our "guardian devil" . . .

At three a.m. I dragged myself on deck. The sun was well above the horizon. Here and there clouds were drifting by. At times we entered a small patch of fog. At 3:30 we found ourselves among ice floes. The sea and air seemed to exude peace. But all of a sudden, six torpedo planes darted out of the mist, released a rain of torpedoes and departed as swiftly as they had come, followed by sporadic shooting from our ships.

I went down again to grab some sleep and when I returned some hours later, my photographer was "at his post", camera in hand.



FINDING THE RANGE

"I'd love to get his picture," he said, pointing to the "guardian devil" weaving in and out of the clouds.

"Go to it," I encouraged him.

"I can't. The scoundrel keeps a healthy distance."

When I was back at my usual place on deck, the navigating officer clutched my arm.

"Do you hear?" he asked.

"Something" was droning up above unpleasantly. Could it be Germans? They dropped their calling cards. The first bomb burst close by the row of ships nearest us. And then the Junkers began to appear from behind the clouds singly or in groups.

It was hard to guess just how many they were. They could have been 20 or 100. The bombs fell thick and fast among the convoy. Curious how a column of water and smoke "stands" quite a few minutes before it collapses. The bombs seemed to be larger than before. I often caught three or four geysers in my camera simultaneously, each one spouting higher than the ships' smokestacks.

This time the fun lasted for an hour and five minutes. A bomber flew past so low that it almost hit our mast. Our bearded boatswain was heartbroken because he could not use his machine gun against the plane.

"This bloody thing *would* jam on me", he moaned. "Do you call this a machine gun? It's a spittoon, damn it, that's what it is, not a machine gun."

And so we whiled away the time until we entered another ice field and dark snow clouds obscured the world from us. And the sea gulls circled round and round the "Garland" . . .

The convoy moves on and on. Nine knots . . .

W A R S A W U N D E R F I R E A N D T H U N D E R

(Continued from page 9)

seemed impossible, that so many people should still be alive after so terrible a yesterday. The wind had abated somewhat, fires were localized, all over the place volunteers were at work burying the dead, helping the wounded, trying to dig the living from under the piles of stone.

I took a walk all around the town which presented

a terrible sight. Gravel, stones, the wounded, dead, burned. My office burned down to the ground, whole streets missing. From some open window came the sounds of Chopin's "Polonaise" — there was something very tragic in the sound of that music amid such destruction.

The next morning, posters appeared announcing the capitulation. The entrance of the Germans was scheduled for the 1st of October.