

The Polish Review



MAGNIFICENT FIGHTING RECORD OF POLAND'S AVENGING EAGLES

"Air Force Week," now coming to a close in Great Britain under the slogan "Wings for Victory," has brought prominently before the public the splendid fighting record of Poland's Avenging Eagles. The Polish Air Force was the first to place itself wing to wing with the Royal Air Force, and the part it played in the Battle of Britain can now be revealed for the first time.

It was in the Battle of Britain that the Polish Air Force gained its first successes and it has fought uninterruptedly in the Royal Air Force to the present day. 120 British decorations have been bestowed on Polish flyers up to February 20th, a most creditable number when one considers that the Poles form only a relatively small percentage of the air strength of the British Empire, quite out of proportion to the successes they have achieved.

Let us take a look at the figures: Polish Bomber Squadrons and Polish units with the Coastal Command, from the time of their formation in Great Britain to February 20, 1943, participated in 4752 bombing operations and dropped 11,475 tons of bombs on the following targets, some of which have been attacked repeatedly: Aachen, Antwerp, Berlin, Bielefeld, Boulogne, Bremen, Brest, Calais, Cassel, Cherbourg, Cologne, Dortmund, Duisburg, Duesseldorf, Dunkirk, Emden, Essen, Frankfurt, Hamburg, Le Havre, Hanover, Karlsruhe, Kiel, Luebeck, Muenster, Mainz, Mannheim, Nuremberg, Ostend, Osnabrueck, Rostock, Rotterdam, Stettin, St. Nazaire, Saarbruecken, Stuttgart, Wilhelmshaven, and Warnemuende.

Polish bombers also took part in all the "Thousand Bomber" raids, mined enemy waters, carried out attacks on great naval units, in particular, participating in the chase of the Scharnhorst and Gneisenau and Prince Eugen, have taken part in attacks on enemy submarines and convoys and helped to protect our own, thus participating in the historic battle of Atlantic. Polish fighters and Polish bombers had by February 20, 1943 brought down 518 enemy aircraft confirmed as certain, 124 probables and damaged 147 others.

In the battle of Britain itself, between August 8th and September 15, 1940 Polish Fighter Pilots had a bag of 214 certain enemy planes destroyed, 37 probables and 37 damaged, thus contributing splendidly, in that decisive and crucial moment, to Britain's victory over the enemy. To make this contribution clearer one should note that in September 1940 out of the total of 962 enemy planes shot down by the Royal Air Force, Polish pilots shot down 131, fourteen percent of the total, although numerically they constituted less than seven percent of the Royal Air Force.

The Polish Squadron 303 with its total bag of 186 German planes to date takes second place in Royal Air Force's honor list. The first place is held by a British squadron with a total of 240 planes shot down, counting from the beginning of the war and adding its successes in the Battle of France. Squadron 303 counts its victories from August 31, 1940. So much for regular fighters squadrons.

Then there is the Polish night fighters squadron that is called "Eagle Owls of Lwow" and has its own fine record, especially in the memories of the people of Exeter. The Polish Army cooperation squadron has taken part in military operations, flying with British Units. That is our active military contribution.

Mention must also be made of Polish ferry pilots who with only two percent of losses have brought more than a thousand planes across Africa, over a dangerous route nearly 6,250 miles long. There are three Polish women pilots flying with the air transport auxiliary.

Much has already been written about the splendid work of Polish engineers and ground crews. The latter especially, are everywhere, in factories, assembly plants, maintenance shops, where they service machines of all Polish operational divisions and training units, often working in very difficult conditions and astonishing their allied colleagues by their enormous energy and knowledge of their job. One can say the same of the Polish meteorologists and specialists working in operational headquarters.

This, more or less, is a brief description of the contribution made by Polish airmen from the time of their arrival in Great Britain. It is difficult to count the sweeps and umbrella covers for daylight bombing raids in which Polish fighter Squadrons have played a constant part or the individual air combats waged by Polish bombers, sometimes alone against large scale enemy air attacks.

All these stories will undoubtedly be written some time in the future. And only when after the war it is possible to compile the enemy's actual losses, will it also be possible to establish the full achievements of the Polish Air Force.

Successes gained only in operating from British bases and without counting the September of campaign 1939 in Poland or the Battle of France, are a sufficient proof of the worth of the Polish Air Force, whose wings, once so tragically ruffled, will become in due course "Wings of Victory."

POLAND NOW HAS AN AMBASSADOR AT CHUNGKING

The first Polish Ambassador to China, Alfred Poninski, in presenting his credentials to President Lin-Sen said:

"The President of the Republic of Poland cherishes best wishes for your personal happiness and for the welfare of the glorious Chinese Republic, as well as the coming of a decisive victory of her heroic armies under the leadership of the illustrious Generalissimo Chiang Kai-Shek, whose rare military and civil virtues command the highest respect everywhere. The Polish Nation follows with deep sympathy and profound esteem the admirable courage and spirit of sacrifice of your soldiers and citizens in the stirring struggle against a relentless aggressor.

Concluding, Ambassador Poninski asked for Lin-Sen's personal support in the accomplishment of his task. After greeting the Ambassador, President Lin-Sen said: "In the most critical moment of its own existence the Chinese nation followed with the greatest emotion the deeds of the glorious Polish people, offering a most touching proof of their soldierly valor and of their spirit of indomitable sacrifice. The Polish people, in defending with such great self-sacrifices the fundamental moral principles of humanity, as well as their national independence against their ferocious totalitarian aggressors, demonstrated to a perplexed world the reality of moral power capable of resisting all the assaults of the brutal and rapacious forces of the then triumphant Axis, and thus the Polish people contributed towards upholding the morale of other oppressed peoples.

"Only by close and confident

FIRST SEA LORD DECORATES POLES

London, March—When the first Sea Lord, Sir Dudley Pound, conferred British decorations for gallantry upon a number of allied seamen, a striking proof was afforded of the activities of the Polish Navy which, although smallest in tonnage holds one of the first places among the Allies, by the fact that the Polish Navy group was second in strength, first place being held by the Norwegians who have the largest allied Navy here.

Eight Polish officers and ratings received decorations, most of them being specially mentioned for outstanding gallantry in action aboard ships on convoy duty, escorting war material to Russia.

U.S. AND BRITAIN TO DECIDE PEACE AS WELL AS WAR

London, March—Addressing Polish bomber pilots "somewhere in England" and decorating several after their return from the Essen Raid, General Sikorski emphasized the fact that the war is not yet won.

The decision in General Sikorski's opinion will not come on the Eastern front, as Russia alone will not obtain the victory. The decision will be arrived at in a battle in which all United Nations will share, but predominantly Britain and America.

The Polish Prime Minister and Commander-in-Chief added that it should be remembered that the peace as well as the war will be decided by Britain and America, with whom Poland is linked not alone by friendship but by formal alliances.

General Sikorski called attention to the new reign of terror raging in Poland, and concluded his speech by transmitting to the Polish Air Force most cordial greetings from Poles in America.

"Poles in Washington, Chicago, New York, Detroit and in all America regard your heroic exploits with the greatest pride and admire your courage which has made the name of Pole famous throughout the whole world."

After an inspection of the Polish Bomber Forces, General Sikorski sent a cable to Air Force Inspector General Ujesjski expressing his highest satisfaction with the force he had inspected.

collaboration among all our allies shall we be able—in your Excellency's words—to hasten the final victory and organize a just and lasting peace."

POLES SENTENCED FOR AIDING NAZI

German papers report that a Special Court in Mulhouse passed the following sentences on Poles who concealed a German deserter and tried to obtain false papers to enable him to escape into Switzerland: Jozef Grzesiak, to death; Jozef Walaszek, eight years hard labor; Maria Szczepkowska, Olga Birnet and Joanna Makwat, each five years hard labor.

It was stated that the soldier, who came from Upper Silesia, got to know Grzesiak—a Pole—and his family in the Mulhouse industrial area. "Demoralizing" talk he heard in their household "made him vacillate in his loyalty to the Fuehrer and the Reich."

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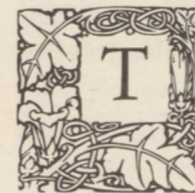
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Voice of America . . .

Address delivered by Eleanor Wilson McAdoo* at the meeting of Friends of Poland in Hollywood, Cal.



ODAY Poland stands as a symbol of everything that America is fighting for in this terrible war. There are those who say that we do not know what we are fighting for, or that we are fighting only for our own safety and freedom. But we know better. We are fighting for our own freedom and safety, but for much more than that. We

are fighting for the freedom of mankind. I believe that America would have gone into this war sooner or later, even if we had not been attacked at Pearl Harbor. Not only because we are not—and never have been—a people who stand idly by and see murder done, but because we know in our hearts that if we are to be worthy of our great heritage of freedom we must share it with the rest of the world. And we have learned at last that if the rest of the world is enslaved, our own liberties will inevitably be lost.

When Poland was attacked—when thousands of helpless men, women and children were cruelly slaughtered—this war became a people's war. We knew then—even though there was a clamor of voices here in America telling us that the American people need not be involved—we knew that this great crime was a challenge to all freedom loving people everywhere—a challenge that went to the heart of everything we cared for and lived for.

There was the same challenge during the last war and we accepted it then and won a great victory, only to throw that victory away in the years that followed.

What is the challenge? My father's words back in 1918, still true in 1943, define it better than any words of mine.

"We accept the issues of this war as facts," he said, "not as any group of men either here or elsewhere have defined them, and we can accept no outcome which does not squarely meet and settle them. Those issues are:

"Shall the military power of any nation or group of nations be suffered to determine the fortunes of people over whom they have no right to rule except the right of force? Shall strong nations be free to wrong weak nations and make them subject to their own purpose and interest?"

"Shall peoples be ruled and dominated, even in their own internal affairs, by arbitrary and irresponsible force, or by their own free will and choice?"

"Shall there be a common standard of right and privilege for all peoples and nations, or shall the strong do as they will and the weak suffer without redress?"

*Mrs. Eleanor Wilson McAdoo is the daughter of the late President Woodrow Wilson.

"Shall the assertion of right be haphazard and by casual alliance, or shall there be a common concert to oblige the observance of common rights? No man, or group of men, chose these to be the issues of this struggle. They are the issues, and they must be settled—definitely and once for all and with a full and unequivocal acceptance of the principle that the interest of the weakest is as sacred as the interest of the strongest."

The President of the United States spoke for the American people then, as President Roosevelt has spoken for us now—in the Atlantic Charter and in his splendid and simple declaration that everyone—everywhere—has as much right to the Four Freedoms as we have here in America.

If anyone—anywhere—dares to say that America is not fighting for world freedom—is not fighting for a lasting peace which will justify the terrible suffering of the people of Poland—and all the other invaded nations, and the suffering of our own gallant sons—we must let the world know that they do not speak for us!

When I think of Poland, I think always of three great men—Pulaski, Kosciuszko and Jan Ignace Paderewski. America owes a debt to them all. Pulaski and Kosciuszko came from Poland to fight by the side of the great American whose birthday we celebrate day after tomorrow. They helped us to win our freedom and today we are fighting to win theirs. There could be no better day than this to remember them with gratitude.

It isn't necessary to remind you what America owes to Paderewski. The inspiration of his music is a debt that no one can repay.

But Paderewski had the unique distinction of being both a world-famous artist and a statesman at the same time. I had the privilege of knowing him and talking with him often and I know that his love for Poland was his greatest passion—greater even than his love of music. During the last war he gave all of his time and most of the money he had earned through the years by his concert tours, to help his countrymen, and, after the war was over, represented Poland at the Peace Conference in France. There he worked tirelessly for Poland's restoration and independence, but he was one of the few statesmen at the Conference who was big enough, wise enough and unselfish enough to see that no nation should ask either for territory or privileges for itself, unless these things contributed to safety and peace for the world. Paderewski was a man of vision who thought in terms of humanity, rather than in terms of spoils and revenge and

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DRESS REHEARSAL

by QUENTIN

THEN a huge man came down the ladder and into the room. He was quite all right, and he was smiling secretly to himself. There was something very familiar about him. He looked at me and grinned, as though he were trying to remember where we'd met, and then he stroked his nose."

"You see, they didn't touch it," he said, and then I remembered where I'd first seen him. It was in an operating room at Queen Mary's Hospital at Roehampton, and I'd seen the great Thomas Pomfret Kilner, one of Britain's leading plastic surgeons, give him a new face.

"What's your name now, Butch?" I asked him.

"Smith," he grinned. "Good name for a Pole? Yes? The doctor was right. He said in one month I am ready for action—so here I am. I am with No. 4 Commando."

"You did all right today."

His big body shook with inward laughter.

"We did all right today," he mimicked. "Oh, yes, we did all right. I got even a little bit," he added quietly.

...I'd met this Pole two or three times and had listened to him, and he had told me what he was going to do. I'd forgotten all about him. And here he was. He'd done what he said he was going to do. It was all too pat. If I wrote all the things that were happening today and put them in a fiction story, the story would be unbelievable.

"My English is much better, no?" He sat down at the table. "A drink? I would like a drink—oh, very much I would like a drink. The water was quite chilly."

"You're all dry, though," Joe Crowther said, running a hand over his uniform.

* Excerpts from "Dress Rehearsal," The Story of Dieppe, by Quentin Reynolds, Random House, New York, N. Y., 1943. Reprinted by permission of Random House, Inc.

"Been lying on deck," the big Pole said calmly. "The sun was warm. A lovely day, hey? Oh, but it was good on shore. It was so good. You know," he grinned at me, "you said, 'Take it easy, sucker. Rest up here a few months. Good food, good beer, pretty nurses. Take it easy, sucker,' you said. Remember?"

"Sure, Pole, I remember," I laughed, and then I grabbed the bottle of brandy from Joe and handed it to him. I've got a weakness for Poles. I love the crazy devils. The war to them is a simple affair; kill or be killed. I wondered how many Germans this Pole had killed today.

We were jammed pretty tightly into the room now. The Pole wasn't wounded—just tired. He sat down on the table and talked about the last time we had met. The guns were still firing, and bombs landed close enough to make your stomach muscles tighten the way they do when you're scared.

"Much better on

shore," the Pole grinned. "You like my nose?"

"It's a beautiful thing, Butch," I assured him. "Who picked that name Smith for you?"

"I did," he said proudly. "I got papers to prove it. Herbert Smith, British citizen."

"You're the toughest-looking guy named Herbert I ever saw," I told him, and he laughed with delight.

I never met a Pole I didn't like. They're very wonderful people.

... Smitty sat there grinning, talking about his operation. Actually, I knew more about his operation than he did. I'd seen it; he hadn't. So I told him about it right from the beginning. I'd seen the results of some plastic surgery done by McIndoe and Gillies and Kilner and it was pretty amazing.



POLISH COMMANDOS IN DRESS REHEARSAL

THE STORY OF DIEPPE

REYNOLDS*

They had given the Pole a spinal anesthetic, and he lay there with a grin on his misshapen face. It was a very silly-looking face because the nose had been flattened and had traveled, it seemed, half way up his right cheek. Yet, even asleep, there was a grin on the Pole's face that made you forget the hideous distortion of his nose.

"This chap was hit by a German rifle butt in Poland," Kilner explained. "It smashed the nose completely and spread it all over his face, as you see. Somehow he escaped and made his way to England. He has been with a Commando outfit, but the medical people sent him to me to see what I could do. This nose all clogged inside with broken bone and cartilage is no good at all for breathing. They want me to fix it so he can breathe properly. But the Pole himself had an additional request. He had a photograph of himself taken before his encounter with the rifle butt. He wanted a new nose that would look nothing like the old one. I asked him why. He said that sometime he hoped to be dropped into Poland by parachute and he didn't want anyone to recognize him. So I am going to give him a new nose which, of course, will give him a new face. I am going to cut a bit of bone from his thigh and that will be used as the bridge for his nose. The nose will take the shape of this bit of bone."

Kilner's quick, deft hands moved smoothly. Occasionally he called, in an unhurried, casual way, for scalpel or osteotome or for needles. He took a piece of bone from



A LITTLE PRACTICE GOES A LONG WAY

the thigh of the young Pole and then he carefully sewed together the long but neat-looking wound. He put the last small hemstitch in the wound, washed it carefully, and then asked me if I noticed any difference. It didn't look like the same man. No one would have recognized in this rather sharp-featured Pole the battered wreck who had been wheeled into the operating room an hour before.

"He'll be back in the army in a month," Kilner chuckled. "Made me promise I wouldn't do anything that would keep him out of action over a month. Pretty good men, these Poles."

... "I went back a few days after watching the Pole being worked on and met him. He was still grinning, huge and swarthy against the white of the sheets. Kilner introduced him to



IN AMBUSH

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DRESS REHEARSAL—THE STORY OF DIEPPE

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me. He had one of those unpronounceable, unspellable Polish names, which I never did get. I called him "Butch" from the beginning.

When we left the hospital he came to see me in London. Kilner's skill was evident by the fact that you couldn't notice a scar. His new, very straight nose was a thing of beauty and Butch was very proud of it. He was very happy about being with the Commandos. He would be useful. He spoke good German and French, he said, and, in a pinch, could get by with Russian. He talked naively about what a fighting man he was; talked disarmingly, charmingly, with no conceit at all. He just wanted to kill Germans.



WHERE ARE THE HUNS?

And now here he was after five hours ashore. He had killed his Germans and he sat there relaxed and happy, talking about Lovat and Mountbatten and his British pals among the Commandos.

He was a very happy man and when a Pole is happy, he wants everyone with him to be happy.

VOICE OF AMERICA

(Continued from page 3)

nationalistic greed. He asked only that Poland should be restored to her original boundaries, that she should have access to the Baltic Sea and that her independence and territorial integrity be protected by the power of the League of Nations. And this was done. The Treaty of Versailles gave back to Poland all the territory still occupied by a majority of Polish people and created what is known—or was known—it no longer exists—as the Polish Corridor—a strip of land running between East Prussia and Germany to the Baltic Sea, with the City of Danzig as its port. It was not an ideal solution, but it was the best that could be made at that time. And the understanding was that, if it did not work out satisfactorily, all the nations of the world—sitting around a conference table at Geneva—at the League of Nations—could make such changes as were necessary.

Paderewski believed in the League of Nations ideal with all the passionate fervor of his soul, and all the way through the long, hard struggle in Paris in 1919 he fought shoulder to shoulder with my father to make the great dream of permanent peace come true.

They became friends in those days—these two men—these two idealists and dreamers, as the cynics called them, meaning no compliment—and their friendship lasted to the end.

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ALMOST PERFECT

GERMAN HOPES AND FEARS



GERMAN "settlement" of Polish territories may be illustrated as follows:—

On August 31st, 1939, 9,221,000 Poles lived in the territories illegally "incorporated" in the German Reich and constituted 87.2 per cent of the population. More than a million and a half Poles have been expelled from these territories to the so-called Government General and about 7,700,00 Poles still remain.

On August 31st, 1939, about 653,000 Germans lived in this territory, constituting 6.2 per cent of the total population. Furthermore, some 400,000 Germans transferred from eastern Europe were settled there from October 1st, 1939 to December 31st, 1941, and about 100,000 Germans from the interior of the Reich, mostly officials, officers' families, etc. The total number of Germans in these territories should therefore be somewhere around 1,150,000 and their percentage may have risen to roughly 12 per cent, while the percentage of Poles fell during the same period to 81.5. These are approximate figures. For obvious reasons the Germans have not published complete data concerning settlement. The only figures they have disclosed have reference to the number of Germans repatriated from the east and settled in the "Wartheland." According to the *Essen National Zeitung* of June 16th, 1942, the number of immigrants established in the "Wartheland" is 223,085.

Gauleiter Greiser, speaking in Vienna on May 18th, 1942, gave the percentage of Germans in the "Wartheland" where German colonization has been most active as sixteen. It would appear therefore that the percentage of Germans in the whole area annexed to the Reich, which we estimated at 12 per cent, is not only probable but approximately accurate.

In spite of the vast organization they have created, in spite of their financial effort, the Germans have succeeded only to a very small extent in changing the ethnical structure of the Polish territories incorporated in the Reich.

Since January 1st, 1942, the whole enterprise of settling new populations in Poland seems to have been entirely stopped. The whole machinery of transport as well as all the energies of the administration and of the S.S. units appear to have been completely absorbed by the war in Russia. The remnants of the repatriated Germans are not being directed to their places of destination but remain in assembly camps where they are used by the German authorities as labor columns. Larger numbers of repatriated persons are waiting to be settled in the assembly centres of Silesia which, according to the *National Zeitung* of Essen number about 120.

In all German publications it has been stressed for some time that the real colonization of Polish territories will not start until after the war. According to German plans, this should result in settling on Polish land some 3 or 4 million colonists, recruited mostly among demobilized German soldiers. Special organizations have already been created to administer the businesses and premises which are to be given to demobilized German soldiers. For future colonists in towns this task is being performed by the "Auffanggesellschaft fuer Kriegsteilnehmerbetriebe des Handels im Reichsgau Wartheland" at Poznan and a similar company at Katowice. As the property was confiscated from Poles it is only natural that the promises lavished on soldiers are overwhelming. We read in the *Kattowitz Zeitung*:

"A front-line soldier will receive a business which is not only properly organized and supplied with all sorts of goods, but which also enjoys a steady patronage and has proved its ability to hold its own. For the duration of the war the business is directed by a trustee under the supervision of a limited company. All profits go to improving the business. After the war the front-line

soldier will be able to buy such a business on unbelievably easy terms, while his own capital may represent only a fraction of the value of the business."

Within the framework of this plan 60,000 families are to be transferred from Baden and 50,000 families from Wuertemberg to Polish territories. The first intimations of this outraged the farmers of those parts of the Reich, none of whom had any desire to be transplanted to the unknown, alien and insecure East. German public opinion seems also to be highly doubtful whether the front-line soldiers will be willing to settle in the East. Prof. Bruno Rauecker expressed these misgivings in the *Deutsche Allgemeine Zeitung*:

"The demobilized farmer, who during the war has seen quite a bit of Europe, will remain on the land only if country life assures him sufficient chances of social progress."

He adds, however, that the preparation for, and the actual progress of colonization in the east justifies the hope that these difficulties will be overcome, and that the Germans will again march to the east to colonize and to remain there:

"The drive to the west, which was so characteristic of German internal migrations in the nineteenth century and in those decades of the twentieth century which are behind us, will be replaced in the nearest future by a drive to the east."

However, one fails to detect in the German people any signs of this drive to the east as they do not understand and are not in sympathy with German efforts at colonization. The peasants of the Rhineland are no exception. The German press had to explain for a long time where Poznan, Katowice and Torun were. The organ of Himmler's storm-troops, *Das Schwarze Korps*, denounces in almost every number the unwillingness of citizens of the Reich to settle in territories torn from Poland. German organizations have had to start special propaganda campaigns on the importance of the east for Germany.

The present process of colonization seems to prove that the task of Germanizing the Polish territories incorporated in the Reich is—even from a purely numerical point of view—too great for the possibilities of the German national organism. The German nation, which even before 1914 needed foreign labor, has since 1918 been subject to an acute demographic crisis. According to the German statistician *Burgdoerfer* and to official German statistics the German nation is on the threshold of decline. And this nation is now confronting the task of Germanizing a territory where 90 per cent of the inhabitants are Poles. After two years of almost superhuman effort the percentage of Germans in this area actually rose by only 6 per cent. No wonder German publications and statements, other than those of a purely propagandist character, constantly and anxiously return to this problem of numbers.

As a result of the ruthless expulsion of Poles and the inadequate influx of Germans, the population of many towns in the western provinces illegally incorporated in the Reich has been halved. In this connection the *Ostdeutscher Beobachter* wrote:

"To give a German character to the skilled trades in the Wartheland, a strong influx of Germans from the Reich is absolutely essential. The call-up in this direction is already under way and will be continued. A quick success of this call-up is the more desirable in that one cannot expect the necessary changes to be forthcoming by the mere settlement of German artisans transferred here from the Baltic States."

The Gauleiter of Silesia, Bracht, complains that there is a shortage of Germans in this province. We read in an interview with him in the *Voelkischer Beobachter*:

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"ANHELLI" BY JULIUSZ SLOWACKI*

EXILES came to the land of Siberia, and having chosen a site they built a wooden house that they might dwell together in concord and brotherly love; and there were of them about a thousand men of various stations in life.

For a time there was among them great order and great sorrow, for they could not forget that they were exiles and that they should see their fatherland no more—unless God should will it.

... And there appeared a sort of train and caravan, and sledges harnessed with dogs, and a herd of reindeer with branching horns, and men on skis bearing spears: it was the whole Siberian people.

At their head, moreover, walked the king of the people, who was at the same time a priest, dressed according to their custom in furs and in corals, and he wore a wreath of dead serpents instead of a crown.

Then that ruler, drawing near to the throng of exiles, said in the language of their own land: "Hail!"

"Behold, I have known your fathers who were also unfortunate, and I have seen how they lived in the fear of God and died, saying: 'Fatherland! Fatherland!'"

"Therefore do I wish to be your friend and to make a covenant between you and my people, that ye may be in an hospitable land and in a country of well-wishers."

... And they marvelled at his wisdom, saying: "Lo, this he hath surely gotten from our fathers, and his words are from our ancestors."

And they called him Shaman, for so the people of Siberia call their kings and priests, who are wizards.

... The Shaman, when he had searched in the hearts of that multitude of exiles, said to himself:

"I will choose, then, one among them and will love him as a son, and dying I will give to him my burden, and a greater burden than others are able to bear, so that in him there may be redemption."

"And I will show him all the sorrows of this earth, and then will I leave him alone in great darkness with the load of thoughts and yearnings in his heart."

Having spoken thus, he called to him a youth by the name of Anhelli, and having laid his hands upon him, he breathed into him heartfelt love for men, and compassion.

And turning to the crowd, he said: "I will go away with this youth to show him many grievous things, and ye shall remain alone to learn how to endure hunger, wretchedness, and sorrow."

"But be full of hope; for hope shall pass from you to future generations and make them alive; but if it dieth in you, then the future generations will be of dead men."

AND lo, once on a time at night the Shaman waked Anhelli, saying to him: "Sleep not, but come with me, for there are mighty matters in the wilderness."

Having put on a white garment, therefore, Anhelli followed the old man, and they walked by the light of the stars.

... And the moon was still high when they came to the hut of an aged man, who greeted the Shaman like an old friend. He was one of the exiles of Bar,** the last one.

His hut, shaded by a broad apple-tree full of the nests of doves and singing with locusts, was secluded and peaceful.

And that old man set before his guests a pewter pitcher,

* Excerpts from "Anhelli," by Juliusz Slowacki. Translated by Dorothea Prall Radin. London, 1930, George Allen & Unwin Ltd. The Polish original was first published in Paris in 1838.

** See back page, point 1.



Illustration by Waclaw Borowski

"... And they called him Shaman"

bread and red apples, and then he began after his wont a talk of olden times and of men already dead.

For he knew not at all that there was a new generation in Poland, and new knights and new martyrs; and he did not wish to know of it, being a man of the past.

And he supported himself from insects which are called cochineal; and from them he paid the tax to the tsar, and this was the very day for collecting the tribute.

About an hour later there drove up before the hut the toll-gatherer, and having drunk from the pitcher he demanded the matter due him.

That old man then stripped himself of everything, to meet the tax and enrich that servant.

And having gathered together all, the toll-gatherer went out from the hut, saying: "Behold, thou hast an apple-tree covered with fruit, I must take the tithe from it."

Having spoken thus, he bade his servants shake the old and spreading tree, but the Shaman said to Anhelli:

"Go and stand under the apple-tree, and say nothing to those who shake the tree until the power of God is made manifest."

Anhelli went, therefore, and stood beneath a shower of red apples, like a man of peace.

And lo, the apple-tree was surrounded with a great radiance, and the fruit upon it became stars, and, glittering brightly, they fell no more.

Thereupon the new splendor so awed those toll-gatherers that, leaving all the tax, they made off in terror, and taking their seats in their carriage they drove away.

SAID the Shaman:

"Behold, here are the mines of Siberia. Walk here circumspectly, for this ground is paved with sleeping men. Dost thou hear? Lo, they breathe loudly, and some of them groan and talk in their sleep:

"One of his mother, another of his sisters and brothers, and a third of his home and of her whom he loved in his heart, and of the fields where the corn bowed down to him as to its lord; and they are happy now in their sleep—but they will wake.

"In other mines the felons howl, but this is only the grave of the sons of the fatherland, and is full of silence.

"The chain that clanketh here hath a mournful voice, and in the vault are various echoes, and one echo that saith: 'I pity you.'" ...

PASSING further they beheld many men pale and tortured, whose names are known to the fatherland.

And they came to a subterranean lake, and proceeded along the shores of the dark water, which stirred not, but was golden in places from the light of torches.

And the Shaman said: "Is this the Lake of Gennesaret of the Poles? And these men, are they fishermen of misfortune?"

As he spoke, there came a great echo from the explosion



Illustration by Waclaw Borowski

"... And she lay down upon her leafy couch among her reindeer to die"



Illustration by Waclaw Borowski

"... And lo, the apple-tree was surrounded with a great radiance"

of a mine, and it resounded above their heads, ringing like an underground bell.

And the Shaman said: "Lo, that is the tolling for the dead prophet! Behold, there is an angel of the Lord for those who see not the sun. Let us pray."

And raising his eyes, he said: "God! God! We beseech Thee that our torture may be a redemption.

"And we will not supplicate Thee to return the sun to our eyes, and the air to our breasts, for we know that Thy judgment hath been passed upon us—but the newborn are guiltless. Have mercy, O God!

"And forgive us that we bear our cross in sorrow and are not joyful like the martyrs; for Thou hast not said whether our torture shall be reckoned in us as a sacrifice; but tell us that and we shall rejoice.

"For what is life that we should regret it? Is it a good angel who abandoneth us in the hour of death?

"The heat of our blood is the fire of the sacrifice, and the sacrifice is our desire. Happy are those who can consecrate themselves for the people."

And to that the wretched men said: "Lo, this man speaketh truth; for more unhappy than ourselves is that woman who followed her husband hither, and who suffereth for the heart of man.

(Please turn to page 10)

(Continued from page 9)

"Come, and we will show you the damp pit where that martyr dwelleth with her husband.

"She was a great lady and a princess, and now she is as the handmaiden of a beggar.

"And unworthy of her pity is he whom she loved; for, kneeling before the emperor, he pleaded for his life, and they gave it to him, despising him."

So saying they came up close to a wall, and through the grating they beheld that wedded pair.

The woman was kneeling before the man, and in a basin of water was washing his feet; for he had returned from his work as a laborer.

And the water in the basin was reddened from his blood, and the woman did not shudder at the man and the blood, and she was young and beautiful, like the angels of heaven.

That man and that woman were of the tsar's people.

WHEN the Siberian day came, and the sun did not set but ran across the sky like a racing horse with a flaming mane and a white forehead.

And long grief and yearning brought near to death that exiled woman, and she lay down upon her leafy couch among her reindeer to die.

And it was sunset, for the nights of the Siberian winter had set in some time since, and the sun remained longer and longer beneath the earth.

Then, turning to Anhelli, her sapphire eyes filled with great tears, Ellenai said: "I have loved thee, my brother, and I am to leave thee."

And having told him where he was to bury her, that she longed to lie under a certain pine that was in a gloomy ravine, she said: "What shall I be after death?"

"Lo, I would be some living thing by thy side, Anhelli, even the little spider that is dear to the prisoner and descendeth to eat from his hand on a golden sunbeam.

"If thou dost know where men go after death, then tell me; for I am unquiet, although I have hope in God.

"Lo, I will fly to the country of thy birth, and behold thy house, thy servants, and thy parents, if they still live;

"And even the place where stood thy childish bed, thy little cradle of old.

"Thy wilt say that these are thoughts of simple folk, that man doth not fly after death. Why not, when by such a thought death is more beautiful?

"And lo and behold, over my couch the pane of ice, red with the sun, gleameth forth with two wings—is it not a golden angel standing over me?"

"And now I lift mine eyes to the Queen of Heaven, and I will pray to her."

Here the dying woman began to repeat the litany to the Mother of Christ, and just as she had said *Rose of gold*, she died.

And in token of a miracle a fresh rose fell upon the white bosom of the dead woman and lay upon it, and in the cave was diffused from it a powerful perfume of roses.

IN the darkness which came afterwards the great dawn of the south and a fire of clouds grew bright.

Eloe was sitting over the body of the dead man with the star of melancholy in her flowing hair.

And lo, suddenly from the fiery dawn stepped forth a knight upon a horse, all armed, and he flew on with an awful clangor.

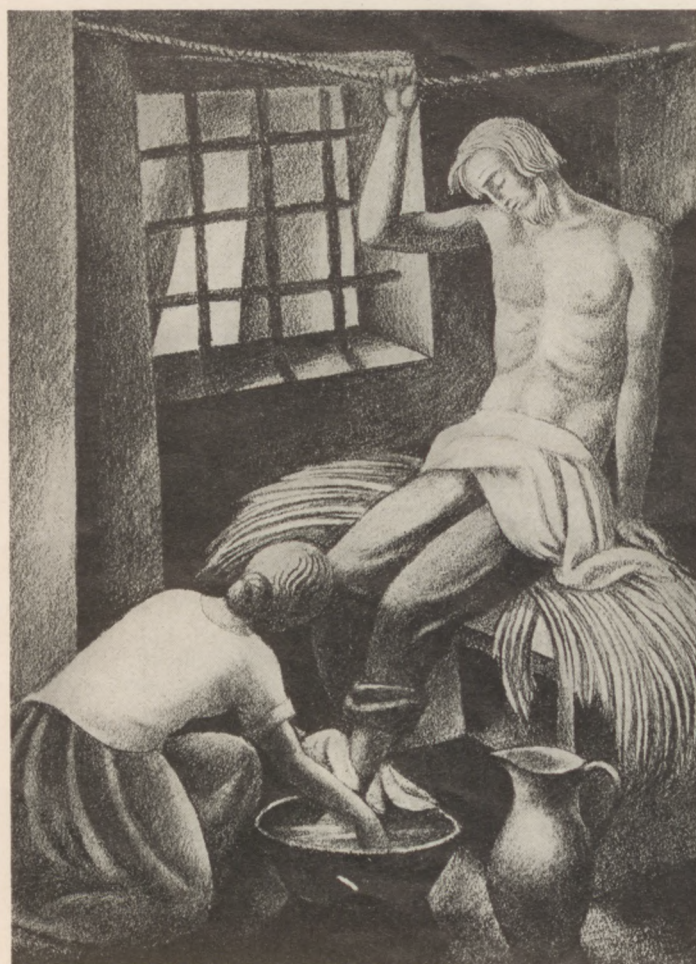


Illustration by Waclaw Borowski

"... And the water in the basin was reddened from his blood"

And that knight, having flown over the corpse, called in a voice of thunder: "This was a soldier, let him arise.

"Lo, the nations rise from the dead! Lo, of corpses are the pavements of cities! Lo, the people prevail!"

"By bloody rivers and on the porches of palaces stand pale kings, holding their scarlet robes over their breasts, to cover their breasts against the whistling bullet and against the storm of human vengeance.

"Their crowns fly from their heads like the eagles of heaven, and the skulls of the kings are uncovered.

"God hurleth thunder at the grey heads and at the brows stripped of crowns.

"Whoso hath a soul, let him arise! Let him live! For it is a time for strong men to live."

Thus spake the knight, but Eloe, rising from above the dead body, said: "Knight, awake him not, for he sleepeth.

"This body belongeth to me, and this heart was mine. Knight, thy steed paweth the ground; fly on."

And on flew that fiery knight with a rushing as of a great storm; and Eloe seated herself above the body of the dead man.

And she rejoiced that his heart had not wakened at the voice of the knight, and that he was already at rest.

German Destruction of Polish Handicraft in Silesia

GREISER'S special decrees, aimed at the destruction of Polish handicraft, agriculture and industry, have focussed attention on the western provinces of Poland illegally "incorporated" in the Reich, where Polish ownership is shrinking at an appalling pace. But conditions in Poznan and Pomerania should not be allowed to obscure the awful devastation to which other parts of "incorporated" Poland and the Government General are subjected, specifically as regards local arts and crafts.

What is happening under the regime of atrocity-perpetrator Greiser can be described only as first degree German crimes against the Polish population. But the crimes of other gauleiters and governors are no less heinous, no less cynical. The difference lies only in the tempo, in which Greiser, it must be admitted, permits no one to surpass him.

In Silesia, since the first day of occupation, the Reich has been exerting itself to the utmost to Germanize the artisan trade that had been raised to such a high level in the nineteen years of Polish statehood. Faced with a shortage of their own artisans, the Germans were compelled to leave a considerable number of Polish workshops in operation. At the same time, they mapped out a concrete plan for the gradual and complete destruction of Polish arts and crafts.

As in the beginning it was difficult to find enough Germans to replace the Poles, Bracht, the Silesian gauleiter, preferred to expose his district to a shortage of skilled artisans rather than retain sufficient Polish labor. So, already in the latter half of 1940, he began the mass liquidation of Polish workshops. The net result was that, despite the considerable depopulation of Upper Silesia through the flight and deportation of a sizable part of the Polish population, the German Chamber of Handicraft for Upper Silesia had to declare in the beginning of 1942 that 19,300 workshops were idle, taking as a basis the situation as it had been under Polish rule.

This could not be otherwise, because the German rulers in Poland are guided above all by political considerations, economic and other factors being secondary. Bracht, second only to Greiser in his record as hangman of the Poles, stated in Katowice at the time, when regardless of all economic sanity, the Poles were being mercilessly evicted: "All this Polish rabble will be cleared out and we shall not have to wait long for the day when their last remnants will have disappeared from Upper Silesia."



PEOPLE OF SILESIA—THE BASTION OF POLAND

But the "clearing out of this rabble"—to consider only the artisans—is leaving its mark. In reply to the warnings of the Katowice Chamber of Handicraft that the situation will become catastrophic if at least 8,000 workshops are not set up at once, Bracht can only boast of the "reconstruction" of . . . 200 most needed workshops, in which the Germans had—out of sheer necessity—to employ 76 Poles!

The artisan needs of Silesia are not, of course, limited to these 8,000 workshops of immediate urgency. The Katowice Chamber has announced a shortage of about 20,000 workshops, which should be set up within two years at the latest. The German plan foresees that of this number war veterans will receive 10,000, German colonists 1,300 and Reichs- and Volksdeutsche 8,000. These figures are to rise in direct proportion to the growth of the population of Upper Silesia. Funds for the financing of the "reconstruction" of the arts and crafts industry in Upper Silesia and "renewed germanization" are distributed by two institutions "Hauptrehaendstelle" and "Grundstueckgesellschaft."

It is worth recalling that in Upper Silesia—according to German calculations—there are 13.2 artisans to every 10,000 inhabitants while in the old Reich there are 23.5 to every 10,000.

The attempt to increase the number of enterprises is doubtless intended to "equalize Silesia and the Reich." Unfortunately for the Germans, this "increase" is in an exceptionally critical state, a far cry from the ideal situation found by the Germans in September, 1939!

GERMAN HOPES AND FEARS

(Continued from page 7)

"Do not think that this action can be brought to a successful conclusion without a mass influx of the best Germans from other parts of the Reich. The native German element here is insufficient even for the work which we are facing in the territory of the old Reich."

Other authors warn against the catastrophic consequences of inadequate German settlement in the illegally incorporated areas. As long as the German population is scarce, it is impossible to avoid using Polish labor in the incorporated areas. Not only do Germans depend on the Polish element, but there is even a danger that the German colonists may be Polonized, or at least that the Poles will regain their former positions. German authors and newspapermen, who call attention to these dangers, recall the fate of the German minority in Latvia and Estonia. There it was composed of

a caste of landlords, enjoying many privileges but forming a minority. At long last they had to capitulate before the living force of the native population, which slowly rose from the bottom.

The acuteness of the problem of colonization is shown by the obtrusive eagerness with which Dutchmen are now being encouraged to volunteer for settlement not only in the territories more recently occupied by the German armies in the east but even in the Polish district illegally incorporated in the Reich. A company styled *Nederlandsche Ost Compagnie* in The Hague is concerned with all the financial and economic transactions involved in moving Dutchmen to the east. But neither craftsmen nor farmers in Holland are very eager to move into territories dominated by Germany contrary to international law, and to face an uncertain future.

ARTUR RUBINSTEIN

by FELICJA LILPOP-KRANC

FROM his cradle music has filled Artur Rubinstein's world. Sounds and rhythms held his childish attention and he sang melodies before he could speak. At the age of four, not only could he play from memory anything he heard, but he showed such phenomenal gifts that the famed violinist, Joachim, to whom he was presented, realized that this was no mere infant prodigy, but an artist pure and simple, very mature for his four years.

As a lad of twelve he made his first appearance with a symphony orchestra directed by his future father-in-law, Emil Mlynarski, in the Warsaw Philharmonic, then but recently founded.

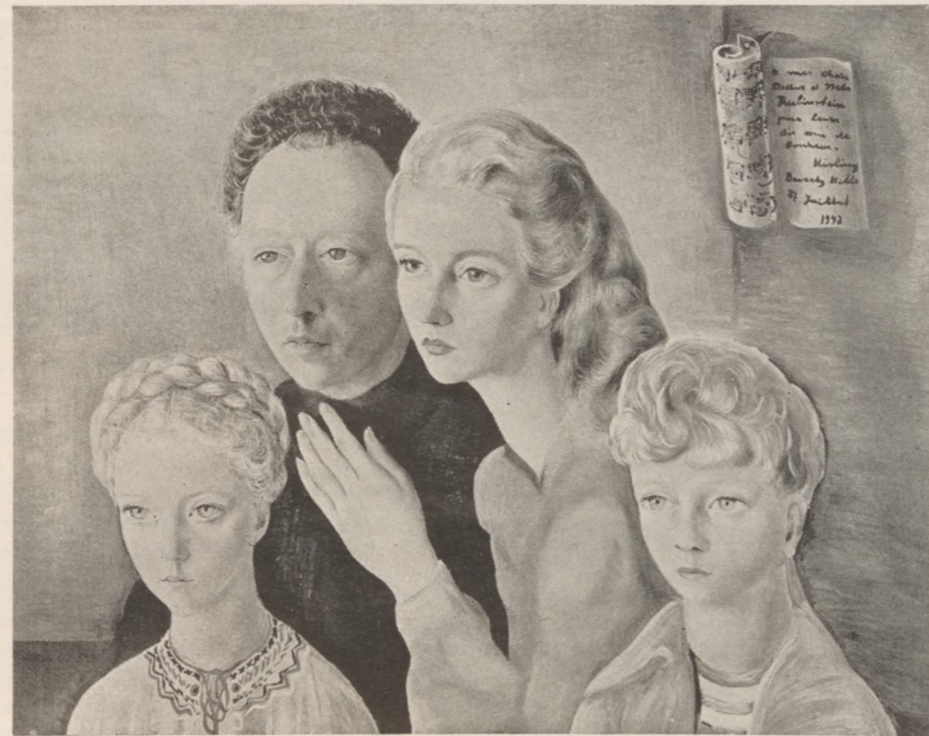
A few years later, he met Ignacy Paderewski, who had already heard of the youthful pianist's unusual talent from Joachim. Having heard the artist for himself, Paderewski kept him with him all summer. Artur Rubinstein did not even suspect that at that very moment his career in the Western hemisphere was in the making. Soon afterward a Boston critic, who had heard him play in Morges, sent him a contract for a concert tour of the United States. Then came Paris where Rubinstein came to know the world of music. Astruc had just founded the Musical Society and had signed his first contracts with Artur Rubinstein and Wanda Landowska.

RUBINSTEIN'S friendship with the late Karol Szymanowski, based on mutual admiration and passion for music, began immediately following his return from studies in Berlin. Rubinstein was spending the summer in Zakopane at the home of prominent Polish bankers, the Wertheims. Among the music lovers who gathered there to listen to him was one Bronislaw Gromadzki. After hearing Rubinstein for the first time, he returned the next day to express his admiration to the artist and brought with him several manuscripts of the young, then unknown, Karol Szymanowski. Artur Rubinstein played through these first studies and his reaction was violent and immediate: He wrote a letter of warm praise to Szymanowski, who was then only twenty, and the composer, excited by the enthusiasm of an artist about whom he had heard much, immediately left Bayreuth for Zakopane.

Thus began the musical collaboration of one of the greatest modern composers and one of the greatest pianists. The first mazurkas, variations, as well as the later Symphonie Concertante, which Artur Rubinstein has often played with the Philadelphia Orchestra this season as he did with Rodzinski last season, are dedicated to him. From then on, wherever the name of Artur Rubinstein appeared on the billboard, his audience was certain it would hear a new work by Karol Szymanowski.

In time, Szymanowski found a second splendid interpreter of his works, the outstanding violinist, Pawel Kochanski. From then on, the three worked together, rendering Polish music a signal honor.

Rubinstein met his wife, Aniela Mlynarska, in the fascinating home of her parents in Warsaw. Emil Mlynarski, one-time director of the Curtiss Institute of Music in Philadelphia, kept open house for all his friends and artists, and in this harmonious setting many musical marriages were



ARTUR RUBINSTEIN WITH FAMILY

By M. Kisling

arranged. Artur Rubinstein and Aniela Mlynarska were married in London in 1932. After a long stay in Paris they settled in the United States with their two children, Eva and Paul. They are equally at home in Los Angeles and New York.

THE greatness of Artur Rubinstein as an artist lies not only in the genius of his interpretation and his unprecedented repertoire, embracing all the master-works of all time, his phenomenal technical facility, unusual memory and musical knowledge, but also in his attitude that he who has derived the utmost happiness from music, must share this happiness with others. Hence his habit of playing everywhere and for all who feel a real need of music, a practice often linked with the stupendous effort of frequent trips. No other virtuoso has given so many concerts: in 1937, his banner year, he appeared 160 times, traveling by boat from Europe to South America, flying to Australia, then crossing the oceans again to return to Europe by way of Africa, to sail for New York after the concert and appear here immediately upon arrival.

He it was who revealed to Spaniards their own Spanish composers, and who linked Chopin so inseparably to Poland that in Chile, at the sound of the first measures of Chopin etudes or polonaises, the audience greets him with cries of "Viva Polonia!"

To listen to Artur Rubinstein at the piano is to live through the most stirring emotions. To be with him is to experience real joy. A man of parts and of versatile intelligence, he has a fluent command of eight languages and a knowledge of world literature, poetry and painting. Enamored of beauty, and so sensitive that nothing human is indifferent to him, Artur Rubinstein has the stature of a great artist of the Renaissance, and is a joyous affirmation of faith in the lasting value of art, despite the cruel times in which we live.

Courtesy "Tygodnik Polski," New York

WITH RIFLE AND PRINTER'S INK...

by WACLAW SIKORSKI

LIKE a wave on a sandy shore the long dim outline of a dark eastern morning moves forward like a roller passing over the earth. Our motor coughs, gives a few slow turns and then slides into a smooth and even hum. The others have not started moving yet. We, of the paper, "Toward a Free Poland," in the division of culture and education, make a few more adjustments to secure the precious printing press. In the dark, sensitive fingers feel for cords and knots and make sure that everything is properly protected from the sand, because sand is treacherous. It gets even into the best protected spots. Once more we check books and magazines. We know only too well how boring life can be for a Polish soldier without some news of what's happening in the theatre of war, how starved he is for Polish literature after the long months spent in the line of battle and in Russia.

Suddenly it is full daylight.

"Everybody ready?" the captain calls out.

"Where is Czes?" Nobody knows.

"There he is. What do you mean by holding us up." But Czes just shrugs his shoulders and walks up nonchalantly, almost swaggering. We knew immediately that he has something on us.

"And what about this?" he says trying not to look smug. We had overlooked a sand colored bag containing all the small and indispensable parts of our printing press.

Finally we move. We look back at the green Palestinian orange groves. We drink in hungrily the smell of orange blossoms. Just a few miles from where we started we make a stop to take in a supply of grapes and melons. The Polish settlers, for Palestine is full of Poles, greet us with open arms. We can't take all they give us. So although our eyes are greedy for more, we have to say no! And so we are off again.

We're all in good humor. Somebody in the back starts a military song. It is picked up by the press quartet. Even our editor, who sings a false tenor, comes in on the wrong beat.

At four in the afternoon we reach our first bivouac. The desert stretches around us like the sea. The old Roman well is fortunately still in good condition. We lower the bucket into its pitch black mouth. A long line forms, those at the end throw out encouraging remarks to those ahead—not very kind remarks though.

The once deserted plain is transformed in a flash. Tents are pitched, blankets are already spread and in a twinkling the smell of cooking floats in the quickly cooling air. Darkness descends without an interlude of dusk, that most beautiful time of day in Poland.

Like hungry wolves we clean out the large kettle of potato soup. It isn't bad at all. Almost immediately we are all asleep. There's no wind now, the stars stand out like jewels on a Persian scabbard. Complete silence reigns, only the watchful tread of the sentry and the laugh of the jackals encroaches upon it. A few muffled

sounds as the guard is changed and then silence again.

Morning does not pass without some excitement, and of course it has to be Czes again. We are all busy getting ready before the merciless sun begins to beat down on the desert. A loud yelp reaches our ears. Our English drivers gather round Czes. One of them gets a stick and picks out a scorpion and a black widow. We make short shrift of them with kerosene and matches. Without any further incident we start on our second lap of the journey. Nothing but yellow stretches of sand. We drive by compass. The sun beats down on us. Not a cloud, not a grove. We think of the cool shade of our Polish forests. But that only makes our throats more parched, our heartaches more acute.

Then someone shouts, "Look, the Aussies!"

Sure enough only a few hundred yards in front of us is a whole company of men in Australian hats. We are puzzled because a large board says in Polish "Transit Camp" and these Aussies are singing a Polish song. They're our own boys from Russia. There was a shortage of tropical helmets so they got Australian campaign hats and look very well in them. It reminds us of our comradeship with the Australians at Tobruk and El Gazala.

Well, this is our destination—for a time at least. . . . Next day the press goes out on an inspection tour. We are dazzled by the forest of white tents. Thousands of tents stretch up to the hills. All filled with Polish soldiers and more are arriving at every moment by motor transport. All of these Polish soldiers are wearing Australian hats.

We start walking in the "midtown section." Mile long lines are formed before stores. Polish soldiers are buying everything they can lay their hands on. Sardines, preserves, juices, fruits—and they're surprised at the supply because up in the far north they could only dream about it.

We begin to distribute gift packages from the Allies, containing playing cards, razors, soap, and the most popular item, chocolate. For the first time in life we feel like "the

(Please turn to page 14)



POLISH PRESS IN BATTLE DRESS

(Continued from page 6)

The last time I saw Paderewski, he talked to me about my father. Like all great men, he was humble. He claimed no credit for himself. It was Woodrow Wilson, he said, who had freed Poland. If he had not gone to Paris to fight for justice, with the faith and hope of all the simple people of the world to back him up, Poland would have again been divided and despoiled, as she had been so many times in the past.

"The Polish people know that he was a friend of Poland," Paderewski said, and he told me that there was hardly a city or town in his country without a street or a square named after their friend.

But Paderewski lived to see the streets called "Wilson" bombed by Poland's ancient enemy—grown strong again and even more brutal than before. He lived to see, not only the unspeakable torture of his people, but the dismemberment of the country whose recovery in 1919 was the high moment of his life. Because the great dream of a just and permanent peace, for which he and my father had fought in Paris, had

been lost in the fog of cynicism and blindness that darkened the world in the years that followed.

But that dream is not lost forever. We shall win the Peace this time, as well as the war. If for no other reason than that we dare not lose it. If we have learned anything from this world catastrophe, we have learned that our own liberty and security—even our very lives—will always be in danger as long as dictators are free to impose their will on helpless peoples—as long as the other nations are armed camps ready to spring at each other's throats. Only when our own great nation takes the lead—as she is already taking it, in the battle for Peace, will Peace be truly won.

We are here tonight not only as Friends of Poland, but also as friends of all oppressed people—and not just to talk about it, but to do what we can to help them all. This drive for United Nations War Relief must mean not only money contributed, but resolution too—dedication to the great task of rebuilding a world.

Victory will not be worth having, unless Poland is reborn again—and Greece and Yugoslavia and France and all the other tragic countries that look to us, once more, as they did in 1918, as the only light in darkness of despair.

WITH RIFLE AND PRINTER'S INK

(Continued from page 13)

rich uncle from America." Yet what we have is but a drop in a bucket.

Late in the afternoon we set to work. The few back numbers that we have on hand are devoured by the men. For the first time since the war they can read their mother tongue in an atmosphere free from fear. Our hearts almost burst with happiness and are wrung with emotion at the sight of their eager faces.

Getting out a newspaper is not as simple as it sounds, although we do have a couple of professional newspapermen, a printing press, a couple of printers and a telegraphist. The next day we start work under a Lieutenant, who is director of the information and education in the camp. We roll up our sleeves and everything goes smoothly—for a few days anyway. Then a streak of bad luck. Our Morse man gets an attack of appendicitis and has to be taken to a hospital. The editor only shakes his head and says, "Well, that's that. We've got to get along somehow. After all, war is war." We all jump into the breach and work from morning till night in the torrid heat. We listen to broadcasts, type them out from memory for the editor. So the paper comes out somehow and is distributed by willing hands. We would have been lost were it not for the Polish Women's Auxiliary Force. Our "Pestki" or "Kernels" are really wonderful.

The desert wind, driving hot sand and other eastern evils can't stop us. Day after day we work till we are ready to drop but it's worth the look in the soldiers' eyes. One day, the Corporal who works the press is driven into despair. The ink instead of being the consistency of thick cream has turned to water. The printed pages are a black smudge. But that's not enough. Luck has it that a sand storm has started up. The sand gets into our eyes, hair and mouths and even through our clothes. The press having been cleaned and fresh ink obtained, the machine rolls on with audible protests.

But even that is not enough. The rubber roller has literally begun to melt in the heat, and now the whole works are very literally "gummed up." Impatient Polish soldiers are preparing a lynching party if we don't come across with the awaited copy of "Towards a Free Poland," the only Polish paper printed. The whole press section is in the printing room. We all try to help, each one giving advice and thus of course just creating more confusion. The Corporal is on the floor, his hair matted to his forehead, sweat streaking down his face and chest. He has the roller on the floor and is working it back into shape. He grits his teeth, trying to control his nerves. We feel that we're only in his way and walk off so that he may work in peace. He works at it for about an hour. It is placed in the machine for a test, and it works. We sigh with relief. The bulletin is printed and out it goes by special messengers. The lynching party is called off. But the roller has to be replaced. We immediately cable for a new one and in the meantime keep our fingers crossed hoping that ours will hold out. Each day is one of suspense. Just when we're all due for a nervous breakdown, the roller arrives. We immediately tripple our publication, and now our bulletin is distributed within a larger radius.

And so the work of the Polish press in the East is carried on. There are many headaches, but tremendous satisfactions. We love our work. And when in the evening after a day of honest labor, we sit down to the well deserved rest, then we begin to reflect. The whole panorama moves before our eyes. The Asiatic desert, tents, thousands upon thousands of Polish soldiers, the Polish bulletin. Who would have believed it?

The cover shows a Polish Commando with the mascot of his unit.

"The wolf is not to blame..."

"A struggle for existence is going on between the Germans and the Poles. Heaven and earth will unite before the Germans and the Poles unite. Beat the Poles until all their desire to live has gone. I have great sympathy for their situation, but if we are to exist, we must destroy them. The wolf is not to blame that God made him what he is."

BISMARCK

POLISH ARMY SPREADS POLISH CULTURE IN IRAQ

Bagdad, March—the British Ambassador to Iraq, Sir Kinahan Cornwallis, has been touring the camps of the Polish Army in Iraq. He first visited the "Allan Graham" camp, and has shown great interest in Polish affairs.

The British Institute in Bagdad has held two exhibitions of paintings by Polish painters now in the Polish Army: political and satirical works by Stanislaw Bobrzynski and post-impressionist paintings by Jozef Czapski, Jozef Jarema, Edward Matuszczak, Zygmunt Turkiewicz, Mlodnicki. These exhibitions have been a great success, paintings having been bought by the Regent of Iraq and by the Bagdad Museum. The post-impressionist exhibition will later go to Cairo, Alexandria, Telaviv and Jerusalem.

The well-known Polish pianist, Zbigniew Grzybowski, gave a Chopin recital in Bagdad, a welcome manifestation of Polish culture.

The Polish Army's theatre group—Czolowka Teatralna—gave performances in the Grand Theatre of Bagdad and is now touring the camps of the British Army with enormous success. The director of the theatre group is Ludwik Lawinski, the singers are Bogdanska and Terne, the dancers Proszynska, Niewiadomska, and Jerzy Slaw.

The Polish Theatre has also been invited to visit Jerusalem and Cairo.

The Polish Army's newspaper in Bagdad, "Kurjer Polski," has the largest circulation of all European language dailies in the Middle East.

EVEN AFTER DEATH

The *Verordnungsblatt Reichsstatthalters Danzig* publishes a decree prohibiting the burial of Poles in the same cemeteries as Germans in the Western provinces of Poland illegally "incorporated" in the Reich. Where only one churchyard exists, a separate section must be walled off with a separate entrance for the Poles.

POLES EVICTED BY NAZI FROM 57 VILLAGES

According to news received by the Polish Government from underground sources in Poland, the Germans have renewed their deportations of the Polish population from Lublin province. In the latter part of February unprecedented terror reigned throughout the Hrubieszow District. From the counties of Grabowice, Uchanie and Bialopole—forty-eight villages in all—the entire Polish population was deported. Furthermore, in nine villages of Dubienka and Mientkie counties, there is not a single Pole left.

That means that during a single fortnight, all Poles were deported from fifty-seven villages in the Hrubieszow District.

However, the Germans were able to deport only twenty percent of these evicted peasants to forced labor in the Reich, as the remainder succeeded in escaping to other districts.

POLES AND SCOTS IN POSTWAR TIES

Edinburgh, March—The Polish-Scottish Society met recently in Edinburgh City Hall to appoint an economic committee to study post-war trade relations between Poland and Scotland.

Lord Elgin, who presided, is a great friend of Poland and one of the most prominent men in Scotland. The large number of delegates who came from all parts of Scotland were welcomed by the Lord Provost of Scotland, who reviewed Poland economic achievements during the twenty years of her independence and expressed the hope that Poland and Scotland would exchange many goods and services after the war.

The meeting decided that Poland's National Holiday—the third of May—should be observed in Scotland.

POLISH EMBASSY WARNS AGAINST 'FREE POLAND' PRINTED IN MOSCOW

The Polish Embassy in Washington has issued the following communique:

"On March 9th, the American press printed an agency release from Moscow reporting the appearance there of a newspaper printed in Polish, called 'Wolna Polska' (Free Poland) and published by a group of alleged Polish patriots. As this report may mislead American public opinion, the Polish Embassy communicates that the paper 'Free Poland' is the organ of a group of Polish communists who are Soviet citizens and that this paper can therefore not be regarded as expressing Polish opinion.

In London, the semi-official "Dziennik Polski" says:

"Poles are not going to be taught patriotism by Mrs. Wasilewska's group, which up till June 22, 1941 did not regard the German invaders—to whom they now refer with such indignation—as their enemies, despite the appalling terrorism and oppression reigning in Poland. Mrs. Wasilewska and her associates viewed the war against Germany, and even the war which the Polish nation continued to wage against Germany in occupied Poland, as an imperialistic and unjust war.

"If one is to believe the editors of 'Wolna Polska' no one other than themselves stands for a policy of active resistance to the Germans. What resistance to the Germans did Mrs. Wasilewska and her comrades conduct in the period between September 17, 1939 and June 22, 1941? Where, when and how did they exhort the Polish nation to resistance, as they wish to do today? Did they protest against the murdering of Polish professors in Oranienburg? Did they summon meetings to condemn the torture chambers of Oswiecim or the mass murders carried out by the German invaders? No! They were not there at the time of our most grievous struggle and no Pole will ever forget it!

"Who were the people who held the Poles back from active resistance to Germans? Was it the exiled Polish authorities in London, as Mr. Mirski announces in 'Wolna Polska' or was it Mrs. Wasilewska herself? The odyssey of the 'Orzel', the exploits of the Polish Navy, and Air Force, the deeds of the Polish Army at Narvik and Tobruk, all these did not exist for Mrs. Wasilewska. This new publication of hers accuses a 'circle of emigres and officials in London' of not ordering active resistance to the occupying power in Poland.

"The writers in 'Wolna Polska' know perfectly well that this charge is untrue. They know that the Polish Government has repeatedly put forward the proposal—in vain, alas—for the establishment of a common program of allied activities in Eastern Europe against the Germans. "On the other hand, neither the Poles in Poland nor the Polish Government wish their country to become the theatre of irresponsible subversive actions that would give a minimum of results but would lead occupying authorities to carry out a mass-murder of the urban population in Poland. What the so-called 'Wolna Polska' is doing really represents subversive activity carried out against the Polish Nation's struggle for liberty.

"Wolna Polska" is striving to frighten the White Ruthenians and Ukrainians with the "bogey" of "the Polish gentry and nobility." The "White-Ruthenians and Ukrainians who are citizens of the Polish Republic know what to think of such attempts. They know that new Poland—not that of Moscow's "League of Polish patriots"—the real Poland that is not fighting on paper in the security of a printing establishment on Soviet territory, but in Poland herself and abroad on all existing fronts—will be a democratic Poland in which all citizens will be equal regardless of nationality or creed.

"There is one point, however, about which we are in complete agreement with the editors of 'Wolna Polska': and that is that good neighborly relations between Poland and the U.S.S.R. are an essential condition of peace in Eastern Europe. The Polish Government is trying to establish foundations for these relations, as instanced by the agreement of July 30, 1941, and the Polish-Soviet declaration of December 4, 1941.

"But it seems doubtful whether the activities of groups of the type of 'The League of Polish patriots' and of publications such as 'Wolna Polska' will do anything to facilitate these matters. If Mrs. Wasilewska and her associates have a genuine desire that Polish-Soviet cooperation should exist in the future, they would do well to direct their efforts and their influence in the direction of removing the difficulties that arise on the way to this cooperation, and not apply subversive tactics, irritants and groundless accusations which poison mutual relations, and could at no time give those positive results about which the editors of 'Wolna Polska' are so concerned."

LEST WE FORGET

"FOR YOUR FREEDOM AND FOR OURS"

1. In 1764 Catherine of Russia and Frederick II of Prussia, by the Treaty of St. Petersburg, agreed to place Poland under their influence. To prevent this, the Confederation of the Bar (1768-1772), a group of Polish nobles, led by Pulaski, attacked Russia, but Stanislas Augustus, anxious to avoid armed conflict with Russia, had to treat them as rebels.
2. January 5, 1772—the first partition of Poland by Prussia and Russia by which Poland lost a quarter of her territory, and became a subject State, while retaining her own laws.
3. Pulaski went to the United States, where he fell fighting for American Independence at Savannah.
4. 1773—A Commission of National Education was established in Warsaw. The first Ministry of Education in Europe.
5. On the Third of May, 1791, the Four-Year Parliament ratified the Polish Constitution: Polish townsmen and peasants were granted the privilege of "Neminen Captivabimus" (Habeas Corpus) hitherto enjoyed by the landed gentry and clergy; serfdom was abolished; religious freedom was guaranteed.
6. In 1792, superior Russian forces invaded Poland and King Stanislas Augustus signed an armistice at Targowice, that obliged the patriots including Kosciuszko, to leave the country. The following year Russia and Prussia carried out the second partition of Poland from which Austria was excluded. Poland was reduced to one-third of its original size, and a Russian garrison was stationed in Warsaw.
7. In 1794, Kosciuszko led the National Insurrection, and both Warsaw and Wilno rose. The Russians at first defeated by Kosciuszko, were saved by Prussian troops and the rebellion put down. Kosciuszko was imprisoned and Warsaw captured in November, 1794.
8. The third partition of Poland between Russia, Prussia and Austria then took place. The Polish king was forced to abdicate and in October, 1795, Poland disappeared from the map of Europe.
9. 1796—a Polish Legion commanded by General Henryk Dabrowski was formed in Italy. Polish soldiers fought in all of Napoleon's campaigns in Italy until 1801.
10. Poles served as a spearhead in Napoleon's campaign against Prussia. Polish troops entered Poznan and Warsaw. In 1807, Poland was made into a small state—the Grand Duchy of Warsaw.
11. The Duchy of Warsaw provided money and soldiers for further Napoleonic campaigns. The Polish cavalry already world famous, added to its laurels by the charge at Samosierra, and the Polish infantry distinguished itself by taking Saragossa in Spain.
12. In 1812 the Grand Duchy put an army of 80,000 men into the Russian campaign. The Poles fought in the vanguard at Smolensk and Borodino, and during the tragic retreat from Moscow protected the rear of what was left of the Grand Army.
13. Although all others deserted Napoleon in 1813, the Poles still 40,000 strong, supported him to the end.
14. Their great leader, Prince Poniatowski, fell in the field of battle—and after the abdication at Fontainebleau, the Polish legions returned to Poland bearing the body of their commander with them. They had won the reputation of being the finest soldiers in the world.
15. The Congress of Vienna (1815) created a small Kingdom of Poland with its own government, administration and army under Russian dominion. In the rest of Poland, under foreign occupation, the Prussians started their Germanization policy in the West, the provinces under Russian and Austrian rule were sorely oppressed. Yet Poland was making progress—her finances were sound, new industries sprang up, a university was founded in Warsaw, and her army of 30,000 was probably the best trained in Europe.
16. In November 1830, the young cadets of the Warsaw Military College started a revolution and were joined by the rest of the army. After initial successes they were outnumbered and the Russians captured Warsaw in 1831.
17. Polish forces were disarmed, the small Kingdom of Poland was annexed to Russia, all civic rights and liberties were abolished, property was confiscated. The military and intellectual Poles fled abroad (the "Great Emigration"). Paris became the center of Polish patriotic movements under Prince Adam Czartoryski.
18. Again in 1848 Prussian-occupied Poland rose in revolt and Poland's hopes were revived. But the movement was soon suppressed.
19. During the Crimean War many Polish volunteers fought against Russia, but Great Britain and France did nothing for Poland when peace was concluded.
20. On January 22, 1863, the Poles again rose against Russia. This insurrection ended in defeat for Poland and such appalling massacres that Great Britain and France, and even Austria intervened. Cruel repression followed, and the so-called Congress Kingdom became a Russian province.