

THE POLISH REVIEW

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NOV. 23, 1944

Autumn in a Polish
village, Bogdanow
near Wilno.



Vice-Premier Jan Kwapinski Announces Full Endorsement by Polish Government of UNRRA Plan to Send Delegation to Poland

Vice-Premier J. Kwapinski in a broadcast on November 8 from London expressed his pleasure at UNRRA's readiness to send a mission to Poland. He said, in part:

"The facts and certain information reaching us from Poland, which has suffered five years of war and occupation, five years of terror, hunger, and misery, speak for themselves. Help for Poland is urgently needed.

"As Poland's representative to the UNRRA Council I state that the Polish Government has done and continues to do everything in its power to speed up this help. From 1941 on we have been cooperating with international institutions informing them in detail about the needs of the Polish population. From the very beginning, after the United Nations Relief and Rehabilitation Administration, or UNRRA in short, had come into being, we have been taking full part in its activities."

Vice-Premier Kwapinski enumerated the interventions to the UNRRA, saying: "In a special memorandum of April 14, 1944, we described the tragic situation of the country and the need of helping the population, as the Germans begin to withdraw from the Polish soil.

"In June, 1944, in answer to UNRRA's question, the Polish Government expressed its desire that the UNRRA, in cooperation with proper military authorities, should start a relief action in the sphere of health, social welfare, and repatriation inside Poland.

"On August 16, the Polish Government sent to the Director General of UNRRA a concrete specification of Poland's need for the so-called military period, which is calculated at more or less six months after the withdrawal of the occupants. On August 24, I sent to the Director General of UNRRA a message stating that the situation in Poland deteriorated daily, and urging the immediate start of relief activities; on September 2, I appealed to the Director General once more to solve

the problems mentioned in the messages of August 16 and 25, and relating to the burning needs of the mass of the Polish people.

"Less than two weeks later, on September 14, the Polish Ambassador in Washington, Jan Ciechanowski, presented to the Director of UNRRA a memorandum based on the instruction of the Polish Government of September 1, urging to organize immediate help for Poland; at a meeting of the second session of UNRRA's Council, on September 20, Ambassador Ciechanowski, as deputy delegate of Poland to the Council of UNRRA, made an urgent appeal for speeding up relief action for Poland.

"In my previous radio statement I have emphasized the problem of responsibility for practical execution of this help in the 'military period' on Polish territories, from which the Germans had been pushed back.

"This depends on the Soviet military authorities. It results unquestionably from the resolution of UNRRA's Council, taken during its first session in November, 1943. This resolution decides that in the period when the 'liberated areas' are under military control, the Administration, or UNRRA, is to act only at the request of the military authorities or authorities operating in this area.

"Meanwhile the problem of actual help is still pending. Not entering into the matter of difficulties, which, so far, have prevented the start of relief on behalf of the Polish Government and on behalf of the needy Polish people, who are waiting, I express my hope that the idea of the United Nations in creating an international UNRRA organization will be put into action.

"So, having learned of UNRRA's readiness to send a mission to Poland, I express my pleasure in this and hope that this step will contribute to help the Polish population immediately, about which we urged UNRRA so many times."

"With smoke of burning—with blood outpouring,
O Lord! our voice we raise today
In fearful wailing, in last imploring,
In bitter sorrow that turns us gray!

Songs without murmur we have no longer,
Pierced are our temples with thorny bands,
Red as the sign of Thy wrath grown stronger,
To Thee imploring we raise our hands!"

—Kornel Ujejski (1823-1897)
"Hymn of Complaint" (1846)

POLISH UNDERGROUND REPORTS HOW GERMANS PILLAGED WORKS OF ART

The pamphlet "Destroyers," published by the Polish underground before the Warsaw uprising of August 1944, contains a partial list of German atrocities against Polish art. To the authors of the pamphlet it seemed that the Germans had reached the height of their vandalism. But black as their record was, the Germans proved during the Warsaw insurrection that they could outdistance even themselves. They deliberately set fire to every museum, church or cultural institution that had escaped the ravages of the 1939 siege and subsequent mutilation. Here is a composite eye witness report on German crimes against Polish art committed in the early years of the German occupation, reprinted from the "Destroyers."



This statue of Kosciuszko on Cracow's Wawel Hill was destroyed by the Germans.

THE Germans have been waging as ruthless and furious a campaign against Polish works of art and historical relics as they have been waging against religious institutions. One of the first German acts in Cracow was to steal from St. Mary's Church the large altar by Wit Stwosz and the guild paintings by Dürer, and take them into the Reich. Warsaw suffered very cruelly. The Germans now call the destruction of its most beautiful relics the result of "military operations." But everyone who lived through the siege of the Polish capital knows that German pilots acted consciously and deliberately, carrying out specific orders. Anti-aircraft defense in Warsaw no longer existed, neither did Polish aviation; secure in the knowledge that their deeds would not be punished, German aviators flew low over historic buildings and dropped bombs on them, mowing down those trying to escape with machine gun fire. In this way the Royal Castle and the Cathedral were damaged. Completely destroyed by incendiary bombs were: the Ethnographic Museum, the Treasury Archives, the Blue Palace housing the Zamoyiski Library, the Krasinski Library, the Raczynski Palace, the Prymasowski Palace (Ministry of Agriculture Building), the Ministry of Finance Building, the Przewdziecki Library, the Central Military Library; and a number of churches and other buildings.

The heartrending, formless ruin of what was at one time a magnificent Royal Castle, a masterpiece of early baroque—today painfully strikes the eye and soul of every Pole and rises like a terrible indictment of aggressors worse than the ancient Huns. For, as mentioned above, the Castle had only been damaged in the bombardment. Destroyed were the large ballroom, the rafters, the ceilings, but with the exception of the Assembly room, the damage could have been repaired relatively easily. The systematic, deliberate destruction of a beautiful relic was begun by the Germans in October, 1939, after the first visit of Governor-General Frank in Warsaw during which he had torn down and taken away as a souvenir the silver eagles from the back of the royal throne. In agreement with Berlin, Frank ordered the destruction of the Castle symbolizing Polish statehood. With unparalleled vandalism the Castle was denuded of furniture, tapestries, chandeliers, pictures; the Germans helped themselves to everything that could be taken out. Then, a German firm was granted permission to tear up the floors, to tear down the wall decorations, and to remove door frames, fireplaces and marble pil-

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THE SIXTY-THIRD

DAY IN WARSAW

On the morning of October 3, 1944, Polish peace emissaries, a man and a woman, who have approached the Germans to arrange the terms of surrender after 63 days of bitter fighting, are blind-folded prior to being led into Wehrmacht headquarters in the former Warsaw Polytechnic Institute.



Left: This Polish child, found wandering about in the flaming ruins of Warsaw, does not even know his name. His left arm was injured during the fighting. He was taken along with all other Warsaw civilians to the notorious Pruszkow concentration camp outside of Warsaw.

Below: The Polish Home Army, wearing German army coats captured during the early stages of the two-month-long Battle of Warsaw, is marched out of the city under German guard. Several of these soldiers appear to be wounded, while all of them seem physically exhausted.

Radiophoto Acme Newspictures, Inc.



Radiophoto Acme Newspictures, Inc.

Wounded, starved and ragged, these Polish soldiers march to give themselves up to the Germans.

"Alma Mater Cracoviensis"*

by ERIC P. KELLY

OCTOBER 19, 1493, and the opening of the University of Krakow for the winter term. The day was fair, though a bit cool, and the sun shone down resplendent over the Gothic city.

In all the dramas of the Middle Ages there were few that equaled in color and spirit the festive days of the University folk. For then, whole cities and provinces and nations vied among themselves in offering service and homage. Kings, churchmen, courtiers, knights, tradespeople, peasants, all arrayed themselves in the finest of garb. Banners hung from palaces, the royal pennons were streaming; musicians filled the air with melody, the taverns served up their most exquisite dishes, holidays were declared everywhere. Learning was a king that sat enthroned amidst scarlet and purple in the late fifteenth century; his subjects were honored on every hand. Church bells pealed, trumpets sounded their calls in the streets, royal folk left affairs of state to do homage to the disciples of grammar and logic; apprentices forgot their quarrels with rival bands, and the Gown ruled supreme over Town and State and Kingdom.

Ten o'clock was sounding from the great bell of the Cathedral on the Wawel, and now had begun the shorter strokes from the lesser tower of the church of Panna Marya. As that last blow sounded, the air was suddenly cut by the brisk notes of the trumpet call, the Heynal, played for the first of four times in that second and higher tower overlooking the Market Place or Rynek. When the broken note faded away for the last time, the whole city seemed to bestir itself and leap into a frenzy of excitement and action.

"They are coming! They are coming!"

So went the cry from mouth to mouth. A sudden pressing forward among the ranks of onlookers precipitated some unfortunate ones into the very streets where horsemen of the king's guard were dashing back and forth to clear the way. But they scampered back shrieking, to join the thousands upon thousands who were gathered in these narrow streets. From peasants' homes, from small towns, from distant cities even, they had come to gaze upon this spectacle of magnificence, and in a city which numbered several hundred thousand, inhabitants were lucky to find a corner from which to spy. The housetops were lined, windows were crowded, balconies were crushingly full.

The trumpets sounded for the second time.

A fluttering of black and white garments; the advance guard was a troop of choristers singing the University Hymn in Latin. They came slowly, with measured step along Jagiellonska before turning the corner into St. Ann's. Then there was a pause; then the swish of satin, the clanking of swords, and there, on foot, in robes that equaled the sumptuousness of his recent coronation dress, came His Majesty Jan Olbracht to honor the Academy which held first rank among all the universities in Europe. *Vivat! Vivat!* The cheering rose in a great tumult. The King! The King himself. Then in his train came a company of knights, soldiers and servants. Now, elevated upon his throne, clad in the robes of red to which his high office gave the shade, came the Prince-Cardinal Frederick Jagiello, brother to the king, and Chancellor of the University. *Vivat the Jagiellos!* Thy blessing, Eminence! And as heads bowed at uplifted fingers and lips murmured a prayer, the Jagiello passed by.

See—this scholar of the long cape, with white hair from biretta to shoulder—this scholar is Phillip Callimachus Buonaccorsi, tutor to the king, officer of the University, full of

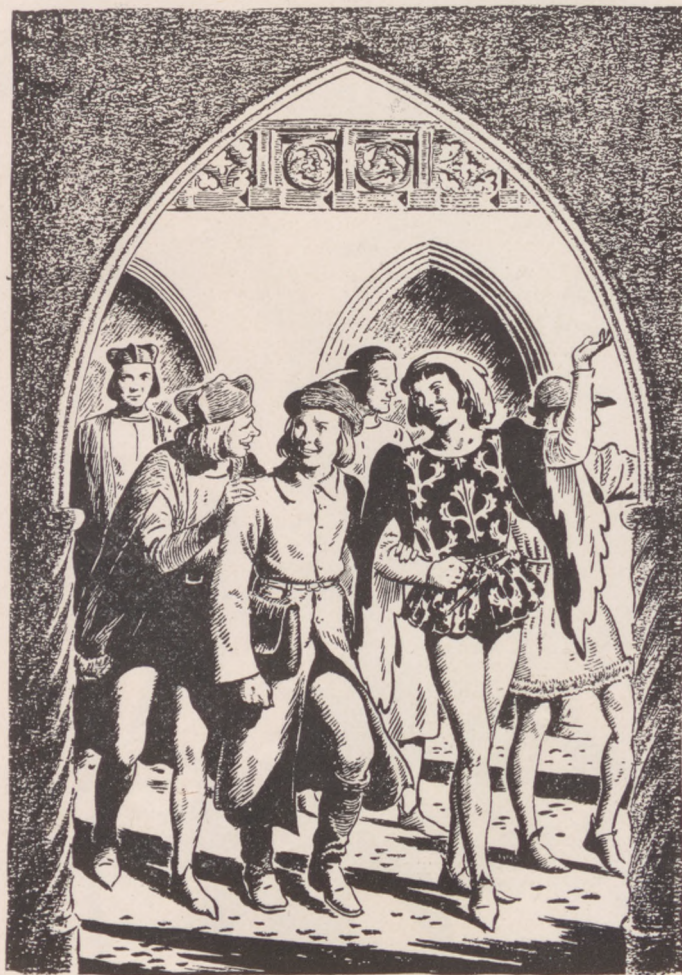


Illustration by Manning de V. Lee
"The college year had begun. . . ."

that new Italian spirit which is sweeping our places of learning. Full of dignity, he, subtle, Italian, not like that German, Conrad Celtes, who set our town by the ears not so long ago. These, coming in order, are the monks. See the mitered abbots: Dominicans, Franciscans, Carmelites, Cistercians. Those in quiet rank are the canons of St. Florian. There is a space again until appears a gowned servant of the University, Bedelius, he, or beadle, carrying a great scepter. And behind him the Rector Magnificus on his splendid throne, borne on the shoulders of six masters of arts—Jan of Oswiecim, the biretta of the doctor upon his head, the great white cape of fur encircling his shoulders, the purple gown as befits high degrees and learning.

Then came the University in order of rank. First the five deans in the gowns of purple for philosophy, the Major College and the Minores, the red for medicine, the green for law. With them the bearers of the smoking torches that keep alight fires upon the altars of knowledge. Then the long lines of the professors, seventy-five of them from their colleges, the doctors in their gowns and birettas, the masters in gowns with hoods. Now for the faculties, the six royal masters with chains of gold about their necks, the great men who occupy the chairs. That man who walks so firm and carries so dignified a countenance is Adalbert of Brudzewo, professor of astronomy, whom men come from all parts of Europe to hear. With him are ten professors of theology who were burned

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*From *From Star to Star*, A Story of Krakow in 1493 by Eric P. Kelly. Illustrations by Manning de V. Lee. J. B. Lippincott Company, Philadelphia, 1944. \$2.00.

"READY, FIRE!"

by ANDRZEJ GUZOWSKI

SOMEWHERE in the distance an air raid siren wailed. It was immediately joined by a second, then a third right above our heads. They deafened everyone with their piercing blasts.

I buried my head deeper in the pillow. I was tired and longed for a chance to catch up on my sleep. But the sirens would not stop, so I got up and dressed.

Our artillery opened fire—everything was happening so quickly that it was hard to keep track of it. First the siren down at the base roared—then artillery fire opened up. Two close explosions from a "Bofors" shook our building. I dashed out half-dressed.

The sky was strewn with light-paths from tracer bullets and exploding fragments of shrapnel. The noise was terrific—almost unbearable. The dull growl of airplane motors was heard overhead, like a constantly repeated theme in a symphony.

It was all beautiful and terrible at the same time. Terrible because it aroused in man that basest of emotions—fear. Despite all the will-power we exerted in a vain attempt to combat our fear, we could not overcome it.

The increasing intensity of the fire and shrill whistle of shells made me drop to the ground. I put my hands over my ears. I don't remember the exact moment when the bomb exploded, it was too close. Afterwards I only marveled that I was still alive. But my fear passed and I made for cover. The shelter was already full. Zygmunt looked at me a moment and asked:

"Did it come back?"

"What?"

"Your black soul—it seems to have been on your sleeves; they're so dirty, your face too, maybe it couldn't find its way back."

I was saddened by these remarks—not so much because of the reference to my soul, but because they called my attention to my shirt. It had been my last clean one and the laundry had lost all the others. I soon forgot about my apparel, however, for we were sent out on patrol.

More airplanes came over—there was no let up yet. Our shelter shook every few moments from the explosion of bombs, but we were protected by 60 feet of solid rock over our heads. It was a bit boring, especially so since we had all grown unused to sitting out such long raids particularly in the daytime.

Then somewhere close by a bomb struck—so close that dust fell from our rock.

"That was a near one," said an English officer next to me.

Our commander tore himself away from a western novel.

"Is the ship ready?"

"Yes, sir—it was all ready three hours ago," I replied.

"We'll sail at 8," added the commander. It was already 5:15.

"I'll go see how the ship is," I replied, the spirit of the service suddenly awakening in me.

"A beautiful thought," praised the captain, "only I don't like to go out on patrol without a full complement and anyway we would not be able to attend your funeral."

"If there would be anything left to put in the coffin," added Zygmunt.

Finally the all clear sounded. The ship was undamaged, but one wing of the officers' quarters at the base as well as my barracks were gone, blown to bits. My steward, a small dark Maltese, was already digging around in the ruins.

"Very little left, Signor," he warned me.

The crew was gathering on the ship. The boatswain checked the roster. We were reminded of our stations in case of air raid.

"First watch take over. Be ready to shove off in half an hour."

In the mess Karol stood with a liaison officer near a stack of signal flags. Zygmunt was wrangling with the ship's cook about the officers' mess.

"Everything ready, sir," called the executive officer.

"Good, close the ballast tanks, turn on the air-conditioning system, start the motors."

At 12 minutes to 8 everything was ready. The captain came aboard and ordered the anchor weighed.

"Cast off stern, left motor half speed astern, right motor slow speed ahead, cast off bow, hard to port." We were under way.

High waves washed our decks and doused us with icy water. We were off again for at least three weeks.

I finished my watch at the periscope at 4 a.m., but could not sleep. I lay in my bunk wide awake and listened to the monotonous chug of the engines and the harsh hissing of the air conditioning system. That air chamber is much too noisy, I thought.

I jumped out of my bunk carefully so as not to kick Karol who slept in the one under mine, and went to look for our chief electrician.

I found him with the boatswain in the lighted mess drinking coffee. He went off at once to change the brushes in the machine. I sat down to have some hot coffee. Then, something startled us—a sort of sixth sense warned us that all was not well.

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The commanding officer of a Polish submarine at the periscope.

CHOPIN AND THE CITY OF HIS HEART

by CASIMIR ANSLOW



Collection of the Luxembourg Museum in Paris
Frederic Chopin by Stanislaw K. Ostrowski.

IN August 1944 Warsaw's underground radio station *Blyskawica* announced that the Germans had fired the historic Church of the Holy Cross, where Chopin's heart had lain forever enshrined. The news came as a distinct shock to all Poles. They breathed a collective sigh of relief when they later learned that the urn containing the heart had been rescued from the holocaust. They can only hope that in the subsequent destruction of Warsaw the precious relic has remained safe.

When Frederic Chopin was leaving Warsaw on November 2, 1830, his closest friends gave him a silver cup filled with Warsaw soil. The composer of inspired mazurkas and polonaises never parted with this symbolic gift. For, although the rest of his life was spent in exile, Chopin always dreamed of his native land, and in his vision of Poland, Warsaw held the place of honor. It was natural that this should be so, since the Polish capital was inextricably bound up with his personal and cre-



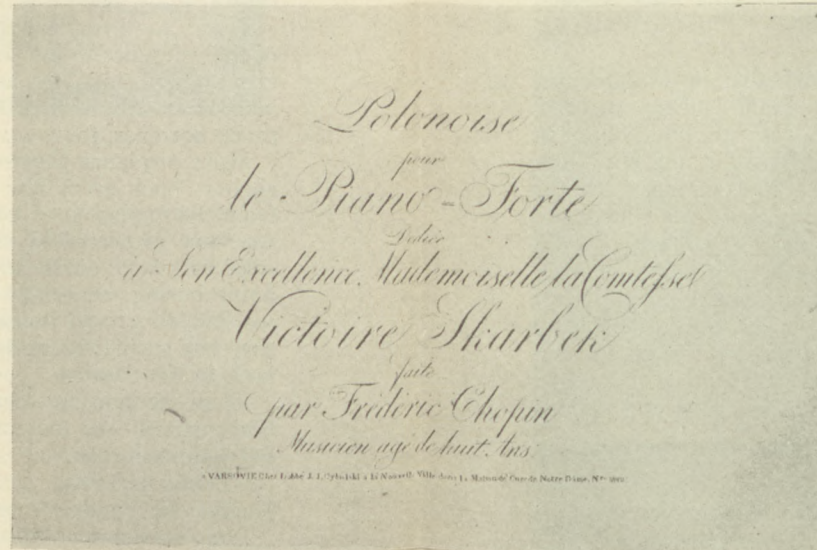
"Mme. Catalani to Frederic Chopin, aged 10, at Warsaw, January 3, 1820."

ative life. In the very year of his birth, Chopin's father accepted a position as teacher of French in the Warsaw Lyceum and a year later the Chopin family moved to Warsaw from Zelazowa Wola. Here Chopin received his first musical instruction, at first from his mother, later from Wojciech Zywny and finally from Jozef Elsner, director of the Warsaw Conservatory.

Warsaw was quick to recognize the genius of *Chopin*, as the amazing child prodigy was nicknamed. Not only did he astound his listeners by the greatness of his playing, but before he could hold a pen, he improvised music that aroused the admiration of hardboiled critics. The child was in constant demand for appearances at benefits arranged by the ladies of polite society, and indeed often gazed at the wonders of Belvedere Palace, whither he was summoned occasionally by the Princess of Lowicz to "calm the attacks of fury" of her Russian husband, Grand Duke



A room in the Chopin's Warsaw apartment.



"Polonaise for Pianoforte, dedicated to Her Excellency, Countess Wiktoria Skarbek, composed by Frederic Chopin, musician aged eight." Warsaw, 1818.

Constantine, the hated Governor General of Warsaw. The little fellow, however, was not overwhelmed by all this attention. When the mother of the five-year-old artist asked him, following a concert, what he had liked best, he replied with childish naiveté, "Everybody looked at my beautiful lace collar."

It was also in Warsaw that Chopin formed life-long friendships with

his schoolmates Wojciechowski, Matuszynski and Fontana, and less close relationships with the Kolberg brothers.

Warsaw too was the scene of his first flirtations. Once or twice his father almost surprised him spooning in the botanical garden where couples liked to meet. It so happened that Chopin's first real and unhappy love was for a daughter of Warsaw, the opera singer Konstancja Gładkowska. Through her the young artist made additional friends in Warsaw's artistic world. And only Warsaw could at that time vie with

Wilno as a center of Polish artistic and intellectual life. Such luminaries as Brodzinski, Witwicki, Mochnacki, Zaleski, Odyniec, S. Kozmian, Gaszynski and Niemcewicz lived and worked there. Frequenting the salons of Polish society, which according to the Encyclopedia Britannica was "at that time unrivalled in Europe for its

seigneur.

Contrary to popular belief, Chopin was neither sentimental nor melancholy. A true child of Warsaw, he had the gamin's gay nature and love of practical jokes. Nor could the ravages of disease cause him to lose his sense of humor. Shortly before his death, he was still able to write to his friend Grzymala that the old Polish nurse sent to him by kind-hearted Marcelina Czartoryska "constantly consoles me that Jesus will not abandon me, but adds that . . . a honey plaster could do no harm!"

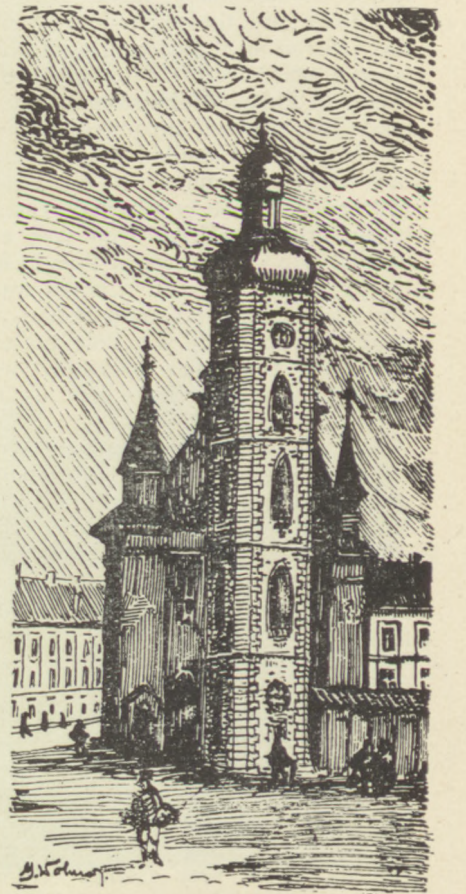
Chopin left Warsaw with a heavy heart, for he had a foreboding that he would not return.

The Polish composer arrived in Vienna an unknown pianist. Sitting alone in the famed Viennese "Prater," he longed for Warsaw, and reproached himself for having failed to appreciate all that his city had had to offer. And when he heard Lanner and Strauss, darlings of Vienna, play in the public gardens, he wrote to his family with sarcasm that he did not understand how these

"two fiddlers" were any better than "our Swierzewski's" (a popular band which at that time used to play in Warsaw's parks). After his debut in the Austrian capital had assured his success, this same local pride impelled Chopin to sing the praises of his first music teachers, Zywny and Elsner, to the music authorities of Vienna.

Four weeks after his arrival in Vienna, Chopin received news of the outbreak in Warsaw of an anti-Russian insurrection. His spirits soared. But his joy was short-lived. The insurrection of the poorly equipped Poles was suppressed by the well-

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Warsaw Conservatory of Music in Chopin's time.



Warsaw's Krakowskie Przedmieście Street, on which Chopin lived. The church at right is the Holy Cross Church in which Chopin wished to have his heart buried.

CHOPIN AND THE CITY OF HIS HEART

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armed Russians. Under the impact of the tragic news from Poland, Chopin wrote his famous *Revolutionary Etude*, his *Prelude in D Minor* and the impassioned epilogue of the *Scherzo in B Minor*. Despite his youth, Chopin was already a mature artist. The events in Poland matured him as a man and made him the self-appointed singer of Poland's tragedy. Camille Bellaigue, the French musicologist, summed it up thus: "The heart of his nation beat in his breast. I know of no other musician who was a greater patriot than he. He was a Pole in far greater degree than any Frenchman was ever a Frenchman, any Italian an Italian, any German a German. He is a Pole, nothing but a Pole, and from that devastated, murdered country his music rises like its immortal soul."

In Paris, Chopin was quickly admitted to the inner sanctum of the great composers, artists and writers. Forced to earn his living by giving concerts and piano lessons, he could not devote as much time as he had devoted in Poland to composing. For several years his repertoire consisted of works composed in Warsaw. This was no mean repertoire. For among the many polonaises, sonatas and folk dances were such masterpieces as the *Concerto in F Minor*, the *Concerto in E Minor*, several *Etude* cycles, and the *Polonaise Militaire*. Still, his nostalgia for Poland was so great that at the very beginning of his Paris sojourn he could not refrain from writing two cycles of mazurkas, embodying the very essence of Polish national spirit.

Chopin was one of the most sought after men of his time. And yet, he felt a stranger everywhere. In a letter to his sister Ludwika, he wrote that his thoughts were always in Warsaw. He once told his Paris friends that much of the child had remained in him. That child was above all a child of Warsaw. Warsaw impressions had a way of remaining in his sub-conscious and appearing at unexpected moments. Just a year before his death, while he was in Scotland, Chopin wrote to Grzymala: "Soon I shall completely forget to speak Polish; I shall speak French in the English style, English in the Scottish style, and I shall end up like old Jawurek, who spoke five languages all at once." (Old Jawurek was a musician of Czech origin in Warsaw, who really spoke no language, having created a strange dialect made up of Czech, German, Polish, Russian and French words.)



"Here lies the heart of Frederic Chopin." Memorial tablet in Holy Cross Church, Warsaw.



By Wacław Szymanowski

Warsaw's Chopin memorial, dismantled by the Germans. Josef Hofmann, world famous pianist, stands in front of the monument.

When it became apparent to Chopin that he was doomed to die in his 40th year, the poet of the piano had two requests to make: one that the handful of Warsaw soil which he kept near him at all times be placed in his coffin, and the other that his heart be taken to Warsaw and immured in the burial nave of the Church of the Holy Cross. His friends did not fail him. Both deathbed wishes were respected.

For three-quarters of a century, Chopin's tomb in Père Lachaise Cemetery in Paris and the urn containing his heart in Warsaw's Church of the Holy Cross were symbols of Polish patriotism. In reborn Poland they acquired new meaning—fulfillment of the age-old dream of freedom.

As a tribute to Chopin's greatness as an artist and patriot, Warsaw erected a fine monument to him. The house in which he was born at Zelazowa Wola, near Warsaw, was restored to look as it had in Chopin's day. And while such fine Polish concert pianists as Paderewski, Hofmann, Rubinstein, Stojowski, and Malczuzynski were making the



"Here lived and composed Frederic Chopin before leaving Warsaw forever in 1830." Memorial tablet at 5 Krakowskie Przedmieście Street, Warsaw.

MISS SOPHIE FROM CHICAGO

by TADEUSZ ZAJACZKOWSKI

I FIRST met Miss Sophie on a street in Rome. Or, to be more exact, she recognized me as a Pole. I was sitting in an automobile waiting for a friend who had gone into a store when she, a pink-cheeked blonde in the uniform of an American WAC lieutenant, came up to the car inquiring whether I was really a Pole. She told me that she had been searching all over Rome for Poles for the past several weeks. Since I was the first one she had found, she invited me to a Polish soldiers' club.

She told me all this in so energetic and resolute a manner that I had to accept without the slightest hesitation.

So I got out and told this charming young lady that I awaited her pleasure. First I had to accompany her on a shopping tour for souvenirs she wanted to send back home to Chicago. I helped supply the most important souvenir: Polish books that would prove to the folks in Chicago that Miss Sophie had really met Polish soldiers in Italy. "Because," she said in her midwestern accent, "anything that reminds me of Poland is the most pleasant sort of souvenir."

Along the way she told me everything about herself. That her family had emigrated from the Rzeszow district in south-central Poland before the last war and that she herself had been born in the United States. She made me tell her all about Rzeszow, how it looked, the kind of people that lived in it.

As I told her of the great cultivated fields on the plain of Poland, of the smell of ripening grain, of the poppies, blue-



On their recent visit to the United States, Polish *Pestki* were warmly received by their hosts, the American Wacs.



An American Wac and her Polish friend, Captain Irena Grodzka.

bottles and daffodils, of the barley and the pear trees that stood like green spires under the pale blue dome of the sky, Miss Sophie kept interrupting with exclamations: "Oh, really, is it true? Mother told me some of these things!"

Then it was her turn to tell me that she had always yearned to see Poland and to describe her life in Chicago, the Polish school which she had attended, her family and neighbors.

That evening we went to the Polish club, for Miss Sophie was anxious to dance with Polish soldiers without further delay so that she could write to Chicago about it.

"How do you write home," I asked her, "in Polish?"

Sophie looked at me for a moment before she replied, "Naturally, how else, since we always speak Polish at home!"

A few days later in a Polish book-shop recently opened in Rome, I met Frank from Newark. He was buying almost every Polish book he could lay hands on. He was particularly happy to find a Polish-English dictionary.

"I've forgotten a lot of my Polish," he said, smiling, somewhat abashed. "I went to public schools and learned all the Polish I ever knew in night classes. I never did know much. Then I got a job in an American company and forgot most of what I had learned. But in spite of that I write to my parents in Polish. My mother doesn't speak English." He took his package of Polish books to the post office to send them to his old parents in Newark.

In Naples, as in Rome, on Italian highways and in Allied bivouacs I met many of these Americans of Polish descent. Some of them spoke perfect Polish, some knew only a few words or phrases.

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Polish Soldiers Fight for Liberation of the Netherlands



Soldiers of the First Polish Armored Division that has been so instrumental in the Allied liberation of the Netherlands. They have named their tank the "Warsaw."



A Polish tank commander, resting on a Dutch sidewalk, relates how his crew knocked out a German panzer unit.

WARSAW IS STILL IN FLAMES!

MORE than a month has passed since the end of the ill-fated Battle of Warsaw, yet Ivar Vesterlund, a Swedish correspondent who recently visited the city, tells that smoke and flames still engulf the ruins of the once proud and beautiful capital of Poland.

This correspondent of the Stockholm *Dagens Nyheter* reports that at the end of October Warsaw was still burning. New fires were caused by Russian artillery from Praga, the Warsaw suburb on the right bank of the Vistula. Fires cast a glow and clouds of smoke billow from the Warsaw ruins. The streets are still blocked by barricades and German pill-boxes. An average of five barricades was constructed in every street.

Chlodna Street was completely destroyed during the rising. The colonnades of the Opera were badly damaged but are still standing, while the Boguslawski Monument, as well as the Blank Palace have been wrecked. One-third of the Warsaw City Hall still stands. The Bank of Poland has been destroyed down to its very foundations by large, 50-centimeter "Thor" mortars, the same kind that were used against Sevastopol in the Crimea.

The churches of Warsaw are comparatively less damaged, Vesterlund reports, but the facade of the Cathedral has been battered and the rest of it destroyed. The Bruehl Palace is ruined, and only one column still stands of the Building of the General Staff.

Many Germans have been buried in the Saski Garden, behind the Tomb of the Unknown Soldier. An American Liberator bomber crashed on Krasinski Square, near Miodowa Street and its remnants still block the street.

The Poles organized a hospital in the cellars of the Supreme Court Building where operations and even amputations were performed by candle-light without anesthetics or bandages. Several doctors and nurses were killed when part of the cellars caved in from the crash of the Liberator in the square above.

Now only German military personnel remains in Warsaw. The people have all been taken to be murdered or used as slave labor in the Reich. Not one shop is open, not one apartment inhabited. Vesterlund met some Warsaw people, but none of them were living in Warsaw itself. Sometimes these people still come to the city to find some of their belongings that they left in cellars. Only some auxiliary hospitals remain in Warsaw cellars.

German officers accompanying Vesterlund told him that German patrols are ordered to shoot on sight everyone not in possession of a permit to stay in Warsaw. At least eight or ten persons are shot daily as "marauders." Battle fire between German-held Warsaw and Russian-held Praga is intense. The Red Army has installed an observation post in an Orthodox Church in Zygmuntowska Street in Praga.

Vesterlund was also in Warsaw on August 1st, when the Battle of the Polish Home Army began. He reports that at the beginning of the uprising at 5 o'clock the first shots were fired on Aleja Ujazdowska, where sixty Germans were killed.

"READY, FIRE!"

(Continued from page 7)

Zygmunt went to call the captain. The periscope watch saw smoke on the horizon. The captain took over. "Good!" he exclaimed, not taking his eyes off of the telescope. "Both motors half speed ahead! Lower periscope and dive!"

"Motors slow speed ahead! Up periscope! Call the crew to stand by for action! There is a big convoy ahead, one 6,000 ton passenger ship converted into a troop transport, and a 10,000 ton tanker escorted by two destroyers and a trawler." We changed course, and came into position to attack. "Stand by torpedoes!"

In the late afternoon a real blood bath took place. Numerous German officers were isolated and had to defend themselves alone for several weeks. Dr. Ludwik Fischer, German Governor of Warsaw and SA Brigade Führer, was wounded, but escaped in an armored car. His aide-de-camp, however, was killed.

Vesterlund asked the higher SS officers how it was possible that the Polish resistance could last nine weeks. They replied that the rising had been carefully prepared since 1939. General Bor-Komorowski began his battle with 10,000 soldiers, but his forces grew rapidly and according to the Germans reached 100,000, most of them dressed in civilian clothes with red and white brassards. Others were in Polish uniforms and even had steel helmets. The Germans reported that during the occupation the Poles were obliged to dig trench shelters in Warsaw. They cleverly constructed them with a view to the future rising, digging them between passages and sand bunkers.

The Germans emphasized to Vesterlund the "refinement" of the Polish Underground Organization that had at its disposal a primitive ordnance factory producing explosives, grenades, machine-guns and even flame-throwers, as well as different kinds of simple weapons especially designed for street fighting. The weapons were produced by old women and 12-year-old boys.

General Bor's youngest soldier was an eight-year-old girl. The Germans spoke highly of the civilian insurgents, who had a "Security Corps" composed of sixteen-year-old boys. The official Polish information office was called *Biuro Informacji Prasowej* (Press Information Bureau). It held regular daily press conferences at 3 p.m. The Polish underground press which then openly published thirty dailies represented all parties; one of the papers was a communist organ. There was also normal postal service between districts held by the Poles. The price for a single Polish stamp at the end of October rose to 3,000 zloty. (About \$600 at the pre-war rate of exchange.)

Reports received by the Polish Government in London confirm Vesterlund's eye-witness accounts. Latest broadcasts by the Polish Underground Radio state that the Germans, carrying out the plan they announced last month, have deported more than 1,000,000 inhabitants from Warsaw.

Forced to leave only with the clothes on their backs, these Poles were taken to German concentration camps where they were segregated into various age groups. Men under 50 and women under 40 were sent to Germany for slave labor, while those older as well as children under 12 were sent to camps scattered all over Poland.

The Underground appeals to the International Red Cross for help. The young and the old suffer from cold and malnutrition, as they have neither adequate clothing nor food. Poles wounded during the uprising are kept without medical aid, for all Poland's doctors and nurses have been sent into Germany.

"The enemy is proceeding at 11 knots," reported Karol.

"Ready, fire torpedo one. Fire two, fire three, fire four!"

We crash dived. Zygmunt looked uneasily at his instruments. "They're retreating," our sound-detector man reported. There were no more depth bombs. The captain decided to risk a look through the periscope. "Good work!—both ships are sinking." The soldiers are frying in the burning, oil-covered water. The destroyers are cruising about at a distance trying to save whoever they can." We changed course and left the scene, having nothing more to do.

Our "breakfast" that evening was a bit belated, but to make up for it our cook served cheese pancakes!

POLISH UNDERGROUND REPORTS HOW GERMANS PILLAGED WORKS OF ART

(Continued from page 3)

lars. As a result of the deliberate removal of supports in the Audience Room in December, 1939 the beautiful Bacciarelli ceiling caved in. In November, engineers began to drill holes in the walls, preparatory to blowing up the Castle. They were recalled a few months later probably because all that remained of the Castle was naked walls, while the explosion might have damaged the nearby Kierbedz Bridge. When the Municipal Administration attempted, in the winter of 1940, to get permission to cover the remains of these walls with a roof, the German authorities refused. Today, with unheard of cynicism, German propaganda spreads the news among Germans arriving in Warsaw that the Poles themselves demolished this Castle to prevent it from falling into German hands.

Among the relics deliberately destroyed by alterations or alleged conservation were the Belvedere Palace, plundered and laid bare of its surrounding magnificent old trees, the Potocki Palace in Krzeczowice, and countless old mansions and palaces in the provinces.

Statues constitute a separate chapter in German wanton destruction of art relics. In Warsaw Chopin's statue, the statue of the dying soldier and the Kilinski statue were turned into scrap, while a figure from the monument erected to a faithful servant by King Stanislaw August was shattered. In Cracow the Grunwald statue, gift of Paderewski, was destroyed in a barbaric fashion. Dismantled were the statue of the great poet Mickiewicz in the Square before the Clothiers Hall, the equestrian statue of Kosciuszko on Wawel Hill, the statues of Kosciuszko in Poznan and Lodz, the Wilson statue in Poznan and an endless list of others.

From November to June, 1940 the "German Commission to make works of art safe" operated in the Government General. Dr. Frey, Professor from Breslau, historian of art, well known to Polish scientific and artistic circles, headed the commission. Two years before the outbreak of the war, Dr. Frey had stayed in Poland several months and had shown special interest in its collections and art relics. He motivated his curiosity by declaring that he intended to write a long

monograph about Polish medieval art. Touched by this friendly interest, Polish official and scientific authorities gave the German scholar all their assistance. He received free access to the most valuable collections, even to those unavailable to the public. He took profuse notes and photographed everything that caught his attention.

Dr. Frey did not write his intended monograph. Instead, in November, 1939, he came to Warsaw as the head of the above-mentioned commission. Armed with photographs and notes, endowed with a marvelous memory, he pitilessly plundered all works of art, old manuscripts, miniatures, incunabula, adamantly demanding every object the Poles had succeeded in hiding. "It was here, I saw it!" he would state with the calm cynicism of a German who regards the property of the whole world as his very own.

The commission headed by Dr. Frey stripped all Polish public, state, municipal and private collections of their more valuable objects. Its victims included the Royal Castle, the National Museum in Warsaw, the Stanislaw August Collection of Drawings, the Krasinski Museum, whatever part of the Zamoyski Library had survived German incendiaries, the most valuable exhibits from the Archeological Museum in Warsaw, the National Museum in Cracow, the Czartoryski Museum and many others.

Matejko's huge painting "The Prussian Homage" was cut to shreds, as were a number of paintings "insulting to German pride." However, although they went to great trouble, the Germans were not able to discover the hiding place of Matejko's great canvas showing the German defeat at "Grunwald." Was it burned in the siege of Warsaw or did someone's faithful hands hide it?—Only the future will tell.

All private collections in Poznan, Golluchow, Kornik and elsewhere were also plundered. In Suwalki priceless 12th century manuscripts were filched, in Sejny a Kamedul Bible of unusual value was stolen. All monastery and cathedral treasures were robbed of their relics. Many of the exhibits of the National Museum in Cracow were pillaged. For example, the wife of General Wächter personally selected from the valuable F. Jasienski Oriental collection items that in her opinion would be best suited in decorating her home.

CHOPIN AND THE CITY OF HIS HEART

(Continued from page 10)

world thrill to Chopin's music, Warsaw inaugurated annual international Chopin competitions for young pianists.

The greatest tribute paid to Chopin by the city of his youth was in September 1939. It was Chopin's *Polonaise Militaire*, played at regular intervals over the Warsaw Radio, that announced to the world that the capital of Poland preferred death to dishonor.

One of the earliest edicts issued by the Germans in Poland was the prohibition to play Chopin under penalty of death. One of their earliest acts of vandalism was to tear down the Chopin monument in Warsaw.

But no amount of persecution can kill Poland's love for Chopin. Now, more than ever before, Poles turn to him for succor and inspiration. Their reverence has become a living memorial that neither German brutality nor insidious propaganda can destroy. For, Chopin is Poland.

BATTLE OF WARSAW 1944

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"ALMA MATER CRACOVIENSIS"

(Continued from page 6)

out of quarters last year when the College of King Ladislas burned down.

Here come the masters who are ready to be licentiates. They have already received the *Jus Docendi* and may teach in the schools. In the colleges you find them, in all these streets, here and in Poznan and in all cities of the commonwealth. Among them goes that Laurentius Rabe. They call him *Corvinus* in the college for all the collegians have Latin names. He is preaching the new doctrine, they say; it is called Humanism, and though the students like it, most of the masters do not. They prefer Aristotle. Well, scholars are queer people, after all; why men so splendid as that give up homes and families and spend their lives in black gowns is more than one can understand.

All at once a cry of welcome goes up from the crowd. Here come the students. Out of the bursas, or students' dwellings, they pour, literally by the hundred. Swarming out into Bracka, into Garncarska, into Jagiellonska, into St. Ann's. What a tumult. *Turba Magna*. That group is the Society of Vistulana. What disturbers of the peace they are! Mostly from abroad. Those in the fine gowns are sons of Szlachta; how well the tailors have fitted them out. They used to have a bursa of their own, the *Bursa Divitium* it was called, the *Hospitia* of the rich, but not any more. Some of those wretches from the bursa of the philosophers—why are all philosophers poor?—threw stones through the window. Those are Germans, those Hungarians, those are Swedes, those Bohemians; some Italians, too, they say, and one or two French.

Throng upon throng of bachelors of arts. Some in the group of *Extranei* or foreigners, some with other Poles. They wore the *vestris clericalis*, the garb of the clergy, with the biretta like the doctors, though with capes lacking or extremely modest in head covering. Keeping some order and cadence in step, but talking incessantly and shaking hands in all directions. Close behind them came a literal mob of

students who had not yet attained any degree. They made little or no attempt to keep in line, but surged forward pushing and shoving. Those are the boys who make trouble. Some wear tonsures under those hoods, but many have no tonsure at all. We know them well. They beg on the streets, they run errands, they work in the field, they kiss all our girls, they order great feasts and never pay for them. Oh yes, we know them, but somehow we love them too.

The head of the procession now stood before the Church of St. Ann, the Collegial Church. And here the precedence which had been to this time academic, became clerical. Now, the place of importance and honor was at the rear of the procession and not at the head. As soon as the bachelors had turned the corner into St. Ann's street, the dignitaries stopped and waited. Through them all went the choir boys singing, then the bachelors, or such favored ones of them as could, marched into the church. Then came the masters, then the doctors, then the deans. The King had already entered the Church and was in the pew reserved for royalty. Last of the academicians came the Rector and his suite. The great organs burst into music and the clerical procession entered.

First came the orders and the abbots, then the high ranking officers of the church. Last of all, in the place of honor and dignity came the Cardinal. As he mounted the steps of the church he turned once to bless the crowd. A silence followed that, and then the doors slammed to.

Immediately the students broke formation with a loud hurrah. Gowns were furtively slipped away, hats stowed in safe places, and there was a rush for taverns and market place and homes. The crowd, which had remained quiet until now, swarmed into the streets and their voices echoed back from all the buildings like a crowd about a veritable tower of Babel. Bells pealed out from all the churches, snatches of song rang through the crowded ways, a tumult seemed to rage in which everyone had a part to play. There had been royalty, magnificence, dignity, color, splendor; and now it was all one seemingly boisterous rout. The college year had begun!

MISS SOPHIE FROM CHICAGO

(Continued from page 11)

But I gained one impression from all the talks that I had with them: that over there, beyond the ocean is a generation of "old people," the emigrant generation that took with it not only pictures of their saints and families, but also pictures forever etched in their memories of the wind rustling in

Polish grain, of pear trees marking the edge of fields, of white farm houses and of green orchards. This generation also took with it certain customs, principles and sentiments that it later instilled into its children born on American soil. The old people retained these pictures of the Polish land and bequeathed them to the younger generation.

BOOKS ON POLAND

A comprehensive bibliography of publications on Poland in the English language has been published as a supplement to THE POLISH REVIEW. The list is arranged according to subject matter and includes the following headings: General Statistics—Population—Minorities; Geography—Travel—Photographs; History—Monographs—Until World War I; History—Monographs—Until World War II; The Polish Campaign, September 1939; German and Soviet Occupation of Poland; Polish Part in World War II; Un-

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"NO POLE MAY YIELD TO GERMAN PLANS"

Polish Minister of Home Affairs Wladyslaw Banaczyk broadcasting to Poland on November 11, 1944, said in part:

"THE Germans continue to perpetrate their usual cruel excesses all over that part of Poland occupied by them.

"Germans, together with hordes of so-called 'Eastern Legions' recruited from among Soviet war prisoners, are subjecting large parts of Poland to rape, pillage and robbery. All farm buildings over a vast area near the front have been burnt down, pillaged and destroyed. Only recently the towns of Zmigrod and Tarnowiec, as well as 22 villages near Dukla have been burnt down. Just a few days ago a belt stretching from Kielce through Szczucin and Gorlice to Jaslo has been stripped of its population. Children up to the age of 14 were deported to the penal labor camp in the vicinity of Grzybow.

"Germans are murdering adult Poles or deporting them for compulsory labor and forced work on the building of fortifications at the very front under direct fire from Soviet artillery and machine-guns.

"The Germans did not even refrain, in their frenzy of destruction, from an attempt on the Monastery of Czenstochowa where the Miraculous Image of the Holy Virgin is kept. Some days ago the Germans began the evacuation of the Monastery of Czenstochowa.

"Even now, after the harvest, starvation conditions prevail throughout Poland—for the first time since the outbreak of war hunger has reached frightening proportions. The Germans behave in a shameful way towards the population of Warsaw. Conditions of surrender—according to German propaganda so noisily advertised as humane—are not kept. The Gestapo executes or hangs masses of young men and women. Nurses who were sup-

posed to accompany the personnel of Home Army Hospitals to prisoner of war camps were not admitted there, but were deported for slave labor in German factories.

"The Germans have ordered the compulsory evacuation of about one million people from Warsaw. Warsaw is today a city without inhabitants. Poland is again a country flooded by streams of blood where the smoke of fires clouds everything. The Germans also intend shortly to carry out their project of 'the political reconciliation of the Poles,' exploiting the difficulties which the Polish question has met in international politics. The Germans intend to call to life a Polish National Committee as a rallying point for Poles under 'German protection.' An announcement of 'voluntary' enlistment of the Poles into an armed auxiliary service in the Wehrmacht is intended. The Germans are even spreading rumors regarding their intention of creating an autonomous government in the Government-General.

"In advance I can say that all German attempts to bring Poland over to their side will be in vain. No Pole will ever collaborate in any way with the Germans because if he decided to be faithless to the mode of conduct chosen by the Poles in this war, he would have to account for his deeds later. Every form of collaboration with the Germans can only be covered by fraud, betrayal and death.

"In view of these latest German attempts, Polish Underground authorities, in consultation with the Government in London, took up at the end of October a definite attitude stating in their declaration that no Pole is permitted to yield to German plans and that every Pole is bound to as intransigent attitude toward the enemy as ever."