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THE POLISH REVIEW

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TOMASZ ARCISZEWSKI, NEW POLISH PREMIER OUTLINES HIS PROGRAM

After the new Polish Cabinet was sworn into office on November 29, 1944 by Polish President Wladyslaw Raczekiewicz, Premier Arciszewski made the following statement:

"On assuming the highly responsible office of Prime Minister, I wish to state that both I and my colleagues are grateful for the confidence which our parties and you have put in us. We assume our task with the fullest sense of duty to the public cause and we shall spare no efforts in fully safeguarding the vital interests of the Republic. Many of us worked in the Government of the late General Sikorski, that indomitable soldier of fighting Poland, or have sat in the former Government of Mr. Mikolajczyk, whose energy and stubborn perseverance in the service of the State will be a model for us.

"I should like to add that the Government which I am heading considers the understanding reached between parties in the homeland on August 15, 1943, and the Declaration of the Council of National Unity of March, 1944, in which the future basis of the democratic institutions of the Polish Republic was defined, as the unshakable foundation for all our future actions.

"In the most urgent field of foreign policy, our labors will follow the directions drawn by the late General Sikorski. The Government will also take advantage of all the experience and achievements of former Premier Mikolajczyk. Particularly, my Government will spare no effort in trying to bring about a lasting understanding between the Polish Republic and her great Eastern neighbor, Russia, in accordance with the principles of international life fixed in the Atlantic Charter and with a view to safeguarding the most vital interests of two neighboring countries.

"Fidelity to alliances and international agreements will continue to be a leading principle of Polish policy. Particularly will this policy be based on our alliance with Great Britain, to whom the whole world owes a great debt of gratitude and

admiration for her unflinching stand against German aggression and her victorious war effort, undertaken to free the world from tyranny. My Government will also do everything in its power to maintain and deepen our alliance with France, whose rebirth to new greatness and power is greeted by her Polish friends with deep emotion and joy.

"We consider one of the chief aims of our policy the developing of a deep and lasting friendship with that great democracy, the United States, whose powerful war effort has tilted the scales of victory. The friendship of the Polish Nation for the United States is made more conscious, if possible, by the fact that many Americans of Polish origin are taking part in the American war effort, that they fight in American ranks in all war theaters and are forging arms for all the fighting democracies.

"We shall be anxious to maintain and strengthen close cooperation with our brotherly neighbor, the Czechoslovak Republic, cooperation which should extend to political, economic and cultural fields. We are linked to all the United Nations fighting the German and Japanese aggressors in both hemispheres by a close brotherhood-in-arms, which we trust will develop into a lasting friendship in days of peace.

"We shall see to it that Poland will take her full part in the organization of a post-war world—a world based on freedom, law and justice, in which all Nations will be free from fear and all men free from want. We must recall that in 1939, Poland saved the freedom of Europe, and perhaps of the whole world, by accepting the German challenge and engaging all-powerful German armed forces, thus giving, both to our western Allies and

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"Ring out, dear Sigmund Bell, with triple voice,
And let your booming strike men with its noise:
To rouse them, all their thoughts to glory turn,
And keep them in our country's service firm.

—Mikolaj Rej (16th century)

Translated by Caroline Ratajczak Rogozinska in "The Polish Land."

Cracow's famous Sigmund Bell in the Cathedral on the Wawel has been used since 1523 to peal forth joyous news or rouse Poles to threatening danger. It will ring no more for the Germans have melted it down.

You know the foes beyond the city gate,
You know how frail the thread that holds our fate,
How tiniest sounds confuse our restless ears,
How oft from weighty things our judgment veers."

Historic Cracow Must Not Suffer the Fate of Warsaw!

Warsaw, capital of modern Poland, has ceased to exist. Its precious historical relics and beautiful new landmarks have all been wiped out by the Germans.

Nothing can bring Warsaw back from the dead. But Poles, and indeed all who appreciate beauty, are growing increasingly concerned about the fate of another city—Poland's ancient capital, Cracow. The war is drawing nearer to this museum piece of a town. Governor General Frank has already left Cracow and installed himself 80 miles to the northwest, in the hallowed Monastery of Czenstochowa, from which the Paulist Fathers have been ejected.

The civilized world hopes that Cracow will be spared the agony of Warsaw. The city of Copernicus and Kosciuszko, of Polish Kings and the Independence Movement, of the 16th century Golden Age and the 19th century Young Poland revival in art and literature—has as much right as Rome, Athens and Paris to be left intact. The destruction of Cracow would be a supreme act of vandalism. It can be prevented if public opinion asserts itself as forcefully as in the case of other cities that belong not only to one nation but to mankind.

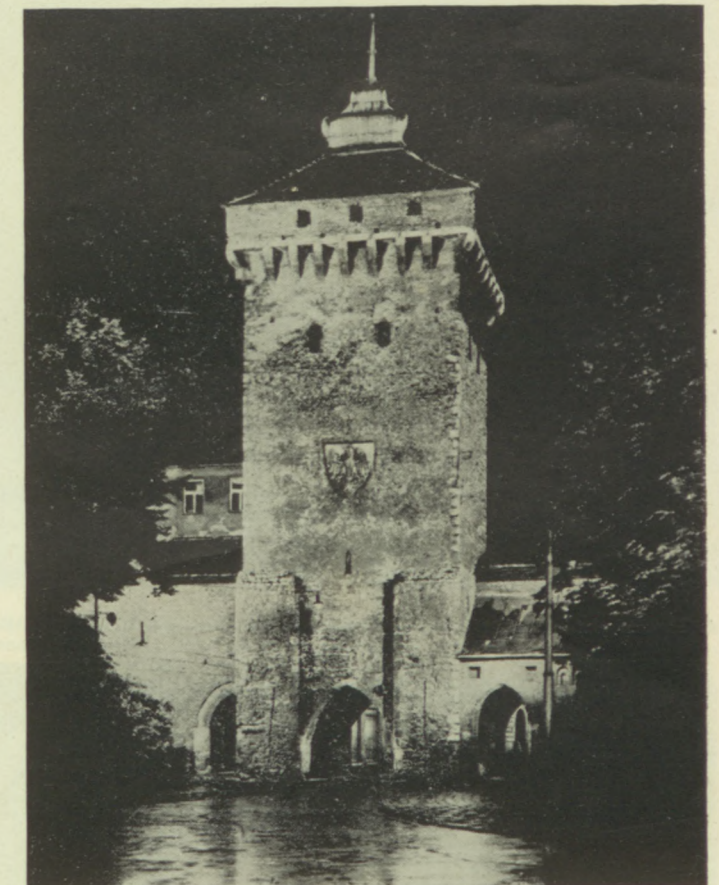
Below is a condensation of the chapter on Cracow from Robert McBride's "Towns and People of Modern Poland" published in 1939 by Jarrolds Publishers, Ltd., in London. Mr. McBride wrote his fascinating book following a trip to Poland shortly before the German attack.

by ROBERT McBRIDE



IF WARSAW, the present-day capital, is the city of which the Poles are most proud, Cracow, the ancient seat of government, is the town they love best. For Cracow is the cradle of the Polish nation, it is the seat of Polish liberties. Whenever in the history of the country a rallying point was needed against the invader, Cracow furnished it. Here for centuries the Polish kings were crowned; here the ancient kings and modern heroes are buried. Cracow is the most Polish city in the Republic; in the broader sense of the term it is the spiritual heart of Poland.

There is none of the bustle about Cracow which you find in Warsaw; none of that air of modernity which overlies the



St. Florian's Gate in Cracow, relic of the 13th century.

newer capital; none of that breathless growth which energizes the striving, up-to-date metropolis of today. Yet beneath its mantle of age-old glory, Cracow does not sleep; it throbs with the pulsating life that surrounds it and that flows through its streets.

Cracow possesses those mellow qualities of character which make her unique among all the cities of Poland. And so still defining the main entrance of the city are St. Florian's Gate, with its high battlemented tower; a section of the wall, guarded severally by the watchtowers of the lacemakers, furriers, carpenters and joiners; together with the isolated, fifteenth century barbican, an immense squat round tower with machicolated top and seven turrets, a type of defense introduced by the Crusaders from the Near East and the only specimen of its kind in Europe. The gate tower and the barbican are as significantly a part of Cracow as the famous Powder Tower is of Prague, or the Brandenburg Gate of Berlin, or the Arc de Triomphe of Paris.

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THE AGONY OF WARSAW



A German gun in action in Warsaw's once beautiful Theatre Square. At left are the ruins of the City Hall, at right the colonnade of the Warsaw Opera.



These are Warsaw civilians obeying the cruel German order to evacuate the Polish capital. They will have no homes to return to for the Germans have systematically destroyed all buildings that remained standing after 63 days of battle.



Women and children, the sick and the wounded—are all being herded to the notorious Pruszkow open air concentration camp near Warsaw.



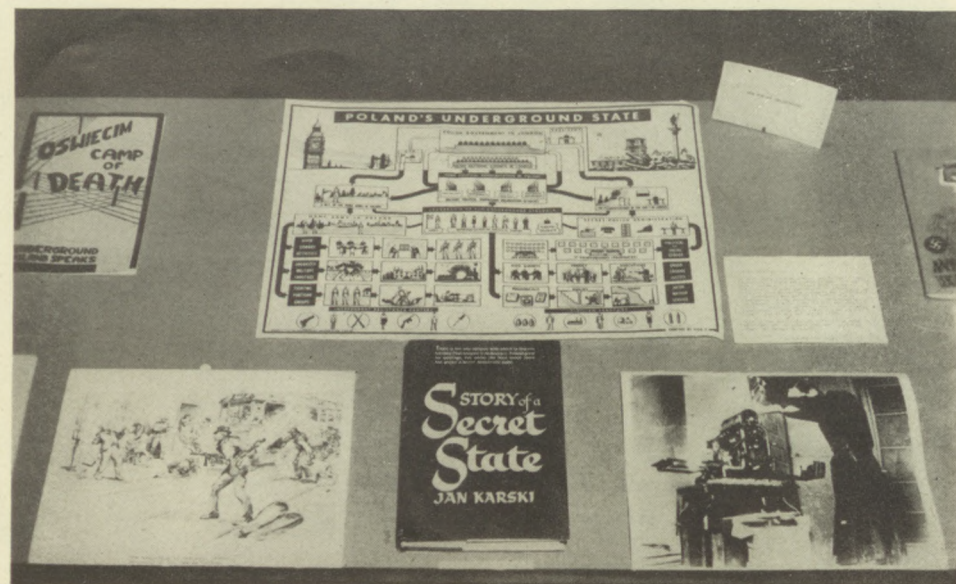
Wounded soldiers of the Polish Home Army taken prisoner by the Germans during the Battle of Warsaw.

"Poland" Exhibition at the New York Public Library

by DR. ALFRED BERLSTEIN

THE New York Public Library is one of the greatest libraries in the world as well as one of the most important centers of study and research in America. This library possesses a rich and well organized Slavonic Division in which Polish literature constitutes an important part. Although there are no exact figures, it is estimated that Polish books make up about 10 per cent of the Slavonic Division, and that there are some 3,500 to 4,000 books, about 1,200 to 1,500 pamphlets and approximately 3,500 numbers of various periodicals in this Polish collection. Aside from this Slavonic Division, the library has much valuable material about Poland written in English as well as in other languages in the field of history, biography, economics, art and many other subjects, in addition to a series of government publications in the Polish language. Prominent scholars, writers, publicists and artists of various nations use this material constantly not only for purposes of research, but also as source material for speeches, articles, pamphlets, and books.

On November 18, 1944, an exhibition entitled "Poland" opened in the New York Public Library. At the ceremonies marking the opening, Sylwin Strakacz, Minister Plenipotentiary and Consul General of Poland in New York and Professor Oscar Halecki, Director of the Polish Institute of Arts and Sciences in America, spoke of Poland's great need for books after the war and praised the work of the New York Public Library in collecting valuable Polish volumes. Charles F. McCombs, chief bibliographer of the Library, spoke in its behalf. The exhibition has been arranged by the library with the assistance of the Polish Government Information Center; some books and especially the underground material has been lent by the Polish Government Information Center. The exhibit which will be open at least until December 17, and probably longer, should materially help further Polish-American cultural understanding. The size of the exhibition is necessarily small. However, its limitation to a few basic groups enhances its clarity and conciseness. This exhibition reflects the interest felt by the Anglo-Saxon world toward Poland; at the same time it expresses the homage paid by



"Polish Underground State"—Showcase at the "Poland" Exhibition, New York Public Library.

the civilized world to the unconquerable Polish nation that has never ceased its fight for freedom and independence.

A kind of introduction to the exhibition is furnished by a group of old books dating from the 16th to the 19th centuries, written in Polish, French, Latin, etc., including a number of quite rare ones, characterizing the given epoch, such as the 16th century Chronicle of Strykowski and Gwagnin, the speech of the French envoy Jean de Montluc at the election of Henri de Valois published in 1573, two first editions of Starowolski in addition to an interesting study by Dr. Avrahm Yarmolinsky, director of the Slavonic Division about the first references to America in Polish literature of the 16th and 17th centuries.

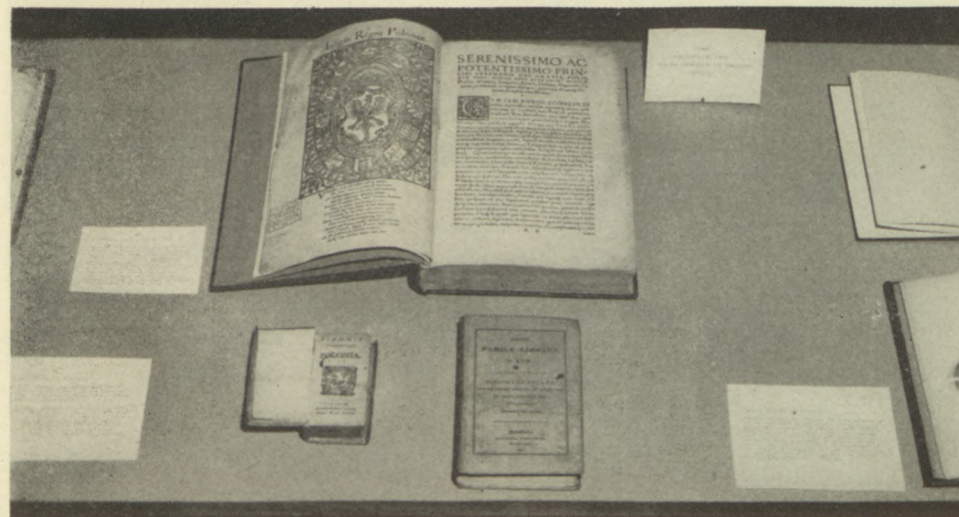
The following groups are displayed at the exhibit: The Face of Poland; great personages; history and culture; literature; arts; and the Polish Underground. The majority of the works, of which I can mention only a few here, are in English.

"The Face of Poland" is full of contrasts. Poland presents an amazing variety of natural features: high mountains such as the Tatras, broad plains, swift-flowing rivers, the seaside, forests almost primeval in their ancient grandeur, wild marshes, the snow of a northern climate, mild and sunny winters where apricots and grapes flourish on garden walls.

Poland is picturesque—miners, peasant folk, and townspeople with ancient traditions mingle to give life to the landscape. We see the Wawel Castle and the Lazienki Palace, the old City in Warsaw, the Pieniny Gorge and many other illustrations of famous places dear to the heart of every Pole. The reprint of an old Pitt Atlas of 1680 contains interesting maps and descriptions of Poland. Harper's Magazine of 1862 published a traveler's account of the Wieliczka salt mines.

It was impossible in such narrow limits to give more than a faint impression of the great figures, history and culture of Poland. The Library therefore, had to

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Old Polonica of the New York Public Library at the "Poland" Exhibition.

A NIGHT OFF THE DODECANESE ISLANDS FROM THE LOG OF ORP KRAKOWIAK:

by MIECZYSLAW TATARYNOWICZ

MESSAGES from our reconnaissance planes had been coming in from the early morning. Every one of them reported increased activity among German supply ships in the Dodecanese Islands.

All day we patrolled our sector of the Mediterranean in the company of two British destroyers. In the late afternoon, one airplane reported that in Port K a large enemy convoy was being prepared. A short while later the Admiralty ordered us to destroy Port K.

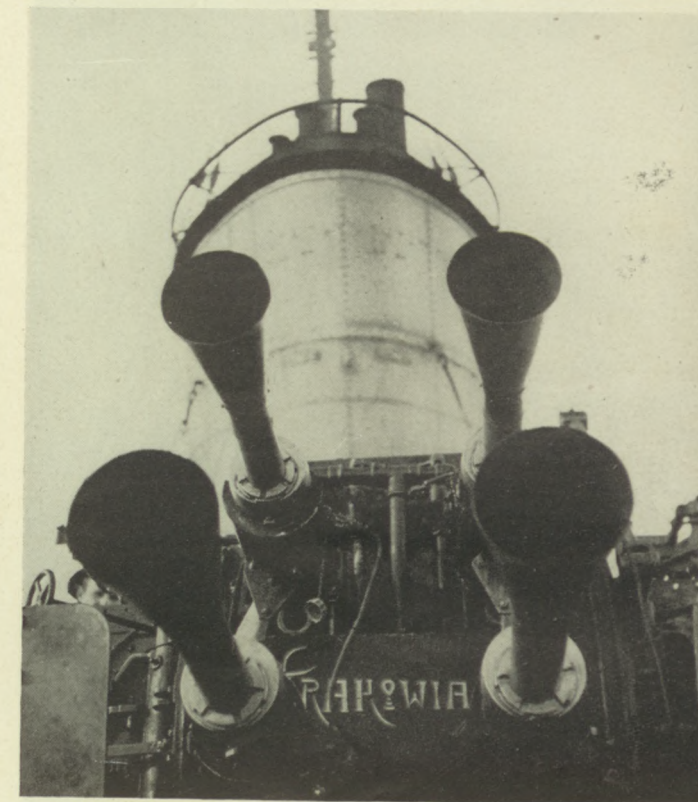
"We're going to have some fun tonight," remarked our radio man as he took the order to the captain.

There was no doubt about it—we had a tough assignment ahead of us. The port lay deep in the enemy's territory, far from our bases, far from our airfields.

The great golden disk of the sun slowly sank toward the horizon while in its place in the cloudless blue sky rose the silver globe of the full moon. Day faded imperceptibly into night. The silence, the clear sky, the still air and unruffled water left a deep impression on us as our destroyer sped to its destination.

I walked out onto the open deck. Land lay on both sides of us. We were passing through an enemy-held archipelago. Here and there we saw faint pin-pricks of light. Undoubtedly buoys marking channels or minefields. We were ordered to stand by for action. Gun crews, motionless at their batteries, were vigilant and watchful. We were intruders and could at any moment expect a surprise attack.

I automatically tested the straps of my life belt, better known as "mae west."



Ack-ack guns on board the Polish destroyer *Krakowiak*.

A few minutes before 9 p.m., I heard the navigation officer's voice in the tube:

"We are approaching our destination," he reported to the captain.

I glanced out. In the light of the moon, although it was still far away, we saw an indistinct dark mass directly ahead—the island where Port K was located. Through binoculars we could see light spots—those were rocks and cliffs along the shore. Ten minutes later everything was apparent to the naked eye.

Circling about a small islet we drew steadily nearer. The little island guarded the entrance to a bay at whose further end was the port that we were to destroy. All three destroyers zig-zagged around some mines. We sneaked up on the port like panthers on their chosen victim.

Slowly we entered the harbor—it was long and narrow for a stretch of about two miles. Someone voiced the fear that it might be mined and anyway that we were going straight into the jaws of hell, that any moment now the enemy would open fire from all sides with coastal artillery, thus cutting us off from the open sea.

"Will the Germans see us and open fire?" some one wondered out loud, breaking the intolerable silence.

"If we only knew where their coastal guns are, we could make short work of them."

"Better let them remain silent."

With that the dialogue ended and silence again engulfed the ship.

After a while the narrow bay widened out into a sheet of water that resembled a large lake. A light flashed off the port side. We steered straight for it. I think someone paid with his life for that infraction of the blackout.

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Gunnery officer of the *Krakowiak* at his action station.

HISTORIC CRACOW MUST NOT SUFFER THE FATE OF WARSAW!



Entrance portal to Royal Castle on Wawel Hill in Cracow.

(Continued from page 3)

By the destruction of its ramparts Cracow lost a rare element of ancient charm. But the demolition was not all loss. The walls were replaced by embowered and gardened promenades and these "Plantations"—or "Planty," as they are called—ring the city and provide its inhabitants with a miniature park of great beauty.

The heart of the city is the Rynek, or Market Place, one of the most spacious squares in Europe and probably the largest medieval market place in the Occident. In the thirteenth century Cracow, even in that period a populous, commercial city, was destroyed by the Tartars. On the ruins there rose in 1257 a new, scientifically planned city, provided with a market place from which streets radiated at uniform distances. The plan as it was then carried out remains unchanged.

In the center of this immense plaza stands in isolated majesty the medieval Cloth Hall, and near it is a soaring tower, the sole remnant of the fourteenth century Town Hall. Fronting on the westerly side rises the mighty, twin-towered Church of St. Mary and on the others some patrician houses surviving from the times when this was an aristocratic place of residence rather than a center of commerce. All the ingredients of a perfect medieval setting are there. The square might achieve its destiny as a complete presentment of the Middle Ages but for the intrusion of modern business upon the dignity of the surroundings. Offices and shops have sprung up on every hand, tramways converge and motors race by and modern life is everywhere. But even so the Rynek in the morning hours presents a satisfying scene: the peasants arrive with their produce, the market folk erect

their stands and the flower sellers cover the pavement with their fragrant blossoms, as they have done for centuries.

The Cloth Hall—in Polish, Sukiennice—dates from 1391 and was once four separate Gothic buildings. An Italian architect named Padavano rebuilt it in 1557 and grafted high Renaissance motifs on the original Gothic structure, thus really creating a new type of architecture. Again in 1876 there was extensive remodeling. Its Gothic colonnades, outside staircases and decorated façade clothe it with the picturesque qualities of the cloth halls in the wealthy cities of Flanders. In early times costly fabrics and other valuable goods were sold from booths housed under the vaulted interior; today household goods, toys, clothing and souvenirs preempt the ancient quarters of the drapers. A few yards away, set in the pavement of the Market Place, Kosciuszko's slab bears the historic record that in 1794 on this very spot Thaddeus Kosciuszko took the oath of loyalty to the revolution before advancing against the Russians.

More convincing than the Cloth Hall in age and purity of design is the famous Gothic Church of Our Lady, or St. Mary's. The Poles call it "Panna Marya," literally "Miss Mary." Tradition and legend cluster around this ancient house of worship. Situated on the open plaza, without competition in the restrained sky line of the square, its soaring twin towers etch a sublime tracery against the sky; they are visible from any point in the city.

The towers, although they rise side by side, are dissimilar in design and unequal in height. History or legend explains the reason for this and the tragic consequences following their erection. The towers, so goes the tale, were being constructed by two brothers, each after his own design. A prize was offered to the one who would first complete his spire. One of

the brothers, less skillful than the other, found himself steadily falling behind. Filled with a gnawing jealousy, he seized a knife and slew his rival. Then at his leisure he proceeded to make his tower excel the other in height and beauty. Topped by a spiral helmet, surrounded by a ring of graceful turrets and capped by a gilded crown, St. Mary's became the ancient watchtower of the city. If you doubt the truth of this sanguinary tale you can readily find proof of it in the archways of the Cloth Hall; there hanging by a chain is the very knife reputed to have been used in the perpetration of this very gory deed.



Aerial view of the Market Square in Cracow showing the Church of St. Mary, the Cloth Hall and the Town Hall tower.

However, the fame of St. Mary's Tower, which has long since reached beyond the frontiers, comes from something more than height and legend. It results from the perpetuation of a traditional custom that is unique in the world; it is one of the relatively few ancient traditions that have survived in this modern, matter-of-fact civilization, showing that sentiment still lives and does sometimes move the hearts of men. Every hour of the day and night the sweet and haunting notes of a bugle call, known as the *heynal*, ripple from the highest story and always end on a broken note. According to the legend, this ceremony began in the thirteenth century with the Mongolian invasion headed by Genghis Khan. It was a custom of the time for a traditional air to be played hourly in honor of the Virgin, the trumpeters taking an oath, as they continue to do, that they would faithfully perform this task even at the cost of their lives. In those far-off days of 1241 the Tartar horde, having swept through Poland in a whirlwind of death and destruction, at length entered the capital. Some of the terrified inhabitants had fled to the Wawel; others had scattered to the north and west. The trumpeter of the day, faithful to his trust, alone remained to do honor to St. Mary. As he, on the hour, sound-

the brothers, less skillful than the other, found himself steadily falling behind. Filled with a gnawing jealousy, he seized a knife and slew his rival. Then at his leisure he proceeded to make his tower excel the other in height and beauty. Topped by a spiral helmet, surrounded by a ring of graceful turrets and capped by a gilded crown, St. Mary's became the ancient watchtower of the city. If you doubt the truth of this sanguinary tale you can readily find proof of it in the archways of the Cloth Hall; there hanging by a chain is the very knife reputed to have been used in the perpetration of this very gory deed.



The largest and finest Gothic church in Poland, the Church of St. Mary in Cracow is noted for its stained glass windows, its wood carving, its murals and its chapels. The church which dates from the 13th century, stands on the Rynek, the venerable square where the first Christian missionary is said to have preached to a group of sun-worshipping Slavs. Every hour from the tower at the left the famous trumpeter of Cracow played the *heynal*.

ed the hymn of praise, a Tartar arrow found its mark and in the middle of a note the trumpeter fell. In commemoration of his heroism the bugler's call today, as through the centuries, always ends on this same broken note.

Architecturally St. Mary's has no exterior magnificence except for its striking slenderness and height. But beauty clothes its interior and gives it the distinction of being Poland's most beautiful church. Its proportions are magnificent. From without we were hardly prepared for the immense height of the nave which, seen from the floor below, is breathtaking; it is only seven feet lower than that of Strasbourg Cathedral. Happily it has not been destroyed by baroque intrusions even though it did not altogether escape. The touches of baroque in altar and chapel are overwhelmed by the Gothic predominance of the interior walls. In the middle of the seventeenth century the Jesuits of Poland were quick to adopt the decorative style then so prevalent and admired. Not only were many baroque churches erected throughout Poland, but incongruous additions were made to monumental buildings of pure Romanesque, Gothic and Renaissance. The new mode even spread to secular architecture and was adopted in the town mansions of the aristocracy.

The chef d'oeuvre of Panna Marya is its marvelous altar-

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The Cloth Hall by night.

HISTORIC CRACOW MUST NOT SUFFER THE FATE OF WARSAW!



Statue of Copernicus in the courtyard of the Jagiellonian Library in Cracow.

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piece, a colossal, sculptured wood triptych, richly gilded and polychromed, and set against a background of fifteenth century colored mosaic. It is the masterpiece of Wit Stwosz, one of the most famous craftsmen of medieval Europe. The central composition, sculptured in heroic size, shows the death of the Virgin surrounded by the apostles, and on the wings appear realistic carvings representing scenes from the lives of Jesus and Mary. The town clerk, in a record of the transaction which is still on hand, refers to the artist with conscious pride as the "admirably adroit, diligent and well-minded master, whose understanding and fame shine all over Christendom."

It is interesting to remember that St. Mary's was the church of the citizens while the Cathedral was the church of the court and the nobility. Accordingly, its tombs and chapels are of the rich patrician families; those of royalty and nobility appear in the Cathedral.

If the Market Place is the heart of Cracow, certainly Wawel Hill is its soul, and indeed the soul of Poland as well. On this historic eminence overlooking the upper

reaches of the Vistula, which significantly flows on through the countryside and reaches Warsaw, stand the ancient Palace of the Kings, the seat of the government, and the Cathedral—a pantheon of the illustrious sons of Poland. In this sacred mountain are enshrined a thousand years of Polish hopes, ambitions, achievements and memories.

The huddled group of buildings which cap the slight elevation of the Wawel forms a picturesque medley of towers, turrets, domes, gables, walls and spires and represents centuries of alteration and construction. The chief style of the Palace, though by no means the only one, is Italian Renaissance, for after a disastrous fire in 1499 it was rebuilt as a Renaissance palace by Italian architects replacing much of the Gothic structure that was the creation of Wladislaus the Short, Casimir the Great and Jagiello. Sigismund I who ascended the throne in 1506 had married Lady Bona of the great ducal house of Sforza in Milan. She brought with her to Cracow a retinue of Italian scholars, artists and courtiers who were destined to have a profound influence on Polish art and letters. The Palace was reconstructed under these influences as a notable example of Renaissance. A subsequent fire, in 1595, again injured the Palace and the baroque excrescences seen today were added by Sigismund III before he moved the capital to Warsaw.

The building is composed of four wings surrounding a beautiful arcaded courtyard where in earlier times tournaments and pageants were held. This finely proportioned court with its colonnaded galleries and the beautiful Renaissance chambers of the interior give the castle its greatest distinction.

The Palace, now maintained as a museum of royalty, contains more than one hundred rooms. We donned the huge and inevitable slippers of felt and shuffled over the highly polished and exquisitely patterned marble floors. Threading endless corridors we inspected the quarters used by the officials and the gendarmes, those set aside for the court, the apartments of the King, the Hall of Ambassadors, the Senate Chamber, ballrooms, and all the necessary and unnecessary chambers beloved of monarchs and their architects.

The Gothic Cathedral, which in 1320 rose alongside the royal castle, was ordained to be Poland's holy of holies. This historic structure, which has survived fire and pestilence, foreign invasions and civil wars, political upheavals and alien

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A medieval play presented by students of the Jagiellonian University in the 15th century courtyard of its Library Building.

"I LIED TO LIVE"*

by ALEXANDER JANTA

Alexander Janta's "I Lied to Live" is in the words of Rex Stout "a factual report of a man's experience on a typical farm as the war slave of a typical German family." Janta, a world traveller and prominent journalist, was an officer in a Polish division fighting in France. Taken prisoner by the Germans following the collapse of France, he posed as a French soldier, René Monsort, and thus escaped the horrible fate reserved for Poles caught fighting with the French. Assigned to farm labor in a small German village, he worked side by side with "volunteer" laborers from Poland who were completely unaware that he was their countryman.

At the prisoner-of-war camp Janta met a fellow officer and Pole, who was also posing as a French private. The two were sent to the same village, where their acquaintance ripened into friendship.

Unfortunately Leon, or Marcel Bouton as he called himself, accidentally betrayed his identity. The following is a description of his last meeting with Janta on the Schnabel farm. The farmhand referred to as Stasiek is a Pole deported to Germany as a slave laborer.

At that moment I heard heavy steps on the wooden bridge leading to the barn-door. The wagon blocked my view. I was just about to clamber on it when I was checked by the ringing tramp of iron-shod boots belonging not to one person only, but to several. Why, it's almost a detachment, I thought. And I felt a fresh constriction of the heart, and fresh fear arising from an impure conscience.

Someone called me by name, "René!" in a loud voice which resounded through the barn. I saw first the silhouette of Leon, and then that of two German soldiers, our guard with bayonet fixed and an unknown N.C.O. with a revolver-holster at his belt, both looking very stiff and military. I was shocked by the expression on Leon's face, white as a sheet, without a drop of blood.

I was leaning on my pitchfork, and found myself unable to move a step forward. I had the kerchief over my face, and was suddenly glad that it concealed its expression, pallid or flushed, I don't know which.

"He's come to say goodbye," said the guard drily, while the N.C.O. regarded me with cold, persistent intensity from between half-closed eyelids. Leon caught my glance with imploring eyes, set in a dreadful white face. And it was only by my glance that I could speak to him.

He said in French: "They're taking me, it's all over."

But the N.C.O. interrupted him sharply: "Speak German!"

I felt sure they had brought him here in order to test my reaction. Leon caught my hand. His own was cold and quivering. "Tell my comrades . . ." he began—and could not finish.

I spoke from behind the kerchief, in a strange, forced voice, to which I strove to give an indifferent tone. "All right, I will tell them. And you, hold fast. I wish you all the best."

"All the best!" These last words of mine to him continued to choke and suffocate me for many days, for whole weeks. That I could find nothing better to say at such a moment! That I could think of nothing else! That I could not support and cheer him by any advice or any help! All the best! I wanted to laugh and tear the kerchief in front of my mouth and jerk myself free at last from this role of mine, which deprived me of all humanity, making me into a fool and an idiot, with no right to the truth, with no value even for my

*From *I Lied to Live* by Alexander Janta, Roy Publishers, New York, 1944, \$2.75.



Drawing by Feliks Topolski

Alexander Janta as a prisoner of war in Germany.

closest friends. And at such a sad moment as this I forgot the hay and the pitchfork, and rushed to the barn-door to see the silhouette of Leon on the road being led away—where to? My imagination, working feverishly, assured me: "This is the last time, the last time that you will see him. Look, look, and remember." And then the picture enlarged and grew into another dimension: "That is the road you too will have to take. Perhaps you will be led away like that in a few days from now."

I was brought back to my senses by the sight of Stasiek, who had taken the horses to the stable and come back unobserved and had seen the whole spectacle. He was now looking after the departing figures, disturbed in his own fashion, and full of fear.

"Was ist, Rinne?" he asked in an extraordinarily gentle, friendly and alarmed tone.

"You see yourself," I answered, avoiding his glance and keeping my face hidden behind the mask of the kerchief. "They gave him away, they said he was a Pole. There you are." It sounded like an accusation.

"What will they do to him?" asked Stasiek again, humbly and filled with a sense of great misfortune.

"I don't know," I answered shortly. "Nothing good will come of it anyway. I don't know."

We went back to our work, rendered bashful, shaken by our common experience.

"That was a Polish officer," said Stasiek in a sudden rush of grief. "It's very sad. He was one of ours."

The tension of the last two days, their vital substance, sud-

(Please turn to page 15)

Polish Prisoners of War in Germany Send Tokens of Gratitude to American Poles



Polish prisoners of war in Camp VI-B Dössel-Warburg, Germany, have sent gifts to American Poles as a token of gratitude for parcels sent them on behalf of the Polish-American Council in Chicago.

One of these gifts is a mosaic carved by Captain Kazimierz Trzcinski between July 15, 1943 and August 11, 1943. The picture consists of 783 pieces of natural wood—birch, mahogany, ebony, alder, oak, Caucasian walnut, yew, hawthorn, pine, beech, hornbeam, poplar, rosewood, apple, ash, acacia and cherry—carved and composed with only a penknife and a tube of glue.

Another gift from these Polish prisoners of war is an altar to Our Lady of Ostra Brama in Wilno. This altar is made from pieces of old wood and bones collected in the camp kitchen. The ornate figure atop the altar represents St. George garbed in Polish 17th century armor.

"POLAND" EXHIBITION AT THE NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY

(Continued from page 6)

limit itself to the mention of but a few world-famous men and women of Poland: such as Kosciuszko, Sobieski, Marie Sklodowska Curie, Helena Modjeska, Paderewski and Chopin. To one viewing the exhibit the hands of Paderewski are far more eloquent than thick tomes and musical scores. A treasure of the exhibit is a letter written by Chopin to a friend in which he states: "I was paid 300 francs for the tarantella and 500 for the bolero . . . in Heaven's name, take care of my manuscript . . ."

In the group of historic and cultural works there are among others Raymond Leslie Buell's *Poland—Key to Europe* and the excellent anthology of Polish democratic thought published in 1943 in New York, *For Your Freedom and Ours*.

Modern Polish writers are widely read and understood in the Western world today. Who of us does not know *Quo Vadis* of Sienkiewicz, *The Peasants* of Reymont, and Wittlin's *Salt of the Earth*. The literature group is composed chiefly of translations of masterpieces from Polish literature ranging from Kochanowski, through Mickiewicz, Slowacki, Krasinski and Fredro to Reymont and Wittlin.

On the wall in the exhibit corridor hang two beautiful drawings by the contemporary Polish artist, Zdzislaw Czeremanski: "September 1939-44," and "Poles at Monte Cassino."

The last part of the exhibition deals with the Polish Underground. In 1939, after further open resistance proved impossible, Poland went underground. Her armies—those still on Polish soil—took to the forests or lost themselves in remote cities and villages where they continued the struggle. An underground deputy government was established with full power to function secretly. Underground courts keep law and order—but not German "order."

Around the newly published book by Jan Karski—*Story of a Secret State*—a series of pamphlets, leaflets and Underground periodicals, both Polish and Jewish, as well as photographs and anthologies of Underground poets are grouped. Perhaps the most shocking is the pamphlet entitled *A Year in Tremblinka* by Jankiel Wiernik, published in 1944 in Underground Warsaw about the Tremblinka Death Camp.

The purpose of this exhibition of Polish books and books about Poland is to acquaint the American public with Polish history and culture, and to show the important role that the New York Public Library can play in the future as the repository of priceless Polish books and documents. Today no one can foresee the extent of devastation wrought on Polish libraries. The archives of the New York Public Library will prove priceless assets to the future of Polish learning, for even today this library already fulfills the function of a Polish research library.

Poles Advance on Hollandsch Diep in the Netherlands



Polish soldiers, fighting side by side with Allied troops on the Western Front, shell an important city in Holland preparatory to taking it by storm.



Poles view with interest victory signs they found on the walls of Breda, key Dutch city. The Dutch put out these signs as the Poles entered the town. Dutch clogs and brooms appear on these posters.

HISTORIC CRACOW MUST NOT SUFFER THE FATE OF WARSAW!

(Continued from page 10)

enslavements, holds all that Poland loves and reveres. Here sleep the patron saint of the Poles, the elective monarchs and the hereditary kings of every dynasty, the great heroes of the state; here the kings were crowned, here prayers were offered for victory in battle, here services of thanksgiving took place after triumphs in conflict. The Cathedral on the Wawel is the Westminster Abbey of Poland, enshrining within its walls the whole of Polish history.

We were overwhelmed by the record of history and achievement which confronted us within these walls. Under a canopy, in a silver sarcophagus borne by sculptured angels, stands a memorial wrought by Peter von der Rennen in 1671. In it are preserved the ashes of St. Stanislaus, Bishop of Cracow, the patron saint of the Poles who died by the hand of King Boleslaus before the altar in 1079.

In the Cathedral, too, lies King Wladislaus Jagiello whose ascent of the throne in the fourteenth century united Lithuania and Poland and founded a dynasty which survived for two hundred years; and the monument of King Stephen Batory, one of the greatest of Polish monarchs, who extended the borders of Poland to their widest dominion. Adjoining is the throne of red marble used by him during the celebration of Mass. Monuments of kings, queens and prelates form a stately procession in the chapels and around the walls of the edifice.

Below, in the Romanesque crypt, the tombs of the great continue. This vaulted chamber, consisting of nave and aisles, is the most ancient part of the Cathedral. Consecrated in 1110 during the reign of Boleslaus the Wry-mouthed, except for the tombs which have solemnly been added in its silent chamber, it is exactly as that monarch saw it more than eight hundred years ago. Lighted by lamps fashioned like golden coronets, it is a simple and impressive pantheon. In this hallowed sanctuary sleeps Casimir the Great, the "Founder of Cities," who at his death in 1370 left behind him many magnificent churches and public buildings in the towns which he developed; who made Cracow an outdoor museum of the architecture of his period and of whom a proverb says "he found a Poland of wood and left behind one of brick." And here sleep King John Sobieski, the conqueror of the Turks before Vienna; Thaddeus Kosciuszko, hero of the American Revolution and of the war for Polish freedom; Prince Joseph Poniatowski, nephew of the last king of Poland, general in the Polish army of liberation and marshal of France under Napoleon; and lesser kings, queens, princes, princesses, literary figures and statesmen. The last to join these solemn ranks was the illustrious Pilsudski, the maker of modern Poland, whose coffin, like Napoleon's at the Invalides, rests at a level below the eye, so that one may contemplate his heroic deeds undisturbed by conflicting elements.

This mighty Cathedral on the Wawel, as spiritual overlord, surveys the domes and spires of a host of edifices. Touched by her benign influence they sprang into life to serve the needs of successive generations. Such a multitude of churches, convents, monasteries, shrines of kings and saints, miraculous paintings, objects of religious veneration and

schools of learning have become a living part of Cracow that it is sometimes called the "Polish Rome." Today nearly fifty churches and more than thirty convents and monasteries are part of its heritage. The pious may worship in churches old and new, under Gothic arches or twentieth century vaulting; may meditate in cloisters embellished with medieval frescoes or kneel in the mellow light of stained glass designed by modern artists.

There are many synagogues too. The patriarch of them all is a fine Gothic building dating from the fourteenth century, known as the "Old Synagogue." From windows high in the castle walls we looked down over the center of the Jewish houses of worship. The Kazimierz—or Casimiria, as this district is called—has been the Jewish quarter of the city for many centuries. Founded as a separate town by Casimir the Great in the fourteenth century and subsequently drawn into the expanding city, it became Cracow's Jewish suburb. Under the persecutions of other countries, the Jews found a welcome in Poland and, migrating there, in time formed substantial groups in most of the important cities.

Cracow, predominant in ecclesiastical affairs, has also been an educational center; her University, during many hundreds of years, has contributed to the culture of many nations. Having as his aim the education of political leaders so that law, order and greater democracy of life might be served, Casimir the Great founded in Cracow an Academy of Sciences. In this way the University had its beginning; it was the second to be established in Central Europe.

From this modest beginning the Academy in Cracow was developed into a university in the reign of King Wladislaus Jagiello, Queen Jadwiga bequeathing her personal fortune for its endowment and enlargement. After the Queen's death, Jagiello bought the present property and moved the University there from its original site in Kazimierz. In honor of these royal donors the name of the institution was changed to Jagiellonian University.

The architectural gem of the University is the building which in 1492 replaced the group of small houses, heretofore constituting the seat of learning, which had been destroyed by fire. Its Gothic courtyard is its real *pièce de résistance*. A cloisterlike colonnade surrounds the court; surmounting this is a carved stone balcony, which gives access to the various rooms of the building, and overhead are finely sculptured stone windows. Opening out from some of these are balconies and staircases. A full-length statue of Nicholas Copernicus, the great Polish astronomer and the University's most illustrious son, stands on a high pediment in the center of the court.

This early building, which is inadequate for the present needs of the University, now houses the Jagiellonian Library. Its noted collection began to take form in 1400 and today has more than a million items, consisting of ancient and modern books, priceless manuscripts, atlases, engravings, incunabula, bindings and other treasures. One of its possessions is the most famous globe in Europe. This golden sphere, equipped with a watchwork made in 1509, shows for the first time the newly discovered continent of America.

POLISH-GERMAN FRONTIER

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A NIGHT OFF THE DODECANESE ISLANDS (FROM THE LOG OF ORP KRAKOWIAK)

(Continued from page 7)

Then the British destroyer in the lead opened the attack with a salvo from all its batteries. Flare shells lit up the whole port and even paled the moon. About half a mile away straight ahead of us in a little valley between two mountains was the town and port of K. There were enemy ships anchored at its pier. Our batteries immediately directed their fire toward the nearest one. A few salvos and it listed, flames bursting from its holds. Still the enemy held his fire. The Germans did not betray their strength by a single shot.

We were directly offshore. The guns of all three destroyers kept up their murderous barrage. In the light of exploding shells, we could see the stumps of the piers and ruins of the port installations.

This was war. Our gun crews tried to fire only at the port proper, in order to spare the town and the people who were not Germans. But many shells ricocheted from the cliffs and fell into the peaceful sleeping hamlet. The place where such a shell struck was always marked by a purple fountain of fire mixed with flying brick and rubble. But we had no time to think of that. Our task was to keep the enemy from executing his plans. We were proud that we—Poles—cooperating with the British in the fifth year of the war, thousands of miles from our borders could deal such mortal blows to the Germans.

Every little while I heard the voice of the captain in the speaking tube:

"Range so and so . . . fire"—or—"Fire more rapidly." Our artillery was hopping to it in order to get at the enemy more accurately, more quickly so that the Germans would have good cause to remember us Poles.

The shore batteries remained silent. The Germans wanted at all costs to conceal their positions and strength. The attack became a long drawn out affair. It was already 11 p.m. Our guns fired incessantly. We shelled everything that might help the enemy in future actions against us.

"I LIED TO LIVE"

(Continued from page 11)

denly summed up in those simple words, affected me keenly and caught me by the throat. I could not utter another word; I was in danger of bursting into tears. That would have relieved the tension, and given me relief. But at all costs I must keep myself from giving way to such an attack of weakness. My task was not yet finished. The certainty of the blow just delivered, of the catastrophe which had just befallen us, took the place of the disquieting suppositions and guesses which had preceded. I was left alone. I must continue to go on, to wear an appearance of calm, and to hold out, despite myself.

* * *

About a fortnight after he had been taken away, one day during the potato harvest we were sitting at table for our midday meal. No one spoke a word. It was one of those hasty meals eaten with the consciousness that work was impatiently waiting. Schnabel was not at home. But he returned from town unexpectedly before dinner was finished. He looked triumphant. He did not take off his hat or put down the parcels he was carrying, but called out from the doorway: "I have interesting news for you." And suddenly he turned to me and without any introduction or preparation, in the tone of an ordinary, almost joyful announcement, he threw the words in my face:

"Your friend has been shot."
A piece of bread I was just swallowing stuck in my throat. I don't know what for or why, but I suddenly stood up from the table and immediately sat down again. The effect was

Fifteen minutes before midnight there were two great explosions off our starboard bow. The enemy had at last answered our fire. German planes had come to help the shelled port.

"Retreat—destroyers are to proceed one after another in single file formation." The *Krakowiak* already shook from the explosion of shells and bombs that fell all about us. Then there was silence again. We were ploughing along at top speed, for we had to cross 150 miles of enemy waters. Along the way there were a dozen or more islands bristling with enemy coastal batteries that had to be avoided. Overhead was the full moon and the enemy planes that followed closely in our wake. The sole thought any of us had was to get out alive, and especially not to fall into the Germans' hands as prisoners.

About 3 a.m. one of the British destroyers suddenly slowed down. It reported over the radio that it was hit and could no longer proceed under its own power.

"Where, how, when?" our radio operator demanded, for we had seen no explosion although we were steaming along beside them. It turned out that the bomb from a dive-bomber had struck it, but had failed to explode immediately. No one had been hurt. We had to go to their aid for the ship was helpless. The other British ship had thrown it a tow rope while we screened them both from enemy attacks. We could no longer go at full speed.

Dawn was still a good two hours away. We had to conserve ammunition, for once it was light the Germans might find us again, and we could not count on any help yet. We were all completely exhausted.

At daybreak German planes attacked again and again. But on the horizon we saw colored flares. Our own pursuit ships, speeding to our aid, let us know of their presence. We were saved. Two hours later we received a message from the Admiralty:

"Well done!"

overwhelming, not only for me. Mrs. Schnabel clapped her hands. "It's impossible! It's dreadful!" she said. But no one followed her. Granny remarked that what had happened was right and proper. He was supposed to have murdered Germans in Poland. He was supposed to be a spy. The atmosphere at table was one of silent, cold severity. We all sat like a court of justice after sentence has been passed.

But Schnabel had no intention of missing his effect. After he had put down his parcels and taken off his hat he came up to me and said mordantly: "I see that you are very much disturbed by the fate of this criminal disguised as a prisoner-of-war. That's strange. *Das war ja nur eine Pole* (That was only a Pole after all). What does it matter to the French?"

I retained sufficient control over myself to be able to answer as harshly and sharply as I could:

"For us he was a comrade. Is that enough?"

It was enough, for Schnabel said no more.

The Poles sat in silence. I could not look them in the face. It was only when the tension of our common experience had passed and we had returned to work that I heard how Wanda said to Stasiek:

"Did you see how pale he got, that Frenchman? And how he stood up? I thought he was going to fall."

To which Stasiek replied, whether out of contrariness, or to hide his own feelings:

"I thought he was going to spring at the chief."

"He must be a sensitive fellow to stand up for the Pole like that. He said he was his comrade, did you understand? The French are not the worst people in the world, what do you think, Stasiek?"

TOMASZ ARCISZEWSKI, NEW POLISH PREMIER OUTLINES HIS PROGRAM

(Continued from page 2)

our eastern neighbor, an invaluable year's time to prepare their defense.

"The Polish Government will work untiringly on the further development of the Polish Armed Forces, whose victories on land, air and sea have made the name of Poland famous throughout the world. The crosses on the graves of Polish airmen who gave their lives in defense of the British Isles and immemorable air battles over the continent, the graves of Polish soldiers at Tobruk, Monte Cassino, Fallaise, Chambois, Arnhem, and so many other places in which they fought, the lonely deaths of so many of the sailors of our Navy and Merchant service on the seven seas—this is the contribution of the Polish Nation in all theaters of the war.

"Poles from our homeland, from their places of exile, and all the remote corners of the world wherever they happen to be, have flocked to the armed forces of fighting Poland. In Poland itself our whole Nation has risen in arms ever since the first day of war and is maintaining its resistance against the very cruel oppressor occupying Poland. Battles of the Home Army in every Polish province—the unforgettable Siege of Warsaw in 1939, the rising of the Warsaw Ghetto, which in those days was the most cruelly suffering part of the cruelly suffering city of Warsaw, and lastly the unique rising in our capital in 1944, paid for by her annihilation—this is the contribution of the Polish Nation to the struggle against Germany.

"As the war nears its end, the Government is faced with the urgent task of laying the foundations of our internal regime. We shall work at rebuilding Poland as a political and social democracy in the fullest sense of this term. In the very near future the Government will submit to the President for his signature an Electoral Law which will secure universal, equal, secret and direct voting and maintain the principle of proportional representation.

"The task of the first Diet—the Sejm—elected in accordance with this law in a Poland free from foreign occupation, will be to give our country a new democratic constitution. We consider as no less urgent the promulgation of laws guaranteeing the fundamental rights and liberties of the citizen, of all citizens, irrespective of their race, nationality or religion. In the very near future we shall conclude our legislative measures concerning the carrying out of agrarian reform, which were begun several months ago, the tenor of which has been agreed upon by the Council of National Unity at home.

"It is also the purpose of my Government in close touch with our home country to elaborate upon the laws necessary to provide a firm basis for planned economy both in industry and agriculture. The Government, over which I have the great honor to preside, will be the true spokesman for our home country which, for six years is still fighting against the invader with the utmost sacrifice, and heroism. That it will be such a truthful spokesman will be guaranteed by the fact that I arrived directly from Poland and that for five years I was a member of the supreme underground authority at home.

"In addition to myself, there are other members of my Government who are in exactly similar positions. My Government will continue to maintain with utmost care close contact with our political center and with our underground Parliament and Government at home. Ever since the outbreak of this war Poland has been fighting for the restoration of her existence as a State, for her independence, for the democratic future of the Polish Nation, for freedom and the brotherly cooperation of all the peace loving nations of the world. To these war aims, for which the Polish Nation suffered the loss of millions of men and women, we shall remain in close contact with our home country—faithful until victory is won."