Sarmatian

Vol. II.—No. 16 MAY, 1947 *Quarterly* 15c

Truth crushed to earth shall rise again;
The eternal years of God are here;
But error, wounded, writhes with pain,
And dies among his worshippers.

—William Cullen Bryant

SARMATIA INTERNATIONAL

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Issued by SARMATIA INTERNATIONAL

MAY, 1947
Vol. 2, No. 16
Quarterly ..15c
Yearly 50c

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COVER ..

May 3rd, Poland's National Holiday, reverts to the year 1791 in her memorable history when the nobles and peasants united for their mutual welfare. Poland received the plaudits of the freedom-loving peoples of the world for her democratic Constitution, an historical document. The cover of the Polish Eagle drawn by Miss Wanda Zajac is used to commemorate that day.

Poland's Constitution Day

By *Leopold S. Sobanski*

(The Third of May)

★

Its words are those of Freedom
Its birth of Poland's Wise,
It has remained a dictum
No moral thought defies.

★

"Veni, vidi, vici," (I came, I saw, I conquered) was a message received by the friends of Caesar as he successfully routed Pharnaces Ponticus at the first assault.

"Venimus, vidimus, Deus vicit," (We went, we saw, God conquered) was the message sent to the Vatican by John Sobieski, King of Poland, when he defeated the Turks at Vienna and thus saved Christian Europe from the flood of Islam.

Each message pronounced the character of two great men. One was written in the boisterous tone of a Roman and the other with the pious simplicity of a characteristic Pole. One was based on egotism and the other on love of God. Caesar fought and conquered for the sake of laurels and glory, and Sobieski for the love of God and religious freedom.

John Sobieski personified the freedom-loving Pole who despised aggression or invasion but fought religiously for the moral rights of humanity, the conviction that all men are equal to whom FREEDOM is a heritage that only death can destroy. He symbolized the Pole who cared not and cares not for the expansion of his country's boundaries at the expense of enslaving other peoples.

His nation always strived to live in accord with his neighbors as the love of God taught it the principles of peace. His nation was reluctant in forming huge armies—an argument of every statesman as the only security against war—as it believed this would create a martial spirit in a nation, breed fear among its neighbors and finally lead to war.

This belief was so strong that her neighbors—Russia, Austria and Prussia—took advantage of the unpreparedness, joined their forces and helped themselves to a portion of Poland's territory, under a guise of bringing order into a chaotic state.

This treacherous absorption of her soil awoke the spirit of the Pole. It brought reforms in the state—education was improved; an army reconstitued; arts, science and literature flourished and a new constitution was designed. These great steps forward ended in an outbreak on May 3, 1791, when the reformers achieved their goal.

The birth of this historical document was acclaimed by the freedom-loving people of the world. It received the praise of Edmund Burke, that great orator of Ireland, the recognition from the monarchists as well as the revolutionists of France, the best wishes and congratulatory messages from the Vatican, the plaudits from America and the admiration from Sweden who compared it to its own great reforms. It was honored by Holland by its issue of a commemorative medal to observe the Constitution's birth. Newspapers and magazines offered printed laurels and wreathes to this parchment of historical, human attainment.

The Constitution contained eleven articles agreed upon by the nobility and peasantry of Poland, who, unlike revolutionary France, united to a common end. It could not be changed save by the will of the people. It comprised of Article I—Religion; Article II—The

Gentry; Article III—The Burghers; Article IV—The Peasants; Article V—The Government; Article VI—The Legislature; Article VII—The Executive; Article VIII—The Judiciary; Article IX—The Regency; Article X—Education of the Royal Children; and, Article XI—National Army.

It came into being 156 years ago, and became the foundation of the Polish Constitution of 1919 after the catastrophic World War I. This new document was accepted as the most democratic agreement in Europe.

It, was the Constituion of 1791—that glowing ember of Freedom—that changed into a torch and continued to light the spirit of every Pole, and consumed the encroachment of Poland's enemies.

May this parchment rest immortal
In the heart of every Pole
E'er remain the Freedom's portal
And the idol of its soul!

May it be the base of nation
Where men equal is the goal
Where the men each rank—station
Has the right to leading role!

May it be a proof most certain
For a peace forevermore
'Pon all war lower the curtain
Be the goddess men adore!

May it seal a tyrant's power
'Gainst aggression and its creed.
Claim it supreme at this hour
When its presence is our need!

The Past, at Least, Is Secure

By *Eric P. Kelly*

THAT the suppression of Polish expression came with the unfortunate episodes of German and Russian domination in Poland is a particularly vicious evil no one can deny, but the case is not quite so bad as it might have been had not Poland had the opportunity to develope a magnificent system of education before 1939. In those years between 1918 and 1939, Polish minds blossomed into a magnificent fruition following the drab period of enslavement between 1795 and 1918, in which years, however, the outpourings of talent were in a sense comparatively served as models for intellectual growth universally.

But the geniuses and men and women of talent were in a sense comparatively few. The general uplift in educational and intellectual pursuits came with freedom and the establishment of a general and genuine school system. As the writer Boleslawski remarked of the period before 1918, the frustrations of daily existence upset the delicate mental balance of many scholars and scientists who might have achieved world greatness, while still others, with intellectuality not to be denied, spent their lives pursuing strange fantasies not of this world, as was the case of the Krakow intellectual who gave lectures on a cosmogony in which the Copernican theory was denied.

Yet under the rather mild system of Austrian control as compared with the restrictions laid by German and Russian school authorities within their partitioned limits, the University of Krakow, that star in the crown of Polish learning, continued along somewhat in

its old fashion. With freedom of expression, investigation, and discussion, that university managed to turn out continually a whole stream of inspired teachers who crossed over into the other parts of Poland and kept free learning alive.

Thus when Poland went on its way anew in 1918 it was the University of Krakow that furnished the mental stimulus to many other universities—Vilno, Lublin, Warsaw, Lwów had been fortunate in its institution in coming under Austrian rather than under Russian or German rule and like Krakow was able to furnish teachers, ideas, and even books, which took on a new significance under the Ossolinski Institute and Library and which in later years revolutionized the entire system of reading books in all Polish secondary schools. Anyone who is familiar with the older and more common type of reading book in Poland, as Professor Coleman once pointed out, recognizes immediately the value of the Ossolinski type of book. The early reading books were entirely rural—bees, bears, wheat, lumber, threshing; the later books were more typically modern, full of good reproductions of photographs describing Poland's places of interest, pictures of mines, harbors, machines, and automobiles.

The desire for learning swept into a passionate flame in the years immediately following the First World War. Like a vast wheel encircling all Poland and whirling ever faster and faster, the growth of schools went on. Out of the cellars of Warsaw and Lublin and Vilno came the schoolmistresses with their flocks—out into the open where now the children could talk of their country freely, where they could receive letters from children in foreign schools, where they could sing their own hymns and songs without fear of Cossack police. But the center of this wheel, the axle and hub, were in Krakow, where the continuity of learning ran back to 1350 and even earlier, where still existed that enthusiastic, vital spirit of learning that marked studies in the period before the Renaissance, and continuing ever onward into a new age that had much to learn from the old.

As a student in the University of Krakow I felt the solidarity and worth of learnng much more keenly than I had ever felt it in an American school or university. Learning as such, unified through a basis of Philosophy, projected itself into the Twentieth Century unaffected by the more loosely bound diversions which came in with the Renaissance. American universities go back only to 1630 or thereabouts. They have never passed through the unified process that went with Scholasticism. And if Scholasticism did become dusty, if it did concern itself with weighty discourses sometimes over more or less trifling subjects, it taught that all learning was One—all learning grew out of the single trunk of Philosophy.

Think how important this is! And, incidentally, it seemed to characterize the basis of Polish teaching. In an American College the student elect separately English, Chemistry, Languages, Biography, Comparative Literature or the like, with no bonds between to bind the whole program together. A student who entered Krakow in my day was confronted with the proposition that a philosophical consideration lay at the base of all his studies—it need not be Aristotle or Plato, or it might be. Possibly it was Descartes or possibly it was the whole philosophic consideration of the search

for Truth or Reality. The realities of certain Generalities as compared with the transient qualities of Particulars—something which divided the earlier universities into two classes—this comparative view was presented to the student at once, so that he felt himself in a new world, a world of ideas, rather than a world of material things, perishable in themselves, and under such stimulus recognized the Oneness of all learning.

These Poles, denied free scholarship in 125 years took to learning with a passion, denied themselves luxuries and even necessities in order to follow chosen courses. Krakow quickly outgrew its bounds, Warsaw spread into an enormous institution of learning; Lublin, Vilno, and Lwów were absolutely swamped. The spirit grew at the same time through the whole educational system, high schools and grammar schools, with new buildings, new grounds for sports and health programs, new particular schools, mechanic arts, agriculture, hospital training, social training and the like. Yet beneath it all lay what Professor Halecki calls the glory of Polish learning, the innate love of the true Humanities.

Twenty years of it! And twenty years that were full enough to be twenty centuries. The pent-up outpourings of 125 dry years, the exercise of intellectual curiosity that knew no bounds. Buildings in all the towns, children marching in lines from schools to museums and concerts, visiting professors from Paris, New York, Chicago, Montreal,—everywhere the desire for knowledge, the thirsty quest of information once denied! It was amazing; to an American who took his schooling as a thing for granted, almost at times a necessary evil, the example was astounding. The pride of small children in learning to read, the struggle of poverty-stricken youth to enter the golden kingdom, the efforts of the sick or wounded to finish studies and get a degree before one died. Students of all races and classes, from cities, from towns, occupying in the term session all the empty cellars, the spare monastery rooms — some even sleeping for a time under the market baskets in the Cloth Hall!

And by the Thirties the effects were beginning to show. New buildings rising up everywhere, new dormitories adjoining college grounds — even a student-supported hospital in Zakopane for those who needed medical care! New books, modern methods, telescopes, laboratory outfits—if ever a republic justified itself by giving attention to the mental development of its people certainly Poland did. Linguists, scientists, authors, political leaders, journalists—all these had begun to emerge in those brilliant twenty years.

Freedom of speech, freedom of opinion, freedom to choose the way of life they chose, freedom of discussion, freedom of religion, freedom from national persecution—the class rooms rang with discussions; the clubs fairly sizzled with the enthusiasm of young people and their teachers. Before the libraries every morning, long lines stood waiting for books; in halls of the towns lecturers from the universities passed on the contagion to those not able to attend classes. Student political groups marched with their banners. Poland had once again come into her own, the Poland of the inquisitive mind, the Poland of the zealous search for truth, the Poland of intellectual accomplishment.

But hark-roaring like the guns in a Chopin suite come the dissentions from East and West. In a moment more, the

hordes have swept in more cruelly than did Batu Khan in the Thirteenth Century. To prison camps go the intellectual leaders. To the gas-filled cars go the dwellers of Kazimierz. On the bonfires of Nazi fanaticism go the volumes in vellum that contain the wisdom of ages, the works of Długosz, the comments of Jan Kanty, the scrawls of Twardowski, the letters of Joseph Conrad, the maps of Stobnicza, the globe of Martin Behem. And across the plains of Siberia or into the lands of India, or across the ocean to the New World go those who made this land great. The valiant souls who could remain and fight perished in the by-streets of Warsaw. Polish culture roared up into flame amidst a huge conflagration that swept away the ancient bases and the modern monuments.

But—that certain everlasting quality of Polish culture, that life and vitality which have enabled it to live amidst the most devastating conditions, persists everywhere that a Pole is found. It is such a precious thing, seemingly fragile, capable of bending before storms, rising up when trampled down, emerging freshly after disasters which might well have broken down any culture. In the life of a college or university, professors usually believe and students come to believe in the reality of metaphysical values, decency, honesty, beauty, fairness, order and law in the universe and life; time and space, like all material concepts, are not substantial and pass away. Polish culture has proven itself a reality, despite the efforts in hostile centuries to destroy it. And being a reality, it will persist; indeed, being tried by the present attacks, it will undoubtedly emerge stronger than before.

Note: *I am perfectly willing to accept error on my statement about the destruction of books and treasures in the Jagiellonska Library, but I know, in general, that certain books were either stolen from it or burned; if however, as has happened before, certain loyal souls removed those books and secreted them before the German invasion, it will certainly be a delight to us all.*

E. P. K.

Janina Federkiewicz, the Artist

JANINA Dąbrowska Federkiewicz was born in Poland, near Warsaw, in 1901. When she was thirteen years of age, she came to the United States, later marrying Dr. John J. Federkiewicz of Dorchester, Mass. After graduating from the De Benedictis School of Art in Boston, Mass., she became a member of the Boston Art Club, the Copley Society, and the De Benedictis Art Club. She held a number of "one man's show" exhibitions in Boston and Stamford, Conn., and also participated in many exhibits in various cities.

Mr. A. J. Hillpot, the eminent art critic of Boston, once wrote: "There is something very distinctive in her work, due undoubtedly to her Polish heritage. Mrs. Federkewicz is not merely a portrait painter, she is an all-round artist. The delicacy of her artistic sense—especially of her color sense—is really revealed in her flower and still-life paintings. There is something exquisite in the color arrangement of the little painting 'Nasturtiums.' It is beautifully balanced, is luminous and finely painted. The same is true of

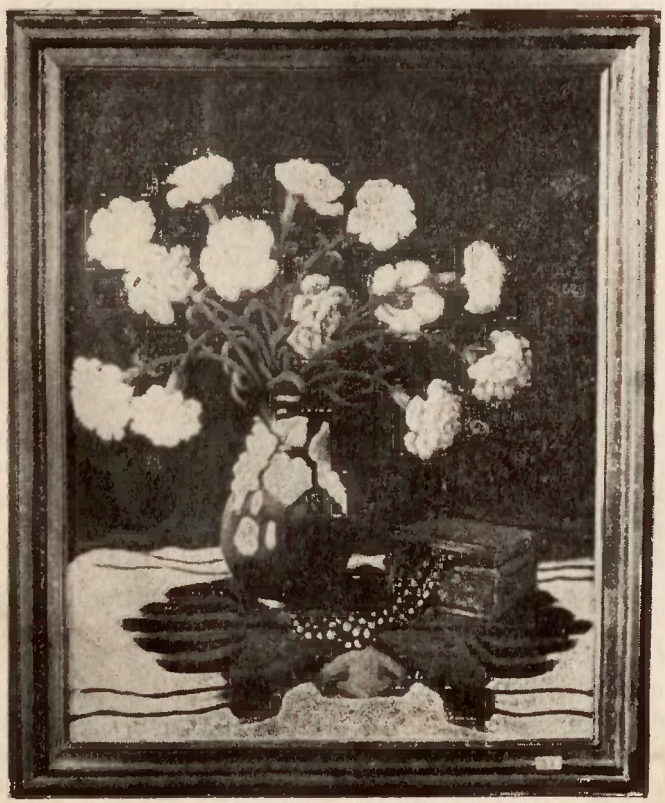
'Carnations.' That painting took a prize and well deserved it."

A portrait "Danusia", the daughter of Mrs. Federkiewicz, hangs in the Hall of Nations, Museum of Fine Arts in Asbury Park, N. J. At the time the portrait was painted, Danusia, the only child of Dr. and Mrs Federkiewicz, was a little girl in kindergarten; today, she is in the graduating class of Simmons College, a School of Science in Boston. She is also a member of the Boston "Krakowianki" and holds a vice-presidency in the Polish Students Club of Boston. During her high school studies, she attended the New England Conservatory of Music where she studied piano.

The creative ability of Mrs. Federkiewicz is not confined to paintings alone. During the Second World War, she made no less than 150 dolls, representing all national costumes of Polish peasantry and nobility, for the benefit of the Polish Relief Fund, and some of her dolls have found places in the collections of art lovers all over the country.

She was also active in a number of U. S. O's and Daughters of Poland, and held chairmanship in the Dorchester branch of the American Red Cross.

Her latest achievement can be admired in paintings on china, pottery and glass. Here she portrays different Polish National dances, flower arrangements and biblical episodes.



★

"CARNATIONS"
by
Janina Federkiewicz
Boston, Mass.

★

★

"POLISH PEASANT GIRL OF CRACOW"

by
Janina Federkiewicz
Boston, Mass.

★

The Heritage

(Dedicated to Sarmatia International)

No man may love the beauty of his race
Unless he knows the path by which it came,
Unless he knows that blood-washed hallowed place
Where histories of the ages call his name—
Where footsteps of his fathers traced the soil
From sun's arising to the moon's wane,
With hieroglyphics attesting the toil
Of harvesting and sowing the grain.
O knowledge born of beauty, bearing love,
O threefold priceless heritage of man,
Man fit to arm and wear the bright shield of
Wisdom—and walk among her royal clan.
Unless he touch his fingers to the pain,
Can man have knowledge—nor be born again.

—Victoria Janda

Curse of Injustice

By Monsignor Bolesław A. Bojanowski

JESUS Christ, nailed to the cross, exclaimed: "My God, My God, why hast Thou forsaken Me?" Upon such complaint the sun eclipsed, the earth quaked. It was indeed a dolorous complaint: it was transcendentally dolorous. Heaven of Angels and of Saints will not comprehend it in their infinite meditation. Even Hell, in its hatred, will not explain it away. Only thoughtlessness of human beings can forget it or disregard it.

Can anybody, in wildest imagination, discover some physical pain which Jesus Christ did not suffer?

But there were also the moral pains: crucifixion was regarded then as a most contemptible death.

Now I take liberty to put a question: Why has Jessus Christ, true God and true Man, suffered so much? There have been philosophers who asserted that any minimum of pain of Jesus Christ would suffice to redeem mankind. These philosophers missed a very essential point in Redemption. Jesus Christ made many miracles: the people have been wondering at Jesus' miracles; they were crowding around Jesus Christ either out of curiosity or for some material help. But they were not eager to take His teaching because His teaching aimed at the reformation of human character according to the commandments of the moral laws revealed on Mount Sinai. This Revelation was rather supplementary because these laws have been inscribed in human conscience. It cannot be forgotten that Hammurabi, a Babylonian king, composed a code of laws based upon the moral laws. It should also be remembered that Nabuchodonosor, a Babylonian king called himself god just to assume authority to negate these laws.

On the Calvary Jesus Christ denuded sin. It became evident that sin is revolutionary malice against God; thus it is nothing else but Hell. On the Calvary Jesus Christ explained the equivalent meaning of love, and this coequality is nothing else but a sacrifice of human egotism, or egoism, called also superiority complex. Such sacrifice effectuates freedom of human intellect: a freedom from prejudice. Such freedom accomplishes nobleness which means intellectual love. In such nobleness, obedience to natural moral laws, and obedience to Revelation of Divine truths, brought by Jesus Christ, become the sincere and effective postulate of human character.

Revelation and Redemption of Jesus Christ have been established for all human beings up to the end of the world. Consequently His Revelation and His Redemption must have been confined to somebody elected by Himself and through some institution established by Himself. Saint Peter and His successors replaced Jesus Christ as the custodians of Revelation. The Bishops replaced the Apostles to administer the Redemption. The institution established by Jesus Christ was called the Church, to teach Revelation and to administer Redemption through the special spiritual medicine called Sacraments.

Once I had a strange experience rather a strange luck. In one library, in Saint Petersburg, now called Leningrad, I casually discovered a book titled "The Birth of Anti-Christ." I do not remember the name of the author of this book, but I do remember that the book was written in the 16th Century and the author specified the time of birth of anti-Christ, namely,

1913. Of course, the author did not give the name of the anti-Christ; he did not specify whether his anti-Christ would be an individual or some organization. The author simply pictured vividly the activities of anti-Christ. These activities could be summarized, rather defined, as love of wickedness.

Strange as it may seem, yet it is a truism that Poland, on her highly strategic, geographic position, has always been a test and defender of the moral natural values of the nations in the Western Culture. For at least 900 years, Poland had been defending the Western Culture against Asiatic barbarians pouring into Europe. In the 18th Century, Poland was dismembered by Russia, Prussia, and Austria just because Poland has been officially Catholic though in Poland other Christian and non-Christian religions enjoyed freedom. Catholic Austrian Empress Maria Theresa, participated in this dismemberment. But she protested against "such crime for which the posterity will pay dearly." She took her share in dismemberment of Poland just for the purpose to save, on this territory, Poland's Catholic Culture.

Our Presdent Wilson restored some of Poland after the First World War. Yet in the Yalta Conference, during the Second World War, Poland again was dismembered for so-called historical reasons *not known* in history. In the Yalta Conference, it was argued that Poland was a corridor for Germans to attack Russians. I emphasize, that such facts never happened. In the First World War, Poland did not exist as a nation. In the Second World War, Poland was defeated by combined German and Russian military forces. Yet Polish people in exile recruited the army which gave eight months, at least, for the Allied Nations to recruit and to train their armies. Moreover this Polish army was commanded to fight at the most important, at the most difficult, at the most dangerous places, Famous Monte Cassino was only one instance from among many daredevil accomplishments of the Polish military forces. They were fighting not as the slaves: they were assured that Poland, an "inspiration of Allied Nations", will be restored. Yet in the Yalta and in the Potsdam Conference, Poland was sold down the river on the whimsical pretext that Polish people in Poland in their free election will decide whether they prefer to retain their Western Culture or to reject it. We know the procedure and the results of this election.

In his book, "Defeat in Victory", former Ambassador Jan Ciechanowski proved England's and our defeat in our victory. But there must have been some definite cause of such defeat: of England's and our defeat. Again Poland points out this cause, namely, Poland was officially Catholic, and because of that, Poland was sold down the river: such injustice defeated us.

The famous famine in Ireland and famous deceit of Poland are very characteristic prophetically. Justice marches sometimes slowly but always effectively Now England ceased to be an empire. We were defeated in international relations.

Poland will revive even if there survive a few hundred thousands of people from about 36,000,000 population before the Second World War. Calvary of Jesus Christ with His Revelation must be victorious.

The peoples, in their histories, have made for themselves too many painful calvaries by their thoughtlessness or by their love of wickedness. Some additional calvary of theirs, will bring them into Revelation and Redemption estab-

lished by Jesus Christ on His Calvary. But it is wishful thinking to expect that peace can be established now: some catastrophe cannot be ostraczed as catastrophe cannot be ostracized as justice cannot be banished.

In the Realm of Polish Grand Opera *By Władysław Borzęcki*

Being the editor of the POLISH MORNING WORLD (NOWY ŚWIAT), *Władysław Borzęcki is not only a noted music critic and writer but also an accomplished pianist. It is here that we see him recounting eloquently, although briefly, with a keen analysis, the virtues of Polish Grand Opera.*

ITALIAN, German, French and and American operas are widely known, and Russian operatic creations have won considerable fame in the world of music, but the chapter on the existence and evolution of Polish opera still remains to be written.

Leading Polish high priests in the temple of the Muses have been and are not only great interpretative artists (to mention only two such names as *Paderewski* and *Hofmann*), but, true to the creative traditions of the immortal *Chopin*, they have also carried efforts into the operatic field and have contributed to the world many compositions, perhaps temporarily obscure, but nonetheless valuable.

To condense a review of Polish opera is a difficult task because a true picture would have to include a study of the librettos as well as analyses of the musical scores. Both are an essential part of these creations.

At the very outset, however, let us remember that just as the ideal of Italian opera is embodied in Verdi or Rossini, of German opera in Wagner and Beethoven, and of Russian in Tschaikowsky, so the idol and founder of Polish opera is the author of

Stanisław Moniuszko

HALKA and STRASZNY DWOR, *Stanisław Moniuszko.*

Because *Moniuszko's* fruitful musical career did not begin until 1819, we are tempted to turn back the pages, when Poland first became opera conscious, to the year 1724, when King August II of Poland founded the first Polish opera theatre in Warsaw, devoted entirely to Italian opera. A year later, foreign operas were presented in Krakow in the Lubomirski Palace. A year later, foreign operas were presented in Krakow in the Lubomirski Palace. The vogue of traveling Italian opera companies found such warm reception at the courts of the Polish nobility that Princess Radziwill introduced in Rozanka the first classes in Polish opera music.

The first Polish operatic composition, produced n Warsaw in 1778, was NEDZA USZCZĘŚLIWIONA by *Matthew Kamienski*, with libretto by *Wojciech Bogusławski. Kamienski* left us one more opera ZOŚKA. With the excep-

tion of a few characteristic melodies—the polonaise, for instance—*Kamienski's* operas do not abound in Polish themes. They are rather a blend of various styles with a predominant Italian influence.

In 1784, *Prince Matthew Radziwill* wrote the libretto AGATKA, *John Dawid Holland* contributing the musical score. A few weeks before the Kosciuszko uprising in 1794 *Bogusławski* produced in Krakow the national opera KRAKOWIACY I GÓRALE. The author of the music was *Jan Ste'ani.*

Various Polish musicians have tried, more or less successfully, to compose opera, among them being *Józef Elsner, Chopin's* first teacher, and *Karol Kurpinski* (1885). The latter's works possess a typically Italian style with an infiltration of many Polish folk dance themes. He gave us JADWIGA, ZAMEK NA CZORSZTYNIE and WANDA.

Prince Anthony Radziwill composed musical scores to various scenes of Goethe's FAUST.

Prior to *Chopin* and *Moniuszko*, Polish operatic composers were under a strong Italian influence; they lacked originality. Nevertheless, even in this primitive era, the tendency of seeking the musical theme in Polish folk music is already discernible.

The first national master, *Stanisław Moniuszko* (1819), was preceded by mediocre contributions of *Ignacy Dobrzynski* (MONBAR) and *Franciszek Mirecki*, whose operas, distinctly non-Polish in style, were produced abroad.

Moniuszko from early childhood showed unusual talent. He first studied music with his mother and later in Berlin with Rungenhagen. During his early life as organist in Wilno, he taught music and composed some 300 ballads, distinctive because of their national Polish character. Gradually transferring his efforts from ballads and church music (magnificent songs for solo voices and chorus) to opera, he wrote NOCLEG W APENINACH, IDEAŁ, LOTERJA and KARMANIOL, all of mediocre value.

Then in 1847, he composed the immortal HALKA. The score of this opera, created by a twenty-eight year old genius, is truly an embodiment of his spirit. While his next masterpiece, STRASZNY DWÓR, is richer in content, HALKA leads in its wealth of musical invention, dramatic intensity and elan. *Moniuszko* in HALKA ceases to be a pupil of an Italian or German school. He becomes a master of his own distinctly national art. This opera, contemporary with Wagner's LOHENGRIN and consequently predating the reform of operatic composition, abounds in lyrics, truthfulness and assurance of expression.

Encouraged by success and believing that operatic composition best served him as a medium of expression, *Moniuszko* produced FLIS in one act, and, later, HRABINA and VERBUM NOBILE. His next triumph, however, did not come until STRASZNY DWÓR (1865), which impressed the world of music with its rich color and variety of elements—all nevertheless essentially Polish..

Moniuszko's last works, PARIA and BEATA, were written in his declining years and were soon forgotten. HALKA and STRASZNY DWÓR, however, live on and are favorites of the Polish, Czechoslovakian and Yugoslavian operatic stage. They were produced in the United States (New York, Chicago and Detroit), at first, through the efforts of amateurs, later through those of Adam Didur, late basso of the Metropolitan Opera Company, and Mr. Ludwik Kowalski of New York.

Moniuszko's operas delve so deeply into the Polish heart that they can be truly said to comprise the music manual in every Polish home. His influence is noticeable in much later productions of *Henryk Jarecki's* POWRÓT TATY, *Ludwik Grossman's* and *Adam Mincheimer's* MAZEPA.

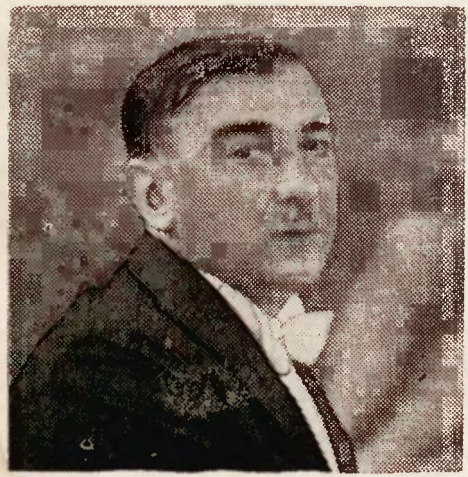
The ideology of the fathers of Polish opera found its true interpreter in *Wladyslaw Zelenski* (1837-1921), who enriched the music by his original and interesting compositions of KONRAD WALLENROD, GOPLANA, JANEK and STARA BAŚŃ.

Among the younger but not yet modernistic Polish composers, we find *Feliks Nowowiejski*, the author of LEGENDA BAŁTYKU.

The peer of pianists and greatest of *Chopin's* interpreters, the late *Ignacy Paderewski*, composed the opera MANRU which was produced by the Metropolitan Opera Company in New York.

One of *Chopin's* followers, *Henryk Melcer*, gave us the opera MARIA regarded as a great musical phantasy.

Ludomir Rozycki, the contemporary and prolific composer, one of the outstanding Polish symphonists, showed exceptional talent in several operas, or rather, music dramas, as, BOLESŁAW ŚMIAŁY, MEDUZA, EROS I PSYCHE, BEATRIX CENCI, CASANOVA and the beautiful ballet PAN TWARDOWSKI.



Karol Szymanowski

This short biography of Polish opera, which does not include the present post-war period, would not be complete without an honorable menton of Poland's modern genius, the late *Karol Szymanowski*, who has won fame in both hemispheres as the author of such masterpieces of modernism as HAGIT and KING ROGER.

The following Polish composers have from time to time ventured into the operatic field: *Roman Statkowski, Felicjan Szopski, Emil Młynarski, Henryk Opienski, Boleslaw Wallek Walewski, Joteyko, Adamus, Zalewski* and many others.

The mighty structure of Polish national opera rests, however, on those two great pillars: *Moniuszko*, the bard of yesterday, and, Szymanowski, the prophet of tomorrow.

M U S I C

Music to me is a joy supreme:
The waltzes Viennese—
Gentle as a heavenly dream,
Lilting as the breeze.
Music sings to me of love:
Two hearts that beat as one—
A kiss—a rose—a lacy glove—
A fair hand wooed and won.

Music worships God on high:
The Alleluia chorus—
A tender Christmas lullaby—
To open heaven for us.
Music is my everything:
Faith, love and happiness,
When all else fails, yet will I sing
Until life too shall pass.

Music is immortal:
A guiding star 'twill be
To lead me through the portal
Unto eternity.

—Ellen Litwin

Summer In Poland

—Raymond J. Mejdak
Illustrator: Wanda Zajac

Summer in Poland, with birds, flow'rs and bees,
Is the time of the year, when the trees
And the grass are so vividly green,
Even the buzz of the bees is serene.

Janosik, A Tale of the Tatras

Retold from the Polish
by Anna Maria Zajac

Long, long ago when the Podhale region was virtually unknown and inaccessible, there lived in the Tatra Mountains an outlaw, dearly loved by the mountain folk, named Janosik. Together with his band of twelve outlaws, he robbed the rich and gave generously to the poor. He is said to have come to the aid of Poland's kings, impoverished through wars. Legend tell us, also, that Janosik presented the Empress of Austria with a golden hen and twelve golden eggs to reward her for dancing with him in an inn.

Like the Robin Hood of Sherwood Forest, Janosik, often called the Polish Robin Hood of the Tatra Mountains, is half legendary and half historical. He lives in the traditions and legends of the Polish "gorals" or mountaineers and to them he is as real as the mountains that have looked down on them for generations.

A romantic figure he was indeed! We find Janosik in hundreds of paintings, each painter creating his own Janosik. The late Władysław Skoczylas was the first to introduce him in Polish art. It was he who discovered and portrayed the beauty of his costume.

Janosik's father wanted him to be a priest; he became an outlaw instead. This is how it happened!

One day Janosik was returning from school, he wandered into the forest and got lost. He climbed to the top of the highest tree to see in which direction he should go — east or west, south or north. Reaching the top of the tree, he swayed to the left and to the right and losing his hold on the branch to which he was clinging, he almost came toppling to the ground.

Not a sign of life was to be seen to the north, south or west. Turning to

the east, he saw a light in the distance. Could it be a hut? Janosik hoped so, for soon it would be dusk and he was afraid to spend the night alone in the dark, gloomy forest.

Janosik threw his hat down to the ground so that he would know in what direction to walk when he alighted from the tree. His clothes were quite badly tattered as he slid down the trunk of the tree. His face and hands were badly scratched, too.

It seemed to Janosik that he had walked for hours before he reached the hut from whence came the light. A gruff "Come in!" reached his ears as he knocked on the door.

Entering the hut, Janosik found an old woman seated beside the fire.

"What do you want?" she asked. "Why did you come here, young lad?"

"I was on my way home from school," he replied "and having lost my way, I decided to look for a place where I might spend the night."

"How can I give you lodging for the night?" the old hag replied. "I live

here with two of my sisters. If my oldest sister finds you here upon her return from the forest, she will kill you. If you value your life, be off on your way before she arrives."

"Let come what will!" exclaimed Janosik. "My feet are too tired to carry me a single step further."

"Sit down, then!" said the old woman. "I shall give you something to eat. Poor lad, you must be starved!"

Not having eaten anything since noon, Janosik was famished. When he finished eating his supper, the hag bade him to hide behind the stove, and there he fell asleep. Somehow she felt sorry for the poor boy and really hoped that her sister would not find Janosik upon her return from the forest.

No sooner had the sister entered the door of the hut than the following words greeted Janosik's ears.

"Whose soul do I smell?" she asked.

She looked under the table, under the bed, and finally behind the stove.

"So my nostrils did not deceive me! What are you doing there?" she asked in a gruff voice. "Come out of your hiding place! Who let you in, anyway?"

When Janosik had crawled out of his hiding place, she said: "Hmm! A fine looking boy you are indeed! Come! Have something to eat with me."

Janosik did not dare to say "No!" and so he supped a second time that evening. When all the food on the table had been disposed of, the second sister said, "Young man, be off on your way! If my third sister finds you here, she will kill you."

"Let come what will!" replied Janosik. "I will remain here until morning!" And back to his hiding place behind the stove he went.

Soon the third sister arrived.

"Whose soul do I smell?" she asked.

For the second time Janosik crawled out of his hiding place. Again he was asked to have supper, and not daring to say "No!" he supped a third time.

Returning to his place of rest behind the stove, he tossed to the left and right. Having eaten altogether too much, he was very distressed. Thinking Janosik was fast asleep, the third sister awoke the other two from a sound sleep in order to discuss what action they should take in regard to Janosik.

One of the sisters said, "Let us put a hot coal on his navel! If he can withstand that without awaking, that will be proof that he will grow up to be a man to the first degree."

This they did; not a peep came out of Janosik.

"A man to the first degree!" they exclaimed. "Let us attire him in a fine suit of clothes!"

"I will give him a hatchet," the first sister said. "Without the aid of a human hand, this hatchet will chop everything Janosik commands it to. It will also enable him to jump three miles at a time!"

"I will give him a hatchet," the first sister said. "When he wears this shirt, he will become invisible."

"I will give him a beautiful, wide, ornamental belt," the third sister added. "This belt will give him great physical power."

In the morning the three sisters dressed Janosik in his new suit of clothes. How handsome he looked, they thought! His old suit was replaced by a pair of tight fitting trousers, a new pair of moccasins, a snow-white shirt, an enormous, richly ornamental leather belt, a red cape embroidered in

gold, and a high red hat with an eagle's feather. In addition to this, he received a pistol and a hatchet.

"There!" the three sisters exclaimed. "Not a priest but an outlaw you will be, Janosik! Wealth and fame will be yours, so long as the belt and the hatchet remain in your possession. The hatchet will enable you to travel at great speed. With its aid you will be able to fly over mountain peaks and abysses. It will do whatever you command it to do."

"When you reach home, you will find your father enroute to the marketplace to buy a cow. When he leaves the house, you are to command your hatchet to carry you into the depths of the forest and there you are to rob your father of all his money. Having done this, from that day on, you will reign supreme as king of all the outlaws in the Tatras."

Janosik thanked the sisters and proceeded homeward. When he was about half way home, he decided to change into his old clothes. If he were to appear before his father attired in the beautiful regalia he had acquired from the three sisters, too many questions would be asked. Wrapping his new outfit into a neat bundle, he proceeded on his way, whistling a merry tune to himself.

When he reached his hut, he found things just the way the sisters had said. Strange that they should have known what would greet his eyes upon his return home, he thought.

"What are you going to market for?" Janosik asked.

"To buy a cow!" his father replied.

"Don't go, Father!" warned Janosik. "You may be held up by some robbers who will take away all your money."

"Hmm!" replied the father. "Have no fear, Janosik! The robbers would have to hold up a fool like you, in order to succeed in their venture."

"We shall see! We shall see!" answered Janosik.

Several hours later, attired in his new suit of clothes, Janosik commanded the hatchet to carry him deep into the forest. Over mountains, hills and trees he flew whistling as he glided through the air.

Because of his hatchet he traveled so fast that he reached his destination hours and hours ahead of his father. Knowing that he would not appear until late that evening, Janosik made a huge bonfire. Waving his hatchet high in the air in one hand, and shooting off his pistol with the other hand, he danced wildly around the fire whistling as he did so.

Exhausted, he threw himself on the ground. Before long, the patter of horses' hoofs reached his ears. Jumping up from the ground, he shot his pistol into the air three times and hid himself behind a large tree.

When his father reached the spot where he had made a bonfire, Janosik jumped from behind the tree and obstructing his father's path, he asked, "Where goest thou, mountaineer?"

"To market to buy a cow," was the reply.

"To God give your soul! To me give your money!" Janosik shouted, shooting his pistol into the air three times.

Shaking with fear, his father handed him the money he had in his wallet.

"Have you given me all your zlotys?" Janosik inquired.

"Yes," answered the father, I did not leave even one grosz for myself. I have given you everything."

"Here is a goldpiece. It is enough to get you home safely," said Janosik. Shooting his pistol in the air and striking the earth with his hatchet, up he flew and was out of sight before his father could collect his senses.

About an hour later, Janosik alighted in front of his hut and changed into the old clothes. His father arrived two days later.

"You were right, Janosik!" he exclaimed with tears in his eyes. "I shouldn't have ventured into the forest with so much money in my wallet."

"Why, what happened, Father?" asked Janosik, making believe he didn't know what had occured in the forest.

"I was held up by a fierce-looking outlaw," he replied. "As you predicted, so it happened. All my money was stolen. The robber, however, was kind enough to give me a goldpiece to assure my safe arrival home. God bless his heart for that!

"If you saw this robber again, would you recognize him, Father?" he asked.

"Ah, yes, my son!" replied Janosik's father. "His suit of clothes was different from any that I had ever seen before. The trousers he wore were tight-fitting and similar to ours except that they were red instead of white. The design on the trouser leg was embroidered in gold. Around his waist he had a wide richly ornamental belt, the like of which I have never seen girded around the waist of any mountaineer in the Tatras. On his head he had a high crown with an eagle's feather in it. His hair was jet black and was plaited into many braids. Over his shoulders hung a red cape trimmed in black.

"He could jump over a bonfire, and at the same time cut the top branches of a tree with a hatchet in one hand, and shoot the top from another tree with a pistol in the other hand.

"After robbing me of my wallet, he put his arms around a large tree and tore it up by its roots. Then he struck the earth with his hatchet, the ground beneath seemed to rumble, and ere I knew what happened, he had disappeared and I was left alone with nothing but a shining goldpiece in my hand. Yes, dear son, I should recognize this robber were I to see him again."

Janosik left the room and returned in a few minutes attired in the outfit he had worn when he encountered his father in the forest.

Shooting his pistol through the floor, he scared his father out of his wits, as he shouted. "Was this the robber that accosted you in the forest, Father?"

"Why, yes!" he replied, his eyes nearly popping out of his head. "Then that outlaw was none other but you, Janosik! How could your conscience have allowed you to do such a thing to your own father!"

Returning the money to his father, Janosik said, "Farewell, Father! From this day on, an outlaw I will be! No priesthood for me!"

He struck his hatchet on the threshold, and with the parting words "God be with Thee, Beloved Father!" he vanished into the air and his father never saw him again.

Janosik became the leader of a band of outlaws who despoiled the rich and gave to the poor. Every expedition of his was preceded by lengthy deliberation, and by a seeking of inspiration in music and song. Suddenly he would start off like a hurricane, leading his companions to glorious exploits. Success was climaxed by dancing and jumping over a huge bonfire, a feat in which he had no equal.

The chief booty of Janosik and his outlaws consisted of money and gold. Most of his treasure was secreted in the earth, usually under the roots of pine trees. Up to this time, hopeful shepherds search for these long-hidden treasures in the Tatra forests. It is said that many a respectable homestead was set up with the aid of a pot of ducats dug up from the roots of an aged pine tree believed to have been placed there by Janosik and his band of outlaws.

It is said that the emperor sent a regiment of soldiers against Janosik. The army came with cannon and guns. Janosik's only weapon of destuction was his pistol and hatchet.

When the soldiers shot at him, he caught the bullets in midair and flung them back at the soldiers. The shirt and belt that he had on prevented the bullets from penetrating his body. When he called, "Hatchet, chop!" the hatchet chopped everything in sight, and the whole regiment of soldiers scurried away as fast as their feet could carry them lest their bodies be chopped to bits by the enchanted hatchet.

The secret of Janosik's strength was betrayed by his sweetheart, Maryna. It is said that she locked his hatchet behind nine doors. Legend says that the hatchet had the power to chop its way only through eight doors.

Janosik, running to meet his sweetheart, slid and fell on some peas that had been strewn on the ground especially for this purpose. As he did so, the nobles of Liptow who hated him and who had bribed Maryna in order to bring Janosik to his ruin, appeared on the scene and tore the belt off Janosik's body. Robbed of his belt and with no hatchet by his side, he was powerless and at the mercy of his captors.

The hatchet, sensing that something was wrong with its master, chopped its way through the eight doors and came to a standstill when it reached the ninth door. Janosik was bound hand and foot, and hung to the top of a large tree by his back rib. Legend says that, suspended thus, he smoked a whole pound of tobacco while he waited for a reply to a letter he had sent to the emperor begging that his life be spared.

The nobles of Liptow, anxious to bring Janosik's life to an end, refused to wait for a reply to his letter. Thus Janosik, the king of the Tatras, died, suspended by his back rib to a tree, smoking his pipe to the very end.

Legend has it that when Janosik had breathed his last, the hatchet chopped its way through the ninth door and escaped to the summit of Kralowe Hola, the favorite rendezvous of Janosik and his band of outlaws. There it changed into a poplar tree and there on Kralowe Hola it stands to this day reminding the "gorals" or Polish mountaineers of the great Janosik, the Polish Robin Hood—the King of the Tatras.

Music remains the only art, the last sanctuary, wherein originality may reveal itself in the face of fools and not pierce their mental opacity.

—James Huneker

The nation's honor is dearer than the nation's comfort; yes, than the nation's life itself.

—Woodrow Wilson

A little philosophy inclineth man's mind to atheism; but depth in philosophy bringeth men's minds about to religion.

—Francis Bacon

THE MIRACLE OF THE BELLS

REVIEWED BY *Constance Krasowska*

by Russell Janney

New York: Prentice-Hall $3.00

"POOR little kid!" Come to think of it, that had been his audible comment the very first moment he saw her. There was no despair then, in the phase. It was journey's beginning—and beginnings are times of hope . . . and it was in New York, the city of eternal hope.

That was three years ago. . . .

Now Dunnigan was standing beside a long box in Orloff's Funeral Parlor in Coaltown, Pa. He reverently touched the coffin of Olga Treskovna with his hand.

"I love you, kid," he said suddenly. It isn't much good to tell you that now—but maybe you can hear me. Maybe you knew it all along. We just didn't get the breaks, kid. You and me. Your star went back on you. My luck ran out . . ." And he lived over, in a few seconds, events of the past three years that had been indelibly scored into his memory. . . .

It was a beautiful spring morning in April, and Bill Dunnigan, publicity agent extraordinary, was once again in his familiar stamping grounds with half a hundred friends in every block! Back to Times Square, the Astor bar, and Radio City . . . hotels, restaurants, and theatres—ah, yes, the theatre, the press agent's first and only love.

Purely by impulse, Dunnigan walked in on a dance rehearsal at the Venus Burlesque Theatre, just as the third-from-the-end-girl was getting the "bounce" . . . and on another impulse, he interrupted the get-out procedure by shouting to the director, "Tom, give the kid a break."

"The kid" was a total stranger, yet the grateful look in those sad and terrified eyes, and the memory of her fragile, flower-like beauty repeatedly unnerved the nerveless showman—even when he was zooming through the skies or racing the rails to a new job.

Two years went by before Dunnigan saw her again, this time from a seat in the pit of a half-empty house. So, it was inevitable that, after the finale, the two of them should lunch together at Ming Gow's Chinese Restaurant.

Between the spare-ribs and duckling, a thought staggered him. Was he in love with this girl? He had *never* been in love with a woman. He was forty years old. There had, of course, been women in his life—a dozen assorted blondes, and brunettes, and redheads. He had seen eyes that wanted fame . . . eyes that wanted excitement . . . eyes that wanted lust . . . but he had never bothered himself about the depth of feeling that comes with love. Love, that was only something that happened to other people . . .

But he sure liked the rueful curve of her lips, the throaty sincerity in her voice. All the tragedy and glory of the plains of Poland were in that voice as she described her childhood as the "Breaker Girl" in a city near Wilkes-Barre, Pa.

"In the years that I grew up there, the Breaker was the Government, and THE BREAKER HAD TO BE FED. . . .

Coaltown was a city of hills. Hills made by God, green with pine, maple, cedar, and spruce. And hills made by man, forever black with the slack that accumulated through the years until their man-made rounded shoulders rose as high as Nature's own handiwork.

Almost as high as the hills, the Breaker reared its ugly head at the top of its block wooden tower and ruled the destiny of Coaltown and all its natives.

Poles and Russians, for the most part, came to Coaltown straight off the immigrant boats. They married, had children, ate, slept, worked, got drunk on Saturday, went to Mass on Sunday, but on Monday they went back

to work in the sweating, cavernous mines. Sometimes, there were accidents Eventually "miners" asthma (TB) got you *if* the accidents passed you up. But THE BREAKER HAD TO BE FED. . . .

This Breaker, and the mines that fed it, devoured men, also—men and children who were early put to work in them. The Breaker took greedy toll of their strength each day while planting a sinister imprint of life-bondage inside each human lung. Workers rarely lived beyond middle age.

"There is a reason," she continued, "why I want to make good quickly—as quickly as I can."

She smiled bright sunlight and thin shadows, for her face had a curious Slavic sadness. A moment of silence . . . then he knew it . . . *This was it!* They were meant for each other. He must tell her . . . but she was all too lovely . . . the touch of her hand was too electric. He was not, he must not fall, in love with her.

He went away quickly. But Fate stepped in and their paths crossed again, when Mark Harris, president of Super Pictures, Inc., hired Bill to do the publicity for "Garden of the Soul"—starring Olga Treskovna.

But she had worked in the Breaker at Coaltown too long as a child. The monster had planted his black breath in her lungs.

Even before the film could be released, Bill (White Spats) Dunnigan of the dance halls, the prize ring, and the girl shows, sobbed as if his heart were breaking. He would never hear her low vibrant voice. He would never watch that radiant smile break through the Slavic shadows of her face. She would never know that he loved her.

The rumble of the grinding Breaker broke his reverie and smote Dunnigan's ears with a pulsing metallic d-i-r-g-e as he stood beside the coffin, but he felt better just to be near her—to be alone with her.

Only the burial rites remained to be carried out. Respecting the last request of the beautiful Olga, Dunnigan and Father Paul went, in the dusk of twilight, to the cemetery up in the hills to view the spot where Olga wished to sleep beside her father, Stanislaus Trocki, and the mother who died in childbirth.

This was indeed a wonder spot. Quiet, peaceful, breathtaking, majestic. The distant wooded hills ringed it like battlements, as if they would protect it from all the tragedy and sordidness of the world.

"Look one moment, if you will, Mr. Dunnigan, toward the west. If I did not believe in God, I would now! Is that green mountain not like a great altar? Those pine trees are the giant candlesticks which the setting sun is lighting. See how they seem to drip hot flame on an altar cloth of hickory and birch. And listen!"

Suddenly the whole valley was filled with music—the vibrant ringing of church bells . . . and the miracle of "The Miracle of the Bells" is just about to begin. . . ."

* * *

The above fragment, based on Russell Janney's novel "The Miracle of the Bells" has been woven together with many of the original phrases to demonstrate to a greater degree the author's own colorful and detailed descriptive style in which he penetratingly expresses his own deep understanding of all human emotions.

If this introduction has brought initial pleasure to your reading palate, then stop on your way home tonight at your favorite book store or library to pick up a copy of "The Miracle of the Bells" by Russell Janney and experience the thrill of seeing the mass transformation of a mining community—for Olga Treskovna, even in death, unwittingly marks eventful changes in the lives of Robert Omansky, originator of the Quick Lunch Heaven; Sgt. Dennis Patrick O'Rourke, Pennsylvania State Trooper; Mary Spinsky and her St. Leo's chocolate cake.

You will readily forgive and overlook the exaggeration of many of the episodes even as you share in the conflicting emotions of the atheistic Jan Rubel; the pious Father Paul, and the not-so-pious Father Spinsky of St. Leo's; the half-wit Andrey Denko who talks to the mountains; the miserly James Orloff whose motto in the funeral parlor should read "Cash in Advance"—there are so many others to hold your attention—but read "The Miracle of the Bells" for yourself—you'll like it.

Take It from Us

THE EDITORS

ON the tenth of July, 35 years ago, Ignacy Jan Paderewski presented Poland with a beautiful monument, a tribute to Jagiello. Krakow was not large enough to hold the crowds that came on that day to witness Paderewski's presentation of his gift to Poland. The ears of Poland's alien rulers were cocked to hear what he would have to say. Paderewski's utterance was a simple plea for peace, as appropriate today, as it was thirty-five years ago, when he said:

"The achievement upon which we look today was not born of hatred. It was born out of deep love for our native land; nor because of her great and glorious past, not because of her present helpless state, but because of a vision of her and powerful future. It was born out of love for and gratitude to our forefathers, who went forth to the field of battle not for pillage and gain but in defense of a just cause and were consequently rewarded with the sword of victory.

"The donor of this monument, and those who helped in this work, give it in thanksgiving as a votive offering on the altar of patriotism to the glorious memory of their forefathers, petitioning those exalting spirits, who ages ago were united with God, to inspire the children of earth with love and peace, to instill in their hearts faith, hope, tolerance and good-will; without neither virtue nor valor can be attained.

"Let the nation, at this time personifying sovereignty over all Polish lands, graciously accept this offering of our loving hearts.

"It is our ardent desire that each Pole and each Lithuanian, all the sons of Poland within her ancient boundaries as well as all the Poles across the sea, shall look at this monument as a sign of future unity, an evidence of universal glory, and, prompted by a strengthened faith, a prophecy of better times."

Ignacy Jan Paderewski—artist, patriot, statesman—passed away to his heavenly reward on June 29, 1941. The United States, deeply impressed by the selfless idealism of this champion not only of Poland but of every bruised and persecuted group in the world, offered Arlington National Cemetery as the resting place of his earthly remains until such time as they could be transported to a free and independent Poland.

Eighty years before, while Poland was writhing under the yoke of Russian oppression, Paderewski was born in the little country village of Kurylowka in the Province of Podolia. Despite discouragement on the part of his elders, he chose the piano as his musical instrument in his early youth, and at twelve, was admitted to the

Warsaw Conservatory. Six years later he was appointed an instructor in music and his first composition *Impromptu in F Major* saw publication when he was nineteen years old.

A year in study at Berlin where he played for Anton Rubinstein was followed by a period in the Tatras, and then Vienna! At last, Paderewski became the pupil of the great Lechetitsky. Strasbourg Conservatory offered him a professorship; and at 26, he was the finished product.

Paris! London! America! Forty years of encores at Carnegie Hall, interrupted only by returns to his villa at Morges, in the lake country of Switzerland!

At the outbreak of war in 1914, Paderewski announced, "I declare that I will never play again until Poland is free." He became the unofficial ambassador to the United States of Polish aspirations of freedom — and his speeches were as loudly acclaimed as had been his concerts.

In 1917, Woodrow Wilson, moved by the sincere pleas of this plenipotentiary, agreed that "there should be a united, independent and autonomous Poland."

But only then did the job of reconciling the divergent political factions of Poles begin. Paderewski succeeded in winning Pilsudski and his followers to a coalition government. Himself the Premier and Minister of Foreign Affairs, Paderewski pleaded in Poland's behalf at Paris before the Council of Ten and before the League of Nations. In 1921 he left politics, and the following November performed before an overflowing Carnegie Hall. Then, on to Minnesota, where, with the Symphony Orchestra, he rendered his own *Symphony in B Minor*.

In 1933, New York University bestowed upon him a Doctorate of Music. Once more to Morges and seclusion! Then another adventure—*Moonlight Sonata!*

When the Nazi hordes swarmed over Europe, Paderewski offered his services to the exile-government and became President of the Polish Parliament in 1939. Later, America received him with open arms.

The world mourned his loss for Paderewski was a genius. Hundreds of thousands passed his bier at St. Patrick's Cathedral where he lay in state.

It is said that Czar Nicholas II once invited Paderewski *the artist*, to give a command performance, saying, "His Imperial Majesty is pleased that the world's most eminent musician is a Russian." It was Paderewski, *the patriot*, who replied, "His Majesty is mistaken; I am a Pole."

★

Thaddeus Slesinski, editor of the National Polish Arts Bulletin, is the initial force and inspiration behind the idea of an annual Conference on Cultural Activities in Polish American Communities. The first Conference is being arranged by a committee of the Polish Arts Club of Chicago, Ill. with the support of many cultural organizations in the United States and will be held in Chicago on August 7th, 8th and 9th at the Hotel La Salle.

At a meeting of the Polish Arts Clubs of New York City and vicinity, held in the magnificent edifice of the Kosciuszko Foundation at 15 East 65th Street in New York City, Eugene Dyczkowski reviewed the plans of the Buffalo Polish Arts Club and was instrumental in forming a nucleus for a committee to plan a Conference in New York City in 1948.

Bravo! Thaddeus Slesinski planted the seed; the Polish Arts Club of Chicago helped to germinate it.

★

To date, the New Jersey group of the N.J.-N.Y. Chapter of SARMATIA INTERNATIONAL has collected 1,205 books for Poland, the acquisition of which was made possible through Dr. William C. McGinnis, Superintendent, of Schools, and the principals of Perth Amboy, N. J. The books were sent to Poland through the Kosciuszko Foundation and the Polish YMCA. Books for university students are being handled by the former.

The New York group has sent 73 books, in addition, through the generosity of Messrs. Richard Chesner and Leonard Rybinski, publisher and editor of Biały Orzeł.

Sarmatians in New Bedford, Mass. under the leadership of Miss Anna Maria Zajac have added the book project to their magnificent work of collecting canned food, clothing and shoes for devasted Poland.

Continuance of the drive for books will help tremendously the necessitous students in Poland. What have you done to alleviate their plight?

★

Because Adam Mickiewicz's works in song will be heard in the United States for the first time, we are happy to call our readers' attention to a musicale to be given under the sponsorship of the Klub Polski of Columbia University, New York, N. Y. on May 17.

We travel our journey balanced on a thread stretched between the finger and thumb of Destiny.

—Henry J. Taylor

Rules and Regulations of the Art Contest

The first contest to be conducted by SARMATIA INTERNATIONAL will be an Art Contest to be followed by an exhibit of the works in New York City over the Labor Day weekend. The first prize will be $100; second prize, $75, and third prize, $50. Any artist of Polish descent interested in getting the full details regarding the rules and regulations should write to the Chairman, Miss Irene Przywarska, Room 412, 105 East 22nd Street, New York 10, N. Y.

Sculpture cuts away the unnecessary materials and reveals the angel in the marble.

—Josephine A. Jackson

Enthusiasm is a positive asset—cultivate it in yourself and in others.

—Henry J. Taylor

No perfection is so absolute,
That some impurity doth not pollute.

—William Shakespeare

There's no wound deeper than
a pen can give,
It makes men living dead,
and dead men live.

—John Taylor

A man whose youth has no follies, will in his maturity have no power.

—Mortimer Collins

Sarmatia International Adopts Resolution

WE, Sarmatians, gathered at the Semi-Annual Conference of SARMATIA INTERNATIONAL, February 22 and 23, 1947, in South Boston, Massachusetts, adopt the following resolution:

We express our loyalty to the United States and its Government and pledge to defend the principles embodied in the Bill of Rights, thereby preserving our present democratic way of life.

In this turbulent post-war period, we extend our moral comfort to the Polish people in their trials and hardships, and shall continue our material aid by sending them clothing through Sarmatia's relief branch—SARMATIANETTES FOR POLISH RELIEF with headquarters in New Bedford, Mass.

Mindful of the lack of general information concerning Poland, we promise to bring forth this true information, to defend the honor of Poland, and inform everyone of the rightful place which is Poland's in the realm of free and democratic countries in the world.

Knowing what a large role is played by library books in forming opinions of a nation, and knowing about the lack of books on Poland in the English language, especially in all libraries, we appeal to all clubs throughout the United States to donate at least one such book yearly to its local library.

We shall strive to keep alive the best traditions of Poland, to show its place in the world and to work for the recognition of its valuable merits; also, to include its history and literature in our schools and universities.

We pledge to help and support any organization which gives help to Poland or endeavors to strengthen its ties with democratic countries.

We are determined to strengthen SARMATIA INTERNATIONAL by organizing local chapters where Sarmations reside as well as in those cities and countries outside of the United States where SARMATIA INTERNATIONAL has friends who are in sympathy with her aims.

We shall endeavor to further fraternal relations with Polish student clubs in colleges throughout the United States.

Aware of the great lack of teachers who are qualified to teach the Polish language in high schools, we resolve to urge teachers of Polish descent to prepare themselves for this important type of work.

We resolve to broaden friendly and cultural relations between the Polish and American people by acquainting America with Polish literature, music and art. We shall endeavor to carry out this program by:

(1) Submitting articles to American and Polish newspapers and periodicals.

(2) Holding informal musicales to deepen our love for Polish music and to display the talents of our members.

(3) Furthering the appreciation of music, art, customs and traditions by sponsoring exhibits and lectures.

(4) Increasing the circulation of our printed quarterly—SARMATIAN.

(5) Organizing contests in the literary, music and artistic fields.

The Processional

—Stanley Drabinowicz

They pass in review
These valiant men of freedom!
Against a tapestry of glowing thread
Within whose warp and woof has each brave deed been woven,
Each resplendent page of Poland's glory . . .
The blood, the sweat, the toil of her unsung heroes;
The men of field, the forest, of industry!
The men of vision . . . the artist, the poet, musician, the scientist,
The men of God who wove their golden wreath of labor to make of Poland, the Church's Jewel!

Against this living tapestry of Poland's past
Walk the multitude who, with nothing more than their gnarled hands and the willingness to work
Helped build America . . . the Great Dream!
Here also walks the little man . . . the peasant whose alchemy
Of sweat and toil, of tears and heartache
In a land of foreign tongue
Cast the mold of that mighty structure . . . America!
And in their midst the leaders walk,
They who rise like noble pines upon a hill
Amid their fellow men
Ever pointing upward to a greater height!

Here, O Poles! are they who fashioned yesterday with a heavy yet a loving hand,
Fashioned it so YOU may walk with a prouder step
Amid your countrymen.
To us they have thrown a fiery challenge
To those of us who slowly follow in their weary steps!
Shall we lift the brilliant torch to greater heights?
God grant we shall . . . . we will!

Miss Stella Uss
50 Nevins Street
Brooklyn, New York