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CONTENTS

COVER . . .

The cover of SARMATIAN of the late Ignace Jan Paderewski, the greatest genius of the pianoforte, was drawn by Miss Helen Grot, a young artist of Hollis, L. I. Many people throughout the world will remember him for his dexterous renditions of immortal music on that grand instrument. He was born on November 2, 1860.

Truth through History

By W. Jędrzejewicz

As Director of the **Józef Piłsudski Institute of America for Research in the Modern History of Poland**, the writer invites those who are interested in the themes touched on in this article to contact him in person or in writing. Anyone may write to 105 East 22nd St., Room 50, New York 10, N. Y.

LIFE in the 20th Century is very rich. Great technical expansion has brought countries and continents closer together and has shortened the distances between them. The kaleidoscope of events moves along so dizzily that the onlooker soon is no longer able to discriminate between the important and unimportant. Incidents which have historical meaning occur simultaneously with those which are distinctly transitory and valueless. Knowing this, it is necessary to separate the wheat from the chaff: the consequential from the inconsequential, truth from fallacy, right from wrong. But how is it possible to do this without becoming lost in the multitude of events?

For the intelligent person who is not content merely to be a spectator to sensational contemporary life but who really wants to know and to understand there is a way. This way is the discipline or study of history.

History is that branch of science which records and explains past events. To this end historical research stubbornly persists until it has exhausted all possibilities in its search for the truth. Time and again it returns to the same old themes with the discovery of new facts which will present more clearly just exactly how something happened and the reason why it happened that way. That is why many historical subjects which, while seemingly completely exhausted, still continue to draw the interest of historians who spend years of their lives in the hope of finding some new evidence which will throw light on a hitherto obscure point or which will disprove a false assumption. All this work is in the interest of uncovering the truth.

To illustrate by example let us look at the extensive literature that has been published about Napoleon. It would seem that everything possible is known about the life of this great man. Yet, eminent historians still continue their research on this subject and still continue to publish the results of their studies. Another example is George Washington, and still another is Abraham Lincoln. The research into the lives, plans, and deeds of these persons continues both diligent and passionate.

Where is the connection between research into past events and the history of today's happenings? What have we to gain from a knowledge of the times of Napoleon, Washington or Lincoln? Those times are gone forever; today's events are new and different; and no one can foresee what the morrow will bring! The answer to this is that history casts light upon the present, and, while it cannot predict the future, it does help in planning the future. Man is a purposive being, always looking ahead and acting with an eye to the future; and what study can rival the informed study of the past as a guide to future probable events? It was Ranke who said: "His-

tory has had assigned to it the task of judging the past, of instructing the present for the benefit of ages to come."

The study of history, above all else, develops the ability to distinguish between the essential—that which is important and right, from the unessential—that which is of epheremal value only and thus to be discarded. To carry this even further, the study of history teaches how to look for that which is of lasting value to the thought and culture of a person or a nation. It helps us to come closer to a fuller development of our mental powers and our cultural heritage.

One must be cognizant of the fact that in the United States the study of history is not considered important and has been very much neglected. A survey made several years ago by the New York Times on the study of history in high schools and colleges revealed a most shocking situation: that great masses of young Americans don't even know the most basic historical facts about their country, let alone those of other countries. This survey called the attention of educators to the need for finding some means of countering this catastrophic condition.

The situation is no better with respect to the study of geography which subject is so inseparably tied up with the study of history. A Gallup poll recently showed that Americans really knew very little about the geographic location of other countries. Just about one third of the people approached knew where Greece was located—this in spite of the fact that the American press is filled with news about this country to which the United States is sending so much aid. Hardly one half knew the location of Spain, one third could not say where France was, and only 40 per cent could show the location of Poland on an outline map of Europe.

These facts are not complimentary either to the present generation of Americans or to the people of the United States as a whole. Something should be done about this and the solution, fortunately, is clear and simple. The solution is to study and learn history. I am writing this in the hope of encouraging the young people of America to a serious study of this subject. I should like to see more of the university students undertake historical subjects for their master's essays or doctoral dissertations. It's not necessary to limit one's research to such subjects as ancient Egypt, the rise and fall of the Byzantine Empire, the internal struggles of 15th Century Italy, or even the war for American independence. It is possible to study recent historical events which we may know more about or which we may even have witnessed ourselves.

The material on the period of modern history—the 20th Century—is far from exhausted. To mention a few topics: the beginnings of World War I, the world situation between World War I and World War II, the developments leading up to the World War II and the consequences of that war.

Of course the study of modern history is different from the study of ancient history since the bibliographical material is different and the element of remoteness from old history places a different light on ancient history. But the method of study is basically the same regardless of whether we are studying the history of Attila or Hitler.

In writing this article for a Polish American publication, I can hardly urge too strongly the need for students of Polish American descent to do their graduate university work in the field of Polish history. Not only because this field has been all too little developed in Anglo-Saxon literature, and not only because it is the native country of your parents, but also because Polish history is one of the most interesting in the world—it contains, through the ages, the most splendid elements of the human soul: faith, patriotism, courage, humanitarianism, democracy, romanticism, an extremely cultural development of poetry and the arts, a high devotion to ideal, a great spirit of sacrifice, and a most tragic martyrdom. The history of Poland has its wonderful heights and has its depths from which, like the Egyptian phoenix, it rises again to great heights.

This history is wealthy in themes that are of passionate interest to the reader. In studying about this country located in the very center of eastern Europe, the student becomes acquainted with the terrain where two cultures meet, the western and the eastern; where two religions meet, the Catholic and Byzantine; and where two mentalities meet, the European and the Asiatic. We have hardly scratched the surface of this veritable treasury of historical study which is so little known to the people of the United States.

To make better known the facts about Poland and the truth about its history would be a worthwhile undertaking, I might even say, the responsibility of Americans of Polish descent. The study, for them, would be made easier by the fact that they are acquainted with the Polish language. The results of such work would be a splendid contribution to American culture.

Honest to an Ideal

By Ferdinand E. Slejzer

THE life of Marja Sklodowska-Curie is a record of her high integrity and idealistic character. Fame did not corrupt this illustrious woman. It only impeded her work. The world did not understand that she wanted only a new laboratory, not for herself, but for France, for Poland and for humanity. Instead, the world insisted on showering Mme. Curie with ribbons, decorations and titles.

The poor Polish governess, whose lifelong struggle against adversity was resolved in the success of her accomplishments, did not know how to be famous. She did not wish to be famous for she was much happier in the discomforts of her humble endeavor than in world-wide acclamation as the most distinguished woman alive. But to achieve her goal, Mme. Curie even tried to be famous.

She visited the United States in 1921, and again eight years later. Each time she came to collect one gram of *radium* for the Radium Institute of Paris and the Marja Sklodowska-Curie Institute at Warsaw. Each time she was saddened by the enthusiasm of America in honoring her person. Impressed by the organizational strength of the groups which paid her tribute, she was embittered by the knowledge that France and Europe did seek personal gain or honor. Yet, for America's wealth, it was necessary to organize a

campaign of begging. And it was necessary for her to appear in person to express her gratitude.

Marja Sklodowska, youngest child of a Warsaw physician, was born in November, 1867. She suffered poverty, and worse still, a sense of exile within her native land. Untold hardships were the everyday burden of the Poles in those days. A harsh Russian tyranny prevailed.

And yet, despite the unhappiness of her childhood, despite grief—the death of a dearly-beloved sister, the long illness and death of her mother—Marja showed remarkable brilliance in her school work, and especially in scientific subjects. Her father's physics apparatus had fascinated her long before she enrolled at Mlle. Sikorska's boarding school. She had learned to read at four. Her memory was astonishing.

Since women were not allowed to enter the University of Warsaw, Broncia Sklodowska left for Paris in 1885 to begin medical studies there. At about the same time, in order to help her older sister financially, Marja accepted a post of governess at Szczuki. Then, after years of weary waiting, during which time she studied mathematics and physics as best she could, Marja was invited by Broncia to live with her in Paris. In 1891, she registered as a student in the Faculty of Sciences at the Sorbonne.

On July 26, 1895, Marja Sklodowska became the wife of M. Pierre Curie, a young man but already highly esteemed for his scientific genius. Two years later, when Marja had two university degrees and had decided to work for her doctorate in the field of radioactivity, Pierre assisted. They dedicated their lives to science.

Little did the world realize the difficulties that were being encountered in this couple's attempt to solve the mystery of why a metal called *uranium* gave off rays. After many months of experiment, they announced that they had discovered a metal whose radiation was two million times stronger than the radiation of *uranium*. And, indeed, they were doubted. But, from 1898 to 1902, they worked in their laboratory, an old dilapidated, leaking, freezing shed, unsubsidized by Science or the State, to produce one decigram of *radium*. France did not provide the pitchblende needed in the research. It was, therefore, necessary to boil down and refine eight tons of ore. Pierre was on the verge of giving up the project many times, but the persistence of Mme. Curie made her the most distinguished woman in the world, when, in 1903, the Academy of Science in Stockholm announced that the *Nobel Prize in Physics* was to be awarded to Henri Becquerel and to M. and Mme. Curie for their discoveries in the field of radioactivity.

But now the Curies had to decide whether they wanted to be rich or true to the selfless ideals of scientific research. *Radium* was found to be invaluable in the treatment of cancer. There was a growing demand for *radium* and only the Curies had the "know-how." They could have patented the technique, thus obtaining a royalty on every bit of *radium* ever produced. But their decision was best expressed by Mme. Curie in some autobiographical notes written upon her return from America:

"A large number of my friends affirm, not without valid reasons, that if Pierre Curie and I had guaranteed our

rights, we should have acquired the financial means necessary to the creation of a satisfactory *radium* institute, without encountering the obstacles which were a handicap to both of us, and which are still a handicap to me. Nevertheless, I am still convinced that we were right.

"Humanity certainly needs practical men, who get the most out of their work, and without forgetting the general good, safeguard their own interests. But humanity also needs dreamers, for whom the disinterested development of an enterprise is so captivating that it becomes impossible for them to devote their care to their own material profit.

"Without the slightest doubt, these dreamers do not deserve wealth, because they do not desire it. Even so, a well-organized society should assure to such workers the efficient means of accomplishing their task, in a life freed from material care and freely consecrated to research."

Pierre was killed in a street accident in 1906. Mme. Curie was stunned. For some time, friends and relatives feared that the shock would permanently destroy her will to continue the work. But she accepted the chair occupied by her husband, and pursued the course. She was the first woman professor at the University of Paris, and the first woman with a position in French higher education. Her relentless determination and her brilliant work earned for her the *Nobel Prize in Chemistry* in 1911. She is the only person who has twice received the Nobel Prize for achievement in science.

The trip to America was the result of an interview of Mme. Curie in 1920 by Mrs. William B. Meloney, editor of *Woman's Magazine* of New York. It was then that she admitted that her researches at the Radium Institute were stalled for lack of a gram of *radium*. The market price of the element was one hundred thousand dollars per gram. And that was beyond her means. Her honorarium at the University was ten thousand francs a year.

But Mrs. Meloney thought of a wonderful plan. A gift of one gram of *radium* to Mme. Curie from America. An attempt to get a private subscription failed, but soon a national campaign for the *Marie Curie Radium Fund* was organized. In less than a year the subscription was filled. The Polish woman-scientist was invited to accept the presentation at The White House, Washington, D. C.

Large headlines and countless delegations greeted her arrival in New York aboard the *Olympic*. Irene and Eve Curie accompanied their mother, and were fascinated, but not Marie. At fifty-four, she was tired by the enthusiasm of the welcome. She would much have preferred a quick return to her humble, peaceful, ordinary status. Instead, medals, honors, doctorates, invitations from almost every college and university were offered her.

First, a dazzling visit through Smith, Vassar, Bryn Mawr . . . Receptions at Carnegie Hall and the Waldorf Astoria . . . Finally, on May 20 in Washington, President Warren G. Harding presented Mme. Curie a lead-lined casket of *radium* in the name of the Women of America.

An army of photographers, bigger headlines . . . But not for some time did the world learn that the journalists missed the "real story."

On the eve of the ceremony, when Marie read the parchment of gift, she noted that the *radium* was being offered to *her*. She insisted on an immediate drawing up of a legal document that made the gram of *radium* a gift to her laboratory even before the official presentation.

Very tired, but content at having "made a very small contribution to the friendship of America for France and Poland," Mme. Curie was forced by the heavy schedule to send Irene to double for her at several receptions. During the visit, she was honored with the Doctorate of Sciences at Yale, Chicago, Northwestern, Smith, Wellesley and Columbia, the Doctorate of Laws at Pittsburgh and Pennsylvania and Honorary Membership in numerous mineralogical, radiological and chemistry societies and associations throughout the country.

Many times during the following years, her desire for a *radium* institute for Warsaw took her back to Poland. Her dream was fulfilled when she assisted at the cornerstone laying for the Marja Sklodowska-Curie Institute in 1925. But Poland was still poor. And *radium* was badly needed so that cancer treatment could begin.

Once more Mrs. Meloney came to the rescue. Once again Mme. Curie sailed to America. An economic crisis somewhat chilled the enthusiasm here, but the welcome was warm and real, and Marja Sklodowska-Curie was grateful for the opportunity to be of service to Poland, to humanity.

"In Science, we must be interested in *things* not in *persons*," Mme. Curie once wrote. Many times she was forced to use her prestige to dignify her profession and to arouse interest in its service to mankind. But to her very death—July 4, 1934 — Marja Sklodowska-Curie lived up to her ideal.

Piast and the Angelic Visitors

By Marion Moore Coleman

This is the second of a series of articles on early Polish history, recounting the stories found in the earliest chronicles by the well-known writer, Marion Moore Coleman. She is the wife of Arthur P. Coleman, professor of Polish at Columbia University.

"God, loving not the wicked,
but the just
The rule to Piast doth to
this day entrust.
He dwells on high; his sons,
a noble band,
Still rule the land."
—Jan Kochanowski

IN the city of Gniezno, which was the seat of highest authority in the time to which we have come, there dwelt, according to the chronicler Gallus, a chieftain by the name of Popiel. Now Popiel, having two sons, had prepared, in accordance with the custom of tribal society, a great feast in celebration of the ceremony of tonsure of these two. To the feast Popiel had invited a large company of nobles and friends, for he wished all to witness the coming to manhood of his two sons, all to participate in the rites by which this great event was signalized.

On the day of the feast, by the hidden design of God, it happened that there arrived in Gniezno two strangers. Coming from afar, the two were weary and travel-worn, and sought hospitality in the place. But, contrary

to custom in primitive society, the strangers were not only not welcomed into the town, but were barred from entering its gates. Stones were hurled at them, and they were driven off with some violence.

The feast, meanwhile, was diligently prepared, and the guests of Popiel began to assemble.

Now the strangers, shunning the inhumanity of the town, made their way to an outlying region, arriving eventually at the hamlet of Kruszwica, on the reedy shore of Lake Gopło. Here, in a tiny but neat and cozy hut, dwelt a poor peasant by the name of Piast. Unlike Popiel. Piast, as Niemcewicz tells us in his *Songs from History,* was one who *"loved both God and man."*

In the great *Chronicle* of Marcin Bielski, written in the 16th Century, we read, "Now there lived at that time in Kruszwicz a citizen named Piast, the son of a basket maker, and himself a keeper of bees, some say also a wheelwright, a good man, simple and just. His wife was called Rzepicha, and a son had been born to her just at that time. So Piast killed a pig and made a libation of a cask of mead, to mark the naming of that son, in accordance with the pagan custom."

When the two strangers arrived at the dwelling of Piast, they were welcomed with warm and gracious hospitality. The mead was pressed upon them and portions of the little pig that had been prepared for the feast.

The strangers accepted the poor man's generous hospitality, and as they partook of the feast, pronounced these words: "Good cause for rejoicing shall you have over our coming to your home this day. For, thanks to our presence here, you shall have not less but more. An abundance of good things shall be added unto you, and in the future, glory and honor."

It was not long before Piast and Rzepicha beheld the happy meaning of the promise with their own eyes. For as of old with Baucis and Philemon, so now with them, hospitality paid rich dividends. No sooner had the mead been drunk up, than the jug in which it was contained filled to overflowing again. No sooner had the one little porker been consumed, than another appeared on the table in its place, whole and tasty again.

The strangers themselves presided over the ceremony of the son's naming. First of all they proceeded to cut off what hair he had, and then they gave him a name of their own choosing. The name was Siemowit, or as history records it, Ziemowit, which means "born to rule."

Now, as Bielski tells us further, there was a large population in Kruszwica region, and not enough food to go around, so that there came to Piast folk from all over for the purpose of obtaining food. And he did give unto all who came to him freely, of pork and mead and everything that he had prepared for the celebration, but only so much as each could consume on the spot without over-drinking of the mead or over-eating of the roast pork."

"Seeing, therefore, that this man was endowed by God with special qualities, all the people cried out, 'Why have we to seek another master, when we have one divinely appointed in this man?' And so they chose Piast to be their master. Although he held out against the appointment for a long time, finally, seeing it was the will

of God, he stopped resisting and did become their lord."

Some chroniclers tell the story differently, stating that not Piast himself, but his son Ziemowit, was the one who became the leader of the people. Whichever way it was, the dynasty that ruled from this time on was sprung from Piast. Thus the Slavs of the northern plain received a head who came from their very own selves, a plain man of the people, a wheelwright, as well as a ploughman, as his very name Piast (*hub*) indicates.

The line of Piast was to rule for a very long time, and Piast himself was to become the inspiration of poets and bards without number. He was also to become the symbol of the common man in Polish ideology.

"Come, O Piast, O come, Thou Chosen One, plough well the plain of Poland!
Come, O Piast, with hand of iron,
And with head held high to heaven!
Sow with seed the waiting grainfields,
See that none a wanton crop yields!"

—Jadwiga of Łobzów

Letter to a Young American Pole

By Eugene Lyons

Dear Michael:

YOU BEAR an authentically Polish name. Lovely Polish tunes run through your mind; tunes you heard in the cradle, in childhood, at family gatherings. There are a few exotic reminders of the old country in your home—perhaps pictures, books in strange bindings, maybe a costume—and they do touch a chord in your heart.

Being an intelligent youg man, you agree that Poland has gotten a raw deal in this war. Listening to your relatives and their friends discuss the ordeal of their native land, you sometimes share their anger and their sorrow.

At the same time, however, you are a little annoyed by their eternal concern about a place thousands of miles away and problems that seem so remote from everyday American life. That hankering interest in the fate of a foreign nation seems to you almost un-American—almost, as you put it, "like divided loyalty." Your parents came here from Poland and you love them. But it seems to you high time they erased the memory of their origins and settled down to being "real Americans."

In any case, you want to know why you—an American boy, as American as any of your Anglo-Saxon classmates—should bother about a far-off country which you have never seen.

It's a fair question, Michael, and you're entitled to a fair answer. It's a question being asked not only by the sons and daughters of Polish-American homes. Millions of Americans only one or two generations removed from their immigrant forebears, from every country on earth, face the same problem.

Somehow they must reconcile their family heritage, whether it be Polish or French, Irish or Mexican, with the general American heritage. Unlike "old line" Americans, they were born into two cultures: the one at home, the other outside the home. Unless they can succeed in blending the two, in making them harmonious, they are likely to be disturbed and unhappy.

Many of them never do achieve that inner sense of harmony. They go through life with a self-conscious feeling about their origins, their names, the "foreign" touch of their homes. Instead of being proud of those things, as they have every right to be, they act almost as if they carried a guilty secret.

But the wisest and healthiest among the second and third generation Americans, Michael, are those who understand early that the whole problem is artificial. It's not in reality but in their minds. They need only *straighten out their thinking on the subject* and presto! the problem disappears.

And they do straighten out their thinking just as soon as they become aware that America is not made of one piece but is a wonderful mixture of races and cultures, to which new ingredients are always being added. That mixture, in fact, is the basic reason for the vigor and power of our country.

Eric Johnston, now head of the movie industry, made this point well in the course of a speech some time ago.

"Any metallurgist," he said, "will tell you that the toughest, most resistant metals are not 'pure' ores but alloys that blend the most valuable qualities of many ores. It is thus with the American, who fuses in his blood and his spirit the virtues and vitalities of many races, creeds, cultures—giving us an amalgam that is new, unique and immeasurably strong."

There never was and never will be a point at which our American amalgam will be fixed and finished. Ours is a vital, dynamic nation in a continuous process of growth and change. Every new arrival—whether from Poland or Timbuctoo—makes a contribution to that evolution. He brings his labor power, his passion for self-betterment, his brains, the virtue and experience of his particular civilization and throws them into the great American pool.

Our America has never expected its immigrants to discard and forget their past. On the contrary, it has expected them to distil the best in their personal heritage for the enrichment of their adopted fatherland. What distinguishes America from some older nations is that it has a diversity of people but an equality of human rights.

Once you have grasped this great truth about America, Michael, you will get over any uneasy feeling about your slightly "foreign" home and relatives. It will turn instead into a feeling of pride—pride in the special qualities and unique experiences of your forebears and their courage in coming to America for a fresh start. You will know that "foreign" homes have been typically American since the day when the Mayflower unloaded its contingent of immigrants on Plymouth Rock.

Immigrant, after all, is only another word for pioneer. It took guts for your father or grandfather to tear up his roots and strike out for a new country on the other side of the ocean. The same kind of guts the Pilgrim Fathers had, or those who struck out for the unkown West in covered wagons.

What if the sons and daugters of a Mayflower immigrant had been self-conscious about their English family? What if the boys of old New Amsterdam, which was to become New York, had been a bit uneasy about their Dutch ancestry? You'd say they were

foolish. Well, it is no less foolish for the sons of more recent settlers to behave in that fashion. Except for the difference in dates, you are in exactly the same position. America is a long chain of many diverse links. Your link is more recent, closer to the end of the chain, but not one bit less important than the rest.

An Irish American, if he has self-respect, loves the Green Isle of his forebears, though he has never seen it and doesn't expect to. He marches proudly in the St. Patrick's Day parades and feel himself, rightly, a better American for it. If his interests run in that direction, he gets a special kick out of Irish literature, Irish music, Irish history. If his tastes run in another direction, he takes a deeper pride in an Irish jockey or Irish prize-ring champion.

The very fact that he does these things proves that he is thoroughly adjusted to America. His American patriotism is not one iota less because it includes a perfectly natural and wholesome affection for the ancient land of his fathers.

Do you know, Michael, that tens of thousands of Irish Americans gave their money and their energies in the long struggle for Irish freedom? They did not thereby reduce the measure of their Americanism. Indeed, intelligent fellow-Americans who were not Irish understood and applauded that loyalty to their race. Because our country is compounded of scores of races, a decent pride in your own race, coupled with a decent respect for the other fellow's, has become a fine American tradition.

Intelligent fellow-Americans understand and applaud today when Americans of Polish extraction—Americans like yourself—fight for the cause of Polish liberation. Would it be natural for Americans, who cherish freedom above all else, to remain indifferent to its suppression in another country? Certainly not. And by the same token it would be a hundredfold more unnatural if they remained indifferent to the enslavement of the land from which they have sprung.

Let me put it bluntly. If your father and his friends, born in Poland, ignored the tragedy of their native country it would mean that they have not learned the lesson of their adopted country. It would mean that they have not learned the value of human freedom. If you, the son of Poles, are untouched by the suppression of Poland's freedom, it does not mean that you are a "real American" but on the contrary, that your Americanism is superficial, shallow and incomplete.

The fact is that those who fight for Polish freedom are also fighting for American freedom. It happens that an epochal struggle is under way in the world today—a great duel between freedom and dictatorship. America typifies the nations and peoples on the freedom side of the tussle, just as Soviet Russia typifies the forces on the side of slavery. A victory for dictatorship anywhere is a defeat for our America. A victory for freedom anywhere is an American triumph.

Yes, Michael, in standing up for the rights of Poland you are helping to pull your weight in the great tug-of-war against the ideas and the threats represented by Soviet Russia. Poland was one of the first victims of those threats, but their main and ultimate target is the United States. The libe-

ration of Poland, when it comes, will be a great step in the defense of American liberty and the American conception of human relations.

Think of these things next time you are tempted to annoyance because some Poles grows vehement in denouncing the raw deal meted out to Poland by its war-time allies. Remember that he is right. Remember that the betrayal of Poland was also a betrayal of America. It is not simply a "Polish affair" but an affair affecting the entire world.

When Poland, which fought so valorously and paid such a heavy price in blood and pain for its loyalty to the Allied ideals, was sold down the river to appease a totalitarian despot, the hopes for a free world suffered a body-blow. You know by now that the injustice perpetrated against Poland did not end there. It was the prelude to a lengthening series of injustices. The latest victim as these words are written is Hungary, and other countries are waiting their turn to be enslaved.

A few years ago, when the war was still under way, there was a great deal of talk about "one world." The phrase expressed the old yearning of plain people everywhere for a free world organized under law. Today, alas, that phrase sounds ironic—the globe has so obviously split into *two* contending worlds, one headed by the USA, the other by the USSR.

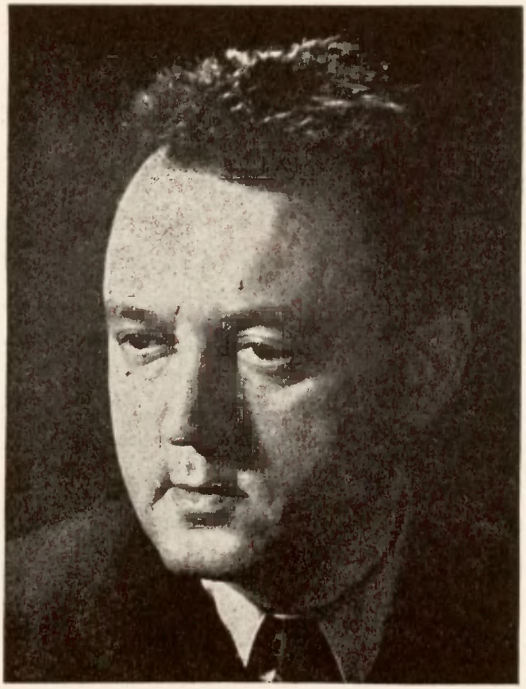
As a physical and political fact the one-world concept has been exploded. But in a deeper sense, in the moral sense, this *is* one world. It always has been and will remain one. I mean that we cannot close our eyes and hearts to evil elsewhere without being contaminated ourselves. Those who exclaim that they are not their brothers' keepers share the Biblical mark of Cain. We cannot smugly enjoy liberty and well-being while suffering, moral degradation and political despotism spread beyond our borders.

There were Americans, before War II, who insisted that it was none of our business what Hitler was doing to his own people, his Jews and his neighbor nations. By this time we know how terribly mistaken they were. We know that in due time the whole world paid heavily in life and substance for the diabolic crimes of the Nazis.

Even so there are Americans who now pretend that it is none of our business what Stalin does to his own people and to the populations of neighboring countries. Their vision, alas, is as narrow as their human sympathies. Horror of the kind the Soviet dictators are inflicting on an ever larger portion of Europe and Asia cannot be ignored with impunity. It is a source of contagion for the rest of mankind. Unless it is cured in good time it may well plunge the world into yet another orgy of global blood-letting.

So I repeat, Michael, that in fighting for the rights of Poland you will be fighting also for the best interests of America. Kosciuszko and Pulaski did not cease to be great Polish patriots when they chose to fight for the independence of thirteen far-off American colonies. Lafayette did not cease to be a great Frenchman when he devoted himself to the cause of American freedom. A great English poet, Lord Byron, took up arms for Greek freedom at the beginning of the last century; he did not thereby cease to be a noble English patriot.

By the same logic you—and your Polish relatives, their Polish friends—



EUGENE LYONS—*Author, editor, foreign correspondent and radio commentator*

do not cease to be good Americans when you champion the cause of Polish freedom and independence. Indeed, you demonstrate your Americanism by doing your share in defense of principles of human liberty and human dignity that have their focal center in these United States.

Another thing: Communism is the number one danger facing the world today. Its depredations in Poland or France, in China or in our own country are not separate phenomena. They are parts of the same worldwide force. We must stand up to it, all of us, not only here at home but wherever the danger is manifest.

Viewed in this light, Poland is not at all far away. Its fate is not unrelated to the interests of America but, on the contrary, intimately linked with our everyday problems.

It is not only your right as an American, Michael, but your duty as an American of Polish origin, to take a direct and enlightened interest in the vital struggle to liberate Poland from Soviet domination. You will be a better American for it and, more important, a better human being, a better citizen of the world.

(Reprinted by the courtesy of The Polish Review)

Polish Architecture

By Edward S. Grzybowski

ARCHITECTURE served the primary needs of life and became a part of life itself in Poland before 1939. The Polish architects have tried to make the best of the short period between two wars with an economic crisis cutting across it. Their fight for good architecture was a struggle for a better world and happier human lives. Though much was done by them, there was a great deal that still had to be done. Plans waiting for the realization of the most modern buildings in the world were left behind by them. It must be remembered that the Polish architects had conceived of plans for Warsaw which already in early 1939 was being considered the world center of modern architecture.

Stefan Starzynski, the mayor of Warsaw, was a man of vision and imagination, capable of putting his bold plans into practice. His hard work and sound planning within five years proved how a city of over a million inhabitants can be improved. He loved Warsaw. He began the work with what he considered most important. It had been the construction of 28 big new schools, the abolition of excessive noise, the cleanliness of the streets, the ordering and cleaning up of the suburbs, and the piercing of new thoroughfares. The scope of his work was growing wider every year. New hospitals, playing fields and sports grounds were built, the Vistula was given an embankment and the workmen's quarters were improved and modernized. Then there came the Tourist Hostel, the National Museum, the reconstruction of ancient monuments, and the unearthing of the old Gothic city walls. Finally there was the city planning on a grand scale, reaching far into the future.

Came September, 1939. The man who took the very special interest in the looks of every new house, who loved every new flower bed in the squares of Warsaw, that man preferred ruin and destruction to surrender. When his city was on fire, he led the defense with the same energy and spirit which he had given to its building. He never spared himself, working day and night, broadcasting to the people with a voice hoarse with fatigue, keeping up public spirit and continuing the defense as long as was humanly possible, regardless of cost.

The houses of Warsaw were adorned by a pattern of bricks or a facing of stone, and the size of the windows and their shape were dictated by the qualities of the material. If a house of steel or concrete was built in a narrow street, it was erected on pillars. The wide open space between the enlivened the monotony of closed walls, thereby dispalaying the small gardens with ponds and fountains at the back of the house. Most of the Warsaw flats were composed of of four rooms. There were two bedrooms, a dining room, and a living room, connected by a wide sliding door. The kitchen, with an electric or gas stove, was large and airy, where the Polish housewife cooked the copious midday meal. The maid who helped her had a small room of her own behind the kitchen.

There were, along Polish roads,

many old wayside shrines, of wood or of stone, which greeted travellers and extended their blessing to the workers in the fields. With calmness and serenity, the shrines usually looked down from a hillock, wrapped in a thicket of trees. They were the work of local sculptors and painters, who expressed their feelings simply and somewhat naively, but with great sincerity. Popular art in Poland was extremely vigorous and spontaneous. The innate passion for beauty and the old decorative talent of the peasants has been alive always.

The peasants' houses are full of carved and painted shelves and boxes, and on the shelves there is the hand-painted pottery of local design and material. Pictures on glass and patterns cut out of paper are hung on the walls. The furniture is carved and painted ornamentally with richly decorations. Lovely woven rugs and fabrics spun from wool by the country women is used in decorating a modern villa as well as a cottage.

The framework of the windows and doors, as also the ceiling beams of the village homes are adorned in a geometrical or leaf pattern, carved or burnt in the wood. Timber is used as a structural material and also as material for ornamentation and decoration. The Polish carpenters have their own traditional ways of dovetailing timbers, and they handle the axe and chisel with amazing skill. The remarkable towers and belfries of the most intricate shape, built by them without the use of a single bolt or nail serves to prove the superlative skill of the Polish carpenters.

Wood is the traditional building material of the Poles. The remnants of the settlement of Biskupin, two thousand years old, discovered recently in Western Poland, prove that even then the Poles were skilled in building houses with wood. The old wooden churches are the finest examples of that art. Although their builders knew little of the principles of great art, yet they knew perfectly well how to harmonize their work with the surrounding scenery and how to match the beauty of the neighbouring forests and mountains. Józef Strzygowski, the masterful writer of, "Early Christian Church Art in Northern Europe", after his most extensive research on architecture revealed to the architectural world that the works of architecture in stone have merely been copies of the works of architecture in wood. This amazing discovery by Strzygowski has initiated a very controversial topic in the field of architecture.

Culturally, Poland has always belonged to Western Europe and in due course, all the styles of the West were adopted on the banks of the Vistula. The Church and the monastic orders of the west brought with them a very disciplined pattern and tradition for building. Builders and craftsmen from Lombardy, Flanders, and the Rhineland taught the Poles to build churches, cloisters, and castles during the early Middle Ages. In due time, many Polish scholars, young noblemen, and future statesmen were educated in France and Italy.

The art of beauty, building principles, and the patterns imported from Western Europe had to be adapted to the local conditions of climate, labor, and building materials. The Polish builders used decorations which they had invented by themselves, thereby introducing creative alterations which at times broke the rules of style. Undoubtedly

inspired by the originals, thus a distinctive national art came into being although its character and sense of proportion was different from the foreign aesthetic doctrines. The foreign architects who were brought to Poland were soon influenced by the new local atmosphere and built in a way which had been different from what they would have done in their own country.

The beginnings of romanesque architecture in Poland were timid and modest. Simple, small rotundas were erected near castles of the princes of the X Century. As the influence of the clergy increased, churches of a more elaborate design were built. During the XI and XII Centruies, two-aisled basilicas with towers, suggesting an influence from the Rhine, were erected by powerful bishops. They were built of sandstone, granite, and occasionally limestone, since the supply of good building stone in Poland has been a very limited one. When the Gothic style was introduced into Poland, brick became the main structural material and stone was used only for casings of windows, doors, and ornamental details.

The Cistercians of France came to Poland at the end of the XII Century. On the Polish soil they erected buildings which were of transitional design with some Gothic tendencies. They were the first to introduce the pointed arch in their churches although the whole structure remained in heavy, clumsy, romanesque form.

The full development of the Gothic style prevailed in Poland throughout the XIII and XIV Centuries. The new Gothic churches, built on the basilica. hall or double nave plan, depending on the region of the country, did not possess the rich external ornamentation of the French cathedrals. However, the main lines of design were identical with the French ones and the dim aisles with the tall, narrow stained glass windows conformed perfectly with the architects' idea of the stern religious principles exalted during the Middle Ages. Instead of using outside buttresses or supporting arches over the side aisles, the architects of Cracow and the upper Vistula region reinforced the inner pillars to carry the side thrust of the Gothic churches designed by them.

The Renaissance, coming directly from Italy, reached Poland at the turn of the XV and XVI Centuries. A remarkable example of this imported style is the Royal Chapel of the Sigismonds built in the Wawel Cathedral in 1517. The Polish Renaissance before long evolved from the Roman and Florentine origins. The courtyard of the royal castle of Wawel, although built by an Italian who had been inspired by the palaces of his country, possesses the original quality and strong influence of the Polish environment on foreign art. The skill with which the Poles combined the Gothic elements with the new type of composition and the unusual proportions given to the triple galleries make the Wawel courtyard one of the most striking architectural achievements of Europe.

The Renaissance in Poland had been developed in the era of Poland's greatest prosperity, when noblemen and merchants built fine palaces and houses for themselves. In fortified castles there were inner galleries which ran around the Courtyard. The town halls were built square, with a tower in the middle, with loggias and rich portals. The walls of the houses were ornamented and adorned with bas-reliefs. A striking characteristic feature of all Renaissance buildings was the tall, picturesque, crowning parapet with which the architect endeavored to screen the steep

roofs of towers, houses and granaries.

An interesting example of town planning is the founding of Zamosc which, prior to 1939, had been recognized as the finest achievement of Polish town planning. In 1579, chancellor Jan Zamoyski, the eminent statesman who in his youth had been the rector of the University of Padua ordered a new city to be built in open fields. The preparation of the plans and execution of them were supervised by him. In 1591 there were 300 houses in the town and in 1601 strict building regulations were introduced, and by 1622 most of the public buildings and churches were completed. The main market square dominates the centre of the town. The town hall, with a slender tower and a finely carved parapet, is slightly receded. The whole square is encircled by a regular ribbon of arcades with a granite girdle of rhythmic grace.

No new style is better suited to Polish artistic temperament and creative talent than the Baroque style. It was a style which gave full expression to the exuberant, vigorous temperament of our ancestors and to a certain feeling of unrest which characterized the XVII Century. Its most remarkable achievements are to be found in the churches of Wilno and Lwów, the distant outposts of western civilization.

The XVIII Century and the reign of the last King of Poland were rich in architectural monuments. In 1773, King Stanislaus Augustus, a connoisseur of art, supervised the construction of the Lazienki Palace in Warsaw, which he himself had helped to design. Although the Lazienki Palace is small, it is an architectural gem, beautifully balanced, light in mass and perfect in detail. It is equal to the most beautiful of the French or Italian palaces, and testifies to the King's good taste and skill of the architects employed by him. They used decorative water and foliage in a way closely resembling modern practice in design. The architecture of the period is known by the name of King Stanislaus. He not only assembled a team of architects and artists, but also inspired them to independent, creative work.

Stanislaus Augustus was the founder of Polish modern architecture. The King was interested in town planning. Under his direction, excellent plans for the development of Warsaw were made, but the Partitions of Poland followed soon afterwards, and the foreign rulers did nothing to assist the progress of Warsaw. Instead, they stifled Polish art by all possible means. The Polish architects trained in the Stanislaus period showed their remarkable skill in several impressive classical buildings in Warsaw and Wilno.

The research and work of architects in the periods which followed King Stanislaus laid the foundations of a modern national architecture. It was characterized by a careful aesthetic training of architects, the knowledge of large-scale planning, and the knowledge of the real needs of the country and attachment to tradition. The Polish Pavilions executed by architects for the Paris Exposition in 1937 and the New York World's Fair in 1939 revealed the most noteworthy of modern architectural conceptions of Polish origin to the world.

May it be known that the fiercest enemy and even the heaviest bombs cannot destroy designs engraved in human minds which continue to help putting the scattered stones and bricks together again in a better pattern than ever before!

I am Music - - -

I am MUSIC, *most ancient of the arts.* ¶ *I am more than ancient; I am eternal.* ¶ *Even before life commenced upon this earth, I was here—in the winds and the waves.* ¶ *When the first trees and flowers and grasses appeared, I was among them.* ¶ *And when Man came, I at once became the most delicate, most subtle, and most powerful medium for the expression of Man's emotions. When men were little better than beasts, I influenced them for their good.* ¶ *In all ages I have inspired men with hope, kindled their love, given a voice to their joys, cheered them on to valorous deeds, and soothed them in times of despair.* ¶ *I have played a great part in the drama of of Life, whose end and purpose is the complete perfection of man's nature.* ¶ *Through my influence human nature has been uplifted, sweetened and refined.* ¶ *With the aid of men, I have become a Fine Art. From Tubalcain to Thomas Edison a long line of the brightest minds have devoted themselves to the perfection of instruments through which men may utilize my powers and enjoy my charms.* ¶ *I have myriads of voices and instruments. I am in the hearts of all men and on their tongues, in all lands and among all peoples; the ignorant and unlettered know me, not less than the rich and learned.* ¶ *For I speak to all men, in a language that all understand. Even the deaf hear me, if they but listen to the voices of their own souls.* ¶ *I am the food of love.* ¶ *I have taught men gentleness and peace; and I have led them onward to heroic deeds.* ¶ *I comfort the lonely, and I harmonize the discord of crowds.* ¶ *I am a necessary luxury to all men* ¶ *I am* MUSIC.

—ALLAN C. INMAN

Reprinted by the courtesy of the
National Bureau for the Advancement of Music, N. Y.

Christmas in Poland

By Anna Maria Zajac

TO a Pole there is no part of the year that is more sacred than Christmas, for this holiday means more than just an exchange of gifts. It means *Wigilia* and the sharing of "opłatek" (Polish wafer) on Christmas Eve with those dearest to one's heart. Blessed are those Polish homes where this beautiful Christmas tradition still abides!

In Poland, Advent, the four weeks before Christmas, is observed with great piety. It is a period of fervent praying and fasting and represents the four thousand years of waiting for the Messiah. In some districts, during this period, young boys disguised as bears, storks and goats visit the village huts where they make the children say their prayers and reward those who pass satisfactorily with nuts, apples and sweetmeats. Those who fail in their prayers, on the other hand, are beaten with a twisted rope.

The day before Christmas, the mistress of the house is busy from morn till night preparing the "postnik" (meatless feast) which is a several course dinner in which every product of the farm, with the exception of meat, is represented. The number of dishes varies from five to eleven, the number always being uneven, to insure good luck and good health in the household during the coming year. The more dishes that are served, the greater the good fortune that will come to a household. However, care is always taken that the number of guests at the table is even, an uneven number, according to tradition, meaning death to one of the party. A vacant place is left also for the guest who may call on *Wigilia*, as no wanderer, regardless who he might be, is to be turned away from any Polish door on Christmas Eve.

The "postnik" is not served till the first star appears in the sky. In many homes no food is served during the whole day, and so, the appearance of the first star is eagerly awaited, especially by the children. The "choinka" (Christmas tree) decorated with gilded nuts, apples, candy and various handmade ornaments, makes a pretty picture in one corner of the hut. Sheaves of wheat are also placed in the corners of the room. This is supposed to assure a plentiful crop for the coming year.

The table is covered with fragrant hay and a white tablecloth under which is hidden an "opłatek" (wafer), often called "chleb pokoju" (bread of peace). The hay signifies the manger in which the Christ Child was born. Before supper, the master of the house shares the "opłatek" with his family and mutual wishes are exchanged. Then the "postnik" follows. The rye is represented by a soup called "barszcz" (beet soup) to which have been added mushrooms. "Pierogi" (turnovers with cabbage, cheese, potatoes and prunes) and "paluszki" (noodles in the shape of little fingers) are made of wheat flour, the latter usually being served with poppy seed. In addition, barley grits with prunes, buckwheat grits, lima beans, fried potatoes, sauerkraut with mushrooms and other dishes follow. In towns and at homes of the gentry, fish is also served. A little must be eaten from every dish, even if only a spoonful, tradition saying that for every dish that is left untouched, that

number of times will bad luck and unhappiness enter the life of him who fails to partake of every dish that is placed before him on Christmas Eve.

After the meal is finished the father takes out an old "kantyczka" (song book) and begins the Christmas carols. Because most of these are known by heart, everybody joins in. Two of the most popular Polish carols are "W Żłobie Leży" and "Przybiezeli do Betlejem Pasterze", both of which were written in the Sevententh Century. The oldest Polish "kolenda" (carol) dates back to 1624.

Before going to church to a midnight mass called "Pasterka" (Shepherd's Mass), the peasant also shares the "opłatek" with his cattle. Of the many legends connected with the Christmas holidays, the most popular of these is the one about the cattle speaking the human language on Christmas night. However, only he who is without sin can understand their language. Reymont's *Peasants* offers many of the legends and customs connected with Christmas in Poland.

In the Cassubian region, the farmer goes into his garden after the Christmas Eve supper has been served, knocks thrice on every fruit tree and tells it the joyful news of the birth of our Saviour. The labourers take sheaves from the room, twist them into straw ropes and wind them around the trees to protect them against winter frosts. Some of the straw is also scattered on the winter crops to prevent them from suffering from frost.

Many miracles are worked on Christmas night according to the belief of the Cassubian peasant. The trees bud, a lovely flower blooms under the snow, the apple trees put forth shoots, blossom and bear fruit, which, however, disappears at midnight. Whoever picks some of this fruit will be lucky in the coming year.

Christmas night is also the time for various sorts of prognostications. Twelve onion peels cut during that night foreshow next morning by the moisture they have exuded whether each of the twelve months will be rainy or dry. Young maidens go out of doors and listen to the wind, or to the barking of the dogs. From whichever direction the wind blows, or the barking of dogs is heard, a suitor will appear in the coming year. If neither one nor the other is to be heard, the young women call loudly, listening to the direction from which the echo is heard. In the region of Gniezno and Kruszwice the girls throw off their shoes, either ahead of or behind them. The one who throws her shoe the farthest will be the next bride. In the Lubelski region, it is believed that whoever stands on a hatchet during the Christmas Supper will be rid of all foot troubles. In the central part of Poland, a head of blessed poppy seeds is strewn in front of the threshold to prevent the witches from harming the cattle. In Kielce, a loaf of bread and a knife is left on the table after the "postnik" so that Jesus, when He arrives with the carolers after midnight, can cut himself a slice of bread. This bread is left untouched until the New Year. If the knife becomes rusty, it is believed that the coming year will not yield a plentiful supply of grain. Also, on Sunday morning, at dawn, the children go to the streams for water, which, tradition says, is changed into wine at that time. This water is con-

sidered to be a cure for all skin ailments.

At Christmas time, carol singing in Poland is a quaint ceremonial. Boys dressed in traditional costumes, one of them as a devil, another as Judas, and others as angels and apostles, go round from house to house with a big star and sing carols. Sometimes the old custom of the "turon" is also observed on that occasion. A man wearing an animal's skin and a horrible head with horns performs all sorts of antics, scaring the children who hide under the table, behind the stove, or behind their mother's skirts.

The old Nativity Show is also inseparable from the Christmas period in Poland. Boys appear both in the village and in the city with the "Jaselka" (Manger in Bethlehem) showing the Infant Jesus, Mary, Joseph and the animals. A presentation of scenes from the life of Christ, much in the style of a Punch and Judy show, is given. Christmas goodies and coins are received by the participants.

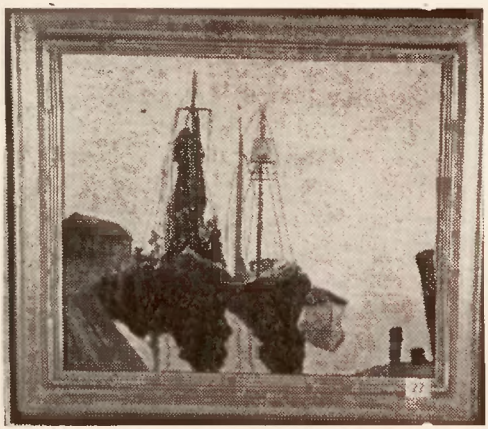
No manual labor is performed on Christmas Day for it is considered the greatest holiday in Poland. The straw spread on the floor in peasant huts on Christmas Eve remains there until the day after Christmas when the girl of marriagable age is supposed to tidy the house before she is caught "na śmiecach" (on the rubbish) by her future suitor.

On Saint Stephen's Day, the day after Christmas, the young people fill their pockets with oats when they go to church and upon leaving the church smite each other with the oats. This proves rather annoying to the girls,

but they take it in the right spirit of gayety.

Thus, Christmas was observed in Poland in days of yore. Even though there may be a "postnik" in some Polish huts in Poland this Christmas, and the "oplatek" may be shared in Poland as well as in other parts of the world, the only wish that will emanate from all Polish lips when this sacred moment arrives, will be, "Christ, Redeemer of Man, restore to us, our Fatherland!"

Then, and only then, with the restoration of Poland to the map as a free nation, will reign, for all time, *Peace on Earth, Good Will toward Men.*



FIRST PRIZE

PORT OF GLOUCESTER

By

Sophie Jablonska

Boston, Mass.

SECOND PRIZE

HUNTER'S VILLAGE

By

Julia G. Veeson,

Bloomfield, N. J.

THIRD PRIZE

STILL LIFE

By

Eleanor Zagorda

Philadelphia, Pa.

Book Review

Reviewed by
Anna Maria Zajac

MARTA THE DOLL

By Eloise Lownsberry
Illustrated by Marya Werten
New York: Longmans, Green & Co.
$2.00

MARTA THE DOLL is a perfectly exquisite story which should find its way into every Polish home and library in the United States.

The setting of the story is in Zakopane, a city nestled in the majestic Tatras, where many happy unforgettable days were spent by the reviewer of *Marta the Doll in* 1936 and again in 1939. There in "zakochane Zakopane" as Prof. Roman Dyboski and Dr. Stefan Mierzwa captioned this bit of heaven on earth, together with a group of Kosciuszko Foundation students, I rode on the tramway to Kasprowy Wierch, climbed the mountains from the foot of Morskie Oko to the Czarny Staw, descending with my pockets filled with stones of various sizes and shapes. There midst the stones I found beautiful forget-me-nots and was inspired to write "To a Forget-Me-Not." There, too, at the foot of the Giewont, I found Antoni Mroz, the bagpipe player, and whirled around with him as *Marta the Doll* whirled round and round with Michal at his wedding. Just as Marta heard the tales of the Tatras from Dziadek's lips, so Marysia Curus, a "goralka" whose friendship I shall ever cherish, recounted many legends to me, including the story of Janosik. And just as Marta became Hanka's precious possession on Saint Anna's Day, so a priceless oil painting portraying sheep, grazing at the foot of the Tatras was brought to me on Saint Anna's Day also by Marysia. The sight of this priceless piece of art over my fireplace brings me closer than ever to *Marta the Doll* whose home is in that section of Poland to which my thoughts wander over and over again.

This beautiful story, in which passages are to be found worthy of being placed among the most cherished of Polish literary gems, revolves around a litttle girl named Hanka, who craves for a doll. Her sister Marysia wraps a bottle with a gay handkerchief and smiling down at Hanka, says: "It's a doll for pretend." And so, Hanka pretends that this gaily wrapped bottle is a real doll with eyes that open and shut.

Marysia, Jasiek and Hanka's mother and father go to market and instead of buying herself a new skirt in Kraków as Marysia had planned, she buys a doll for Hanka instead.

The doll is named Marta after Hanka's cousin in America. At first Marta sleeps in a tool box. Jasiek makes a beautiful cradle for the doll later, the footboard of which is decorated with forget-me-nots.

Woven into the stories are many folk tales of the Tatras including "How Zakopane Got Its Name, Janosik, The Night When Pan Jezus Was Born" and many other legends of interest.

Marta was indeed a fortunate doll. She danced with the groom at Cousin Frania's wedding and she also helped to put out a fire. Marta grew so famous that she blushed and blushed again. What made her blush and what happened later that brought on many sleepless nights for Hanka? Read this lovely story and find out for yourself.

Take It from Me

A NATIONAL Council of Polish Cultural Societies in the United States will be organized as a result of the Polish Art Clubs Conference which was held three months ago in Chicago. Plans for this project will be presented to all Polish American cultural groups for consideration. In the meantime more complete information may be had from Mr. Thaddeus Slesinski, 175 W. Jackson Blvd., Chicago, Ill.

Over one hundred delegates representing every section of the country attended the Chicago convention and the enthusiasm shown speaks well for the future. The 1948 Conference will be held in New York City.

★

THE Sarmatian Art Exhibit and Contest held in connection with the Third Annual Conference of Sarmatia International in New York City over the Labor Day week end was acclaimed a huge success by the enthusiastic gathering of guests and visitors who availed themselves of the opportunity of attending the first such exhibition of the work of artists of Polish descent.

The winners and titles of their paintings were as follows:

First Prize—$100: Miss Sophie Jablonska of Boston, Mass.—*PORT OF GLOUCESTER;* Second Prize—$75: Mrs. Julia G. Veeson of Bloomfield, N. J.—*HUNTER'S WINTER;* and Third Prize—$50: Miss Eleanor Zagorda of Philadelphia, Pa.—*STILL LIFE.* Paint sets were awarded to Miss Irene Pogorzelska of New York City for *I'VE BEEN AROUND,* Mr. Edward Szalanski of Milwaukee, Wis. for *LANDSCAPE,* and Miss Annette Woodburn for *RAIN IN SOUTH BEND.* Mr. H. J. Krupinski of Elizabeth, N. J. received Honorable Mention.

Mme. Lucja Dzierzkowska and Mr. Władysław Borzęcki decided on the acceptability of the submitted works while Dr. Irena Piotrowska and Mr. Adam Styka composed the Committee on Awards.

The principal address in conjuction with this exhibiton was delivered by Prof. Tadeusz Mitana, president of the Paderewski Testimonial Fund. His remarks encouraged Sarmatia to continue her praiseworthy efforts in acquainting Americans with Polish Art and culture.

★

A NEW staff of officers was elected at the Conference of Sarmatia International for 1948. Miss Anna Maria Zajac of New Bedford, past president and organizer of the organization, was distinguished with the office of Honorary President. Mr. Edward Grzybowski of Newark, N. J. was elected to the active presidency. Other officers follow:

Vice-president Joanna Skoczulek of New Bedford, Mass.

Recording Secretary Janet Narolska of Chalfont, Pa.

Corresponding Secretary Caesar Gaza of Brooklyn, N. Y.

Treasurer Stanley Micula of Yonkers, N. Y.

Historian Maria Zelwerowicz of Brooklyn, N. Y.

The Associate Editor

Excerpt of an Address by Anna Zajac

Honorary President of Sarmatia International

AT a time when the world in general was afraid to raise its voice in defense of those principles which today the United States of America is endeavoring to uphold—principles embodied in our Bill of Rights, upon the preservation of which depends our further democratic way of life—SARMATIA spoke and its voice was heard from the Atlantic to the Pacific, approximately 400 articles emanating from Sarmatian pens. Throughout the American press Sarmatians waged a battle in defense of that which they believed to be right. When one fights to preserve life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness for men of every race and creed, he is serving God. Can man, therefore, serve a greater purpose on earth than to serve Him who created all men great and small? 'Tis said that the pen is mightier than the sword.

Why should we, the younger element, be interested in Poland, many of you may ask? Poland is many miles away. You are an American. Therefore your only concern is America. Unless we, the youth of America, become the vanguard of democracy on our own shores, unless we take a keener interest in what is transpiring in other parts of the world, remembering that in this era there are no barriers that safeguard any land, unless we realize that what affects the world at large indirectly sooner or later will affect us, we may have reason to regret should we choose to live in ostrich fashion.

Residing in a land of plenty, we are prone to forget about those whose arms are extended to us with the words on their lips: "You, American Poles, are our only salvation. Give us food, give us clothing, help us to emerge victorious from our struggle." Food, clothing and words of cheer from those who do not know the meaning of hunger or the wholesale slaughter of those whom they love, are the ammunition they now need.

To gain the respect we Poles rightfully deserve here in the USA, we should endeavor to acquaint the entire world with the rich heritage that is ours. There is a mass of work to be done in the field of Polish culture. We should endeavor to fill our libraries in the United States with books pertaining to Poland. Because there is a great lack of cultural magazines dealing with Polish topics, it is our sacred duty to give support wherever it is needed so that we may uphold what we possess at present in the way of periodicals dealing with Poland.

With our hands clasped in true Sarmatian fashion together let us build Sarmatia till it towers to the very skies a beautiful edifice which will remain long after we have ceased to exist bringing glory for all time to those who died so that democracy might survive.

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