THE POLISH DIGEST

MARCH 1946

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ROME & MARCH 1946

Cover by S. Lipinski

2ND POLISH CORPS
PUBLIC RELATIONS

CHORALE

by KORNEL UJEJSKI (1823-1897)
English version by JAN SLIWINSKI

Fanned by the flames, and reeking of bloodshed
This voice, oh Lord, beats up in despair.
Great is our grievance, mortal our moaning,
Pray'rs such as this are whit'ning the hair.
Mute the complaint and silent the singing,
Bruised by the crown of thorns is the brow.
Like a memento, Lord, of Thy anger,
This hand is stretching out to Thee now.

Raising the eyes, we feign that from heaven
Planets and stars will rain on the foe.
Calm is the azure, and in its freedom,
Lonely the lark is loit'ring below.
Downcast we doubt, revile what is sacred.
Weakened in creed and lost in discord,
Judge not the lips; our hearts are not faithless,
Weeping they trust Thy mercy, oh Lord.

Send Thy archangel, bid him to lead us
Into the battle, glorious and grand,
And from the mangled body of Satan
Rises Thy banner free o'er the land.
What they have sinned, our hearts shall forgive them
Liberty's balm will cleanse them of guilt,
Proving anew that God reigns above
And this blood of ours not vainly was spilt.

Glasgow Courier

CHORALE

by KORNEL UJEJSKI (1823-1897)
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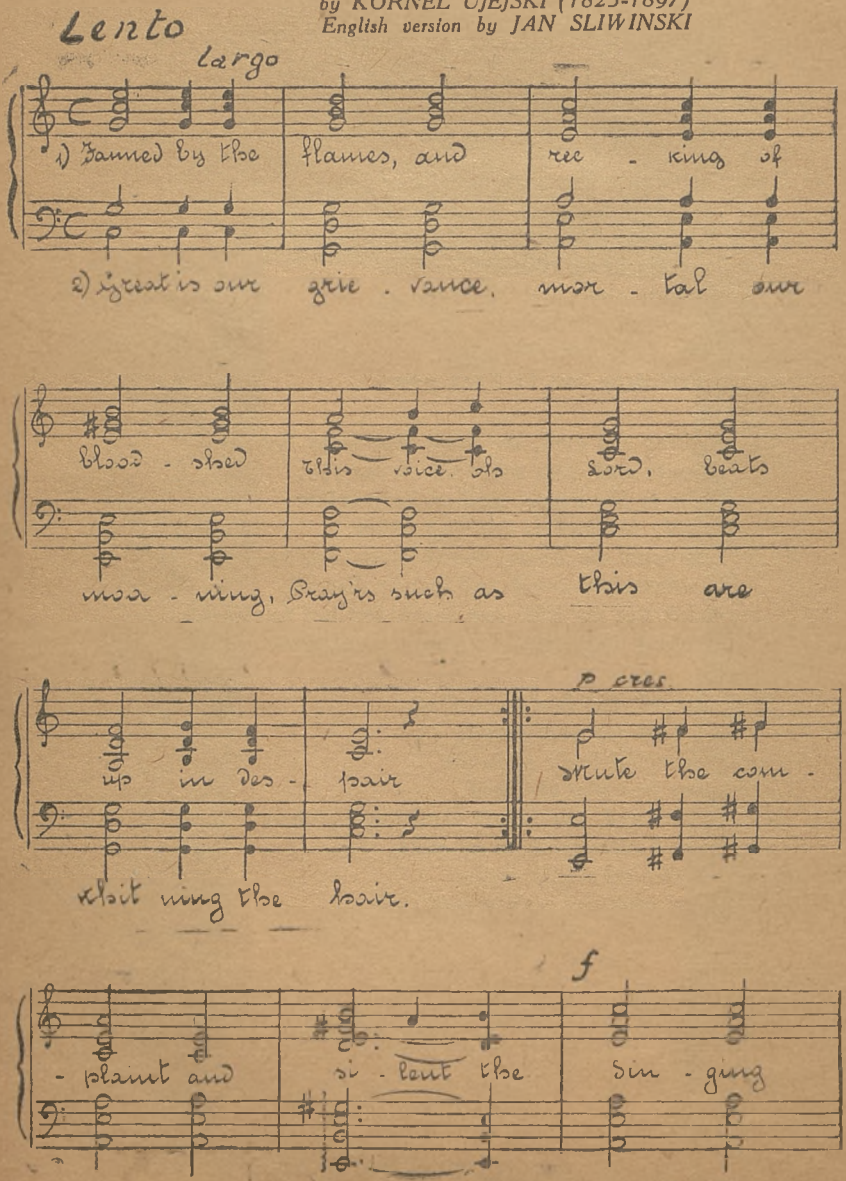

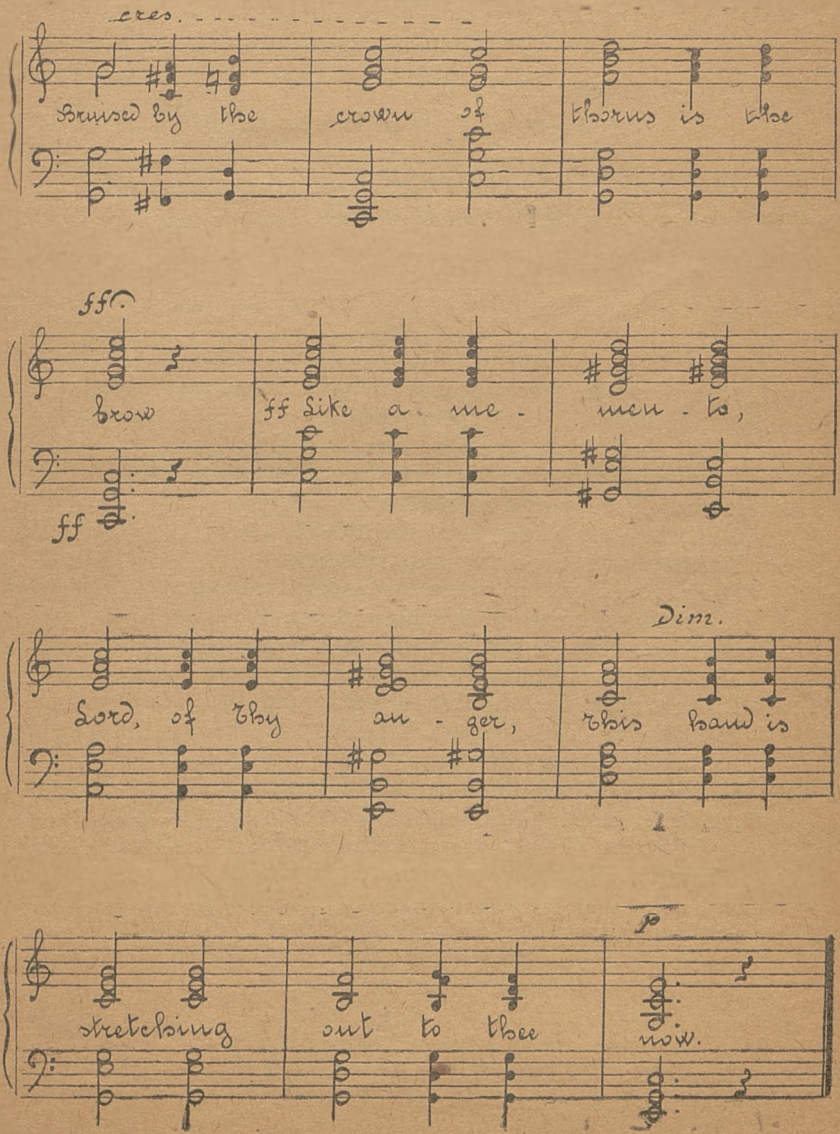
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Bruised by the crown of thorns is Thine
fff
brow
ff Like a me - men - to,
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Dim.
Lord, of Thy an - ger, this hand is
p
stretching out to thee now.

The Father of the Family killed by Plague

(Ojciec Zadzumionych)
(A fragment from a famous poem)

by JULIUSZ SLOWACKI (1809-1849).
English version by JOSEPH BRADDOCK

Three times the moon through her gold phases ran
Since I upon this sand my tents began
To pitch. My wife breast-fed my little child,
Three sons, three girls, besides the infant mild;
My family, all buried in this land,
Came with me. Now across the hills of sand
Nine camels go each day and evermore,
They browse wild seaweeds by the hot sea-shore;
At evening they all lie down in a throng
Here where no fire has burnt for ages long,
The daughters went with pitchers to the well,
My sons made fire, the wife to cooking fell
The little boy held closely to her side.
All this to-day — there by that grave — has died
Which smiles back to the gold relentless sun,
All there, 'neath Sheik's dome, life's race has run,
And I return alone — three times O! pain!
I have lived through forty centuries again
Since first into my linen court, my tent,
In time of quarantine Plague's angel went.
To any breathing body O! unknown
Such pain as this shut in my heart alone!
Now Lebanon, my home, returns to me —
Within my courtyard the wild orange tree
Questions: « Old man! what have they done to thee? »
Within my courtyard ask my daughters' flowers:

« Old man! your girls, where are those happy hours? »
Arrived. I pitch tent on the desert sand.
The camels, silent, lie down in a band.
A child like a tiny pictured angel fed
The sparrows, and the little birds are led
To eat right up to the hands of the darling child —
Do you see that rivulet in the valley wild?
From it returns the youngest girl again
Pitcher on head, as upright as a cane.
To the fire she came and with the clear stream-water
Laughing, she lightly splashed the brothers after —
The eldest — fire up-flaming in his eye
Arose, the pitcher seized with horrid cry
In trembling palms, quoth; « God will requite you rest,
Dog-thirsty I, because fire consumes my breast. »
That said, the water from the pitcher spent,
He fell down, like a broken palm-tree went.
I rushed — there was no time to save the lad.
The sisters, they desired to kiss him, dead;
I shouted, raging: nobody must dare!
I took the corpse, to the guard threw it there
To place him on the irons of a rake,
To bury where they polluted corpses take.
And from this night, so very full of pain,
Forty new days of quarantine again.
In the same night Hafne and Amina fled,
Died, lying side by side on the wide bed.
And see! so silently they both are dying,
Although after my eldest son's death lying
My eyes never were closed for easy sleep,
I didn't hear then how they both were dying.
Nor heard their mother even, she did not weep
Though I know that she too this night did not sleep.
In the first morning, as iron livid-blue
Those slaughtered by the Plague, my daughters two,
I bade the watchmen drag out from the tent;
They left us and with no returning went!
And as it is becoming for grown maids
For us, their parents, swept the earth with their heads.
The sun, do you see, deep in the azure sky?
Rising behind the palms eternally
Setting behind that mount of sand always,
That sky unblotted with least cloud for days,

To me it then appeared, I know not why,
That the gold sun was not the golden sun;
And now the sun is not as yesterday,
But like a phantom's sun, a spectral one,
But Heaven which looks upon my children's loss,
My family, my rose, so bright, so gay,
Seems to me sulphurous, foggy and as thick
With earth exhalations, the sun's purple wick.
That I knew not whether my aspiring prayer
Could pierce, cloud-hidden God, and reach him there.

The Clasp O' Frien'ship.

TEMPTATION

by PIOTR CHOYNOWSKI

At the mature age of eleven — that is, in the flower of manhood — I was a diligent student in my second year at high school. To this ripe maturity must be attributed the fact that, although these studies took place on the very borders of Asia, I, a native of Russian Poland, perceived nothing extraordinary in my situation. There years earlier I had been sent off like a postal package straight to my uncle, the doctor of a district in this southeastern province of Russia, with the idea that I should « develop in the fresh air », that it would cost « next to nothing » but above all because « there it is easier with the schools than with us ». And truly, there was more air in that province than in all Belgium and Holland put together, and with the schools it was ridiculously easy. Nevertheless, as the low-grade technical school in my uncle's district was recognized there as the supreme temple of learning, I was in due time conducted by my aunt to the high school of the province, which was a hundred and twenty-five miles distant by coach, and after undergoing with success the necessary examinations I was established as a boarder with the widow of a major and her two daughters. At this point my aunt took leave of me, shaking an admonitory finger at me with the words: « Now, mind you study hard, you little rascal! »

And that is about all. At any rate, that is how my own history presented itself to me. I felt no surprise that in the whole town there was only one Polish family (which, as it had been strongly recommended to me by my aunt, I of course carefully avoided); I found nothing extraordinary in the fact that, together with Wilford an English boy (whose father was building a railway in the province), and Keller, the fat German, I was looked upon by the whole school as the representative of an extremely outlandish nation, while several grown-up Kirghiz, my school-fellows, although Asiatics, were regarded as natives. I found it quite natural that Mehmet Khan, one of these natives, who boarded at the school, escaped one night on a stolen horse, for which crime he was expelled; I found it quite natural, when the bitter frosts of the steppes arrived suddenly after the October rains, to skate my way to school through the streets of the town.

Nothing, at that period of my life, surprised me. I « developed in the fresh air », and studied hard as a matter of course, and if at times I recalled the last scene of parting at the railway-station in Warsaw, my mother's tears, and the exhortation of all my aunts and cousins, and more especially of my grandmother: « Never forget that you are a Pole! » it was almost invariably during some scrimmage with my school-mates, when I was struggling to uphold the reputation of Polish courage. Not in vain had Miss Natalia, the governess imported by my uncle from Poland, nourished me on knightly traditions. I knew how to give somebody a bloody nose, and how to hit the soft spot under the heart. Never, even when I was down would I surrender; I fought with such obstinate passion that even my critical schoolmate, the biggest dunce and the hottest head in the class, would sometimes condescend to say, fingering his upper lip: « Hm, not bad, little spitfire, but not enough strength. » To the whole school, both students and professors, I was known as the « spitfire Pole », and this name represented my title to respect. In my leisure time I collected stamps and read novels, and for all the holidays I returned, of course, to my uncle's always to my great joy.

This idyllic existence lasted about a year and a half. And then soon after Christmas, I was visited by a great misfortune: a magnificent officer, a Captain of the Lancers, a cousin of the widow, arrived to take up his abode with us. From the very first moment we were at daggers drawn. The Captain, moustached and imposing, sprawling on the sofa with a guitar in his enormous paws, with a sly wink at his cousins, at once began his inquisition:

« Hi, you! Come here. What's this? They tell me you are the spitfire Pole ».

« Well, so I am », I proudly replied.

« Fancy now! But how can you be a Pole? There are no Poles ».

« No Poles! What do you mean? But there are ».

« There are none now. Poles there were in Warsaw, before we caught the poor fools napping ».

At school, my reply to such an affirmation would have been the famous punch under the heart, but it was another matter to tackle a grown man. So, with a shrug, I took myself off. But the insulting words stuck in my throat.

The next day, no sooner had I sat down to dinner than the Captain returned to the attack:

« Well, will you acknowledge now that you are a Russian? ».

« Why sould I? » I answered with a scowl. « I am a Pole ».

« Dear me what obstinacy! But we were saying only yesterday that Warsaw now belongs to Russia ».

I was beside myself with fury, but, affecting a proud indifference, I retorted:

« Even if it does belong to Russia now, it will be ours again some day ».

« What nonsense! How can that be? »

« Well, it will be, that's all ».

« What, you silly brat? And, pray, how will you take it? By force? »

« Yes, by force. Why not? »

« Mind what you're saying! Who'll take it? You, you little whipper-snapper? »

« Yes, I. Why not? »

« D'you know what you're saying? That means revolt. It's as much as your life is worth to talk like that ».

« Oh, revolt or not, we shall get it back ».

That was too much for him. Noisily pushing back his chair, he came close up to me and shaking his fist in may face, he hissed:

« You, you... Never you dare to say such things to me — to me, an officer of the Guards! D'you understand? »

And he left the room with a frightful clanking of his spurs, to the dismay of the widow and her daughters.

This pyrrhic victory was my first and last. The big Captain changed his tactics completely. Instead of attacking me openly, he adopted a system of sly pin-pricking, constant and painful with stealthy, sneering, insulting allusions to Poland and the Poles. I made no reply: in such subtleties I was no match for him. But his persecution aroused in me a vague resentment toward my own nation, a nation I found it so difficult to defend, and at the same time a violent hatred for the Captain. The worst was when he concealed his malice behind a veil of diplomacy, playing the role of a man full of indulgence and good intentions, desirous of rectifying the blindi errors of a child. He would preach to me about Polish disorder, about oppression by the Jesuits — lessons he had been sedulously taught as a cadet; he would explain that a nation without an army is nothing but a band of civilians that a handful of soldiers could disperse. Picking his way carefully, stealthily, he would come out at last with a song very popular in the Russian army, to the effect that the Polish insurgents ran away from the enemy with the swiftness of hares. In vain did I protest with tears in my eyes that in 1863 my grandfather was killed in the battle of Miechow; that in 1831 my great-grandfather twice led his regiment to the attack; that in the seventeenth century one of my ancestors was with Sapieha in Moscow. His scornful reply was always the same: a regiment of dragoons had so and so many swords, a regiment of infantry so and so many rifles; a brigade so and so many cannon. And after all, he asked, was I so badly off in Russia? Was I wronged in any way? Did not my uncle, who occupied a governmental position, faithfully serve

the Czar? Oh, it was no easy task for a little boy to to defend a whole nation! Not that I hesitated, not that my patriotism was undermined, but I had once for all decided to avoid political discussions.

Towards Easter the situation, became intolerable. When the first day of school holidays arrived, and I saw my uncle's old Tartar coachman, Muzla, driving throught the gate, I rushed out to him, and in the very middle of the yard threw my arms round his neck with no thought of my own dignity nor of his snow-covered sheepskin coat. Sweet as a choir of angels sounded to my ears the hoarse voice of good old Muzla:

« Now, young master, we must be off! »

Oh, the happiness to children of such returns! My own warm comfortable bed, fresh and fragrant; by the bedside the neatly folded garments put there by solicitous hands; the table, old and intimate friend of childhood, witness of work and play, with its hacked and disfigured edges; the enormous wardrobe that always creaked as though with suprise; the big, cracked mirror, and the gay, playful rays of the morning sun — all the joy of awakening to the old, familiar surroundings! I shared the room with my little cousin Wicek, whose bed was in another corner. He was still asleep, lying flat on his back with one arm flung out across the pillow, and a queer whistling sound came from his nostrils (he had spent half the day before building bridges over puddles). Funny little Wicek! From the dining-room came the tinkle of cups. And then suddenly a savage, joyful hunger made itself felt inside me. Heavens! To think of all the delectable dainties set out on the table, waiting to be eaten! With a bound I was out of bed, and spending my surplus energy in hurling pillows at the head of the sleeping Wicek. A little later I cautiously opened the door, modestly hiding my bare, bony legs and, thrusting my head outside, I shouted in a masterful voice, as deep and grown-up as I could make it:

« Nastka, water, please! And hurry up! »

Nastka, the pretty housemaid, was smiling, my aunt was smiling my uncle was smiling, and Miss Natalia, the governess imported from Poland, was also smiling. My school report was excellent, and all manner of treats were in store for me. My uncle, seeing what fine progress I had made at school, showed me a certain respect. I even had free access to the stable, and every morning I drove up to the porch with Muzla to accompany my uncle on his visits.

How happy I was! Even my aunt, usually grave and severe, always yearning for Poland, and of whom my uncle himself stood a little in awe- even my aunt was in a splendid humour. Amid the hams, cakes, and suchlike symbols of a « Polish » Eastertide (in the preparation of which my aunt never permitted Agatha, the cook, who was a Russian, to participate), letters from Poland would be read with reverence; and in the twilight hour, hour of sweet melancholy and longing, from the parlour

would float the strains of ancient Polish dance-music played by my aunt. In the evening there would be reading aloud, and we would all gather round the table to listen to Mickiewicz's masterpiece, « Pan Tadeusz », or to Sienkiewicz's recently published book, « The Deluge ». Ah, those were wonderful times!

And on Ash Wednesday, when we two boys were awakened by the sound of fifes and drums in the street, our joy knew no bounds. We rushed to the windoow in nothing but our shirts, with excited shouts of: « Mother! Aunt! The soldiers are coming! ».

Our noses glued to the panes, we recognized at once among the dragoons our friends Sergeant Fronkiewicz and Private Czapla, who were nodding to us. What a din there was, and what joy! My delighted aunt at once sent Nastka to the Captain with an invitation to dinner on Easter Day, and the request that he should quarter on us all the Catholics (one dared not say Poles) in his squadron. For in this remote province Polish recruits during the passage of troops garrisoned in the province, were it only for a few days, or even a few hours, as military duty permitted. And it is small wonder that such rustic warriors, seated before a full plate of savoury stew and listening with one ear to the patriotic admonitions of my aunt, thoroughly approved of this custom. The fame of this hospitable house had spread through eastern European and western Asiatic regiments, and it would happen frequently that some Polish soldier, a complete stranger, on his way home to spend his furlough, would call at my uncle's house for a few cordial, friendly words in Polish, and a few roubles to help him on his way. But Fronkiewicz and Czapla were special friends. They passed through the province several times a year, and Fronkiewicz, native of Warsaw, at once indicated with his fingers the number of days he would be able to spend with us.

We children were tremendously impressed by these soldiers. Wicek and I waited with beating hearts at the corner of the street for Nastka, who was flirting with Fronkiewicz, and honest Czapla plodding along a few steps behind them, nodded and smiled to us, and unbuckled his heavy sword to deliver it into our impatient hands.

Good old Czapla! He always greeted my aunt in the old fashioned Polish way, bending to clasp her kness, while the elegant Fronkiewicz bowed and kissed her hand, at the same time stealing a sly glance at Nastka and at the table. Their coming created additional movement and gaiety, and made us children happier than ever. Czapla, as soon as he had finished his meal, went off to inspect things in the stable to the dismay of old Muzla; the adroit Fronkiewcz, perched on a ladder, busied himself fixing curtain-rods and electric bells, and with a wink and a negligent air promised us for the next day such wonderful bows and arrows as would shoot three Kinghiz at a time.

And when evening came, and we all sat round the table in the light of the big, hanging lamp (I by the side of the bashful Czapla, who was continually catching his spurs in the carpet), and my uncle drank to the health of our guests in order of rank, which led infallibly to the discussion of military matters and the telling of marvellous tales of bygone times — then I felt that in all the world there could be nobody happier than I.

But alas, it happened that I myself unwittingly put an end to this state of beatitude.

It happened, I believe, on Good Friday. Learning from Wicek that my aunt was making cakes, and that he had profited by the occasion to snatch a handful of almonds — which dainty, he declared, he had no intention of sharing with me — I, too, started on a reconnoitring expedition to the kitchen, hopeful of easy loot. With my hands in my pockets, and assuming a careless and disinterested air, I lounged around the furious cook and the busy housemaid, my eye on a heap of raisins all cleaned and stoned and ready for use. Unfortunately my aunt was near, engaged in icing cakes. With pretended indifference, and stretching out a wary hand towards the raisins, I looked with innocent eyes at the little stream of snowy icing with which my aunt was tracing the word « Alleluja » on the chocolate surface of the cake. And suddenly, reading this inscription i forgot all about the raisins. I saw in imagination the party during the holidays; the guests — millionaire merchants in the dress of their caste; tipsy dignitaries and their clumsy, uncouth wives — all the local notables with whom it was necessary to cultivate relations. I heard their tiresome questions, always the same, year after year, concerning the meaning of « Alleluja » their stupid comments and conversation on the same subject. I remembered the Captain where I boarded, the torment I had endured, and involuntarily I tugged at my aunt's sleeve.

« Aunt, why do you write that? »

« What? What do you mean? »

« Why do you write Alleluja? »

« It's always written so. Now run away ».

« They'll be asking again, and wondering, and talking... »

« Well, let them. What does it matter? Don't bother me ».

« But you can do it another way... »

« What do you mean? »

« You can write Alleluja in Russian letters ».

My aunt marred her sugary flourishes with a big white blot, and interrupted her work. Looking me straight in the eyes, she asked me in an abrupt, cutting voice:

« What is it you said? Repeat it ».

My blood ran cold under that fixed look, but I repeated, stuttering:

« In Russian letters — Alleluja. It has the same meaning ».

My aunt's face suddenly became very red. My eyes fell, and, terrified, I heard a dry, stifled voice command:

« Go away! Get out of my sight! »

I left the kitchen. That moment marked the end of all my joy.

At first I was not even conscious of the heinous nature of my crime. Whistling, my hands in my pockets, skipping over all the puddles around the house, I felt pretty sure that it would all come right, that my aunt would relent. After all, who was right? Did not « Alleluja », even written in Russian letters, mean exactly the same as « Alleluja »? Was it not more sensible to write it in Russian, thus avoiding the necessity of translating it to everybody in turn? These arguments tranquillized me to such an extent that I climbed on the kitchen roof, whence I bombarded the mastiff in the neighbouring yard until he became hoarse with helpless fury.

But when Nastka served me my dinner in the bedroom I saw that matters were serious. And later on there were echoes of a lively discussion in my uncle's study. I heard the angry voices of my aunt and Miss Natalia, and the timid protests of my uncle: « Helen, you exaggerate... Such severity... » And then, in sharp, stern tones, my aunt's reproach: « You are always ready to give in for the sake of peace. I'am not even sure if you still think of returning... » Ugh! I could see it was a bad business. And when I passed cautiously through the study, keeping close to the wall, my aunt did not even look at me; Miss Natalia turned her back on me, and my uncle drummed on his desk with nerwous fingers.

Thenceforward I was like an outcast from my kind. Nobody looked at me, nobody spoke to me. Once, when I approached my cousin Zosia in the corridor, she drew back quickly, murmuring: « Mother has forbidden me... » I took all my meals alone, Nastka waited on me with cold indifference. In the evening, with the sound of the merry chatter around the table under the big lamp in my ears, I sat in my room alone, reading without interest books already familiar to me. When I asked Fronkiewicz about the bow and arrow he had promised me, he whistled, looked over my head into the kitchen window, and then remarked carelessly that it was holiday-time, and a sin to make bows and arrows, and that... well, that there were other reasons, as I should know... And he turned away, with a contemptuous clinking of his spurs. Chubby little Wicek gazed at me in silent awe. Czapla alone did not change his manner toward me. He it was who brought my aunt's orders to me, who the first day of the holidays conducted me to family prayers, which were held to replace to to some extent the lack of a church, and who afterwards whispered to me that I was not to show myself among the guests. And all the livelong day, the day anticipated with such delight, I was alone. I dragged

myself about like a sleepy fly, careful only to avoid people, to escape from glances cold as ice. I was frightfully unhappy.

Most of my time I spent in the stable. But towards evening when old Muzla, already muddled with drink, began to smack his lips in true Tartar fashion, shaking his head reproachfully and muttering thickly: « Ay, ay, young master! A bad job, a bad job! » I was seized with savage fury. What did the old idiot know about such things? How could he understand? What business was it of his? I rushed out, slamming the door violently. « If that's how you treat me », I thought bitterly, « I'll just show you! » The next morning when Nastka answered some question of mine nothing but a cold glance, I hit out at her blindly, and then hurled after her flying figure brushes, books, boxes—everything within reach. Then I waited to see what would come of it. Half an hour passed—not a sound could I hear. I then deliberately emptied the inkpot on the floor and went out, whistling loudly, arrayed in my very best clothes, although it was pouring with rain. Night was falling when the faithful Czapla found me, a pitiable bedraggled figure and after rendering me most opportune aid in a bloody battle with street-arabs, persuaded me to return. And again nothing happened. There was no punishment, no remonstrance— as if my very existence was ignored. Furnished with dry clothing by the silent Nastka, under the eyes of my horrified cousin Zosia, I helped myself brazenly to a big wedge of cake prepared for the guests, without deigning to give her so much as a glance. I had to go through my uncle's study. My uncle was standing by his desk. Not a word... Manfully I continued to devour the cake, scattering crumbs over the fine carpet. And suddendly, just as I was passing by my uncle, I felt the rough but caressing touch of his hand on my hair and face. He said not a word. And I could have sworn, although I saw nothing, that he looked around to make sure that my aunt was not within sight. I, too, remained silent. But at the touch of my uncle's hand my heart melted within me like wax. I sat in my room in the darkness the big tears rolling down upon the remains of the cake.

That was the end of my revolt. I reconciled myself to the situation and did my best to keep out of everybody's way. As to the cause of my disgrace, I had almost forgotten it, privately considering it of small importance. But I felt resentment toward my aunt. I passed much of my time with Czapla, who not only made for ne the bow promised by Fronkiewicz, but every morning brought me little delicacies « from the table », begging me not to scorn them. And of course I did not. Perched on a trough in the stable, we held long conservations on the good and bad points of horses and on life in the army. We also discussed religious matters, in which Czapla was intensely interested. I read to him in Polish the history of Christianity, and he listened with reverence, but I perceived

that he understood very little. Sighing deeply, he complained that he had forgotten how it was in his own parish in Poland, where the organ played so beautifully, and that now he was obliged to frequent the Russian Church, which was a sin.

I consoled him to the best of my ability. Amid Muzla's cries to the horses, swinging my legs from the bunk and with my mouth full of cheese, I spoke with grave dignity:

« That's nothing. It's the same with us students. They make us go to the Russian Church—even us Poles. But only on special occasions, such as the birthdays of members of the Imperial family. It's the law ».

Czapla sighed. « But it's a sin all the same ».

« No. When we're forced to do it, it's no sin. It's another thing if we go of our own free will, or to learn their religion ».

« Their religion? Russian Orthodox? »

« Yes That would be a terrible sin. They wanted to teach me... »

Czapla was horrified.

« Learn their religion? Is it the law? »

« No, there's no law. But they tried it on me. Once the Inspector called me, and told me to go with the others, to the Russian Orthodox, for the lessons in religion. I told him I was a Catholic. And he said it was all the same, that it was shameful that I should be with the Kirghiz, who were heathens, and that I had better go ».

« God save us! And what did you say? »

« I said that if my aunt told me to go, I would go. I knew well that my aunt would never, never consent, because it would he a sin, a mortal sin... »

I made a immense impression on poor Czapla. A few hours later, Nastka, whom the preceding day I had so unmercifully belaboured, came running to me, full of malicious joy, with the message that my aunt wished to see me. I began to feel very queer. I recalled the bombardment of Nastka, the spilled ink, the ruined clothes the cake—all my crimes rose up before me. I vowed to myself that I would bear everything with stern courage.

Hardly had I entered the study when my aunt called out:

« My dear, come here! »

And to my astonishment she took me—me, a student in the second class and a man of valour and weight—on her knee, as she would a child. For a long time I heard nothing but broken, indistinct murmurings and kisses and caresses, a medley of tender reproaches and explanations. « I am always so afraid for you all... » she confessed, wiping the tears from her eyes—my severe aunt, who never wept. And presently, sitting side by side, we talked for a long time, seriously, as grown—up people talk. She told me strange tales of turncoats and traitors, people who betrayed

their own country, and how deceitful and slippery is the way to a fall, from which only steadfast, untiring vigilance can save us. My life out of school hours, The Captain's persecution—all was brought to light. Together we discussed the number of rifles in the infantry and the number of swords in the cavalry... And finally, I began to eat. With the desire to make up for lost time, I was stuffed with ham and cakes in such quantities that I was ready to burst.

Three months later, but to a new lodging, my grandmother found means to send me a thing hitherto inaccessible to me—a volume of Slowacki's poems, published abroad.

"Polish Short Stories"

THE HANDS ARE OF ESAU BUT THE VOICE IS OF JACOB

The late Mons. Anthony Laubitz, Bishop of Gniezno, was a great connoisseur of wine and enjoyed once in a while a drop of good wine with his dinner. Once on an inspection tour in his diocese he had to visit also a parish in a very distant and small locality. Knowing that in such a small town no good wine could be obtained he sent ahead to the priest in charge of this parish some bottles from his private stock. Unfortunately the parcel arrived when the parish priest was temporarily absent and his friends helped themselves to it. Informed upon his return of what has happened and upset about it the priest hurried to town and had the original bottles filled with the best wine he could obtain. Anxiously was he watching his guest at the dinner. The bishop tasted the wine, looked at the bottle and turning to his host said:

« *The hands are of Esau but the voice is of Jacob* ».

IGNACY JAN PADEREWSKI

Paderewski, Ignace Jan (b. Kurylòwka, Nov 18, 1860 - d. New York, June, 1941), Polish pianist, composer and statesman. From childhood he showed a gift for music, composing his first piece when he was six years old. He had piano lessons at home with two mediocre teachers, and did not show a great interest in these studies. At twelve he entered the Warsaw Musical Institute, studying piano under Schlosser, Strobl and Janota, theory under Roguski. He graduated as a pianist from this Institute in 1878. A year later he had made a concert tour of smaller Russian towns with his fellow—student, the violonist Cielewicz. After graduation he was appointed piano teacher of the Institute. During school years he composed a few piano pieces, and in 1879 his first work was published in Warsaw: Impromptu in F.

In 1880 he married Antonina Korsak, a student of piano, who died in child-birth a year later.

In 1881 he went to Germany to study counterpoint with Kiel in Berlin; in 1883 he definitely quit his teaching position and went again to Berlin to study orchestration with Urban. Later he went to Vienna to study piano with Leschetitzky and remained with him until 1887, except for a year spent in teaching at the Strassburg Conservatory. One of his summers he spent in Zakopane, in the midst of the Tatra Mountains, where he was fascinated by the savage beauty of the Polish mountaineers' music. This resulted in his writing the Tatra Album for piano. Previous to this he had composed about 30 piano pieces, among them the Variations and Fugue in A Minor, and some songs.

As a pianist, he made his real debut at a concert given by Pauline Lucca in Vienna. Quickly establishing himself as one of the greatest masters of the piano he was acclaimed in Paris (1888) and London (1890). He made his American debut at Carnegie Hall, New York, on Nov. 7, 1891, beginning a tour of 117 concerts, and since then has made many towns in the United States, beside European appearances and his visits to South Africa and Australia. More and more absorbed by concert engagements, he could compose only during a few summer months, which he usually spent in Aix-les-Bains, and after 1896 near Morges, at the Lake

of Geneva, in Switzerland. There in 1899 he bought « Riond Bosson », a villa which he had formerly rented, and from this year it became his permanent residence. At this time he married Helena Gòrska, Baroness de Rosen. During this period appeared his most important compositions: Sonata for violin and piano, Six Humoresques for piano (among them the famous Minuet in G), Concerto for piano and orchestra, and his Polish Fantasy for piano and orchestra.

In the summer of 1897 Paderewski began to work on his opera Manru, which he completed in 1900. The opera is based on the novel of the famous Polish writer Kraszewski, « A hut behind the village », which deals with the life of Tatra mountaineers. The première of « Manru » took place on May 29, 1901 in Dresden. It was an immediate and notable success. Ten days later the opera was given in Lwòw and in the season 1901-1902 was performed in New York (Feb. 14, 1902, at the Metropolitan), Philadelphia, Boston, Pittsburgh, Chicago and Baltimore.

The years 1903 was one of the most prolific in new works for the composer. During five months he wrote a Piano Sonata, Variations for piano, twelve songs, and sketched his Symphony in B Minor. This Symphony he completed in 1904 and the first performance took place Feb. 12, 1909 in Boston. The Symphony is in three movements, in cyclic form and describes the tragic fate of the Polish nation; it was inspired by the fortieth anniversary of the revolution of 1863-1864. This epic work, after going through the depths of mournful pessimism, ends in a more optimistic mood and in the last movement announces the approach of happier days. This Symphony, which may be compared to a gigantic fresco describing the misfortunes of the Polish people, was the last composition of Paderewski to date (1938).

In the following years his time was divided between his concert tours and public activity, which started with his patriotic speech at the unveiling of the Grünwald Monument (commemorating the victory in 1410 over the Teuton Knights by the Polish King Jagiello), in Cracow (1910). From then on, Paderewski became for many of his countrymen a personification of Polish patriotism. His home in Morges became a centre for all the Polish patriots, who came to discuss with Paderewski the political problems of their country. With the outbreak of the World War, Paderewski devoted himself entirely to the cause of Poland and became the spiritual leader of his countrymen dispersed on the fields of battle in different countries. In 1915 he went to the United States and made personal appeals at all his concerts, and delivered more than 300 speeches for the cause of an independent Poland. It was largely due to his persistent and untiring his country's claims before the Allies that Poland was recreated as an independent nation by the Treaty of Versailles. His arrival in Poland in December, 1918, gave the signal for a successful uprising against the

German troops in the Poznan district, and was followed by a triumphal reception in Warsaw. In 1919 he became Premier and Minister of Foreign Affairs of the first Government of independent Poland. These posts he relinquished a year later, as a resul of differences of opinion between him and the politicians. He retired first to his Swiss home, later, in 1921, to his farm in Pas Robles, California, and devoted himself again to his interrupted practice of the piano.

In 1922-23 he resumed his concert tours of America and Europe, and in spite of six years of interruption again achieved triumphs. In 1923-24 he gave a series of concerts in France, Belgium, England and Italy for the benefit of victims of the World War. These concerts brought in more than 1.000.000 French francs.

As a gesture if gratitude to President Wilson and Colonel Edward M. House for their devotion to the cause of Poland, Paderewski initiated and sponsored the erection of statues to these statesmen in Poznan and Warsaw. His philanthropies were both countless and international. The artists whom he helped in their financial difficulties can be numbered by hundreds. He sponsored several competitions. (competition for composers founded by him in 1898, in Leipzig; Paderewski Fund for American composers, etc.), and gave a large number of scholarships. Before the World War he was considered the richest living musician, but during the war he gave away almost all his money to the cause of Poland, and although his concert earnings continued to be large, he never regained the great fortune he formerly possessed.

In 1936 he brought his art to a still larger public by appearing in the English motion picture « The Moonlight Sonata » (which was shown in New York for the first time in 1938). In 1936-38 he supervised a complete edition of Chopin's works, published by the Chopin Institute in Warsaw. He was decorated by Poland, Great Britain, Belgium, France and Italy, and received hinorary degrees from the following Universities: University of Lwòw (Ph. D., 1912), Yale University (Mus. D., 1917), University of Cracow (Ph. D., 1919), Oxford University (L. L. D., 1920), Columbia University (L. L. D., 1922), University of Southern California (L. L. D., 1923), University of Poznan (Ph. D., 1924), University of Glasgow (L. L. D., 1925) and Cambridge University (Mus. D., 1926).

The International Cyclopedia of Music and Musicians.

PADEREWSKI'S SPEECH

delivered at the ceremony commemorating the hundredth (1910) anniversary of Chopin's death.

We are gathered here to honour the memory of one of the greatest sons of our Polish land. Recently, at Cracow, in those brilliant and unforgettable July days, we were paying a tribute to the great Ancestors who built us a fatherland: to-day we bring to the man who enriched and marvellously adorned it the affectionate offering of our veneration and our gratitude. And we are animated not only by an affection for old memories, nor by the proper pride of our race, nor the still warm ashes of those quenched beliefs which ever smoulder in our breasts, the finest of which was, is, and ever shall be the worship of our forebears; we are animated as well by the profound conviction that we shall emerge from this solemn occasion with our souls comforted and in better heart. Confidence and comfort—how we need them! One after another, without respite, the blows rain on the stricken nation and the entire Fatherland is shaken by a tremor, not of dismay but of horror. The new ways of life which were going to, nay, were bound to come have appeared among us amid the dreadful phantoms if the night. Barren straw and noxious tares have mixed with the sowings of good grain; the clear rays of a well-intentioned justice have been obscured by billows of smoke, and with the fresh breath of liberty a pestilential wind has blown over us. Disordered feelings in our hearts; confused ideas in our heads. We are taught to respect the stranger and to mistrust our own people. They expect us to love even cannibals and to hate our fathers and our brothers for the sole reason that they think differently from us. They want to despoil us of every instinct of race, to deliver the patrimony of generations into an uncertain future, into the chaos whose monstrous forms may at any moment appear over the abyss of time. Our own brothers now attack each other on the sacred walls against which the hand of the enemy had stayed powerless. It seems that only one thing is lackng: to demolish our buildings to make new ones out of the debris—as if there were no other stones for the masonos to use. Above the venerable symbol of the Fatherland, above the white eagle with the immaculate wings, the crows wheel and croak, the sinister hawks cackle and the ruthless eagles join in this concert of insults. « Down with Poland! », they cry—« Long live Humanity! » As if the life of Humanity could emerge from the death of nations! It is in

these times of internal schisms and disorder that our thoughts turn towards the past and ask with anguish, Will then all that has passed deserve condemnation and contempt? Is nothing worthy of faith and acceptance but what is now, or perchance is yet to come? The answer comes pat Here in our midst arises the bright spirit of one of those who was. What enlightenment is in him, what energy and what power! What exertions, toil and suffering! But was is not by this stern toil, by the eager exertion of his genius and by the agony of his soul that he blazed his trail here below, for the glory of his fatherland? Did he not secure, by this merciless struggle, the peaceful triumph of Polish thought? Did he not create for us an enchanted world, decked with the flowers of his art? Blessings on the great and holy Past that gave him to us!

An opinion much in favour nowadays would have it that art is cosmopolitan. Like many fashionable opinions, this one is but a prejudice. Only science, product of reason alone, knows neither frontiers nor fatherland. Art, and even philosophy, like all that springs from the depths of the human soul and is born of the alliance of reason with feeling... art must bear the characteristics of race, the seal of nationality. If of all the arts music is the most accessible, it is because by nature it is not cosmopolitan but cosmic. Music is the only essentially living art. Its elements are the very elements of life. Deaf but audible, powerful though misunderstood, it is wherever life is. It blends with the murmur of waters, with the soughing of the winds, with the rustle of the woods; it is in the seismic movements of our earth's crust, in the rotation of the heavenly bodies, in the mysterious and furious strife of the atoms; it is in the rays of light that wound or rejoice our eyes; it is in the circulation of our blood, in the outbursts of our passions, in the sufferings of our hearts. It is everywhere. It reaches further and higher than human speech can attain; it ascends towards the empyrean spheres of sheer abstract feeling. The energy of the universe hums without pause, without end, through space and time. Rhythm, which is its manifestation, is charged in the name of God's law to keep watch over the order of the planets. Divine melodies flow inexhaustibly across the starry voids, the galaxies, the worlds and beyond the worlds, throughout the human and superhuman regions, and create that marvellous, that eternal bond which is the harmony of the universal being. Peoples, nations, stars and worlds arise to re-echo and resound; when they fall silent it is because their life is extinct. All plays, all sings, all speaks. Nothing exists but by movement, voice, speech. The soul of the nation speaks, plays and sings too—and how? We hear it in Chopin. Human music is but a fragment of eternal music. Its forms, created by the thought and the hand of man, are subject to frequent transformation. Times change, men change; ideas and feelings unceasingly assume fresh garbs. Sons bow reluctantly before what their fathers adored

or admired. At the dawn of life, in the hours of dreaming and of desire, of intoxication and of youthful ardour, each new generation imagines that it alone will impel humanity towards unknown heights, will lead it by new paths; that it alone is called to great thoughts, to great deeds, to great works. Each generation wants its own Beauty for itself. So it is that works spring up, conceived in this spirit, which satisfy the needs of the moment and often die before their creators. But others are born too which last longer and which, long years after, remain as the standard of some generations, of an epoch, of an ideal. And finally others endure for all time, robust with youth, fresh with sincerity, in which resounds the voice of every generation, the voice of the whole race, the voice of the very earth that produced them. No nation in the world can avail itself of such a wealth of feeling and of frames of mind as can ours. God did not count tthe strings of our harp, He did not measure its notes. We have the noble tenderness of love and the rude vigour of action, and the high winds of lyricism and the worth of chivalry; we have the maiden's sweet languor, the grown man's staidness, the old man's tragic grief, the youngster's airy gaiety. Maybe that is where our seductive charm is to be found, but maybe that is where our greatest failing lies. Change follows change almost without interval: from rapture to sobs, from ecstasy to atrophy, there is oft but a single step. We see proofs of this in every phase of the nation's life: in politics, social changes, artistic creation, our daily work, society relationships, personal affairs, everywhere. If this is a property of our nation, compared with other nations less favoured of destiny than ours, this property is very like an infirmity and we can call it our national lack of rhythm. It is assuredly from this lack of rhythm that arise the instability, the inconsistency that are attributed to us; it is there that we must seek the source of our too real incapacity for collective and disciplined action. Therein lies the tragic misfortune of our history. Of the great men to whom Providence entrusted the task of revealing the Polish genius, none rendered this lack of rhythm with greater force than Chopin. They were poets. Clearness of idea, accuracy of expression, hampered them—for our tongue, fine and rich as it is, is not capable of explaining all. He... was a musician. And music, his music alone, could do justice to this changing soul that now breaks its banks and tries to beat against the shores of infinity, now stops short and recoils, submissive to the point of heroism; then leaps forward with an ardour fit to move mountains, then again falls back into that impotency of doubt where thought grows dim and the will dies. Alone in this music, at once riotous and bland, reserved and impassioned, languorous and strong and terrible, in this music which gladly escapes from the discipline of rhythm, which shakes off the metronome like a detested government; alone in this music does our nation, our land, all Poland, live, feel, act, *in tempo rubato*. Why is it precisely

in Chopin that the soul of the nation talks so loud? Why does the voice of our race gush from his heart as a life-giving spring gushes from the unknown depths of the earth? Let us ask Him who « unveils the bosom of mystery ». He has not yet told us all, and may He never tell all.

The plain Polish listener, uninitiated into the great art of music, listens with indifference and sometimes with impatience to the masterpieces of Bach, of Mozart, of Beethoven. That learned polyphony, those lush admixtures of sounds, their permutations and combinations and meanderings, so clear and approachable to an experienced brain, distract his ear; his thoughts lose themselves in the capricious detours of the fugues, his attention wanders amid the marmoreal forms of the Germanic sonata and in the marvellous arragements of the classical symphony. An icy discomfort seizes him, as in a strange church. He is incapable of feeling the Promethean anguish of the greatest musician in the world. But let the music of Chopin strike up, and behold our Pole transformed. He pricks up his ears, he pulls himself together, the blood rises to bis heart and the tears to his eyes. Homely dances of the Mazovian country, melancholy nocturnes, brisk cracoviennes, mysterious preludes, sonorous polonaises, titanic, fabulous studies, epic ballads wherein the tempest roars, heroic sonatas... he understands, he feels all—because it is all his, it is all Polish. A great gust of native air envelops him, and familiar landscapes unfold before him. Beneath the haze of a gloomy sky stretch the wide plains of the good earth: the blueish edges of the woods, the tillage, the fertile ploughland, fallow land or poor gravel—and, running out from the gentle slope of the hills, green meadowland from which mysterious vapours rise out of the dusk. The brooks whisper, the rare leaves of the birches weep softly, the wind strokes the haughty tips of the poplars, ripples the surface of the crops, and wafts from the age-old forests the wholesome scent of resin... The fantastic creations of our old mythology people this nature; the dead gods reveal themselves in the middle of the spring night. Scherzo! One would almost expect to see the gigantic frolics of these divinities. Across the meadows and fields, changing fairylands unfold. In the tangled thickets werewolves wrestle and impish sprites gambol. In an elegant dance, the tender goddesses surround Dziedzilja, our queen of love; they listen to the songs that burst from her wide—open breast, where one sees her overflowing heart—the very heart of Poland. Sometimes old Peroun groans and thunders, solemn, threatening. The sacred groves quiver, the startled undines dive to the bottom of the lake. The sky blazes with lightning, the unleashed storm takes off, devastates, smashes... and in the furious chaos of the elements the vaults of the ancient temple of the Dervides can be heard crumbling. The Pole listens on. The breath of summer passing over the countryside now swells his soul. The ocean of corn has dried up—it has

changed into sheaves and ricks. The sickles are at rest. In the still unspent stubble, the nimble quails and sedate partridges alight with a rustling of wings and glean busily. The air still throbs with the harvesters' song; the sound of the flute comes from the pastures. The neighbouring inn hums and stamps. The busy fiddles play as if possessed, unceasingly returning to the « augmented fourth », the traditional fourth, dulled by the persistence of deep rustic voices. And the people, this people of ours, so steadfast and so capricious, so gay and sometimes so sad, now spin giddly in the whirl of the dance, and now sing their slow plaintive songs. In the little church, the shabby organs play too... Nearby, the sumptuous halls of the manor are lit up. The magnificent nobles, doubtless returned from the council, fill it with a many-hued, scintillating throng. The orchestra strikes up. The chamberlain, or some other grave personage « to whom the honour pertains by virtue of age or rank », attacks the first measures of the polonaise. Amid the clicking of swords and the rustle of long flowing sleeves, the couples glide majestically. The caressing phrases of the old Polish speech, which the coarse Latin dulls, and into which ventures an occasional timid French word, follow, as they pass, the lovely eyes and the pretty faces. When the dance is over, an ancient with a long beard and a voice of silver recounts some tale of bygone times to the sound of the « gesle » accompanied by lute and harp. He speaks of Lech, of Krak and of Popiel; he speaks of Balladyna, of Weneda, of Grazyna. He tells of lands overseas, of the Italian sky, and brilliant tourneys, and the songs of troubadours. He lauds the White Eagle and the Lithuanian Knight, his brother-in-arm. He recalls victories, defeats; the famous, the great, the immortal quarrels which are still not yet determined. All hearken, all understand. While below, in the garden, embalmed by the perfume of jasmin eand rose, and the chaste breath of the lily, beneath the indulgent old limes which hum a nocturne to the stars — the seigneur's daughter tells her summer night's love to her melancholy swain. But behold, the summer has gone, as the years go. Gone are the knights sheathed with steel. Gone the winged hussars who clove as conquerors the waves of the Baltic. Gone the intrepid uhlans who by the sheer dash af their heroic charge won inscription in the glorious bronze of the nation's memory! Autumn has come. Preludes or Epilogues? The autumn of life? No, the life of autumn. The ancient clock, which for our fathers' fathers marked better times, now strikes a fate hour of the night. The sinister wind howls in the empty chimney. We hear the rhythmic dripping of the showers, the withered leaves falling to earth and the plaintive murmur of the orphaned branches. Over the old cemeteries and the ancient tumuli revolve the rondo of spectres and the lugubrious saraband of ghosts. Phantoms, who are you? Are you Zólkiewski, Czarniecki, Boguslas Radziwill or Radziejowski? Are you the noble

and, in spite of our sombre times, ever shining figure of the hero of the « Iasna Góra », Kordecki? Are you the shade of Sicinski? Are you Rejtan or the Speaker of the sad Targowica? Bartosz Glowacki? Szela, perhaps?... No. Those belong to History, and History, strict sentinel on the threshold of Eternity, if he admits the wicked with the good, admits only the great. Music, though, is part of Eternity itself, there is a place in it for enveryone, great and small, rich and poor, illustrious and obscure, but stripped of the misery and shame of his mortal envelope, steeped in the regenerating spring of the soul, embellished, ennobled. For Chopin embellished and ennobled all. In the depths of the Polish soil he discovered lodes from which he mined for us a treasury. He was the first to confer on the Polish peasant the highest nobility, that of Beauty. He introduced our peasant into the great world and set him beside the proudest courtier, as he set the shepherd beside the conqueror and the destitute orphan beside the greatest lady. Poet, magician, monarch by the power of the Mind, he levelled all classes, not in the lower regions of daily life, but away up, on the lofty summit of sensation. And so it is that the Pole listens to Chopin. So it is that he listens to the great voice of his race. From the soft, radiant and ethereal lullaby to those two awesome and mighty sonatas that seem cast of heroic metal, he runs through the whole gamut of his life and of his nation's life. He sees himself in his cradle on a fine sunlit day. An orchestra of butterflies plays over him, a swarm of diligent bees buzzes and the chorus of the birds sings softly for fear of awakening him. He sees again his childhood, « rustic and angelic », his youth, « proud and stormy », his prime, « age of disasters »... and here now is the winter of his life. Here the end of dreams, of struggle, of suffering. Here on the dismal hearse is his last, cramped, poor habitation. His remains are lowered into the half-opened bosom of mother earth, and the archangels' trumps accompany his march to eternal rest. The Pole listens, and, like the poet, « is bathed in chaste tears ». And so it is that we all listen. For how otherwise could one listen to him, this bard of the Polish nation?

When Chopin entered the world, the triple assassination of our country was an accomplished fact. In the sky of Europe shone in all its splendour the star of Nopoleon, that star which was for long after to leave us bright rays of hope. Chopin's childhood was spent in that half-free Kingdom which had been carved alive from the body of Poland as from a still warm heart. The torment was already becoming manifest when he bade farewell to the country, for ever. He went, but not alone. He took with him what Mickiewicz somewhere calls the *genius loci* and what we shall gladly call the *genius patriae*. He took with him the spirit of his fatherland which dwelt in him till the end. It is thanks to that that he has not been wrested from us. Even France, who gave him his father, does not think of laying claim to him. Not because the great have no concern with matters of

blood and because in favoured spirit the heart of their nation is enshrined in their genius, but because the work of Chopin, deep and violent as a flaming crater, contains no element of French race. Its very form is not one of studied elegance, but of natural, sovereign grace. Even that gigantic, numberless nation, which, having no sea, has sought to make one for itself out of all the Slav rivers, that nation which has taken so much from us, has not dared to lay hands on him. Chopin is a Slav — but how different from them! How far it is from his beauty, from his charm, from his richness of colouring and of fine shades, to that impassive and austere muse whose wisdom no smile illuminates! What an abyss betwenn his melancholy, his tragic serenity, and that despair that breathes from over there like the icy wind of the endless steppes! Shortly after Chopin's departure, a terrible oppression fell on the land that had witnessed his birth, and particularly on the neighbouring districts; an oppression whose savage and unparallelled cruelties can only be explained by a blind mania to vent the malice of the Tartar yoke upon the innocent. All was forbidden us. The language of our mothers, the faith of our ancestors, the worship of our past, our costumes, our customs, our poets: Slowacki, Krasinski, Mickiewicz. Only Chopin was left us. Yet in Chopin everything that was forbidden us can be found again: the gorgeous fashions of the old Republic, the girdles studded with gold, the swords of our knights, the righted wrongs of our countrymen, the crosses in our cemeteries, our village churches, the prayers in our hearts, our yearning for liberty, the cursing of tyrants and the hymn of victory. Through long years of torment, what mysterious threads bound our stricken thoughts to his! How many aching hearts took refuge near his! How many did he revive, comfort, convert! He was the clever smuggler who on the sheets of his music carried the forbidden essence of Poland across the frontiers. He was the priest who, in our dispersion, brought us the sacrament of the Fatherland. And now here he stands in the radiance of glory, transfigured by the gratitude of a people, crowned with the ever—fresh wreaths of enthusiasm and of love. He is not alone. The *Genius Patriae* stands by his side; the spirit of his nation does not abandon him even after his death. However great a man, his greatness is neither outside of nor above the nation. He is a part of it, a stem, a flower, the greater and finer and stronger he is, the nearer he is to its heart. Chopin no doubt did not know how great he was. But we know that he was as great as our greatness, as strong as our strength, as fine as our fineness. He is ours and we are his, since in him is revealed the whole soul of us all. Let us therefore brace our hearts to endure, to hold out; let us offer ourselves for action, for great and just deeds; let us lift up our souls towards faith, strong faith — for a nation does not perish when it possesses a great immortal soul.

Chopin - Edizioni "Il sagittario".

MARIA SKŁODOWSKA CURIE

« Maria Sklodowska was born in Warsaw on Nov. 7, 1867, and received her early scientific training from her father, Dr. Sklodowski. She became involved in the students' revolutionary organization and found it advisable to leave Warsaw. Mlle Sklodowska went first to Cracow, then under Austrian rule, and later to Paris, where she took a science degree at the university.

After the discovery of the radio-active properties of uranium by Henri Becquerel in 1896 M. and M.me Curie began their researches into radio-activity (q.v.) and in 1898 obtained polonium and radium from pitchblende which they have subjected to a very laborious process of fractionation. In subsequent years they did much to elucidate the properties of radium and they did much to elucidate the properties of radium and its transformation products. In 1903 they were awarded the Davy medal of the Royal Society and in the same year the Nobel prize for physics divided between them and Henri Becquerel. The same year M.me Curie submitted the results of her researches in her doctorate thesis presented to the university. She then became "chef de travaux" in the laboratory at the department of the Sorbonne created for her husband. Prof. Curie, who was elected to the Academy of Science in 1905, was run over by a dray and killed instantly in Paris en April 19, 1906. His widow succeeded him as professor at the Paris university and in 1911 was awarded the Nobel prize for chemistry. Her classic "Traité de Radioactivité" was published in 1910. M.me Curie did much to help the establishment of radio-activity laboratory in her native city. In 1921 President Harding, on behalf of the women of the United States, presented her with a gramme of radium in recognition of her services to science. On a second visit to the United States, 1929, M.me Curie received from the hands of President Hoover a gift of $ 50.000 from American friends of science to purchase radium for the use of the laboratory in Warsaw. She died in 1934.

R. S. V. P.

Invited to a dinner G. B. Shaw sent the following telegram:

« Sorry not being able to avail myself of your kind invitation, prevarications by letter ».

WAWRZYNIEC GRZYMAŁA-GOSLICKI
(1533 - ⟨ ? ⟩ - 1607)
LAURENTIUS GRIMALDUS GOSLIVIUS

by W. I. STANKIEWICZ, M. A.

The task of presenting to the British reader some samples of a foreign literature is often a hard and ungrateful one, because as a rule he is not interested in alien maners, customs or laws. None of the usual difficulties bar the way towards understanding Goslicki, but the reader is certain to be attracted by the work of Goslicki for at least two reasons.

Firstly, he is essentially European (as distinct from Nationalist). His outlook is wide and his vision for-reaching; displaying none of the qualities of a narrowly nationalistic author he understands the point of view, differences and peculiarities of other nations, and by his writings fosters general human interest. Secondly, the interest he aroused in England in the 16-th, 17-th and 18-th centuries, the editions of his book « The Accomplished Senator », more numerous in England than on the continent, the welcome they received even form Elizabethan England provide an old traditional link and a basis for the revival of his memory.

Goslicki was a humanist and a man of action of no mediocre qualities. Educated in Poland and in Italy, widely travelled, a churchman who aimed at high posts (catholic bishoprics in Poland), typically enough for a 16-th century man of his station he never refrained from taking an active part in the political life of his country. He was a politician often sent on diplomatic missions to Sweden and Germany, a soldier-diplomat in Gdansk (Danzig), finally a man who succeeded in getting the office of Chancellor.

The interest he evokes is twofold. On the one hand he is an essentially Polish writer in the sense that he is deeply concerned with the political life of Poland, he knows her glorious past and is grieved by the uncertainty (as he saw it clearly) of her future; his book « The Accomplished Senator » reveals a profound knowledge of the Polish governmental system and of old Polish traditions.

He preconceived what according to Prof W. Komarnicki was inherent in the Polish political system of 17-th and 18-th centuries namely the organic unity between the King and the Parliament with the preponderance of the latter. He accounted for the preponderance of the social over the monarchical factor in the shaping of political structure in Poland, a structure based primarily on political freedom. As Prof Kutrzeba states the idea of freedom was an all-permeating one in Poland. The acceptance of that idea had most significant consequences. It led to a series of unions between Poland and Lithuania, White Russia, Pomerania; it led to absorbtion of strange elements such as Lithuanian, Russian and German attracted by that very idea of freedom which has made their participation in government possible. The idea had perhaps serious drawbacks for it weakened the state. On the other hand however, one of its positive results was the growing national solidarity, the undaunted spirit of independence which stirred up the insurrections of 1830 and 1863 and let to rebuilding of Poland in 1918.

Yet the work of Goslicki is in almost every detail of the most general interest. He never bores a foreign reader by dissertations which deal with the problems concerning his country only (i. e. he mentions none of his contemporaries except the King of Poland Sigismund Augustus and Chancellor Zamoyski). What he does is, that on the basis of Polish reality he expounds a political theory of intrinsic qualities. Before Suarez and Bodin he claims the necessity of the rule of law in every state. In times when Machiavellianism was well to the fore and when with the help of the Reformation the sovereign's will tended to be absolute, Goslicki persistently points to the will of the subjects or Citizens and advocates the idea of a limited monarchy.

In Goslicki's writings the British reader can find the root of two ideas: the first being the principle « De non praestanda oboedientia » finding expression in British law, the second, the institution of His Majesty's Opposition, one of the basic principles of British politics.

Besides, Goslicki was so progressive in the sphere of conscience that he might be considered now a representative of catholic liberalism and a forerunner of contemporary catholic thought. He was the first of the Polish bishops to vote in the Diet for religious tolerance. In his « Discursus de hereticis » moreover, he strongly advocates the rights of dissenters. It should be added that in these endeavours he was undoubtedly successful, for in 1573 the Warsaw Confederacy brought equal rights to all inhabitants of Poland in the matter of religion (long before anything of that kind appeared in England).

The succes of his work « The Accomplished Senator » in England was striking. It was printed in 1598, 1607 and in 1733 and the translator's commentaries in the last issue were more than laudatory. Goslicki's fame

was instantaneous and grew with time. It seems that Shakespeare when he crystallized the character of Polonius in « Hamlet » made him express a view approximating to the remarks of Goslicki, warning against certain inconsequential traits of human nature detrimental to political order.

The causes of this success were manifold.

The most significant one was deeply rooted in the past. The mediaeval world distinguished between natural ethics and ethics of Christianity and accounted for a parallel distinction between the secular and the religious life. Each morality had its own sphere. It was the Reformation which attacked the separation of the secular and religious life. The Reformation protested against the mediaeval legalizing of morality and asserted the supremacy of religion over law. It claimed political obligation to be one with moral obligation. It asserted the supremacy of morals not separated but bound with political and social order. This is not only the link between Goslicki and other thinkers of the Reformation (moral principles claimed Goclicki should be the main spring of political action) but also a case for his popularity in the 16-th century. The Elizabethan England could not however accept him entirely because he was against the royal supremacy, which principle determined and underlined the reign of Elizabeth. However in 1590 in a letter to Burghley, Sir Francis Knollys expressed his views against the royal supremacy. He said that the authority of the bishops was held « iure divino » and that the role of the Queen is to confer the power to them but not to withold. The attack on the royal supremacy thus begun was continued under the Stuarts when both the ecclesiastics and laymen allied themselves against the King. That in turn occasions for the popularity of Goslicki in England in the 17-th century and later.

Another cause of this success was novelty of the subject-matter of Goslicki's work. The treatise dealing with the character of the Senator, his education and duties was an original piece of writing. If we neglect the « Methodus tenendi parliamentum », England, it seems, possessed no counterpart of it. The first work in Europe approaching the subject treated in « The Accomplished Senator» appeared only half a century later. It was the « Ciceronis consul, senator, senatusque » by Georgio Bellendino, published in Paris in 1612. The fact that in England a preference was maintained for Goslicki, who was translated even a century later, speaks for itself.

« The Accomplished Senator » won the British reader by the universality of its character. Its author was far from a narrow and biased way of thinking. At the roots of his theory are the ever present needs of good government and fruitful policy. He always tries to deal with problems of lasting importance, never with those of no real significance. Far from being purely theoretical about politics he always stresses the practical part of political knowledge.

Oldisworth, his English translator, focusses our attention on his mo-

deration and impartiality dominating both the subject-matter and style. Never a slave of a doctrine he imposes no law on anybody, he leaves every nation to its own laws, regulations, statutes and precepts and only advises their strict observation and execution. His speech is well mastered, it flows in an undisturbed and even current, its sound is of unalterable intensity, no matter how strong some of his accents are. Illogical as it sounds, it is by no means ungrounded. Goslicki has no intention of influencing masses. He is not a writer of propaganda. He can think and express himself normally, quietly and soberly.

His clear and precise style resembles greatly classical Latin, and Oldisworth did not hesitate to call « The Accomplished Senator » a classic piece of work. Goslicki's restrained and masterful prose bears out that opinion.

The British reader could not be indifferent to the appreciation with which the foreign writer spoke about his country, perceiving a certain resemblence between the Polish and the English Kingdoms which for many years had been the only two in which monarchical power and popular liberty existed together « ... and the union between which, except for some few transient shocks and commotions was always preserved with the utmost vigour and exactness... » « On this account » concludes Oldisworth in his preface to the 1733 edition « it is that whatever lights or improvement in policy either nation can communicate to the other in defence or support of the common liberties of both, ought to be very well received by so dear, so faithful and so ancient an ally and confederate ». Tre above statement was also justified by the old Polish tradition, by the fact that Poland was one of the oldest imitators of the Ancients' institutions. « Poland » emphasizes Oldisworth « had preserved her constitution for a very long series of years and had none of those fatal shocks and convulsions which many popular states and absolute monarchies, her contemporaries, could not get over without an alteration or overthrow of their political establishment ».

Some excerpts from Goslicki's "The Accomplished Senator„

« Plato's Commonwealth and Cicero's Orator are airy topics, which I shall not presume to meddle with: for my enquiries are all entirely confined to common life, agreeable to the customs of mankind, and altogether intended for public use and benefit. ... No government can be happy or miserable without involving its people in the same state and condition... In the private happiness of the subjects consists the general and public happiness of the commonwealth.

... A good legislator will always take care, that his laws should rather appear as precepts and persuasions to good manners and discipline, than in a prescribing and mandatory form. The end and design of all laws is to make the people good and happy, and agreeable to this ought the mind and intention of the legislator always to be. For the punishing of delinquents is rather a case of necessity, than of choice...

... Sometimes a people, justly provoked and irritated by the tyranny and usurpations of their kings, take upon themselves the undoubted right of vindicating their own liberties; and by a well-formed conspiracy, or by open arms, shake off the yoke, drive out their lords and masters, and take government entirely into their own hands... Kingly government is very aptly represented by the power and authority which a father has over his children, whose office it is to be careful of, and watchful over them; to provide for their sustenance and welfare... In the very same manner, all good kings ought to behave toward their subjects... Now as a father, when he becomes eminently wicked and is remarkably cruel and inhuman toward his children, does thereby loose the very name of a father, and is no better then an unnatural tyrant. So when a king is under no restraint, but of his own will and lusts, when he tramples all law under foot, is by his life a scandal, and his government a plague to his people, he immediately forfeits the name of king, and cannot justly be called by any other title, but that of tyrant... ».

HOME ARMY

But Thou, God! Who from heaven's highest throne
Throws thunder on those who their land defend,
We pray to Thee over this heap of bone
To light the sun for at least our end!
Let the day come through the shining gates of sky
And let them look down at us—while we die.

J. Slowacki

On February 10th 1945 the Polish Council of Ministers in London passed the following resolution:

« After reviewing the present situation of Poland and taking into account the fact that the German occupation of our country is now coming to an end, the Council of Ministers pays homage to the fallen fighters for freedom and expresses its highest appreciation to the Home Authorities, Home Army and all organizations co-operating with them for the tasks they have performed.

On September 1st, 1939, Poland, in defence of freedom and right, took up the unequal fight imposed on her against the whole might of Germany. In the big battle of Kutno, in the heroic defence of Warsaw, Lwów, Modlin, Westerplatte and Hel, in dozens of other battles, Polish armies protected not only their own country, but also those of their distant Allies, giving them precious time in which to prepare and arm. After the entry of the Soviet Armies into Poland and the occupation of the eastern provinces, which formed the hinterland of the Polish armies resisting the German onslaught, Poland lost her freedom, but did not cease to fight. The President of the Polish Republic, the Government and the Polish Armed Forces in the West, and in Poland the Delegate of the Polish Government, the Home Council of Ministers, the Council of National Unity and the Home Army—all representing the real and legal continuity of the Polish State—with the help of their Allies and supported by the unbroken will of the nation, carried on a ceaseless struggle for the freedom of Poland and of the world.

The Polish Armed Forces abroad have fought side by side with the Allies on all fronts: Narvik, the Vosges, the Maginot Line, Tobruk, Monte Cassino, Ancona, Falaise, Breda, Arnheim—all these places, soaked in Polish blood, are inseparably connected with the name and flag of Poland. For five and a-half years our Air Force has fought unceasingly; in the Battle of Britain, and in a still mounting number of flights over France, Belgium, Holland, Norway, Germany and other countries; five and a half years of fighting by our Navy and the hard duties of our Merchant Navy—all this forms part of Poland's share in the common effort of the United Nations. The other part falls to the Homeland, the Home Army and the entire population of Poland, fighting unceasingly against the aggressor and suffering indescribable cruelty and losses which cannot be recorded in any Black Book.

Over five million Polish citizens—one-sixth of the entire population of the country—have fallen. The rest of the population is suffering misery and humilition such as has not been seen in Europe for centuries past. Warsaw has been completely destroyed, hundreds of villages and towns have been devastated, the treasures of a thousand years of culture have been either destroyed or stolen by the aggressor. In spite of this, the Polish nation did not bow its head, did not give up the struggle, and has not ceased to believe in the ideals of righteousness, the freedom of nations and human dignity.

The Home Army, the armed force of the nation, numbered 250.000 when open military operations started in 1944, and had an organized network of territorial headquarters and a General Headquarters. From the very beginning of its existence in 1939 it unceasingly carried out sabotage and diversionary action against the German armed forces, administration, communications and military production. As the front moved across Polish territory the Home Army engaged in open warfare against the German rear. In the Battle of Wilno two Polish divisions fought; the 27th division helped to expel the Germans from Volhynia; the attack of the 3rd and 9th divisions of the Home Army facilitated the rapid crossing by Soviet troops of the fortified line of the River Bug; operations of the 2 nd, 18 th and 24 th divisions contributed to the forming of bridgeheads on the western bank of the Vistula in the areas of Sandomierz and Radom. The climax of all the Home Army fighting was the Warsaw Rising, which for 63 days tied down considerable German forces and paralyzed the Second German Army's communications with its rear. Besides this, the Home Army fought every month hundreds of smaller battles and skirmishes which went on up to the last, as was shown by the 6th division in the battles for Cracow, or the operations of forces of the 7th division in the area of Czestochowa and Piotrków. This great effort of the Home Army was made possible by the full and selfless support of all classes of the Polish community.

The third main task performed by the Home Army was their intelligence work for the Allies, which was carried out along all the rear of the eastern front and on the territory of the Reich proper . This was a constant effort, very strenuous but crowned with great success. Among other things, it was thanks to the Home Army that the Allies were informed in good time about the flying and rocket bombs.

The difficulties of the Home Army in carrying out military operations and other work were increased by the fact that the advancing Soviet troops, after benefiting from their help, immediately began to disarm Polish troops, imprisoned the soldiers in concentration camps, deported and often shot the officers. In spite of these indescribably difficult conditions in which the Home Army was fighting, it fulfilled its tasks and honourably carried out its obligations to Poland and the Allies.

Among the ruins of the Polish cities and villages on innumerable battlefields, in the nameless graves, in which millions of men, women, and children who have died for the Motherland are resting, there was not the slightest shade of treachery, vacillation, faintness of spirit or doubt in the great principles for which the civilized world was fighting barbarism.

Thanks to these heroic and bloody struggles and all the sacrifices which Poland has made, thanks to its courageous and proud bearing in suffering and in battle, Poland now stands before the world with her head high, demanding justice, respect for her rights and the honest and loyal fulfilment of obligations towards her, just as she has honestly and loyally fulfilled and continues to fulfil her duties to the common cause. The Polish Government pays homage to the killed and tortured and declares that the Home Authorities, Home Army and all organizations co-operating with them have fulfilled their duty to the country and the Allies, and calls on the Polish nation to endure and to preserve the same attitude as in 1939, when its independence and its rights were endangered and when the nation by its will to fight for those rights revealed to the world the role played by Poland in the family of free nations ».

The Last Order

On January 31st, 1945, the Commander of the Armed Forces in Poland issued the following order:

Soldiers of the Home Army,

I give you my final command. Carry on your further work and activity in the spirit of recovering complete independence for the Polish State and the defence of the Polish State and the defence of the Polish people against extermination.

Try to be leaders of nation and realizers of the independence of the Polish State. In this activity every one of you must be your own commander.

In the conviction that you will fulfil this order, that you will always remain faithful only to Poland, and in order to facilitate your further work, I am authorized by the President of the Polish Republic to release you from your oath and to dissolve the ranks of the Home Army.

In the name of the service I thank you for your devoted work to date. I profoundly believe that our sacred cause will triumph, that we shall meet in a true, free and unoccupied Poland.

Long live a free, independent and happy Poland.

Commander of the Armed Forces in Poland.

Sabotage and Diversionary Activities 1941-44 (up to July incl.)

1. Locomotives destroyed and damaged	6.988
2. Carriages and trucks destroyed and damaged . .	17.037
3. Troop trains derailed and train accidents . . .	721
4. Transports destroyed	1.133
5. Interruptions to railway traffic (2-192 hours) . .	885
6. Bridges blown up	38

Polish Home Army recognised by The Allies

The Polish Home Army was officially recognised on August 30th 1944 by the British and American Governments as a vital part of the Polish Armed Forces.

« *His Majesty's Government have consistently done all in their power to ensure that all members of the armed forces of the Powers at war with Germany should be treated by the German military authorities in accordance with the laws and customs of war.*

« *They are, however, receiving numerous reports which show that members of the Polish Home Army, which is engaged in active operations in the struggle against the common enemy, are being treated by the German military authorities in a manner contrary to the laws and customs of war.*

« *His Hajesty's Government therefore make this formal declaration* »

1. *The Polish Home Army, which is now mobilized, constitutes a combatant force forming an integral part of the Polish armed Forces.*

2. *Members of the Polish Home Army are instructed to conduct their military operations in accordance with the rules of war, and in so doing they bear their arms openly against the enemy. They operate in units under responsible commanders. They are provided with a distinctive emblems or with Polish uniforms.*

3. *In these circumstances reprisals against members of the Polish Army violate the rules of war by which Germany is bound. His Majesty's Government therefore solemly warn all Germans who take any part in or in any way are responsible for such violations that they do so at their peril and will be held answerable for their crimes.*

This declaration was published on the 30th day of a continuous struggle, after the creation by the Germans of the famous concentration camp in Pruszkow and after several thousands of Polish soldiers belonging to the Home Army had been shot, having been treated as guerilla bands.

Churchill on the Polish Home Army

Mr. Churchill, speaking in the House of Commons on May 24, 1944, said, inter alia: « ... nothing can surpass the bravery of our Polish Allies daily on sea, land and air, and in the heroic resistance of the Underground Movement to the Germans. We have seen here men who came from Poland a few days ago and who are in relation with and under the orders of the present Polish Government in London. They are most anxious that this Underground Movement should not clash with the advancing Russian army but should help it, and orders have been sent by the Polish Government in London that the Underground Movement is to help the Russian armies in as many ways as possible, and there are many ways possible in which guerillas can be successful ».

A HERO IN PEASANT'S GARB, TADEUSZ KOŚCIUSZKO

On the 24th of March, 1794, in the market square of Cracow (Kraków) Tadeusz Kosciuszko, as leader of the Polish national uprising against the foreign occupation of his country, took a solemn oath to use his powers as Commander in Chief... « for no private purposes, but only for the defence of the integrity of Poland's boundaries, for the regaining of self-rule for the nation, and the foundation of public liberty ».

The text of the declaration then made is worth quoting in full, for its words have for his nation lost nothing of their meaning: « In the presence of God, and in the presence of the whole of mankind, and more particularly before you, Nation, in which freedom is treasured above all earthly goods, I declare that, exerting our indisputable right to resist tyranny and armed oppression, we join our forces as brothers and fellow citizens in the common effort..., renouncing all quarrels and differences of opinion which till now have divided and may still divide those citizens, inhabitants of one country, sons of one Motherland and swearing to one another to spare no sacrifices and to use every means with which only the holy love of freedom can supply those who rise in despair to defend her... The liberation of Poland from the army of oppression, the restoration and security of her whole boundaries, the suppression of all tyranny and usurpation, foreign and domestic, the establishment of national liberty and the independence of the Republic—that is the sacred aim of our uprising ».

The man who made this inspiring declaration, Tadeusz Bonawentura Kosciuszko, was born on February 4th, 1746 in the village of Mereczowszczyzna, in the district of Slonim (near Brzesc on Bug). His father, Ludwik, though comparatively poor, came of an old and noble family. He died early (1758), leaving his wife, Tekla, nee Ratomska and four children, of whom Tadeusz was the youngest. The boy was taught at home till he was nine, and then sent to a private school of Piarist Fathers in Lubieszów, near Pinsk, in Eastern Poland, which was outstanting among the Polish schools of that time for its wide and enlightened education.

During the five years he spent there, geometry, trigonometry and drawing attracted his special attention; he even spent his holidays on surveying and drawing plans of the district.

From the age of fourteen to nineteen he was at home again and during this time he made up his mind to make soldiering his career. It seemed to him the best way to serve his country. As a schoolboy, the idea of service in the cause of freedom which Cornelius Nepos portrayed in his biography of Timoleon, the Corinthian (410—336 B. C.) had appealed to his imagination. Timoleon, who freed his native country from the oppression of tyrants, remained Kosciuszko's favourite hero throughout his life.

In 1765 Tadeusz entered the new Royal Military School in Warsaw and began to specialise in military engineering and the art of fortification. This school was under the care of Adam Czartoryski, one of the most enlightened men of his days; its aim was to create not merely good officers, but intelligent and patriotic citizens. Kosciuszko graduated three years later as one of the head scholars, and the next year received the King's scholarship which enabled him to continue his studies in France (probably Ecole Militaire). He had already advanced to the rank of Captain.

There is very little documentary evidence of his stay in France. We know from some remarks in his letters that he considered studying sculpture and painting, for which he had undoubted gifts. There is a story from his early schooldays which says that he made a drawing of a dead fly on the margin of one of his plans so realistic, that he was scolded for carelessness in allowing a fly to be squashed there; only then did Kosciuszko confess that the fly was not real. However, his artistic ambitions came to nothing, possibly for financial reasons, as he received little money from his father's estate and the royal scholarship ceased entirely, when the first partition of Poland took place in 1772.

In 1774 he returned to Poland and fell in love with Ludwika Sosnowska, the daughter of a Polish provincial governor. There was to be no happy ending. Her father, who had plans for her marriage to the son of a nobleman Lubomirski, told Kosciuszko: « turtledoves are not for sparrows, nor magnates' daughters for poor small fry ». This was a great blow for the ambitious young man and was one of the causes of his emigration to America in the following year. He left Poland some time after October 10, 1775, by way of the Vistula river to Danzig and from there by boat to France.

It is not clear whether he had any letters of recommendation to influential persons in America, but we know that soon ofter his arrival in Philadelphia he presented his Memorial to Congress in which be stated his readiness to serve the American cause. The Military Committee recommended him and on October 18th Congress appointed him Colonel of Engineers in which rank he served till the end of the War of Independence.

His first important task was to devise a plan of defence at Saratoga, to enable the Army of the North, under General Gates, to check the enemy's advance. In the campaign which followed, the Americans were victorious after which the English forces under Burgoyne capitulated (Oct. 17, 1777). The battle of Saratoga, one of the decisive battles of the world, caused the leading European powers to recognise American independence.

General Gates was the first to acknowledge Kosciuszko part in the victory at Saratoga. He said: « The hills and woods were the greatest strategists which a young Polish engineer knew how to select with skill for my camp ».

Many years later Woodrow Wilson, in his book: « History of the American people » wrote: « It was the gallant Polish patriot, Tadeusz Kosciuszko, who had shown General Gates how to entrench himself upon Bemis Heights ».

Kosciuszko's next task was probably his most important work in America, the fortification of the Heights of West Pont. He spent nearly a year and a half, from March 1778 to August 1780, on this undertaking. Brigadier General Parsons, in command of West Point, wrote to Washington on the 7th March 1778 in these words: « Lieutenant-Colonel Radière, finding it impossible to complete the fort and other defences intended at this post, in such a manner as to render them effectual early in the spring, and not choosing to hazard his reputation, on works erected on a different scale... has requested to be relieved of this task ».

Three weeks after Kosciuszko took over the erection of the fortification, General McDougall, the new commander, said in his report: « Mr. Kosciuszko is esteemed by those who have attended the works at West Point, to have more practice than Colonel Radière, and his manner of treating the people is more acceptable than that of the latter, which induced General Parsons and Governor Clinton to desire that the former may be continued at West Point ».

There is a letter from General Gates to George Washington, June 21st 1780, requesting: « I could wish your Excellency would somewhat brighten the scene, by indulging me in my request to obtain Colonel Kosciuszko for my Chief Engineer. His services with me, in the campaign of '77 and the high opinion I entertain of his talents, and his honour induce me to be thus importunate with your Excellency, to let me have the Colonel for my Chief Engineer ». According to this request Kosciuszko, in August 1780, was appointed Chief Engineer of the Army of the South. While Kosciuszko was at Philadelphia on his way South, General Gates was defeated at Camden in North Carolina, and the command of the Southern Army was taken over by General Nathaniel Greene.

Till the end of the war, Kosciuszko remained with this Army. Often fighting as a common soldier when there was only guerilla warfare. Here

are some letters writen by General Greene showing the part Kosciuszko played in this campaign:

To Washington, December 29th, 1780: « I was apprehensive on my first arrival that the country around Charlotte was too much exhausted to afford substance for the army at that place for any considerable time. Upon a little further enquiry I was fully convinced and immediately dispatched Colonel Kosciuszko to look out for a position on the Peedee that would afford a healthy camp and provisions in plenty. His report was favourable and I immediately put the army under marching orders ».

To Governor Burke of North Carolina, August 12, 1781: « ... I will send to your assistance Colonel Kosciuszko, our principal Engineer, who is a master of his profession and will afford you every aid you can wish ».

After the War and upon recommendation of the Commander in Chief and the Secretary of War, on October 13th, 1783, Congress passed the following resolution: « Resolved, that the Secretary of War transmit to Colonel Kosciuszko the brevet commission of Brigadier General and signify to that officer that Congress entertain an high sense of his long, faithful and meritorious services ».

Besides this, Congress granted him a large estate and five years pay (about 12.000 dollars). The « Cincinnati Society » whose aim was the promotion of liberty, invited him to become a member. This was a signal honour, as Kosciuszko was only the third foreigner to be thus desinguished.

To the cause of American Independence Kosciuszko contributed three things: scientific knowledge of military engineering, most desiderable traits of character, and an unalloyed and unwavering enthusiasm for the cause of freedom. His eight years in America had exerted great influence on his life. Besides the military experience he gained, he also found a country which loved freedom above all, fought for it against an apparently invincible army and triumphed. He saw a nation with no class distinctions where every one had the right to live and the highest honour was not birth nor wealth but a record of service. All this contributed to the growth in him of the true democrat who later was to abolish the serfdom of the peasant class in his own country.

Kosciuszko returned to Poland in the autumn of 1784 to find her passing through a period of turmoil and frantic efforts to effect internal reform. These efforts culminated in the Constitution of May 3rd, 1791 which was a magnificent document embodying liberal and far reaching reforms. It swept away many of the old abuses, abolished the system of elected Kings, established constitutional and hereditary monarchy, granted burghers equal right with the nobility, and improved the condition of the peasants.

On October 1st, 1789, Kosciuszko was given the commission of Major General in the enlarged Polish Army. He owed this position to the reputation and experience which he had gained in America.

Unfortunately, in 1792, Empress Catherine of Russia declared war on Poland and at the same time Prussia disavowed her treaty, made only two years before; after three months the Poles, in spite of their gallant fight were defeated by an enemy superior in numbers. Once more Kosciuszko proved himself not only an engineer, but a brave soldier too. When the small Polish army (20.000 against 70.000 Russians under Generals Kutuzow and Dunin) took up their position along the line of the river Bug. Kosciuszko was given command of the defence of Dubienka, an important point on the road to Warsaw. He withstood there the attacks of the Russian main forces for five hours thus covering the retreat of the Polish and Lithuanian armies.

Kosciuszko's popularity at that time was already immense, especially among the lower classes of the nation. Even this factual defeat did not detract from his reputation.

After the second partition of Poland (1793), the nation looked to him as perhaps the only man who could stir up and organize an armed uprising, and he did not fail them. His first steps were as revolutionary as the whole scheme of armed uprising was daring. He chose Kraków, the ancient capital of Poland, as his starting point and, taking advantage of the absence of Russian troops, proclaimed insurrection in the Market Square, on March 24th, 1794. He ordered general mobilization of all men fit to bear arms, including peasants. Ut to that time Poland was divided into a class of landed gentry who owed their position to the fact that they were the defenders of the country, and the peasants, who were never called upon to bear arms. Now, by the revolutionary edict of their leader, Polish peasants were to establish their claims to equal rights by sharing equally with the nobles the hard task of defending their country. Peasants from all around, armed with scythes, as these were the only implements they had and knew how to use, flocked under the banner of Kosciuszko by the thousands.

Kosciuszko himself adopted the peasant dress « sukmana » as a sign of unity with them.

The first test of this valiant peasants army came on April 4th, 1794, when at Raclawice they attacked Russian artillery, captured its guns and won their first major victory. One of the peasants, Bartosz Glowacki so distinguished himself in the battle that he was granted a crest by Kosciuszko, as was his right, on the field; Bartosz Glowacki has passed into Polish song and lore, together with the epic battle of Raclawice.

Inspired by the victorious peasant army, the townsmen and burghers rallied too to the colours of the national leader. The citizens of Warsaw,

led by a shoemaker named Kilinski drove the Russian troops out of the capital and thereby effected the union of the Nation both territorially and spiritually. But the odds were against the Poles; Prussia and Austria joined with Russia. After several minor victories and defeats, and the magnificent and successful defence of Warsaw under the personal command of Kosciuszko, against combined Russian and Prussian armies, the battle of Maciejowice (October 10, 1794) decided the issue. Kosciuszko was gravely wounded, and carried away into Russia as prisoner of war, and the insurrection collapsed.

The third and final partition followed in 1795; Poland was divided again between Russia, Prussia and Austria. It is not true, however, that Kosciuszko exclaimed: « Finis Poloniae! » (End of Poland!) when he fell at Maciejowice; the story originated in Prussia in 19th Century and was just another example of subtle German propaganda.

The wounded Kosciuszko was transported to the Peter-Paul fortress in St. Petersburg. After a few months of confinement, the Empress Catherine had him removed to the Orlov Palace where an English doctor, named Rogerson, attended him, since his wounds, unskilfully tended by the Russians, remained unhealed. Here he was permitted some freedom of movement which he was allowed to share with other Polish prisoners in the fortress. Thus two years passed till November, 1796, when the Empress died and her son, Paul I, ascended the throne.

Although of violent temper, Czar Paul had his moments of human sympathy. He visited Kosciuszko, several times, was deeply impressed by the simplicity and dignity of his « rebel » prisoner, and finally set him free. It was characteristic of Kosciuszko, that he accepted freedom only on the condition that the other leading Polish prisoners and 12.000 other Poles in Russian prisons were also set free. The entire Polish nation still regarded him as their spiritual leader (Naczelnik Narodu).

Kosciuszko's first plan when set free, was to come to America by way of Sweden and England. Accompanied by his life-long friend and fellow-prisoner, poet and statesman Julian Ursyn Niemcewicz he reached London in July 1797. Upon his arrival « The Gentleman's Magazine » announced: « Kosciuszko, the hero of freedom is here ». His fame proceded him and the tokens of admiration included a sword of honour from the Wig Club in London, and a service set of silver from the city of Bristol whence he sailed for America. When he arrived in Philadelphia, the free citizens of this city unhitched the horses from his carriage and drew it themselves to the quarters prepared for the Polish hero. All his American friends, former generals and comrades-in-arms, welcomed him home and asked him to stay with them. Even G. Washington wrote him (August 31, 1797) welcoming him « to the land whose liberties you have been so instrumental in establi-

shing » and assured him that « no one has a higher respect and veneration for your character than I have ».

In Philadelphia Kosciuszko met Thomas Jefferson, and their friendship developed into mutual admiration. In a letter to General Gates (February 21, 1798), Jefferson wrote of Kosciuszko: « He is as pure a son of liberty, as I have ever known, and of that liberty which is to go to all, and not to the few and rich alone ».

As his final gift to America, and at the request of General Davie, then envoy of the United States to France, Kosciuszko prepared in the year 1800 a manual, called « Manoeuvres of Horse Artillery » which was translated from the French and published in 1808 by Campbell and Mitchell in New York. It was the first effective system for the organization of the American Artillery. For that reason Kosciuszko is sometimes called, not without foundation, « the father of American Artillery ». From 1798 till 1801 he remained in Paris working for the Polish cause. It was there that he met Peter J. Zeltner, the envoy of the new Swiss Republic. In 1801 he retired to the latter's estate in Berville and here remained as his guest till May 1815.

During the Congress of Vienna Czar Alexander of Russia asked Kosciuszko to come to Vienna immediately, as the Czar had some important plan to reveal to him. In the belief that something really important had developed, Kosciuszko went to Vienna only to be again disappointed. Alexander only wanted Kosciuszko's moral support because of the latter's prestige in the nation and wanted to bestow on him the empty honour of the Viceroy of the « Congress Kingdom of Poland ».

Kosciuszko declined the proposition and started back for France; on his way through Switzerland he stopped at Soleure to visit his host's brother, Francis Zeltner. The two took such a liking to each other that Kosciuszko remained there for the rest of his days. He died in Soleure on October 15, 1817. His heart was buried in Rapperswill, free Switzerland, until Poland became free again; and his body was laid to rest on the Wawel Hill in Kraków among Polish kings and great men of Poland.

The feelings of Poles towards Tadeusz Kosciuszko are summed up by the Polish historian Alexander Swietochowski who in his monumental work on Polish Peasants (« Historja Chlopów Polskich ») speaks of Kosciuszko as « a great and wise man by virtue of intellect and heart, faultlessly noble, the most genuine of Poles, the purest of patriots, the noblest of democrats, with whom no one else can be placed on the same level in his love and friendship for the common man—who really undertook an unequal struggle with the enemy under the motto of freedom for the whole nation, including the peasants ».

Not only to the Poles of Poland but also to the four or five millions Poles and Americans of Polish descent, Kosciuszko is a source of pride, a

hero and a symbol of the link between their new country, the U. S. A., and the country of their grandfathers, Poland.

Kosciuszko's Testament

In America, before leaving his second mother-country Kosciuszko wrote a testament on May 5, 1798, by which he authorized his friend Jefferson to employ his whole property in America « in purchasing Negroes from among his own, or any other estate, and giving them liberty in my name, in giving them education in trade or otherwise and having them instructed for their new conditions, in the duties of morality, which may make them good fathers, good mothers, husbands or wives, in their duties as citizens, teaching them to be defenders of their liberty and country, and whatsoever may make them happy and useful ».

Polish Library Pamphlet Glasgow.

WILL OF PETER I (A. D. 1725)

From the History of Russia by Walter K. Kelly, London, Henry G. Bohn, York Street Covent Garden 1854 (Volume in possession of the Parliamentary Library, Ottawa) - Volume 1. pp. 373-376. This document was transmitted to Louis XV by Chevalier d'Eon de Beaumont in 1757.

RULES.

1. The Russian nation must be constantly on a war footing to keep the soldiers warlike and in good condition. No rest must be allowed, except for the purpose of relieving the state finances, recruiting the army, or biding the favourable moment for attack. By this means peace is made subservient to war, and war to peace, in the interest of aggrandizement and increasing prosperity of Russia.

2. Every possible means must be used to invite from the most cultivated European states commanders in war, and philosophers in peace: to enable the Russian nation to participate in the advantages of other countries, without losing an of its own.

3. No opportunity must be lost of taking part in the affairs and disputes of Europe, especially in those of Germany, which, from its vicinity, is of the most direct interest to us.

4. Poland must be divided, by keeping up constant jealousies and confusion there. The authorities must be gained over with money, and the assemblies corrupted so as to influence the election of the kings. We must get up a party of our own there, send Russian troops into the country, and let them sojourn there so long that they may ultimately find some pretext for remaining there for ever. Should the neighboring states make difficulties, we must appease them for the moment, by allowing them a share of the territory, until we can safely resume what we have thus given away.

5. We must take away as much territory as possible from Sweden, and contrive that they shall attack us first, so as to give us a pretext for

their subjugation. With this object in view, we must keep Sweden in opposition to Denmark, and Denmark to Sweden, and sedulously foster their mutual jealousies.

6. The consorts of the Russian princes must always be chosen from among the German princesses, in order to multiply our family alliances with the Germans, and to unite our interests with theirs; and thus, by consolidating our influence in Germany, to cause it to attach itself spontaneously to our policy.

7. We must be careful to keep up our commercial alliance with England, for she is the power which has most need of our products for her navy, and at the same time may be of greatest service to us in the development of our own. We must export wood and other articles in exchange for her gold, and establish permanent connections between her merchants and seamen and our own.

8. We must keep steadily extending our frontiers northward along the Baltic, and southwards along the shores of the Black Sea.

9. We must progress as much as possible in the direction of Constantinople and India. He who can once get possession of these points is the real ruler of the world. With this view we must provoke constant quarrels—at one time with Turkey, and at another with Persia. We must establish wharves and docks in the Euxine (The Black Sea), and by degrees make ourvelves masters of that sea, as well as of the Baltic, which is a doubly important element in the success of our plan. We must hasten the downfall of Persia: push on to the Persian Gulf; if possible, reestablish the ancient commercial intercourse with the Levant through Syria; and force our way into the Indies, which are the storehouses of the world; once there, we can dispense with English gold.

10. Moreover, we must take pains to establish and maintain an intimate union with Austria, apparently countenancing her schemes for future aggrandizement in Germany, and all the while secretly rousing the jealousy of the minor states against her. In this way we must bring it to pass that one or the other party shall seek aid from Russia; and thus we shall exercise a sort of protectorate over the country, which will pave the way for future supremacy.

11. We must make the house of Austria interested in the expulsion of the Turks from Europe, and we must neutralise its jealousy at the capture of Constantinople, either by pre-occupying it with a war with the old European states, or by allowing it a share of the spoil, which we can afterwards resume at our leisure.

12. We must collect around our house, as round a centre, all the detached sections of Greeks which are scattered abroad in Hungary, Turkey, and South Poland; we must make them look to us for support, and thus by establishing beforehand a sort of ecclesiastical supremacy, we shall pave the way for universal sovereignty.

13. When Sweden is ours, Persia vanquished, Poland subjugated, Turkey conquered—when our armies are united, and the Euxine and the Baltic in the possession of our ships, then we must make separate and secret overtures, first to the court of Versailles, and then to that of Vienna, to share with them the dominion of the world. If either of them accepts our propositions, which is certain to happen if their ambition and self—interest is properly worked upon, we must make use of one to annihilate the other: this done, we have only to destroy the remaining one by finding a pretext for a quarrel, the issue of which cannot be doubtful, as Russia will then be already in the absolute possession of the east and of the best part of Europe.

14. Should the improbable case happen of both rejecting the proposition of Russia, then our policy will be to set one against the other, and make them tear each other to pieces. Russia must then watch for and seize the favorable moment, and pour her already assembled hosts into Germany, while two immense fleets, laden with Asiatic hordes, and conveyed by the armed squadrons of the Euxine and the Baltic, set sail simultaneously from the Sea of Azov and the harbour of Archangel.

Sweeping along the Mediterranean and the Atlantic they will overrun France on the one side while Germany is overpowered on the other. When these countries are fully conquered the rest of Europe must fall easily, and without a struggle, under our yoke. Thus Europe can and must be subjugated ».

The Will has the following preamble:

« In the nome of the Holy and Indivisible Trinity, We, Peter, Emperor and Autocrat of all the Russias, etc., etc., to all our successors on the throne and in the government of the Russian nation.

Forasmuch as the Great God, who is the author and giver of our life and crown, has constantly illumined us with his light, and upheld us, with his support », etc., etc.

''The Polish Weekly'' - New York.

« *The special responsibility of the great States is to serve the peoples of the world and not to dominate them* ».

President H. S. TRUMAN.

POLAND AND THE INTERNAT. ORGANIZATION OF SECURITY

Hardly any other nation has more reasons for supporting an international organization for collective security than Poland. Among these reasons are:

1) *Geographic Location*: Poland was hemmed in between two powerful neighbors, Germany on the west and Russia on the east,

2) *Frontiers*: Poland possessed a natural boundary only in the south (the Carpathian Mountains) and a narrow stretch of coast on the Baltic, while she was exposed from all other directions;

3) *War Potential*: Poland was an essentially agricultural country and her war industries could not compare with those of her powerful neighbors. Poland's defense budget was inadequate; her communication lines were undeveloped (the result of neglect during the period of partition); she lacked fortifications, etc.;

4) *Historical Experience*: At the close of the XVIIIth Century, by the greed of her neighbors and her own weokness, Poland was erased as a State from the map of Europe. A similar situation repeated itself in 1939.

So not ideological consideration alone—but an understandable concern for her own interests—prompted Poland to pursue a policy of peace, to condemn aggressive warfare and to cooperate in an international system of security.

One of the early protagonists of international cooperation, King Stanislaw Leszczynski of Poland, in 1750, wrote *A Memorandum on Strengthening the General Peace*. The thought underlying his plan was that the community of nations should go to the assistance of any country attacked,—the very thought that two hundred years later was to guide the work of the San Francisco Conference.

The League of Nations set up after the last war not only fulfilled the aims of Polish policy, it realized the dreams of the entire nation. From the very first months of the establishment of the League, Poland became its devoted supporter, looked upon it as the defender of international order and a sure guarantee of her own independence and integrity. This attitude was shown by the immediate ratification of the Treaty of Versailles and the Covenant of the League of Nations by the first parliament of the reborn Republic of Poland.

Polish policy was constantly and consistently based upon the conviction that disarmament on an international scale was possible only if and when the nations of the world felt safe from aggression. That is why every effort of the Polish Government was directed toward strengthening the machinery to guarantee international security.

In 1924, it seemed as though the League of Nations was close to the creation of such machinery. The Geneva Protocol providing for compulsory arbitration of all international disputes and for collective action against aggressors was immediately signed by Poland with thirteen other countries. Unfortunately the Protocol, which would have initiated a new era in international relations, failed of ratification because Great Britain after the defeat of the Labor Government headed by Mr. R. Mac Donald was not willing to accept the unlimited obligation of arbitration of her own disputes.

The failure of the Geneva Protocol did not discourage Poland from further efforts. A manifestation of her aims was the presentation to the League of Nations on September 7, 1927, of a project to outlaw war. This project found expression later in the Pact of Paris of August 27, 1928, commonly known as the Briand-Kellogg pact, that was accepted by the majority of the nations of the warld. The signatories condemned recourse to war for the solution of international controversies and renounced it as an instrument of national policy in their relations with one another. Early in 1929, the Polish parliament appealed to the Government to have the Briand-Kellogg pact made an integral part of the Covenant of the League of Nations.

International disarmament made very slow progress in the period between the two wars. Poland took part in the work of all commissions dealing with the matter and in the Disarmament Conference, making many valuable suggestions. Indeed in 1930, the Polish Government was the first to call attention to the danger of the semi-military athletic and youth organizations being created in large numbers in Germany.

Poland was also the first country to urge moral disarmament. Acting upon the assumption that the creation of mutual confidence is a prerequisite of international security, Poland proposed the introduction into the penal codes of the various countries, of provisions making incitement to war

a punishable offence, and recommending the control of radio, the theatre and motion pictures, even of educational institutions with a view to the creation of an atmosphere of peace. In accordance with this proposal, Poland passed a law providing a pain of five years imprisonment for inciting to war. (Article 111 of the Polish Penal Code).

In this connection, Poland became a member of the Permanent Court of International Justice at The Hague and signed a score of bilateral treaties providing for conciliation and arbitration. Thus all future disagreements were to be settled peacefully. Among others, others, the Polish Government signed a treaty of this nature with the United States on August 16, 1928.

It is superfluous to recall that the efforts of the League of Nations were fruitless. Most of the plans for the strengthening for international security were brought to naught, not by small countries but by the Great Powers who feared control of their expansion. Thus the Treaty of Mutual Assistance of 1923, the Geneva Protocol of 1924, the proposal to widen the Rhine Pact of 1925, the attempt to restore the Geneva Protocol in 1927, the Resolution of the Assembly to declare military forces available for international action in 1927 and finally the new project for a Treaty of Mutual Assistance in 1928, were all defeated.

These fruitless attempts showed that the feeling of international solidarity was still too weak. Unfortunately, seeing the helplessness of the League of Nations, only the aggressor states drew their own conclusions and turned to the realization of their plans for world conquest.

In 1931, Japanese aggression began in the Far East and six years later developed into open warfare with China. In 1936, the League of Nations proved impotent to prevent Italian aggression in Ethiopia. In the same year it closed its eyes and hid behind non-intervention when new weapons and new tactics were being tried out by Germany and Italy in a war taking place on Spanish territory. The march of Hitler Germany which began in 1938 met with no practical opposition from the League in Austria, in Czechoslovakia and in Lithuania. Impunity emboldened the aggressor. War broke into open flame on September 1, 1939, the day of Germany's unprovoked aggression against Poland.

When the bankruptcy of the League of Nations became apparent, Poland, having lost confidence in international guarantees of security, attempted to ensure peace in her part of Europe by bilateral pacts of non-aggression. These pacts were entered into with the majority of her neighbors, with Soviet Russia in 1932 and with Germany in 1934. Both of the latter were violated by Poland's neighbors in September 1939. Their actions put an end to the rule of law and could not fail to engender a world-wide conflict.

A few weeks after the end of the German campaign in Poland the Polish Government evolved a plan to organize Central-Eastern Europe into a group of smaller nations. Such federation could efficiently cope with their common economic, cultural nad political problems, thus guaranteeing freedom and security in this region of Europe. Negotiations with Czechoslovakia resulted in the publication on November 11, 1940, of a joint declaration announcing the readiness of both countries to enter into closer political and economic association, to form the basis of a new order in Central-Eastern Europe.

This agreement was strengthened in the course of the following year. On January 19, 1942, the Governments of Poland and Czechoslovakia published their Declaration of Confederation. This Declaration announced their intention of adopting a common policy with regard to foreign affairs, defense, economic and financial matters, social questions, transport, communications, etc. This Confederation was in no way exclusive. It was open to all other States of Central-Eastern Europe having common interests with Poland and Czechoslovakia.

This attempt to create a multi-national block in this part of Europe found expression in the signature on November 30, 1941, of a mutual Declaration by the representatives of Czechoslovakia, Greece, Yugoslavia and Poland, proclaiming their intention to cooperate closely in the struggle for freedom and in the reconstruction of new Europe. On January 7, 1942, a Central and Eastern European Planning Board was created in New York by governments of these nations.

These plans for federation met with warm support from the western democracies. The project was highly praised, among others by the British Prime Minister Winston Churchill. Unfortunately Soviet Russia's long-range plan to completely dominate this part of Europe resulted in her strong opposition to this plan and in the withdrawal of most of the countries concerned.

Poland, the first nation to take up arms to resist German aggression, has been called the Mother of the United Nations (Address by M. Frank C. Walker, Postmaster General of the United States, on June 22, 1942.) and in truth she played no mean part in the creation of that group of countries that was, to lay the foundations of a new international organization for security at San Francisco. On January 1, 1942, Poland with 25 other countries signed a joint declaration known as the Charter of the United Nations. This Declaration stated the belief of these nations in common purposes and principles as embodied in the Atlantic Charter. It expressed their readiness to employ their full resources, military and economic, against the Axis powers and their satellites. Simultaneously each Government pledged itself to cooperate with the Governments

signatory to this Declaration and not ot make a separate armistice with the enemy.

In accordance with the letter and spirit of this United Nations Declaration, Poland has cooperated in the defeat of the aggressor nations and in the creation of the Peace.

The fact that the legal Polish Government which for five and a half years has fought Germany and participated in the common struggle for a better world, has not been invited to take part in the San Francisco Conference is a glaring wrong done to the Polish nation, in whose defense the World War was begun. It was likewise a wrong done to the cause for which Poland and the United Nations fought.

"Polish Facts and Figures".

Fleet's in.

... Why... yes... Well I don't Know... You better ask the Port Authorities or the Weather Bureau. They may know.

Wife: Who was this?

Husband: Oh, I don't know... A drunken sailor I suppose.

Wife: And what did he want, dear?

Husband: Oh, nothing. He kept asking if the coast was clear.

EXCERPTS FROM THE SPEECH DELIVERED BY WINCENTY WITOS

in the Legislative Assembly on September 24, 1920.

On September 24, 1920, the late Wincenty Witos, as Prime Minister of Poland and leader of the Polish Peasant Party, addressed the Polish Parliament at a special session following the Polish victory over the bolsheviks.

Speaking in the name of the Government Mr. Witos expressed the sentiments which the entire Polish nation felt at that time, and gave a graphic picture of the terrible ordeal to which the bolshevik invasion subjected Poland. Today, 25 years later, his speech takes on the accents of unusual timeliness.

At the present moment it is well to remind ourselves, how the bolsheviks behaved in Poland 25 years ago, and how the outside world reacted. Also, we should not lose sight of the fact that the Polish victory achieved over the Soviets in 1920, which saved Europe from bolshevik submersion, was a result of the inflexible resistance of the whole Polish nation, spearheaded by the Polish peasants.

Today, after what the Soviets have already done and are continuing to do in Poland, this speech rings as true as in 1920. It is still the genuine and real voice of the Polish peasants, who, together with the whole nation, demand true independence and a strong and undivided Poland.

Here is what Mr. Witos said on September 24, 1920:

« ... The Polish Army, under the unrelenting pressure of the overwhelming bolshevik forces which had been long and painstakingly prepared, was forced to retreat. The enemy was already in the heart of our country, — Polish villages were now in flames. — There was heard the resounding moan of the Polish people, to whom the enemy was bringing plunder, destruction, torture, murder and—worst of all—loss of independence. Hanging over the state was the terrible question: « To be or not to be? » And over the whole of Europe loomed the spectre of a new world war. Unfortunately, this was not everywhere comprehended, although the enemy was marching through Polish ter-

ritory, advancing in the name of conqueror's mottos, and blinded by success, openly proclaiming that the trampling of Polish independence would light torch of a new war on the Rhine.

Only France was aware of the true menace of the situation. In the other western countries, agitation carried on by factors either unacquainted with the situation, or hostile to our nation, was successful in persuading the public that the Poles were imperialists, adventurers, who were disturbing the peace of Europe. The invaders, fighting in the name of conquest and the subjugation of a free nation, imperialists in the boldest traditions of the tsars, were now able, thanks to agitation and bribery, to make themselves in the eyes of the West, the representatives of a great mission, and to present as imperialism and adventure our fight for existence, which from the very beginning they threatened. Even democratic and worker's groups in the West permitted themselves to be taken in by the bolshevik agitation, and came out against us, thwarting the shipment of ammunition and arms for Poland, which was at that very moment waging a desperate fight for the freedom and peace of Europe. The Western states did not know or did not want to understand the fact that the line of the bolshevik advance through Poland clearly showed that the bolsheviks aimed at uniting forces with Germany, even if there had been no other evidence that the two nations were preparing for a common blow against Poland.

The world had already lost hope for Poland. It would be difficult otherwise to explain the fact that we were advised and enjoined in some measure to give ourselves to the mercy and dictates of the enemy, a course which insults the dignity, of any living and independent nation.

Under these conditions, when the Soviet armies were spreading over more deeply into our country, and in the Western states agitation against Poland was increasing and threatening to turn whole nations against us, the government, arising out of the will of all parties and backed by the entire nation united in the moment of danger and abandonment, took up the fight to save our independence.

The catastrophe which hung over the state, menacing its independence, brought to the nation, a « miracle of unity »... The Polish intelligentsia accomplished their patriotic duty. The appeal of the government directed to the Polish people resounded with a mighty echo from the peasant and workers masses. These proved by their deeds that they knew not only how to demand their rights, but how to defend their state when the need arose... The capital of the state, imbued with vigor, retained at the decisive moment the dignity and calm in the face of the enemy upon which the successful outcome of the great battle depended to a great extent...

The government persevered at its post. It did not yield to the pessism that came either from within or from without. Even at the most critical moment, it held unflinchingly to the belief that the nation which gives its all to the fight for justice will win. And it was not to be deceived—toward traitors and weak citizens it dealt justice with an iron hand...

Our victory not only delivered Poland from the conquering foe, but to a great extent cleared the political atmosphere of the whole of Europe. The disposition of the communities and governments in the Western states toward Poland began to change. The essence of the danger which the submersion of Poland by the bolsheviks carried for the whole world had been understood... The Holy See did not spare us moral support... Powerful England striving constantly for peace, convinced herself that in fighting against the bolsheviks we were defending our own independence, and in this defense, we were safeguarding the peace of the whole of Europe.

... The Polish government and the nation sincerely and honestly want peace and mutual understanding, based on the principle of Justice. Our stand on this fundamentals was and is clear. It has been repeatedly defined by the government. Whether or not we will shortly have peace depends on Moscow and not on us.

... I can point with pride that, during the bolshevik invasion, the nation, striking out for itself, demonstrated resources which commanded universal respect. The great traditions of the past came to life in all their fullness. It was evident that this nation will do its utmost for freedom; that in the moment of danger the spirit of our nation not only did not warp but hardened and acquired steel-like temper.

The people of the villages, allured by extravagant promises, retained their self-respect in their relations with the invaders, emphatically proving their high sense of citizenship and love of liberty. They dismissed with disgust the temptations of bolshevik agitators, who sought to play on the lowest instinct of the masses.

These people, who shortly before had to acknowledge the conqueror as master and ruler, treated the invaders as enemies. They did not succumb to their blandishments. Exposed to severe persecutions they met them with steadfast endurance, and frequently rose up in arms against the bolsheviks. The people realized that they fought in defense of their freedom, in defense of their state, of which they are the owner. The few exceptions, by their rarity, fully confirm what I have said.

The working classes once again showed by their actions that they know how to appreciate freedom and how their thought and life is in Poland. It should be stressed with deep appreciation that during the whole critical period nowhere did anti-state endeavors appear among the

workingmen, although the bolsheviks did not spare time or money to conjure them up... that there was not a single strike in the entire nation.

The bolshevik invasion, its path marked by plunder, violence and murder, brought complete economic ruin to large sections of our country. The bolsheviks also destroyed numerous relics of art and culture, many of them priceless. Not only did the bolsheviks deprive the inhabitants of their personal belongings, destroy household furniture and implements, and seize what remained of shoes and clothing, but by mass plunder of horses, farm equipment and grain they made work on the land impossible for the inhabitans.

... In the realm of health conditions, the bolshevik invasion destroyed the improvements in public health which we had accomplished. They spread venereal diseases, brought typhoid fever and other contagious diseases...

... Enormous tasks stand before us, demanding unusual expenditures of resources and labor. They are tasks of epochal importance, for upon their accomplishment depends to a great extent the future course of development of the state and nation.

... Great is the task which has fallen to us. It often overtaxes the resources we possess, the more so that these resources have been weakened by stubborn party fights which have flared up among us, and whose manifestations often do not correspond either to the gravity of the hour or the importance of the job. What our nation can do, what feats it can accomplish when it is united in one effort was proved by the great achievements of recent times. For the good of our country, there must be implanted in the consciousness of all citizens the realization that for building our nation there is no less a need for the unity of all forces than there was for saving it ».

"The Polish Weekly" New York.

PRESENT CONDITIONS IN POLAND AS STATED IN THE BRITISH HOUSE OF COMMONS.

Vice-Admiral Taylor /Cons./: — The Under-Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, when replying to a Debate on 24th August on the conditions in Poland at that time, stated: « We are doing everything we physically can do at this time to restore normal life and usages in that country. We shall continue to assure all people interested of our intention to do what we can, and what we properly have the right to do, to restore democratic institutions and property in that country ». — /Official Report, 24th August 1945; Vol. 413, c, 1128/ From information which I have received and which I believe to be absolutely reliable there can be no doubt that since that statement was made there has been very little improvement in the conditions existing in Poland. The goal of independence and freedom for the people of Poland is as far off as ever. The Provisional Government of Poland, composed as is of the members of the Lublin Committee, with the addition of four other members not elected by the people of Poland, is entirely under the dictates and the control of Russia. That Government has not got the support of the vast majority of the people in Poland, who had no say in setting it up. In order that Poland may have a chance of obtaining her independence of freedom for self-expression for people, in order that free elections may take the place in accordance with our democratic principles, we have given assurance after assurance to Poland that we stand for her independence, we stand for the freedom of elections in that country without interference from outside. Under the present conditions these things are impossible. In my humble opinion, in order that Poland may obtain her independence and freedom for self-expression it is essential that the control of Poland by Russia should be brought to an end, and that freedom should be given to all the Polish political parties, including the National Party, which was dissolved by order of the Provisional Government in Poland. It was one of the main political parties in the underground movement, whose only crime was to fight against the Germans from first to last. Further, freedom for the individual, freedom for the Press and freedom

of speach and for the wireless should be an assured fact. The three Leaders, the main leaders, of the political parties of Poland, and General Okulicki, who formed part of the Polish members, who were asked to go to Russian headquarters, were given a safe conduct by Russia and were then arrested, tried and condemned and now are in prison in Russia, should be set free.

If these changes could be brought about in that unhappy country I am sure that the vast majority of Poles who are at present living outside Poland, and under existing conditions will not voluntarily return to their country, much as they desire to do so, would return, and then that country would have a chance of securing its independence and its freedom for elections. To bring this about the Russian forces, except those which are required for the safeguarding of their lines of communications, should be withdrawn. I think the Under-Secretary of State will agree when I say that Russia agreed to this. It has not been done. The Russian secret police, the N.K.V.D. should also be withdrawn from Poland. I am informed, and I believe it to be correct, that the Russian forces have not in fact, been withdrawn from Poland. There may, of course, have been changes some forces leaving Poland and others coming in from Russia to relieve them, but Russian forces in Poland have not been withdrawn. The N.K.V.D. are all over Poland. The land of Poland belongs to the Poles, not to Russia. Under the N.K.V.D. are the secret police, set up by the Polish Provisional Government. They act under them and with them.

At the request of the Polish Provisional Government the Russian forces were regrouped, where they had been concentrated in some places, and were sent off to garrison many of the main provincial and some of the smaller towns in Poland under a Russian General who was in charge of the province. It may be argued or stated that that was done in order that law and order might be maintained. From two points of view it is significant that these Russian forces were sent to these town. If it was the Poles, in the main, who were creating disturbances, engaging in banditry and so on, could not the Polish Army and the Polish police, have dealt with the situation? Why send Russian forces and put a Russian general in charge of the province? It is a well known fact that there have been many desertions from the Russian Army, and I ask why the Polish Army and the Polish police cannot maintain law and order in their own country. The step of spreading Russian forces over Poland must still further strengthen Russia's control over that country. The Polish Army is largely officered by Russians, especially in the higher ranks. The whole of the Air Forces is Russian, and I believe also the Signal Corps and the armoured. There is no Polish Air Force, and the personnel in the Polish Navy includes Russian officers. The Russian are in complete control of the ports of Stettin

and Swinemuende, Polish ports which belong to Poland. I know that they took over control of those ports at the invitation, so called, of the Polish Provisional Government, but that does, not make the matter any better. To me it is a further proof of how completely the Polish Provisional Government is under the domination of Russia. Surely the Government of Poland would not acquiesce, if they could have prevented it, in their two main ports being turned over to the control a foreign country.

I have stated that Poland is under the complete control of Russia and the facts which I have given are indisputable. I see that the Under-Secretary of State smiles. I should be glad if he would state where I am wrong in the facts I have given. The facts undoubtedly prove the truth of my statement that Poland is under the control of Russia. Apart from that, Poland is being strangled economically by systematic spoliation, especially Eastern Poland, Pomerania, Silesia and East Prussia. In many cases factories have been stripped of their machinery, which has been exported to Russia. The coal produced in Silesia by the Poles has to be sold to Russia at far below the cost of its production, notwithstanding that Poland is terribly short of coal and that a few weeks ago no coal was to be had in Warsaw. Away it goes, exported in large quantities to Russia. Also, the great textile industry in Lodz is being exploited for the benefit of the Russian troops, and also exported to Russia notwithstanding that the people of Poland are in rags. It may be, and I believe it has been the case, that the price paid for the coal extracted from Poland was the subject of an agreement between the Polish Provisional Government and Russia. My only answer to that it shows the ineptitude of the Polish Provisional Government in looking after the national interests of their own people.

Large numbers of Polish cattle have been exported to Russia. It may be said that these cattle came from Germany, and many did, but many cattle have also been exported from Poland. Private houses, especially in the Western Provinces, have been looted on a considerable scale. Mass arrests and deportations to Russia or to special concentration camps in Poland are still going on. I am glad to know that those mass arrests are not so bad as they were, but they are still continuing especially among members of the underground army, that gallant army of Poles whose only crime was that they fought the Germans from first to last. In addition to that—and I am sorry to say that it is undeniable—an enormous number of Polish women have been raped—a disgraceful state of affairs in any civilised country. I wish to draw the attention of the House to a description of these Russian concentration camps. They are small camps and exist by the dozen all over Poland. It is just a hole dug in the ground, six feet deep and 60 yards square, covered with barbed wire—nothing else. It is conmpletely exposed to the weather. In those compounds are 50 men, and food and water are taken to those wretched inmates twice daily. They

only possible result is death and disease. Let any Hon. Member imagine the condition of the human beings in such compounds in tre terrible weather conditions during the winter in Poland. They must freeze to death. Such camps should not be permitted for one moment in any civilised country.

In Poland there is still no freedom of the Press, as was stated by the British Ambassador the other day, and no freedom of speech. There is no freedom of the individual; it just does not exist in Poland. I would say this, that Mr. Mikolajczyk was granted permission to edit a paper for the Polish Peasant Party and there were also allowed one or two Catholic papers. It sounds very well that Mr. Mikolajczyk should have the opportunity to express freely the opinions of the party which he represents, but, as a matter of fact, before these papers can be published they are all censored by the Government. Therefore, it is obvious that it is impossible for those who edit the papers to express their real opinion if it is contrary to that of the Government. It is well known, of course, that the wireless is completely under the control of the Government. There is the usual technique whereby loudspeakers are arranged in the streets so that the people may listen to the Government sponsored broadcasts. I understand so that wireless sets are allowed—a very good think—but I am also inform that valves are unobtainable, so that they are of no much use. It is possible to obtain a wireless set on the black market, but those who do so find they have to explain how they got it, and it is not very pleasant for you when that inquiry takes place. There is a rule that public meetings can take place only when sponsored by the Government, and there is the usual technique whereby, a resolution is put up, there is no oposition and it is unanimously adopted.

Mr. Mikolajczyk was permitted to try to reconstitute the Polish Peasant Party, outside that party which was set up by the Provisionl Government, but it is rather significant to know that about a month ago the Government wireless attacked Mr. Mikolajczyk because he would not agree to remain in the Peasant Party set up by the regime, the line of attack being that he was breaking the unity of the Polish Peasant Party, and his followers were branded as Fascits and reactionaries. That is the usual technique when they want to get rid of anybody who does not agree with the Government. He has only quite lately been allowed to start reconstituting his own party under all the restrictions imposed upon it. I am informed that some meetings of his party have taken place, but again, a significant fact is that some of his follewers have subsequently been arrested. I ask the Minister, under conditions such as those in which one is arrested when one goes to a meeting, how is it possible for any party which is not in agreement with the existing Government in Poland ever to be constituted at all? Of course, it is quite impossible.

One could speak for a very long time about these things. They form

a very distressing picture and, in may opinion, they are undoubtedly made worse by the iron screen which Russia has imposed on the whole of Poland and over every other area where she is in control. Can anything more effective be thought of to create greater suspicion and arouse more intense curiosity on the part of other nations, than to have round the country an impenetrable screen of secrecy? If you want to arouse real curiosity on the part of anybody, just hang in a room in your house an empty frame and draw a curtain across it. Every individual who goes into that room will, out of pure curiosity and desire to know what is behing that curtain, draw it on, one side. There are the conditions which have been brought about by secrecy of Russia, and in my opinion there is not a shadow of doubt about it. Why is there this secrecy? What is there to hide? Surely to goodness it would be of enormous advantage to the world in general if that screen were lifted so that the world might know the real conditions in Poland. It would be very much to the advantage of everybody. There has been very little change for the better since the Provisional Government was set ip. How can there be any change for the better under conditions of that kind, with a Communist government carrying out Communist principles? One may agree or disagree with Communist principles—that is not the point—but the people of Poland had no say in this Government, and the majority of them are entirely opposed to it. The Polish people are getting more and more desperate and embittered against it. Every hon. Member of this House will agree that it is essential there should be friendly relations between Soviet Russia and Poland. The hon. Gentleman smiles. Does he not agree with that statement? Does he not agree that it is a necessity?

Mr. Mack (Labour): My views on the matter are too well-known, but I do not agree that the hon. and gallant Gentleman is helping that desired end by his speech.

Vice-Admiral Taylor (Cons.):—I am not helping? I consider that if all the facts of what is going on in Poland are known it will help enormously. The people of Poland realise that the Provisional Government is nothing more nor less than a camouflaged Soviet Government. I am certain that the Foreign Secretry is as anxious as anybody that the Poles should go back to their country and that Poland should have her independence and freedom. We have assured it to them. We went to war for Poland—the best and the most faithfull ally we have had in the war from start to finish. We owe a great debt of gratitude to them. The hon. Gentleman smiles. Does he disagree?

Mr. Piratin (Communist):—Absolutely.

Vice-Admiral Taylor (Cons.):—I am not surprised. That is not the common opinion of this country, nor of any other. It is well known what Poland has done, including the wonderful work of her underground army against Germany which thereby vastly assisted the destruction of the Ger-

man forces by Russia. I am sure also that the Parliamentary Secretary is fully aware of the great danger to any Government which is set up as a Provisional Government, from remaining indefinitely as a Provisional Government. It is a very dangerous thing, especially, as in Poland, where the majority of the people are opposed to it. It only leads to trouble and increases bitterness. Therefore, the sooner Poland gets her independence and freedom for her people to take part in elections on democratic lines, which we have repeatedly affirmed is what we desire and shall ensure if we possibly can, the better. Under the present conditions, the vast majority of the Poles will not go back voluntarily to Poland. There is no chance of Polish independence, or for even those people who are in Poland to express their opinion, as to the form of Government they require, There is no chance for Poland's independence there is no chance for the free expression of the Polish people to choose their own Government—none. I am sure the Government are most desirous to bring about better conditions. I urge upon them to do everything they possibily can, to use all their influence with our ally, Russia and with the Polish Provisional Government to see that as soon as possibly these necessary changes are brought about, without which there is no hope for Poland.

Mr. Paton (Labour):—I ought to make it clear to the hon. and gallant Member who has just spoken that I do not think any Member of this House does not deplore equally with him the conditions and happenings that he has been describing so vividly in his speech. All of us deplore those happenings in Europe. All of us must condemn concentration camps wherever they exist; but they do not exist only in Poland.

Vice-Admiral Taylor (Const.):—... I mentioned not only concentration camps in general, which we all deplore, but particular concentration camps, which are not fit for anyone.

Mr. Paton (Labour):—... The problems being presented to the House are not specifically Polish. We find them in different parts of the world—camps, deportation and the horrible conditions with which we have become all too familiar, and which seem to me to indicate not particularly a Polish offense but a general lowering of the standards of political and social conduct throughout Europe, and indeed the whole of the civilised world.

It is of course true that all the reports indicate that there is no freedom in Poland at this moment, in the sense in which we find it in our own democratic country, here in Great Britain, but before we too hurriedly rush in to condemn everything from A to Z that exists in that unhappy country in Eastern Europe, let us remember that Poland is one of the devastated areas of the Continent, fought over by advancing and retreating armies on both sides. Since those armies have retreated, the country has seen not only a political revolution but an economic and social revolution... In conditions of that kind to look for the freedom that one normally associates

with settled conditions and long-established systems in countries like our own, is to look for something that is completely illusory and vain.

I am bound to say that, while I agree with all the sentiments the hon. and gallant Member uttered about the undesirability of those conditions, I do not think that he was in the least helpful in the way in which he turned his own generous sentiments into what I can only describe as completely unhelpful criticism of our war Ally, the great Power associated with us now in the effective control of the world, the Soviet State und the Soviet people. I have no doubt that, if I chose, I could give the hon. and gallant Member a most effective brief for criticism of Russia and Russian actions because I myself am critical of many things that happen.

Vice-Admiral Taylor (Cons.):—I have no doubt that the hon. Member will allow me to draw a distinction between what is going on in Russia which is Russian territory and is a matter for the Russians, and what is going on in that other country, which is a different matter altogether.

Mr. Paten (Labour):—... It is, of course, true that Russian influence is predominant in Poland, just as it is true that Russian influence is predominant along the whole of her Western frontiers, in all the States from the Baltic to the Black Sea and beyond. That predominant influence is something to which one may abject and disagree, but it is something about which, in the very nature of things, neither the hon. and gallant Member here nor any other hon. Member in this House can do anything whatever. We have to remember in this connection that the whole of the Chinese wall of buffer states that Russia has created now and helped to create by taking advantage largely of the conditions resulting from the war, a system of which Poland is a central and pivotal part, is Russia's security system. So long as it is legitimate for countries to think in terms of security zones and of national and State preservation by the erection of these security zones around them, Russia is by the commonly accepted standards of our contemporary civilisation, completely and finally justified in what she is doing now.

Squadron Leader Sir Gifford Fox (Cons.): — Against whom does Russia need security?

Mr. Paton (Labour): — ... I would remind the House in this connection of a statement that was made by Mr. Eden in a recent foreign affairs debate. In reference to this security system of Russia Mr. Eden said that it was erected against a resurgence of German Nazism and armed might. What, in fact, the security zone is erected against is not any possible resurgence of German armed might. No one knows better that the Russians how completely and finally that has been destroyed. The security zone and barrier are a physical expression of the deep suspicion of the Russian State as to the bona fides of the Western Powers and their intentions towards Russia..

Mr. Austin (Labour): — I think it my duty to point out that the hon. Member has fallen into the trap laid for him.

Mr. Paton (Labour): — ... The security zone of which Poland is a part arises from suspicion in Russia as to the intentions of the Western Powers. That is my reading of this situation. Can anyone who recollects, even in the most cursory fashion, the events of the last 25 years, dare to make the suggestion that the Soviet Union has not most ample grounds for that suspicion which now, in my view, is distorting her proper policies?

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"This war must make the world a better place to live in".

President F. D. Roosevelt.

"Might does not make Right".

President H. S. Truman.

« Poles fought for freedom in the first World War and in 1920 when Red Armies marched as far as the suburbs of Warsaw, Polish armies singlehandedly defeated them and again saved Western Europe — this time from international communism —. Lord d'Abernon called this the eighteenth decisive battle of the world. The treaty of Riga once more restored Poland to the position of a free and independent nation. Offered even more territory by Lenin, Poland, actuated by a high sense of fair play, refused, whereupon Lenin praised the treaty of Riga as a voluntary and just agreement to stand for all time.

Then began her astonishing rebirth as a nation. 1.700.000 buildings destroyed during the war had to be rebuilt; but the Poles, with pride in their resurrected nationhood, set to work with a will. In 20 years, she brought 11,000.000 acres of new land under cultivation, 1200 miles of new railroad track were laid. In 1918 Poland did not have 1 ship, but in 1939 she had more than 800 merchant and passenger vessels traveling at sea lanes of the world. Ninety-one out of every 100 children attended school. The death rate was decreasing. Social security and labour unionism went forward hand in hand. Reborn Poland was a happy and progressive nation, with no envy of her neighbours.

But the scourge of nazism was secretly preparing to ambush civilization. Once it had gathered its evil might, born of science without a thought, it turned upon its peaceful neighbour—without a word of warning it struck. The Poles were ountnumbered 100 to 1. England and France, in accord with their pledge to Poland, declared war on the Nazi aggressors, but they had failed too long to assess the ruthless intentions of Hitler—and now were powerless to give Poland any real assistance. Poland fought alone against the swarms of planes and tanks which assaulted her. Her men and women fought bravely, hopelessly, and died for all the world to see the armoured beast unmasked.

And then Russia, knowing that she too would soon be the victim of German lust for power, struck from the rear in order to put more territory between herself and the Nazis. Caught between two powerful rivals, Poland was doomed. Warsaw, the heart-beat of Poland, was ravaged by German bombs. A shocked humanity saw what these madmen in modern dress meant by the new order. It was simply the tyrant breaking loose again — using flame throwers instead of whips and bombs instead of stones.

Poland, the nation, died that we might see the evil menacing the world. Died that America being in the dream-world isolation, might awaken in time to protect herself.

Warsaw became the symbol of man's resistance to tyranny. »

Congressman Lane in the U. S. House of Representatives.

GENERAL ANDERS ON WARSAW ADMINISTRATION'S CHARGES.

General Wladyslaw Anders, commander of the Polish 2nd Corps in an interview with Reuter emphatically denied, an accusation made by the Warsaw government, that he has been supplying the Polish underground movement in Poland with arms, either by air or any other means.

The General also dismissed allegations published not only in the Polish press but in English and American newspapers, that he has any connection with the present terrorist and anti-Jewish outrages in Poland.

Gen. Anders said: « The aim of these attacks is not so much to discredit the Polish 2nd Corps as to find a scapegoat in order to put up a smoke-screen for the very serious situation inside Poland today.

« It is ridiculous to say that I am supplying arms by air to anyone in Poland for the simple fact that I have no aircraft. I am a Corps' Commander under AFHQ and anything I have must come through that Headquarters.

« Anyone who wants can ask General Sir William Morgan (Supreme Commander in the Mediterranean) if I have any planes for such a purpose ».

Regarding anti-Jewish accusations General Anders said that he had more than 1000 Polish Jews in the 2nd Corps and that 180 of them were officers.

All these men, said the General, have complete freedom of worship and expression as had the Catholics, Moslems and Protestants in the ranks of his Corps.

The Polish Commander pointed out that not one of these Jewish soldiers had voted to return to his native land in the recent plebiscite carried out within the 2nd Corps to determine which soldiers wished to return to Poland.

Another accusation levelled at the 2nd Corps by what General Anders termed « the Sovietised Warsaw Government » was that his Corps and himself had left Russia in the lurch in 1942 by evacuating to the Middle East.

Gen. Anders produced a telegram from Stalin addressed to him and also a letter from the Soviet Government, which were the result of friendly

personal talks between himself and Stalin, in which it was stated that the Soviet government agreed with the move to the Middle East since there were unsufficient food and arms in the Soviet Union for the Polish Corps Corps composed of peasants and small farmers.

The present strength of the 2nd Corps in Italy, said General Anders, was 107.000 men. Of these 80 % were peasants and small farmers, 19 % were from the « intelligentsia » and 1 % from landed gentry.

« I have never owned an acre of my own in my life, » the General said, « and I have most certainly never had a house of my own ».

The General said he did not recognize the Polish government in Warsaw since it had not been elected by the people.

« When there has been a free general election in which the British and Americans have been asked to see fair play » he added « then I and my men will be ready and willing to return to Poland ».

Reuter.

"The following conditions are indispensable if honest elections are to take place:

First: Immediate release of all political prisoners and return of all deportees to Poland.

Second: Setting up in Poland of an interim administration free from Soviet military and police pressure and composed of political figures trusted by the Polish people who would give assurances against persecution for political views.

Third: Permission for all Poles abroad, without distinction of political views, to return to take part freely in political life.

Forth: Complete freedom of press and of political organization and agitation in Poland.

Fifth: A free hand for the UNRRA working with representative Polish humanitarian organization, to distribute relief in Poland without any element of political coercion or discrimination.

Sixth: Free access to Poland for United Nations diplomats and correspondents and for representatives of Polish cultural and fraternal organizations abroad with the right to talk freely with Poles of all political views and report their observations without censoorship.

These are elementary demands of liberty and justice. Our Government should use all its influence to promote their realization.

Congressman Sadowski in the U. S. House of Repr

« We forget that the chief slogan at the outbreak of war was the struggle for individual freedom, the defense of the weaker against the stronger, the struggle for justice above evil. We are grateful to our President Truman, for having stated in his inaugural address that we will faithfully guard the above principles. His assurance that « the responsibility of the great states is to serve and not dominate the peoples of the world » allows us to believe that our policy will not be deteriorated by the manoeuverings of power politics...

... Contemporary Poland took up arms in defense of freedom and full sovereignty for smaller nations. And here again she met with the opposition of her neighbours in the West and in the East. Because the Polish government in London refused to submit to the dictates of its eastern neighbour, it encountered tremendous difficulties that distressed the whole Polish nation. Because the Polish government in London became the champion of the liberty and sovereignty of all weaker nations of Europe, it became at once the subject of unfounded insults and false accusations. Despite the fact that the entire Polish nation did not cease for a moment in fighting against violence and aggression, to-day its mighty eastern neighbour is trying to deprive it of the freedom for which that nation sacrificed so much blood and lost one third of its population ».

Congressman Murphy in the U. S. House of Representatives.

"The conscience of mankind owes much to the spirit of the Polish people".

Congressman Lane in the U. S. House of Representatives.