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POLAND FIGHTS
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POZNAN--THE CRADLE OF POLAND



COUNCIL CHAMBER IN THE CITY HALL OF POZNAN

POLAND SPEAKS . . .

Address by General Wladyslaw Sikorski at the Anniversary Celebration of the Polish "LWOW" Night Fighter Squadron



OUR festival is not only the festival of your famous squadron, it is also symbolic as the festival of the new soldier and the new citizen, the types being created for new Poland, which will assuredly come.

Characteristic of this new type of soldier is that each one of us, whatever his rank, should be faithful to our promise that after words follow deeds.

I am taking advantage of your squadron's festival — to which from today when I was presented with your emblem I myself belong—to make the whole Polish air force acquainted with the noble and gallant words that Mr. Churchill said to me, during my last talk. *"Of all the Allied Nations," he told me that "the Royal Air Force, whose opinion is not without value, are unanimous in presenting the laurel wreath to the Polish Air Force."*

You may be truly proud of Mr. Churchill's appreciation, and this noble gesture on the part of the Royal Air Force, whose fame is so great. I know you will continue to fulfil your

duties as splendidly as you have done up to now in carrying out tasks allotted you, and that you will continue to deserve this good opinion.

The worst is already behind you. It was a period in which even strong men and strong characters were broken. Now we are already working for victory, not simply holding on through difficult times. You who have been fighting for Poland while far from her, very often in difficult situations, have held on most creditably and you will certainly win through in the approaching period.

As Commander-in-Chief of the Polish forces I wish to answer Mr. Churchill publicly on their behalf. I wish to emphasize the exceptional worth and fighting value of the Royal Air Force. In their splendid school you have been trained as some of the best airmen in the world. The outstanding talent for organization of the Royal Air Force commanders and the great ability of Poland's good friend, Sir Archibald Sinclair, contributed to the Royal Air Force gaining the mastery of the air over Western Europe. The German's plan to transfer the chief part of their air force from the eastern to the western front dur-

ing the coming winter will not avail them. Our air superiority is the chief factor of future victory and will be maintained. Americans are now fighting side by side with us and contributing their vigorous offensive. On the eastern front the brave Soviet airmen are seconding us. Their daring raids over Berlin, Koenigsberg and Danzig are an eloquent threat to Germany.

The Germans overrate their strength. They think that when they have overcome Russia and destroyed her vital strength — they used to say it would be in 1942, and three weeks ago they said 1943, they would be able to organize and use in their war effort the vast resources of that mighty country. They are mistaken, they are not overcoming Russia, they are not breaking her vital strength.

The fact that they are making use of Europe's economic potentialities with the help of her defeated peoples who are working like slaves will be yet a great disappointment for the Germans. When the time comes those enslaved nations will show the Germans how they

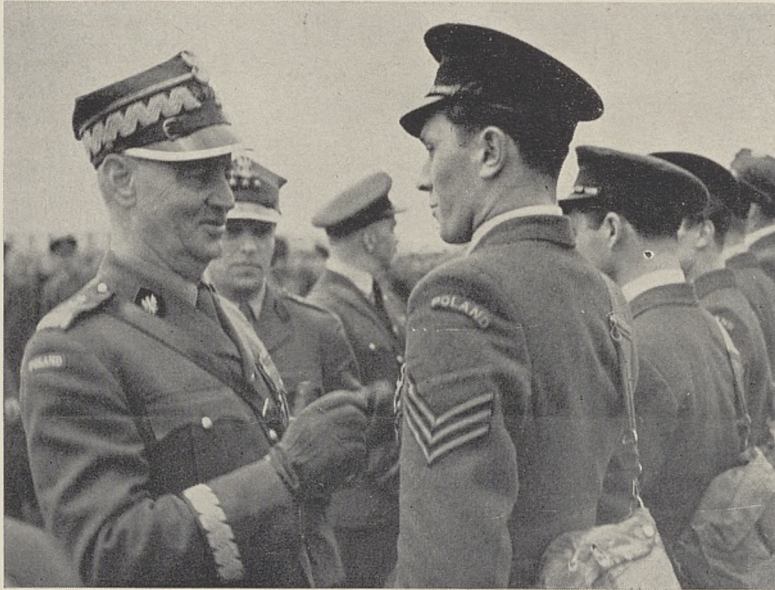
can work to prepare their oppressors' final doom.

Meanwhile the quantity and quality of the Royal Air Force with its splendid technical progress is the guarantee of our complete success. The German nation possesses a mighty moral stronghold but its foundations are artificial. It will loosen and fall under the powerful blows of the Allied air forces.

Airmen, let us pay homage to the memory of our fallen comrades of this squadron with Major Antonowicz, its founder at their head. Let us take ample from them in our further fight for victory.

You are the sons of the nation that was the first to tear the mask of deceit from Hitler's face, the first to give the signal to the whole of Europe to take up the fight against the tyranny that Germany intended to impose upon the world.

You are the sons of the nation that is standing steadfastly at its post! May you have further victories such as you had on the night of the Fourth to the Fifth of August. May you always return to this station in triumph. Our nation watching you follows your fights, because they are a source of strength to it.



GEN. SIKORSKI DECORATING POLISH AIRMEN

BLACK HOLES OF TORTURE AND DEATH



PLACES UNDERLINED ARE SITES OF CONCENTRATION CAMPS IN POLAND AND GERMANY WHERE POLES ARE INTERNED.

TWENTY-THREE concentration camps where Poles are confined, are definitely known: Belzec, Buchenwald, Ciechanow, Dachau, Dobrzyn, Dyle, Dzialdowo, Dziesiata, Flossenbergl, Gross-Rosen, Grudziadz, Hamburg, Hohenbrueck, Labiau, Mauthausen, Nasielsk, Oranienburg, Oswiecim, Plonsk, Ravensbrueck, Sierpc, Stutthof, Treblinka.

Further batches of prisoners are continually being sent to Oswiecim concentration camp from all the prisons in Poland. A couple of hundred persons were recently sent from Warsaw to the camp; among them were several Polish warders of the Warsaw prison. Several hundred other prisoners, women as well as men, were sent from Warsaw. News is continually being received of deaths in Oswiecim of prisoners unable to stand the rigors of the camp.

Large parties of Oswiecim prisoners go to work every day on the building of a synthetic oil plant being erected in the vicinity. The mortality among prisoners is stupendous. Of forty prisoners transferred to the camp from Milanowek in July, 1940, three have returned home, two are still in the camp, and 35 have died. Of twelve social workers of the former Warsaw Committee for Social Self-help, taken to Oswiecim in July, 1941, only one survives;

all the others have died in Oswiecim.

Forty Polish priests were transferred from the camp at Dachau to the camp at Bojanow, where they are employed in turning out airplane parts. A large number of nuns formerly held in the Bojanow camp have been transported to forced labor in Germany. The concentration camp for Poles set up at Stutthof, near Danzig, in September, 1939, is steadily losing its prisoners as they die off.

A new type of concentration camp for Poles has been started near Dziesiata, near Lublin. Originally it was intended for Bolshevik prisoners of war, and some 1,200 of them were taken there at the end of last year. Now, after numerous shootings and as the result of the terrible conditions in the camp, only a couple of hundred are left. For some months past a camp for Polish prisoners has been established close to the barracks for Soviet prisoners. The Poles have been transferred from the prison in Lublin Castle, which is gradually being emptied, and in future will be used only for Polish political prisoners. There are 100 Polish prisoners at Dziesiata, employed on heavy forced labor. The barracks are built of flimsy boards which do not join, and in the winter-time the cold inside was intense.

POLISH CEREAL AND GRAIN EXPORT

POLAND has always been a predominantly agricultural country. The extent of its plant production may be surmised from the fact that in 1937 43,555,000 acres were under cultivation. Of these, 14,300,000 acres were under rye, 6,862,000 under potatoes, and the rest under wheat, barley, oats, buckwheat, beets, millet, peas, beans, flax, hemp, oleaginous seeds and fodder, hops, and a number of other minor crops.

The crops of cereals in 1938, according to the official Bureau of Statistics, were as follows: wheat 2,523,580 tons, rye 7,625,840 tons, barley 1,586,880 tons, and oats 2,854,180 tons which yielded the aggregate figure of 14,590,480 tons. The potato crop yielded an average of 37,137,000 tons. These crops fully covered the needs of the home market, and even left a surplus, particularly of rye and barley.

Poland was one of the largest producers of rye in Europe, occupying third place after the Soviet Union and Germany. She was also an important producer of barley, which she produced in a variety of grades and qualities, from first class brewery barley down to an ordinary fodder type. The well-known Kujawy barley produced in Poland was excellent for brewing and found a ready market in Western Europe and to some extent in Northern Europe. The annual Polish exportable surplus of barley varied from 150,000 to 300,000 tons and in exceptional years was as high as 380,000 tons.

Polish cereal and grain export was controlled by the Corn Exporters' Association and by the Polish Grain Bureau of Danzig. The Ministry of Industry and Commerce delegated to these two organizations the inspection of all grain exported and the establishment at the beginning of each season, of grading norms, subject to the approval of the Ministry.

Progress made in the pre-war Polish export of cereals was reflected in the extension of the network of modern corn elevators in Poland. The Gdynia grain elevator was equipped with modern thermostats and entirely worked by electricity, the installation and machines were controlled from light-signalled switch-boards, while visual and sound signalization assured the efficient operation of the elevator at low running charges.

Polish grain was exported chiefly to Northern and Western Europe. In addition, it was sporadically sold, at times in considerable volume, on a number of other markets. For instance, some years ago

about 200,000 tons of rye were sold to the United States. Polish rye was also exported to Palestine and Italy, while barley had a still wider range of delivery, being sold in Mexico and Canada. The chief buyer of Polish barley was Belgium.

Of other plant products exported from Poland in considerable volume, mention must be made of pulse, chiefly represented by beans and peas, and to some extent by vetch, peluschken, lupine and horse beans. The export of peas averaged about 25,000 tons yearly.

Beans constituted the next most important export product. Polish beans had a high fat content and a thick husk, which accounted for their popularity on twenty-six markets, including nearly all European countries, as well as the Levant, French colonies in Africa, and Canada, Mexico, the United States, Cuba, etc.

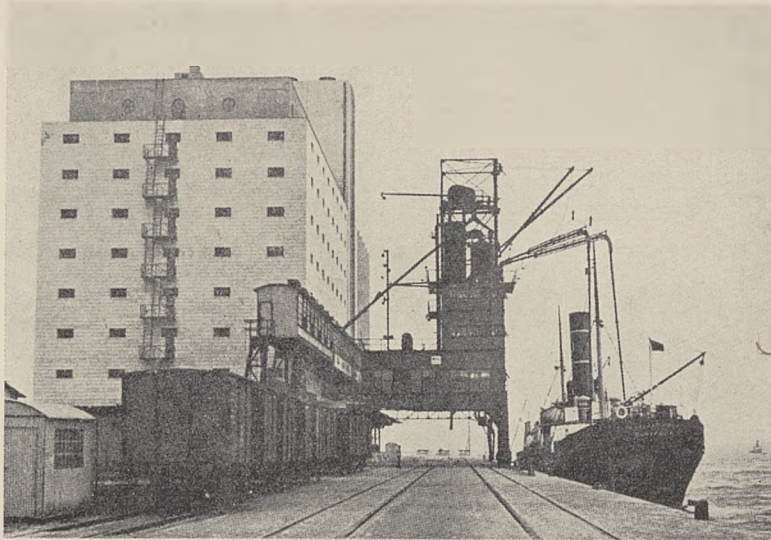
Fodder and oleaginous seeds were another important branch of Polish exports. Poland pro-

duced sugar-beet seeds of various kinds and as they were well adapted to the various climatic and soil conditions of buyer countries, they were exported not only to all of Europe but also to China, Japan, Manchukuo, Persia, Canada, and the United States. Polish clover seeds were in great favor with foreign buyers, as they were produced in fairly severe climatic conditions, and proved hardy even under frost. Of recent times, considerable quantities of poppy-seed had been exported to the United States for the requirements of the baking industry.

In the field of potato production, Poland occupied third place in Europe, after the Soviet Union and Germany. Seed potatoes were exported to lands where cultivation of the tuber was difficult and required rejuvenation of the sowing material used.

Part of the Polish potato crop was utilized in the manufacture of alcohol and in the production of potato products, principally potato flour, starch, dextrine and syrup. All these articles were exported by Poland. There were some 85 factories in Poland engaged in the manufacture of potato flour (starch), their output capacity being in the neighborhood of 80,000 tons of flour — equivalent to about 450,000 tons of the tuber. Poland's export of potato products had to meet sharp competition from corn products. Nevertheless, the high quality of Polish potato flour assured fairly large foreign markets, including India.

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THE GDYNIA GRAIN ELEVATOR

WOODS IN THE POLISH COUNTRYSIDE

"The forests . . . so majestic and so full of beauty! —
Black currant twined with a wild hop wreath,
Rowan trees with a fresh shepherdess blush,
The hazel, like a maenad, with green thyrsus
Decked, as with grapes, by pearl-like nuts;
And underneath the children of the forest: the haw-
thorne in the embrace of the elder.
The blackberry with sable lips pressing upon the rasp-
berry.

Trees and bushes with their leaves joined hands,
As for a dance young men and maidens stand
Around a married pair who in their midst
Above the whole forest throne, distinguished
By slenderness of shape and charm of color:
The white birch, the beloved, with her husband the
hornbeam.

But farther, like forebears on children and grandchildren
Gazing, sit in silence: here hoary beeches,
There matronly poplars, and bearded with moss
An oak, bearing five centuries on his gnarled back,
Resting on oaks, his ancestors, petrified pillars!"

From "PAN TADEUSZ" by ADAM MICKIEWICZ

GREAT areas of Poland were once covered with prehistoric virgin forests. Even now great forests stretch over thousands of square miles and Poland may still be called a land of forests. The forest was the cradle of Polish history. It was the first mentor of the Poles, to whom it furnished material for their dwellings and their furniture, even for their clothing in the shape of skins of wild beasts. It fed them with game, honey, nuts, mushrooms and berries. It was their hiding place and their fortress in case of invasion by enemy tribes. In the forest the first hut and the first place of worship were built. The first arms originated there: a mace, an arrow and a spear; and from the forest came the first wooden plough.

No wonder then that so much care has been taken to preserve the great forests of Poland. Preservation of Poland's natural beauties appealed alike to artists, to students of folklore and to all interested in creating natural reservations and national parks to defend the most characteristic features of the Polish landscape from man's greed.

For naturalists the national parks were marvelous sources of biological lore, solving many problems connected with the relations of flora and fauna. These reservations advanced the study of climatology, as the woods have great influence over climate. Lastly, they were a place of recreation for everyone, and from them city folk emerged strengthened in spirit and filled with awe and admiration for the beauties of nature.

The forests of Poland are mostly to be found in mountainous regions. Silver beech and fir grace the foothills of the Carpathian Mountains. Higher up their verdant slopes, grow tall, dark-green spruces. Above them tower the rare stone-pines with here and there a larch. The wild goat and the whistler



THE SPRUCE

Drawing by L. Wyczolkowski

constitute typical mountain game. They are becoming very scarce in Europe.

The mountain range of Pieniny with its famous steep valley of the Dunajec also has an abundance of beech and fir with spruce in the higher regions. There is plenty of pine and juniper, too. Plants unknown in other parts of Europe may still be found here in great abundance.

Some Polish plains are also thickly wooded. The so-called "Lysogory" or Bald Hills are overgrown with the oldest larch trees in Poland. The plains near Warsaw and some parts of Western and South-western Poland are covered with pine woods. In contrast to the needle trees are the leaf forests of the Podolian district near the Rivers Zbrucz and Dniestr. The most prevalent tree here is the oak whereas further north, in Volhynia, the lime and the horn-beam mingle with pine and birch.

The older forests of Polesie present a different picture with their marshy grounds and clumps of willow. There in inaccessible thickets some of the rare beasts of Europe are still alive, the bison, the

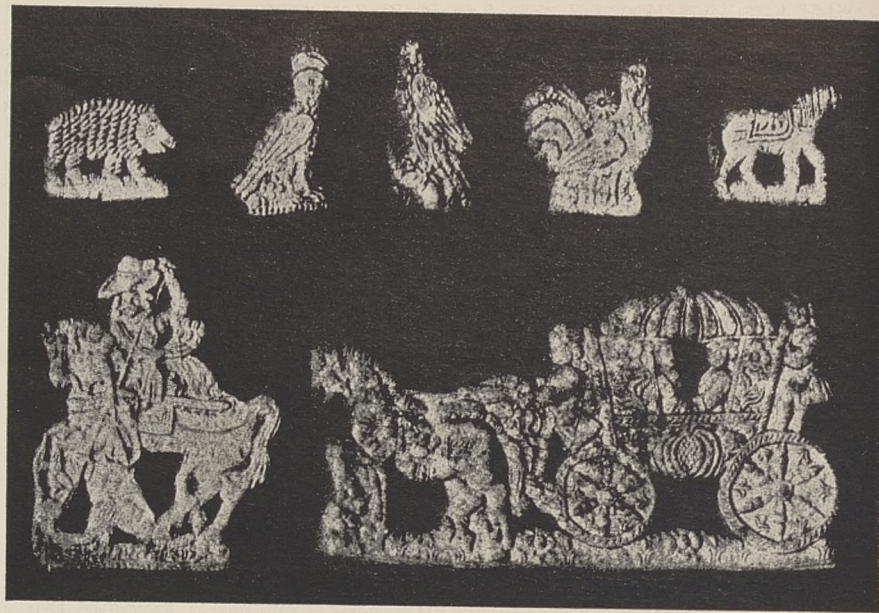
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T O R U N H O N E Y - C A K E S

TODAY Poland is being scientifically starved by merciless German invaders. The bread is mouldy and unfit for human consumption because the Germans have substituted sawdust for flour. Time was, however, when Poland not only had enough bread, but when Polish bakers created tasty cakes and cookies to tempt both young and old. As in so many phases of their daily lives, even in baking the Poles expressed their love for the rich and beautiful. The most tasty and tempting product of Polish baking ovens was the "piernik" or spice cookie. The story of this popular delicacy is of interest to all who love cooking and also reflects the Polish way of life throughout its history.

From prehistoric times, long before the 16th century when "pierniki" were baked all over Poland, Poles were farmers. The grain they raised was the envy of their German neighbors, for as Tacitus said, the German always preferred to take foodstuffs from their neighbors by force rather than raise it themselves. The earliest Polish sentence recorded in 1276 has to do with grinding of grain. It is spoken by a peasant to his wife — "Let me turn the mill while you rest."

Another occupation closely related to farming and the peaceful, settled life of the Poles was bee keeping. Honey thus obtained was used to sweeten many dishes. It was also poured over bread or rather over an unleavened pancake baked in the embers of an open hearth — and this may be said to be the forerunner of the famous Polish "piernik". Soon the ingenious lady of the manor learned to sweeten the batter directly with honey and the result was the delicacy known as "miodownik", a honey cake. Spices were unknown in Poland before the opening of the trade routes with the East, but soon after the Crusades trade with Persia brought a variety of spices and Poles experienced a new luxury in taste. Meat and vegetables were richly spiced — sauces appeared — and Turkish sweet meats and cookies took their place on the richly laden tables of the nobles. Towns grew, townsmen prospered and this material well-being bred a taste for good things. So it is not surprising that the simple "miodownik" underwent a change. The ingredients of flour and honey were retained, but the rich spices were added, and the "piernik" deriving its name from the spicy taste became the direct descendant of the primitive "miodownik". Exotic spices were added with a lib-



TORUN HONEY-CAKES

Collection of the Ethnographical Museum of Cracow

eral hand but none of the old recipes seem to have been preserved, because they were jealously guarded family secrets. The best "pierniki" were baked in Torun, a beautiful Polish town on the Vistula. They reached the height of their popularity throughout Poland in the 16th and 17th centuries when spices were also brought from the Far East by Portuguese navigators. In fact Torun was so famous for this art that a Polish proverb of the 17th century runs, "Danzig whiskey, a Torun piernik, a Cracow maid and a Warsaw shoe." Even as late as 1884 the "Geographic Dictionary," mentions that Torun used 496 tons of honey and an equal quantity of flour for baking "pierniki".

The popularity of Torun "pierniki" did not rest on taste alone, it was equally due to the ingenious shapes in which they were baked. They were cut out in forms representing horses, wild animals, roosters, geese, horses pulling sleighs, cats, dogs and many other playful shapes. Oldest examples of the 17th and 18th centuries have been preserved by the Weese and Thomas bakeries in Torun, but the recipes remain a strictly guarded secret. The most beautiful "pierniki" preserved are those representing Polish Kings and Queens. The figures of King Zygmunt III and Queen Constance are truly masterpieces. Their features are finished in detail and the robes richly embroidered are portrayed minutely. The Baroque crowns, the orb and diadem, are rendered in accurate detail. There are other "pierniki" of personages of the early 18th century. The technique of careful exe-

cutation is carried out faithfully. Thus there are realistic busts of King Wladyslaw IV and Cecilia Renata both dated 1637, and a striking bust bearing great resemblance to the profile of King Jan Kazimierz as seen on old Polish gold coins.

The Thomas bakery produced many holy figures in addition to those of the nobility. The Virgin Mary with a crown on her head was dressed in a richly embellished costume of the 17th century. The infant Christ rests on one arm while with the other hand she leads a child St. John. The Weese bakery had a



A Polish Queen

Virgin Mary dressed very modishly in a baroque costume with a plumed hat on her head. St. George, by the number of models left, seems to have been a very popular saint. One by Weese showed him as an armored knight seated on a spirited horse thrusting a lance into the dragon's flaming gorge. The Arch-

angel Michael wielding a flaming sword was represented in a richly embroidered robe and St. Florian appeared as a Roman centurion. There were also many cookies representing Christ in the manger.

The variety of design did not end here. Figures of Poles performing their daily tasks were popular, like the figure of a young girl seated at a spinning wheel. Even the lace on her gown and the starched ruffles of her costume were reproduced. Then there were soldiers — horsemen with plumed hats, soldiers of the Seven Years War — generals, standard bearers and even Roman soldiers.

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A Polish King

(Continued from page 5)

elk, the boar and the lynx.

The beautiful forest in the Polish plain is the virgin forest of Bialowieza covering about 11,500 acres. Almost every variety of European tree grows there. Here the wild game, extinct elsewhere wanders in primeval freedom.

Most of the trees in Bialowieza may also be found in the ancient forests of the Augustow district. Nowhere else in Europe can one see such beautiful examples of combined forest and water landscape as in the district of the Augustow forest and the Wigry Lakes.

There are no virgin forests in the Western provinces of Poland; wooded by cultivated trees they may be regarded as the breathing space of Poznan, the capital of Great Poland.

Many ancient trees on Polish soil are known to be more than a thousand years old. Records have been made of them and a law for their protection passed. An old oak, called "Bartek", near Kielce, has a circumference of $27\frac{1}{2}$ feet and is supposed to be older than the Polish State itself. Many magnificent oaks over 500 years old grow in Rogalin near Poznan.

Polish pines, especially near the sea, grow in many fantastic forms, bent by the buffeting of the coastal winds and storms.

The most characteristic feature of the Polish landscape are the road willows, poplars and birches in



OAKS IN ROGALIN

Drawing by L. Wyczolkowski

the North. In some districts fruit trees are planted by the roadside.

Early in the 19th century, poplars were planted on both sides of roads leading to large estates. These trees make beautiful avenues of centarian poplars.

But woods are not the only charming feature of the Polish landscape. Small plants growing in huge masses create many unusual effects. There is the unforgettable picture of the Tatra Mountains covered with a carpet of violet crocuses when spring comes. And the sky-blue flower in the undergrowth of lofty

trees, bring to life many a fairy tale of little folk who live underground. In the eastern Carpathians the blood red Rhododendron enhances the scene. The golden "Azalea Pontica" growing in Wolyn spreads about it an aurora of fairyland. No less luxuriant is the growth on Polish meadows, the sweet scented blossoms of the orchards draw swarms of bees, as do the countless flower gardens where many exotic plants are cultivated.

All this was Poland before the greedy fist of the Germans seized its carefully nurtured soil. Now German axes are busy felling the old trees and ruin at one blow what had been carefully cultivated for centuries. The Poles are fighting at home and on all fronts with unflinching zeal and bravery to free their land of this plague.



FOREST IN THE TATRA MOUNTAINS

POLISH WOMEN IN SEPTEMBER 1939

WHEN the invasion occurred Poland was transformed into one family. In soldiers' diaries of the Polish September campaign this truth recurs again and again with compelling insistence.

"... The Ukrainian housewife did not want to take any money for the milk for the detachment. 'Oh, sirs, sirs,' she said, 'we've seen the Austrians here in past times, and the Russians . . . We've seen things in our time. Whatever it's like now, it'll pass.'"

"... We lay in a trench under fire waiting for the order to attack, so terribly thirsty after fourteen hours of marching that our tongues were as hard as leather. And our flasks were dry, and we couldn't move. Where did that Jewish girl come from who crawled up to us with two bottles of kvass? So long as I live, I shall never forget those terrified yet kindly eyes."

"... On September 20th the field hospital at Bagatela in Warsaw was set on fire by a bomb. The nurses ran out to ask us to help move the wounded to another building. They showed us the way by the side gate. It was a passage of corpses. All the dead from the street had been piled there in a heap. There was a terrific stench, and some of the faces were horribly distorted. The nurses who came for use were very young. But they only turned pale and made the sign of the cross over those terrible bodies. The hospital roof fell in just as the last wounded man was brought out, and we only caught a few flying fragments. Then we helped transfer the wounded to another building. I returned past the ruins of the hospital; one wall was still burning, in the smoke I saw an older nurse. She was so dirty that it was difficult to recognize her. She could not speak but only pointed to a sack of coal lying on the ground beside her; she had dragged up this coal from the ruined cellar, so that there would be warmth for the sick in the winter, and the wall might have fallen on her at any moment."

"... In a forest near Kozlow we are caught by the Germans from two sides. Women teachers from the village school keep us supplied with food, wading across a peat marsh at night . . ."

"... On October 10th, Polish prisoners of war passed through Naleczow. Before them were machine-guns mounted on lorries. Some of the men fell, and the others had to trample over them. I saw a woman in a kerchief, standing at a wicket-gate, suddenly stretch out her hand and pull towards her an artillery man who was among the prisoners. The people crowded together, the kerchief fluttered a moment, someone ran through the gate. A German snarled something, but the convoy went on, poorer by one man."

"... In the latter half of October, after General Kleberg's capitulation at Piotrkow we were packed into trains to be carried off to prison camps. Rain was falling. In those last weeks we had felt neither cold nor hunger, the men seemed benumbed. But



"SAD EYES"

By S. Wyspianski

before those trucks — which were to carry us we knew not where nor for how long — at this station, which the Germans had already found time to rename "Petrikau", death peered into the souls of many of us. I suddenly felt hungry, and shivered . . . I was wearing overalls. They began to push us about. Behind us stood a line of men with rifles. Suddenly some lady with a basket broke through this line and began to throw out packages. The lads rushed to pick up cigarettes, sweaters . . . and even ham. But a German lieutenant rushed up to the woman. He struck her a backhander in the face. She fell. Another German ran up and shot her. Later my truck passed this spot and she was still lying there on the platform with her face covered by her jacket, her basket, blood-stained and empty, close by."

Thus today in a strange land the Polish soldiers recall the nameless women of their country.

R A I D O N D I E P P E

A S T O R Y O F A P O L I S H S E R G E A N T

WE HAVE been at sea for a couple of hours now. From time to time light signals are flashed. The barges sailing in quiet compact groups are mercilessly tossed about by the waves. We hear the drone of planes above. The chill from the water is unpleasantly penetrating and the only thing that restrains one from letting his teeth chatter is that his neighbor might think it was from fear. Apart from commands, which are given in a normal voice, all speak in whispers if they speak at all. It is becoming lighter and lighter and it is already possible to make out the shapes of boats sailing nearby. It cannot be far now. One begins to wonder what it will be like there.

Everyone instinctively puts his equipment in order and also the life-saving gear which is to keep us on the water's surface if we should be forced to take a bath, at thought of which our already shivering bodies simply recoil. I remember "Potop" and "Kmicic's" words come to my mind, "when people are numbed they warm themselves in fire."

Almost at that moment rockets burst in the sky on the horizon and there is a roar of firing. We feel like a man who is sneaking along, trying not to be



POLISH COMMANDOS

seen and to whom somebody suddenly says, "Good morning." It is seen that our E-boats have run into a German convoy quite unexpectedly, and that is where the alarm and the shots are coming from, making a surprise impossible. The alert is given in all the barges. We begin to hurry.

Suddenly from the not too distant coast the concert of German artillery begins. All around us great fountains of water spring up among which our neighboring barges disappear, sometimes not to appear again. It seems as if the whole fire is concentrated on us. The only thing to do is to get to the beach as quickly as possible and "quieten" the Germans. Theoretically it is quite simple, but difficult enough to carry out as our whole group is already scattered and must sail in zig-zags which does not facilitate either landing or an attack upon the Germans waiting for us on the beach.

From the land, explosions are heard. It is the Royal Air Force carrying out a bombing attack. Squadron after squadron passes over our heads. We get the impression that the German shells do not come from above but jump out of the water, throwing it on the decks of the barges in streams, as though they were lashed with an enormous whip.

On our right it is quieter and it seems that the central group, making for Dieppe itself will not have such great difficulties.

Suddenly the artillery fire is turned away from us. Berneval beach is near. We sigh with relief, but suddenly about some hundred of meters distant it starts again with incomparably greater force.

We sail absolutely blindly through walls of water thrown up by shells and through smoke screens which are to hide us from the enemy's view. We are thrown about like a cork on the waves.

At last some of the barges reach the shore and ground on the sands. From the heights surrounding the beach the loud clatter of German machine-guns can be heard. They are firing so violently that the attackers are forced to withdraw to the boats and seek protection behind their armor plating. The artillery goes on continually firing over the beach and water. The attack has been broken and we must withdraw and seek another landing place.

On water and on land it is hell. The barges are hit and sink and the barrage in front of us seems to compel us to put off. On top of everything German dive bombers, a few of which with a long smoke trail behind them, crash to the ground nearby. Others of our planes swoop down on the Germans.

The German fire weakens, a triumphant cry is heard. Those are Polish squadrons. Our shouts at that moment are louder than the firing. Under the cover of the planes we rush to attack and after furious fighting break through the pits and barbed wire.

The first line of German machine-guns is silenced. The next task is to reach and destroy the batteries and gain contact with our neighbors. One group tries to break through in the direction of Berneval to attack the enemy's second line in the rear.

All over the sky an air battle is raging, the concentration point changing continually.

We dig ourselves in on the beach and the surrounding heights, supporting our attack with machine-gun fire.

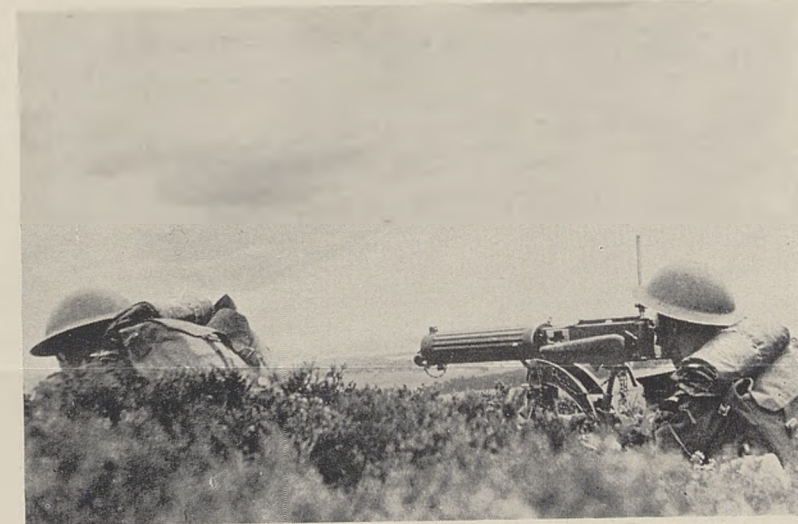
About ten o'clock we learn that the attack on Dieppe has succeeded and that the Canadians with

tanks got into the town. Abbeville is bombarded. News from the right wing at Varangeville is favorable. Fortifications have been overcome and batteries destroyed.

Encouraged by this success we rush to the attack for the fifth time. The fury of the defense grows. Explosions roar so terribly loud that they must be heard all over France and England. From Berneval the wounded are coming back all the time.

Through barrage reinforcements they come up. They are from barges which were driven off and spent some time looking for a landing place. Soldiers

jump out and run towards the German lines along some cottages. Everybody is seized with fighting fury to reach and destroy the batteries, everything else is unimportant. The shells bursting around make no impression. Through the smoke and storm soldiers can be seen running without taking cover at all. All sense of danger and sense of time are lost. During the furious storming



MACHINE GUN IN ACTION

of the second defense line, the order comes to retire. Have we got to go without destroying the battery? One last try.

Once again soldier forms are seen passing with blood-curdling shouts through the smoke. We receive a second imperative order to retire. We have to do it.

Under defending fire from cruisers at sea and planes in the air, we begin to get on board and put off hurriedly. The last soldiers jump on board, bringing with them trophies taken from the Germans. The beach fades in the distance in the veil of smoke. Somehow the Germans have no wish to follow us.

We sail in convoy, the sky above is full of planes which, while protecting the waiting invasion boats displayed miraculous gallantry. From Dieppe they are now withdrawing or have withdrawn already. The few hours' invasion of the continent is finished.

On return we recall the past hours during which all sense of time was lost and which already seems

(Please turn to page 12)

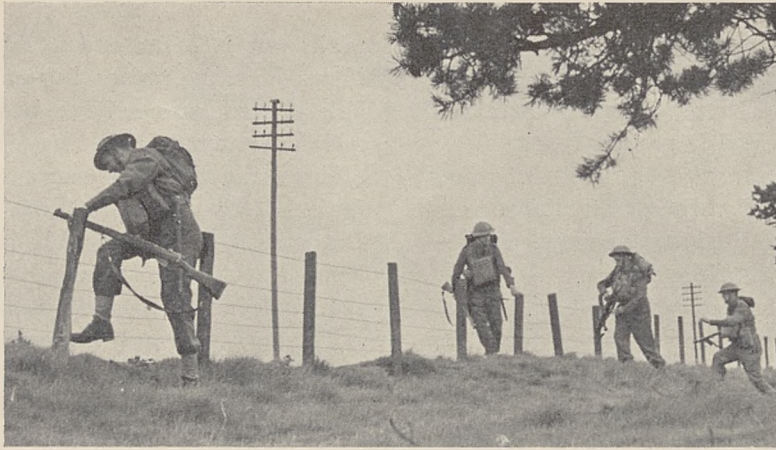


FORWARD!

(Continued from page 11)

far away. From afar come echoes of air fighting and from time to time the muffled thunder of anti-aircraft from the convoy escorts.

As security grows so grows our reaction. One feels pains in temples and overpowering tiredness. The wounded now begin to groan. We are overcome with apathy and regret it



ATTACK!

was not possible to remain there instead. Returning and going on through the lands and waters of the continent to that country where the thunder of German artillery resounded for the first time at the beginning of the war. The country which waits for invasion and for the most wonderful cry: "The Poles are returning!"

T O R U N H O N E Y - C A K E S

(Continued from page 7)

The models of the 17th century represent the height of the baker's art. From then on the forms were executed with less care — faces lost their expression and detail gave way to generalization. But the baking of "pierniki" has endured to the present time. On November 25th, the Fete of St. Katharine, they are sold by venders in great numbers. "Pierniki" of various shapes, covered with multi-colored

icings, hung before the war from Polish Christmas trees. Although no longer as delectable as they had been "pierniki" are still a toothsome morsel — or were until the Germans like a swarming cloud of locusts denuded the once abundant fields of their grain. But in Polish hearts hope never dies. And when peace comes again the branches of Christmas trees in every Polish home will once again be laden with Polish "pierniki".

P O L I S H C E R E A L A N D G R A I N E X P O R T

(Continued from page 4)

Palestine, Mexico, Canada, and the United States. Shortly before the war, the Polish firm of "Stomil" placed on the market "Ker", a synthetic rubber for automobile, motorcycle and airplane tires, made from potatoes.

Directly affiliated with the production of cereals was the flour-milling industry, many products of which, such as bran, groats, and wheaten flour, were

exported by Poland.

Today Poland, formerly one of Europe's chief grain producers, is forced to feed Germany's millions while her own people are condemned to slow starvation. But the day will come when her temporarily unbalanced economy will be restored to normal and she will once again take her rightful place among the exporting agricultural nations of the world.

LETTER FROM BRITISH AIR MINISTER TO GENERAL SIKORSKI

Dear Prime Minister:

Polish crews to the number of 101 took part in the large-scale operations on Cologne and the Ruhr. The Royal Air Force has learned to admire the valour, tenacity and efficiency of their Polish allies. In these operations they have again shown how admirable is their contribution in support of our common cause, the destruction of the war power of the enemy. We are grateful to you and to Poland for these redoubtable squadrons.

(Signed) Archibald Sinclair