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POLAND FIGHTS  
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## EYE-WITNESS STORY, POLISH NAVY IN ITALY

The following "eye witness" account of the doings of the Polish navy in Italy is from the pen of Ryszard Mossin. He writes in "Polska Walczaca":

"When a large convoy reaches a port, as has been the case every few days recently, a great bustle ensues not only in the harbor but in the city itself. A Polish soldier watching the ships come in may see among the Italian, British, American, French, Dutch, and Greek flags the well known White Polish Eagle.

"There was one day on which as many as three Polish ships were lying in the harbor. One of them was "Batory." Since early morning, Polish detachments have been coming ashore from her.

"However, it was not long before I found out that "Batory" was not the only Polish ship in port. Beside me stood three tall fellows with faces tanned by sun and wind. Their caps bore the inscription 'Polska Marynarka Wojenna' (Polish Navy). We began to talk.

"My companions were from two Polish destroyers "Slazak" and "Krakowiak" which had formed part of the escort for the convoy I was watching. Probably, they would be off somewhere else in a few hours. For the last eight months they have been voyaging from one Mediterranean port to another, their most recent duties being to escort transports with Polish troops to Italy.

"After talking to these men for some time you get the impression they are different—not like any ordinary men. They are always at sea and battle against the enemy U-boats, warships and planes in their element. Even though their ships dropped anchor in practically every Mediterranean port, they have seen very little ashore.

"They put into a harbor for a couple of hours as for instance today, and then they are off again. They have had no leave for months. They carry all their life necessities with them on board. They listen to the radio, especially to Polish communiques, thus keeping up to date with what is happening in the world. They very seldom see any Polish papers unless they happen to pick up one when in port. From time to time a package with newspapers arrives for them from London.

"Two of them told me 'We were in Russia. We joined the Polish forces. From Kermine, the assembly point for seamen and airmen, we were sent to Persia with the first batch of evacuees. From Persia we went straight to Great Britain. After a very short course at a naval training college we went to sea.

(Continued on col. 4)

## HONOR POLAND'S NAVY AND MERCHANT MARINE

JOSEPH J. O'BRIEN, member of the Merchant Marine Committee of the House of Representatives, paid a glowing tribute to the Polish Navy and Merchant Marine on March 12, 1944, at the "Salute to the Polish Navy and Merchant Marine" meeting held at Manhattan Center, New York City. He said:

"When I heard that the purpose of this meeting was a 'Salute to the Polish Navy and Merchant Marine,' to tell the American people what Poland has done in running supplies, ammunitions and soldiers to nearly every theatre of the war, not to mention the evacuation of Dunkirk and the landing at Salerno; saving the crew of our own U.S.S. CAMPBELL by the Polish ship BURZA; the rescue of some eleven hundred British seamen from a torpedoed vessel in the Mediterranean, I gladly accepted.

"Let us remember THAT POLAND WAS THE FIRST TO FIGHT. Let us also remember that 'Poland's sovereignty and integrity was the ostensible cause of this war. REMEMBER THAT! Remember what Poland was told! Go ahead and fight, and we will see to it that you will be taken care of when the time comes. But now a new partition of Poland is being discussed. Is that what one would call gratitude? Is that the reward for saving a friend from disaster? Verily 'Ingratitude is the thanks of the world.' I know that the Polish people, scattered as they are over the four corners of the globe, feel sad and depressed right now. I know that because my many Polish friends express their feelings to me. However, although you are sad now, and the outlook for the country of your forefathers seems clouded and uncertain, you must have FAITH. During the 150 years that Poland was subjugated and under the yoke of the worst tyrants the world has ever known, she NEVER lost FAITH. Faith in God, Faith in her people and Faith in her fellow men. When the time came, Poland's contribution to the history of the world was not forgotten. The result was a free and independent Poland with access to the sea. With lungs to breathe, and by that I mean that you had an outlet to the Baltic, even though it was only 45 miles long, it gave you an opportunity to develop your trade, your Navy and your Merchant Marine.

"Poland took advantage of that small strip of coast and what a magnificent job she did. FROM NOTHING TO GDYNIA, one of the marvel ports of the world. Poland's Navy increased steadily, and merchant ships under the Polish flag were seen in many ports of the world where they had never been seen before. For that achievement alone, I salute Poland, for I know that she did all this with very little outside help.

"Then the war came. The German Army, by Hitler's orders and without provocation or any Declaration of War, attacked Poland on land and sea, in the morning hours of September 1, 1939. Did the Polish Army flinch? Did the little Polish Navy and the little band of men at Westerplatte quit? NO! That is not the Polish spirit.

"Poland has never been an aggressor nation, it has always come to the defense of the other fellow. At Vienna Christianity was threatened. The Poles, under their King, John Sobieski, defeated the Turks. That saved Europe from the Moslems and earned for the Poles the undying thanks of the world. Yet, what happened? Austria was one of the powers which later partitioned Poland. Here, in our own United States, we remember Pulaski, Kosciuszko and others, who fought for our Liberty. And, again, in this war, Poland fights for Freedom and Liberty. The Poles are fighting on land, on the sea and in the air. Untiringly, the Polish Navy cruises the seven seas seeking the Germans. With the same indomitable courage so characteristic of the Poles, a Polish destroyer was the first to sight the mighty German Battleship Bismarck. Doggedly the Polish destroyer hung on to the Bismarck, calling for the British Navy to hurry along and make the kill. Such is the typical and inherent spirit of the Poles. Submarines, which escaped the trap of the Germans in the Baltic, go out to sea and harass German shipping and sink their cargoes. In the defense of London, Polish airmen fought with the British. In Scotland the Polish army is ready. In Italy it is not only ready, it is already fighting alongside the famous Fifth Army. I see several Polish women in uniform similar to our Wacs. The most striking proof of Polish vitality and patriotism, is the underground organization, functioning in full harmony and under the orders of the Polish Government in London. REMEMBER TOO, THAT POLAND NEVER PRODUCED A QUISLING OR A TRAITOR. Everywhere, Polish men and women, sailors, soldiers, workers, farmers, professors and all others, are awaiting the day of retribution and the liberation of their land from the enemy.

"Remember, Poland has the right to self-determination, implicit in the Atlantic Charter and The Four Freedoms. Her strength is the strength of public opinion.

"We in America, are not unmindful that American boys of Polish ancestry, sons of this citizenry of honest, hardworking and loyal Polish Americans who live throughout the length and breadth of the country, are fighting and dying in the Army, Navy and Marine Corps. We shall not fail you! We will fight in the defense of Poland, as some of your ancestors fought for our independence. Poland will once more be a free and independent country, its territory inviolate. With Faith in God, so shall it be!"

## TERROR GRIPS LWOW AS RED ARMY ADVANCES

The Red Army's approach to Lwow has prompted the Germans to accelerate their evacuation and start wholesale massacres of "superfluous" people. For the past few weeks Lwow has been covered with clouds of smoke and suffocating smell of burning from the eastern outskirts of the city.

Day after day, heavy lorries are driven out of town. The first to go were the trucks full of people, then one full of tar, then a petrol tanker. Every little while another five pass by. On the worst day 90 were counted.

At first they contained deportees from Russia, a whole trainload of whom arrived in Lwow, among them women and children in peasant clothes. These were followed by Italian officers and men who refused to continue fighting. They were driven from town at night.

These were followed for three days on end by lorries with Jews and Poles from penal camps or political prisons. In their feverish evacuation haste, the Germans undertake no investigations. Over 10,000 victims of various nationalities perished.

On the outskirts of Lwow, on the sandy height which used to be a favorite summer resort for the Lwowians, temporary barracks have been erected for the executions.

Executions take place in the open air, the victims usually being mown down by machine guns and their bodies heaped together. Over these petrol and tar are poured and they are set on fire. At first, the Germans tried to carry out this mass slaughter secretly, now they have given up all attempt at concealment.

## POLISH NAVY IN ITALY

(Continued from col. 1)

"We took part in the famous commando raid on Dieppe, then patrolled the west coast of Europe. For the last eight months we have been out here in the Mediterranean.' 'Don't you find life boring?' 'Oh, well, of course you want to go ashore sometimes but the sea gets hold of you. We couldn't imagine any other life.'

"It's a funny thing, most of our comrades have never been at sea before. We come from that part of Poland which is very far from sea—I'm from Skierniewice and my comrade here is from the vicinity of Cracow. Now our ambition is to sail to Gdynia in a Polish ship and to remain in the Baltic. We learned much from our older comrades—old seadogs from Poland. First they did not think much of us, but now we get along very well together."

"The deliverance of Poland from the foreign soldier, the restoration and safeguarding of the integrity of her boundaries, the extirpation of all oppression and usurpation, the firm foundation of national freedom and of the independence of the Republic: such is the sacred aim of our Rising."

—Tadeusz Kosciuszko (1746-1817)  
From *The Act of the Rising of 1794*.

## Bestial Treatment of Polish Workers in Germany\*



**D**EPORTING Poles to forced labor in the Reich is just another device used by the Germans to exterminate the Polish people.

Rarely indeed do Poles voluntarily go to work in the Reich, deluding themselves that having lost all their worldly possessions, they may thus insure their livelihood. The overwhelming majority of Polish laborers in the Reich are

either people kidnapped on streets or country roads, pulled out of their homes at night or caught coming out of church and sent to forced labor after a few weeks of hell in concentration camps, or men and women conscripted by the *Arbeitsamt* (Labor Office) in occupied Poland. Children of thirteen and fourteen (who work in factories and live in camps), women, whole families, intellectuals—are ruthlessly deported. Intellectuals and children of professors, physicians, lawyers are sent to slave on farms or in factories, and are subjected to the vilest forms of abuse.

That the Germans are not doing this in their own economic and national interest, but are actuated by a determination to destroy the Poles, is shown by the fact that not more than five per cent of the Poles at forced labor in Germany work in their field of specialization. Locksmiths do farm work, butchers are employed in factories, farmers build roads, etc.

In their blind lust of destruction, the Germans have no regard for their own selfish interest, as they weaken and reduce to a minimum the labor value of the Poles sent to Germany by deliberate ill treatment and abuse.

Poles are subject to all types of punishment from fines and flogging to arrest. The former vary from two to sixty marks for village workers. As the Polish worker in German villages earns a maximum of 35 marks a month, his employer sometimes pays his fine so as not to be deprived of his labor, as he would be sent to prison in default of paying the fine.

If a Pole falls sick, he does not receive adequate medical care. Poles have no right to be sick. A Pole who cannot work because of illness, is accused of sabotage and threatened with dire consequences. Even cripples are forced to do hard labor.

Poles in Germany are denied all spiritual comforts. Churches are closed to them. German priests are forbidden to approach them.

German authorities keep up a constant smear campaign against the Poles. A small propaganda sticker issued by a society for the protection of things German is circulated in Germany, carrying under the letter "P" a short appeal:

\* Excerpt from the book, *From the First Front Line*, published by the Polish Underground in Warsaw in March, 1943.

### PIENIADZE I CHLEB

W NIEMCZECH!

- 1) Kiedy jesteś wezwany, masz iść do Niemiec, gdyż jest rozkaz, który spełnić musisz.
- 2) KTO SIĘ SPRZECIWI TEMU ROZKAZOWI BĘDZIE WZIĘTY PRZYMUSOWO.
- 3) Przed wyjazdem jesteś badany przez niemieckiego lekarza. Zaświadczenia innych lekarzy są BEZCELOWE I KOSZTUJĄ PIENIADZE.
- 4) Gdy naglące powody nie pozwalają Ci pojechać do Niemiec, wtedy zamelduj się w najbliższym Urzędzie Pracy. Tam w każdym razie zbadają Cię.
- 5) Ty pójdiesz do pięknego gospodarstwa wiejskiego, lub do dużego majątku na Pomorzu, a nie na Wał Zachodni. LISTY TWOICH PRZYJACIÓŁ DOWODZĄ CI O TYM JUŻ DZIS.
- 6) Nie wierz Żydom! ONI OKŁAMYWALI CIĘ JUŻ PRZEZ TYM I CZYNIAJĄ TO JESZCZE DZIS.

TWOJĄ HASŁEM W DAŁSzym CIĄGU NIECH BĘDZIE

„JADĘ DO NIEMIEC”

ARBEITSAMT SOCHACZEW  
URZĄD PRACY W SOCHACZEWIE

This poster, issued by the Labor Exchange in Sochaczew, Poland, promises Poles "Money and Bread in Germany." How those who went to Germany were treated is described in an underground report on this page.

"Germans, do not trust Poles. Avoid Polish company. A Pole is your enemy!"

A leaflet printed in Brandenburg by the National Union of Germans Abroad, urges complete segregation for Poles. Urging an attitude of hatred, contempt and mistrust of Poles, it states: "Germans! Never can a Pole be your comrade!" Here is the story of a Polish girl who was lucky enough to return from the Reich. It gives some idea of the martyrdom of Poles deported from Poland to forced labor in the Reich.

"Early in August, 1940, I was caught in a man-hunt. We were searched, all documents in our possession were checked and we were sent under S.S. guard to a parish house for the night. The next day we left for an unknown destination. We stopped for half a day at Poznan in the market hall. A

(Please turn to page 14)

# One Hundred and Fifty Years Ago March 24, 1794 in Cracow

by MONICA GARDNER

Poland reacted to the shock of her first partition in 1772 with a resurgence of patriotic feeling. As if anxious to prove to the world and to herself that the Polish national spirit was not dead, an amazing revival in the arts and sciences took place. Some of the country's most brilliant social and political thinkers demanded radical social reforms which found expression in the liberal and democratic constitution of 1791. This new turn in Polish affairs alarmed her reactionary Eastern neighbors and, in 1792, Catherine the Great sent Russian troops into the Ukraine. Polish patriots resisted the invasion but succumbed to superior force. Russia then perpetrated another partition of Poland, this time with Prussia. The Second Partition of 1793 took from the Polish Republic about half of its remaining territory and people, reducing it to a long strip extending from Courland to Cracow. After this catastrophe, the men who had fought in Poland's defense, went into exile. Among them an internationally known figure, a man who prized freedom so highly that seventeen years earlier, he had crossed the Atlantic at his own expense to take part in the American Revolution, General Tadeusz Kosciuszko. Kosciuszko went to France, which had granted him honorary French citizenship in 1792, and sought to enlist the help of the first French republic for the Polish cause. Despite expressions of interest and sympathy, the French did nothing to aid the Poles. Meanwhile in Poland patriots secretly planned insurrection against the Russian occupation. Kosciuszko was named Commander-in-Chief. The veteran of the American Revolution and of the Russian-Polish war of 1792 accepted and early in 1794 returned secretly to Poland, where he began to prepare for war. On March 24, 1794, Kosciuszko appeared in the historic market square in Cracow to read his Manifesto to the Nation.

Monica Gardner, an English writer who has helped to make Poland better known to the Anglo-Saxon world by her books on Polish subjects, and who was killed by a German bomb in London in 1942, wrote a biography of the Polish national hero. From *KOSCIUSZKO* (G. Allen and Unwin, Ltd., 1942, London) we give Monica Gardner's colorful description of the events of March 24, 1794, in Cracow.

**A** BARN in the vicinity of the city has long been shown as the place where Kosciuszko slept the night before he entered Cracow. The Polish general, Madalinski, who had evaded the Russian order to disarm, was the first to rise. At the head of his small force, followed by a hot Russian pursuit, he triumphantly led his soldiers down towards Cracow. At the news of his approach the Russian garrison evacuated the town, and Kosciuszko entered its walls a few hours after the last Russian soldier had left it, at midday on March 23, 1794.

The morning of March 24th dawned. With Wodzicki and several other soldiers, Kosciuszko assisted at a low Mass in the Capuchin church, where the officiating priest blessed the leader's sword. "God grant me to conquer or die," were Kosciuszko's words, as he received the weapon from the monk's hand. At ten o'clock he quietly walked to the town hall. From all quarters of the city dense throngs had poured into the market-

place, and pressed outside the town hall, overflowing on to its steps, surging into its rooms. In front of his soldiers Kosciuszko stood before the crowds on the stone now marked by a memorial tablet, upon which on each anniversary of March 24th the Poles lay wreaths. That day, that scene, remain engraved for ever among the greatest of Poland's memories. As far as Kosciuszko's gaze rested he saw his countrymen and countrywomen with eyes turned to him as to the deliverer of themselves and of their country, palpitating for the moment that he was about to announce, many of them wearing his portrait and carrying banners with the inscriptions: "Freedom or Death," "For our rights and liberty," "For Cracow and our country," or "Vivat Kosciuszko." The drums were rolled, and in the midst of a dead silence the army took the oath of the Rising.

"I, N. N., swear that I will be faithful to the Polish nation and obedient to Tadeusz Kosciuszko, the Commander-in-Chief, who has been summoned by this nation to the defence of the freedom, liberties, and independence of our country. So help me God and the innocent Passion of His Son."

Then Kosciuszko himself stepped forward. With bared head, his eyes lifted to heaven and his hands resting on his sword, standing before his people surrounded by no pomp or retinue, in the simplicity that was natural to him, the new dictator of Poland in his turn took his oath:

"I, Tadeusz Kosciuszko, swear in the sight of God to the whole Polish nation that I will use the power entrusted to me for the personal expression of none, but will only use it for the defence of the integrity of the boundaries, the regaining of the independence of the nation, and the solid establishment of universal freedom. So help me God and the innocent Passion of His Son."

He then went inside the town hall. There he was greeted by cries of "Long live Kosciuszko! Long live the defender of our country!" When silence was restored he delivered a speech, the exact terms of which are not accurately recorded; but it is known that he demanded of every class in the country to rally to the national banner—nobles, burghers, priests,

peasants, Jews—and that he placed himself at the disposal of his people without requiring of them any oath, for, said he, both he and they were united in one common interest. Then he ordered the formal Act of the Rising to be read. It was received with an outburst of applause, and the clamor of rejoicing rang to the skies.

This Act was in part grafted on Kosciuszko's personal observation of the American Declaration of Independence, but only in part. Kosciuszko's own intensely Polish soul speaks through the document—the anguish of a Pole at the sight of his country's wrongs, the cry of a desperate but undespairing patriotism, the breathing of the spirit that should bring new life.

"The present condition of unhappy Poland is known to the world"—so the Act opens. "The iniquity of two neighboring Powers and the crimes of traitors to the country have plunged her into this abyss. Resolved upon the destruction of the Polish name, Catherine II, in agreement with the perjured Frederick William, has filled up the measure of her crimes."

The treatment of Poland at the hands of Russia and Prussia is then recapitu-



Oath of Tadeusz Kosciuszko in Cracow on March 24, 1794.

By Wojciech Kossak

lated in accents of the burning indignation that such a recital would necessarily evoke. Of Austria Kosciuszko makes no mention, for the reason that he believed, erroneously, as he was to learn by bitter experience, that her sympathies could be enlisted for the national movement.

"Overwhelmed with this weight of misfortune, injured more by treachery than by the power of the weapons of the enemies . . . having lost our country and with her the enjoyment of the most sacred rights of freedom, of safety, of ownership, alike of our persons and of our property, deceived and played upon by some states, abandoned by others, we, Poles, citizens, inhabitants of the palatinate of Cracow, consecrating to our country our lives as the only possession which tyranny has not yet torn from us, are about to take those last and violent measures which patriotic despair dictates to us. Having, therefore, the unbroken determination to die and find a grave in the ruins of our own country or to deliver our native land from the depredations of tyranny and a shameful yoke, we declare in the sight of God, in the sight of the whole human race, and especially before you, O nations, by whom liberty is more highly prized than all other possessions in the world, that, employing the undenied right of resistance to tyranny and armed oppression, we all, in one national, civic and brotherly spirit, unite our strength in one; and, persuaded that the happy result of our great undertaking depends chiefly on the strictest union between us all, we renounce all prejudices and opinions which hitherto have divided or might divide the citizens, the inhabitants of one land and the sons of one country, and we all promise each other to be sparing of no sacrifice and means which only the holy love of liberty can provide to men rising in despair in her defense.

"The deliverance of Poland from the foreign soldier, the restoration and safeguarding of the integrity of her boundaries, the extirpation of all oppression and usurpation, the firm foundation of national freedom and of the independence of the Republic—such is the sacred aim of our Rising."

To ensure its success and the safety of the country Kosciuszko was elected as Poland's military leader and her civil head, with the direction that he should nominate a National Council to be under his supreme authority. The proclamation then enters into the details of his functions and those of the Council. He alone was responsible for the military conduct of the war. Its financial management, the levy of taxes for its support, internal order and the administration of justice, were under the jurisdiction of the Council, to which was entrusted the task of endeavoring to gain foreign help and of "directing public opinion and diffusing the national spirit so that Country and Liberty may be the signal to all the inhabitants of Polish soil for the greatest sacrifices." All those who should act in any way against the Rising were to be punished by death. Emphasis was laid on the fact that the government was provisional, to rule only until the enemy should be finally driven out of Poland, and that it held no power of making a fresh constitution. "Any such act will be considered by us as a usurpation of the national sovereignty, similar to that against which at the sacrifice of our lives we are now rising." The head of the government and the National Council were bound by the terms of the Act "to instruct the nation by frequent proclamations on the true state of its affairs, neither concealing nor softening the most unfortunate events. Our despair is full, and the love of our country unbounded. The heaviest

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Copper engraving by Jan May, 1794

Tadeusz Kosciuszko taking the oath "to fight once again for his country."

# JOZEF PILSUDSKI UNIVERSITY IN WARSAW

by DR. NADINE KLEIN



First Seal of Warsaw University (1816).

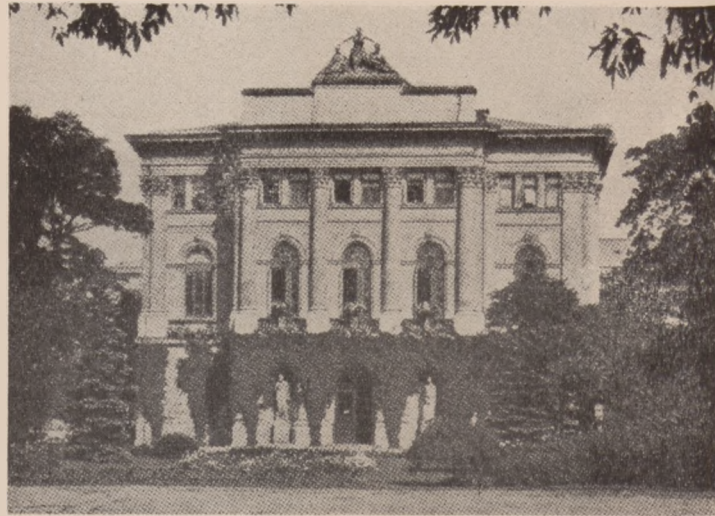
WARSAW University came into being after Poland was partitioned. At the outbreak of World War II it should have been celebrating 125 years of cultural and educational activity. Throughout the entire 19th century it had stubbornly defended its scientific activity against a hostile bureaucracy and the attacks of the Russian authorities. It emerged victorious in 1918, but 20 years later

had to resume its struggle, this time against the German invader. Today Polish learning has gone underground and waits for a better morrow.

In 1808-1809, after Napoleon created the Duchy of Warsaw, giving independence to part of Poland, two schools of university standing were founded in Warsaw: an academy of law and an academy of medicine. 1815 saw the fall of Napoleon, the end of the Duchy of Warsaw and the advent of the semi-independent Congress Kingdom set up by the Congress of Vienna. The following year witnessed the birth of Warsaw Royal University, to which were added the already existing faculties of medicine and law. But the University only endured 15 years. In November, 1831, it was closed by the Russian Government, after the suppression of the ill-fated Polish insurrection of 1830. Three of its students—Goszczynski, Nabelak and Mochacki—had been the first to light the torch of freedom and fighting started from its buildings. The student body left the lecture rooms and under Professor Lach Szymma, formed a Regiment of the National Guard. They drilled in the University courtyard. For a century the shadows of those knights errant were to haunt its precincts, whence marched in 1863 insurgent units, in 1918 the Warsaw Academic Legion, as today the armed units of Poland's fighting Underground.

The Royal University was founded in 1816 thanks to the efforts of Minister of Education Stanislaw Kostka Potocki, a democratic and liberal patron of the arts, and Stanislaw Staszic, who had done much for Polish education, as a member of the Educational Board. Staszic had modern democratic ideas about education and the charter of the new University, freely admitted to the University all who were anxious to learn. Like American, English and French Universities of the day, Warsaw Royal University was intended for the intellectual formation of professional men—especially in law and medicine. It had five faculties: physics and mathematics, science and fine arts, theology, law, and medicine. The University had 3,600 students, of whom 1,180 were studying law.

Under the charter studies were to be in Polish. But many courses in theology, law and philosophy were given in Latin. One of the most gifted professors of the University, Lach Szymma, taught philosophy and the "law of nature" in Latin. Plans for the creation of a special department to train Polish teachers failed to materialize owing to change within the University. In 1821, the work of the Directorate of National Education was suspended. Potocki, Staszic and other members of the Chamber like Lelewel and Niemcewicz were forced to resign, and the newly formed General Curatorium under Commissioner Novosiltsov, an implacable foe of Poles and all things Polish, embarked on a reactionary policy, hampering the educational development of the University.



Library of Warsaw University.

In the brief five-year period of liberalism, Stanislaw Kostka Potocki had erected a splendid building for the Faculty of Science and Fine Art, assembled and arranged a gallery of illustrations and drawings and created a museum of ancient Greek and Roman replicas. These collections, carried off by the Russians and returned to Poland after the Treaty of Riga, became the property of the Art Department of Warsaw University. The indefatigable Staszic had also organized schools of agriculture, forestry and mining. Potocki's successor as Minister of Education, Grabowski, was fond of flowers and started a Botanical Garden which, owned by the University, became an important center of scientific research. The Institute of Horticulture, affiliated with the Botanical Garden, published a seed catalogue, circulated to 1,000 gardens in the world for the exchange of seeds and addition of new, exotic plants. Left over seeds were distributed free of charge to schools, which used them to plant model school gardens. In Poland gardening was on a high level.

Thanks to the men of great learning who taught there, the Faculties of Law and Philosophy initiated the humanist tradition of Warsaw University that played so prominent a part in its success. Among graduates of distinction were the Polish poet Zygmunt Krasinski, the great social leader Wielopolski, the writer Dmochowski, the mathematician Rembielinski, Rastawiecki and Dutkiewicz.

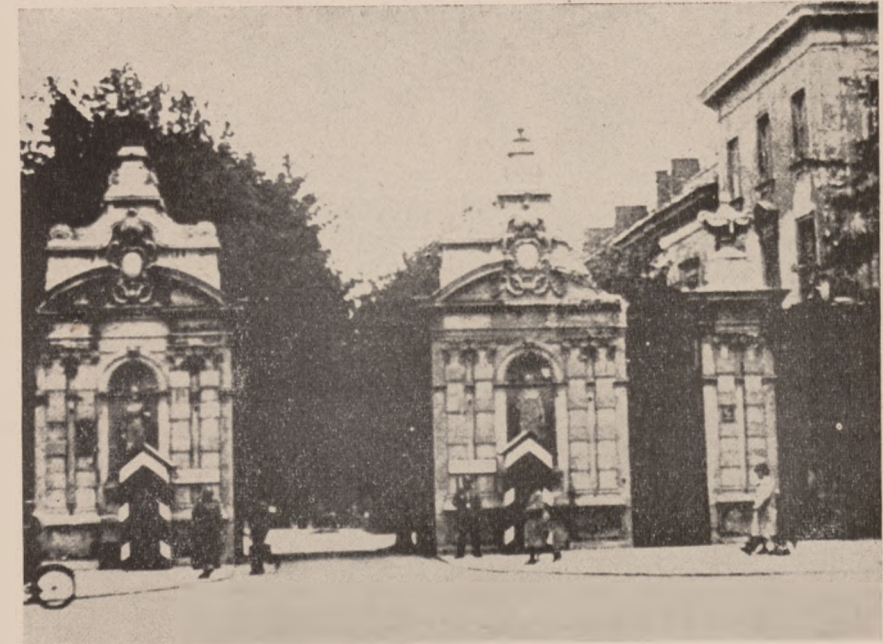
An outgrowth of the University's research activity was the Society of Friends of Science, founded by Stanislaw Soltyk. It fulfilled the function of the non-existent Academic Senate as the University had not been granted autonomy. It comprised delegates of all the faculties, and was a free forum for the scientific self-expression of the Polish professors and scholars. So much so that the Proceedings of the Society of Friends of Science are to some extent an encyclopedia of contemporary knowledge. In 1832, the Society of Science shared the fate of the University. The Czar abolished it, confiscated its estate, shipped its extensive library and collections to St. Petersburg. These were only returned to the Polish government in 1922.

After the closing of the University and the disbanding of the Society of Friends of Science, Polish science looked for a new haven and found it in the pages of *Biblioteka Warszawska*, founded by the University students in 1841. For twenty years this fine scientific, historical and literary publication was the only source of enlightenment for the

Polish public in the fields of literature, history, philosophy and nature.

Thirty years after the closing of the University Margrave Wielopolski received permission from Czar Alexander to open a new institution of higher learning. So in 1862 the Main School came into being with faculties of law, medicine, philosophy, theology, and fine arts. Its rector was Dr. Jozef Mianowski, among its professors were scholars of such repute as Chalubinski, Hirszfeld, Gisztowt, Wolowski, Dutkiewicz. Such students as Chmielowski, Baudoin de Courtenay, Porzezinski, Kraushar became eminent scholars. Others, like Sienkiewicz, Prus, Dygasinski, Swietochowski declared war on romanticism, and became advocates of realism in literature, sobriety in politics and constructive work for the general welfare. One of the Main School's most famous characters was Karol Estreicher who, as curator of its library, studied unknown treasures of Polish thought to provide proof of Poland's great culture and the existence of a Polish national spirit. Estreicher's monumental "Polish Bibliography" was confiscated by the Russian censorship, which thereby showed its appreciation of the meaning of Estreicher's work for Polish culture.

Having brought together such a truly remarkable group of professors and students, the main school radiated vitality and creative power, and so brought down upon itself the wrath of the reactionary Russian authorities. On June 20, 1869, barely seven years after its opening, it was closed by the Czar's decree. To fill the need of an university in Warsaw, the same decree created the Czarist Warsaw University. Polish attendance, however, declined from year to year, for the Poles decided to fight for national Polish schools. When the revolution broke out in 1905, Polish youth declared a general school strike and a boycott of the Russian University. The University was closed by order of the authorities. It was reopened three years later, but up to the very outbreak of World War I it continued to be boycotted by Poles. To fill its empty lecture rooms the University accepted as students, the graduates of Orthodox Seminaries—young candidates for



Warsaw University is now headquarters of the German *Sicherheitspolizei*.

the priesthood from remote Russian provinces who had little or no education and were certainly unfitted for serious academic study.

During the decline of public education in Warsaw, a haven for Polish intellectual activity was the Mianowski Foundation, started in 1879 by a group of former professors and students of the Main School. In reborn Poland, this Foundation became a modern institute for the advancement of Polish scientific research, and published many works at home and abroad.

An unofficial Polish university existed in the form of the Society for Higher Learning, the sole institution of higher education in the Congress Kingdom from 1906 to 1915. Even after the opening of the University and the Polytechnic in Warsaw in 1915, it continued to exist up to the German aggression of 1939, true to its tradition as an extramural University. The idea of organizing lectures on a University level had occurred to Samuel Dickstein, an outstanding mathematician and scholar, later Professor of Warsaw University. He won the support of Henryk Sienkiewicz and later of the entire generation of the Main School: Aleksander Kraushar, Tadeusz Korzon, Adam Krynski, Karol Benni, Ludwik Krzywicki, and H. Konic. He himself prepared the school's statute, which approved in 1906, was in force up to 1939. At its inception the capital of this "enterprise" was hope; its aim—the furtherance of higher education; its legal basis—Polish science's right to live; its site—any rented room; its program—everything covered by the term "learning"; its teachers—the best Polish scholars like Jerzy Ujejski, St. Szober, Marcelli Handelsman; its students—all with appropriate preparation. The Society for Higher Learning had four departments: science and mathematics, liberal arts, technical, and agriculture. In its first ten years the Society was financed by gifts from private citizens. In 1916 the number of students was 20,000.

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Warsaw University after the German bombardment of September, 1939.

# POLISH LANDSCAPE PAINTING

by DR. IRENE PIOTROWSKA

WHILE Polish paintings representing horse and battle scenes are relatively numerous in American art collections, landscapes are extremely scarce. This is to be regretted because as other branches of Polish art, so also Polish landscape painting has achieved an expression entirely its own.

Polish landscapes owe their originality and independent character first to the innate love the Poles, sons of the soil, have for their land and for nature; to their ability to commune with it. Compared with the art of other nations, Polish painting is distinguished by a more direct approach to nature, by its lyrical and emotional content. Poles excel in catching the oft-concealed but intense charm of their native land, in reproducing with rare subtlety its various moods and deep poetic qualities. Romanticism, an inseparable element of all Polish figural composition—by Grottger, Matejko, Wyspianski, or Jacek Malczewski—is also characteristic of Polish landscape painting.

Although Polish landscape painting attained to national mastery only toward the turn of the 19th and 20th century, the way had been prepared through the whole of the past. However, up to the first half of the 19th century, landscapes seldom appeared in pure form. Most often they were introduced by genre or horse or battle painters as backgrounds for their figural scenes. Nonetheless, these artists observed the countryside with as much interest as they did the scenes of everyday life they depicted, and thus their contribution to the development of Polish landscape painting should not be underestimated. Moreover, many of them made sketches of landscapes in preparation for their finished genre or battle scenes, these sketches often reaching a high degree of artistic perfection, as those executed by Aleksander Orlowski (1777-1832) and some of his followers.

Also some of the early- and middle-19th-century historical painters of Poland shared in the development of landscape painting. This is especially true of Wojciech Gerson (1831-1901). During his weekends and vacations he was wont to sketch views of the countryside he visited. He considered



On the River.

By Apoloniusz Kedzierski



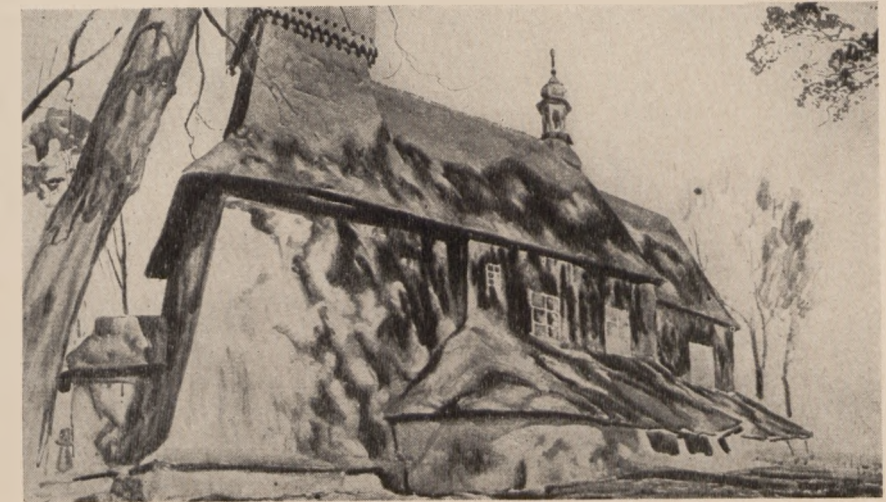
Sunday After Church.

this activity a relaxation and did not attribute any particular value to his pencil and pen drawings and small watercolors thus produced. He was convinced, and so were many of his contemporaries, that only his large canvases, executed with much labor in his atelier, deserved the name of works of art. But posterity takes a different opinion. Today his fresh, direct, unpretending landscapes are preferred to his large and sometimes tedious historical elaborations. Also some of Gerson's younger pupils recognized the charm of his landscape sketches, which opened their eyes to new artistic horizons and showed them new possibilities. Among Gerson's pupils are found the greatest Polish landscape artists, headed by Chelmonski, Podkowinski, Wyczolkowski, and Stanislawski.

Meanwhile, before these painters reached maturity, a group of Polish artists who studied abroad, turned to pure landscape painting. The most important of those who succumbed to the influence of the famous landscape artists of France active toward the middle of the 19th century, was Jozef Szermentowski (1833-1876), a faithful follower of the Barbizon School. His canvas *Remembrance* 1863, painted in Paris in 1866 and now privately owned in America, is well representing his style. Of the somewhat younger landscapists, stylistically related to the School of Barbizon was Walery Brochocki (1847-1923), also a pupil of the Munich School, an exquisite colorist, whose two beautiful paintings preserved in this country, a *Landscape with View of Cracow* and a *Sunday after Church*, the latter in Mr. Strakacz's Collection, give full justice to his talent. These and many other artists of the time who centered around either Paris or Munich, represent the Realistic movement in Polish landscape painting. Like Gerson, they are forerunners of the greatest 19th-

century Polish landscape artist, Jozef Chelmonski (1849-1914), to whom the *Polish Review* has devoted a special study (Vol. III, No. 38), and whose works form a link between Polish Realism and Polish Impressionism.

While Impressionism was born in Paris during the latter part of the last century, it soon spread through Europe. It was born of the tendency to reproduce on canvas, fleeting impressions of nature observed directly: in sun, in rain, through morning or evening mists. Breaking with age-old traditions—the Impressionists painted their pictures out-of-doors, without making any preparatory studies; and to re-create the clear, light colors, seen in nature, they did not mix their pigments on their palettes, but threw them in their pristine clarity on their canvas. Viewed from a certain distance these multiple spots of color blend into harmonious color symphonies. Among Polish artists were distinguished Impressionists who, having learned the new technique in Paris, adopted it more or less faithfully, and others, who on their return to Poland adjusted the technical knowledge ac-



An Old Church.

By Julian Falat



The Catch.

By Leon Wyczolkowski.

quired abroad to local traditions.

Of the former, the most eminent are Aleksander Gierymski (1849-1901), brother of the famous battle painter, Maksymilian Gierymski, Jozef Pankiewicz (1866-1940), who later turned to more advanced art movements, and the short-lived Wladyslaw Podkowinski (1866-1895), one of whose beautiful landscapes is owned by the Museum of the Polish Roman Catholic Union in Chicago. Landscapes of these three artists are as a rule conceived in a truly French manner.

Of different character are paintings which represent so-called *Polish Impressionism*. While the attention of French painters and their immediate followers was centered on problems of technique and color, for most of the Poles, nature herself, her life and her poetry, always remained the essence of their art. The love of Polish artists for nature, safeguarded Polish landscapes against technical excesses—no matter (Please turn to p. 10)

## POLISH LANDSCAPE PAINTING

(Continued from page 9)  
how interesting—and against the color abstractions of many of the French Impressionists. French paintings of the end of the 19th century, although unquestionably a magnificent efflorescence of 19th-century European art, and their perfection notwithstanding, are more “calculated” than the Polish paintings. The latter, if less showy, have more freshness, directness, and sentiment. When we compare the emotional temperament of the French, with that of the Poles, the distinct character of Polish art compared to that of France becomes easily understandable.

Polish Impressionists who created in their native spirit, must be regarded as direct descendants of the art of Gerson and Chelmonski. The most eminent were Leon Wyczolkowski (1852-1937), Julian Falat (1853-1929), and Jan Stanislawski (1860-1907).

Leon Wyczolkowski, only three years younger than Chelmonski, at first painted large canvases in oil representing scenes of Polish peasant life, later landscape views and flowers in pastel and gouache. Finally, he devoted himself almost entirely to graphic art, in particular to lithography. In this and related techniques he created whole series of trees, which will always remain among the masterpieces of Polish art. Although he passed through the school of the French Impressionism, he developed a style of his own, based on Polish traditions. It is very characteristic that Wyczolkowski, like Chelmonski, went through a number of evolutionary periods, always new, but complementary to each other, thus showing his vitality, the richness of his soul, the ever active artistic fantasy, which constantly forced him to seek new techniques and themes. Although Wyczolkowski lived to more than eighty, his artistic production did not diminish until the last months of his life, neither did it lose any of its previous charm and freshness.

Wyczolkowski exhibited at the St. Louis International in 1904 and later on other occasions. None of his pictures shown in this country ever returned to Poland. They are probably in private American collections.

Also in Julian Falat's artistic activity distinct stages of development may be traced. At first he painted in oil, preferably hunting scenes, where the dark silhouettes of the hunters and game stand out against the violet shadows on the snow—that snow which covers our Polish fields for so many months. To this period belongs the *Hunting Scene* (1907), recently donated to the Polish Museum in Chicago, formerly owned by the Polish writer Stanislaw Przybyszewski, whose autograph is on the back of the canvas. But Falat is best known as the greatest Polish master of the watercolor, which later became his favorite medium, when he devoted himself to pure landscape, unadulterated by any human or animal



*Podhale Valley in the Tatras.*

By Rafal Malczewski

figures. But as in his earlier oil paintings, so in his later watercolors snow-scenes predominate.

Jan Stanislawski, seven years younger than Falat, made a large step forward in the development of Polish Impressionism. After studies in Warsaw, chiefly under Gerson, he left for Paris in 1885, where he at once came into contact with leading French Impressionists, and among Polish artists, with Jozef Chelmonski, then living in Paris. While French Impressionism awakened Stanislawski's enthusiasm for color, Chelmonski made it easier for him to attain to an individual native form. Like the French masters, Stanislawski painted with color spots freely thrown onto the canvas. With these color spots, however, he created a color harmony that is typically Polish. In place of the bluish, violet, or greenish hues of the French masters, his landscapes present fiery colors, their vivacity reminding one of Polish peasant costumes and paper cut-outs. Most typical of Stanislawski's art are two beautiful small oil paintings, one in the Polish Museum in Chicago, the other in the art collection of Hon. Sylwin Strakacz, Consul General of Poland in New York.

Wyczolkowski, Falat, and Stanislawski were the creators of *Polish Impressionism*. Aside of them many other talented landscapists, contemporary or younger, sometimes much younger, were active. To the same generation as Falat and Wyczolkowski belongs for instance the watercolorist Stanislaw Maslowski (1853-1926)—represented at the Polish Museum in Chicago—whose noble landscape views mark the borderline of the Realism and Impressionism. Among the younger *Polish Impressionists*, Ferdynand Ruszczyk—represented at the M. F. Wegrzynek Collection in Forest Hills—Stanislaw Kamocki, Stefan Filipkiewicz, and a number of others, devoted themselves to pure landscape painting. But the activity of these artists belongs entirely to the 20th cen-

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# Latest Pictures from the Polish Underground



Unseen hands write "Poland Will Win" under the noses of the Gestapo on Warsaw's Riverside Boulevard.



"End of Germany": Signs like this make the Germans jittery.



# ONE HUNDRED AND FIFTY YEARS AGO: MARCH 24, 1794, IN CRACOW

(Continued from page 5)

misfortunes, the mightiest difficulties, will not succeed in weakening and breaking the virtue of the nation and the courage of her citizens.

"We all mutually promise one another and the whole Polish nation steadfastness in the enterprise, fidelity to its precepts, submission to the national rulers specified and described in this Act of our Rising. We conjure the commander of the armed forces and the Supreme Council for the love of their country to use every means for the liberation of the nation and the preservation of her soil. Laying in their hands the disposal of our persons and property for such time as the war of freedom against despotism, of justice against oppression and tyranny, shall last, we desire that they always have present this great truth: that the preservation of a people is the highest law."

For the first time in Poland—and it would have been an equal novelty in most other countries of the period—nobles and peasants side by side signed their adhesion to the Act among thousands of signatures. The levy of the military forces, the arrangements for the taxation and the necessary business of the Rising, were at once set on foot, and Kosciuszko spent the rest of March 24th in these affairs and in necessary correspondence. On the same day he sent out four more special addresses, one to the Polish and Lithuanian armies, a second to the citizens of the nation, a third to the Polish clergy, and a fourth to the women of Poland.

In the manifestos that Kosciuszko issued all through the course of the Rising there is not only the note of the trumpet-call, bidding the people grapple with a task that their leader promises them will be no easy one; there is something more—a hint of the things that are beyond, an undercurrent of the Polish spirituality that confer upon these national proclamations their peculiarly Polish quality, emanating as they do from the pen of a patriot, whose character is typically and entirely Polish. Kosciuszko appeals always to the ideal, to the secret and sacred faiths of men's hearts; but with that strong practical sense with which his enthusiasm was tempered and ennobled.

"Each of us has often sworn to be faithful to our mother country"—thus runs his manifesto to the Polish and Lithuanian armies. "Let us keep this faith with her once more, now when the oppressors, not satisfied with the dismemberment of our soil, would tear our weapons from us, and expose us unarmed to the last misery and scorn. Let us turn those weapons against the breasts of our enemies, let us raise our country out of slavery, let us restore the sanctity of the name of Pole, independence to the nation, and let us merit the gratitude of our native land and the glory dear to a soldier."

"Summoned by you I stand, comrades, at your head. I have given my life to you; your valor and patriotism are the surety for the happiness of our beloved country . . . Let us unite more strongly, let us unite the hearts, hands, and endeavors of the inhabitants of the whole land. Treachery thrust our weapon from our hands; let virtue raise again that weapon, and then shall perish that disgraceful yoke under which we groan."

"To the nation and to the country alone do you owe fidelity. She calls upon us to defend her. In her name I send you my commands. With you, beloved comrades, I take for our watchword: Death or Victory! I trust in you and in the nation which has resolved to die rather than longer groan in shameful slavery."

To the citizens he wrote:

"Fellow-citizens! Summoned so often by you to save our beloved country, I stand by your will at your head, but I shall not be able to break the outrageous yoke of slavery if I do not receive the speediest and the most courageous sup-

port from you. Aid me then with your whole strength, and hasten to the banner of our country. One zeal in one interest ought to take possession of the hearts of all. Sacrifice to the country a part of your possessions which hitherto have not been yours, but the spoils of a despot's soldiers."

The man who wrote thus was the strictest of military disciplinarians; and yet he detested bloodshed and openly condemned all revolutionary excess. At a later moment in the war the friend who shared his test tells how Kosciuszko struggled with himself through a sleepless night in the doubt as to whether he had done well to condemn a certain traitor to the capital punishment which he could never willingly bring himself to inflict.

The manifesto to the clergy is on the ordinary lines. In that to the women of Poland Kosciuszko is as ever courteous and chivalrous and ends as follows:—

"Women! I beg you for the love of humanity to make lint and bandages for the wounded. That offering from fair hands will relieve the sufferings of the wounded and spur on courage itself."

Kosciuszko's appeals to the nation soon found their response. Recruits flocked to the army, and money, weapons, clothing, gifts of all descriptions came pouring in. Polish ladies brought their jewels to the commander or sold them for the public fund; men and women cheerfully parted with their dearest treasures. The inventories range from such contributions as four horses with a month's fodder from a priest, "five thousand scythes" given by a single individual, yokes of oxen, guns and pistols, to bundles of lint, old handkerchiefs, and what was probably the most valued possession of its owner, set down in the list of donations as "the gold watch of a certain citizen for having distinguished himself at Kozubow," where on March 25th one of the Polish detachments had engaged the Russians.

In the course of these patriotic presentations there occurred an episode that stands out among the many picturesque incidents in the story of Kosciuszko's Rising. Three Polish boatmen came to the town hall to offer him twenty of their primitive flat-bottomed barges. Hearing of their arrival, Kosciuszko pushed his way through the crowds thronging the building, till he reached the ante-room where stood the peasants in their rough sheepskin coats and mud-stained top-boots. "Come near me, Wojciech Sroka, Tomasz Brandys, and Jan Grzywa," he cried, "that I may thank you for your offering. I regret that I cannot now satisfy the wish of your hearts [by using the barges]; but, God helping and as the war goes on, then will our country make use of your gift." The peasants were not to be balked of their desire to give their all to Poland. The spokesman of the trio, followed by his comrades, shook into his sheepskin cap the little sum of money that they had managed to scrape together and, smiling, handed it to Kosciuszko, apologizing in his homely dialect for the poorly stuffed cap. Kosciuszko flung the cap to an officer who stood by his side, crying, "I must have my hands free to press you, my beloved friends, to my heart." Drawn by that personal fascination which, united to the patriot's fire, invariably captivated all those who came into contact with Kosciuszko, the simple boatmen fell on their knees before him, kissing his hands and feet.

Kosciuszko remained in Cracow until the 1st of April, overwhelmed from six in the morning till far into the night by the affairs of the Rising, collecting his army, sending broadcast secret letters hidden in pincushions or otherwise concealed by the officers to whom they were entrusted. He was working against time with the Russians forming up against his scanty numbers. "For the love of our country make haste," is his ever-recurrent cry in his directions to

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# THREE GERMAN PLANES FOR THE RECORD

by FLIGHT LT. HERBERT

I WAS a newcomer in the reconnaissance team. Captain Sikora was leading, Sergeant Wodzidlo was on the left while I was on the right. I got my plane into position, and we flew wing to wing, in close cloverleaf formation.

Below us the countryside was calm and peaceful, dozing quietly in the sunshine. Wodzidlo grinned encouragingly to me from time to time. The sergeant nodded and shrugged his shoulders significantly: good show so far. Then he looked around the sky and glanced at me again: nothing yet.

Captain Sikora sat leaning forward as if ready to strike. Sometimes he stuck his head out beyond the wind screen, then withdrew deep into the cockpit. He warned us with a wave of his hand: we're going over cumuli. I stepped on the throttle as we climbed through air currents. Soon fluffy white clouds appeared beneath our wings.

The sun was behind us on the left. The huge expanse before us was of blinding white. It was hard on the eyes, as the sun's piercing rays reflected on the white clouds.

We passed the cloud island at last. A dark forest, dull and deep green, comforted our eyes after the harsh blinding light. It felt like a cool hand on a feverish brow, like a sea breeze in the scorching heat of the desert.

But what is that? Three tiny forms moved against the dark background. Then three others, and three more. Nine German planes. They were too far off for us to tell what they were, besides they were flying low and their outlines blended with the forest below. But they were headed toward us, flying against the sun straight for the railway station.

Captain Sikora dipped his wings and pointed his hand toward the bombers. Both of us nodded. Then our flight leader turned to me and lifted up his arm. I understood: I was to stay up and cover the other two while they attacked.

Almost at once the two fighters peeled off over the right wing and dived. They kept together linked with invisible bonds. They streaked down on full throttle, towards the railway station.

Seconds dragged. Almost automatically I turned right and accelerated to see better. Our two ships were almost there. I could see the enemies were Dornier bombers. One of them pulled up his machine and banked sharply to the left. The captain pounced upon him and the Dornier hurtled down with a trail of smoke that screened our men from my sight. They showed up zooming fanwise in two wide sweeps, getting ready for another attack on the Germans.

Just then three other planes appeared on my right. This was my job—I felt frightfully alone. One against three, and it struck me against pilots I did not know. I did not know how good they were nor what they could do. Luckily there was no time for meditation—three Messerschmitts were crossing between the sun and me. I turned sharply and went into a dive. The sun shone into my mirror which blinded me for a moment. I was invisible in the glare of the sun with nearly a thousand feet altitude advantage. This gave me some ten seconds to prepare. I pulled up my seat to aim comfortably. But it was not time yet, they were not close enough. Then I pushed the stick a little more forward and pulled the throttle lever as far as it would go. The Messerschmitts continued without changing formation. They evidently did not see the fight with the Dorniers, nor had they spotted me yet. An absurd thought flashed through my brain, they might hear my motor. I had to hold myself from pulling the trigger—it was not time yet.

The Messerschmitt grew in my aiming ring. No time to look at anything else, he was too near. I kept my finger on the trigger and pulled it when I saw the German pilot's face as he turned his head to look at me. The short burst shook my machine.



Two boys of the Polish Air Training Corps examine a Lancaster at their training center in England. Some day they too will be Polish pilots.

The Messerschmitt banked smoothly, turned left and went down in a spin. I kept my eyes on it, convinced that the German was trying to get away. I cut the throttle, kicked the rudder to the left and followed him. I was blacked out for a moment. As I regained my sight the Messerschmitt was still diving.

Nothing doing, my friend, I thought. Just try to pull out of your dive, that's what I'm waiting for. But he did not pull out of the dive, instead he shot down with black smoke streaming from the side.

I felt the thrill of a sportsman who kills his quarry with a single shot.

The two other Germans were on top of me in no time. Never before had I been so painfully and penetratingly aware of having a back. When I saw jagged holes in the metal skin of my wings, I understood that they were shooting at me.

The earth was rushing at me, growing and swelling faster than I could think, and bullets rained on my wings. At about 500 meters I pulled the stick hard. I was pushed into my seat, my hands, feet and stomach was filled with lead as the machine began to climb.

When I came to after a few seconds, my ears were ringing. The instrument panel emerged from a dim haze before it settled into position. I filled my lungs with reviving air and glanced around. I was alone. Far behind me two Messerschmitts were banking into a sharp turn fleeing from our two planes.

Then I remembered everything, these were the other two fighters of our reconnaissance flight. Captain Sikora and Wodzidlo had made short work of their Dorniers, and now

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*(Continued from page 7)*

In 1917 the students totaled 25,000 and there were 118 professors in six departments, including a department of law and one of medicine.

The Polish University in Warsaw was reopened on November 15, 1915, even before Poland regained her independence. The Germans who occupied Warsaw after the Russians left, promised to support the Polish University, but in reality sabotaged all Polish efforts at maintaining this outpost of culture. This led to frequent clashes of the University authorities and students with the Germans. The students voted a boycott of the curator and of the German-appointed professors, tore down the signs from the Germanic Seminar, and refused to pay the fees to the German registrar. With the support of the University authorities they declared a general student strike, demanding that control over education be handed over to the Poles. Again in June, 1917, the University was closed. But this time not for long. Already in the fall of that year control over higher education was handed over to the Polish Commission. This was one of the stages in the University's fight for independence. However, the war interfered considerably with normal studies. In November, 1918, after the armistice, University students disarmed the Germans on the streets of Warsaw and helped capture military objectives. During the Polish-Russian war, Warsaw University students answered the call to the colors, forming the Academic Legion which, as the 36th regiment of infantry, was sent to the front. Professors of the University also served—some on the home front as Lukaszewicz, Loth, Krynski; others on the battle field as Handelsman, Przychocki, Szober.

The solemn inauguration of the Polish University in Warsaw with autonomy rights and academic self-rule took place first on January 10, 1921, after the war with Russia was over, and professors and students had been demobilized. Then began an era of stabilization followed by the dizzy growth of the University's departments, financial difficulties notwithstanding. In 1915, Warsaw University had three faculties, 36 professors and 1210 students. In 1929 it had eight faculties plus a school of veterinary science, finely equipped experimental laboratories, clinics and institutes. There were 8,000 students.

Of the five Polish State universities, Warsaw University had the greatest number of chairs of pharmacy, biology, historical science, philosophy and especially mathematics. The mathematics department was the oldest in the University, having been founded in 1808 as a school of mathematics. As it dealt with pure science it had been deemed "safe" by the Russians even for "wrong thinking" Poles, and had enjoyed special privileges during the various stages of the University's existence. In free Poland, it prided itself upon such profes-

sors as Sierpinski and Mazurkiewicz, who edited the international "Fundamenta Mathematicae", a world famous publication.

The Library of Classical Philology contained 11,000 volumes in September, 1939. It had come into being through the efforts of classical scholars, among them Professor Ganszyniec, who started it, and Tadeusz Zielinski, who donated his private library of 5,000 volumes when he got it back from Russia in 1930.

The martyrdom of Polish book collections began with the siege of Warsaw on September, 1939. Bombs and artillery fire destroyed a number of books and manuscripts belonging to various faculties of the University including the Zielinski library. More than 150,000 volumes went up in smoke. Fire also spread to the main University Library, but the University staff heroically put out the flames.

The main University Library with its 813,256 volumes was the largest in Poland. Like the University, it was essentially humanist, an inexhaustible treasure-store of law and the humanities. It had an impressive collection of old and contemporary Polish and foreign periodicals. Its Collection of Drawings was the largest in Poland and one of the most valuable in the world (104,661 drawings and 8,635 manuscripts), including originals by Jordaens, Rubens, Rembrandt, Durer, Boucher, and many others as well as the oldest Polish printed work "The Holy Cross Sermons." What was spared by fire, fell victim to German vandalism. The priceless collections including the Cabinet of Drawings were confiscated by commissions of German robber-scientists who made a special trip to Warsaw for the purpose. Dr. Augsburg of Berlin took to Germany, the Polish and Indo-European language collection, the fruit of a half century of work of Professor Baudoin de Courtenay. But thousands of Polish books have been hidden underground by courageous and generous souls.

In private homes, general and professional courses were secretly organized for the young people. Many outstanding scholars died in the concentration camps of Oswiecim and Oranienburg. The internationally known historian Professor Marcelli Handelsman was killed by the Germans.

A few professors of Warsaw University are now in the United States. Professor Oskar Halecki, an eminent historian, is director of the "Polish Institute of Arts and Sciences" in New York. Other young Polish scholars from Warsaw University in America are the psychiatrist Gustaw Bychowski, the mathematician Professor Aleksander Tarski, and the Hellenist Professor Aleksander Turyn.

But Warsaw University no longer exists. The building of the Cadet academy, where Kosciuszko studied, is now the University, the old Kazimierz Palace that once housed headquarters of the Nazi *Sicherheitspolizei*. The Student Dormitories are—barracks for the Gestapo.

## POLISH LANDSCAPE PAINTING

*(Continued from page 10)*

ture, when so many new art currents were born, introducing new aspirations and giving new aspects to Polish landscape painting.

In contrast to the Impressionists, the younger Polish landscapists of independent Poland were more interested in careful composition than in the fleeting atmospheric impressions of nature. Notwithstanding, they did not neglect color. Modern Polish landscapes are as exquisite in their color as they are in form and structure. While many modern painters specialized in figural scenes and still-lives, there are numerous outstanding landscapists among them. Of exclusively landscape painters, Bronislaw Jamontt (b. 1886) and Michal Rouba (b. 1893), both of Wilno, attained truly classical results as regards beauty of composition in their

oil paintings. Their works are well-known in America as these artists exhibited frequently at the annual Carnegie Internationals in Pittsburgh, where their paintings were acquired by American art lovers. Son of the illustrious Polish painter Jacek Malczewski, Rafal, is the most outstanding watercolorist of this Polish Neo-Classic school. Author and painter, born in 1892 in Cracow, he belongs to the very few who escaped the tragic fate of Polish artists who remained in Poland, persecuted by the invaders and deprived of all possibility of creative activity. Before the invasion of Poland, Rafal Malczewski lived in Zakopane, amidst snow-covered peaks of the Tatras. To these mountains he devoted his pen and brush. Now, after a short stay in South America, he lives in Canada, successfully continuing the traditions of Polish landscape painting.

# BESTIAL TREATMENT OF POLISH WORKERS IN GERMANY

(Continued from page 3)

bath in the de-lousing plant and we were marched under guard through the main streets of the city. Departure the same night. We now knew our destination was near Berlin. The following morning we were there. After a six-hour wait at the station, we arrived cold and hungry at the Main Labor Office. Here they fed us soup, in which two potatoes floated. Then a bath, examination of our heads to see if they were clean, disinfection of our clothes and picture taking. Each of us received a number, which also appeared on the photograph. A medical examination completed the routine. Two days later we were sent to a place where the farmers were waiting for us. Each of them chose a worker. The strongest and most able-looking girls were the first to disappear from our ranks. Finally, my turn came too. At first my employer treated me kindly, but our relations grew worse from day to day. The work was very hard—in the field, in the barn and around the house. There is no eight-hour work day for Poles. Their day begins at dawn and ends at dusk. Our monthly pay was from 10 to 15 marks. When a Pole fell sick, no one showed much concern. After all, there were others where that one came from. Here is an instance: A Polish girl worker had a painful leg infection, causing the limb to swell noticeably. She wanted to go to the doctor, but as it was potato digging time, the farmer told her she would have to wait till there was less work. He ended by saying: 'What do I care about your leg? Digging the potatoes now

is more important to me.' They all value animals more than they do Poles."

The hard work and poor food often cause Polish workers in Germany to rebel, but such outbursts are quickly put down by the police.

A Polish farmhand, not yet 19, quarreled with his employer because he was being overworked and underfed. In broken German he threatened his employer and, in despair and anger, quit his work, unearthed some whisky and got drunk. At nightfall he stayed out in the woods and, as it was cold, built himself a fire. Someone who knew about the quarrel noticed the boy and told the police that the Pole was trying to burn down the forest. He was tried for attempted arson and sentenced to death. Virtually all Poles working in the vicinity, including women, were taken to the scene of execution by the Germans. One of the Gestapo addressed the assembled Poles in Polish, admonishing and warning them to behave in future. When the hanging was over, the spectators were formed in rows and one by one had to walk up to the gibbet. A German policeman saw to it that each Pole took a careful look at the dead man's face.

That is how Germans exact punishment for "sabotage." And what is not "sabotage"? When the cows on one farm gave less milk than usual, the Polish farmhand was sentenced to several years hard labor for failure to give the cattle enough fodder! . . .

## ONE HUNDRED AND FIFTY YEARS AGO: MARCH 24, 1794, IN CRACOW

(Continued from page 12)

his subordinates. On the 1st of April he left Cracow at the head of his small army, prepared to take the field against the enemy. His long-cherished desire had been fulfilled; bands of peasants, some two thousand strong, had rallied to his flag, armed with their pikes and the scythes that won

them the name, famous in Polish annals, of the "Reapers of Death." Mountaineers, too, came down in their brilliantly colored garb from the Polish Carpathians. To all these men from the fields and the hills Kosciuszko became not only an adored chief, but an equally beloved brother in arms.

## THREE GERMAN PLANES FOR THE RECORD

(Continued from page 13)

were attacking the Messerschmitts after the Dorniers had turned tail and fled.

They could never catch the Messerschmitts who, seeing the two Poles approaching, followed the example of the Dorniers and fled. My companions gave up the chase and turned back. Their wings were a yard apart, as they cut across the sky with the sun catching their metal wings. I climbed up on full throttle to join them. They greeted me by lifting their left arms and resumed our cloverleaf formation.

Capt. Sikora looked back at me from time to time, scowling horribly. The sergeant's bony face was grinning broadly and he moved his shoulders rapidly up and down, which was with him a sign of great satisfaction. We were slowly coming down to the site of the battle. The captain dipped his wings, cut out his engine and dived. The sergeant followed him. I was left behind at first, but soon caught up with them and we streaked down like three bullets.

At first I did not see what this was all about. Then on either side of the railway line two smashed Dorniers appeared. At about three hundred feet Sikora pulled up and zoomed over the station again. Wodzidlo roared up pulling me behind him. I overtook him, because I had not cut my engine and had more speed. Flying ahead, I looked around for my Messerschmitt. Being lower they saw him first. There

was a black patch of scorched field near the edge of the forest. Sikora and Wodzidlo skimmed over the tree tops. The German was still burning.

As they came up higher I joined them and wing in wing we started for home. Our reconnaissance complete and each of us with a German plane to his credit. They a Dornier a piece, I my first Messerschmitt.

The hostile, though peaceful looking, landscape rolled beneath us. We reached the coast and were soon flying over the white cliffs that guard the friendly shores of England.

Soon we were taxiing on the home field, our friends ran out to us. A few minutes later an intelligence officer was plying us with questions.

"Well, how did it go?"

Captain Sikora started talking. He made a full report on enemy targets. The incident with the German Dorniers and Messerschmitts took second place, he mentioned it for purposes of record.

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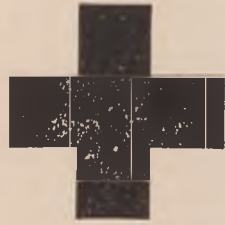
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Cover: Polish pilot counting the planes in his squadron as they roar back to base.

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