

THE POLISH REVIEW

MAIN FEATURES

Korytow:
One of Poland's
Many Lidices

The Battle of the
Warsaw Ghetto

Twenty-fifth
Anniversary of
Poznan University

Polish Colors on
the Italian Front

London's PUNCH
on the
Fifth Partition
of Poland

Haut Relief of
Piotr Skarga, S.J.
Unveiled at
Fordham
University

Economic Condi-
tions in German-
Occupied Poland

Peggy—
Mascot from the
Ivory Coast

First Citizen of
Poland Among
Her Youngest
Warriors

VOL. IV. No. 18
MAY 10, 1944

Polish WAC Driving a
Truck in the Near East.



POLISH CULTURE A WORLD-ASSET

Address by Stanislaw Kot, Polish Minister of Information,
at a meeting in London of the American Delegation to the
United Nations Organization for Cultural Rehabilitation.

No one quite realizes the enormous transformation of ideas through which we are now living. The change is of a positive and constructive nature. The best evidence of this is the creation of an United Nations organization for educational and cultural rehabilitation. Logically it follows the conference at Hot Springs and the creation of the UNRRA at Atlantic City, in the land of practical idealism.

In these institutions we can clearly perceive the difference between the attitude of the founders of the League of Nations and of those who are now planning postwar reconstruction. Today we are guided by concrete constructive tasks in well-defined spheres of international life, tasks which will teach us to work together, to appreciate each other, to arrive at common bases of thought.

The idea of a United Nations organization for educational and cultural rehabilitation pleases me personally more than I can say. I know that the world, freeing itself at last from the oppression of purely political and economic conceptions, is placing increasing emphasis on culture and education. "Man does not live by bread alone!" but to many statesmen this is still news. To many eyes, the world is two-dimensional, political and economic; but really it is three-dimensional: political, economic and cultural. Our enemy is well aware of this. The enemies of Liberty are not only saboteurs of things material, but also of things spiritual and intellectual. It is in this realm that sabotage is most dangerous!

Today, thanks to new and greater opportunities, education is a weapon that can be used or abused for good or evil; for construction or destruction. Dictators have shown how it can be used for destruction, we must show how man can be raised to live a full and constructive life.

UNRRA deals both with relief and rehabilitation. I trust the projected organization for educational and cultural rehabilitation will deal not only with educational and cultural rehabilitation will deal not only with educational relief but also with the re-education of whole nations and social groups, over a long period of time. Congressman Fulbright was recently quoted as saying that "In ten years, by getting hold of the young, Hitler built up a race of fanatical Nazis. Surely democracies can build up their young people to be devoted believers in the values for which we are fighting."

I don't share Mr. Fulbright's optimism. The poison has penetrated far deeper than he realizes. Germany knowing that defeat is inevitable, is already preparing for the next war! Everywhere one hears "Raeder Muessen

Rollen Fuer Den Sieg Und Kinderwagen Fuer Den Naechsten Krieg," meaning "Wheels must turn for victory now and baby-carriages for the next war."

When speaking of great and small nations, it is well to add the criterion of culture, to estimate the contribution each has made to civilization!

When speaking of frontier changes—when spheres of influence of Great Powers are under discussion, or when we seek to unite different countries into a regional unit, we must ask whether the projected move would be in keeping with existing spheres of cultural influence, for to unite areas of incompatible culture would be to condemn them to stagnation and spiritual death. Diplomacy will have to use another language, not talk merely in terms of economic and national interest, but also of cultural relations. Along with military attachés and consuls, will be new counsellors on cultural relations between countries. They will be concerned with national interpretation, exchanges of professors and students, art exhibitions, as well as the diffusion of general knowledge.

Judged by standards of culture and education, Poland is not a new nation, and most certainly is not a small one. Beyond doubt she is an essential part of the Western European world in which she desires to remain. In its defense she has more than once staked her very existence. Poland has an enormous cultural potentiality, but it can bear fruit only if she remains in the Western world and enjoys full freedom of expression.

Torn from the Western world, Poland would be condemned to stagnation and death. Bonds between Polish and American culture are old and close. America, the world of free people, the world of great open spaces, has always had uncommon charm for Polish imagination. For almost two centuries, freedom was the dream of every Pole and remains so to this day. In the imagination of every Pole, the symbol and essence of freedom was America. To her our eyes have turned full of hope and expectation.

Today that our home is destroyed and looted by a common enemy, that all our schools and printing presses are closed and those who served them killed, imprisoned, starved or scattered over the world, our eyes again turn to the land of freedom and practical idealism. I believe that our hopes and expectations will not be deceived. I am strengthened in this conviction by the creation, on American initiative, of the United Nations organization for educational and cultural rehabilitation. It is proof that the United States is fully aware of the role its great and growing strength and power has imposed upon it.

"There is one people—the Poles—among all the people of Eastern Europe, upon whom Western Europe can really rely."

—G. K. Chesterton

KORYTOW: ONE OF POLAND'S MANY LIDICES

(From "While Still We Live" by HELEN MacINNES*)

JAN and his friends came to Korytow in the late evening. There was absolute peace in the village. There had been no Germans since the officers billeted in the manor house had gone, taking the soldiers with them. The Germans had requisitioned most of the food supplies. In fact, there was so little left that the people of the village thought the Germans wouldn't bother about them again. So both Jan and his friend had some difficulty in persuading the people that there might be some danger intended for them. They didn't get very excited about it. They had heard too many false rumors from refugees, they hadn't anything left for the Germans to plunder. They didn't believe the story very much that Korytow had been giving trouble and was to be punished. For one thing, all their weapons had been taken from them. And they knew that the Germans knew that.

"Well, at last, some families did move into the woods. They lay there all night, and watched the peaceful village. Rain came on, and a cold wind. By dawn the Germans hadn't come. By dawn, those who had listened to Jan and his friend thought they were alarmists. They found reasons for wandering back to the village where those who had refused to leave had spent a pleasant comfortable night in their warm beds. The day passed, and still there was no sign of any approaching Germans. . . .

"Well, that was the situation. And then, on that evening after that day of waiting, Jan and his small band set out from the woods. They didn't go very far. They were only about a mile away when they heard shooting. They knew that was the Germans. They started back to the village. Not that they could stop the Germans. Only Jan and his comrade had guns. But they thought that the people might have fled to the woods, that they could help them. When they got to a place where they could see the village—it was lighted by floodlights from the German trucks and cars—there were some bodies scattered on the road to the woods. So some of the people had tried to escape. But the Germans had come too quickly, too efficiently.

"Jan and his men saw the villagers being herded out of their cottages, being dragged back from the trees in their fields where they had tried to hide. The lights were still burning on the cottage tables. Some people carried a small bundle in a handkerchief. Others hadn't even time to collect that. They just carried a picture or an ornament or a Bible, just something they had caught up when they were told to leave. You could see everything clearly, because as well as the floodlights, there were now torches being lit, and one house was already in flames. Jan said you could see the villagers kneeling in prayer outside their cottage doors; that was the way they were saying good-by to everything they owned. Then they were made to pick up their bundles, and they were divided into groups like so many animals. The younger women and girls were forced into one truck, the older women into another. The children were pulled from their mothers and pushed into a third. They were open trucks, and you could see the people jammed so close in them that they could neither sit nor turn around. The

* *While Still We Live*. By Helen MacInnes. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. 1944. 556 pp. Reprinted by permission.

Helen MacInnes, author of "Above Suspicion" and "Assignment in Brittany," has written a new war-espionage story, laid in Poland. Born in Scotland and educated at Oxford, Miss MacInnes has never visited Poland. And yet, so well has she captured the spirit of life under German occupation that a liaison officer between London and the Polish Underground stated, after reading the novel, that he himself could not have given a more faithful picture of conditions in his country. Very favorably received by critics, "While Still We Live" has already become a best seller. Here are excerpts from several reviews:

"WHILE STILL WE LIVE is a story about Poland; its heroes and heroines are the men, women and children who saw their country destroyed by the German invaders but who refused to let their spirit be destroyed. While an English girl, Sheila Matthews, carries the main thread of the espionage tale, it is her Polish friends who give the story its stature and its color.

"It is in the portrayal of the people, who, in the face of death, torture and starvation, retained their courage and their integrity that the book is at its best. Some of the scenes are laid in the bomb-ripped city of Warsaw where the underground had its headquarters; some in the country, in the villages and the forests of Poland where the peasants and the guerrillas pitted their strength and cunning against the Germans. Miss MacInnes injects into her work a profound sympathy and admiration for a people whose soldiers since 1797 have sung a marching song which starts with the words, 'Poland has not yet perished. While still we live.'"

—ROSE FELD in "New York Herald Tribune Weekly Book Review."

"Helen MacInnes's new novel is by far her best . . . It is written with knowledge of all that Poland has been to Europe, and indignation at the betrayal by Christendom of the people who are the bastion of Western culture in the East, the people who met and conquered the triumphant hordes of Islam . . . It is the story of a new Polish army of warriors, nameless, hidden men and women, an army determined that their country shall live again, an army as passionately devoted, as proud of their country's past, and as confident in its future as any in the world. Miss MacInnes has caught admirably that unconquerable spirit, and the nobility in this tragedy of war which is just as great as the tragedies of Greece and Norway."

—R. ELLIS ROBERTS in "The Saturday Review of Literature."

"Miss MacInnes uses all her best ingredients for this novel—suspense, tight suspicion, faithful atmospheric detail and good characterization, and yet her story does not sing with the spirit of high adventure. Perhaps the odds are too heavily against romantic enterprise, quick wits and nimble maneuvering. . . . We have too keen a memory of those left behind in Poland, hanging on to life by sheer will power, waiting for rescue from the outside world. The happy ending is imprisoned in that terrible waiting."

—ISABELLE MALLET in "The New York Times Book Review."

boys and men were grouped together and shot in the back. The parish priest was shot too, standing beside the truck with children as he tried to quiet them. Then the houses were set afire. One old man had hidden in the stables beside the manor house. The Germans set fire to the stables, too, and they shot at the window when the old man tried to climb out. He got stuck, there, wounded."

. . . "Then the trucks drove away," Antoni was saying. "Jan's friend broke loose from Jan's grip. He ran towards
(Please turn to page 14)

THE BATTLE OF THE WARSAW GHETTO

MORE than a year has passed since April, 1943, when in Warsaw the Jewish fighters, side by side with the Polish Underground, baffled the Germans and died valiantly in an unequal struggle with these sadists who had decided to exterminate them.

According to underground sources, the fight began in the week of April 19, 1943, when armed detachments of the German Wehrmacht surrounded the large Ghetto in the center of Warsaw and marched in to liquidate its inhabitants.

For almost a year prior to the great battle, since June, 1942, the Germans had been following a policy of murdering the Jews in the Warsaw Ghetto, carrying off a few hundred at a time to be slaughtered. Information in the possession of the Polish Government shows that the German authorities expected and feared the possibility of armed resistance from the more than half a million Jews then in Warsaw's Ghetto. Anxious at all costs to avoid open revolt, they succeeded for a time in cowering the Jews into submission by threats of mass reprisal. Later, when this failed, they increased their mass deportations to a number of execution places in Poland, the most notorious being Tremblinka, where more than 40,000 Jews were put to death in gas chambers.

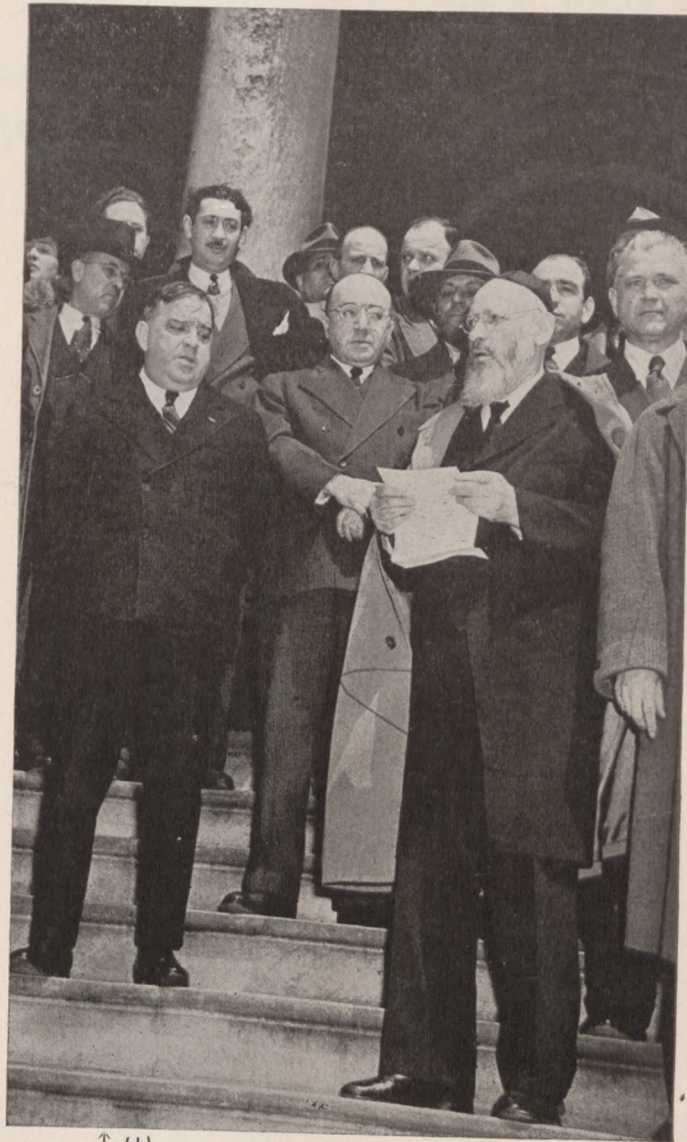
From the fall of 1942 to the early spring of 1943 comparative quiet again descended on the hapless Ghetto which lived in constant terror and anxiety. Jewish leaders were reduced to inaction by the knowledge that armed resistance on their part meant that they would be responsible for even greater mass murder that would certainly follow. Some, faced with this dilemma, committed suicide in despair.

Others warned by the Polish Underground, turned to it for help. The Poles secretly bought for them from German soldiers on the black market, ammunition, guns, pistols, hand grenades, and even anti-tank guns.

Military instructors of Poland's Home Army slipped through the German net to the Ghetto where they trained Jewish soldiers for the inevitable fight. These Polish officers, together with Jewish leaders worked out the tactical plan for the coming battle.

Just before the beginning of open resistance, the underground press described the conditions in Poland's capital:

"Through the streets of Warsaw wander pale shadows, their eyes frightened, visionless. They run from street to street, in the delusion that perhaps on the next street the

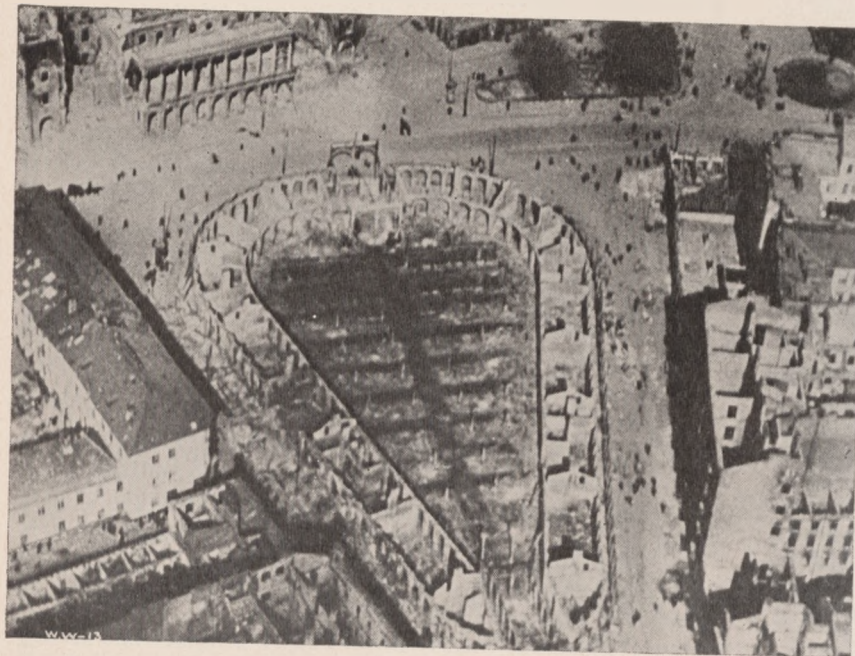


(1) Mayor Fiorello H. LaGuardia (1) and Minister Sylwin Strakacz (2), Consul General of Poland, in front of New York City Hall during the mass meeting held on the anniversary of the Warsaw Ghetto Battle. The meeting is being addressed by Dr. Isaac Rubinstein, a former Polish Senator. Minister Strakacz spoke in the name of the Polish Government.

danger might not be as great. Carloads of dead children rumbled over the pavements. Corpses lay unburied on the sidewalks."

At the beginning of April, the Germans decided to "deport" the Jews out of Warsaw in batches of 5,000. Reports filtered back, however, that "deportation" really meant that the victims were packed into horribly overcrowded cattle trucks and taken to execution grounds not far outside the city. There after being forced to dig their own graves, they were mowed down by machine-gun fire.

The second of these "convoys" was scheduled to leave April 20, Hitler's Birthday, but the Ghetto was warned in time. Streets, shops, and homes were suddenly silent and empty. The people of the Ghetto were hiding in cellars, old wells, sewers, even in the rubble left from the 1939 bombing.



Air View of Charred Ruins of Warsaw Ghetto.

Heavily armed S.S. detachments in armored cars, mounted with heavy machine guns drove through the gates. Jewish fighters, however, waited for them. As soon as they drove in, these guerrillas opened fire from hidden batteries.

The first phase of the battle lasted a week, during which every move of the Germans was hampered by the perfectly coordinated defense. Pitched battles were fought in every corner of the Ghetto. Despite their great numerical superiority, hundreds of German soldiers were killed or wounded.

A broadcast on April 22, 1943, by Poland's underground radio station, SWIT, reported the death in battle of Michael Klepfish, one of the Warsaw Ghetto's leaders. This young engineer, 28 years old, was well-known in the prewar Jewish labor movement.

So serious had the situation become that the Germans were forced to resort to regular military operations to subdue the Ghetto. They had to attack the Ghetto's points of resistance one by one with incendiary bombs dropped from airplanes, flame throwers, incendiary grenades, artillery and finally tanks. German Red Cross ambulances had to help get the wounded out.

The Ghetto was soon in flames. Cannons and heavy machine-guns were placed on the walls and buildings around it to prevent escape. Resistance was so strong, that the German soldiers were afraid to enter at night when darkness helped the hidden guerrillas. The latter replied by setting fire to some German factories and munition dumps at the Northern edge of the Ghetto.

By April 28th, 6,000 heavily armed German troops were in the battle. Underground estimates place the number killed at between 1,000 and 2,000. During the same time, the Jews lost from 3,000 to 5,000 of their fighters.

During the eight or nine weeks of the battle, German soldiers distinguished themselves by extraordinary cowardice.



"Jews Forbidden to Use This Car"—Sign on Trolley Cars Passing Through Ghetto.

Afraid to go in and fight it out face to face with their Jewish victims, they resorted to firing their buildings and flooding their cellar hideouts. At times the Ghetto seemed a solid mass of flames. Even sewer exits through which a few Jews had escaped, were blown up by these vandals.

The armed resistance of April 19th became a people's war. Every one of the 40,000 Jews remaining in Warsaw participated in the hopeless struggle, some in battle, others in the supply forces, the improvised first-aid stations, or as fire-fighters. When the water supply was shut off, the entire Ghetto had to depend on a few hidden wells.

Poland's underground press told its readers at the beginning of the revolt:

"Once again flames redden the skies over Warsaw, once again the streets of the city resound with the fire of guns and cannons, with the explosion of bombs. Workers and the working intelligentsia are the heart and soul among the masses of fighting Jews who arose, gun in hand against Nazi atrocities."

Smoke palls hid the entire Ghetto during the heat of the battle. But these Jewish soldiers of Poland's Underground Army did not die in vain. The hopeless struggle they put up opened the eyes of the world and showed it that the German superman and invincible soldier is but another manufactured myth.

The gallant fight gradually weakened, nevertheless, and slowly came to an end sometime during the early summer of 1943. Just when it ended is not definitely known. By November, of last year, however, the underground reported that the Ghetto stood a desolate ruin, empty save for German looters combing the wrecked buildings. Between 25,000 and 30,000 Jews were killed in the battle.

But several thousand of these Jewish fighters were saved by the Polish Underground which hid them for safety in the homes of Polish patriots, and they now form part of Poland's Home Army that is preparing for the final and victorious campaign to drive the German invaders out of Poland.



Jews gathered before City Hall pay tribute to their co-religionists who died one year ago in the Battle of the Ghetto, and appeal for help to save the remaining Jewish people.

TWENTY-FIFTH ANNIVERSARY OF POZNAN UNIVERSITY

by JOSEPH KOSTER

POZNAN University was inaugurated 25 years ago, on May 7, 1919 in the throne room of Poznan Castle. As a symbol of the ancient Polish land on which it stood, it was named Piast University after the first dynasty of Polish peasant kings. Poznan University was born amid the clash of arms and the roar of cannon, when Poland was still engaged in the fight for liberation. It grew out of the efforts of a group of public spirited citizens headed by Heliodor Swiecicki—philanthropist and President of the Society of Friends of Science, who for many years was Rector of the new University and filled its chair of Gynecology. Others were Canon Lukomski, Professors Kostrzewski and Sobeski who all joined in bringing to pass an age-old dream of the people of Poznan—a Polish institution of higher education in the city that was the cradle of Polish culture.

The project of creating a University at Poznan was an old one. In 1519 Bishop Jan Lubranski, a great humanist, founded his famous school, the Lubranski Academy, which taught philosophy, law, and theology, and for more than 200 years served as a center of light, knowledge and culture. Such figures as Bishop Latalski, Rozdrzewski, Czarnkowski, Szoldrski, the Herbest brothers, Grzegorz of Szamotuly, Hegendorfer and many others did their best to raise Lubranski Academy to the status of a University.

This was not the only effort Poznan made to establish a University. In 1571 when the Society of Jesus settled in Poznan and founded the Jesuit College, they too sought the right to transform their school into a University. But their efforts also came to naught.

When the Jesuit order was dissolved and the waning Lubranski Academy closed by the Education Commission—the idea of founding a University persisted. The partitions of Poland put a temporary stop to all such efforts. But not for long.

Several times the Diet of the Grand Duchy of Poznan had submitted to it plans for the creation of a University. These efforts were intensified after 1831 when Poznan for more than 20 years became the center of Polish intellectual life. Hieronim Zakrzewski was among the first to fight for this cause. Then came Wojciech Lipski and later Karol Libelt and August Cieszkowski.



Square in front of Poznan University.

Eleven proposals in all were submitted to the Diet of the Grand Duchy and later to the Diet of Prussia. These were strenuously opposed by the Prussian authorities who realized but too well what effect the creation of a Polish University in Poznan would have on ardent Polish youth in the revolutionary period of the so-called spring of nations.

The Prussian attitude grew steadily worse as the 19th century passed the half-way mark. In 1867 Dr. Johann Metzsig, a German physician married to a Pole, who had resigned his commission in the German army as a protest against Prussian brutality in suppressing the Polish insurrection of 1848, and had settled in Leszno to become a warm advocate of things Polish, drafted a petition asking the Prussian government to organize a separate University for the 2,300,000 non-German inhabitants of the Prussian State. The petition stated that if Poles were to have equal responsibilities within the Prussian State they must also have equal rights, and that there could be no equality so long as the Poles were forced to think in a foreign language if they wished for higher education. This petition was submitted to the Education Committee of the Prussian Diet, and rejected by one vote. However,

bowing to the wishes of the minority, the committee recommended to the Diet that inasmuch as every German province had its University, a German institution of higher learning should also be created in Poznan.

The task of presenting the Committee's report to the Prussian Diet fell to Karol Libelt, the Committee's chairman and its only Polish member. Seeing that the prospects for a Polish University in Poznan were hopeless, Libelt urged the Diet to establish a University for the Poles and non-Poles alike, with chairs of Polish language and literature. But even this was regarded as too great a concession by the Government of Prussia and its Diet. Speaking for the government, de la Croix said that there were already enough Universities in Prussia that Poles could attend, and that there would surely not be enough students, nor could professors knowing Polish be found, to warrant the expense of a Polish University in Poznan. Deputy Heym, a virulent foe of Poland and the Poles, declared that Polish culture and language were worthless and that Poles could only hope to attain culture by becoming assimilated to the German race, a prerequisite for which was a perfect command of the German language, learned at a German University. He climaxed his tirade with the argument that a Polish University would automatically become a center of agitation for Polish independence and would interfere with the germanization of Polish land. A few years later this philosophy found cruel expression in the Prussian policy of Polish expropriation and the beating of school children for speaking Polish.

To be sure voices were raised in the Prussian Diet in defense of Polish rights. But they were few and far between. The Polish Deputy, Kantak, accused the Prussian government of making electoral promises for the protection of Polish culture while openly advocating the extermination of Polish nationality. The upshot of the discussion on a Polish University for Poznan was the rejection by the Diet of Dr. Metzsig's petition and a recommendation that the government consider the creation of a German University in that city. However, the Prussian government failed to act on this suggestion. Much later, the Germans themselves began to agitate for a University in Poznan as an instrument of germanization. In 1903 they founded an Academy there, but



Poznan University.

it proved unsatisfactory even to the Germans. The outbreak of the last war brought German plans for western Poland to naught and victory gave Poland her long awaited freedom and independence.

One of liberated Poznan's first official acts was the inauguration of Poznan University, thus acquiring the proud title of University City. Poznan University found itself in a more difficult position than the Universities of Cracow, Wilno, Lwow, and Warsaw, as it was without suitable buildings. The sombre Castle of Poznan built by the Germans as a symbol of oppression, could not accommodate all its departments, and in the first years some were housed in the Castle's dungeons, some in dilapidated villas, some in old tenements. But such was the spirit of the faculty and students of Poznan itself, that nothing could discourage them. In 1919 there were 102 professors, 50 assistants and 1,914 students. By 1937 the number of professors had more than doubled, there were 80 assistants and the number of students had risen to 4,987, of which 1,394 were women. Before the war broke out Poznan University had nearly 6,000 undergraduates and was one of Poland's richest Universities.

Gradually new buildings were erected with the
(Please turn to page 15)



Ceremonies Opening New Academic Year at Poznan University.



Rector and Senate of Poznan University.

POLISH COLORS ON THE ITALIAN FRONT

PART of the Allied spearhead in Italy, Polish soldiers of the Carpathian and Kresowa Divisions lived until recently in a world of snow, mist, and rain, high up on the cloud-swept slopes of the Apennines.

Those snowy heights, ravines and ice-covered paths must be seen to realize the strength of body and mind necessary to stand a long stretch of patrol duty when at any moment a German mine may explode or an avalanche start.

Snow lies on the peaks, but even in the valleys it is more than three feet deep. At times it takes 15 hours to travel 60 miles. Jeeps must stick to paths cleared by snow-plows, and even then are often stalled on the mountain roads. When the sun shows itself, knee-deep mud makes long rubber boots imperative in the low-lands, while higher up the never-ending winter makes snow-shoes necessary.

"Sikorski's Tourists" first used in derision by German broadcasters, has been accepted as a qualification by the Carpathian Brigade. Yes, they are tourists. Everyone of them at some time or other since 1939 has been a prisoner of war, all have wandered over the face of the earth. They are "tourists" now on their way back home. That is what makes the German smear so funny.

From their present position in Italy, they can walk all the way home to Poland. One of the reasons why they are all so happy. Those from England are called "Poor Lords," those from Egypt "Rameses," those released from Russia, "Buzuluks," after a town where they were interned.

Yet their levity hides deadly seriousness! Some like the divisional chief of staff have been eye-witnesses of the Germans' bestial treatment of Polish civilians. A colonel attached to Corps headquarters had all his fingers and toes frozen during his escape on foot through the Carpathians to Hungary. A young poet, now a soldier, writes lyrics for the Polish army newspaper and for the underground press in Poland where his verse inspires the home front in its dangerous and desperate struggle.

Another boy, only 16 at the time of the September campaign, found himself in a German labor camp. Because of



O. W. I. Radiophoto

General Kazimierz Sosnkowski, Polish Commander-in-Chief, chats with Polish soldiers during his tour of the Italian Front.



O. W. I. Radiophoto

Gennaro Cosenza, a 12-year old Italian war orphan, adopted by the Polish Carpathian Division on the Italian Front, greets a distinguished guest, the Polish Commander-in-Chief, General Kazimierz Sosnkowski.

his "Nordic" complexion and features, he was soon put into the Nazi Army and sent to fight the Allies in Italy. He managed to make his way through the fog-shrouded mountains, to join the British, who assigned him to the Polish Division.

Men who have thus suffered mean to make the Germans pay in full for their criminal brutality.

"The only thing about death that worries me," said one Polish pilot, "is that I won't be able to kill any more Germans."

When Bishop Gawlina recently visited the front, the weather was so severe that five cars sent one after another to take him to staff headquarters broke down on the icy roads.

Another recent front-line guest was General Kazimierz Sosnkowski, Commander-in-Chief of the Polish armed forces. On his tour he visited the Carpathian Division high up in the mountains. After a two hour drive along the slippery sleet-covered mountain trail, accompanied by Generals Anders and Kopanski, he reached the bomb-scarred ruin of a deserted Apennine hamlet, now headquarters of the Carpathians. These seasoned fighters who have participated in every phase of the Mediterranean campaign from Tobruk and El Gazala to the Cassino front, were drawn up in two ranks on either side of the Via Roma waiting to welcome their Commander-in-Chief. The Italian civilians crept from their forest hideouts to witness the ceremony. Many among the soldiers still wore their patrol uniforms, camouflaged by white overcoats, having just returned from an all-night watch over enemy positions. An artillery duel served as a musical background for the occasion, while overhead Allied aircraft headed north. Their destination was soon revealed by heavy detonations of bombs dropped on German lines.

Every detail of the Polish soldiers' life here on the front,

their patrols, recreation, and equipment had to be described to the General. Then when the time for departure came, General Sosnkowski bade them farewell:

"Men, I wish you the best luck ever had by soldiers, and a speedy return to our homeland, Poland."

Before going back to the South, the C-in-C personally visited the most advanced observation post on a mountain peak overlooking no-man's land and was able to see Germans ducking into their dugouts to avoid Polish artillery fire. As the shells whistled overhead, American planes flew low to machine gun the enemy's position.

General Sosnkowski's parting words to the Division were:

"The two weeks I have spent on the Italian front have given me a new opportunity of meeting you and getting to know the conditions in which you live and your war activities. I have spent the most pleasant Easter of my life with you. I should like to stay longer, but unfortunately cannot as I have other important work to do for our fighting forces. When sending you to the Italian front from the Middle East last year, I expressed my deep conviction that the Polish Corps with its high morale, well-trained and well-equipped divisions would soon become a first-class fighting unit on this front. Your first battles are now behind you. Everywhere I have noticed your eagerness, order and discipline."

As far as one can see, even from the highest peak, stretch menacing mountains marking the line of German fortifications, snow-covered pillboxes for all the world like great white tanks riveted to the earth.

Later that day on another part of the front in the old-world atmosphere of a medieval Italian town, dim in the swift-falling dusk, the Commander stood in the main square to



O. W. I. Radiophoto

"April Fool" snowstorms, similar to those in New York, hit Polish soldiers on the Italian Front.



O. W. I. Radiophoto

The Polish Commander-in-Chief and Lieutenant-General Wladyslaw Anders review Polish soldiers on the Italian Front.

review soldiers of his old units. As he decorated the officers and men for bravery, he reminded them:

"Let these crosses on your breasts and the crosses on the graves of our fallen comrades, remind us of what we are fighting for. We are fighting for Poland, for her rights, her integrity, for all her cities and villages."

Realizing that they had met more than their match in the Poles, the Germans recently tried to supplement battle action by broadcasts from a radio station, "Wanda," designed solely to weaken and undermine the spirit of the Allied troops in Italy. This transparent propaganda falls on deaf ears.

"Wanda says one thing and the Germans another, for they have ceased to believe in victory," is what the Carpathian soldiers say.

Attention was first called to this newest effort of Dr. Goebbel's propaganda machine by leaflets showered on the Polish lines. On the cover was a picture of a Cracow girl, standing before a microphone. Inside the pamphlet was her message:

"Fellow countrymen, soldiers on the Italian front, Do you know English, French or German? If not, listen to the special broadcasts in Polish for you on radio station 'Wanda.' 'Wanda' wants to contact you." These leaflets also offered to transmit news from soldiers to their families in Poland.

Taking it all with their accustomed humor and common sense, Polish soldiers called the new station, "Wanda Frank," in honor of the Governor-General who is German War Criminal No. 1 in Occupied Poland. The front line newspaper, *The Soldiers' Daily*, voiced the thoughts of all Polish soldiers when it said:

"Over the air the voice of 'Wanda' comes to us. Under the mast of patriotism, it attempts to convince us Polish soldiers abroad that there are no better friends of Poland than the Germans, and that Hitler has created in Poland a genuine paradise. Madame Wanda from Berlin apparently hasn't heard what has happened in Poland since 1939. Every Pole knows the legend of Wanda, who drowned herself in the Vistula rather than have a German. Our Wanda, cannot be replaced by a 'Wanda' in the service of Germans."

London's PUNCH on the Fifth Partition of Poland

The following article appeared in the March 29th, 1944, issue of PUNCH under the title "Little Talks" by H. P. H.:

"So you are in favor of the Fifth Partition of Poland?"
"Don't be absurd, old boy."
"All right. We'll talk about something else. That seems to be the done thing."
"Of course. Anyone who at this juncture throws spanner-words into the works of Allied unity—"
"Of course, old boy. I won't say another word."
"And anyhow, what can you do about it?"
"About what?"
"About the Fifth—well, about what you said."
"Perhaps not very much. You mean that when you can't do very much about a thing the best thing is to applaud it?"
"I don't mean that exactly. I mean—of course, you have got to be realistic."
"Realistic?"
"Face facts."
"The facts of power?"
"That's one of them, certainly. And, of course, ethnic homogeneity."
"Golly—I think we will put that one aside for a moment. But about 'power'? You mean that sometimes a chap may be so strong that it's not the smallest use mounting a high moral horse and telling him he's no right to do this or that?"
"Not if you can't stop him—no."
"You take, I believe, an unfavorable view of the procession of events which is briefly described as 'Munich'?"
"Of course."
"And if you were in the House of Commons when Leftists cry bitterly to Rightists—'Munich,' and think they have made a great point, you would agree?"
"Certainly."
"Why?"
"Well, it's obvious."
"I think, it is. You mean that Might triumphed over Right—and that we shamefully acquiesced in the victory?"
"That's about it."
"But were we not being 'realistic'—facing the facts?"
"What facts?"
"The fact of power. Not to mention the ethnic homogeneity of the Sudeten Germans—bless their suffering souls."
"Nothing can justify Munich."
"You mean that in the autumn of 1938, if you had had your way, you would have gone to war with Germany to defend the integrity and frontiers of Czecho-Slovakia?"
"That's hardly a fair question. You must remember that the whole course of our foreign policy in the preceding years—"
"It's a perfectly fair question. And what has the whole course of our foreign policy got to do with it?"
"Well, look at the disgraceful way we treated Russia."
"Poor little Russia. Did we invade her, or what?"
"We sent that Civil Servant, Strang."
"We've been sending him all the war. We've also knighted him, I believe."
"Yes, but we've sent our Foreign Secretary, all sorts of Ministers—the Prime Minister himself."
"All right. Do you suggest, then, that if we had sent our Foreign Secretary to Russia in 1938 she would have gone to war with Germany to defend the integrity and frontiers of Czecho-Slovakia?"
"Certainly—that is—if we and France had joined in."
"What makes you think that?"
"I think it's generally agreed."
"Why when, in 1939, did she not go to war with Germany to defend the integrity and frontiers of Poland, although France and Britain, to the best of their small ability, were joining in?"

"You know perfectly well. Because she was annoyed."
"With Poland?"
"No, with us."
"That seems rather childish. You mean, our sending Mr. Strang?"
"That, and other things. She was never consulted about Czecho-Slovakia at all."
"Is that a good reason for invading Poland a year later?"
"She invaded Poland in self-defense."
"As we might have invaded Southern Ireland?"
"Yes. But we hadn't got the troops."
"And that was O.K.? I mean, invading Poland from the East, while Germany was doing the same from the West?"
"In the circumstances—yes."
"Then Might is Right?"
"We must be realistic."
"Then what was the objection to Munich?"
"The objection to Munich is that we were weak and cowardly. We betrayed the Czechs."
"You would have 'called Hitler's bluff?'—gone to war?"
"Yes."
"Even without France? And arms?"
"Well, I don't know about that."
"Nor do I. But look here—do you think we ought to call Russia's bluff?"
"What about?"
"About the Poles. Supposing, I mean, she takes more of Poland than she ought? I don't know that she will. I'm only supposing. But it has happened before."
"What can we do against Russia? How, for one thing, are we going to get to Poland?"
"It's nearer than Czecho-Slovakia."
"What's the point of that?"
"Well, according to you, you would have rushed to the defense of Czecho-Slovakia at Munich-time, even though Germany was in between, and even if France wouldn't join in? Now you say—"
"Germany is still in between."
"Yes. But, assuming we've defeated Germany, would you then go to war with Russia to defend the integrity and frontiers of Poland?"
"Certainly not. Russia's our ally."
"So is Poland. Rather a senior one. But I see your point, of course."
"You'd better."
"Mr. Churchill is in much the same position as poor Mr. Chamberlain?"
"Not at all."
"Then you do approve of the Fifth Partition."
"I didn't say that. Look here, old boy, these are rather delicate matters, and I should have thought the less said the better. You may take it from me that Russia will do as she likes—she's earned it—and if we can't stop her, there's no point in upsetting her."
"I see. But isn't that rather like 'appeasement'?"
"You will keep making these silly comparisons. There is no comparison."
"Why not?"
"The rape of Czecho-Slovakia was one thing; a sensible readjustment of Poland's frontiers is quite another."
"Oh, it is? The Poles see certain points of similarity."
"I think the Poles are being very silly."
"Then you do approve of the Fifth—No, I won't say it again. Look here, if Scotland was a great military power (with a different religion) and she said to us 'I'm afraid of attack from the South. Let's shift the border a hundred miles to the southward—and, by the way, I want to have Oxford and Cambridge . . . Do you follow?'"

(Please turn to page 14)

HAUT RELIEF OF PIOTR SKARGA, S. J. UNVEILED AT FORDHAM UNIVERSITY

FATHER Piotr Skarga, S.J., one of the world's greatest orators and a leader of Polish thought in the XVIth Century, was honored at Fordham on April 23rd when his effigy, carved on wood in haut-relief by the Polish sculptress Maryla Lednicka, was unveiled in the Lublin room by H. E. Jan Ciechanowski, Polish Ambassador to the United States.

Mme. Lednicka was present last fall when the Lublin Room was dedicated and she heard the Rev. Robert I. Gannon, President of Fordham say that a painting or sculpture of Skarga would complete the Hall, and forthwith she proceeded to gratify his wish.

"Piotr Skarga lived in a time of change and strife as great as that in which we live today," said the Reverend Gannon in his speech of welcome, "yet his faith in God and his country was never shaken. It is therefore fitting that the portrait of this leader hang in the Hall which for the duration of the war is to be the spiritual home of Lublin University, now closed and silenced by German invaders."

Ambassador Jan Ciechanowski replied: "Today it is my privilege to present this fine sculpture depicting Piotr Skarga, one of the greatest of Poles, an eminent Jesuit of the 16th century. It will adorn this room which, thanks to the generous initiative of Fordham University has now become the spiritual home of our Polish University of Lublin, now chained and silenced by the German lust that seeks to kill Christianity and Polish culture."

"May I in your presence be allowed to express my thanks to the talented Polish sculptress, Maryla Lednicka, for her masterly and powerful work, which has revived in beauty not only the features but also the burning faith and soul of our great Piotr Skarga. At this crucial time in our history, Poland will be most grateful to Maryla Lednicka, to whose inspired initiative and disinterested work we owe this outstanding picture of our great compatriot.

"We appear to be passing a dangerous period of this world war. There is now a tendency to belittle the Atlantic Charter and the Four Freedoms, those most beautiful and constructive war aims expressed by the President of the United States—allegedly because they are merely broad statements of principles and not precise codes of law. But can we build any sound code of law without basing it upon such principles?—Can we apply policing forces if they are not acting for the enforcement of principles?

"Is there a code of law which is not the interpretation of the Ten Commandments?

"This war started as a menace to our Christian principles. It took moral courage, after a lamentable period of appeasement, to stir up the physical courage of our nations to fight in



Unveiling of Skarga's Effigy: Left to right: H. E. Jan Ciechanowski, the Polish Ambassador; Mme. Maryla Lednicka, the sculptress, and the Rt. Rev. Robert I. Gannon, S.J., President of Fordham University.

their defense. To win this war and especially to win a Christian peace, the splendid display of physical courage now manifested by our United Nations' soldiers in the field must be fully supported by the moral courage which will run parallel to that physical courage and not let it down,—a moral courage which demands the constant and sincere restatement of principles, and a readiness to die rather than surrender them. For only those who are ready to die for their convictions will survive . . . and in the words of Skarga: only 'that Republic is real, which leads to the fear of God . . .'" concluded Ambassador Ciechanowski.

After the conclusion of his speech, Ambassador Ciechanowski officially unveiled the effigy of Piotr Skarga.

Piotr Skarga, of the Society of Jesus, lived from 1536 to 1612. He completed his university education at Cracow, and won fame as a preacher in the Church of Our Lady of the Snow in Lwow. In 1568 he went to Rome and entered the Jesuit novitiate. After his return to Poland, he held the office of vice-rector, and later that of rector of the College of Wilno, and from 1584 was superior of the Jesuit House of St. Barbara at Cracow. In 1588 he became court preacher to King Sigismund II. He held this place until his death in 1612. He was buried in St. Peter's Church in Cracow.

Madame Lednicka studied under Bourdelle, and has a world-wide reputation, having exhibited in Warsaw, Poznan, Paris, Brussels, Venice, Padua, as well as in New York, where her work has won favorable comment at the New York World's Fair, in various group exhibitions and private showings at the Wildenstein and Julien Levy galleries.

Economic Conditions in German-Occupied Poland

ECONOMIC conditions in Poland have grown steadily worse during the four years of German occupation, according to information recently received from underground sources. Particularly critical is the small and constantly diminishing supply of raw material and manufactured goods allowed the Polish population. The coal shortage and transportation difficulties continue unabated. Unrest among the people, caused by the German economic and political terror is increasing and adds to the general feeling of instability.

No coal is allowed for private dwellings. Business places, even those forced to work for the German Army, get so small an amount that they cannot maintain their production.

Supplies of electricity and gas are also far below minimum requirements, particularly in winter. So the Germans have ordered drastic curtailment of electric current to private consumers and firms not working directly for the army. Some places have had to shut down various departments, while in others the volume of work has been cut. A ten day holiday at Christmas is ordered every year to save fuel.

The only places now getting any fuel at all are German offices and residences of German citizens. In previous years, lack of coal could be blamed on early and exceptionally heavy winters, but the mild weather of last year proved that the shortage is really due to discrimination and a deliberate policy of depriving the Polish population of heat. Wood and peat are equally hard to obtain. The entire wood supply has been placed under the German Ministry of Economics and none is allotted for the use of Polish civilians. Only firewood is left on the market. Poles are forced to buy fuel on the black market, where one ton of coal costs \$347.33 (1,800 zloty)!

Because the Germans supply more electric current at night, many concerns have been forced to switch from day to night work.

On a broader plane, the iron and steel industry has been heavily hit by restrictions. A recent reorganization of heavy industry in Poland and the Reich has not improved conditions. Following this reorganization and the curtailment of official supplies, iron itself has gone on the black market!

There is an acute lack of raw material for building, and almost no construction goods are available even for repairs. So almost all of the buildings bombed and shelled in 1939 have been left as they stand, neither the manpower or materials are available for rebuilding.

Even the trickle of potato syrup and sugar formerly given to the chocolate industry because nearly all of its output went to Germany, has been cut. The one ounce of sweets per month allowed to each Pole has disappeared from their rations.

At harvest time, when fruit and vegetable supplies are a little more plentiful, any surplus is reserved for German use. Only discarded leavings are given to the Poles. Most of the fresh produce obtained by the Poles is brought illegally into the cities by housewives who go out at night or smuggled in by the farmers themselves. The amount, however, is very small because the farmers are unwilling to run the risk of being caught in the frequent round-ups and deported to forced labor in Germany.

Retail stores are now virtually without any goods to sell and with no hope of replenishing their stock, and are gradually being driven to bankruptcy. Brutal measures have been taken to drive hucksters from market-places. The Germans



Warsaw residents reduced to street peddling to eke out a living.

simply confiscated their goods and deported them to forced labor in the Reich! So now all the larger cities have been deprived of their only remaining source of fresh food.

Greatest apprehension is felt in all quarters about the constant drain of Polish manpower, particularly skilled workers to German war plants in Poland or the Reich. Even Polish factories working under German control for the German army cannot be sure that their workers will not be taken.

The spinning and textile industries have also suffered from this lack of skilled labor. Chemical and metallurgical plants have also seen their staffs depleted. Even in ordinary trade and in the ranks of white collar workers, the drain is drastic to supply manpower behind the Eastern Front or to send forced labor to Germany where local replacements are now scarce.

The Germans are ruthlessly liquidating all enterprises not directly engaged in the war effort. The *Auskammkommission* has confined manufacture and trading in Poland to the barest necessities. In addition the conquerors seek to destroy Polish trade and industry. Retail stores, considered useless if not in German hands, are singled out for the worst treatment. All white collar workers "freed" from service in these establishments are sent where they can best "serve" the Reich!

Polish stores, the more prosperous ones, located on main thoroughfares in the larger cities, in what is now the "German" section of each town, were confiscated outright and given to German "settlers" after their lawful owners had been deported or sent to a concentration camp.

The Germans have already transferred Polish heavy industry into their own hands. Work in Poland goes on uninterrupted because most of the Polish factories are still beyond bombing range. German capitalists have bought up these "safe" plants because profit in the Government-General is not subject to the rigorous control and supertaxes of the Reich. The purchase money is paid to and retained by the German authorities as "all Polish wealth must be expropriated."

PEGGY—OUR MASCOT FROM THE IVORY COAST

by STEFAN F. GAZEL

I WAS first introduced to her when I joined the ship in an English port. While unpacking my kit in the cabin, I heard laughter up on deck, so I went out to see what was happening. Peggy was playing with the second mate, boatswain and some men.

Green eyes, dark eyebrows, very long, nice broad bust, thin in the middle, and long, long legs. Age and race—unknown.

She held a prune in one hand, and was scratching her leg with the other as she winked at the boatswain. Noticing me, a new strange face, she stopped scratching, screamed, and hid behind someone's back, first throwing the half-eaten prune at me. Then all at once, she popped out and started making awful faces at me, and then began to laugh at me. Leaning back, she nearly choked with laughter, and less there might be a mistake as to the object of her merriment—she pointed at me with her hand.

You wouldn't like being made fun of, would you? Neither do I. But what could I do? So I just sat down near the boatswain, asking him about her.

Some months ago they were anchored in the Bandama River on the Ivory Coast of West Africa. One evening, when they were all at their meal, the cook called out that Peggy was drifting with the current, (it wasn't her name then, of course, she was christened much later), and could we save her. Luckily our motor launch was alongside, and in a very short time the boatswain and two others were in it, heading for the direction shown by the cook.

It was quite rough—a strong wind beating the swell up against the current—and at first they had difficulty in finding her. Then suddenly her head appeared right ahead. They didn't have time to stop the engine—they were too close—so the boatswain leaned out, snatched and pulled her in.

She lay half-drowned in the bottom of the boat, vomiting, shivering—from cold and fear of the unknown people.

They brought her aboard, where the cook took good care



Stefan Gazel.

of her. He fed her condensed milk, sweets, nuts and bananas. She recovered rapidly, making friends with all on board, but always paying special attention to the cook.

That was her story.

After a few days we sailed with a convoy going south. We were the only Polish ship in the convoy, and our destination was Liberia on the West Coast of Africa. I was glad to hear that, because I had made friends there some years before the war, when I was in another Polish ship. I hoped to see them again. Every day it got warmer and every day Peggy was happier, playing tricks on every one on board. She would get into a cabin in the absence of its owner and open the water valves, spread ink all over the desk, or tear up any photographs which she hated. Sometimes in the middle of the night she would start screaming in apparent terror, but when you

switched on the light, she would burst out laughing and wanted to be played about with. But in spite of all this, we liked her.

South of the Canaries, we lost our convoy in a gale, and when calm fell three days later, we were sailing alone. The sun poured heat down on us, gulls circled lazily overhead and dolphins played merrily in the swell around the ship.

Three days more and we saw our first shark on this trip. He kept up with us on a parallel course, a few hundred yards away, coming nearer only when the galley boy threw scraps overboard.

About noon we altered our course, hoping to arrive at our port of destination the next night, and no one on board dreamed we should not be there till a week later and . . . rowing.

The torpedo struck us while we were at tea. Cups and plates were shattered by the explosion, doors fell out of their frames, and we could hear the hiss of escaping steam in the engine room.

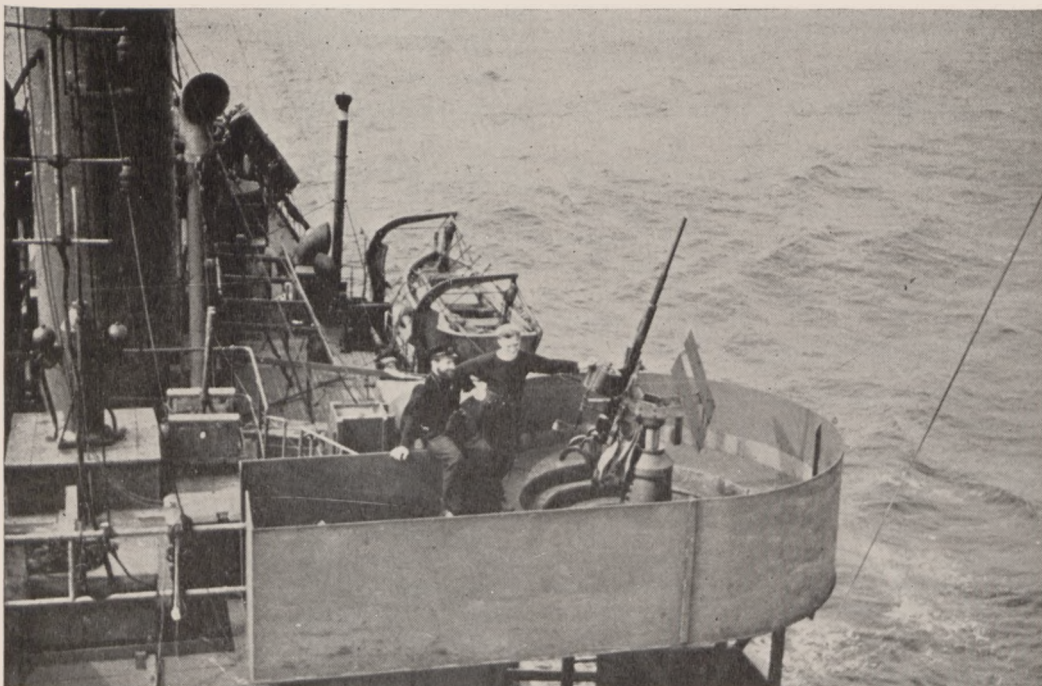
"Get out!—Quick!—" somebody cried out.

Scrambling over the wreckage, I bumped into someone or something—I don't know—and lost consciousness for a second. But only a moment later I was running towards the bridge. The ship was sinking rapidly, breaking in two, and when I left the wireless station after sending out the S.O. S. signal, most of the crew were already in the lifeboat. Peggy was sliding down the rope into it, so I followed her, the Captain coming down after me. We pushed away.

When we were about three hundred yards off, the ship was almost completely submerged. A moment later the stern rose out of the water, shivered, and then slid quietly beneath the waves.

There was very little room in the boat, though four of the engine crew were missing. They were either killed by the explosion of escaping steam, as the

(Please turn to page 15)



Author at anti-aircraft station.

FIRST CITIZEN OF POLAND AMONG HER YOUNGEST WARRIORS



President Raczkiewicz plays chess with Polish *Junaks* somewhere in Scotland.

KORYTOW: ONE OF POLAND'S MANY LIDICES

(Continued from page 3)

the road and the truck with his girl. He shot two soldiers before he was killed. The Germans stopped the trucks, a machine gun was turned on the older women for a minute. Ten Poles must die for every German killed, you know. Then the trucks rolled on again. The women's truck must have had many killed, certainly many wounded, but it left with the others. The Germans must have thought that Jan's friend was by himself, perhaps one of the refugees whom they had overlooked. For they left the village. The last truck with soldiers comfortably seated was gone. The manor house was on fire too. The whole village was one mass of flame and smoke."

Sheila hid her face with her hands. She had asked to be told. She had been told.

The doctor's professional voice continued, "The old women will be dumped out on the frozen plains northeast of Warsaw and left to wander. The middle-aged are sent as serfs to Germany or are given the dirtiest duties about the barracks. The younger women and girls will be sent to the soldiers' brothels. The children are being sent to Nazi camps. They will be taught to be slaves."

She had asked to be told. She had been told.

Antoni was saying, "If I told you more than you asked to know, it is only because we all should remember." His voice was no longer the doctor's voice. "If we don't know, if we don't listen or see, then we shall not remember. We shall forgive too soon, too easily, as we did before. And in the next war, we, the people who forget, will be destroyed even as Korytow."

LONDON'S PUNCH ON THE FIFTH PARTITION OF POLAND

(Continued from page 10)

"Yes."

"Well, do you think it would be childish of us if we raised a few formal objections?"

"No comparison again. Anyhow, the Poles are all capitalists and land-owners."

"That doesn't happen to be true. And if it was true I don't see how it would help the argument."

"My poor old boy, you're such miles behind the times. You're still thinking in terms of nationality and geography. You don't seem to realize that the new world, the new frontiers are ideological."

"I see. Is that why Stalin has recognized Badoglio, the ex-Fascist and supporter of the Italian monarchy which supported Mussolini?"

"Well, of course, Stalin's a realist, and as a matter of fact, he's never allowed ideological pedantry to interfere with practical international affairs."

"Yes, I read something like that, with some astonishment, in *TRIBUNE* or *TUMBRIL*, or something. But, in that case, why was he so cross with us—and why were you so cross because we've parleyed with Franco during the war and because we non-intervened in the Spanish Civil War? That was an ideological war, wasn't it?"

"Of course. Once again we let the right side down."

"But weren't we perhaps being 'realistic'? Weren't we perhaps refusing to let ideological pedantry interfere with practical affairs? Weren't we perhaps like Russia in Poland, thinking of our strategic position? Weren't we——"

"Oh, stop it. I can't think what you hope to gain by all this. The Polish question is very difficult, I agree, and I don't quite know what we can do about it."

"Nor do I. But there's just one thing that people like you can do."

"What's that?"

"Stop shouting, 'Munich.'"

PEGGY—OUR MASCOT FROM THE IVORY COAST

(Continued from page 13)

torpedo had made a direct hit on the engine room.

We tried to leave as much room as possible for those who rowed, and sat on the bottom and bulwarks, leaning overboard. Peggy huddled on the cook's knees.

How it happened—we didn't know. Either the boatswain leaned out too far, or he was knocked over by the arm of an oar—yet he fell overboard. A moment later, some twenty yards astern, a fin cut the surface speeding towards him.

Someone called out to the boatswain—he looked around—saw—and started swimming rapidly towards the boat. But the lifeboat obstructed his efforts, and though he had only several yards to swim, we all knew that he couldn't make it, that cut in half by the terrific jaws, he would be pulled under, and only a reddish stain would remain on the surface.

I was in the stern part of the boat, next to the cook and

I saw—we all did—how he took Peggy, who was huddling to him, lifted her above his head—and threw her into the two or three yards of water that separated the boatswain from the shark.

A whirlpool followed—Peggy and the shark disappeared. We pulled the boatswain in.

The cook looked at the spot where Peggy disappeared and wept. We too, forgot our own fate, thinking about her, who once saved from drowning by the boatswain—now gave her life for him.

Peggy—a little monkey of an unknown race from the Ivory Coast of West Africa.

In the next six days, partly rowing, partly under sail, we covered more than a hundred miles, landing on the Liberian coast, all of us many pounds lighter, with tremendous appetites and a real thirst and a good sun tan.

But Peggy wasn't there with us.

TWENTY-FIFTH ANNIVERSARY OF POZNAN UNIVERSITY

(Continued from page 7)

help of the state and municipal governments. In 1919, the library taken over from the Germans contained 200,000 volumes. By 1937, thanks to public and private donations, among others the Carnegie Foundation, the Library had 482,990 volumes.

Characteristic of Poznan University was the zeal of its students and the depth of its scientific teaching. The University published a variety of periodicals in such fields as anthropology, archeology, psychology, economics, law, astronomy, medicine, geography, natural science, etc.. Some of these were the only ones in their field in Poland and exerted a wide influence.

Another trait was the close cooperation and friendly spirit that existed between the faculty and the students. Scores of scientific and cultural clubs were organized in which both took an active part. Many of the students worked on committees of the Poznan Society of Friends of Science.

Poznan University maintained close contact with other Polish Universities and with institutions of higher learning abroad through the exchange of guest professors, University publications and representation at international conferences and congresses.

An especially fine page in the University's history was its program of popular lectures for young and old in Poznan itself and in other towns of northwestern Poland. During the academic year 1936-1937, the latest year for which figures are available, a total of 177 lectures were delivered to the general public. More than 16,000 residents of Poznan were reached in one year through these lectures, which were announced in the municipal press. In Torun alone, the series of fourteen "Friday lectures" was attended by 2,273 persons. All faculties—law and economics, medicine, the humanities, mathematics and science, agriculture and forestry—participated in this public education program.

Despite the two economic depressions that Poland suffered between 1919 and 1939, Poznan University managed to add new buildings. For many years the school of medicine had no clinic of its own but had to use those attached to various municipal, military or religious hospitals. Just before the war, work was begun on five well-equipped clinics in one central University building. Finishing touches were being added to the descriptive anatomy and chemistry buildings and the new agriculture and forestry building.

In 1936 Poznan University introduced a teacher training program. It was also the only University in Poland to give courses in air raid protection as far back as 1937 and to promote gliding as a sport. In 1937 the first summer courses for foreigners were given. They were repeated in 1938.

At the beginning of each academic year it was the custom

for the Rector of the University to welcome the students and to make a public report on the activities of the past academic year. Dr. Anton Peretiatkowicz's address in 1937 expressed the Polish attitude toward University life:

"Those of you who are beginning your first year are entering upon a period of academic freedom, which might be considered the most beautiful period of a person's life.

"Profit from the lectures and from the exercises and seminars, which no book or University script can replace for you. Support the academic organization, the scientific clubs, the cooperative societies, support the *Fraternal Aid*—that central academic institution which performs an important economic function and at the same time gives you an opportunity to become acquainted with practical economic life."

Since September 1939, Poznan University has been closed to Polish students. All the scientific collections and instruments, as well as the library and even the professors' private libraries, have been confiscated by the German authorities removed to Germany or destroyed. A great number of the University's scientific papers were destroyed when an evacuation train from Poznan was bombed on its way to Warsaw by German pilots near Kutno.

Those of the University's professors who remained in Warsaw were seized as hostages or imprisoned. Some were confined in the dungeons of Fort VII in Poznan prison, a building used by the Germans to train prison guards. Several have already died in this den of torture, the fate of the others is unknown. Among those who lost their lives are: Ludwik Cwiklinski, Professor of Classical Philology; Bronislaw Dembinski, Professor of History; Michal Sobeski, Professor of Philosophy; Stanislaw Kalandyk, Professor of Physics at the Faculty of Medicine; Jozef Morawski, Professor of Romanesque Philology; Boleslaw Kowalski, Professor of Gynecology. Many of those arrested were shipped in cattle cars to the Government General where they were ejected and left to fend for themselves.

Only a few Professors of Poznan University managed to escape the brutalities of the German "culture bearers." Of these two—Professor Florian Znaniecki and Professor Jozef Sulkowski—are now in the United States.

The Polish Review

Vol. IV. No. 18

May 10, 1944

Weekly Magazine Published by

THE POLISH REVIEW PUBLISHING CO.

with the assistance of the Polish Government Information Center
Stanislaw L. Centkiewicz, Editor

745 Fifth Avenue, New York 22, N. Y.

Annual Subscription Four Dollars

Single Copy Ten Cents

Jan Stanczyk, Polish Minister of Labor and Social Welfare Addresses International Labor Office in Philadelphia

The 26th annual meeting of the International Labor Office is indeed held at a critical moment in the history of the world. We want to believe we are on the verge of lasting peace and international cooperation. We want to believe we are at the threshold of a world which will safeguard the liberties of all peoples and insure social justice and security based on prosperity and an adequate standard of living. We are assembled here to discuss these plans and to outline the steps the I.L.O. will take toward their execution. The Conference has decided, and I think wisely, to open a general discussion on the Future Policy, Program and Status of the I.L.O. and on recommendations to the United Nations on immediate and postwar social policy.

We are fortunate to be able to discuss in plenary session the general principles on which the idea of the I.L.O. is based. These principles must be reaffirmed before the Committees endeavor to develop and implement them for the tremendous task of rebuilding a shattered world. So far the Atlantic Charter, promulgated by President Roosevelt and Prime Minister Churchill, is the only Charter of the present war. It was reaffirmed by the United Nations declaration. In October 1941, its principles were wholeheartedly endorsed by the 25th Conference of the International Labor Office.

For more than two years, the International Labor Office has been working on the possible application of the principles of the Atlantic Charter to problems within its own sphere. Every principle embodied in the Atlantic Charter merits the consideration and thought of each one of us because each statement makes up a complicated and an inter-related whole. A violation of any portion of this complex structure rocks its entire foundation.

For the International Labor Office to continue as a living and creative organization, its adherence to a system of international cooperation based on the tried and tested principles of democracy is vital. Within such a framework, all nations, great and small, would have equal rights all would conform to the three points of the Atlantic Charter: "Their countries seek no aggrandisement, territorial or other; their desire to see no territorial changes that do not accord with the freely expressed wishes of the peoples concerned; they respect the right of all peoples to choose the form of government under which they will live; they wish to see sovereign rights and self-government restored to those who have been forcibly deprived of them."

These are fundamentals. Unless they are accepted as such and translated into fact, the freedom of nations and peace itself cannot exist. We must be alive to the fact that democracy in the internal life of a nation is doomed, in the long run, when the peace and freedom of the community of nations is threatened. Peace is indivisible.

A conception of international order, based on spheres of influence among the Great Powers, cannot supersede the democratic principles of the Atlantic Charter. Freedom has one definition—for great nations and for small and we can accept no substitutes. For freedom, like peace, is indivisible.

The Atlantic Charter is a milestone on the road to a world based on the indivisibility of peace and freedom. Its guiding principles in the realm of economic and social order were restated by President Roosevelt in his welcome, read to us by Miss Perkins, Secretary of Labor of the United States: "We know that the conditions of lasting peace can be secured only through soundly organized economic institutions, fortified by human labor and social standards, regular employment and adequate income for all the people."

If the International Labor Office is to achieve those aims, it must avoid the error made at the time of its inception, namely, the elimination of general economic problems from the scope of its research and activities. I am firmly convinced that

the problem of full employment, a decent standard of living and adequate social security will evade solution without the backing of an international economic policy, inspired by social motives. The International Labor Office should not be limited to the role of an auxiliary agency devoted solely to the promotion of labor legislation. It must become a vital factor in an economic democracy of worldwide dimensions, animated by social and humanitarian ideals.

The cooperation of the International Labor Office in the elaboration and execution of international policy is not enough. The expansion of its activities to all matters of economic policy must be achieved. The International Labor Office must participate in general economic planning, while it prepares its own economic plans, to insure its influence on the problems of labor, social security and general social progress.

In these times of undreamed of technical progress, the co-existence of economically developed areas with backward areas, of rich lands with poor lands, is approaching obsolescence. Although economic collaboration and exchange of goods is vital to a poor and backward country, both rich and poor nations, developed and undeveloped areas, stand to profit from such cooperation.

For my own country, I would like to express the hopes of the fighting and suffering peoples of Europe on the problems we are discussing here. The nations, at present under the German yoke—and the Poles were the first to enjoy this privilege—believe that we here are working for the adoption of great principles—principles on which the new world will be built. Together with the persecution of the Polish population, increasing daily in a last effort to force the fighting Polish Underground to its knees, Hitler is using Poland as a slaughterhouse for the mass murder of millions of Polish Jews and Jews of other European countries—a murder unprecedented in the annals of history. Hitler is determined to achieve the complete annihilation of the Jewish people. In some areas, fighters of the Jewish Underground, aided by their Polish brothers-in-arms, rose against the German conqueror. The heroic armed resistance of the Warsaw Ghetto will live forever in the story of mankind.

The same mass murder, this time of the Polish population, marks the German retreat in the East. Yet, more and more, Poland's underground resistance is reaching the proportions of a campaign fought by an army—our underground army.

The I.L.O. dedicated to the respect for human dignity and the rights of man will, I have no doubt, raise its voice in protest against these German crimes. At this very moment—while we are quietly discussing—Poland's citizens are dying by the thousands at the hands of German oppressors. I firmly believe that, not only will the I.L.O. protest, but demand exemplary and fitting punishment for the German war criminals.

It is our duty today to formulate the scope of the future activities of the International Labor Office and to outline its role in the preservation of lasting peace. We can do little to alleviate the suffering of those who perish to secure Victory and Freedom for us all. But let us remember their words, recently sent us by a prisoner in one of the most terrible concentration camps in Poland:

"We shall not get out of here alive. We shall never see the happy world, the vision of which has been drafted by President Roosevelt and Prime Minister Churchill in the Atlantic Charter. We shall die here in humiliation on these rotten litters which serve as our couches. But we shall die quietly with firm faith in the better future of mankind. We are convinced that our sufferings have not been in vain and that the new world, toward which mankind advances, not only through bloody struggles and battles, but also through the tortures of a concentration camp, will be a world of liberty for all and of social justice for all."