

THE POLISH REVIEW

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National Unity

VOL. IV. No. 37
OCTOBER 4, 1944

Flight Lieutenant
Czajka, gallant Polish
pilot, receiving the
American Air Medal.



Polish Prime Minister Stanislaw Mikolajczyk's Broadcast to Warsaw, September 19, 1944

"The people jumped with joy in Warsaw—say dispatches—when yesterday at one in the afternoon the sky was darkened by a cloud of American Flying Fortresses accompanied by fighter planes and when the roar of engines stifled the din of German anti-aircraft artillery, and finally when falling containers began coming down with ammunition, medical supplies and food for which the heroic defenders of Warsaw had been waiting so long.

"I fully understand the joy which must have been felt in Warsaw when, on the 49th day of this bloody and terrible struggle against the Germans American airmen appeared over Warsaw. Warsaw, the heart and brain and center of Polish patriotism which is undergoing such bloody trials; Warsaw, the pride of the Polish nation, the headquarters of the resistance struggle and sacrifice in the five years' long fight against the German beast,—this Warsaw has finally become a living symbol of a united effort of representatives of the British Empire, the Soviet Union and U. S. A.

"Through clouds, wind and ice, over high mountains and in the dark of the night British and South African airmen flew towards Warsaw to give you arms to continue the struggle in districts you so bravely held. There was a time when it seemed that this was the task which even our Polish airmen were unequal to, though despite atmospheric conditions they volunteered for what was almost certain death, in order not to leave their brothers in need.

"At the most critical moment new British and Polish effort brought more help. Finally Soviet help also came. On September 12th the Soviet Air Force attacked the Luftwaffe which had been bombing Warsaw with impunity, and fresh supplies of arms and ammunition reached your hands. Soviet Forces and Polish units were fighting fiercely with the Germans in Praga, whose main centers you occupied during the first days of your rising but which overpowering German armies forced you to leave and where only three bodies of soldiers of the Home Army who fought in the struggle could be found.

"Today the Soviet Air Force is giving you air cover and Russian anti-aircraft artillery is shelling enemy forces. The Russians are already dropping some arms and food, thus making it possible to continue the fight. September 18 brought you considerable aid from Great Britain, supplied directly by American airmen who are well aware that their comrades shot down over Poland were saved by a unit of the Polish Home Army and shown a way to freedom.

"On behalf of the Polish Government, I acknowledge this help with the same gratitude which was expressed

by the Council of National Unity in telegrams to President Roosevelt, Churchill and Marshal Stalin, and at the same time I appeal for further help.

"General Bor in his telegram to Marshal Rokossovsky in which, in his own name and in that of the soldiers of the Home Army, he greeted the soldiers of the Soviet Army, who together with Polish units were approaching the gates of the capital, also appealed for further help.

"We are all aware that the ultimate liberation of Warsaw from the Germans, and the termination of the murderous activities of the enemy who continues to shell the city with his artillery and to attack the heroes of Warsaw, fighting in the ruins of the Polish capital against the Wehrmacht, depend on speedy victory by the armies under the command of Marshal Rokossovsky.

"Heroes of Warsaw! We have no time here in London to write the history of our endeavors, troubles and effort. We leave that to others. All of our time and entire effort and feelings are for you and with you. May this assurance satisfy you and let history decide where merits lie and where mistakes. Neither is it now the time to speculate how much smaller would be the losses if full cooperation of all had been brought about earlier. It remains a fact that today it exists and it bears fruit and leaves room for confidence that the struggle of a single city for a sixth part of the year which is without precedent in history of this war, will not be in vain.

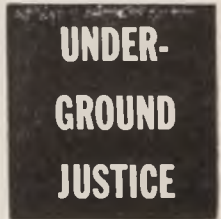
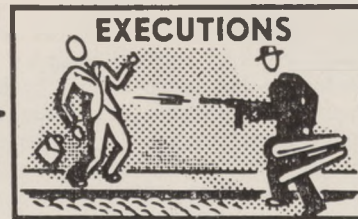
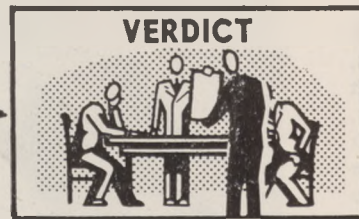
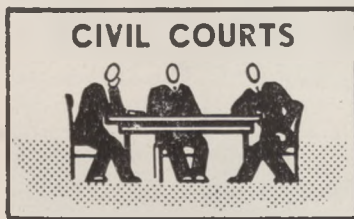
"It remains a fact that the name of Warsaw's heroic commander General Bor and of his men, is today world famous. That his cooperation with the Vice-Premier of the Home Council of Ministers of National Unity made it possible to organize the life of fighting Warsaw along democratic lines and to survive the nightmare of a lonely struggle. What is most important, however, is that the conscience of the world was awakened by the rumble of battle and the cries of the dying in fighting Warsaw. It was public opinion thus awakened which together with the political and military leadership of the United Nations placed itself at the side of Warsaw fighting against the Germans and led to cooperation in bringing it relief. If common understanding and cooperation will follow the examples of the case of Warsaw and will also apply to political problems, then after early victory over Germany, the path will be open to secure full freedom and independence for Poland; and the awakened conscience of the world will be convinced that the ideals of this war for which millions have given their lives will not have been meaningless."

"We will not give in! For such was the will of those going to their death, for such is the command of our Great Polish Cause, for such is and shall be our will!"

—"Gwardia Ludowa" (The People's Guard),
Polish underground monthly, November, 1943.

JAN KRYST—SOLDIER OF THE POLISH HOME ARMY

by MAR-JAS



This amazing first-hand report of justice meted out to Germans was received from Underground Poland. The assassination of four German Gestapo men described in the account took place before the uprising broke out in Warsaw on August 1, 1944. MAR-JAS is the pseudonym of a Polish underground correspondent.

THIS time the Underground Court of Judges chose the Warsaw night-club "Adria"—reserved for and popular with the Germans—in which to avenge the crimes of the Gestapo. The date was set for Saturday night when the place is even more crowded than usual. Each of the several hundred Germans who was to gather there was to learn that German crimes do not pass unpunished, that vengeance does overtake the criminals, seeking them out in a crowd with implacable relentlessness.

The avenger was doomed to die. To carry out his assignment and to force his way through a throng of armed Germans would obviously be an impossibility. Only a miracle could get him out safely.

And yet, there were many volunteers, countless soldiers and officers of the Polish Home Army.

First to volunteer was Janusz Kryst. He refused to allow anyone else to deprive him of this distinction. The choice simply had to fall on him.

Janusz Kryst, born April 6, 1922, in Modlin, graduate of the Technical School, boy scout, son of an old fighter of the Polish Socialist Party, had soldierly traditions in his blood.

To face death with arms in hand—such was the fate he dreamed of.

He went.

He was not alone in this suicidal mission. He did not know German—some one had to take him past the police guarding the entrance to the night-club. But he was the only one who was to sacrifice himself.

That particular night "Adria" was jammed with humanity. Even standing room was at a premium. Uniforms were in the majority.

Suffused by colored lights, hundreds of couples milled on the dance floor while the orchestra rent the smoky air with its blaring instruments. The huge room reeked of alcohol and barracks.

Directly opposite the orchestra, in the box off the dance floor, three Gestapo officers—a captain and two lieutenants—were drinking with a girl companion. A little further down were two non-coms from the same outfit. It would have been

difficult to find another group of such arch-gangsters in the night-club. The shots had to be accurate at a distance of 13 feet and aimed down toward the lowest box. Bullets could not strike those who had not been specified. No one save the Gestapo was to die.

The guard at the door certainly did not suspect that he was being watched by two people. Anyhow, at that very moment the orchestra sounded a fanfare, the lights were dimmed and a dancer in Hawaiian costume twirled onto the dance floor.

A huge circle of onlookers pressed closer together and edged towards the spectacle. The orchestra played a fast fox trot. Colored lights drizzled from the ceiling. Caught in the spotlight, the semi-nude figure swayed like an errant flame buffeted by the wind.

Then all of a sudden—a revolver shot rang out. Another. A third. A fourth. And two more. Bedlam broke loose. Screams drowned out the dying music. Scraping of chairs added to the confusion.

Jan Kryst stood, a pistol clutched in each hand. He had felled two Germans with perfectly aimed shots, but two soldiers seized him from the back, pinning his shoulders. However, he managed to shake his assailants off and fired two rapid shots. Two bodies tumbled to the floor like so many sacks. The crowd, pushing in panic, swayed and surged toward the walls. A mocking smile playing on his lips, a gun in each hand, Kryst headed for the exit, his eyes on the lookout for Gestapo insignia. He still had bullets to spare.

Had he shot them now, he would have been safe. The panic had not subsided. The barrels of his pistols swept the Germans out of his way. But Kryst wanted to shoot only members of the Gestapo. According to orders.

His colleagues in the doorway saw him approach. The policeman standing in his path of retreat also saw him. A shot barked from the side and the policeman slumped lifeless.

Just a few steps more. Leaflets fluttered over the room . . .

And then a tall, burly German jumped up from his table, seized the heavy marble table slab with both hands, lifted it into the air and struck Kryst in the back of the head.

Kryst was dead before he hit the floor. Another shot rang out on the steps, opening the way for only two people now.

Kryst had known that he would die. They weren't able to save him. He fell for his country.

Jan Kryst, soldier without fear, was posthumously decorated with the Cross of Valor by the Polish Commander-in-Chief in London.

"GENERAL BOR PUT UP A GRAND FIGHT"*

GENERAL BOR'S Home Army has again seized the offensive in certain parts of ruined Warsaw. German positions in Warsaw, now shelled by Russian artillery from across the Vistula in the Praga Suburb, have materially weakened. The enemy is also now forced to fight on two "fronts." The new attacks made by General Bor have prevented the enemy from consolidating his position along the western bank of the river. However, more than 80% of the Polish Home Army that rose on August 1 to liberate Warsaw has been killed in the violent six weeks' struggle, General Bor reports. The percentage of officers lost has been even greater.

Polish units also fight against terrific odds in the Czerniakow district of southern Warsaw. Fresh German troops are being sent into the capital to hold, at all costs, the western bank of the Vistula River. Strong German infantry units, supported by bombers, attacked but were driven back with heavy losses both to themselves and to the Home Army. Twenty-four German tanks were destroyed and more than 100 soldiers killed within two days of fighting by the Home Army. The German anti-aircraft defense of the city has also been weakened.

Allied airplanes aiding Warsaw have at last been given consent to land at Russian bases behind the Eastern Front. Heavy bombers of the United States Eighth Air Force, flying from Great Britain on September 18, established a shuttle delivery service to the Polish Home Army in Warsaw. Some escorting Mustang fighter planes also made the complete trip, while others turned back to Britain after bombing and strafing German positions in the capital. Four German planes were shot down in combat while three more were destroyed on the ground.

Red Air Force airplanes have also begun supplying Warsaw from the air. Arms, ammunition and food supplies have been received by General Bor. On September 14th, the Germans dropped packs of poisoned food over Polish-held districts of the city, but they fooled no one, for the identity of

* News of the final outcome of the latest Battle of Warsaw has not yet reached the United States as this issue of *The Polish Review* goes to press.



German SS troops are trying to dislodge soldiers of the Polish Home Army, who have taken their stands in the charred shell-pocked ruins of Warsaw.

the planes was immediately established.

In the northern suburb of Zoliborz, Germans have greatly strengthened their positions with fresh troops, but the Poles still hold Marymont despite constant enemy attacks. German infantry has been reinforced by the support of detachments of tanks, armored cars and dive bombers sent into the district.

German artillery in Warsaw and Russian guns in Praga daily engage in many duels across the Vistula River. Soviet artillery now has within its range the Warsaw Waterworks, the "Citadel," old czarist political prison, Fort Traugutt, the districts of Sadyba and Siekierki, and the Danzig railroad station. The Wilno station has been set on fire by the Germans.

The Germans continue their round the clock shelling of the central part of the city. A German tank attack was beaten back along Sikorski Avenue, and seven out of nine tanks were destroyed.

In the ruins of the "Old City" recently recaptured by the Germans, there are still about 100,000 Polish civilians who are neither given food by the Germans nor allowed to leave the district. Reports have come that all wounded civilians along with Home Army soldiers captured in the "Old City" have been executed by German firing squads. During one attack

on the Warsaw "down town" section, the Germans succeeded in taking a house on Czacki Street. When Polish soldiers recaptured it some two hours later, they found the bodies of 38 women, children and old men in it. German artillery and infantry along the Vistula have unsuccessfully attacked the Square of Three Crosses in the central part of Warsaw.

General Bor's forces again have taken the offensive near the House of Parliament or Sejm and on Ksiazeca Street. The Germans, meanwhile, have destroyed the Poniatowski Bridge and the Srednicowy railroad bridge that connect Warsaw with Praga, but some Russian detachments are reported to have crossed the river on pontoon bridges. A German pontoon bridge at the suburb of Czerniakow which is a main communication link with their detachments still on the eastern bank, is endangered by the Home Army.

The underground radio station, "Blyskawica," reports that the Germans have destroyed the Tomb of the Unknown Soldier in Pilsudski Square in order to make a thoroughfare for their tanks. The enemy is also reported entrenched in the ruins of the Stock Exchange Building.

Last reports received from General Bor state that the supplies dropped on September 18 by American heavy bombers gave the people of Warsaw strong new spirit to continue their gallant fight. The morale of Polish civilians in the capital became measurably stronger immediately after food was distributed, particularly in the northern part of downtown Warsaw where most of the supplies were dropped.

Sergeant A. Grasso of Paulsboro, N. J., one of the American flyers taking part in the action, reports that Warsaw is almost invisible from the air, for it is hidden by heavy, black clouds of smoke.

On September 19 and 20, only local patrol actions took place. The Luftwaffe did not attack Warsaw for the first time in many days. Apparently Soviet artillery and anti-aircraft batteries have made the air over Warsaw too dangerous for the dwindling German airforce to risk bombing Polish positions.

Soldiers of the Home Army continue to destroy German equipment, but have not yet been able to stop the bombard-



German barbed wire in the Sasaki Garden, Warsaw.

ment of the downtown district. Many civilians have been killed by this continual merciless fire from German guns.

In Zoliborz, Polish soldiers successfully repulsed all German attacks made on their positions. During battles that lasted two days, more than 24 German tanks and much motorized equipment was either destroyed or captured by the Poles.

Divisions of the Polish Home Army in the Kampinoski Forest, north of the city, destroyed German airplanes on the ground, as well as a quantity of motorized equipment, including anti-tank batteries and stores of small arms and ammunition. A Polish patrol operating in this forest surrounded and annihilated a German one.

General Wladyslaw Anders reports that his men of the Second Corps in Italy have voluntarily donated 25% of their pay toward a fund to aid the population of Warsaw. To date approximately \$350,000 have gone toward this fund.

Despite overwhelming losses, the Polish Home Army fights on and shall fight on until Warsaw, the capital of Poland is liberated. The world watches the unequal struggle with wonder.

"General Bor put up a grand fight," writes Edwin L. James in *The New York Sunday Times* of September 17, 1944.



Radiophoto showing smoke rising from ruined buildings in Warsaw during fighting between the Poles and Germans.

Press Association Inc.



German radiophoto from Stockholm showing a barricaded Warsaw street.

Press Association Inc.

The Last Attack of the Polish Campaign in 1939

by MIECZYSLAW PRUSZYNSKI

ON that cool evening of October 2, 1939, our battalion stood on the village road ready for a night march. The commander, Captain Miodowski, a fierce-looking man, walked to and fro with a couple of hand-grenades swinging from his belt.

"The direction of our march," he said, "will be toward Kock—in command of the forward patrol will be Second Lieutenant Pruszyński, who will call for volunteers—we may meet Germans on the way—if questioned answer with your bayonets—I shall be right behind the advance guard."

As we marched out of the village in the direction of Kock, we heard gun fire ahead. Fighting was already in progress. As night fell we made our way through the dark, cold and empty forest. It was well after midnight before we reached the further edge. Suddenly, our scouts halted and raised their carbines over their heads—the signal that enemy forces were approaching. By the wayside were three corpses over which the smell of burning flesh lingered strong. White crosses gleamed on the blackened German tanks. Part of our army must have passed here—clearing the way for us. The stench of those burned German bodies was almost pleasing to our nostrils.

Before daybreak we had already forded the river—I think it was the Wieprz—our soldiers had burned the bridge during the night. We reached a beautiful park owned by Count Zoltowski, from which we could see the town of Kock spread

before us. Divisional headquarters reported that yesterday the Germans had been driven from Kock and that our battalion could quarter and rest there. We were already falling asleep in our new billets when an unknown battalion marched up. Their officers looked stern and loud commands rang out. Captain Miodowski ordered us to move on to the next village.

Chaplain Bochenski, with whom I usually bunked, was saying his breviary when I fell asleep. Suddenly, I was awakened by the sound of firing. Cursing at this new interruption to our rest, we dressed hurriedly. All through September, I had never been able to make satisfactory arrangements with the German tanks—they always arrived when I was asleep. Father Bochenski, breviary in hand, ran from house to house awakening the soldiers. From then till evening the usual October see-saw fight took place. With others, I ran about the field, hid in ditches, heard the screams of the wounded. The field kitchen disappeared, the village rose in flames. It was called Syrokomla. Our army had repulsed German tanks which had made a surprise attack from the rear, but the Nazis had recaptured Kock.

October 4th dawned cold and foggy. Our positions had been stabilized—the Germans held Kock. An artillery duel was going on, but for every one of our shells, the Germans answered with ten.

I was sent out on patrol, to see whether the enemy was not hiding in the burned village. It was empty. The inhabitants had fled to the woods. Some geese wandered about in the cinders and rubble. An old man came out from the charred remains of a house, and I asked whether I couldn't buy them.

"Take them, sir," he replied, "their owners have died, the houses are burned, so who will deny you the geese?"

Our fat adjutant had disappeared somewhere with a report. He returned in the evening—he had taken part in a brush a neighboring battalion had had with the enemy—they had routed the Germans at the point of the bayonet, taking 100 prisoners and a few armored cars. There weren't enough drivers for all of the cars, so some had been soaked with gasoline and burned. Kock was ours again.

That night we moved West along a highway. Suddenly out of the dark shone a headlight. A German truck? The fifth column? It drove toward us. Someone barred the road, but the truck would not stop. It was one of our own. Mutual invectives followed.

"Have you gone mad—revealing the direction of our march to the Germans?"

"I'm taking a seriously wounded officer to the rear. I can't shake him to death over country roads," replied a voice. "What division are you?"

The following day, we reached the outskirts of Adamow. Soldiers were carrying loaves of bread from the village bakery. We hadn't had any for three days. Along the road stood ugly but powerful military cars. German staff cars, captured near Kock. Proudly our soldiers clambered aboard. That bread and those cars gave us new spirit.

"We'll recapture Lublin," someone said; another added, "We'll liberate Warsaw."

Irresistible Polish optimism! General Kleeberg had told

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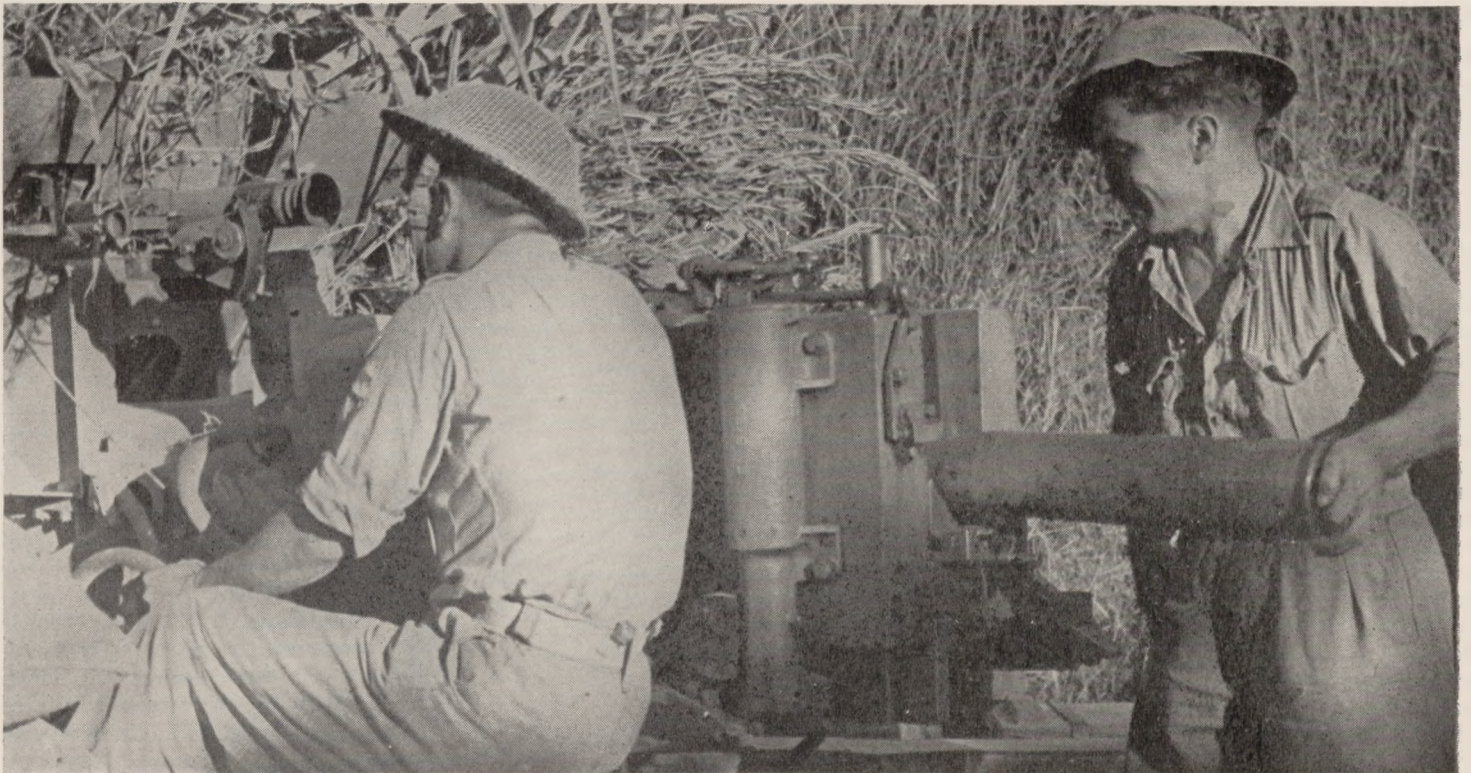


Polish infantry in 1939.

FROM THE POLISH FRONT IN ITALY



General Anders, commander of the Polish Second Corps in Italy, welcomes Prime Minister Churchill.



Polish anti-tank gun in Italy.

POLISH ARTISTS LOOK AT THE WAR

by DR. IRENA OTROWSKA

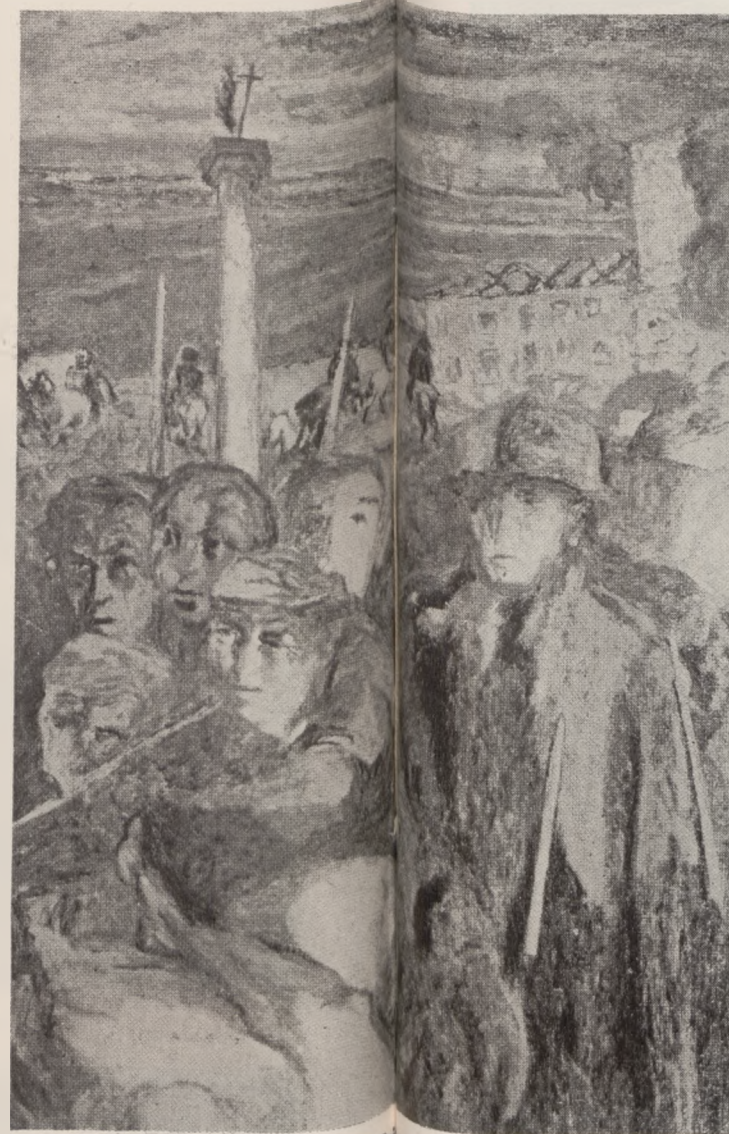


Sylwain Strakacz Collection
Polish Pilot by Andrzej Wart.

1915), to mention only the leading Polish nineteenth century painters of battle scenes. Each of them introduced new values into that art, and the artistic creativeness of each was a new stepping stone in its evolution.

In the restored Polish Republic many Polish horse and battle painters were active, and a considerable number of Polish battle-scenes was produced. But with a few notable exceptions, Polish artists who during that period selected equestrian models and battle scenes as their favorite motifs, were conservative painters and did not express the spirit of the time, which brought new interests and gave preference to other subject-matter. Most of the horse and battle painters who were active in the liberated Polish Republic, represented either the wars of by-gone ages or the insurrections of the late eighteenth and the nineteenth centuries, creating elaborate compositions that were not based on actual observation but on imagination supported by the study of the historical past and its art.

An entirely new phase in Polish battle painting opened with the present war. Naturally enough, this art may now be practiced only by those artists who



Warsaw, September 1939. Drawing by Henryk Gotlib. Detail.

The only large-size painting dedicated to Poland's fight for freedom that I know of is an allegorical painting in oil entitled *Warsaw, September, 1939*, created by Henryk Gotlib, now residing in London. This distinguished Polish artist was in England when the Germans attacked Warsaw and was stirred to paint his picture while the Germans were bombing Poland's capital. And truly, he created a work of art of great beauty and deep expression.

The large group of Polish war artists concentrating on drawings is headed by the world-famous Feliks Topolski, whose works have been found worthy to be included in the collections of the British Museum, the Victoria and Albert Museum, and the National Gallery in London. Born in 1907 in Poland, resident in London since 1935, this great draughtsman has since the outbreak of the war devoted his talent entirely to the representation of war scenes. His drawings collected in *Britain in Peace and War*, published in London in 1941 (Methuen and Co.) and provided with an introduction by James Laver, will remain a permanent document of the heroism of London of 1940. Aside from the ruins of the bombed city, aside from the home-



Poles in Russia, September 1941, by Feliks Topolski. From *Russia in War*.

SMALL wonder that Poland, who was compelled to wage numerous wars to defend her integrity through all her existence as an independent state, and who several times took up arms in insurrections during the one hundred and twenty-five years of foreign rule that followed her partitions, dedicated much of her painting to battle scenes. These first appeared during the Baroque period, but it was in the nineteenth century that Polish battle painters created their most outstanding masterpieces. This resulted from the fact that during that century many eminent Polish artists devoted their talents almost exclusively to painting horses and horsemen, preferably engaged in battles. In such representations Poland's chivalrous spirit has found a most appropriate artistic expression. Aleksander Orłowski (1777-1832) was the first Polish horse and battle painter to achieve international reputation. He was followed by Piotr Michałowski (1800-1850), Juliusz Kossak (1824-1899), and Jozef Brandt (1841-

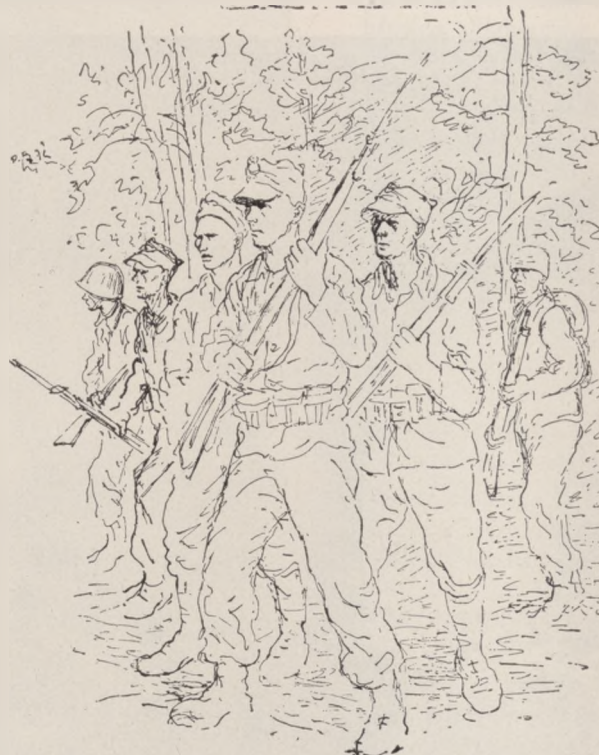


Illustration by Zdzislaw Czeremski for Kazimierz Wierzyński's *The Forgotten Battlefields*.

happened to be abroad when Poland was treacherously invaded in September, 1939, or by those who left their country to join the Polish Armed Forces which fight side by side with Poland's Allies. And it is only natural that the work of these artists does not consist of large and elaborate oil paintings showing the tumult of battles of old, where men and horses mingle and costly arms and armor glitter. Most of their work consists rather of drawings and sketches of scenes hastily recorded, that bring before our eyes the motorized warfare where the horse, which had formed an indispensable part of all Polish battle paintings of the past, seldom appears. To these scenes are added those showing the tragic effects of total war on civilian life in town and country.

less women and children, and the exhausted firemen, there frequently appear Polish soldiers, sailors, and airmen, who played such an important part in the defense of London. They are likewise encountered, together with many Polish civilians, on the pages of *Russia in War*, published in London in 1942 (Methuen and Co.) after Topolski had made a trip to war-torn Russia. Many of Topolski's most beautiful drawings are devoted to the Polish army, when it still was in Scotland. Now he is with the Polish Armed Forces in Italy, where he records the heroism of the victors of Monte Cassino and Ancona, their hopes and never-failing courage, their sorrows, loneliness, longings and sufferings.

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Night-flying. Polish Bombers, Winter 1940, by Feliks Topolski. From *Britain in Peace and War*.

POLISH ARTISTS LOOK AT THE WAR

(Continued from page 9)

While everything that Topolski draws is based on personal observation, his sketches represent something much more valuable than mere documents of World War II. Their artistic merit outdistances by far their documentary excellence. His drawings made by means of pen, crayon, pen or brush, operating with chiaroscuro effects in black and white, only at times enlivened by splashes of color, reach the summit of artistic perfection in draughtsmanship. In his introduction to *Britain in Peace and War*, James Laver compares Topolski to the greatest masters in that artistic domain, to Doré, Daumier, Guys, and Piranesi. Some English art critics commenting upon Topolski's illustrations and exhibitions, have not hesitated to place him alongside Goya and even Hogarth—so masterful is Topolski's line, so dynamic the movement of the human and animal figures he draws, so expressive the silhouettes he sketches. But the Polish art historian will recognize in Topolski's *oeuvre* still other affinities. He will sense immediately that this artist's creative work is deeply submerged in the long tradition of Polish horse and battle painting, and will forcibly be reminded of Aleksander Orłowski and Piotr Michałowski. Topolski forms an inseparable part of that tradition, and while he does not specialize in horse painting, whenever he draws a horse, he reveals himself a true master in this field, a master worthy of all his great predecessors.

A perfection in draughtsmanship equalling that of Topolski's drawings is attained in the numerous expressive illustrations by Zdzisław Czermański that bring home to us the unspeakable suffering and undaunted spirit of Warsaw under German occupation and the heroism of the Polish Armed



Polish Sailor on K.P. Duty by Aleksander Zyw.
From *Poles in Uniform*.



Polish Wac by Marian Walentynowicz.

Forces. A pupil of Kazimierz Sichulski, Czermański was introduced to the American public as early as 1932 by *Fortune Magazine*, which asked him to draw sketches of American life and invited him to come all the way from Poland to the United States. He remained in this country two years and became enormously popular among both art connoisseurs and laymen as political satirist. He was also a great success in France and England where he contributed drawings to the Paris-published *L'Illustration* and the English *Graphic*. In Poland he endeared himself to his countrymen through his cartoon biography of Marshal Piłsudski. The outbreak of the war found Czermański in Poland. He escaped to Lithuania, Sweden, Paris, and Rio de Janeiro, finally again reaching New York. In a series of colored drawings Czermański made a permanent record of the various stages of his tragic journey. They were shown at the Ferargil Galleries in New York and reproduced in *Fortune Magazine*. Those showing Warsaw under foreign occupation as well as many others produced afterwards and devoted to Underground Poland and the Polish Armed Forces, were among the most stirring. The artist's technical medium consists of a combination of pastel, pencil, and oils, and through the years has undergone only slight changes. But while ten and fifteen years ago he had attracted attention chiefly as an accurate and sharp observer who was able to render the desired atmosphere of the scene or the person represented by means of a few but relevant details—the strong impression made on the spectator

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POLES FIGHT ON THE FAR EASTERN FRONT TOO!

WHEN the 1939 Campaign ended, Polish soldiers refused to surrender. In their attempt to keep on fighting wherever and whenever possible, they were scattered all over the world. Some of these indomitable warriors found themselves in the Far East, one in China and several others on the Burma Front.

When Colonel Witold Urbanowicz, then a major, reached Chungking, from the Chinese front, he told a reporter of the Chinese News Service:

"I came here for a rest from a desk job in Washington; I shall go back to Washington and probably then to London with two great and valuable lessons I have learned here in China. The first is that Japanese pilots are definitely inferior to the Americans who, with the Chinese, have clear qualitative superiority. The second is that I, who have fought in Poland and Britain, understand that China is the toughest theatre of all. The men who can fight here can fight anywhere and can beat anyone anywhere in the world."

Colonel Urbanowicz, who was an assistant Polish Air attache in Washington when he asked for transfer to China and active service, continued: "General Chennault is an outstanding strategist and tactician, and he and his comrades taught me 50 per cent more than I knew before about air fighters. When more fighters and bombers arrive here, the enemy will be beaten decisively."

The Chinese News Service reports that Colonel Urbanowicz fought throughout the Battle of Changteh, shooting down two Japanese Zeros, damaging others and destroying 14 troop-laden launches on Tung Ting Lake. He dropped food and ammunition day after day to the besieged garrison in Changteh and accompanied bombers on scores of missions.

Singlehanded he fought off six Zeros one day only to find himself 120 miles from his base almost without gas. He made it back to the airfield in the dark with his engine coughing all the way.

Colonel Urbanowicz, after the end of the Polish campaign, found his way to England where he became one of the first leaders of famed Fighter Squadron 303 that spearheaded the R.A.F. defense of England in the decisive battle of



Colonel Witold Urbanowicz, Polish ace.

Britain.

"I am proud," he said, concluding the interview, "to have fought with the two best schools in the world—the British and the American-Chinese."

For his achievements, Colonel Urbanowicz was commended by both Major-General Claire L. Chennault, commander of the 14th American Air Force and General Chow Chih-jou, Director of the Commission on Aeronautical Affairs of the National Military Council. General Chow's letter of commendation to the Polish Colonel reads as follows:

"It is a pleasure to say a word of appreciation on your leaving China. You came voluntarily to China to serve with the American fighter units and distinguished yourself in air combats with the Japanese over the Yangtze regions by your skill and bravery. I particularly note your destruction of two Japanese Zeros over Nanchang on December 11, 1943, regarding which General Chennault has given his word of commendation.

"As you are leaving China for England to join the Polish Air Force, I cannot but express my regret for the loss of help from a friend and well-wisher of China. Please accept my wishes for good luck and success in your new assignment."

Colonel Urbanowicz's going halfway across the world to help the Chinese in their valiant struggle, was his way of repeating the old Polish battle cry, "For our freedom and for yours!"

In the name of this slogan other Poles made their way to other distant battlefronts.

Several years ago, a number of Polish Army officers were assigned to train detachments of Negro troops in British West Africa. After carrying out their work most creditably, some of them were sent East where they now have command of their African regiments in the India-Burma Theatre of War. A letter from one of these Polish officers describes their work and living conditions in the Far East. It was recently sent to the editor of a Polish Soldiers' Weekly published in England.

"There aren't many of us Polish Paratroops. There is a handful in England, some in West Africa, Italy and Burma. I belong to those on the latter front.

"Naturally, I shall start by speaking of the weather. It is indescribably hot here. I thought that I had become accustomed to tropical climate during my stay in West Africa, Sierra Leone and Nigeria, but much to my sorrow I found that I had not!

"The sun here is so powerful that at times one's mind and body simply refuse to function any longer. Even the natives stay within their huts during the heat of the day, not moving out unless it is absolutely necessary. Sometimes we soldiers can also rest for a while. We lie on our army cots in an airy bamboo hut. Far more often, however, we have to go on long marches, or travel from place to place in shabby old cars, or worst of all

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Polish instructor with his soldiers in Burma.

Polish Young Woman Decorated for Bravery



Stanislawa Biernacka of a Polish Canteen Unit as she was decorated with the Cross of Valor for conspicuous bravery under fire.

(OWI Radiophoto)

POLISH ARTISTS LOOK AT THE WAR

(Continued from page 10)

by his newer masterpieces is due to the artist's ability to combine biting sarcasm with true lyricism. As Czermanski proceeds in his evolution, the lyrical element seems to take the upper hand more and more, the outline becomes broader, the color harmonies are calmer.

Most recently, Czermanski has contributed extremely beautiful, sensitive, and deeply moving pen drawings for *The Forgotten Battlefields* by Kazimierz Wierzynski, just published in New York (Roy Publishers, Fall, 1944). These drawings for the series of short stories about the war in Poland in 1939, written by one of Poland's greatest poets and writers, are devoid of his former satirical approach. In this, his newest accomplishment, lyricism reigns supreme—only at times giving way to epic strength and decision.

Of the younger battle painters, let us mention Zdzislaw Ruszkowski, a promising artist with the Polish Armed Forces, author of the ink drawings *At the Warsaw Front, September, 1939* and *On the Barricades, September, 1939*, and other animated battle scenes. Another young Polish war artist, Jozef Natanson, decorated with black silhouette drawings, expressive and ornamental at the same time, *The Fight for Narvik*, containing impressions of the Polish Campaign in Norway, written by Karol Zbyszewski and published in England in 1941 (Lindsay Drummond). Charming in their simplicity and realistic in detail, are the pen drawings by Marek Zulawski for *Polish Navy* (London and Watford, The Sun Engraving Co., Ltd., 1944); truthful and accurate are Aleksander Zyw's sketches for *Poles in Uniform* (London, Thomas Nelson and Sons, 1943); highly expressive are those by H. Weclawowicz depicting Polish soldiers wounded after a battle in Italy; tender are the drawings of Polish pilots by Andrzej Wart, who is also known as author of projects for

stained glass windows dedicated to the unshaken faith of Polish fighters for their country's freedom.

The Polish Armed Forces also abound in cartoonists. Thus, Stanislaw Dobrzynski's forceful caricatures ridiculing the enemy were recently exhibited in Cairo. But above all, let us not overlook the comic cartoons by Marian Walentynowicz, which combine humor and charm. This artist never fails to find something amusing and truly entertaining in the life of the enterprising Polish warrior, who, while courageous and dutiful, is ever ready for a romantic escapade.

A list of soldier-artists designing war posters and photomontages on the Polish war effort would be long indeed. Edward Matuszczak, the Haarow brothers, S. Mlodnicki, and S. Westfalowicz are among them. To these Polish names let us add that of Teresa Zarnower, Polish refugee-artist, now in New York, creator of excellent photomontages showing the defense of Warsaw in 1939, and that of Wladyslaw T. Benda, Polish-American artist, designer of sentimental posters for the Polish War Relief Fund.

Of course, it is impossible to mention here all the Polish artists of merit who, while fighting, find time and spiritual strength to paint what they see and feel. Glaring omissions are unavoidable. We have been able to list only those accomplishments of Polish war artists that happened to come to our attention thanks to illustrated books or reproductions and press comments in papers and magazines published wherever Poles have landed in their fight "For Our Freedom and For Yours."

There is no doubt that posterity will place many of these battle sketches and drawings jotted down by eyewitnesses alongside those which were made during the first Polish Uprising in 1794 by Aleksander Orłowski when he was still very young, and which remained the most valuable creations of his long and successful career.

Polish Armed Forces and the Polish Underground Unite in the Battle for France

ALL branches of the Polish Armed Forces—an armored division, paratroops, the Polish Air Force, the Navy,—and even an underground army now fight with the Allies on the Western Front.

Polish parachute troops, under the command of American General Lewis H. Brereton, landed far behind the lines in Holland on September 17. They were part of an Allied Airborne Army that was dropped from more than 1,000 troop carriers and gliders.

Cruisers and destroyers of the Polish Navy patrol the French coasts and the Bay of Biscay. The Polish destroyer, *Piorun* (Thunder-Bolt), has delivered arms, ammunition, food and medical supplies at certain points along the Bay shore to French Forces of the Interior fighting in the southwestern provinces.

The First Polish Armored Division along with infantry regiments attached to the Canadian First Army, has been in the field since the first days of the Invasion! Latest successes of these Poles have included crossing into Holland and the taking of Hulst and several other Dutch towns. Recently, these same tank troops took Ypres in Belgium, famous for the World War I battles waged there. Ypres inhabitants greeted the Poles most enthusiastically, showering them with flowers and offering precious wine, eggs and fruit hidden from the retreating Germans. A large red and white flag was run up on historic Ypres Cathedral.

The Mayor, long a hostage of the Germans, wept with joy when liberated by General Maczek's soldiers. But, the Poles could not linger long. The chase after the routed Germans was still on in full force. Soon, the Poles were at the Ghent Canal.



Commander of a Polish tank unit in France.

This Polish Armored Division has also taken part in earlier Allied victories in Normandy and Brittany. One of the most successful military actions in which these Poles participated was the taking of the vital French city of Chambois.

After capturing the valley of the Dives River, the Poles pursued retreating German divisions for two days. To the south were American and French divisions under General LeClerc and to the west a British Corps, while next to the Poles a Canadian Division pressed after the Germans.

At first the Germans seemed to be retreating without putting up a fight, but one night a hurricane of German fire broke over the Polish troops. The Germans, knowing that they were surrounded, tried to break out through Polish lines. The remnants of 16 German divisions, five of them panzers, made a violent, desperate gamble for freedom. German generals tried to get out in "Panther" and "Goliath" tanks, shooting wildly and at random as they drove toward Polish positions. After the German generals came other officers and anyone else who still had gas in his tank. Some even hitched horses to their stalled armored cars.

Polish lines near Chambois bore the brunt of German fire from field artillery, mortars, machine guns and tanks, but the Poles responded with an even greater barrage. Then, another German division came from the east, and Polish positions were caught between two fires. Their supply lines to the rear were cut. Ammunition and other supplies ran low. Polish wounded had to be left in the field where they had fallen with only first aid treatment. One German general, captured
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Polish motorized lancers relax under their tank. France, 1944.

THE LAST ATTACK OF THE POLISH CAMPAIGN IN 1939

(Continued from page 6)

me three days ago that Warsaw had fallen, that the Government and Rydz-Smigly had been interned in Rumania for more than a week, that in Paris the new Prime Minister General Sikorski was already forming a Polish Army.

New quarters, and we immediately fell into bed. Only Father Bochenski shaved, preparatory to saying mass in church. His strength is limitless. All night he marches with us, keeping up the men's spirits with his ever ready wit, and all day he prays. When he sleeps is a mystery. That afternoon came the high moment of the day—division of the bread ration. There weren't many loaves and our commander didn't know how many of us were left, so he brought it to our bivouac and there before our eyes he divided it mathematically. Immediately after that we abandoned Adamow, going in the direction of a little village called Krzywda. Again the road lead through the forest. We halted and rested in a ditch beneath the trees, waiting as usual for the war to catch up with us. The leaves were already changing from their summer green to a lovely rust red and pale gold. The traditionally beautiful Polish autumn! The sun set behind the woods—a strangely red sunset that spilt blood over the sky.

"And blood will be spilt over the earth tomorrow," a pessimist voiced our thoughts.

Our orders were to entrench at the edge of the forest. The Germans were already in Adamow. Near a forester's hut we passed the familiar figure of General Kleeborg, our group commander, in reality Commander-in-Chief of the Armies of Poland for the past 18 days. We saluted. He recognized me, probably by my great black beard which had been growing since mobilization.

As we changed guard that night, I noticed that the Germans a thousand yards away in Adamow were firing Vevey lights that made the fields as bright as day. We laid flat on the ground so as not to be seen. On our return to the dug-out at the edge of the wood: supper of potatoes boiled by a forester's wife in a common dish shared by all the officers. We had hardly begun when a tank alarm called us out again. We ran into the darkness. Across the field some huge and noisy thing rolled straight for us. We were all set to let fly with our machine-guns, but at that moment the moon came out from behind the clouds and we saw a train of our own horses and supply wagons that had got lost in the black night and had stumbled upon the enemy. They were retreating. I returned to the dugout but the bowl of potatoes was empty.

October 6th, a bright, sunny morning. We dug more trenches along the forest's edge. About ten, our sentries warned of the enemy's approach. A train of trucks was moving on the horizon. They unloaded soldiers—German soldiers—and started firing, but their shots went wild. By noon they were already settled in the village opposite us.

Captain Miodowski called our company commanders. "We shall attack, but first the artillery must lay down a barrage."

"I'll do whatever I can," our captain replied skeptically. When he gave the orders we ran toward the village. Every-

one knew that he must gain as much ground as possible before the Germans opened fire. Their machine guns were already clattering away, but were firing too rapidly for accuracy. We ran on. Someone fell and groaned. I dropped to the ground for a second's rest. Then we plunged on, shots now whistling closer. More of our men fell on the stubble. Our one objective was to reach a meadow where some bushes and ditches gave cover. Only 100 yards more, then only fifty, then we fell into the nearest irrigation ditch utterly exhausted. For a moment I forgot all about the Germans, even about my own command. Everything went black, I was simply knocked out. That lasted only a few seconds.

Raising my head, I saw the backs of enemy soldiers retreating toward the village. We must press our attack. Two of my men crawled up wounded for first aid treatment. I divided my one remaining bandage and tied up their wounds.

German fire from the village had been deadly. Out of 30 odd men in a section, only 11 remained. One of our lieutenants was missing. He must have fallen. I crawled toward my second in command, Zakrzewski. Together we tried to determine the Germans' position. Zakrzewski suddenly gasped, "I'm hit." A bullet had pierced his chest, going out through his back. I pulled off his jacket and ripped his shirt into bandages to stop that gushing blood. Then I ordered two soldiers to carry him back to the woods. Now there were only eight of us. Losses in the neighboring section had been almost as heavy. German artillery kept up its pounding. Fountains of black earth and mud gushed up from the marshy meadow. We gave up all thoughts of further advance. I decided to retreat so as to save our wounded while there was yet time.

We ordered our soldiers to crawl back along the irrigation ditches to the forest. I myself fell into a bog so deep that for a minute I thought I was drowning. When I finally got out, I found myself alone, far behind the others who were already out of the meadow. My strength was gone. I felt I couldn't crawl through those ditches any more, and I was too tall to walk through even stooping over. My only recourse was to wait for sundown. The enemy had stopped shooting. It was now quiet, almost peaceful. Only now I noticed a group of cows grazing on the meadow. Near them the yellow heads of two farmhands showed through the grass. Then, my breath stopped. Out of the bushes German soldiers were moving cautiously in my direction with automatic pistols in their hands. It was only a patrol of five soldiers, but I was still too weak to defend myself. I didn't care what happened. I just lay where I was. They passed by, without seeing me. No wonder. From head to foot, I was smeared with mud from that marsh.

After sunset I rejoined my battalion in the forest. Captain Miodowski returned from divisional headquarters.

"Well, it's all over," he said, "the General has accepted their terms and agreed to lay down our arms. Since morning our artillery has been out of ammunition, and for the last three days we haven't had medical supplies, half our wounded are dying from lack of care."

The attack made by our battalion was the last of the 1939 campaign. It was October 6th, 1939.

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during the height of the battle, had to be put into a Polish tank attacking German lines. There was no time to send him to the rear.

After a two-day fight, the Poles supported by Allied planes completely routed the Germans. Then the problem was to contact the American forces, in order to make a joint attack on Chambois. Three tanks were sent out with orders not to return until contact had been made with the Americans. When the latter sighted the three "Cromwell" tanks, similar at a distance to German "Tigers," they turned all their guns on the Poles. Knowing the accuracy of American fire, the Poles pulled out a white flag without further delay. The Americans celebrated the joining of forces with champagne toasts. With Polish armor and American infantry soldiers fighting side by side for Chambois, success was inevitable.

Polish units of the R.A.F. have also been in action over France from the very first day of invasion. In fact, for almost five years they have helped "soften up" German positions in Western Europe. As soon as the Allied ground forces had established a beach head, the bases of these fliers were moved to France to the vicinity of Caen. Patrols provide air cover for Allied troops from daybreak until long after dark, but German planes have long become a rare sight over the Western Front. The Allies are in complete control of the air there.

Still other Poles—an underground army—fight in France. The *New York Times* reports:

"The existence of a Polish underground army in France, 20,000 strong, was disclosed today by its leader, Alexander Kawalkowski, who has come into the open after having worked secretly in France during the occupation.

"The Polish forces not only aided their French Allies in the liberation of France," he said, "but also participated in the second battle of London by helping to sabotage German flying bomb operations.

"Acting as secret agents for the British," Mr. Kawalkowski said, "the Polish Underground discovered more than 160 camouflaged flying bomb launching bases and reported to London on the success of bombing attacks on these bases."

"The Polish forces in France were recruited from among the nearly 500,000 Poles in France, most of whom are miners, who emigrated from Westphalia. Before the war, Mr. Kawalkowski was a Polish consul in charge of the problems of these Polish citizens."

A Polish war correspondent reports from Paris that the Polish flag again flies from the Polish Embassy there. The Delegate of the Polish Government, who remained in France throughout the occupation, is once again openly working in his office. A German Propaganda Institute was housed there, while the Polish Library was completely destroyed by the Germans. A Polish resistance movement, called "The organization to fight for independence," was created in France by order of the Polish Government early in 1940. It is large and well-organized.

After four years of underground fighting, soldiers of this organization came out into the open. On August 21, they took possession of the Embassy, the Consulate, and the Polish Library. They defended the Embassy against the Germans for an entire week.

Polish detachments also fought in the suburbs of Argenteuil, St. Denis and Aulney. Before the liberation of Paris, this secret Polish organization lost many of its soldiers of both sexes during its numerous fights with the enemy. If they were captured alive, the Gestapo tortured them mercilessly. One woman member was hung by her wrists, thrown into the water and had the soles of her feet burned, but she did not give away any information whatsoever. The exploits of this organization have become legendary. At present most of the men were volunteering to join the Polish Armored Division now fighting in Holland.

POLES FIGHT ON THE FAR EASTERN FRONT TOO!

(Continued from page 11)

we must do some hated clerical work in battery headquarters.

"Fortunately, military rules prescribing officers' dress are not strict here, so we often work and fight without our shirts, attired only in shorts and a 'bush hat.' Only our sergeant-major wears his military rank, a crown and laurel wreath, on his right arm just above the elbow. Before the war, he worked in a lumber concern that used to import pine-wood from the Wilno district of Poland.

"Even our Negro soldiers feel the heat. 'Plenty hot, isn't it?' They ask one another, replying, 'Hotter even than Nigeria!'

"The region where we are stationed is most beautiful, but is somewhat spoiled by the natives who do not keep it too clean. The road we use most frequently is marked on the map 'motorable in dry season!' It is wide and hardsurfaced, but becomes a nightmare in dry weather when scores of military transports traveling to and fro from our port raise veritable clouds of dust. After going a few miles along this road, we become as dark as the natives. Fortunately, tea rations in the British Army are inexhaustible. Often this 'nectar' is

the one thing that keeps us going despite the heat and the dust. Half of my battery had to march ten days through the jungle carrying 60-pound packs on their heads. These packs contained ammunition and various small arms. One of my officers lost 27 pounds during this march.

"Several days ago, I met one of my Polish colleagues who spent three months in the Kaledan Valley. Although he had just returned from a 350-mile march, he felt fine, but was tired of eating only 'bully beef.' When he had a free moment, he fished in the river. A Polish doctor had accompanied my colleague on the trip. They admitted that the only Japs they had seen were two prisoners. Nevertheless, many are flushed out of their jungle thickets by our natives who know the terrain even better than the yellow race.

"One of my patrols took some by surprise at noon one hot day and sent them a couple of hand-grenades for dessert. Unfortunately, the action cost us one British junior officer.

"Life goes on like this here under the burning sun and blue sky of Burma and India. Sometimes a few numbers of Polish soldiers' papers come via air transport to brighten the monotony of our life."

Message to Churchill, Roosevelt, Stalin from Polish Council of National Unity in Warsaw Calls For Increased Allied Help for Uprising

The following message, addressed to Prime Minister Churchill, President Roosevelt and Premier Stalin by the Polish Council of National Unity in Warsaw, has been received by Polish Premier Stanislaw Mikolajczyk in London:

“On the forty-fifth day of the struggle of the people of Warsaw for the freedom of the capital and of Poland, witnessing the first sign of effective assistance in the form of air cover and the dropping of arms and food, the Council of National Unity states that this help has brought great relief to Warsaw.

“The Council of National Unity stresses the unbreakable will of the people of Warsaw and of Poland to fight the Germans to the end for the freedom and independence of their country; but in order to carry on this fight the soldiers of the Home Army must have equipment.

“The Council of National Unity therefore appeals fervently for the continuous dropping of arms, ammunition and food, for a permanent air cover, and for the bombing of German centers of aggression. The enemy is attacking the city with steadily reinforced formations. The lack of quick and effective help may be disastrous.”