THE POLISH REVIEW

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MAIN FEATURES

VOL. IV. No. 38
OCT. 11, 1944

Polish paratroops who played an active part in the air invasion of Holland near Arnhem.

BY THE PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA

A PROCLAMATION

WHEREAS, it is especially fitting at this time, when the vandals of the western world have been pushed back to their own frontiers, that we pay homage to the indomitable spirit of the Poles who were the first to take up arms against the aggression of our common foe; and

WHEREAS, that spirit is typified by Count Casimir Pulaski, a Polish patriot who came from overseas to fight for the freedom of America and gallantly gave his life on October 11, 1779, as a result of wounds received at the siege of Savannah; and

WHEREAS, by a joint resolution approved September 7, 1944 (Public Law 422, 78th Congress), the Congress has authorized me "to issue a proclamation calling upon officials of the Government to display the flag of the United States on all governmental buildings on October 11, 1944, and inviting the people of the United States to observe the day in schools and churches, or other suitable places, with appropriate ceremonies in commemoration of the death of General Casimir Pulaski."

NOW, THEREFORE, I, FRANKLIN D. ROOSEVELT, President of the United States of America, do hereby proclaim October 11, 1944, the one hundred and sixty-fifth anniversary of the death of General Pulaski, as General Pulaski's Memorial Day; I call upon officials of the Government to have the American flag displayed on all governmental buildings on that day; and I invite the people of the United States to observe the day with appropriate commemorative ceremonies in schools and churches, or other suitable places.

IN WITNESS WHEREOF, I have hereunto set my hand and caused the seal of the United States of America to be affixed.

(SEAL)

DONE at the City of Washington this 21st day of September, in the year of our Lord nineteen hundred and forty-four, and of the Independence of the United States of America the one hundred and sixty-ninth.

FRANKLIN D. ROOSEVELT

By the President:
CORDELL HULL
Secretary of State.

"I welcome the opportunity to pay tribute to the heroism and tenacity of the Polish Home Army and the population of Warsaw, who after five years of oppression yet fought nearly two months to contribute all in their power to the expulsion of the Germans from the capital of Poland."

—Prime Minister Winston Churchill addressing the House of Commons on September 26, 1944.

CASIMIR PULASKI, A SOLDIER OF LIBERTY*

by **PROFESSOR CLARENCE A. MANNING**

Acting Executive Officer, Department of East European Languages, Columbia University

WHEN Casimir Pulaski arrived on the American scene, he was only thirty years of age but he was already one of the famous and notorious officers of Europe. He had crowded into a few years surprising adventures and he had suffered extraordinary changes of fortune. From that day in 1768 when he had joined with his father and the other members of his family in an attempt to expel from Poland the Russian garrisons tolerated by the cultured but weak king of the country, Stanislas Poniatowski, his life had been anything but quiet and monotonous. He had given up the normal pastimes of a young Polish gentleman for his country's liberty and he had paid dearly for his efforts. His father had died in a Turkish prison. One brother had been killed almost at his side. Another brother had been carried away into captivity in the interior of Russia. His mother had been compelled to flee from her home in disguise and countless cousins and other relatives had paid with their lives for daring to believe that their country might be free.

Statue of Casimir Pulaski in Washington, D. C.

Pulaski landed in Marblehead, Massachusetts, on July 23, 1777, but he was in no mood for lingering and sightseeing. For the first time in five years he had a chance to serve in an army and he pushed on to American headquarters. He had letters of introduction from the various French leaders. He had with him the first letter to LaFayette from the latter's wife, since that gallant young leader had set sail for America.

More than that Pulaski had an abundance of ideas for his own employment in the American service. His chief dream was somehow to create a force of cavalry with supporting infantry detachments and operating more or less independently ahead of the American lines.

The battle of Brandywine found him with the Army. He had no command but was acting as a volunteer aide to Washington. Yet this was no excuse for him to remain inactive

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* Condensed from the *Quarterly Bulletin of the Polish Institute of Arts and Sciences in America, January*, 1944.

Casimir Pulaski monument in Savannah, Georgia.

CASIMIR PULASKI, A SOLDIER OF LIBERTY

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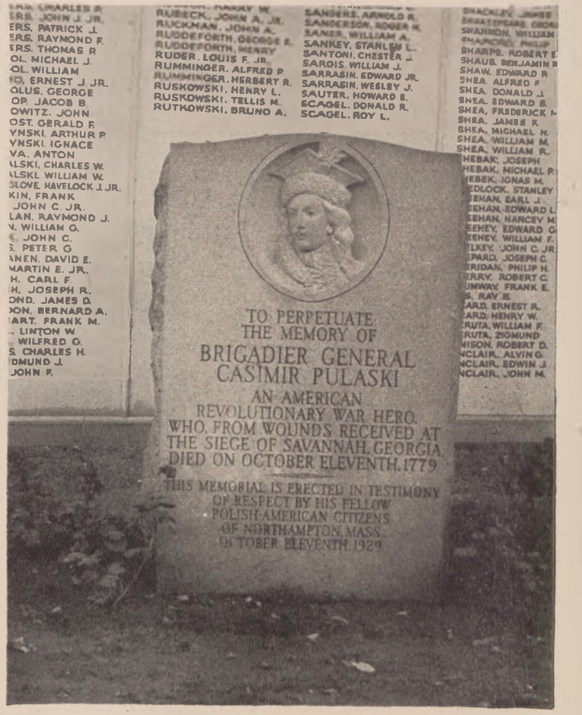
and to stay around headquarters to criticize the measures that were being adopted by the army leaders. He had his own ideas and as the Americans were forced to fall back, he secured permission from Washington to take command of the latter's cavalry guard. Despite all differences in training and language, he used the few cavalry at his disposal so well in covering the American retreat that he came out of the battle with an enviable reputation.

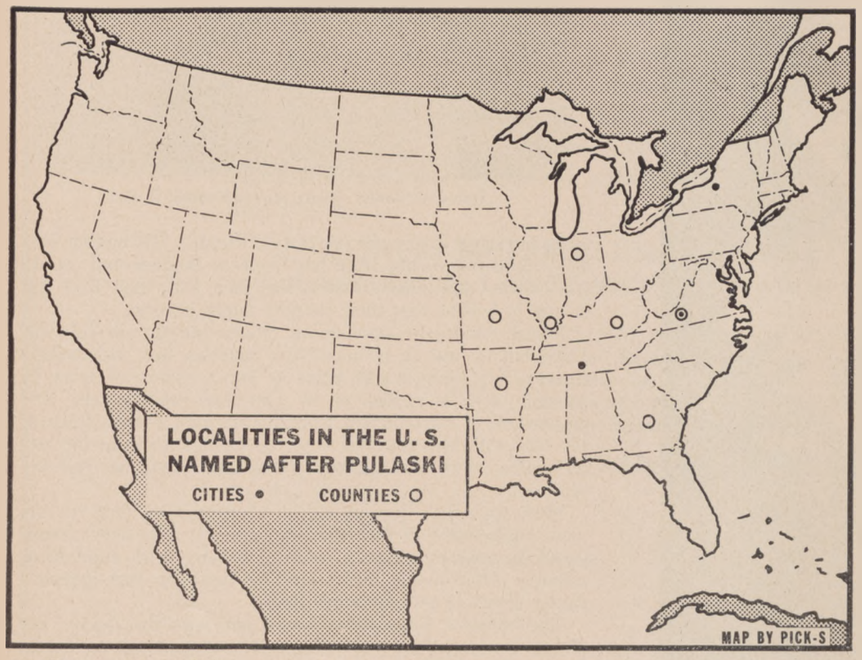
On his first action, he had become an American hero. Congress lost no time in acting. It had been favorably impressed by the zeal of the young Pole and by his willingness to lead strange troops and risk his reputation almost before he had started to make one and on September 15, 1777, it gave him the desired post as Brigadier General.

The terrible winter of Valley Forge was approaching and the American army was compelled to withdraw into winter quarters. Pulaski in vain objected and he was seconded by one or two of the more daring officers. He remembered the many winter campaigns that he had fought in Poland and he pleaded that he be allowed to keep part of his men in the field or even to attack Philadelphia over the ice and amid the snow. It did not suit Pulaski's idea of warfare to allow the British to stay quietly in warm winter quarters while the Americans were out on the desolate hills, and starving.

His cavalry was located for the winter near Trenton, however, and here he set to work to whip them into shape. He wrote countless letters to Washington and to Congress, begging, requesting, demanding the necessary supplies and horses. He designed a new saddle, he scoured the country for material for lances, he urged that various articles be ordered in France and expressed his willingness to undertake the purchase. He argued that severe steps should be taken against the Tories and against all those people who were willing to sell supplies to the British and hesitated about accepting the depreciating continental currency. For Pulaski



Memorial to Casimir Pulaski in Northampton, Massachusetts. The memorial was unveiled by Calvin Coolidge, former President of the United States, on October 11, 1929.



There are Pulaski Counties in the States of Arkansas, Georgia, Illinois, Indiana, Kentucky, Missouri, and Virginia. The States of New York, Tennessee, and Virginia have cities named after Pulaski.

the situation was clear. All who were not active in the cause of freedom were potentially disloyal to the new country and should be treated with small consideration. He was in America to fight for liberty and if he, a newcomer, would risk his life, the population should at least supply the requisite means.

Late in February, 1778, Pulaski was ordered to gather what troops he had available and join General Wayne near Haddonsfield, New Jersey, in an effort to drive off some British raiding detachments and allow the safe convoy of some cattle to the American lines. His first news of this plan came from General Wayne and Pulaski alternately sent defiant messages that he would not move and made herculean efforts to get to the scene of action. Finally he appeared with some forty horsemen and between his outbursts of irritation, he struck so hard and so rashly at the British that even Mad Anthony Wayne, who was known for his daring, was obliged to try to check his fiery charges. The expedition was a success and Pulaski, though he had his horse shot under him, escaped unhurt, and received the unstinted praise of Wayne.

Yet he was not satisfied. He was tired of the constant work of organizing the cavalry without proper resources. He was sick of his constant fighting with some of his officers and on his return from the battle of Haddonsfield, he sent in his resignation to Washington but he had no intention of giving up the struggle for American independence. Instead he revived his old plan of an independent Legion and he secured Washington's approval of the new organization.

It was then for Congress and the Board of War to meet and approve it. Small as it was, the Legion was to be Pulaski's own. He was allowed to choose his own officers, to recruit his own men, and to arm and equip them as he would, provided he could get the necessary supplies. He had his paymaster and his own staff who were working in various cities and in contact with various state governments. He even had his own funds, for his family in Poland were apparently satisfied that his visit to America was not a reckless venture as had been his trip to Turkey and they sent him what money they could. His headquarters were in Baltimore but from there he travelled extensively supervising every detail of the training and equipment of the men, selecting horses, designing uniforms, and leaving no stone unturned to hasten the entrance of the Legion into active operations.

Finally the signal was given to march and Pulaski was ordered to take the Legion through New Jersey to New York. He wanted permission to cross the Hudson and operate against the main British base at New York. Yet before he reached his destination, his orders were changed and the Legion was sent to the New Jersey coast to prevent British raids on various ports that were

This five-mile express elevated highway between Newark and Jersey City in New Jersey, was named the *Pulaski Skyway* as a tribute to the Polish hero who gave his life for American freedom.

Arcade of Fort Pulaski, Cockspur Island, Savannah, Georgia. The Fort Pulaski National Monument embraces 537 acres and encloses one of the best preserved fortresses constructed for coastal defense during the first half of the 19th century. Robert E. Lee, then a young engineer recently graduated from West Point, helped in preliminary surveys.

receiving supplies for the American Army. It was in this region at Egg Harbor that the Legion received its baptism of fire.

Early in May Pulaski and his men galloped into Charleston and the infantry arrived about the same time. It was none too soon. The British were demanding the surrender of the city and a considerable part of the citizens, discouraged at the possibility of resistance, were in favor of surrendering or of trying to make some kind of terms. The arrival of the Legion and the spirit of Pulaski changed the mood of the influential men of the city. Pulaski and Col. John Laurens appeared before the Governor and Council and declared that they would not allow the surrender anyway and their attitude was seconded by General Moultrie who was in command of the South Carolina forces.

Patriotic enthusiasm carried the day and then Pulaski decided to turn words into actions. He led out the Legion, almost without giving it rest, against the numeri-

(*Please turn to page 15*)

Polish Home Army Ends Seventh Week of Battle for Warsaw*

WARSAW fights on! General Bor-Komorowski and the Polish Home Army hold firmly in several parts of the city despite strong German artillery fire and a critical lack of military supplies and of food.

The Kierbedz Bridge that spanned the Vistula in the heart of the city has been blown up by the Germans. Near the bridge, in the central part of the city, the Germans have not yet let up their withering round-the-clock fire from artillery, mortars, machine-guns and even heavy cannon mounted on railway trucks.

All three main Polish military headquarters in Warsaw now have Soviet liaison officers who keep the Red Army in Praga closely informed by radio of Underground successes. Polish-Russian contact has now been so well established that the Home Army often directs Soviet artillery fire across the river.

Soldiers of the Polish Home Army swear allegiance to the Polish flag.

In a desperate attempt to hold at all costs the western bank of the Vistula, German units are digging in along the highway that runs parallel to the river. Caught between two fires, the Germans have been forced to dig two lines of these trenches, one facing the Vistula and Russian positions opposite, and the other facing west toward Polish Home Army strongholds.

To the south, the Germans attacked Polish units along Pulawska Street, a main north-south thoroughfare. In the southern suburb of Mokotow, Polish soldiers successfully attacked a column of the Hermann Goering Division. General Bor-Komorowski reports that 40 German troops were killed and one enemy tank as well as a number of military cars were destroyed. Much equipment was taken by the Poles. Newly constructed German fortifications have been found in this southern area. The Germans are also digging in around the Dombrowski Fort and the Belvedere Express Highway in the south, but Soviet artillery has found the range.

Many German units are being thrown into Mokotow in a desperate effort to hold all main north-south routes of transportation and defense in the city, so that escape will be possible at all times. The Viking SS, Elite Guard, Sude-Franconian and Hermann Goering Divisions are all in southern Warsaw.

Great battles are also still being waged to the north and west in Zoliborz, Marymont and several other districts. The Home Army has made numerous attacks on the German positions there, inflicting heavy losses on the enemy. German troops still control a narrow strip of river shore in Zoliborz that is under constant attack by Polish artillery. In parts of Marymont, the Germans are terrorizing the remaining Polish civilians, executing them in the streets with machine-guns without the slightest pretext.

As early as September 21st, however, Soviet patrols crossing the Vistula, contacted units of the Polish Home Army in Zoliborz as well as in Mokotow to the south.

Realizing that their situation is rapidly becoming so "hot" that retreat will soon be necessary, the Germans are seizing all main roads leading out of the city to the west and south, particularly in the Wilanow and Sadyba sections. In an effort to break up these plans, Polish soldiers attacked near Our Savior's Square and gained considerable ground at the expense of the Germans. However, Polish positions along Towarowa and Zelazna Streets to the west were raked by German artillery.

In the ruined central part of Warsaw, under a hail of German fire, Polish troops attacked and captured several enemy street barricades and strong points that had previously been "softened up" by Soviet artillery from across the river.

Both the Russians and the British, the latter flying from Italy, continue to supply the Home Army from the air with desperately needed arms, ammunition and food. The food situation in Warsaw, however, continues to be most critical.

These flights of mercy as well as the mission carried out by the American heavy bombers of the Eighth and Ninth Air Forces stationed in England have enabled General Bor-Komorowski to continue his seven weeks long battle with the five German army divisions (approximately 75,000 men) immobilized by the action in the capital of Poland. The United States Army recently revealed that the leader of the American flight to Warsaw was Colonel Carl Tuesdell of Washington, D. C.

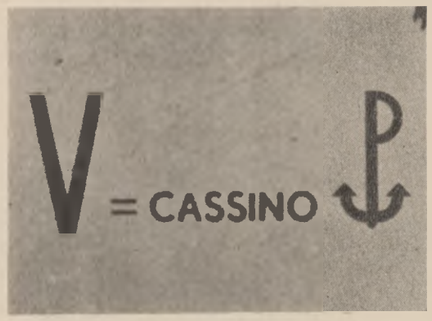
German strongpoint on the left bank of the Vistula River. Opposite is the Warsaw suburb, Praga.

Prime Minister Stanislaw Mikolajczyk sent thanks on behalf of the Polish Government and the Underground to President Roosevelt, Ambassador John Winant and General Spaatz. At the same time he thanked British Air Minister A. D. Sinclair for English help sent to Warsaw.

Premier Mikolajczyk said in his message to President Roosevelt: "Accept, Mr. President, the heartfelt thanks which I have the honor to present to you on behalf of the people of Warsaw for the very effective aid which the U. S. Airforce in its gallant flight has given to the defenders of the Polish capital. We owe the successful completion of this operation to you, Mr. President, who as supreme commander of the U. S. Armed Forces, gave orders to bring help to the insurgents in Warsaw who have been fighting for seven weeks a lonely battle against the Germans.

"This outstanding example of America's interest in and the active support of those fighting for freedom will be deeply entrenched in the hearts of all Poles. Sustained by the tangible proof of the brotherhood in arms the Poles in Warsaw and throughout Poland firmly believe that in their struggle against the barbarous German enemy they will, until the achievement of complete and final victory, continue to receive help from their Allies and that their growing needs of supplies, particularly of food and medical articles will be fully satisfied.

"We beg of you, Mr. President, to convey our words of thanks to the Commanders and the brave airmen who, with such outstanding zeal and devotion carried out their assignment, and of our sympathy for next of kin of those who lost their lives in the gallant attempt to bring sorely needed relief to their Polish comrades in arms."



After the Polish victory at Cassino, the walls of Warsaw were covered with posters like the above. Its message is: Victory = Cassino and WP (Polish abbreviation for Polish Army).

General Bor-Komorowski reports, via the "Blyskawica" underground radio station, that from August 1 to September 20, Polish soldiers destroyed 272 German tanks, armored cars and other motorized equipment.

The identity of "General Bor" was revealed on September 26th. He is Lieutenant-General Tadeusz Komorowski, an officer of the regular Polish Army. At the outbreak of the war he was a full colonel. In appreciation of his excellent work in the Polish Home Army, he has twice been promoted since the outbreak of war. General Bor-Komorowski was born in 1898 near Lwow, the second son of a farmer. In 1916, at the age of 18, he left the Lwow Technical College to join a Polish Secret Military Organization that was preparing an anti-German uprising. Slightly wounded during the rising against the Germans in November, 1918, in Warsaw, he soon recovered and joined a cavalry regiment in which he worked his way up through the ranks to major.

After the September campaign ended, General Bor-Komorowski was one of the organizers of the Polish Home Army. In appreciation of his services, General Sikorski appointed him second in command to General Grot. When the latter was captured in June of 1943, General Bor automatically took his place. His appointment was officially confirmed by General Sikorski on July 3, just one day before the latter's tragic death!

General Bor-Komorowski is today the commander of what is probably the largest underground army in Europe, about 250,000 men strong. The Germans have posted a reward of nearly $2,000,000 for his capture.

Radio monitor of the Polish Home Army.

* 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.

"TAKE OFF YOUR HAT TO THEM AND BUY THEM A DRINK!"

POLISH PARATROOPS FOUGHT ON TOUGHEST SECTOR OF WESTERN FRONT

Drawing by Stanislaw Kowalczewski.

AFTER four years of intensive training and preparation for the moment when they could avenge the German attack on Poland, Polish paratroops at last got their big chance at Arnhem in the Netherlands on the most difficult sector of the entire Western Front, when on September 20 they were sent to reinforce British airborne soldiers who had held out alone since September 17th. The fight put up by these paratroops against overwhelmingly superior German divisions surrounding them will go down in history as one of the most glorious of this entire war.

"If in the years to come any man says to you, 'I fought with the Arnhem airborne force,' take off your hat to him and buy him a drink . . . The few of Arnhem will rank in glory with the few of the Battle of Britain," reported Allan Wood, a British correspondent who accompanied the paratroops to their "patch of hell."

Arnhem, capital of Gelderland province in the Netherlands, lies on the right or northern bank of the Lek arm of the Rhine River. An important bridge spans the river at this ancient city. Arnhem's history reaches back to the 9th century, and it may even have been a Roman settlement several hundred years earlier. It is an important market center. Woolen goods are produced in the city whose industries also include wool-combing and dyeing. Tobacco is grown in the surrounding fields. Its pre-war population was about 80,000.

For the first three days, these paratroops managed to hold the vital bridge, in the face of fire from the heaviest German field guns. They withdrew when only three men out of the original 30 guards on the bridge remained in action. A new stand was made on a wooded highland west of Arnhem. There the paratroops held out until September 28th when they were evacuated by British and Polish military engineers in rubber rafts back across the river to Allied lines further south. These engineers also evacuated some of the Polish and British paratroops of the British Second Army that had been sent to the vicinity of Arnhem in a futile attempt to reinforce the First Army airborne troops.

Royal Dutch Airlines Photo

An aerial view of Arnhem, Holland, showing a pontoon bridge over the Rhine. This historic city has been destroyed by the Germans in the fierce battle between Allied and German troops. Polish paratroopers have taken active part in the assault.

The idea of airborne troops originated in the last war when General Mitchell of the A.E.F. proposed to drop 20,000 men over the German lines. This was dismissed as impractical by Marshal Foch's General Staff. After the last war the only countries to make extensive parachute training part of the regular routine of their armies, were Germany and Soviet Russia.

Poland's first steps in this direction were taken in 1936 when instructor's courses were organized in Legionowo near Warsaw. A year later, a first large-scale descent was carried out in this town. Parachute jumping was made a feature of all officer training schools and was compulsory for certain selected non-commissioned officers. The youth of Poland was also becoming increasingly interested in parachute jumping. The Military Center in Bydgoszcz conducted courses in parachuting for candidates from the other services, who were trained to jump with machine guns, explosives, radio equipment, etc.

Flag embroidered by Warsaw women [illegible] and sent by an underground route to Polish paratr[illegible] Great Britain.

However, the history of the parachute in Poland goes back more than a hundred years, for in 1808 Kazimierz Jordacki, a Polish aeronaut, made a successful emergency descent by parachute when his balloon caught fire at a considerable height. This was only eleven years after Garnerin's first public demonstration of parachuting in Paris.

When a call for parachutists was recently issued to Polish soldiers in Scotland, they volunteered one and all, for to them the parachute meant one thing—arrival in Poland at the very first moment of renewed fighting on Polish soil. They could not all meet the very exacting physical requirements — perfect health, good lungs, strong heart, tough legs, elastic muscles. Those lucky enough to get in were subjected to intensive physical training and then taught boxing, hand-to-hand combat, skiing—in a word, commando tactics. For these new Polish chutists are trained to jump from the sky only as a means to an end. They are not airmen, they are infantrymen, engineers, artillery men, gunners, shock troops who are to get to places in a hurry.

The Polish parachutists were organized into a Parachute Brigade with its own training grounds and its own instructors. Their commanding officer had this to say about the moral requirements of a paratrooper:

"He must be exceptional as regards character. He must have great determination and will power. He must be fearless, ready for anything, able to carry out operations single-handed or in a group. He must enjoy taking risks and at the same time keep his head and size up the situation calmly. When in command he must be capable of getting absolute obedience and be a model, well-disciplined performer when the need arises. The rules of good fellowship must be law to him, even in the darkest moments. In following instructions he must be conscientious and exact yet prepared at all times to act on his own. He must live a clean, straight life, any departure from which might weaken his will power and lower his resistance."

Drawing by Stanislaw Kowalczewski.

Netherlands Information Bureau Photo

Market Place in Arnhem, Holland, where Polish paratroopers battled the Germans.

Polish paratroopers have already won golden opinions from their British comrades. Entering upon their new assignment with the elan and enthusiasm so characteristic of the Polish nation, they long ago proved their worth in commando raids on the still-occupied French coast.

The parachute also served to bring about close rapprochement between Poles and Czechs, Free French and Norwegians, for each of those groups received its parachute training in the Polish camp. Now they all fight in France and the Low Countries against Germans.

"THE PEASANTS"—by KAZIMIERZ WIERZYNSKI*

Drawing by Zdzislaw Czermanski.

THE war with the Germans uncovered a new army in Poland —the peasants. One can say this not only because they composed the largest part of the regular army ranks, but also for other reasons. Even though it is futile to search military terminology for a name to give to their cooperation, each day and each night of our September confirmed it. The peasants became an "army for everything."

Because the war began to shift our units from place to place, and because it was frequently necessary to march many kilometers within twenty-four hours, the army often did not have enough maps. The peasant then became a map, a compass, and a guide. Marching at the front of the column, he led the units infallibly over roads known only to him. The soldiers thought of him as the best compass and called him the "Polish Bezard." When an unforeseen halt was called in a strange region, the peasant became the quartermaster. When the units lost contact with their bases, the peasant provided them with food. When there were not enough medical attendants, the peasant took over their duties and his home became a hospital. All this was done without compulsion; the "army for everything" was a volunteer army.

During the end of the war the Germans and the Russians covered all of Poland and the soldiers who did not want to surrender—there were thousands and tens of thousands of them —got everything they needed from the peasants: advice, shelter, a change of clothes, and aid in escape. An unknown inhabitant of an unknown village would lead men who had been wandering in the forests to his home, feed them, clothe them, and equip them for travel. Then he would direct them from one person to another until they reached their appointed destinations. He acted efficiently and thoroughly as though he were a travel bureau, hidden from the enemy and allied with liberty.

The peasant also kept arms hidden. He did not destroy them as a soldier when the units were disbanded or after the battles, when they were given to him in confidence, as to a conspirator. Our land became a hidden arsenal.

Sometimes too, this versatile soldier of the army for everything sought personal encounter with the Germans. His special enemy was the worst of the German depredators—the pilot. Already on the first day of the war, when the German leader opening it ceremonially in Berlin, announced: "I will not fight with women and children," many Polish women and children did not return from the fields to their homes. They remained lifeless beside hay stacks, in potato furrows, in pastures, beside slaughtered cattle, hunted down from the air by flying huntsmen. Outside of Poland, in the silence of a world surprised by war, no one believed such tortures and considered all information about them a fanciful tale. But there were photographs, made by foreign witnesses, frightening scenes of innocent death, which no one who saw them will ever forget. Beside them all words become superfluous.

But the peasant did not forgive this crime. He hunted down parachutists, sought out diversionists, and enjoyed revenge on pilots. I searched a long time for an authentic confirmation of these happenings, and finally was able to discover an eye witness of such a battle. The encounter in which my informant took part does not, however, belong to the mysteries of phenomenal events of this war. I record it because among many legends it is true, and among many experiences it is directly related to the Polish fate. This is what private M., later a well-known public figure among the Polish emigres, told me:

"On the ninth of September I was between Warsaw and X., near a certain village which I prefer not to mention.

"The morning was unusually beautiful—it was about nine o'clock—and one did not want to think about the war. But it marched behind us, step by step. The village through which we rode was really only a painful recollection of a village. All that remained of it were skeletons of walls and heaps of ruins. The smell of extinguished fires was in the air, here and there clouds of smoke were still rising from glowing embers. The highway, crowded with refugees, ran between the double rows of devastation. Our column moved slowly, stopping frequently. 'When did they set fire to your village?' I called to the peasants standing beside a well. 'Every day,' someone replied."

While he rested beside the well, the private learned the entire war history of the village, which for that matter, was similar to hundreds of others. German fliers did not fly over any inhabited locality without bombing it. If it was already burned down, they bombed the ruins. In addition to bombers there were fighter planes which machinegunned every visible living creature. These attacks could be expected at any time, but there were regular attacks each morning and evening. In the beginning the peasants thought it was the highway crowded with vehicles which lured the pilots, but the Germans attacked the village even when there was no one on the road. The inhabitants sought safety in the forests and returned to put out the roaring fires. When everything lay in ruins, they wandered about their devastated homes, unheedful of the danger.

"I listened to their stories," continued M., "and read what they had not said in their faces. I know the peasants; I am one of them myself. I know what peasant anger is, and peasant endurance. As we were talking, they would raise their heads and search the sky. In the group there was an older man, a small land owner, dressed in blue linen trousers, and a shirt unbuttoned over his chest. He had remained silent and spoke up in a hard, gloomy voice, only at the end of our conversation: 'They attacked our village yesterday and killed three girls. One boy's leg was cut off as if with a knife.' A low murmur swept through the group. 'And today,' he said, 'they'll be here any minute. The highway's full.' "

Private M.'s unit began to move and the entire column was again on its way.

"And what do you think," continued M., "at that same moment—I don't know whether a minute had passed—the spectacle which had been foretold began. I was far from thinking of the theatre, but a similar sequence of events might have taken place on a stage. I still heard that 'they'll be here any minute,' when suddenly we heard the sound of an engine and saw a German plane. A movement passed through the column, there were shouts and commands. The plane flew above the highway, not very high nor fast. But from the sound of the motor we could tell that this time it was arriving without murderous intent. What we heard was not the sound of a machine obedient to its pilot, not the even roar from a full throat. The motor was choking, wheezing, and backfiring sharply, explosively. Immediately in front of us, our anti-aircraft guns roared out unexpectedly. It seemed as if they came directly from the highway. Shells began to explode around the German. But the plane neither increased its speed nor did it attempt to escape upward. It kept descending as though it were searching for a landing place. Then, above a field covered with stubble, it suddenly dived sharply downward. It was about a kilometer away."

"I can imagine your excitement."

"There was no apprehension. We jumped out of the trucks. Someone shouted: 'Take him alive, take him alive!' It was then that the peasants' battle took place. As we started out for the plane I noticed that there were others before us; we were the second line. The peasants were already ahead of us. My chance acquaintances from the well were in the lead. The old peasant in the blue pants signalled with his hands to other volunteers from the village, like an attack commander. There was perhaps ten of them."

"Without arms?"

"They had started running as they stood, but I remember that some of them carried pitchforks and shovels. They approached the plane which was bouncing violently on the stubble, from the side. Our artillery had ceased firing. The peasants fanned out in a skirmish line; they attacked in military fashion.

"When the plane stopped rolling, an indistinct figure jumped out of it. We ran as quickly as possible. The pilot hid himself behind the fuselage."

"Didn't he surrender?"

"No, he began to shoot. The peasants were already encircling the plane. The shots weren't loud and came in series: an automatic pistol, I thought. One of the peasants slowly slipped to the ground and fell on his back. We were already approaching the plane. We could see the pilot shooting at the peasants. The peasants closed in on him."

"But he could have killed them all!"

"They kept jumping from one side to another, falling to the ground, and rushing forward again. Just as in battle. Finally one reached the German and jabbed at him with a pitchfork. Then the others got to him. When we reached the plane, the job was finished."

My friend then told me that he was unable to speak with anyone on the battlefield. The peasants clamored and shouted among themselves. They did not look at the strangers, paid no attention to them. This was their own affair. The old peasant kept away those who were thronging about the plane. They showed no respect even for the military.

"It was," said M., "as if they wanted to be alone to keep the whole event for themselves. Yesterday they were being killed and no one was able to defend them; today they had avenged themselves. It was their own business!"

It turned out that three of the attackers had been wounded, and one killed on the field. A long while passed before they became aware of their losses. The wounded helped carry the dead man to the highway, and only then did they permit medical attendants who happened to be there to bandage their wounds.

"I don't know what happened after that," M. said, "because it was time for us to leave. The caravan jolted forward, and we were again on our way. I thought, however, that on that field I had been able to grasp something of the mystery of the peasant, whom after all I know so well. Something of his inherent aloofness; perhaps, for all I know, his heedless strength and his frantic despair. Again we passed burned villages and smoking ruins; only infrequently did we see an untouched house. Along the entire road the same scene was being reenacted The peasants came out of the shattered huts and stood silently gazing for a long time after the men in the trucks. After the army, the civilians, the unending procession. It seemed to me that these peasants were hiding something known only to them,

Drawing by Zdzislaw Czermanski.

Drawing by Zdzislaw Czermanski.

just as those others had wanted to lock their revenge within themselves and feed on it alone. Did you even think what that means? Do you remember how they looked at us?"

Do I remember? It was the last scene I took with me from Poland. I saw them as they dug untouched living utensils and farming tools out of still smouldering debris. They carried the salvaged equipment to cellars which were now to serve as homes for human beings. They dug up potatoes in the fields and brought in everything that remained of their harvest and their food. But even more pathetic was the sight of peasants who had stopped working or had nothing more to do and stood before the ruins of their homes, mute and motionless.

Sometimes they had walked into the center of the debris and apparently forgot about the world. Then they stood there mournfully beside their upright, begrimed chimneys. They looked straight ahead with an inscrutable gaze like the lifeless glance of a statue.

I will never forget that sight which carried the power of Biblical scenes. Among masses of refugees, as if among roving nomads, they remained on the land of their fathers, as if they were the only true natives. Amid the movements of two armies which were like passing worlds, they resisted all change—the emotionless sons of the land. They took upon themselves misfortune, revenge, and persistence—enough for the whole country. They were truly the people for everything. Even though they were not conscious of it, such was the decree of destiny which they were living.

Can one forget it?

* From *"The Forgotten Battlefield"* by Kazimierz Wierzynski. Roy Publishers, New York. 1944. Illustrated by Zdzislaw Czermanski.

ONE OF MANY BATTLES

by JAROSLAW ZABA

Polish commando officer.

THERE is a six or seven - mile wide strip of land between the Cesano and Metauro Rivers in northern Italy that is a confusion of little hills and broken terrain. The lowest of these hills, along the Adriatic, disappear in a narrow belt of rough coastal plain. Further inland the land rises and becomes more mountainous. There are two towns, Mondolfi and San Constanzo there. Still further in the interior of the peninsula, the mountains become higher and steeper. The latter region is wild and has no settlements of any consequence.

A tributary of the Cesano River, a stream with the pretentious name of Rio Maggiore, runs through this region.

The two rivers—the Cesano and Metauro—are connected by country roads that run over the mountains and through the deep ravines of the wild terrain. Rows of apricot and olive trees overgrown with grape vines border the cultivated fields. The infrequent farm houses usually have two stories, with a stable on the ground floor and living quarters on the second.

On the southern bank of the Cesano, the Polish Second Corps drew up in full force to prepare for a new attack on the Germans' Gothic Line. This time, the Carpathian Division was to have the honor of beginning the attack, while the Lwow Brigade was transferred from the Kresowa (Border) Division and was to form the left flank of the attack. Tanks were to play the leading role in this action against the Gothic Line. One of the Lwow Battalions was to advance directly behind the tanks. The other two battalions were to take up secondary positions during the action along some tributary creeks of the Rio Maggiore.

Rain and the Germans' rapid retreat changed carefully laid Polish plans for an opening artillery barrage. The first Lwow Battalion forded the Cesano in the face of a terrific German artillery barrage that dug deep craters on both banks of the stream, but the Poles crossed without casualties. The dry clay soil of Northern Italy became so soggy that tank warfare was out of the question. The Lwow Battalion had to hold its "beachhead" on the northern bank alone. Soldiers rested in water-logged fox holes waiting for dry weather to bring relief. As soon as the rain let up, Polish tanks slowly made their way across the Cesano to hide in the underbrush and behind haystacks. German artillery and heavy mortars made the going rough.

The Germans retreated, without making any stand, from the vicinity of the ford, because Polish artillery had made their position untenable. German artillery retreated only to take up new positions on heights overlooking the river.

The difficult, broken terrain enabled the Poles to move their heavy artillery close to the front lines, and also gave the Polish commander a number of possible routes of infantry attack. Polish tanks and infantry battalions advanced, completely protected from German fire by the hills and ravines.

The first company of one Lwow Battalion took an important hill that could be used by Polish artillery detachments. They lost three men killed and nine wounded. All the wounded were treated by a first aid corpsman who himself had been hit three times by German bullets. When advance posts of Polish artillery were almost out of ammunition, tanks rolled up with supplies and went on to engage the enemy.

These tanks were followed by another Battalion of Lwow infantry. Surprised by unusually accurate German fire from field artillery and mortars, the battalion, supported by tanks, advanced in the face of it to take two vital German hilltop positions.

Captain Kowalewski, himself wounded, led his men across a ravine raked by German fire to reinforce their comrades. On the left wing, Captain Lempicki and his company had to advance under the heaviest enemy fire. Five men of this company were killed in one instant. Before the battle ended, only three of these soldiers remained uninjured and fit for duty. A detachment of heavy machine-guns accompanied each attacking infantry company. Each of these machine-guns fired at least 3,000 rounds of ammunition a day. The 11 tanks commanded by Captain Rudnicki fired 500 rounds an hour while taking one German hill!

Tanks of Captain Rudnicki's squadron joined with those

(*Please turn to page* 13)

Polish engineers prepare to blow up a strategic bridge in Italy.

Polish War Artist's Impression of the Normandy Front

Staff of the Polish Armored Division at work. Drawing by Aleksander Zyw.

ONE OF MANY BATTLES

(*Continued from page* 12)

of Captain Drelcharz to make a mass attack on the Germans. Many Polish tanks were destroyed during the battle, but for every fallen Polish tank, there were at least two German ones destroyed. Captain Rudnicki's squadron broke the German defense.

After a 24-hour battle, the main German defense position on Hill 189 fell to Polish tanks and to Lwow infantry. The next morning without rest these same Poles drove north on the very heels of the routed Germans who in rapid succession were forced to retreat from Monte Giovanni and Monte Rosario. Under continual blows from the Poles, the Germans' defense system on the southern bank of the Metauro River was completely broken. Large quantities of German materiel, including small cannon, automatic pistols and ammunition were taken. The stiff fight put up by the two German divisions on the heights between the two rivers ended in many dead. More than 100 Germans were taken prisoner by the Poles.

After the Poles had taken control of the two rivers and the land strip between them, they once again moved north after the enemy, not pausing an instant in their relentless pursuit of their mortal foe.

MASS FOR POLAND

By Alice Demers

How silently we kneel in prayer!
All of a common thought and plea,
To ask in humble voice, O Lord,
That blessed help should come from Thee.

We were not born for bitter strife,
Oppression of a neighbor's yoke,
Ours was just a Christian wish,
Of peace and homes and simple folk.

And now we bleed again, dear God,
The blood of Warsaw cries for aid,
These soldiers without food and guns,
Fight in our city unafraid.

The sacred candles now burn low,
Soft prayers are offered for the slain;
In unison, one holy chant,
That Warsaw will not die in vain.

—Montreal, Canada.

Tribute to Poland Day in Los Angeles, California

Janina Frost, Polish-American ballerina, and Felix Sadowski, former ballet master of the Warsaw Opera, danced Polish folk dances during the open air program held on September 1, 1944 in front of the City Hall in Los Angeles, California, to mark the fifth anniversary of Germany's attack on Poland. Both artists were also invited to render Polish dances during the colorful ceremonies marking the 134th anniversary of Mexico's independence from Spain, that took place in Los Angeles on September 15.

CASIMIR PULASKI, A SOLDIER OF LIBERTY

(*Continued from page* 5)

cally greater enemy. He placed the infantry in an ambush and planned to use his cavalry to make a pretended retreat and draw the enemy into the trap. The plan failed for the infantry left their positions too soon and were again severely cut to pieces. A cousin of Pulaski's, Captain Jan Zielinski, was mortally wounded, Colonel Kowacs of the Legion was killed. Yet the gesture had its effect. Charleston was saved for a time and Pulaski was admitted into the leading counsels of the southern American leaders.

For the first time since he came to America he thoroughly enjoyed his life in the New World. He was optimistic over the cause of America and more than that, life in the south reminded him of his beloved Poland. He was constantly in the saddle, in charge not only of the shattered remnants of the Legion but really the supreme cavalry commander and his men were in the forefront as the Americans advanced from Charleston throughout South Carolina and into Georgia and finally pushed their way to the British base at Savannah. He enjoyed his visits to Charleston but his place was in the field at the head of the troops.

A few weeks later, while on one of his outposts, he suddenly met a French officer. From him he learned the startling and welcome news that the French fleet under Count D'Estaing which had been operating in the West Indies was appearing off the Georgia coast in order to assist the Americans in the reduction of Savannah and removing the menace to the south.

Pulaski put the representatives of D'Estaing in touch with the American commander-in-chief, General Benjamin Lincoln, and together they worked out plans for a joint campaign of the two forces. Yet it was a slow process to prepare the American troops for the march from Charleston to Savannah and precious days went by while the season became later and D'Estaing became more and more impatient.

By the end of the month the French and American forces were at Savannah and demanded the surrender of the city. The whole movement had been a surprise to General Prevost but he begged for a few hours of grace to make up his mind. D'Estaing magnanimously granted them and during these hours, Colonel Maitland with about 800 men came to the assistance of the beleaguered garrison. Although the odds were against them, the two British commanders decided to fight and they refused the offered terms. There was nothing to do but besiege the city. Within the town the little garrison, well supplied with guns and ammunition, worked feverishly to build barricades and breastworks. They impressed the Negro slaves into service and under the eyes of the besiegers, the position of Savannah grew much stronger.

The assault was set for October 9. Thanks to its geographical situation, Savannah seemed well protected except along the Augusta-Savannah road from the southwest. Here the Springhill Redoubt had been constructed and the seizure of this seemed to offer convenient opportunity to penetrate the line of fortifications. D'Estaing planned to move his troops by a night march around the city and storm this at daybreak. An American column was to attack on his left and between the two, Pulaski and the cavalry were to advance. A feint was to be made on the east of the city, so as to attract the British attention and the French fleet and some American ships were to bombard from the river. It was a neat plan but unknown to the Americans, a deserter carried to the British the detailed plan of the attack and gave them the opportunity to make counterpreparations.

When the time came, everything went wrong. The columns lost their way in the dark and did not arrive in position for the attack until after daylight. The feint was delayed until after the main attack was launched. The British secure in their knowledge of the American-French plan held their fire until the charging columns were at close range. Then a hail of bullets and of cannon balls broke loose. The attacking columns were held up and progress was painfully slow against the entrenched positions of the enemy.

To make matters worse, D'Estaing at the head of the French column was severely wounded. His fall and the wounding of many of his leading officers confused the men. He tried to rally them and to give new orders but the confusion was rapidly spreading and it seemed as if the attack was doomed to failure. In the meantime the American column had made some progress and Sergeant Jasper planted the standard of his regiment on the walls of the parapet but they too were unable to hold their positions.

At this moment, the cavalry were relatively idle. This inactivity seemed unpardonable to Pulaski. He had been the chief liaison officer between D'Estaing and Lincoln and when he realized the situation and learned of the wounding of the French commander, he decided to act. He hurriedly turned over the command of the cavalry to Col. Horry and then attended only by his aide, Captain Paul Bentalou, who had been his devoted follower during the entire campaign, he galloped off for the French column with the idea of rallying the confused troops and taking over the command from D'Estaing. With his personal popularity in both armies and his knowledge of both languages, he realized that no one else in the critical moment could have the confidence of both forces.

It was his last decision. He had not reached his goal when a cannon ball struck him in the groin and he fell mortally wounded from his horse. His aide was hit by a rifle bullet but was not seriously hurt. The British held their fire as the dying general was picked up and carried from the field. The fall of Pulaski was the last blow and with this both the French and Americans called off the assault and retired from the field.

The wounded general was treated by the American surgeons and by the medical officers of the French fleet. Finally as the expedition began to withdraw, he was placed upon the Wasp which started at full speed for Charleston. Yet the ship had barely left the Savannah River when gangrene set in and the heroic warrior breathed his last. The body was consigned to a watery grave.

With the flag at half mast, the Wasp entered the harbor of Charleston. The news of the death of Pulaski added a personal loss to the sad report of the battle. A few days later a splendid service was held for the deceased General. His black horse was led in the procession which extended around the entire city. The highest officers of the French and Americans marched and the day was a day of general mourning.

The news was carried to Congress. Casimir Pulaski was the first general officer who had come to serve in the American army who had laid down his life for the United States. All those men who had grumbled at his cavalier methods of handling accounts or had been annoyed by his vehement outbursts as to the needs of his troops now realized that he had been actuated only by impetuous patriotism and enthusiasm. Without delay Congress ordered a monument erected to his memory and Casimir Pulaski took his place in the ranks of American heroes, the first of a large number of Poles to lay down their lives for the cause of American freedom and the American ideals of liberty.

Dead at the age of thirty-two, Pulaski still lives as an example of a true and patriotic Pole who became a great American. A brilliant cavalry leader, a proud and fearless gentleman, Pulaski had found his way into the company of the leading American patriots. He had impressed them with his military skill and with his noble sense of honor, with his fearlessness and his devotion to the cause of liberty. Perhaps no better tribute was ever paid him than the one uttered by King Stanislas Poniatowski on hearing of his death, "Pulaski died as he lived, a hero but an enemy of kings." He had sacrificed his all for liberty both in his native country and America.

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The Invasion Armies
Now Fight
on the Road
to Berlin!

Polish Blood is
Being Shed
in the Streets
of Warsaw for
the Liberation
of Poland!

Now is the Time
to Make an
Appointment with the
Red Cross Blood Bank!

Flight Nurse Lieut. Helen Kiklowicz, of Bradford, N. Y., holds a Red Cross Blood Bank. France, 1944.

Donate a Pint of Your Blood So That Our Soldiers May Live to See The Day of Victory!