

# THE POLISH REVIEW

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VOL. IV. No. 41  
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Soldiers of Polish Second Corps in Italy.



# All German Anti-Jewish Laws in Poland to Be Abrogated, Polish Minister Pledges

GOVERNMENT HELP PROMISED FOR ALL THOSE PERSECUTED BY GERMANS BECAUSE OF RELIGION

The Polish Government has pledged that all German anti-Jewish laws in Poland will be abrogated as soon as the country is liberated.

The pledge was voiced by Polish Minister of Interior Wladyslaw Banaczyk, who declared that the ghettos in particular would "be abolished immediately."

In his special statement on the Jewish question, Mr. Banaczyk added:

"The common suffering and struggle of Poles and Jews in this war will become the foundation of real Polish-Jewish collaboration in rebuilt Poland. It will be based on absolute equality of rights of all citizens irrespective of creed or race. In the future Poland, Jews will live as freely as in England."

On the question of Jewish property, the Polish Minister declared:

"The Government will do everything to prevent German crimes from becoming a source of undue enrichment. The state will have the duty to extend help in the most comprehensive degree to all those who have suffered the greatest injuries because of their religious or national ties."

Dealing with the problem of Jewish relief, Mr. Banaczyk said that two years ago a Council for Relief of Jews was created in Poland to collaborate with the underground movement, and that this Council is composed of representatives of all Jewish and Polish political organizations. When it was found necessary to enlarge the scope of Jewish relief an additional Council was set up in London.

Finances for Jewish relief, Mr. Banaczyk said, are provided by the Polish Government and Jewish organizations outside Poland.

"Help is given not only to Jews in concentration camps but also to thousands of Jews hiding among the Polish population," Mr. Banaczyk concluded. "This is the answer of the Poles in Poland to German massacre of Jews and the Nazi attempt to poison the population with anti-semitic propaganda."

"It is very important that the new Poland be one of the bulwarks of the structure upon which we hope to build a permanent peace . . ."

—President Franklin Delano Roosevelt.  
October 11th, 1944.

## German Persecution of the Polish Protestant Churches\*

**I**MMEDIATELY after the military occupation of Poland, the German authorities set to work to exterminate the Polish elements, directing their repressive measures in the first place against the clergy and the intellectual classes: Dr. Bursche, the Bishop and Head of the Lutheran Church, a man of nearly eighty who enjoyed the general respect of the whole Polish community without distinction of creed, was arrested in Warsaw in September 1939. Almost a cripple, he was sent to a concentration camp where he was subjected to mental and physical torture. According to the statements of eye-witnesses, he was forced to stand at attention and repeat, "I am a Polish slave." He was also forced to parody prayers and to sing the Horst Wessel song, and at an evening roll-call after the guards had called him a "sloven" and said he "looked like a filthy swine," he was frequently slapped in the face. After two and a half years in Oranienburg, the old man died of exhaustion and suffering beyond his physical endurance. In November 1939, Dr. Edmund Bursche, younger brother of the Bishop and Dean of the Protestant Faculty of Theology at the University of Warsaw, was arrested and then sent to the concentration camp at Mauthausen where he was forced to break stones. Here he died on July 26th, 1940.

Pastor Rontaler, for many years Director of the Nicholas Rey Secondary School which was the property of the Lutheran congregation in Warsaw, was arrested in 1939 and carried off to a concentration camp. On his release from the camp a few months later, he died in 1940, as the result of the complete collapse of his whole system. August Loth, the chief pastor of the Lutheran parish in Warsaw was, with his whole family, several times interrogated by the Gestapo, brutally handled, and subsequently imprisoned from October 9th to December 15th. The houses, furniture and other private property belonging to the pastors and their families were confiscated.

Mass repressive measures were taken in the Kalisz area, where Polish Protestants have always formed a large group. About 10,000 Lutheran Poles were imprisoned because they had not voluntarily declared themselves *Volksdeutsche*. Many of them died in concentration camps, many were shot. In Kalisz all the members of the Lutheran congregation were imprisoned and brutally treated. The Senior of the Diocese, Dr. Wende, who enjoyed general respect, was beaten and kicked after his arrest, and then sent off to a concentration camp. In Lodz also, the pastors were arrested and imprisoned, and many were deported to Germany.

The former Superintendent of the Diocese of Teschen, Karol Kulisz, a man who had never played any part in political activities, was carried off to Germany, where he died in a concentration camp. His successor, Pastor Nikodem of Ustron, one of the largest Lutheran parishes in the province, a man revered by his people, met the same fate. Not a single Lutheran Polish pastor was left in this region, where close on 100,000 Poles belonged to the Lutheran faith. Shortly after the German occupation of Upper Silesia, all the Polish pastors were arrested and sent off to concentration camps in



Protestant Church in Bielsko, Poland.

Germany. The German authorities behaved in similar fashion towards the Polish clergy in Poznan and in Pomerania. There is not one Lutheran Polish clergyman in these areas today. In Bydgoszcz the persecution of things Polish was not limited to the living, but extended to the memory of those dead. The *Deutsche Rundschau*, the official German organ, published the following order in January 1940: "The German authorities in Bydgoszcz order the population to remove Polish inscriptions in the Protestant cemetery. If the order is not obeyed graves with Polish inscriptions will be destroyed."

The provincial establishments and charitable institutions and the persons working in them did not escape. Dr. Manitius, pastor of the Lutheran Home in Poznan, died in a concentration camp. The Dziegielow Institution in the Teschen district was confiscated, and the buildings handed over to the Nazi Welfare Organization. The deaconesses and members of the hospital staff were dismissed.

Polish Protestants have been entirely deprived of the right to confess their faith and practise their religion, but they are fighting in defense of their faith and of their nationality with unflinching courage, in the face of the general danger, and their attitude towards the Germans has won the deep appre-

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\* From THE PROTESTANT CHURCHES IN POLAND, Edited by the Polish Research Center, London, 1944.

# AFTER THE FALL OF WARSAW

FROM the moment that the Polish Home Army in Warsaw rose in open battle against the Germans on August 1st, the latter have vented the full fury of their rage upon the hapless but courageous Warsaw civilians who fell into their hands.

In the early weeks of the great battle the Poles, catching the Germans completely by surprise, took all the smaller German posts in the city. The Home Army soon controlled three large areas in the city—the northern suburb of Zoliborz, Mokotow to the south and the center or downtown district including "Old City" on the Vistula. During the first half of August more than 40 per cent of the capital was in Polish hands. Had outside help arrived in time and in the necessary volume during these first weeks of the uprising, the Germans' position would have become hopeless and retreat would have been inevitable.

Polish courage and brilliant military strategy were pitted against numerically superior German forces supported by heavy field artillery, mortars, tanks, armored cars and trains and even gunboats on the Vistula. Civilians in German-held areas were left without food, water or light. Soon, they were all being herded off to the terrible Pruszkow Concentration Camp where they were held without food as hostages.

Despite this terror and repression, those civilians remaining in Warsaw fought shoulder to shoulder with soldiers of



The caption accompanying this German photo radioed from Stockholm says it shows Lt. Gen. Tadeusz Komorowski (General Bar) in civilian clothes leaving German headquarters after negotiating the capitulation of Warsaw following 63 days of furious Polish resistance to the Germans.

Press Association Inc.

the Home Army. Nevertheless, the Home Army and the civilians, regardless of age or sex, threw themselves wholeheartedly into the struggle. They dug a labyrinth of underground tunnels to facilitate communication between isolated Polish-held districts. They ran field kitchens, provided first aid and hospital care, and acted as couriers. These civilians maintained production of home-made weapons in secret factories, though they knew that the penalty if captured was irrevocably death by torture.

Later, as the battle dragged from week to week; when it became apparent that no help was coming from the outside and disaster stared them in the face, these civilians never faltered in their determination to carry on their part in the struggle to the very last man.

Now, news comes that these valiant Warsawians must evacuate the ruins of their once beautiful capital city. They are being herded together and forced to leave the city without even their personal belongings. They face a long, hard winter in some German concentration camp. Pruszkow, just outside of Warsaw, now too small to accommodate all of these victims of German bestiality, has been converted into a transit camp.

A first hand report of conditions there comes from a Swiss woman who left Warsaw on September 10th and spent five days in Pruszkow before she was released along with all other foreigners.

"We left on foot, several thousand peo-

ple tramping in a long column. I had spent the previous night in the cellars of the National Museum, the entire building of which had been set afire. We walked the whole day, crossing the city by way of Wislostrada, Bednarska Street and Theatre Plaza, arriving finally at the Eastern Railway Station. There in the rubble that was left we spent the night. During this trip we stopped to bury several corpses found in the street, as well as several of our people who had died on route.

"The next day we went from the Station to Pruszkow and during all this time we received neither food nor drink. In Pruszkow we were shut up in barracks and lay down on the hard earth without beds.

"I remained four days without receiving a thing to eat from the Germans. Only on the second day did the Polish Red Cross begin to serve soup twice a day. The people of the neighborhood wished to help us but sentries fired upon them.

"I saw injured Poles trying to bind up their wounds with old newspapers. Several women underwent the ordeal of childbirth. The children were born normally but their heads were larger than their bodies. Some newborn infants were dead.

"You cannot imagine the suffering of these people, in rags, and without a chance either to wash themselves or to protect themselves against hunger and cold. There were several thousand of us at first. Soon, however, we were sorted out. The young men and women were sent to work in Germany. I was present at heartrending scenes when young teen-age girls were torn from desolate mothers who wept despairingly at being parted.

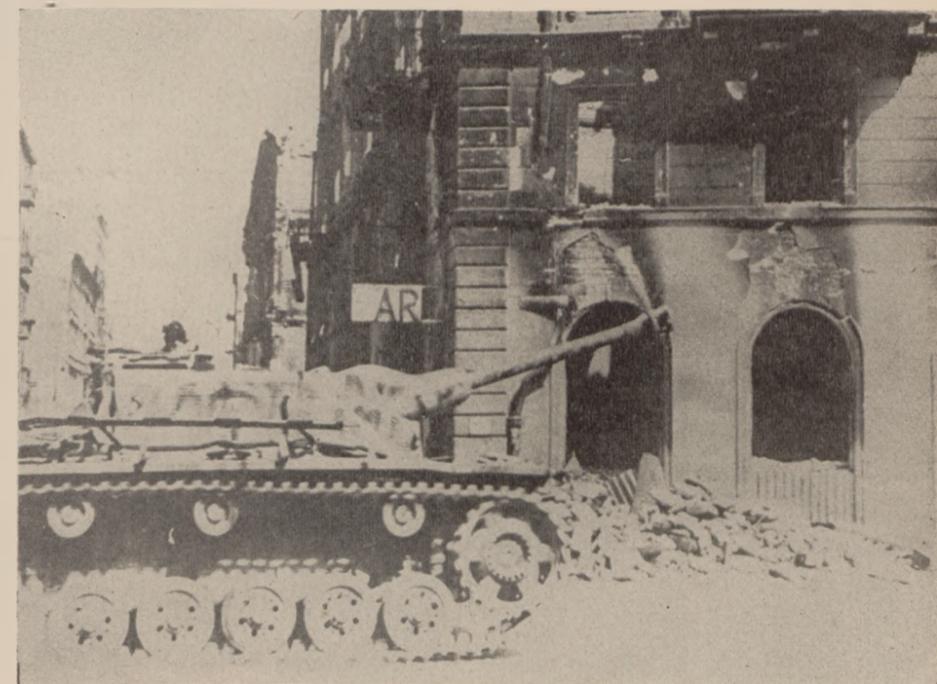
"A foreigner, I was placed in company with other foreigners—Hungarians, Finns, Spaniards, Danes and White Russians. We were set free on the fifth day. They made us enter a freight car. There were 60 of us, with no chance either to lie down or sit. In this fashion we crossed Germany, the whole time without getting a thing to eat. Several hours before we reached the Swiss frontier, we were permitted to stop in a town and allowed to wash ourselves, eat and sleep. From that town we continued the trip in a third-class carriage.

"When I left, the Pruszkow camp had been changed to a 'Sorting Depot,' and for that reason the Germans declared that the concentration camp had been abolished and that it contained only four thousand people. That is not true—because the camp exists but only as a Transfer Station.

"Tell this to your own authorities in London and to all Poles." This Swiss woman added that thousands of sick and unfortunate Poles, in rags, passed uninterruptedly through this evil spot. All those still healthy were shipped to Germany. The greatest crime of all, she pointed out, is the separation of the poor families who come to Pruszkow together but later are torn asunder, never again to see one another.

The Swedish newspaper, *The Stockholm Tidningen*, reports that the Germans plan to evacuate westward 25,000 Warsawians now in the Pruszkow Camp, in order to make room for 280,000 persons captured in the center of the city who had held out to the last.

After this Swiss woman had escaped from Poland, the



Polish Home Army soldiers in Warsaw did not have sufficient anti-tank guns to prevent German panzers like the above from advancing into their positions.

Polish Government in London learned that the Germans had completely gone back on their word and had begun murdering these Poles outright.

All Polish men from 16 to 40 have been separated from their families and deported for slave labor in the Reich. Up to October 14th, more than 12,000 prisoners from Warsaw had been sent to Oswiecim where Germans have begun executing them in gas chambers. Other Poles are murdered in moving vans which the Germans have equipped with portable gas chambers. This is done so that bodies can be scattered, for the Germans fear that their crimes will be discovered. Death trucks operated between Oswiecim and the village of Maczki some 24 miles to the north.

Seven Germans have been named by the Poles as the men directly responsible for this increased terror in Poland.

In the meantime, incensed by news of these and other atrocities perpetrated by the Germans upon innocent Polish civilians, units of the Home Army have waged large-scale battles with the Germans in widely scattered parts of the country.

During the past month, Polish soldiers fought in several towns and cities south and southeast of Warsaw; in Radom, Piotrkow, Opoczno, and Przysucha. Ciekowice and Kalwarja Zebrzydowska, in the extreme southeast of Poland, have also seen the smoke of battle. More than 200 Germans were wiped out in the series of clashes in the Radom-Piotrkow district alone.

One of the battles near Opoczno, into which the Germans threw two companies, continued for more than 24 hours. The Germans used flame-throwers, and mortars against strongly entrenched Polish detachments, but in the end were forced to withdraw after suffering more than 100 casualties. In revenge the Germans burned down several Polish villages.

At Przysucha, the Poles destroyed a fortified German post, killing 66 Germans and capturing the entire equipment and arms of the post.

Thus the Battle of Poland goes on. In spite of these increased repressions, in spite of the tragedy of Warsaw, the Germans still find Poland unconquered and unconquerable.



German soldiers storming Polish insurgent position in the ruins of burned Warsaw.

# “A HELL ON EARTH”

I HAVE received reports that the Polish troops who entered Dutch territory have fought brilliantly and with very conspicuous gallantry and have been greeted and assisted by the population with the greatest enthusiasm.

“On behalf of the Royal Netherlands Government, I wish to express my heartfelt gratitude for the splendid achievements of these Polish troops which have contributed essentially to the liberation of the Netherlands.

“I feel sure that the share of Polish Airborne troops in the epic of Arnhem will remain forever a bond between the Polish and Netherlands nations.”

With these words, the Netherlands Minister of War, Johnkheer van Lidth de Jeude, thanked General Marian Kukiel, Polish Minister of Defense, for the part played by Polish soldiers in the liberation of his country.

Polish paratroops fought beside the British during the epic battle for Arnhem, while the First Polish Armored Division has liberated many towns in the Dutch province of Zeeland.

A Polish war correspondent who went through Arnhem with the Poles and the British calls it “an unparalleled hell on earth.” Here is his story of the battle:

“At the end of the fifth day of the Arnhem Battle, the Polish Parachute Brigade came to reinforce the surrounded British. They were to have come on the third day, but bad flying weather prevented this.

“These Poles came at the crucial moment when our situation was desperate. The number of German forces surrounding us increased hour by hour. Soon the British were forced back from their advanced position into a small pocket outside the city. German artillery and heavy mortars caused many casualties. Communication between the various companies



This captured German horse has acquired a Polish master.

was most difficult to maintain because of the unusual number of enemy snipers and the fact that several of our radios had been destroyed. We put up stiff opposition, however, with the sole objective of surviving until help came. German artillery fire was constantly increased. For a time it immobilized the Polish Parachute Brigade on the opposite bank.

“Two nights previously, a Polish liaison officer had gotten across to our side in order to report the situation back to General Sosabowski for radio communication was no longer reliable. Our losses mounted to enormous proportions.

“The night before a score or more Polish soldiers succeeded in crossing the Lek arm of the Rhine. They forced a passage scarcely 300 yards from German lines. Only the greatest of care in maintaining absolute silence saved them during this extremely risky operation. The sole means of transportation were four small dinghys.

“On the eighth day of the battle for Arnhem, infantry companies of the Polish Parachute Brigade went into action. Our British Airborne Division was completely surrounded in an ever-narrowing space. The Germans were closing in. Snipers shot at the house in whose cellar British headquarters were located as well as at British trenches. Only swift aid from the outside could save us.

“The Polish Brigade could not bring that aid on the scale needed. However, it was able to stave off disaster for another 24 hours. By then, we hoped, Pancer columns of the British Second Army would reach us.

“The arrival of these Poles had temporarily halted the German advance on one sector. Sharp encounters continued throughout the day on all sectors. Judging from the hellish fire of German artillery and mortars, the enemy had again

been reinforced.

“Our situation was tragic by then. We were cut off in a small pocket bounded on one side by the Rhine. Only from that side could help still reach us. German guns had gone mad. We couldn't stand much more of that barrage without cracking. The little woods where we made our stand were almost completely destroyed.

“Where was the Second Army?

“On the night of September 25-26th, we crossed the Rhine. Located barely 4 miles down the river from our ford, enemy guns created a hell on earth. Machine guns added to the barrage turned on our woods. At times the night sky turned brighter than at noon. Rocket guns, tracer bullets, the flames from the burning trees, the burst of shells and bombs provided a suitable visual and accoustical backdrop for the last act of the Airborne Division's dramatic battle.

“There was no panic. With an imposing composure, disciplined and mindful of the slightest order, our men went forward, reached the places where they were to ford the Rhine.

“Late that night when the woods were behind us, but while hundreds of our soldiers were still on the northern bank waiting their turn in the little boats, the Germans succeeded in bringing their guns right up to the very bank. If that little forest had been a hell on earth, then that bank was hell itself. Whoever got out free and whole will never forget that Battle of Arnhem.

“In the morning, the last boat sank. The rest of our men swam across. Unfortunately some of us did not make it, but we could not wait for them, for German tanks were already in the woods, approaching the river bank. We retreated with the British and Polish troops sent to rescue us.”

Another eyewitness account of the battle comes from Major-General R. E. Urquhart, commander of the First British Airborne Division, the “Red Devils,” who was among those saved from Arnhem. He told the press:

“I am very pleased that the Polish Parachute Brigade was associated with our Airborne Division during the Battle of Arnhem.



This Polish gunner has discovered that his shell wrecked the German tank on which he stands.

“You may release to the press that those reinforcements that were able to cross the river went into action at once, fought heroically and gave us valuable assistance.”

An official statement from British Divisional Headquarters on the part played by Polish paratroops at Arnhem states:

“The glider part of the Polish Brigade landed just north of our area about 4:30 p.m. on September 19th. They were heavily opposed by flak as they came in to land. There were heavy casualties. The Brigade itself landed on September 21st south of the river, near a town called Dreell quite unopposed. They met little resistance and suffered few casualties.

“The next morning there was a battle around Dreell, but again their losses were not high. That same day, September 22nd, a patrol from a reconnaissance unit contacted them and remained with them.

“That night they sent, as best they could, 50 men to reinforce the troops on the northern bank of the river. On September 23rd, other formations joined them. On that day plans were laid for the whole Brigade to cross the river during the night of September 23rd-24th. However, only 150 men were able to carry out this assignment. These 150, together with the half-a-hundred who had crossed previously, greatly strengthened that part of the front.

“Between 80 and 100 men successfully withdrew on the nights of the 25th and 26th and along with the remainder of the British brigades came back with the First Airborne Division of Nijmegen.

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A Polish tank commander on the lookout.

## “Polish Day” in the Capital of Belgium

On Saturday, October 14th, General Maczek placed a wreath on the grave of the Unknown Soldier of Belgium in the name of the soldiers of the Polish Armored Division. General Maczek was received by the Belgian Regent, Prince Charles, who thanked him for the aid of the Poles in the liberation of Belgium.

With sincere words of highest praise the Regent spoke of the heroism of the Polish soldiers fighting on Belgian soil as well as on fronts all over the world. In the afternoon, large crowds of people collected around the Tomb of the Unknown Soldier. Assisted by an Honorary Platoon of the Division with banners and fanfare, General Maczek placed a wreath on the Tomb inscribed “To Belgian heroes who died fighting for their country—Polish Armored Division.”

A great ovation was given General Maczek immediately following the ceremony. The crowd shouted “Vive La Pologne” while a chorus spontaneously began shouting the first verse of “Poland Is Not Yet Lost,” the Polish National Anthem. They were local inhabitants of Polish descent, Poles amongst whom there were many who had hidden from the Gestapo for four long years of occupation.

At the moment when General Maczek was getting into his car, an elderly man, pushing his way through the crowd, approached the automobile and said: “Don't you recognize me, General? We lived together in Czestochowa.” The General recognized him immediately and shook hands. The man had been managing director of textile factories in Czestochowa at the time that General Maczek commanded an infantry division there.

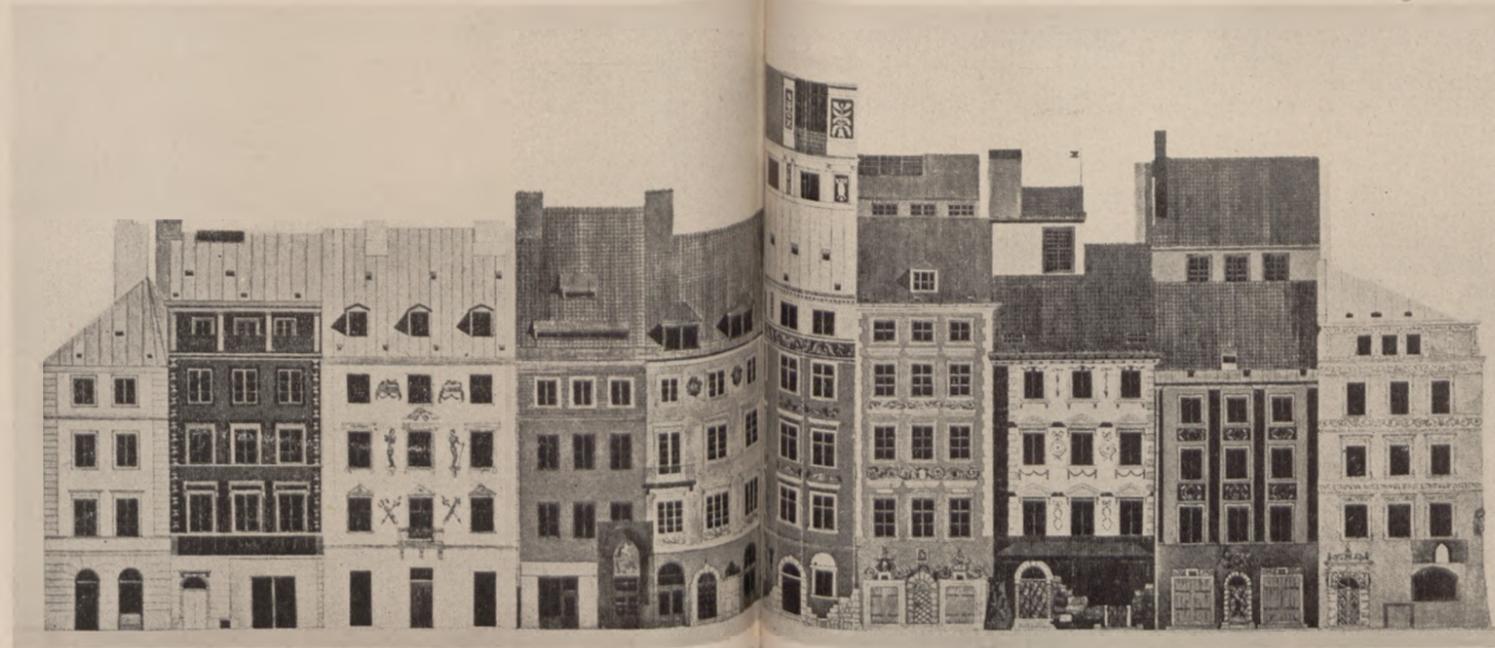
# FROM THE IRRETRIEVABLE PAST POLYCHROMY OF OLD WARSAW

by CASIMIR ANSLOW

**P**ROUD as modern Warsaw was of her lovely new sections, parks and buildings, she was even more proud of her medieval Old City with its interesting narrow streets, curious old stone dwellings and ancient cobbled market square. During Warsaw's heroic 63-day uprising against the Germans this summer, the Old City was used as the Polish Home Army's headquarters. It was the scene of furious fighting between Poles and Germans and when the Poles were compelled to give up their positions there, the Germans deliberately fired the historic old buildings that had been so dear to the people of the Polish capital.

Warsaw's Old City dates from the 13th century, when it was founded by the Princes of Mazovia. As was the custom in those days, the city was built around an open square and enclosed by a ring of fortifications. Entrance into the walled city could be obtained by any of its four gates.

Already in the 14th century Warsaw was a thriving community. In 1339 two papal envoys sent to Poland to act as judges in a Polish-German controversy, selected Warsaw as the town in which to try the dispute "in view of the fact that the Prince usually resides here with his court, that justice is administered here by the Prince and by the Court's tribunal, while church affairs are passed on by churchmen; having also in mind the easy and safe access to the city, surrounded by



Polychromy of Old City Square in Warsaw executed by artists under the direction of Stanislaw Ostrowski.

a wall, in which all needs can be satisfied, and in which taverns are very proper and reliable; finally because the Prince's just rule will prevent any foreigner from suffering the slightest unpleasantness in Warsaw."

The city gained rapidly in importance and in a few decades the influx of new residents was so great that sections sprang into being beyond the city walls and came to be known as the New City.

Warsaw's original inhabitants were local peasants turned townspeople and Silesian, Pomeranian and Poznanian Poles who settled there. As the town became a full-fledged city of the Polish Commonwealth and as its location on the important Vistula River made it a great trade center, the ranks of the townspeople were swelled by foreign patricians who decided to make their home in the growing metropolis. Within a few generations these newcomers had intermarried with the Poles and become thoroughly Polonized.

The 16th century and the first half of the 17th century saw the heyday of Warsaw's townspeople. In 1524 Zygmunt I, King of Poland, excused the Fukier family from the payment of duties on all goods, especially copper and lead for "the oft-repeated services rendered the King and the Commonwealth from which we derived no small benefits."

Evidence of the Warsaw merchants' wealth may be seen in the family records of weddings, wills and estate settlements. Jadwiga Gizina, née Fukier, left upon her death four gold caps, two silver caps, a sapphire ring, a diamond ring, a ruby ring, seven smaller rings, four pearl-studded shawls, a jewelled necklace, and a long list of precious household articles.

When Jan Baryczka died in 1608 he bequeathed to his heirs a house and garden on Long Street, a lot on Freta Street, a hostelry near the Holy Ghost Church, a farm in Mokotow, a granary on the Vistula, half a garden on Mead Street, a house on the same street, a house on Crooked Circle Street, and an imposing mansion in the Market Square. The Baryczka family were active in the capital's life: Stanislaw Baryczka gave 30,000 zlotys for parish and benevolent work, Jacek Baryczka endowed the *Stadium Barycianum*, while the Three Kings Chapel in St. John's Parish Church was popularly dubbed the Baryczka Chapel.

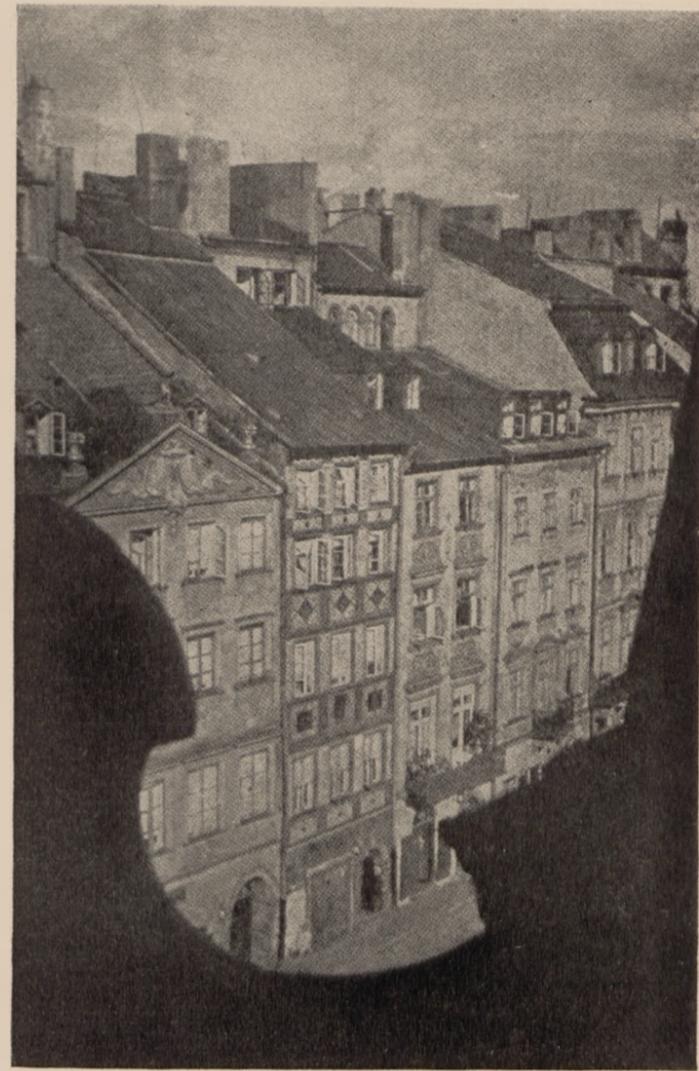
Marcin Fukier had a collection of 44 paintings and two trunksful of books. In his last will he left instructions "not to stint in educating his children." Should they die, "let the entire fortune be turned over to pious works." His obituary extolled him as "a man of ardent faith, a citizen of the city, devoting his time and energy to public affairs, a diligent

and thrifty merchant, concerned about his reputation, an equally good husband and father, rearing his sons in virtue and anxious to give them a better education."

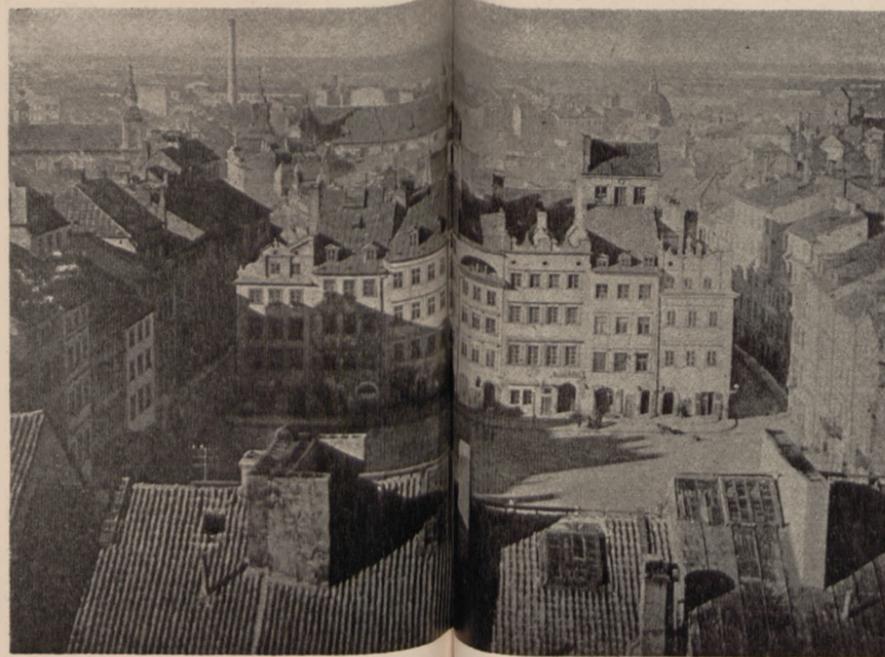
Warsaw's general well-being in this period was reflected in its hustle and bustle and in the opulence of the buildings in the Square. As in other medieval cities, Warsaw's guilds were powerful organizations that controlled virtually all crafts and commerce. The masters and apprentices practising a craft or trade were usually grouped in one street. Not only did their intricate guild signs advise all comers that they were open for business, but in many cases the street itself bore the name of the guild installed there. Old City street names like *Garbarska* (Tanners' Street), *Piekarska* (Bakers' Street), *Rymarska* (Harness-makers' Street), *Furmanska* (Coachmen's Street), *Browarna* (Brewers' Street), have endured to this day, though the guilds have long since disappeared.

In olden days the Market Square was the center of all trading activity. Its many stalls and stands displayed costly wares calculated to induce the well-to-do to loosen their purse strings. Contemporary sources mention that "in some dim shops they sell silk-stuffs and various scarlet cloths, in others they have all manner of woollens and costly crimson fabrics," that

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A view of the Old City Square showing polychromed buildings.



Warsaw's Old City Square before the polychromy had been applied to the ancient houses.



Just before the scaffolding was removed from a newly polychromed house.



House at the sign of the ship. Old City Square, Warsaw.

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"artisans charge much for each piece of work," that "bakers sell a loaf of bread for two grosze," that "wine dealers have cellars in which stand wine-filled barrels," that "innkeepers serve two measures of brandy or a gallon of Warka beer"—all of which suggests a happy, prosperous city and a peaceful, undisturbed existence. On Thursdays horse and cattle dealers came from near and far to add color and life to the already picturesque scene.

Although the streets and Square in Warsaw's Old City are 700 years old, its buildings were of more recent

origin. The first buildings in Warsaw were wooden. Stone was made compulsory after the great fire of 1431. Hence, the famous houses in the Old City dated from the 15th, 16th and 17th centuries.

Facing the Square in the center of the Old City were the homes of rich townspeople. Because the defense walls limited the city's size, all buildings erected were restricted in frontage. Common people could have two-window houses, the knighted merchants were entitled to three and in exceptional cases to four windows. To take maximum advantage of the space allotted to each house, it was built four or five stories high and had cellars two or three stories deep.

Burgiers vied with one another to make each house more beautiful than the next. That the results were well worth the effort may be gleaned from Adam Jarzelski's *Description of Warsaw*, written in 1643:

"Dwellings are exceeding pretty  
In the Square and in the city.  
All a-glitter with fine gold,  
They're a great sight to behold,  
And are Warsaw's true adornment;  
On them drawings are outlined  
and with colors well defined."

Following the transfer of the capital from Cracow to Warsaw in 1609, Zygmunt III went to great pains to make the city a residence worthy of Kings. The Royal Castle was reconstructed and embellished, and many palaces were built for the Commonwealth's dignitaries. The Old City kept pace with Warsaw's general increase in affluence and foreigners reported on the great number of stone buildings, the abundance of gardens, the prosperity of merchants and the brisk trading activity.



Hallway in the 325-year-old Fukier wine cellar, Old City Square, Warsaw.

Soon, however, one calamity after another fell upon the City of the Mermaid. A disastrous fire in 1607 had destroyed many homes and the plagues of 1625 and 1628 decimated the population. No sooner had the city returned to normal, than in 1655 came the Swedish, Hungarian, and Tatar invasion. The Swedish King leveled the city walls,

burned the suburbs and destroyed many buildings. A fire in 1660, a plague in 1662, followed by fresh fires in 1668 and 1670 added their bit to the general devastation. Three plague epidemics under Jan Sobieski (1674-1696) wrought havoc with the already impoverished population. A second Swedish invasion in 1702, the fire of 1708 and the plague of 1710 well nigh struck the deathknell of Warsaw. The deserted city resembled a cemetery. Grass grew in the streets while the inhabitants hid in the fields and forests to escape the ghastly fate of their 30,000 fellow citizens. The plague of 1710 virtually ended the guild system in Warsaw. Out of 186 shoemakers all but 11 were wiped out by the dread disease. One armorer survived out of 21.

Despite these catastrophes, Warsaw expanded—not as rapidly as it might have in happier circumstances—but nevertheless expand it did. However, the partitions of Poland dealt a cruel blow to plans for Warsaw's future development. Its growth was stifled by the erection of the Citadel in the north and by the Russian decision to treat it like a provincial town. The various insurrections also left their mark on the brave, warm-hearted city.

Curiously enough, in the centuries of vicissitudes through which the Old City passed, the ancient Square remained intact. To be sure, the city hall that stood in the center of the Square had to be demolished in 1817 and the once beautiful homes of the rich merchants facing the Square became the quarters of the poor. Nevertheless, as a tribute to the medieval charm of the Old City, Warsaw citizens for many years came down on Maundy Thursday to sip mead at Fukier's wine-shop, founded in 1608, and then to stroll through the bewitching crooked streets and around the Square, pausing to inspect the Latin inscriptions, sculptures, coats of arms, carved stone doorways, massive wrought-iron doors, vaulted entrance halls, quaint courtyards and hundreds of other interesting details. Particularly fascinating were the Polish "attics," or false fronts invented to hide the steep roof lines from the street below.

Intriguing as these old buildings were, they had become drab and neglected. Not a trace remained of the gay colors, and many fine architectural or sculptural features were hidden under later additions.

It was Stanislaw Ostrowski, the outstanding Polish sculptor whose equestrian statue of King Jagiello has been acquired by the City of New York, who conceived the notion of celebrating Poland's tenth anniversary of regained independence in 1928 by restoring the facades of the houses on the Square to look as they had in the late Gothic period. This artist's creative imagination saw the shabby Old City buildings transformed into a rainbow of colors, the jagged housetops straightened out, the chinked portals gleaming with gems, and the Square reimbued with the atmosphere of its bygone splendor.

Ostrowski presented his project to the Society for Preserving the Antiquities of Warsaw in May, 1928. In record time, the Society named a Commission of artists and art lovers to study the question of polychromy. The Commission's first task was to estimate the cost of the restoration

(Please turn to page 14)



Entrance hall in the Old City Square's famous Baryczka building, housing the Society for Preserving the Antiquities of Warsaw.

by WACLAW LEDNICKI

WHEN it is necessary, Zeromski's hero sacrifices himself. Such is the touching story of the hero of the "comedy," *My Little Quail Has Fled Away*.

"The hero, one Przelecki, is a young scholar devoted to social work. An enthusiast himself, he gathers similar enthusiasts around him. All of them regard the work upon which they are engaged as a kind of mission. But there is among them a married woman who falls in love with the hero. And he falls in love with her. It is a deep, passionate, persuading love, but if they accept it, the work which is so dear to Przelecki will be ruined by scandal, and a third person will suffer. For the sake of the moral values at stake Przelecki resorts to an heroic buffoonery: he degrades himself in the eyes of the woman and in the eyes of his friends. There is a risk: will they reject him or reject the idea to which he had attached them? This risk is tragic for Przelecki but he wins against himself. He is condemned to an existence of insignificance and seclusion. He loses what is dearest to him; but in feeling himself a victor, he is justified."\*

Nothing could be more gripping than the meeting of Przelecki with the husband—who begs for his charity.

That play contains a germ of another story. And that germ is attached to it by the will of destiny. It is as if we had there a metaphysic of heroism. The scholars who appear in that comedy are almost all professors of the University of Cracow. The action takes place in the twenties of our century. Among these professors is one who is a linguist, who delivers brilliant and enthusiastic lectures on the historical grammar of the Polish language. A legend had made Zeromski's readers and spectators recognize in the figure of the professor a kind of reverent allusion toward a great scholar of Cracow, whom all Poland knew for his magnificent studies and for his fanatical devotion to science. This legend spread with such obstinate vigor that the artist who played the role of the grammarian in Warsaw was made up so as to make people think immediately of his living prototype.

I knew this professor well personally; we all held him in the greatest esteem, and at the same time in a sort of fear, a sort of impatience. The esteem was due to his immense merits. It must be said in passing that the "linguistic school" of Cracow represented a team of scholars of the first rank; in later days the linguists of Cracow won a position in Europe which no other European linguistic milieu could dispute. Like our mathematicians and logicians of Warsaw, our linguists of Cracow were known and renowned throughout the world. The professor in question was one of the leading men of that school. His erudition, his faculty for work, were truly extraordinary; he was a fanatic. He was also a man of absolutely scientific probity: in all his judgments, in all his opinions, he let himself be guided only by purely scientific considerations. That is why one knew that in any personal question his judgment would be characterized by the greatest possible sureness and integrity. But this man had a particularly disagreeable character, disagreeable in the sense that it was organically impossible for him to conceal his opinions, to attenuate his judgments, at least the expression of his judgments, when the latter were unfavorable. That is the reason why he caused fear: everyone was sure to hear from his mouth judgments whose aim was irrevocably that of truth, without circumspection, without the least effort to be circumspect, to spare ambition and self-love. On the other hand, there was in him a deep personal humility toward those whom he recognized as scholars "without blemish or re-

\* From LIFE AND CULTURE OF POLAND, By Wacław Lednicki, Roy Publishers, New York, 1944.



Professor Wacław Lednicki and Mrs. Clarence Hay, daughter-in-law of the former American Secretary of State, John Hay, at the Hay estate in Newbury, N. H.

proach." Such was always his attitude toward our great philosopher and "scholar-poet" of the language—Jan Michal Rozwadowski. But, while savage and ferocious in his criticism and smashing in his words of scientific anger, he was all caresses when he spoke of things or of personalities which became the object of his admiration; at such times a deliciously good smile appeared on his lips.

He was arrested by the Gestapo on November 6, 1939, with all the teaching and administrative corps of the University, and sent to the concentration camp of Oranienburg, where he was detained for three months. As you know, they underwent there the most terrible regimen, after which, as I have already related, eighteen professors died in Oranienburg and several immediately after their return to Cracow, so enfeebled had they been by their existence at Oranienburg.

I went to see him after his return, in his modest villa, situated, as it happened, in the most ravishing quarter of Cracow, on a little hill with a delightful view of the Vistula and the Wawel. . . . He had changed greatly, he had grown terribly thin, his hair was shaven, he coughed every instant. But in his eyes, I recognized the same energy and the same will, which glittered through the glass of his very thick lenses: he was myopic.

Fearfully, with a constricted feeling in my heart, I asked him: "Was it terrible?"

The voice we knew so well, always snappish and dry—which had suddenly become to me, I know not why, so dear, unique, immensely precious, that I stifled sobs in my throat—replied to me:

"Yes, it was harsh—but you see, I held out, and I don't feel bad. . . ." And then he changed the conversation. . . . It was a trait that was general for all. They did not want to tell; in them there was the shyness of the man who had undergone mad degradations, horrible defilement of his human dignity. . . . they did not want to talk about it. . . . I immediately caught this trait in him as well, and that made me shudder inwardly even more.

"You know," he told me, "that we were able to organize lectures there, during the first three weeks—later the Germans forbade it. . . . Everyone gave lectures on different subjects, of course. . . . And, as always, there were good ones and bad ones. . . ." Here he began to list the speakers and pass them in review, for all the world as he had been accustomed to doing before. . . . He did not spare even those

(Continued on page 15)

# THE ONLY WOMAN IN THE INVASION FLEET WAS A POLE

by HAROLD S. FIELDING

AMONG the thousands of sailors who took part in the invasion of Europe, there was, it seems, only one woman, Jadwiga Pierzynska, a cook on a Polish merchantman.

When I boarded the ship she was busy smoking some Polish sausages in an improvised oven on the deck. It did not take me long to see that Mrs. Pierzynska is a person not only very much liked but also respected by everyone aboard. She seems to be energy and reliability itself.

How did she happen to be taking part in the invasion? The crews of the ships used on D-Day consisted only of volunteers, nobody was compelled. Mrs. Pierzynska was not, at that time, a member of the crew of any ship destined for the invasion, for she was ashore in the reserve pool. However when she found that men were signing up for the invasion, she did the same, without hesitation, although she well knew the dangerous nature of the operation.

"At first they weren't too keen to accept me, saying that an invasion was not a job for women. But at the last moment they wined for me, when they found, that they were short of a cook."

Mrs. Pierzynska said that during the invasion there was not much trouble with the Germans—only with the weather. When her ship was caught in a three-day gale off the Normandy coast they were nearly defeated. A caisson hurled by the wild sea, tore a large hole in the ship. The waves swept away their motor-boat and one raft. "And," said Mrs. Pierzynska, "a bag of onions too, which was stored on deck." The onions, it seemed, were her worst trouble, as without onions how could food be tasty?

"And then an iron pillar broken by the waves, burst through the door and landed next to me in the galley, while I was cooking dinner," complained Mrs. Pierzynska.

The ship suffered such damage that time, that she had to be beached and she was lying there about three weeks. First of all hundreds of tons of ammunition were unloaded, and then they started repair work with great help from the Americans. Finally the big day arrived—the ship was able to return to Britain under her own power.

A ship beached for three weeks makes an excellent target for the enemy. But Mrs. Pierzynska says that the Germans must have been rather weak in the air, and must also have had some more important targets further west, where intense ack-ack fire could be seen every night, for the ship was mostly left in peace.

"The worst moment was when a mine let loose by the storm missed us by inches. But, thank God, it just passed us."

Had she seen it? No, she had no time, she was busy cooking supper.

"You see our boys like me, but they don't like it if the food is not strictly on time. So when I cook, I really have no time for anything else. I heard them shout up there on deck that the mine was heading straight for us, and I heard shots



Mrs. Pierzynska, ship's cook on a Polish merchantman.

being fired at it. Of course I was scared, but what could I do, even if I left the galley?"

So in spite of everything supper was on time . . .

Thanks to some coffee served in the middle of the night, Mrs. Pierzynska gained many American friends. Once, when they stayed working very late, one of them without much conviction said: "Wouldn't it be grand to have some hot coffee?" "You shall have some," said Mrs. Pierzynska. And the coffee appeared.

In gratitude the soldiers told everybody that there was a woman on board the Polish ship, and that she was upholding the fame of Polish hospitality. The news made a real sensation. From then on, every day a passing barge or "duck" stopped alongside and American soldiers threw aboard packages of food, cigarettes, or sweets.

"That's a present for your 'boss-lady.'"

Of course the whole crew profited by it.

"But it was our own boys who gave me the greatest pleasure," she said. "One day, on their return from shore, they brought me a bottle of real French wine. This was sweet of them, as they could have drunk it themselves."

"Did you go on shore yourself?"

"Only on the beach where we were lying. I even brought back some souvenirs of the Battle for the Beaches."

So three weeks passed, and every day she had to think how best to feed the crew, in spite of all that was happening around her. Finally the ship returned to a British port and Mrs. Pierzynska is now waiting to put to sea again.

Mrs. Pierzynska has been at sea for the last nine years. The outbreak of war found her on board the Polish steamer "Wigry" in Antwerp. She didn't attempt to return to Poland, although she had left there her 12-year old son. The decision was a very hard one for a mother to make, but she remained with her ship in order to serve during the war in

the Merchant Marine as she had worked during the years of peace.

It is a long time now since she had any news of her son.

Apart from that, one might say she had had good luck. The steamer "Wigry," a small ship, not built for service in Arctic conditions, was lost at the approaches to Iceland. The furious seas threw her life-boat ashore with the whole crew frozen to death. Only one sailor was saved. But Mrs. Pierzynska had left the ship just before that particular voyage. She served afterwards on another Polish ship, which was also sunk, just after Mrs. Pierzynska had left her.

She cannot claim similar luck when ashore. During the 1940 blitz she lost all her belongings and herself had a "narrow escape."

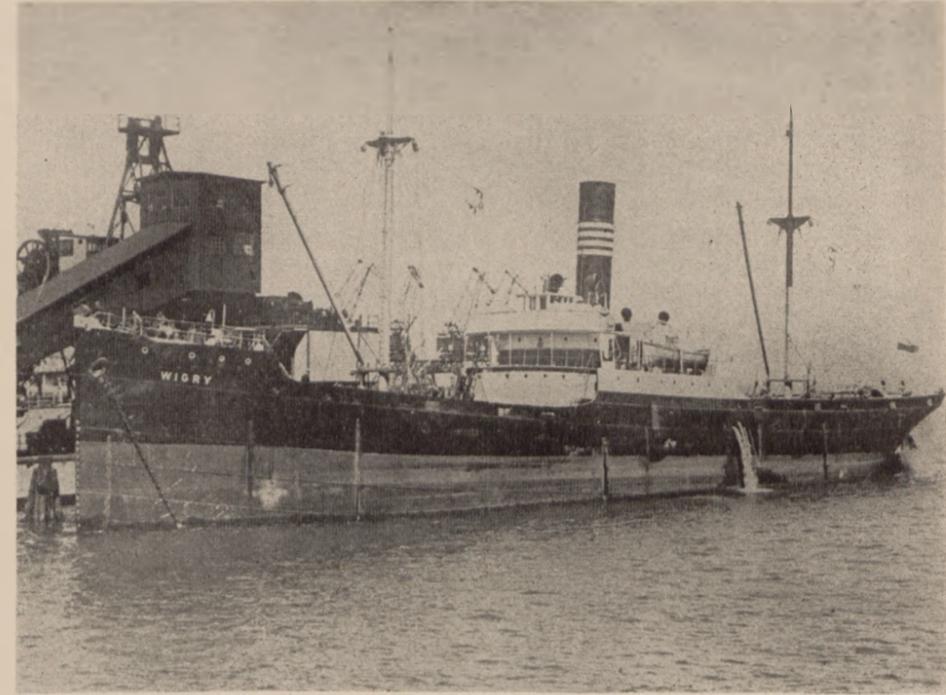
And now again ashore after getting back from the invasion without a scratch, she became a victim of a flying bomb.

"I didn't fancy risking my few things again, this time through doodle-bugs, so I came up to my home for one day in order to send my things to a safer place."

A flying bomb came just then and Mrs. Pierzynska was seriously cut by flying glass.

"They were taking bits of glass out of me for two and a half hours and putting stitches in, and all that without an anaesthetic. But I didn't faint," she added proudly.

Today she has both her arms bandaged, but she insists



S.S. Wigry, Polish freighter.

on working on board her ship.

"The boys are trying all they can to prevent the Old Man from sending me ashore."

She is resolved to return to Poland on that very ship. One should add that it is one of the six Polish merchantmen

which in October 1939 braved the German blockade of the Baltic and escaped to the North Sea two months after the outbreak of war.

Mrs. Pierzynska is by no means the only woman serving on board the Polish ships. There are about a dozen others who sail as cooks or stewardesses. They worked there before the war, and when war came, they refused to leave their ships and the people with whom they worked.

There were four women on two Polish ships lost in the Mediterranean. All of them were saved, and all of them are sailing again.

"The sea is by no means only a man's domain," they say resolutely.



President Raczkiewicz and Polish Minister of Industry, Commerce and Shipping Kwapinski visit a Polish merchant vessel. The Polish woman member of the crew is J. Podseskowska.

"The Royal Navy is full of the greatest admiration for the work done by the Polish Navy."

—A. V. Alexander, First Lord of the Admiralty.

## FROM THE IRRETRIEVABLE PAST: POLYCHROMY OF OLD WARSAW

*(Continued from page 10)*

and to enlist the interest and support of the thirty-odd owners of the houses on the Square. The latter agreed to accept second mortgages on their property to finance the repairs.

Before any polychromy could be applied, all portals and window frames had to be scraped clean of the accumulated layers of paint, mouldy stone blocks replaced by new ones, arches restored in entrance ways and corridors, worn thresholds put in order, grilles and gates cleaned, balconies torn down and the ugly Mermaid statue removed from the center of the Square. All this was done in the astounding space of a few months.

The final step was that of polychromy. Supervision over this phase of the work was placed in Stanislaw Ostrowski's hands and Poland's finest artists were invited to submit sketches for the decoration of one or more houses on the Square. The artists who participated in the polychromy project were: Wacław Borowski, Zygmunt Grabowski, Tadeusz Gronowski, Zygmunt Kaminski, Felicjan Kowarski, Witold Leonhard, Jan Łukasik, Marian Malicki, Edward Okun, Stanislaw Ostrowski, Leonard Pekalski, Zbigniew Pronaszko, Stanislaw Rzecki, Karol Sicinski, Ludomir Slendzinski, Zofia Stryjenska, Jozef Szperber. Karol Sicinski helped draw up the general architectural plan, Zofia Stryjenska collaborated in the selection of colors and designs, and Professor Jan Rutkowski was entrusted with the important task of preparing the right paints. The al fresco and graffito techniques were used. All the above artists met frequently in the historic headquarters of the Society for Preserving the Antiquities of Warsaw in the Baryczka house, one of those restored. In the atmosphere of an informal Academy conducted by Ostrowski, they discussed the style of each building, the appropriate color scheme for each building, and the best execution of each particular plan. Once an artist's decorative pattern was approved, he was given considerable leeway in carrying out his ideas. Thus, the final result was one of harmonious variety in both color and motifs.

During the summer and early autumn of 1928 the old market place was the busiest corner in Warsaw. From dawn to dusk Polish artists worked on the scaffolding of their unique open air studio, while visitors came to watch them at work. Even the weather smiled upon the project so that advantage could be taken of moonlit nights for sculpturing and gilding.

In November, 1928, the feverish activity in the Old Square came to an end. When the scaffolding was removed, time seemed to have turned back hundreds of years. A myriad of colors and a wealth of geometrical, floral and other designs enchanted those who came to see what had been accomplished. On the eve of Polish Independence Day a ceremony was held in the historic market place to celebrate the completion of the ambitious program. A concert by fifteen hundred singers and a military parade were a few of the day's features. The tenants of the restored buildings presented the author of the project, Ostrowski, with a silver tray stacked with gifts including a bottle of wine dating from the days when Poland was a monarchy.

As the gleaming facades in Stare Miasto acquired the patina of time, they became even more beautiful. Small wonder that European artists devoted much space in the art journals of France, Italy, Germany and Spain to describe the wonder of Warsaw's reborn medieval town and that cities like Brussels and Paris sent delegations to Warsaw to study the Old City polychromy. Small wonder that a "must" on every tourist's list for Poland was a visit to the colorful Old Square.

Today, the Old Square, like the Old City, and indeed like all Warsaw, is a shambles. No amount of restoration can ever resurrect its charm and loveliness. German thoroughness has seen to that. All who loved Warsaw—and who could escape falling under the spell of the once carefree and buoyant Polish capital—feel a sense of personal loss at the wanton destruction of this oldest part of the city, where Kings rubbed elbows with street vendors in the dim past and where modern heroes met a glorious death in the defense of their beloved Warsaw.

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## 'A HELL ON EARTH'

*(Continued from page 7)*

"On September 27th, they were ordered to re-join the Polish Brigade to help keep open lines of communication."

A British colonel who went through Arnhem had this to add to the official report:

"General Sosabowski wanted at all costs to get troops back across the river in strength, but was hindered by the serious lack of transportation facilities.

"To get a rough idea of these difficulties," the colonel said, "I will give just one example. On the first night, operations were limited because we could not find any material for making rafts and had but three or four small one-man rubber boats with us."

In the meantime, the Polish First Armored Division, fight-

ing with the Canadian First Army, has also reached the Netherlands. Among the many Dutch cities and towns these Polish soldiers have liberated are Baarle-Nassau, Baarle-Hertog, Axel, Hulst, Schapenbout, Zaamslag and Terneuzen. The Poles have also freed Western Flanders in Belgium and a major portion of the Dutch province of Zeeland.

In a two-week period of front line action, the Polish First Armored Division took 1,324 Germans prisoner, among them 22 officers. Since the invasion, it has captured 7,763 German soldiers and 156 German officers.

Equally imposing is the amount of German material captured by these Poles: 150 cannon and howitzers, 42 anti-tank and anti-aircraft guns, 50 tanks, 15 pursuit planes, 19 heavy machine guns and 249 armored cars.

(Continued from page 11)

who had died in the camp . . . when it came the turn of one of our greatest masters of the history of Polish literature—and it was a friend of my host, and he had died in Oranienburg—I heard the following observation: “Well, yes, he spoke too, he treated the history of the literary life of Warsaw at the end of the nineteenth century; it was good, it was vivid, but—well, you can imagine, you are familiar with his style—anecdotes, reminiscences, *Kleinmalerei*.” And he said, “One day we had a lecture from Mr. . . . whom you know. It was very weak. You know me, too, so you will foresee that I did not hide my opinion from him. Well, and can you guess what he replied to me? He said, ‘I did not have time to prepare my talk.’ . . . He did not have time! I did not refrain,” he continued, “from telling him what I thought of him: ‘how is this—no time! You know of course that in this terrible cold, in this snowy mud that we have in the barracks, in this stench—no one can

sleep, or even close an eye; and yet you tell me that you didn’t have time to prepare your talk. . . .’”

I am not capable of translating into words the stupor, the admiration, the enthusiasm which this man roused and kindled in my heart. I felt crushed; I was there like a poor earthworm contemplating a star. . . . That man, shaven like a prisoner, casting his glance through his glasses that glittered in the twilight which was coming from the snow-covered plain into the room, that man who was physically weak, bent with age and with the torture itself, coughing, but sweetly and tenderly smiling at every scientific idea that pleased him, appeared before my dazzled eyes as the perfect example of what I should like here to call the heroism, the holy ascetism, of science. . . . Its living representative, before my eyes, was this—“knight errant” of science. I thought also, at that moment, I do not know why, about *My Little Quail Has Flled Away*. . . .

W. Borowy, *Zeromski*, “The Slavonic Review,” 1935-36, p. 413.

## GERMAN PERSECUTION OF THE POLISH PROTESTANT CHURCHES

(Continued from page 3)

ciation of the Polish nation as a whole.

During the bombardment of Warsaw in September 1939, the Lutheran Church in the heart of the town was destroyed. Only the outer walls remain. According to reliable reports, this Church was deliberately bombed on special instructions. Most of the real property belonging to the Lutheran congregation was also destroyed. On September 26th, during the bombardment, the building in which the Consistorium met and the Bishop had his offices, was destroyed. The building in which the church schools were housed also suffered destruction. The Protestant Hospital, one of the best conducted of its kind in the city, was badly damaged. As a result of the closing down of Warsaw University, the only Faculty of Protestant Theology in Poland ceased to exist. Numerous foundations and institutions were confiscated for the benefit of the Nazi organizations. Many libraries containing valuable works, the property of Lutheran institutions or of private individuals, were destroyed or transported to Germany. Many provincial parish churches were also destroyed during the September campaign.

Polish Protestants, who were for the greater part members of the manufacturing and merchant classes, suffered heavy material losses. Factories and industrial and business enterprises were wrecked by war operations, and many have since been liquidated or confiscated by the Germans. In Lodz, the

largest Polish industrial center, the well-known textile owner, Gustaw Geyer, was condemned to death for refusing either to enroll himself on the list of *Volksdeutsche* or to collaborate with the Germans, and his factories were confiscated. Another Protestant industrialist named John, who had never declared himself “a Polish Nationalist,” met the same fate.

In accordance with instructions from Berlin, the autonomy of the Lutheran Church in Poland, which had been so generously conceived in Polish law, was abolished by stroke of the pen. The Lutheran Church, as an independent institution, was liquidated, and in its place, the Germans set up in Lodz a “Consistorium of the German Lutheran Church in former Poland.” After the arrest of Bishop Bursche, Pastor Ernst Krusche, senior clergyman in the northern province of the German Lutheran Church in the General Government, was appointed head of the new body. When even he was finally condemned by the Nazis for being too friendly towards the Poles, and had “perished in mysterious fashion” (as the German press explained), the office was entrusted to a pastor from Volhynia, Herr Kleindienst, who before the war had been notorious for his anti-Polish activities. As Superior of the new Church, Pastor Kleindienst is responsible to the director of the appropriate department of the General Government Administration. All institutions, real property and assets, belonging to the Lutheran parishes were transferred to the National Socialist Welfare Association.

## B O O K S O N P O L A N D

A comprehensive bibliography of publications on Poland in the English language has been published as a supplement to THE POLISH REVIEW. The list is arranged according to subject matter and includes the following headings: General Statistics—Population—Minorities; Geography—Travel—Photographs; History—Monographs—Until World War I; History—Monographs—Until World War II; The Polish Campaign, September 1939; German and Soviet Occupation of Poland; Polish Part in World War II; Un-

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# ***Send Christmas Gifts to Wounded Polish Soldiers!***

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Casualties among Polish troops fighting on the Western front have been high. Many of these gallant soldiers, including numerous volunteers from the United States, are now hospitalized and in need of gestures of sympathy. To brighten an otherwise lonely Christmas send them gift packages and messages of good cheer. Presents may range from Polish and American magazines and newspapers to equipment for manual work, games, food parcels and cigarettes. As many of these wounded have lost their personal belongings in battle, toilet articles, handkerchiefs, sweaters, socks and towels would be particularly welcome.

Send your gifts and communications to the World League of Poles, 45 Belgrave Square, London S.W.1, Great Britain.