

Bibi Jag

THE POLISH REVIEW

WEEKLY MAGAZINE PUBLISHED BY THE POLISH REVIEW PUBLISHING CO. with the assistance of the POLISH GOVERNMENT INFORMATION CENTER
STANISLAW L. CENTKIEWICZ, Editor — 745 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK 22 N. Y. • ANNUAL SUBSCRIPTION FOUR DOLLARS • SINGLE COPY TEN CENTS

MAIN FEATURES

New Polish Press Law

November, 1918 in Warsaw

Visit to Polish Robot-Hunters

Aleksander Zyw's sketches of Polish Armored Division in Norway

in the Desert

"She's a Good Ship, That Pole!"

Polish Flyers Study American Methods

Bibliography of Books on Poland

VOL. IV. No. 42 NOV. 11, 1944

with Tank Commander during his Battle in France.



NEW POLISH PRESS LAW

Outlines of a new Polish Press Law that guarantees full freedom and independence to the Polish Press after the war were announced by Karol Popiel, Polish Minister of Reconstruction in a broadcast on October 20, 1944.

Minister Popiel said: "One of the many bills which are being prepared by the Polish Government is a new Press Law. The corresponding scheme has already been established by the Government and is at present under consideration by the National Council.

"The starting point of the new Press Law is liberty of the press, for it narrows the extent of regulations connected with the press. Street selling of non-periodicals will not be subject to special control by administrative authorities, and special regulation of publishers will cease entirely.

"The new Press Law abolishes the very tiresome obligation imposed on the press to insert Government communiqués and other official acts.

"The new Law adopts and consequently pursues the principle of pure registration and does not allow under any circumstances, for any temporary measure. All confiscations are to be decided by court. Confiscation measures which up-to-date have been particularly drastic are now cancelled and the publisher is to get indemnity making good the real costs of printing of confiscated copy.

"There will be no press censorship. Press problems, however, have their reverses. The press is such a great power, that in case of abuse, it might become highly dangerous, particularly from the viewpoint of the honor of an individual. That is why the Law retains all previously settled means and measures defending the honor of an individual against abuse by the press, and raises the limit of indemnity for moral wrong caused by libel in print to 10,000 zloty."

"In this day when the eagles of Victory have settled on the standards of the United Nations, the cause of Poland is the cause of 'All Humanity.' If the White Eagle of Poland is now torn asunder, all Humanity is torn apart."

—V. Rev. Msgr. J. H. Griffiths, Chancellor of the Roman Catholic Army and Navy Diocese, in a sermon delivered during the Pontifical Mass of Requiem for the Victims of Warsaw, St. Patrick's Cathedral, New York, October 21, 1944.

NOVEMBER, 1918 IN WARSAW

by ZYGMUNT KISIELEWSKI

IN the fall of 1918, when the world tempest that had broken loose in 1914 was finally spending itself, Warsaw was tense and watchful. After suffering more than a century of oppressive Russian rule, it had fallen into the vise of German military occupation in 1915. While thousands of its most promising citizens languished in prisons and concentration camps, while hundreds of thousands of others were being killed in battle, dying from disease behind the front lines or breathing their last from hunger, misery and nostalgia in exile, Warsaw was being plundered by the Germans.

The city was a sorry sight in those last months of the war. Its buildings were neglected and dirty. Factories stood idle. There were few hacks and no automobiles. Pedestrians walked down the middle of the deserted streets without fear of accident. Only dilapidated street cars, overflowing with emaciated humanity, suggested that after all this was still a town with a population of

one million. Grass had long since disappeared from the once beautifully tended squares. Thousands wore wooden-soled shoes, filling the city with the mournful clatter of poverty. People stood in line for hours to purchase the meagre food rations doled out by the Germans. A number of teashops and cheap restaurants, subsidized by the city did what little they could to alleviate hunger in spite of German refusal to permit food to enter the capital from the neighboring countryside. Typhus, influenza and tuberculosis were taking a heavy toll in men, women and children.

From time to time the silence in the streets was broken by the heavy, measured tread of German marching feet. As these formations goose-stepped through Warsaw, they were followed by the hate-filled, scornful glances of its population.

But underground Warsaw teemed with activity. All who had escaped exile, prison, concentration camps or disease, joined in the secret preparation of Polish independence. The Russian Revolution on March 8, 1917, had eliminated one aggressor. Party differences were now set aside and all factions combined forces to present a solid political front to the Germans.

As early as May, 1918, the Polish Military Organization had launched the slogan of an offensive against the occupants.



Polish students tearing down German signs in Warsaw, November 1918.

The Armed Reserves of the Polish Socialist Party had been active a year. Polish delegates had contacted Allied staffs through Rumania and Moscow. For months there had been sporadic fighting between Poles and Germans in the provinces, much of it unreported by the Germans. In October Warsaw thrilled to the news that Dr. Schultz, chief inspector of the German secret police in the Polish capital, had been assassinated.

Warsaw was growing increasingly hopeful of its liberation. In the middle of October author Waclaw Sieroszewski wrote openly: "Under the rainbow beginning to shine through the black clouds of world storm, we see our nation, august and happy, treading side by side with other nations into the sunny horizon of universal justice."

The crushing of the Central Powers' Balkan front early in October had knocked Bulgaria out of the war, making Austria's defeat inevitable. In the West, the German front was cracking wide open. But Governor General Jan Hartwig von Beseler still held Warsaw in his iron grip.

As late as October 12 the occupational authorities announced that the ban on bringing food into the city would not be lifted. German patrols stopped all travelers along the

(Please turn to page 4)

(Continued from page 3)

roads leading to the capital and confiscated "forbidden" articles such as bacon, sausage, bread. And on October 14 the secret police forced its way into the office of the *New Gazette*, padlocked it and removed vital parts from the printing presses. Things reached such a pass that the Municipal Council had to protest the common thievery by Germans of private property of Polish citizens. Meanwhile, Warsaw was seized by a fever of political activity. All parties staged conventions, conferences, rallies. Because the Regency Council of three prominent Poles that had been set up by the Germans in a futile effort to woo the Poles to their side, lacked popular support, the coordinating committee of the independence forces, meeting secretly, decided early in November to proclaim a government in the already liberated Lublin area. This led to the formation on November 7 of the Provisional People's Government with Socialist Ignacy Daszynski at its head. That same day the Regency Council in Warsaw issued a manifesto proclaiming the principle of Polish independence and demanded that the Germans release Jozef Pilsudski, organizer of the Polish Legions, in Magdeburg prison since July, 1917.

Simultaneously, the walls of the city were covered with posters calling for a Polish army, a real Government and a Parliament. The Polish Military Organization issued a call for volunteers. Student rallies held on November 6 and 7 unanimously voted for enlistment. The University authorities seconded the young people and suspended lectures and assignments. Even boys in their early teens clamored to join up. Many students left for the East to participate in the defense of embattled Lwow. The occupational authorities viewed the exodus with indifference but stamped passports "deprived of the right to return."

The newly proclaimed Lublin Government hastily started organizing an armed force composed of the old demobilized Polish companies with the Austrian Army, plus former legionnaires and volunteers so as to support the Warsaw Military Organization in its imminent struggle with the Germans. The anti-German action was set for November 10 by Adam Koc, Commandant of the Polish Military Organization in German-occupied Poland. On that day two Ministers of the Lublin Government, Wacław Sieroszewski and Marjan Malinowski, left for Warsaw with 125 pounds of dynamite and General Rydz-Smigly's order to speed the disarmament of the Germans.

Warsaw was ripe for an explosion. All it needed was an igniting spark. This spark was furnished by the return of Jozef Pilsudski from Magdeburg prison in the morning of November 10.

That very night von Beseler and his staff had fled in civilian clothes to Germany. The Governor General's flight left the German garrison in Warsaw without orders. On November 10 the *Soldatenrat*, or Soldiers' Council, which had been formed two days earlier, stripped officers of power and placed all authority in the hands of delegates from the various battalions.

Pilsudski's arrival strengthened the Polish military and



Polish troops take over headquarters of the German Army in Warsaw, November 1918.

political position. The "prisoner of Magdeburg" was heartily welcomed by the Provisional Lublin Government, the Regency Council, the supporters of General Dowbor in Russia, the Polish Military Organization, the military cells of the Polish Socialist Party, indeed by all parties, military and civilian, and by the people.

The first task confronting Warsaw was to rid itself of the Germans. The German garrison in Warsaw numbered 12,000 men while German officials, auxiliaries, etc., raised the total to 30,000. To oppose them Warsaw could muster a maximum of 1,200 organized but poorly armed troops. One Municipal Militiaman in ten had a rifle. The Germans were equipped with machine guns and cannon and some of their regiments were in a bellicose mood, insistent on fighting their way back to Germany.

Meanwhile, on Sunday, November 10, Warsaw was in a feverish mood. Excited crowds manifested without let up. All day they gathered in front of Pilsudski's home, demonstrating their joy at the return of the man of the hour. Labor, intellectuals and students sent delegations assuring him of their loyalty. At 4 P.M. two unknown figures in civilian dress, speaking broken Polish, made their way through the dense throng. They were delegates from the German garrison who had come to offer their surrender in exchange for a guarantee of safe-conduct. In the event this safe-conduct was denied them, they would go over to Lieutenant Nette, German Chief of Staff, who was in favor of a last-ditch defense of the capital against the Poles, including its leveling from the strategically located Citadel.

Pilsudski agreed to the German offer and promised to come to the *Soldatenrat* the following morning, formally to accept the German capitulation. While the Germans were discussing terms of surrender, the people of Warsaw had already begun to disarm German soldiers and officers encountered in the street. During the night they continued to disarm the Germans and took over a number of military positions and important points in the city. Poles seized all railroad stations, the City Hall, the Staff headquarters on Plac Saski, the aviation park, and military supply dumps. Polish work-

ers, with or without the help of troops, forced German functionaries, officials and clerks from all Polish institutions such as the Post Office, banks, street cars, the power house, the Press Bureau.

On the morning of Armistice Day, November 11, 1918, the Polish Military Organization appealed to the citizens of Warsaw for calm. Announcing that the German garrison had deposed its officers and capitulated to the Poles, it asked the Polish people not to provoke incidents. A few hours later Pilsudski paid his promised visit to the *Soldatenrat* headquarters. In the name of the Polish nation he promised safe-conduct to the border for all German soldiers and their families and he granted them permission to retain their arms up to the moment of crossing the frontier. Having named Lieutenant Boerner his liaison officer to the *Soldatenrat*, Pilsudski left the building. Addressing the throng that had gathered in the street, he announced the terms of the German surrender and called upon the University students in the crowd to step out. Some thirty young men came forward. Pilsudski turned them over to Boerner to serve as guards. The freshly appointed liaison officer requisitioned twenty rifles from the Germans, armed his boys and prevailed upon the crowd to disperse. It was a wise precaution, for two heavy machine guns stood in the windows of the building's first floor, manned by Germans whose erstwhile arrogance had left them but whose guilty conscience and bullying cowardice made them very jittery indeed.

Because the night of November 11 was noisy, full of nervous excitement and punctuated by frequent gunfire, Jozef Pilsudski issued the following proclamation on the 12th:

"Citizens! As of today I have assumed chief command over Poland's armed force.

"The revolution in Germany has placed a socialist people's government at the helm of the German nation. The occupation of Poland is over. German soldiers are leaving our country. I fully understand the bitterness that the occupational rule has aroused in all circles of our society.

"I am anxious, however, that we do not succumb to our feelings of anger and vengeance.

The departure of German authorities and troops must take place in complete order. No one unauthorized to do so has the right to make any disposition regarding the departing soldiers. I have advised the Soldiers' Council created by the German garrison to order all their crews and posts to comport themselves in keeping with the new state of things in Poland and in Germany.

"Citizens! I call upon you all to exercise the self-control which should prevail in a nation convinced of its great and brilliant future."

Tuesday, November 12, was calmer. Now that the exhilaration of newly found independence had worn off, economic planning was becoming a necessity. Polish trainmen took over the railroads. Stores were reopening in all sections of the city. The post office began to function. The first military order of the day was issued to the first formation of the rapidly forming Polish Army. In the

afternoon, to the cheers of the populace, the American flag was raised in the heart of Warsaw.

On November 14, the Regency Council, bowing to the unmistakable will of the people, abdicated its powers to Pilsudski, who set about forming a legal government and offered the premiership to the President of the Provisional People's Government in Lublin, Ignacy Daszynski. The latter was unable to form a cabinet and resigned four days later. Jędrzej Moraczewski succeeded where Daszynski had failed and within a few hours had erected the foundation for a legal government.

Meanwhile, on November 18 the Germans gave up their supplies of weapons and ammunition in the Citadel and on the 19th the last transport of Germans, including the *Soldatenrat*, left Warsaw. All in all, in six days 26,930 Germans were transported by train while 3,000 left on their own by train or boat. In accordance with the terms of the Polish-German agreement, the soldiers left Warsaw with their weapons, which they surrendered at the frontier. The rifles, hand grenades and ammunition stacked by the Germans at Mława were brought to Warsaw on November 20 and 21. At long last, Warsaw was free of its unwelcome visitors and could devote its energy to the organization of the Polish State.

On November 22 the new Government decreed that Poland was to be a Republic. Three days later the principle of free, secret and universal suffrage was announced by the Government, leaving the way open for the first elections to Parliament.

In these few weeks Warsaw's outer appearance had undergone a marked change. Gone were the hateful gray German caps and gleaming spiked helmets. In their stead came the dark blue round *maciejowka* and cocardes with the national colors. The streets of Warsaw were filled with volunteers who had come thither in droves to hasten eastward to help defend Lwow, fighting for its life. Food, though still scarce, could now enter the city from the villages. New periodicals

(Please turn to page 14)



Disarming German soldiers in the streets of Warsaw, November 1918.

A VISIT TO POLISH ROBOT-HUNTERS

by FLORIAN SOKOLOW



A Polish hero of the skies.

THE day was a fine one; the sky was clear and blue, the sun bright and warm. Only a few little clouds floated lazily across the blue heaven. Such weather is a rare pleasure in England. The occasion was all the more pleasant because we had picked this very day to witness a unique sort of hunting. This hunting is truly humanitarian. The hunters don't kill anything, they save many people from death. Strange things have happened in this bloody war, but I never supposed that hunting could be so refined.

I talked this over with my companion, a young flight lieutenant, Jan K., who already has to his credit five "Messerschmitts and "Focke-Wulfs." One of them was a Luftwaffe ace. Jan was a little sleepy and tired, but willing to show us around.

But to get back to that unique form of hunting. The prey is big German game, those automatic ravagers—the flying bombs or "doodle bugs." The hunters are two Polish divisions and one English division of agile "Mustangs." The result is excellent: 14 of these flying bombs destroyed in a single day. The Polish flight commanders have something to boast about—this feat was accomplished during the period when effective defense against them had not yet been perfected. Later I heard that one Polish division shot down a couple dozen during a single operational flight.

On the way to the field from London we saw quite a num-

ber of these bombs lying along the road and in the fields. There were many more in the vicinity of the field. More kept flying overhead as regularly as commercial planes, sometimes two together, more often alone. However, they became the quarry of our fighter patrols, or, much less frequently, of anti-aircraft batteries. This new and most profitable sport is most disturbing to spectators. Whenever such a bomb falls in some empty field, the whole airdrome force breathes easily for a moment knowing that friends and relatives in London are safe for awhile. But when this beast, unfortunately most stealthy, sneaks through our defenses, we are all uneasy, comforted only by the thought that perhaps some other patrol will shoot it down—some plane even faster than our Mustangs, or even that the bomb will explode itself against a barrage balloon.

For our fighter pilots this battle against these "demons from hell," as we call them, is neither easy nor much fun. Despite the serious nature of this assignment, they would a hundred times prefer to fight real live Germans instead of automats. I have heard still another name for these robots—given them by a young soldier of our ground crew—he calls them "lone wolves," because they can so often be seen scooting across the sky alone.

Polish pilots have told me that over an extended period, this hunting becomes most monotonous and boring. They

told me that this work ought to be given to specialists. Indeed, a special corps of exterminators of this plague ought to be formed before it becomes a hundred-fold more terrible than it already is. Today's flying bomb is only in the experimental stage. It is well-known that the Germans have in preparation 10-ton rocket bombs.

We discussed this in a tent where I was to be guest for the night. Captain X, returned from a mission whistling a gay tune as he entered. Captain Y., with a long, serious face, agreed with me. We weren't sleepy any more, especially since the whole tent was shaking from near-by explosions. We went out onto the field.

"Now, sir," said the Captain, "you shall see a most beautiful view!"

Night hunting for these bombs is perhaps not as good as in the daytime, but it is nevertheless effective. The light from reflectors began its dance across the black velvet of the sky. It caught one bomb in its beam, then another. Anti-aircraft batteries shot round after round without pause. Lights blinked, tracers sped upward scattering red sparks along their trails. The whole sky looked like a fantastic multi-colored firework display. One bomb was hit, it burned and after a moment fell somewhere far away with a dull crash. A second one slipped through. There was but one more remedy for that one—anti-aircraft batteries within the city.

From the beginning Polish pilots have played a most important part in aerial warfare over France, without which the invasion would have been impossible. Often they got "top score," even when competing with the best British divisions. They still win laurels in the most difficult, most dangerous assignments. From the time of my visit they have scored great successes over the Western Front, and have continued their brilliant work over England.

As I think over all this, I involuntarily recall another visit I paid to what was then the "cradle" of Polish Aviation in England, not far from the field where I now was. It was in



Checking parachute harness before a flying mission.



Telling one on Hitler . . .

January, 1940, but it seems centuries ago. Who then would have supposed that France would be conquered so easily. Germany was being bombarded with propaganda leaflets. Poland had already been forgotten. Only rarely was mention made of the Polish Campaign in the world press. The rebirth of Poland as a nation conquered but reincarnated in the hearts of her fighting men abroad still seemed merely a propaganda scheme. Who in England would have thought at the time that this exiled air force was to play so large a part in the crucial Battle of Britain.

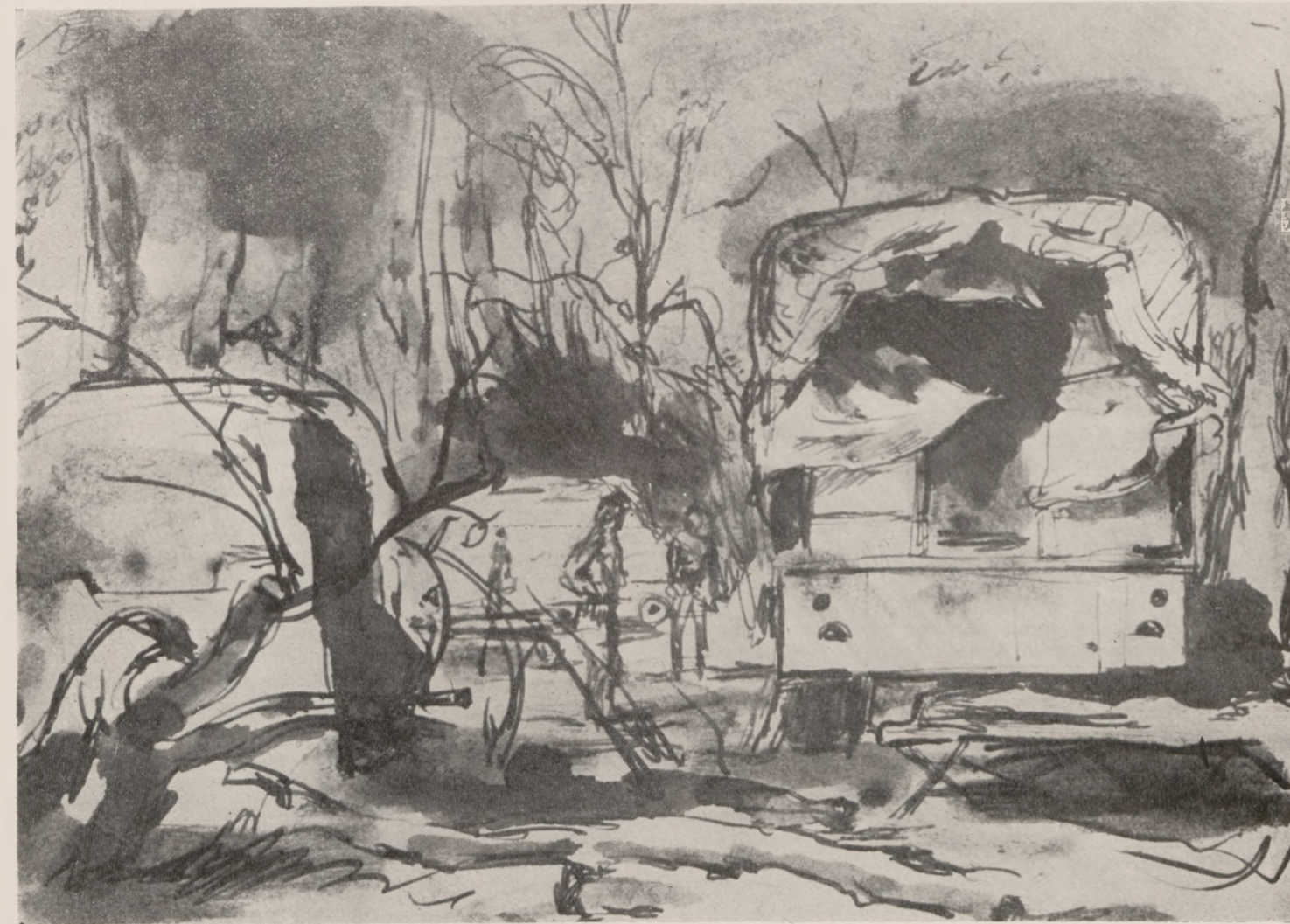
And still, that abandoned airfield is so fresh in my memory. There weren't many pilots. They had come by various routes, mostly by way of the Scandinavian countries. Some were already aces, others were young boys in training who had covered themselves with glory during the September Campaign. Very few

(Please turn to page 14)

ALEKSANDER ZYW'S SKETCHES OF POLISH ARMORED DIVISION IN NORMANDY



A camp of the Polish Armored Division at May-sur-Orne.



A new encampment.



Armored vehicles of the Polish Division.



Landing barges of the Polish Armored Division.

IN THE DESERT*

by XAVIER PRUSZYNSKI



ANOTHER background for Polish pilgrims to freedom. It's quite new and different from other marching routes and battlegrounds. It's very different from the rich golden fields of Poland at harvest time, from elegant and severe Brittany, from romantic Scotland, from green England and from barren, grim Norway. It's colder at night than among the snows of Norway. During the day there, the heat is unknown to Europe. There is no sea, no fields, no forests and no rivers. There are only scarce clumps of vivid green and lush vegetation, surrounded by a boundless empty dry space. It is not a plain, for it has its mountains and hills, its valleys and ravines. It is dead. Stone and rock crumble into gravel and then into fine sand, as though they had been ground for thousands of years in some gigantic mill.

Women, erect as the palms, or as Polish firs, carry jugs of water on their heads just as they did thousands of years ago, when the pyramids were being built and manna rained from the sky. Their jugs have the slim graceful shape of those found in the prehistoric tombs of that ancient country.

As before, forts and blockhouses have appeared on the edge of the desert. This time they are manned by white men, men from distant countries, Australia, New Zealand, England, South Africa—and Poland.

At night in narrow streets built to keep precious shade during the day, one hears again the strange language of the Poles. They tune in their receivers to the Polish broadcasts of the B.B.C. The rustling Polish words sound more exotic and mysterious in that country than they did among the rocks of Narvik, on the North Sea or on the tarmac of Kent fighting stations.

But they had to be tough to be there and form a full Polish Brigade, which is larger than a British formation of the same name. There are also various auxiliary units and an officers' Legion. The Carpathian Brigade is formed largely of those who crossed the Carpathians to Rumania or Hungary and found the way to the West hermetically sealed. The Gestapo corrected its initial oversight. Some of those men reached Rumania late, very late. There are some who ran away from hospitals, some who escaped from prison camps in Meiklenburg and others who broke away from a camp in Soviet

Russia. They could not go to France, but General Weygand was in Syria at the time, organizing a great Franco-British army in the Near East, half a million strong, and it was hoped that while the Maginot Line would hold the enemy in the West, this army could land somewhere in the Balkans and follow Franchet d'Esperey's example, breaking into the German Empire from the south, somewhere above Salonika. The Poles anxious to fight eagerly joined the army of the Near East.

They soon established a Brigade of their own, stationed in Syria. Polish battalions were quartered in Eastern towns with names recalling Torquato Tasso and the Crusades. Some headquarters used castles built by the companions of Godfrey de Bouillon and left by them as an eternal memorial to the glory of the times of Richard Coeur de Lion. They were powerful gothic structures, perhaps the only examples of medieval architecture of their kind. They survived the Turkish rule, were forgotten by tourists, and then were rediscovered by soldiers. For the first time in many centuries they were again the home of a Christian army. The Polish exiles had something in common with the Crusaders. Misfortune revived religious feeling in a very genuine and somewhat primitive form. The cult of the Holy Virgin, so general in Poland, found a suitable setting in the castles of the Crusaders. At Easter, 1940, one of these castles saw again the ancient abandoned religious rite of transference of fire. A long file of soldiers with candles in their hands went along the arched galleries and kindled a fire in the castle chapel, reviving a custom which the medieval lords of the fortress would have known well.

Not all the activities of the Polish Brigade in Syria were as picturesque. There was plenty of ordinary military training, inspired by the experience of the Polish campaign, still vivid in all minds. The commanders tried to get from the French as much equipment as possible, but France herself was not fully armed and many requests were turned down, though General Weygand, remembering his work in Poland in 1920, did a great deal to help the Poles. The Brigade was transferred further south. It seemed that much time would pass before it would go into action.

Everything seemed to be getting on splendidly! But the situation of France, Syria and the Carpathian Brigade was soon very radically changed. The western front was broken at Sedan and France was sent crashing down. Weygand flew over to France to take over the supreme command. The subsequent development of events is well known. Soon after the capitulation the Syrian army received orders to disband its several hundred thousand men, who were to be first disarmed.

"And what about us?" asked the Polish Commanders.

The Frenchmen, always proficient in diplomacy, did not reply. But their attitude towards the Poles underwent a considerable change. The promised delivery of equipment was not made; there was some trouble about pay, and provisions were getting short. It was suggested that the Polish units should be transferred again, in such a way as to separate them from each other.

The Poles gave to all such requests what is known in French as "la sourde oreille." Some French units were moved into the immediate neighborhood of the Polish stations and the situation became rather tense. Finally, acting under orders from



* Condensed from *Poland Fights Back* by Xavier Pruszyński. Illustrated by Hugo Steiner-Prag. Roy Publishers, New York, 1944. \$2.50.

THEIR BOOKS HAVE BEEN PUBLISHED RECENTLY

Miss Dorothy Adams' story of her experiences in peacetime Poland, *We Stand Alone* (Longmans, Green), is contributing to a better understanding of Polish life, while Kazimierz Wierzynski's account of the September 1939 campaign in his native land, *The Forgotten Battlefield* (Roy Publishers), has been praised by Louis Bromfield as "an excellent picture of Polish bravery and spirit which every American should read in order to understand the great tradition of Poland."



Vichy, the French asked for a demobilization of the Polish Brigade.

"We shall do nothing of the kind," replied the Poles.

"Then give us back your arms. They are our property," argued the French.

"Soldiers don't part with their arms," said the Poles. It was perhaps not a very satisfactory reply from the point of view of common law, but it was undoubtedly a soldierly retort.

The Poles courteously informed the French that they were to pass into British Palestine territory.

"We have orders to stop you," said the French very severely.

"We shall then have to shoot our way through, though we would hate to do it," observed the Carpathian Brigade. And the whole Brigade, consisting of several thousand men, carried out a carefully strategic withdrawal to the south. No one really believed the French would use force to stop them. It was argued that soldiers who did not care to shoot Germans would probably not be any more anxious for a scrap with the Poles. The Brigade collected on its way as much armament and equipment as possible, and there was quite a lot of it.

"If it's going to be wasted or perhaps handed over to the Huns, we'd better take it ourselves," thought the men.

True to the traditions of the Polish Army, they took special care to get the best horses. The Brigade had some already, but before the departure for Palestine their number was increased. The French Army, expecting a Balkan campaign, had plenty of horses and the Poles wanted to bring them as an introductory gift for the British Army.

The column went along an old war path, as so many war caravans had before. It followed the valley of the narrow, calm, holy river Jordan. The waters of Lake Gennesaret were as quiet as on the day when fisherman Simon sailed at His Master's order to cast his nets . . . Further along was the gray, sinister Dead Sea, heavy with salt and breathing fumes. The mountains seemed to have frozen thousands of years ago in their empty stillness.

"We are in the Holy Land," whispered the devout Polish

soldiers, and crossed themselves with bowed heads, as their peasant fathers had done.

One of the units wandered off to some small village, crumbling in the scorching heat. They were staggered when they saw its proud name: Jericho.

Finally the Polish pilgrims reached Jerusalem. The British authorities welcomed them with friendly and generous hospitality. Polish camps were established in towns with names that meant a great deal to the soldiers, in Bethlehem, Hebron and Nazareth. Polish chaplains read Mass at the tomb of Jesus. They were a new feature among the long-bearded Orthodox priests and the many other holy men competing for a place near the sacred spot. But when powerful voices of Polish peasants sang the hymns they had sung on the Warta, the Vistula and the Bug, when they thundered "Holy Lord" and then stood up after Mass to sing "*Boze cos Polske*" (Thou who had Poland kept in His care), the Church of the Holy Sepulcher became a Polish country church.

The Brigade stayed in the Holy Land for several months. The most hardened sinners had occasion to wash off their iniquity with the holiest of water and the most pious zealots to discover in the Land of the Bible certain establishments recalling the traditions of Nineveh and Sodom rather than those of St. John the Baptist.

Military training was continued incessantly. It took some time to turn farmers from the north into colonial troops. Everything was different: taking cover, marching formation, climate, ground and the rest. The soldiers were kept busy, but they were glad of it. Idleness was exactly what they were most afraid of.

Then they received orders to depart. Everyone in Palestine was sorry to see them leaving.

"We are losing soldiers who recalled the Crusaders by their religious devotion," said the Catholic missions in Jerusalem.

"We are losing the Poles, they were good soldiers," sighed the Jews who preferred the company of their former Gentile hosts to a tête-à-tête with the Arabs.

(Please turn to page 14)

"SHE'S A GOOD SHIP, THAT POLE!"*

by A. D. DIVINE, D.S.M.

I WENT to sea first with the Polish Navy in O.R.P. *Slazak*. It is not permissible to give full details of wartime construction, but "Hunt" class destroyers are small ships of about 1,000 tons with a powerful dual-purpose main armament and excellent anti-aircraft weapons. They are admirably suited to the major task for which they were designed—that of convoy escort and narrow seas patrol work. They are not Fleet destroyers; but it is not too much to say that, coming into full production when they did, flowing down the ships in an ever-increasing stream, they made one of the major contributions of the war towards the safety of our shipping in the battle against U-boat and bomber plane.

To the growing Polish Navy came three of these fine ships—*Kujawiak*, *Krakowiak* and *Slazak*. They came at a time when *Burza*, for a while, was nearing the end of her period of maximum efficiency. French built, with French guns, the defection of Vichy had made replacement and ammunition problems insuperable, and she had temporarily to be taken out of service and re-armed. *Blyskawica*, too, had, as all destroyers must, come to the time for a major refit. The slender hull of a destroyer is a case for some of the most complex machinery afloat. The work *Blyskawica* and *Burza* both had done in the years since they had slipped out from under the nose of the German Navy in 1939 had tried engines, hulls, gear to the very limit of endurance.

Blyskawica spent a long time at a famous southern yard.

* From *Navies in Exile* by A. D. Divine, E. P. Dutton & Co., Inc., New York, 1944.



Signaling a message from the Polish destroyer *Krakowiak* while out on patrol duty.

And even while she was refitting she showed that the Polish Navy retains at all times and in every circumstance its fighting spirit, for the little town where the yard was situated was heavily attacked from the air. *Blyskawica* was refitting: her decks were a mass of ship's gear and builders' rubbish, spare parts and raw material, odds and ends of every sort and size. Some of her crew were on leave; by no manner of means could she be held to be a "fighting ship." And yet, in the thunder of this raid, she got her guns into action, and, joining their clamour to the anti-aircraft defenses of the town, she helped to fight off the raid, and in the very heart and fury of it shot down a German bomber.

The refits of both ships were long, however, and the crew of *Burza* was transferred almost as a whole to *Slazak*, the third of the "Hunts" to come on the strength.

Meanwhile the earlier pair had already made fame for themselves in the narrow waters of the English Channel, in the North Sea and across the cold ocean to the Arctic Circle and the Lofotens. Some of their stories I heard from the people of *Slazak*; but I had already seen them in action, watched them, as it were, from a grand stand seat.

Going west with a British destroyer early one afternoon from a south coast base, we picked up, in the middle of a heavy squall of rain, a call for help from a convoy ahead of us. It was being attacked by dive-bombers operating from low cloud in the tangled visibility of a Channel afternoon. Before we could get up with them the attack was over—the attackers gone, flying through cloud cover to their home bases. No ships were sunk; there was slight damage only: the convoy was "proceeding."

As we came up to the senior ship of the escort, somebody on the bridge said, "That's *Crackerjack*." The main—in point of fact, the only—difficulty that the British Navy has

had with the Polish Navy has been in the names of its ships. So far the Signal School has not yet added a course in Polish pronunciation (and spelling) to its curriculum—but the time may come!

Krakowiak answered our polite inquiries after her health with a pungent comment on the Hun and the information that everything was all right, and we passed through the slow convoy at twenty-five knots, heading always west in obedience to our very definite orders. As we left the convoy astern, someone said, "They'll catch it again at dusk now."

They did.

As the light went and the young moon came up across the eastern sea, we heard a look-out shout, "Gun-flashes astern!" And turning simultaneously, we saw, high in the evening sky, the prick of shell-bursts and the pulsing summer lightning of the guns. It spread across a curiously wide segment of the eastern sea, but the pricking shell-bursts were concentrated. We saw a series of bigger flashes, and somebody said, "Bombs!" But with the wind of our progress, the rush of the sea under our bows, we could hear nothing of the battle in the distance. The



Finding his range.

firing died, and for a little the east was dark.

Then we heard the voice of the look-out. "Gun-flashes again!" Seven times we watched the flickering lights, the pulsing brilliance along the horizon, that told of German 'planes coming in, of bombs dropping, of shells bursting. The weather, with the perversity of fate, had cleared: the sky and the moon were brilliant. The Germans had the convoy marked.

Yet we could not go back to help it. Our own work was pressing, immediate and important. We went on—and after a little the sky astern of us was quiet and dark save for the soaring stars.

The point of this story lies in a single comment that was made on the bridge of that destroyer. A voice said, "Pity we can't go back and give him a hand." And out of the darkness came another voice, "They'll be all right. She's a good ship, that Pole!"

The Polish Navy fired the first shot in this greatest of all wars. Her sailors have won from the British Navy eleven D.S.O.'s, eleven D.S.C.'s and sixteen D.S.M.'s—these are in addition to the strictly Polish awards of twenty-seven *Virtuti Militari* and 850 Crosses of Valor.



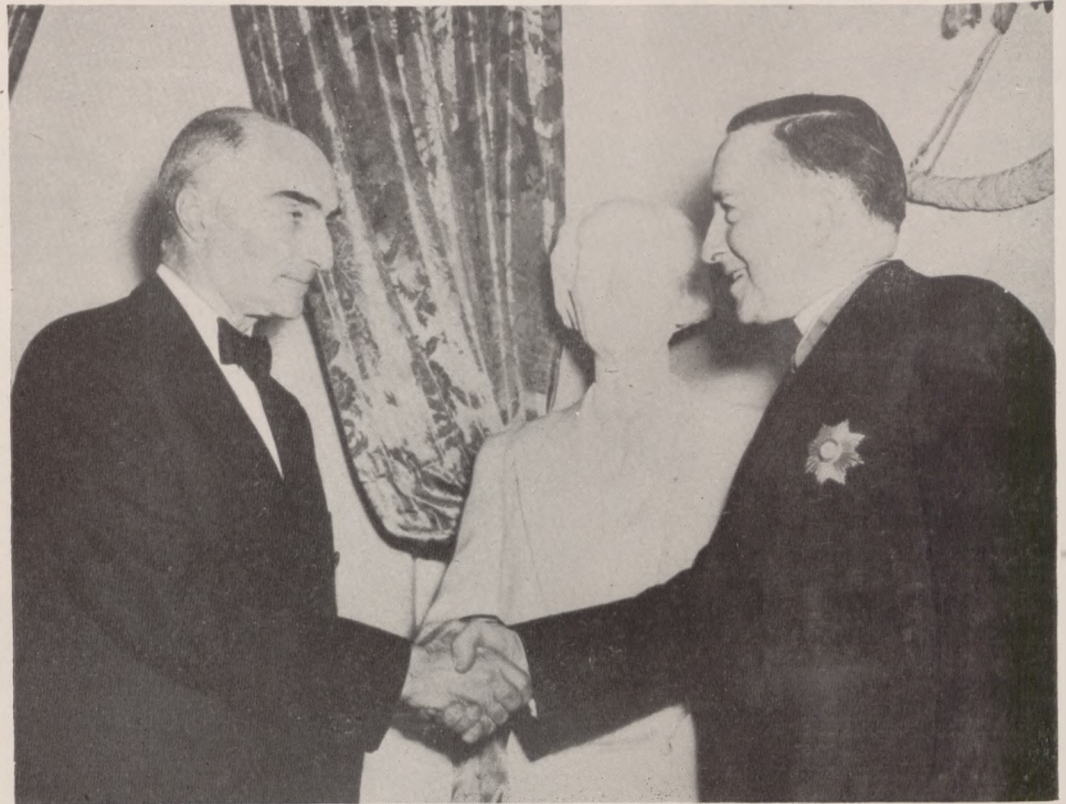
In the engine room of a Polish destroyer.



The Captain on the Bridge keeps a steady lookout.

Father Gannon of Fordham Decorated by Polish Ambassador

Rev. Robert I. Gannon, President of Fordham University, wears the Grand Commander's Cross with Star of the Order of Polonia Restituta which he received from Ambassador Jan Ciechanowski (left) at the Polish Consulate General in New York City on October 19, 1944. The award was made by President Wladyslaw Raczewicz in recognition of Father Gannon's friendship for Poland in her "most tragic hour," expressed by the symbolic adoption by Fordham University of the Polish Catholic University of Lublin. The bust of Paderewski in the background is by N. Tregor and is part of Minister Sylwin Strakacz's Collection.



Press Association Photo

NOVEMBER 1918 IN WARSAW

(Continued from page 5)

and newspapers mushroomed. Trade unions and political parties sprang up out of nowhere. Hundreds of speakers harangued all who would listen in the streets and squares. The erstwhile city of gloom resounded with laughter, singing,

animated discussion. After six generations of bondage, freedom of speech seemed a gift of the gods.

Despite the war clouds gathering in the East and threatening the existence of the reborn Polish State, Warsaw refused to be disheartened. November was decidedly a month of hope and confidence in Warsaw twenty-six years ago.

A VISIT TO POLISH ROBOT-HUNTERS

(Continued from page 7)

are still living. Sir Kingsley Wood, who was present at their first military review, has also since died.

That was a simple review, but we all felt that we were witnessing something most significant. Only two ranks marched past, dressed in RAF blue with silver eagle insignia. The rest were in various garments, most in jackets and slacks.

Nearly five years of toil and heavy losses have passed, but

these years have been marked by a splendid development of the Polish Air Force from these modest beginnings as an air force in exile. Those who have been lost were soon replaced by other Polish youths. Now, as the war draws to an end and the Luftwaffe has been almost completely driven out of European skies, our air force continues to make the name of Poland famous throughout the world.

Some day soon the complete story of this air force will be published. Then we shall learn how truly much we owe these few valiant young Poles.

IN THE DESERT

(Continued from page 11)

"We are losing good customers," said the tradesmen and entertainers of Tel Aviv.

Only the Poles themselves were pleased. "Perhaps it means business," they thought.

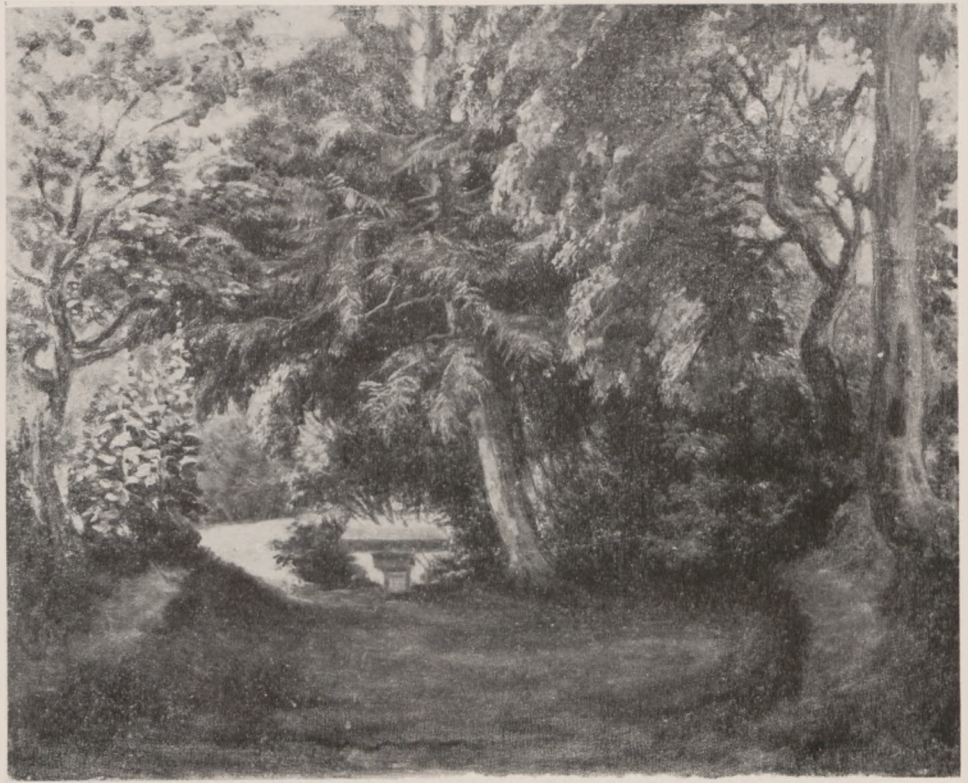
The Italians did get a thrashing and British forces won their remarkable successes in Cyrenaica. The Polish force, however, was not yet fully motorized. They did not take part in the actual fighting, but carried out various other duties.

The panzer divisions were launched towards Suez. Among the forces opposing their progress there were Poles. German prisoners captured in the desert wondered again at being taken by Poles in the country of palms and pyramids, as the German sailor wondered a year before at Narvik.

The Poles had taken their place in the ranks of the British, Australian, New Zealand and Indian troops defending Egypt against heavy odds in a hard almost desperate battle. Once they tried to cut the German way to steel, now they meant to bar their road towards oil. It was Kiruna and Narvik in 1940; Tobruk in 1942.

WHERE CHOPIN USED TO WALK

This painting of *George Sand's Garden at Nohant* by Eugene Delacroix is now on display at the Wildenstein Galleries in New York City. In the course of his friendship with George Sand, Frederick Chopin frequently visited Nohant. The events of one season at this lovely French country place form the plot of *Summer at Nohant*, a masterpiece by Jaroslaw Iwaszkiewicz, one of Poland's outstanding modern playwrights.



Lent by the Metropolitan Museum of Art to the Wildenstein Galleries

POLISH FLYERS TO STUDY AMERICAN METHODS

FOUR aces of the Polish Air Force with long and brilliant combat records behind them have come to the United States to study the organization and tactics of the American Air Force at the Officers' Training School, Fort Leavenworth, Kansas. They are Lieut.-Col. Stanislaw Skalski, Lieut.-Col. Antoni Gartner, Major Stanislaw Wesolowski and Captain Wacław Wojtulewicz.

Their leader, Col. Skalski, 28, of Dubno, Poland, with a bag of 18 German planes to his credit, has flown 250 missions since the beginning of the war, three of them escorting bombers over Berlin. Britain and Poland have decorated him 11 times. He has been awarded the Golden Cross and the Silver Cross of "Virtuti Militari," the British Distinguished Service Order and Distinguished Flying Cross with two bars; and the Polish Cross of Valor with four oak leaves.

One of Col. Skalski's most brilliant pupils was Lieut.-Col. Stanley Gabreski of Oil City, Penna., top American ace on the European front, who had shot down 30 German planes before he became a prisoner-of-war last summer. Lieut.-Col. Gabreski trained with a Polish Squadron commanded by Col. Skalski for about 6 months.

Escaping from Poland in October, 1939, Col. Skalski reached France by way of Rumania and Syria. Following the collapse of France in the spring of 1940, he made his way to England where he immediately joined the first Polish Squadron of the RAF.

During the Battle of Britain, Col. Skalski twice came within a hair's breadth of losing his life, but each time luck and quick thinking pulled him out of a tight spot.

Once while disposing of a Messerschmitt 109 over the English Channel, he did not notice another German on his tail until it was too late. His Spitfire burst into flames and plunged into a flaming dive. Before the colonel could bail

out, his clothing had also caught fire. Jumping at 12,000 feet he had to fall to 4,000 feet before the rush of air extinguished the flames and he dared open his chute. He landed on the coast between Dover and Folkestone, but his difficulties were not over yet. The people, seeing a flying officer in strange uniform who spoke not a word of English, were sure that they had captured a German. After finally convincing them that he was an ally, Colonel Skalski was taken to a hospital to be treated for burns suffered on his face, arms and legs.

When he had recovered some six weeks later, Col. Skalski was assigned to a Hurricane fighter plane station. Later while he was flying low over Lyme, England, the colonel's Hurricane almost smashed head-on into a German ship. The colonel escaped by a crash landing.

Last year Col. Skalski was commander of a Polish squadron in the North African Campaign that won the name "Flying Circus." These Poles took part in breaking the German Mareth Line, last obstacle in General Montgomery's road into Tunisia. Later he fought in Sicily and Italy and this summer flew from airfields in Normandy.

Just before coming to this country, Col. Skalski was transferred from front line duty to the defense of London against the robot-bomb attack. Fighting this latest German menace with Polish and English squadrons, Col. Skalski has personally destroyed some 200 "doodle-bugs." Since the speed of the robots has been increased from 250 m.p.h. to 450 m.p.h., these pilots must use special tactics and great skill to get them. "It's best to get above and behind them," Col. Skalski said, "but not too close, for the explosion can wreck your own ship." Another method the Polish ace used was to catch robots over the Channel and to upset their gyroscope controlled course by flipping them over on their backs with the wings of his plane.

BIBLIOGRAPHY OF BOOKS ON POLAND

SENT FREE UPON REQUEST

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; | Polish-Soviet Problems; |
| Geography—Travel—Photographs; | Economics—Social Life—Law; |
| History—Monographs—Until World War I; | Education—Sciences—Arts; |
| History—Monographs—Until World War II; | Polish Literature—Literary History—Bibliography; |
| The Polish Campaign, September 1939; | Fiction and Poetry (Translated); |
| German and Soviet Occupation of Poland; | Fiction in English Relating to Poland; |
| Polish Part in World War II; | Polono-Americana; |
| Underground Movement in Poland; | Dictionaries—Grammars; |
| Political and Post-War Problems; | Periodicals; |
| Polish-German Problems; | Miscellaneous. |

To get your free copy write to

THE POLISH REVIEW

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