

# THE POLISH REVIEW

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VOL. IV. No. 43  
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Polish Armored Division, nicknamed "Children of Lwow," attacks Piedimonte, Italy.  
Linoleum cut by Stanislaw Gliwa.



S.GLIWA

**RESOLUTION PASSED AT CONVENTION OF NATIONAL  
COUNCIL OF CATHOLIC WOMEN, TOLEDO, OHIO,  
*October 25, 1944***

"From our hearts we send affectionate greetings to our sister organizations in other nations and their members, especially to those in countries torn by the war. In particular do we send a message of comfort and encouragement to the heroic women of Poland whose plight has not ceased and will not cease to be of deepest concern to us.

"Not for centuries, perhaps, have women of any nation endured tragedy upon tragedy as have they, nor has the civilized world witnessed greater courage, perseverance and undying hope on such a mass scale.

"Not for country alone, but for the preservation of the ideals of Christian civilization itself, they have sustained unceasing burdens of sorrow and privation with a fortitude that is unsurpassed in the annals of history.

"They have our most profound admiration, our sympathy, our prayers and the assurance of our efforts that the hope which always has made their endurance possible will not be in vain.

"Conscious of the fact that they suffer only that their God-given rights may be preserved to them, their families and their children, we pledge ourselves to oppose with all our power, any effort to make those rights the pawn of selfish interest or international expediency.

"Our nation has enunciated high principles which warrant confidence that the integrity of Poland and the basic rights of its people will be preserved.

"We regard it as our privilege and our sacred duty to support the application of those principles in the case of Poland as in the case of all the peoples of the world."

“Geography and history made Poland a factor which for almost ten centuries assured peace and order in that part of the world. Every attempt to eliminate that factor has immediately made Poland a focus of general infection, a source of conflicts; Poland has become a battlefield of Europe, and war and disorder have spread in that part of the world, fatally degenerating into general catastrophe—history has shown us this on several occasions . . .”

—Waclaw Lednicki,  
in “Life and Culture of Poland,” Roy Publishers, New York, 1944.

## THE ULTIMATE IN DESECRATION

Since September 1939 the Germans have been murdering Poles, wrecking Polish economy, and doing their utmost to destroy Polish culture. The people of Poland have not taken this persecution lying down. Their resistance has been as glorious as German oppression has been ruthless. The Polish Underground Press has been doing its share by combating German propaganda, offering its readers hope and encouragement, and recording the interminable list of German atrocities. Among the hundreds of newspapers, periodicals and books published by the Underground in Poland, is a 16 page pamphlet tersely entitled “Destroyers” (*Niszczyciele*), which gives an over-all picture of German crimes committed not for political, military or economic reasons, but simply for the purpose of extirpating Polish culture. The following excerpts from this pamphlet furnish some idea of the lengths to which Germans go in their deliberate desecration of Catholic institutions in Poland.



Heart of Jesus Monument in Poznan dismantled by the Germans.

THE Catholic Church was the first to bear the brunt of Teutonic vandalism because in German eyes its representatives had become identified with the defense of Polish culture. German cultural activities in Poland began with the tearing down of the monumental statue of the *Heart of Jesus* in Poznan. Having severed the bronze figure from its base, they tore out its gold heart, chained the statue to a truck and dragged it through the streets of the city. As the bronze thudded over the cobblestones, the crowds kneeling along these twentieth century Stations of the Cross wept and prayed. The statue was hauled to the city dump and abandoned there. When the dump was transformed into a flower-bedecked altar by the faithful of Poznan, German authorities built a high fence around the statue, making access to it impossible. As a finishing touch they covered the boards of the fence with horribly blasphemous inscriptions.

All crosses, wayside figures and shrines erected along country roads by Polish devoutness suffered the fate of the *Heart of Jesus* monument. Many of them, relics of the dim past, had a great artistic and historic value. Carved in stone or in wood, naive products of self-taught peasant sculptors or magnificent examples of the generosity of bishops and magistrates—they were held in equal reverence and love by the peasants. Not a single one remains standing today. In the entire region of Pomerania, Poznan, Silesia and the lands termed *Warthegau*, all such places of worship have been torn down, fired or blown up. With typical sadism, the Germans

forced the local population to carry out the work of destruction at the point of a machine gun.

A similar fate befell the most venerable, oldest Polish churches in Western Poland. For instance, in Wloclawek County the Germans dismantled a larchen church at Boniew, a wooden 18th century church in Ubomin, a 17th century parish church in Kruszyn, a parish church in Smilowice. The beautiful church in Wieniec was taken apart under the pretext that water had seeped into its foundations. The Carmelite Church in Wisnicz was also torn down, as were a number of others.

In Poznan demolition of the Cathedral has been begun. In Siedlce the Cathedral was turned into an ammunition dump, while the Garrison Church in that city became a carpentry shop. The majority of Poznan's 24 closed churches were turned into barracks for deportees or were used to store furniture confiscated from the Poles. In Gostynin the choir stalls and all interior equipment of the lovely historic old house of worship were chopped up, in Sokolow the church was brutally altered into a granary. The Church of the Savior in Lodz is now a potato storehouse and a place of entertainment for German soldiers. Churches in Milonice, Gabin, Cerekwica and Gluchow were torn down; that in Sieradz became a granary.

The few religious structures that escaped demolition were plundered of all their sacred objects. Chalices, monstrances,

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# The Poles Take Breda and Continue Their Liberation of the Netherlands

THE First Polish Armored Division that has been fighting with the Canadian First Army from Caen in Normandy to the present-day battle for the Low Countries, captured the Dutch city of Breda, of 48,000 inhabitants, key to the entire German defense system in southwestern Holland. The capture of Breda trapped German troops in the Netherlands, for it left but one escape route to them. That road led northwest from Breda to the southern bank of the Hollandsch Diep, the estuary of the Meuse River, which some Germans succeeded in crossing by a bridge at Moerdijk, 10 miles northwest of Breda, and by a ferry at Willemstad, eight miles downstream.

Almost simultaneously, Polish soldiers of General Anders' Second Corps, fighting in Northern Italy, took the small mountainside village of Verano di Costa, birthplace of Benito Mussolini. The Poles were advancing upon Forli, an important junction on the Bologna-Rimini highway.

Breda is in North Brabant Province at the confluence of the canalized rivers Merk and Aa. Until the 11th century Breda was a feudal estate of the Holy Roman Empire. It was owned by Henry I and his descendants until the 14th century when it was sold to Brabant. Later Breda came under the rule of William I, first stadtholder of the Netherlands. During its long history, Breda has been the scene of many political congresses.

Until the 19th century, its castle was the most important of the line of fortresses guarding the Meuse River approaches. Breda has a fine quay, town hall and park. The principal Protestant church is a 13th century Gothic building.

The Poles struck at Breda from the south after they had captured the towns of Baarle-Nassau and Baarle-Hertog a few days previously. On the 29th of October they took Doorst, scarcely four miles east of Breda and the last serious obstacle to their conquest of Breda.

In Holland, as earlier in France and Belgium, the Poles made fast friends with the population wherever they liberated a new town or city. In a Ghent newspaper published in French, *La Flandre Libérale*, and the Flemish language periodical of the Socialist Party, the *Vooruit*, there were long, front-page interviews with General Maczek accompanied by



Polish tanks roll into a liberated Dutch town.

photographs of the Polish commander and his men. Pamphlets containing the story of the First Polish Armored Division were distributed in the Flemish town of Tiel as well as in Axel and Terneuzen in Holland. Many towns in Flanders and the Dutch province of West Zeeland held requiem masses for Polish soldiers who fell in the liberation of the Low Countries. The population of Hulst in the Netherlands donated 1,000 Dutch florins to Polish charities.

## In Liberated France

Polish victories in four weeks of bloody fighting in Normandy and Northern France are already history. A Polish war correspondent who covered the French campaign writes of his experiences with these indomitable Polish warriors:

"The many contacts they had with the French were all pleasant ones that helped to make the Poles almost legendary figures. The first Poles I chanced upon in France were prisoners. Thin, pale, tired, ragged, they still looked different than the prisoners about them. There was a strange look in their eyes—instead of the dullness and hopelessness of the Germans there was joy and a renewed interest in

life. They were letting us know of their presence and of their nationality with loud yells. They kept themselves aloof from the Germans who had once enslaved them. Thousands passed into our hands, all were the same—happy to be again with their true allies.

"I shall never forget the time when a column of prisoners came up to the Polish bivouac bearing a Polish flag and singing a Polish war song, 'Volunteers Are Coming for the Polish Army.' The French townspeople could not understand this, nor could wide-eyed British and Canadian officers, but our soldiers recognized the prisoners in an instant.

"Later I met a Pole in Honfleur, a small port at the southern mouth of the Seine. I entered the town with the first Belgian patrols which had just liberated Deauville and Trouville and were advancing on Le Havre. In the small town square, near the canal, a large crowd had gathered. Soon all the Belgian soldiers were settled in comfortable barracks and cafes drinking pinard and talking over old times with the news-starved populace.

"Then a man of indeterminable age and insignificant appearance came up to me. He was neither old nor young, but thin and spent. He looked over my uniform carefully and then quietly asked if by any chance I was a Pole. This Mr. Zbigniew K. had lived in Honfleur for 25 years. He owned a small but prosperous cafe. During the past four years, however, his wife had died, the Germans had taken his two sons to slave labor in the Reich, and his business had dropped to almost nothing. At last, however, he had lived to see the day of vengeance when those who had ruined his life were driven out of France.

"Do you want to see how the people take their revenge?" he asked, pulling me along the narrow street to the town square where an angry constantly growing crowd was milling about.

"It was a sort of 'people's court' that had begun to settle accounts with the collaborationists. About 30 women, the



Official Netherlands Photo  
The Church of Our Lady or "Grote Kerk" in Breda, The Netherlands; fine example of 13th century Gothic architecture.



The Surrender of Breda in 1625 by Diego Velasquez, ca. 1638, depicts the moment when the defeated Justin of Nassau, bowing submissively at the head of his Dutch troops, hands his conqueror, Spinola, the keys to Breda which the gracious victor refuses to accept.

accused, were locked up in a small garage. As armed guards brought in more and more the place grew tight and stuffy. The women began to scream and cry until, seeing my uniform they all surrounded me and tried to explain hysterically how great an injustice had been committed and that they were completely innocent.

"In the meantime the townspeople had placed a table and upon it a chair in the middle of the square. The first of the accused women was led out and told to sit in full view of all. She was some 30-odd years old, the owner of a small cafe. The crowd greeted her none too gently. Two men shaved her head. It was a sad and most unpleasant sight. The woman did not move, but I saw that she silently wept through the performance. Suddenly she bent toward me.

"Sir, do you speak French?" she questioned me, "and do you have a heart?"

"What could I answer. My friend the Pole from Honfleur saved me. He pulled me out of the crowd. We walked about for a while in silence. I could not take either side, for I did not know the woman, nor whether she was guilty of collabora-

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Soldiers of the Polish Armored Division, one of them wounded, rest by the wayside in Holland, October, 1944.



# Seventeenth Century Baton in the U. S. Identified as Polish

by DR. IRENE PIOTROWSKA



Photograph courtesy of the Metropolitan Museum of Art  
Polish Eagle on the bottom of the Baton's staff.

**D**URING the summer months and September of this year, the Metropolitan Museum of Art in New York had on exhibition a large collection of *Russian Icons and Objects of Ecclesiastical and Decorative Arts*, loaned by Mr. George R. Hann of Sewickley, Pa., previously shown at the Carnegie Institute in Pittsburgh. One of the outstanding features of the silver relics forming this collection was a baton, described in the Catalogue of the collection as follows: "Scepter—Baton of Commandment, 17th Century. A scepter, *Bulawa*, of embossed and engraved silver. The top sphere bears the likeness of King Sigismund III of Poland and scenes of his life and coronation. Such *bulawas* were used as symbols of authority by the Hetmans—chieftains—in the Ukrainian and Polish armies in the 17th and 18th centuries."

The very fact that the large baton in the Hann Collection is ornamented with the portrait of Sigismund III, who reigned in Poland from 1588 to 1632, and with scenes of his life, points to the Polish origin of this emblem of authority, which is confirmed by the Polish eagle decorating the bottom of the baton's staff, and is further borne out by a closer analysis of this splendid silver object.\*

During the reign of Sigismund III, silversmithing was in full bloom in Poland. This king was a great art protector and an artist himself. He devoted all his spare moments to art, especially to silversmithing. A fine gilded chalice made by the King's own hands was the pride of St. John's Cathedral in Warsaw before the recent devastation. The treasury of this Cathedral, which enjoyed Sigismund III's special favors, after he had transferred his residence from Cracow to Warsaw in 1596, contained many precious church silver articles donated by him. To further the art of silversmithing in Poland, this king not only encouraged Polish silversmiths by placing orders, but he added new privileges to old statutes of the silversmiths'

\*The author is indebted to Mr. Roman Kutylowski of New York, Polish silver collector, for having drawn her attention to the *Sigismund III* baton in the George R. Hann Collection, while it was exhibited at the Metropolitan Museum, and for his many valuable suggestions; to Mr. Hann for his kind permission to photograph and reproduce this relic; and to Mr. William H. Forsyth, Associate Curator, Department of Mediaeval Art, at the Museum, for his courtesy and the facilities afforded which made this study possible.



Photograph courtesy of the Metropolitan Museum of Art  
Coronation of Sigismund III. Scene on the Baton's sphere.

guilds of several cities, among them to those of Warsaw. During his reign the number of silversmiths in Warsaw grew considerably, but they were still fewer than in Cracow, which had for centuries remained the most outstanding center of this craft.

Silversmithing also flourished in many other towns and cities toward the end of the sixteenth and the beginning of the seventeenth centuries, especially in Poznan, Lwow, Wilno, and Danzig. This last city was during the sixteenth and the early seventeenth centuries closely connected with Poland, and boys, destined for the life of a silversmith, were sent to Cracow to learn their craft. The extremely fine workmanship of the *Sigismund III* silver baton in the Hann Collection permits us to suppose that it was executed in the leading center of Polish silversmithing, Cracow.

While the Polish silversmiths' guilds were chiefly occupied with working on chalices and other silver accessories used in divine worship, lay silver objects were by no means neglected. Of these, an important branch consisted of silver batons, very numerous and very popular in sixteenth- and especially in seventeenth-century Poland. About the use and character of Polish batons much instructive information has been gathered by Wladyslaw Lozinski in his famous and oft-reprinted work: *Polish Life in Bygone Centuries*. Lozinski stresses that the baton, known in Poland as *bulawa* and as *buzdygan*, belonged in seventeenth-century Poland to the most splendid and costly costume articles of a representative character. In earlier days, it was a real weapon, the short war-mace. In time, however, this became an ensign of military hierarchy. Finally, it lost even this meaning, since batons were found in every more distinguished Polish nobleman's home, as wall decorations, even if there was no military chief in that home. Lozinski points out that the baton, known as *bulawa*, did not vary much in shape. Only the sphere which topped the short staff at times received an egg-shaped form. However, there existed in Poland another kind of baton, known as *buzdygan*, which had many forms. Most often this *buzdygan* consisted of a cluster of six or seven so-called plumes set into the staff. At other times the head was pear-shaped, or lantern-shaped. There was also in use a scepter-like type of baton, consisting of a staff without any head, or with a head only slightly accentuated.

Polish batons were either iron or silver. Both kinds were



Photograph courtesy of the Metropolitan Museum of Art  
Likeness of Sigismund III on the top of the Baton's sphere.

usually richly ornamented by means of incrustations. The silver batons were at times also gold plated and set with gems. This richness of decoration is explained by Islamic influences then prevalent in Poland, and strongest in the city of Lwow. Many of the richly decorated and bejewelled batons were actually of Persian make, imported by Polish noblemen.

The silver *bulawa* in the Hann Collection, however, shows no Islamic influences whatsoever. It displays no complicated ornamental techniques of the Oriental type. But the portraits and scenes elaborately worked in flat relief and representing important moments from the life of the Polish King Sigismund III, raise it high above the numerous more common Polish batons and prove that it was designed for a Polish military chief of the highest rank.

The portrait of the Polish king on the top of the sphere,—inscribed *Sigis. III. Rex Polon.*—is treated exactly in the same manner as he appears on contemporary Polish coins and medals, and almost identically as on the gold Polish ducat of the time coined in Danzig. The King's features on the three scenes, which decorate the baton's ball, are less individualized, his general type and gesture being again based on contemporary Polish medals and coins.

Of these scenes, one shows the King's marriage, the other the ceremony of his coronation, the third presents him on the throne in an official attitude receiving a delegation of Polish dignitaries carrying a document. This could be said to contain the famous *pacta conventa*, special conditions imposed by the Polish nobility on all elected kings.

The compositions of the scenes, and the treatment of the multiple figures themselves, show a strong affinity to Polish historical paintings and engravings created by a number of those Polish artists of the time who were clinging to local traditions and were reluctant to accept any stylistic innovations introduced by the numerous foreign artists coming to Poland from abroad in search of bread and fame. The artist who designed the historical scenes on the silver *bulawa* tried to impart to them the objective attitude of a chronicle, to make all the persons involved clearly visible, and to arrange them so that none of the figures represented would obscure any other. Of course, such an attitude entailed many errors in drawing, composition, and perspective. But while the arrangement of the scenes on the silver baton has its drawbacks, it also has its advantages, as it impresses the art lover by its clearness and simplicity, the same clearness and simplicity which are so characteristic of all art created by more or less self-taught artists, and by all those who consciously or unconsciously adhere to an archaic style. The

traits described above appear also, for instance, on early Roman historical reliefs, executed by Roman artists who remained aloof to Greek influences which otherwise were strong in contemporary Rome. As on old Roman historical reliefs, so on those on the *Sigismund III* baton, the figures represented are almost all equal in height whether they stand or sit, whether they are in front of the scene or in



Photograph courtesy of the Metropolitan Museum of Art  
Early 17th century Polish silver baton. George R. Hann Collection.

the back. But those on the Polish baton are more stiff than those on the Roman reliefs. They lack any vivacity or spontaneity of movement. They are exactly like those on the well-known Polish woodcut from the year 1619, signed F. M., representing the Polish Parliament in session presided over by Sigismund III. This style

was so preponderant in Polish contemporary historical art, that it even influenced artists who came to Poland from abroad, as the Italian painter Tommaso Dolabella, who settled in Cracow in the year 1600. In his religious paintings, Dolabella adhered to the contemporaneous Italian style, but in his historical scenes, depicting moments of Poland's triumphs during the reign of Sigismund III, he introduced the hieratic composition as seen on local historical representations. However, this style was soon abandoned by Polish guild painting. After the middle of the seventeenth century it does not occur any more in any Polish works of art that were made to the order of kings and dignitaries. It was driven from larger cities by more advanced art trends; but it survived for a long time in the art of small-town and country people, and may be encountered on folk paintings even in the nineteenth century, whenever they depict some important community happening.

Along with the hieratic approach to the representation of figures of historical or social importance, the reliefs on the *Sigismund III bulawa* have other traits which are more or less common to all archaic art and also to that produced by self-taught artists, and which were a result of a last effort made by Polish guild painters at the beginning of the seventeenth century to oppose the constantly growing Western Baroque trends. On the reliefs of the silver baton of the Hann Collection a great stress is put on all accessories and details of costume. Although the facial features of the persons represented are little individualized, the hairdress and the arrangement of the beards of the noblemen are depicted with great care. So are the costumes. As stated previously, the King himself appears in stately attires, exactly imitating those seen on contemporary coins and medals, and probably copied directly by the artist. The attending dignitaries are

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## SEVENTEENTH CENTURY BATON IN THE U. S. IDENTIFIED AS POLISH

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dressed in typical Polish nobility costumes, which just at the beginning of the seventeenth century, after a century of constant modifications, have attained a specific national character and have been worn afterwards, with few innovations, until the end of the eighteenth century. Such a Polish national costume is best seen on the figure of the nobleman who hands over the document, *pacta conventa*, to the King. He wears a long simple heavy garment with sleeves, called *zupan*, girded by a broad sash. Over it, a sleeveless overcoat, called *delia*, with a large fur collar, is fastened around the neck. The artist had ample opportunity to see Polish noblemen dressed in that manner on the streets of his home town. But he most probably never saw the Queen in her stately attire. On the relief of the baton she does not appear as we are accustomed to see her on her portraits made by foreign and Polish artists of renown. Here she wears a simple noblewoman's dress of the time, which consists of a full long skirt and a jacket, a long, close garment extending downward to the hips. No jewels, no lace, so much in vogue at the time among the wealthy all over Europe and at the royal courts, adorn her. This simple Polish noblewoman's dress is often met with on contemporary paintings of local origin. On contemporary religious paintings even saints and angels wear it. Actually, it later became popular also in cities; still later among small town people. We encounter this kind of woman's dress even on nineteenth century folk paintings. And let us add that it has survived until most recent days in the peasant costume of Western Poland, since it is worn by many women in villages in the proximity of Poznan. The Polish *bulawa* in the Hann Collection brings



Photograph courtesy of the Metropolitan Museum of Art

Polish dignitaries handing over the *Pacta Conventa* to Sigismund III. Scene on the Baton's sphere.



Photograph courtesy of the Metropolitan Museum of Art

The marriage of King Sigismund III. Scene on the Baton's sphere.

us back to the time when the national, most typical Polish costume—both for men and women—first received its final form among the upper classes of Poland.

On the staff of the *bulawa* there are likenesses of six Polish dignitaries of the time, four in military, two in civilian attires. But the superficial treatment of their facial features does not permit any close identification of the personages represented.

The lower part of the staff is decorated with sprays of foliage of a common Western type, frequently occurring on Polish art objects during the Polish late Renaissance and early Baroque periods. Identical ornamental leaves adorn, for instance, two Polish early-seventeenth-century silver cups in the possession of Mr. Roman Kutylowski, with coins inserted, some of which bear the image of Sigismund III.

As stated previously, the fine workmanship of the silver *Sigismund III* baton points to Cracow as to the place of its origin. The treatment of the historical scenes and of the respective personages does not contradict it. While toward the beginning of the seventeenth century guild artists of all larger Polish cities created works of art with similar stylistic traits, Cracow produced most of them, and it is to be supposed that such an elaborate *bulawa*, which was to be an ensign of authority of a person of a very high rank, was entrusted to a Cracow artist, chief art center in contemporary Poland.

The silver *bulawa* at the Hann Collection is an important document both of Polish early-seventeenth-century local art and of Polish customs and costumes. In view of the recent destruction of art relics in Poland, and especially of those in precious metals, the value of this baton is all the greater.

# "Freedom Is An Indispensable Ingredient of Civilization"\*

by BRONISLAW MALINOWSKI

... ALL freedoms are dependent on the elimination of collective violence. We see that most of the restrictions, diminutions and abrogations of freedom are specifically related to those temporary, man-made crises in evolution and in history which are connected with war; and that all major crises are the danger foci of freedom and democracy. With the appearance of war and military organization, which incidentally started very late in the course of evolution, there occurs for the first time in history the full denial of freedom through the substitution of force for the other means of persuasion and initiative. War creates slavery, the need of military discipline, the caste system, serfdom, and bondage; and it is fed in turn by the advantages which individuals and restricted groups of people in the positions of power can derive from the unrestricted use of armed violence. The worst abuse of power occurs when a culture is transformed into an apparatus of destruction. In our present world, this is the real problem which we have to consider: now that humanity is in many respects one large interdependent community, must we still insist that war is the only means of establishing justice and equality between nations, or can we dream and think of some political and legal substitute for war?

... War can be abolished and must be abolished. Assuming that the United Nations win in unity, will this unity remain for the formation and continuance of peace? The fundamental point for the assurance of peace is the employment of force as a protective element, and its control when force becomes an aggressive factor. Total war has become the civil war of mankind divided against itself . . .

War nowadays is total on two lines. It is total insofar as it mobilizes all the resources of the nation, human, material and spiritual; and insofar as it mobilizes humanity as a whole. Humanity as a whole is now in many aspects one enormous interrelated system of interests. It is united by the need of economic exchange, of a common share in raw materials and in markets, of a stable currency and some protection from violent crises and "economic cycles." Unemployment, slave labor and large economic disruptions in one part of the world spread like an infection to all others. Most of these are caused by the striving for autarchy, political sovereignty, and cut-throat, state-engineered competition, which produces chaos, anarchy, and disintegration, with terrible counter-revolutionary reactions like Hitlerism, Fascism, and the rule of Pétain in France. These are dangerous not only to the country itself, but to the whole world. World-wide planning, therefore, is indispensable.

The main obstacle to this is the state and its sovereignty, for the nation as such would benefit by planning. There is no doubt that the state, with its present monopoly of power, is the main seat of potential dangers as well as the main guarantor of freedom. Deprive this authority of the manifold guarantees which we label as democracy, which work more or less efficiently, and are capable of indefinite improvement, and the state becomes an obvious and patent danger to the outside world, as well as to its own members.

The state today has to abrogate some of its sovereignty, rather than increase the use of mechanized power for enslavement within or without. There is no psychological, social or cultural basis for totalitarianism, unless we assume that collective violence on a world-wide scale is the only argument, the inevitable argument, and the permanent argument. We must abolish war once and for ever. We must reconsider the structure of humanity from the standpoint of nationhood. The power of the state has become extended too far, and must be limited by world control and by the effective and sanctioned

"Sometimes in a hardware store your heart leaps up when you behold a gadget. To the anthropologist this would not be a gadget, it would be an artifact, an "artificial product." But wonderful as it might be were it a washing machine, still more wonderful is to spy out a machine for one's political ideas. One of the best anthropologists of recent years came, before he died, to pass from artifacts and the rest of the significant belief that 'education implants values' and that 'the whole course of life is determined by values.' This was Bronislaw Malinowski.

"It is mournful that he was to die prematurely. He had put his great mind on the supreme topic, the topic of freedom, in the year 1942. By April of that year he had pulled his ideas down to paper, and he meant to finish his analysis during the summer, but in May he suddenly died at the age of 58. Valetta Malinowska, his widow, was completely familiar with his intentions as he wrote, and now, without adding fresh stuff or re-writing, she has put his material into shape for the printer. "Freedom and Civilization" is the result.

"... It is tough going, but a most stimulating and scrupulous inquiry, based on faith in man's powers so long as he pays the price of autonomy. This noble study of freedom is in itself liberating."

—FRANCIS HACKETT in "The New York Times."

outlawry of war. There is nothing Utopian in this proposal, provided the states are ready to pay the price; the strongest states must surrender most but will gain accordingly.

Freedom is an indispensable ingredient of civilization. It guarantees the flowering of those spiritual qualities of man, primitive and civilized, which give birth to inspiration, to creative ideas, to the criticism of the old so that new knowledge, new art, and a finer moral quality may emerge. It is essential to the formation of social loyalties and group solidarity, through spontaneous choice and not by coercion. Freedom cannot be really established unless there is a premium on intellectual originality as well as on integrity, and on devotion to ideals.

To substitute the principle of mechanical force for that of the human spirit spells the death of civilization. The use of force as political control is indispensable. It must, however, be limited to the legitimate balancing and moderating functions which it had from the very beginnings of culture and which are necessary wherever conflict occurs or a crisis arises. Political force, the force of a state, must always follow established laws and freely accepted agreements. The proper function of force is negative.

When a complete or total tyranny and suppression of freedom is planned for the future, we see that it would spell the gradual extinction of culture. We need not consider this eventuality, however. The democracies will win the war. No appeasement is possible, no temporizing and no compromise. Yet, as we have constantly seen, victory is not enough. It has to be translated into a regime fundamentally opposed to totalitarianism on every point and on every principle. Instead of the doctrine of a master race and master nation, we postulate complete independence to be given to all races or nations and all cultural minorities. A culturally united, integrated group is not and cannot ever be a menace to any of its neighbors, provided that it is deprived of military force.

The absence of political freedom destroys all other liberties. The greatest task of contemporary science and statesmanship is the use of force for the control of the abuse of violence, in such a way that it can only be used in the backing of administrative authority, and not for the subjection of whole nations to their governments. The world must choose between a state of international anarchy or of international law. Since law cannot exist without sanctions, and sanctions must be embodied in a political organization, we need a Superstate, a World Federation, or a Commonwealth of Nations in order to have freedom anywhere and everywhere.

\* From *Freedom and Civilization* by Bronislaw Malinowski. Roy Publishers, New York, 1944. \$3.50.

# New Zealand Air Force Flight Lieutenant and Polish Squadron Leader Fight Together for Freedom

by HESTER HENSELL



Fl./Lt. Donald Shakes, RNZAF

"He is a Wizard type and we all loved and admired him," said young Flight Lieutenant Donald Shakes, RNZAF, on his way back to his native New Zealand, after four years of fighting the Nazis. "I hope he will come to New Zealand as he planned because he would be welcome as a courageous fighter."

The name of the Polish Airman about whom this New Zealander is so enthusiastic is Squadron Leader Ignacy Giedgowd, a veteran Polish pilot who fought in the last war and who was one of the

main figures in the Polish Air Force before this war. According to his New Zealand "Cobber," he is about forty-five, with graying hair, tall and well built. But the thing which is most important is his daring flying and the confidence and love which all of his pals have for him, whether they be English, Australian, or Canadian.

"You know, I have a pair of miniature silver Polish wings which the 'Major' gave me and wherever I have been, bombing Italy or Germany, or way back when we were flying over the Axis forces in North Africa, I have worn them. They mean a lot to me just as the proud Pole who gave them to me stands for real friendship and good fellowship," continued this young "lad from down Under" of twenty four years of age, who feels that the one real "guy" whom he met in his years of fighting was Ignacy Giedgowd. "Don" recalls how one Christmas they were bombing the Ruhr. The flak was pretty bad and he said although it was night, the place was so well protected with lights that it looked almost like day time, but, flying with the Major, the crew was alert for battle, come Hell or high water. Then when they got back to their field, Don and the Major decided to celebrate the holiday by eating a goose so they had a whole one and each of them ate just half. The Polish custom of drinking straight liquor and then eating in between became a familiar custom to the pals of the Major while his stories of the great fight for independence of his country thrilled them many a night in the mess.

Squadron Leader Giedgowd has a son of 19, who has just finished school in England and is joining a Polish squadron of paratroopers. But he himself has flown in so many missions that he can't count them and he expects to keep up the pace until victory.

"You know, the Major was so darned full of courage that he gave us a lot, too, and it was a privilege to fly with him. And did he take chances, without flicking an eyelash, by Jove," laughed Don, remembering all of the medals which the Major was reputed to have. However, according to this Anzac, he only wore the Virtuti Militari, highest Polish military medal, which he had been awarded after the last war when he flew against the Russians, and the Victory Medal.

When Don was temporarily stationed at another base, the Major and he had started writing but Don had owed the

Major a letter for quite a long time when they met in London by accident one day. The Major, before saying anything else, said, "Don, you are a ———, you have not written." But when Don turned over the lapel of his uniform and showed him the little pair of Polish wings which never leaves him, Giedgowd said, "Ah, my boy, you are forgiven. Let us go and have a drink to celebrate."

In Don's own words, here is the amazing account of 72 hours' survival in the South Atlantic, which cemented his friendship with Squadron Leader Giedgowd:

"We were doing Bomber command convoy off the coast of West Africa. In a four motored plane, the Major was the pilot with twelve men in the crew. Giedgowd was the only Pole and I was the only New Zealander as the rest of the gang was English.

"At a specified time, we signalled the convoy that we were leaving and dashed off toward base. Suddenly all four of the motors were cut off and we realized that we would have to 'hit the drink' (land on the ocean). At our base, there had been a lot of sabotage and evidently sand had been put in the gasoline and had finally reached the motors.

"It all happened in a second. The Major yelled that we were landing and I pushed the signal to the rest of the crew that we were on our way. One of the men, however, thought I meant that we were going to 'submarine attack' and got down to open the under doors of the plane so he was killed when we hit the water. The rest of us clambered out on one of the wings as the 'kite' broke into three parts. Then (two others having been killed in the crash) we were nine and noticed that the Major was not too bright and subsequently



Before a dangerous mission.



Polish ace.

found that he had broken his back. But he was the bravest man I have ever known.

"The bomber we had was carrying submarine depth charges which go off at twenty-five feet under the water. As they were being tugged loose by the nine foot swell of the ocean, we had to get away from the plane fast. However, the dinghies were down below. Another chap and myself dived for them and finally caught the rope of one small canvas dinghy and brought it up. We put the Major in the dinghy on the floor and the rest of us piled in and got away from the plane just in time because the depth charges went off shortly afterwards. That was the end of even the last vestiges of our 'ship.'

"For nine of us, we had three cans of tomato juice and a medical kit, nothing else. Being dressed in tropical togs, we were lightly weighted down by clothes and our shirts had been pretty well torn off so we put aniline dye on our backs to protect them from the sun. A reconnaissance plane came near us several hours later but we could not signal to him and he raced away.

"It is the rule in our set up to search for three days for lost crews so we knew that our Commanding Officer would send

out planes but we were about five hundred miles from shore in a mighty big ocean and in a mighty small boat. But even that boat burst right in the middle as the strain of all of us was too much for the leather lacing. Only half of it or rather the one section of it was left. Then we kept the Major in it on the floor and believe me, he was in terrible pain. The rest of us got around and hung on with our hands and arms, being immersed in the water up to our chests.

"Several times we saw planes come near but nobody spotted us. How we kept up our hope, I will never tell you but we did, although all of the odds were against us. We were afraid of sharks but none ever bothered us, but we were stung by jellyfish and nipped by dog fish. Hallucinations seem pretty bad, too.

"At the end of the second full day, we were getting pretty low. Three of the gang had started drinking salt water all the time and finally drifted away. It is an awful thing to relate, but we could only try to reason with them and then the personal sense of preservation is so strong that you do not feel that you can exert any physical effort unnecessarily.

"The afternoon of the second day when we were considering dividing the morphine, we saw a plane coming 'Down-sun,' so the Major told us to splash as much as we could and I gave him a silver plated cigarette case I had bought on a spree one night in London for eight pounds. He signalled with it and the plane saw the flashes in the sun. It was sheer luck but he dipped in recognition and flew away to alert the base. That night they could not find us again but kept dropping supplies and flares around and about us. That really did help to keep up our morale.

"The next morning the planes found us and signalled a destroyer to pick us up. It did and we were safe. Our shoulders were pretty well burnt and we could not walk, but that was nothing. The Major showed how tough he was by surviving although God knows what untold agony he went through. We were awfully glad to drink about five cups of tea, straight off on board the destroyer, and later the salt and water we had absorbed in the ocean started to come out of the pores of the skin.

(Please turn to page 15)



Polish fighter plane.

# SLAVING FOR THE "MASTER RACE"

by HALINA TOMASZEWSKA

THE misery of those Poles who had been sent to forced labor in Germany will remain as one of the most tragic stories of this war. In a deportee center in Luxembourg I talked to a man who for four years had been wandering around Europe, sometimes on foot, sometimes in a cattle truck, leading the life of a German slave most of the time.

Franciszek Jankiewicz, 48, a locksmith from Warsaw, was ordered to go to Germany for agricultural labor at the beginning of 1940. His wife had died during the siege of Warsaw in 1939, and as he had no one to look after his two small daughters, he took them with him. For a year he worked on a farm, earning 30 marks a month. At first he succeeded in placing his two children in a nursery, but shortly they were sent back to him, and further help for them was refused. He returned then to Warsaw with his children and lived there in concealment for two years.

In March, 1943, Jankiewicz was arrested during a mass round up at the Warsaw railway station and sent to Berlin, as a laborer. With a group of other Polish deportees he worked there for seven weeks repairing the houses damaged by bombs. Sometimes they had to clean up the debris, other times, under strong German escort, they had to go immediately after a bombing raid to remove furniture and valuables from the burning houses of the Nazi officials. Even during the worst raids the Poles were not allowed to enter shelters; they had to remain in the shallow trenches, which afforded no protection.

Among the foreign laborers, brought in as slave labor by the Germans, there was always hunger and disease. The German authorities did nothing to rid the barracks of vermin, pestering the inhabitants. The sick, who were hardly able to get up, were forced with rifle butt blows to go to work.

In these appalling conditions Jankiewicz worked for seven weeks in Berlin. Then he volunteered for the Todt Organization, in hope of finding better conditions of work. In a group of several thousand foreign workers Jankiewicz was sent to Salonika, Greece. There he found a large group of Polish laborers working on a railway. The group dwindled from day to day. The Poles contacted the Greek partisans at Olympia and many escaped from the camp, finding shelter in ancient Greek buildings. Jankiewicz also tried to join the heroic Greek fighters but on the eve of his escape the whole group of 45 Poles still in camp was deported to Yugoslavia. The Germans thought it would stop the escapes if they transferred the Poles and put them to work in asbestos mines near Belgrade. But it was not long before the Poles contacted the Yugoslav guerrillas in the mountains. One Sunday they all escaped and joined Mihailovich's Chetniks. Put under the command of Major Cvecica, Jankiewicz spent seven months in Yugoslavia. In the spring of 1944 some British paratroops contacted the Yugoslav Major and learning about the presence of the Poles they offered to take them to Italy where the Polish Army was fighting at the time. But Major Cvecica decided to keep Jankiewicz and his comrades with the Chetnik units.



In German slavery.

In April, 1944, Jankiewicz fell ill and was sent to one of the hospitals in Belgrade where he was very well cared for. Leaving Belgrade in May, 1944, he again fell into German hands, arrested on his way back to the mountains to rejoin the Yugoslav fighters. He was sent then to the mines in Albania, and then to the infamous concentration camp at Banica, near Belgrade. From there he was sent with a number of other Poles to Errouville in Lorraine.

They arrived at Errouville by the end of June, 1944. The German situation at the time was becoming desperate. In feverish haste they tried to get the maximum production from factories and mines, the loss of which was only a question of weeks. The whole Nazi organization in the occupied territory was crumbling. Transports of people were being rushed from Yugoslavia to Lorraine, a ten day journey in indescribable conditions.

Hunger was scourging the slave workers. Twenty people received one loaf of bread a day. In each transport several people died and the rest reached their new destination in a state of complete exhaustion. Jankiewicz was set to work in an iron ore mine in Errouville.

Owing to lack of accommodation the workers lived in barracks about ten miles from the mines, and were taken there and back in trains. They left their barracks at 3 a.m. and returned late at night. In Errouville barracks, as in all the other places Jankiewicz went through in the course of these terrible four years, there was dirt, vermin and hunger.

The Germans retained the foreign workers in mines and factories until the last minute before the liberation by the Allies. It was not until September 1, 1944, that they sent all the workers to Germany. There were no more railway carriages, so the workers—some 30,000 of them—had to walk. At dusk they stopped for rest. Under the cover of darkness Jankiewicz escaped together with some Poles and Serbs, and hid in the bushes until the arrival of the Allies.

## THE ULTIMATE IN DESECRATION

(Continued from page 3)

as well as church vestments, benches, and even church brooms were removed from them. Church flags everywhere were destroyed because they bore Polish lettering. In all Poland, bells have been confiscated and melted down. Historic or artistic value of a priceless relic merely made the Germans more anxious to wreak their vengeance upon it.

German destructive fury did not spare cemeteries. In Poznan the cemetery at Bukowska Street and the Staromarcinski Cemetery were liquidated, at which time all tombstones were smashed and blown up. Permission to transfer them elsewhere was refused because the Germans wished to eradicate the Polish inscriptions that proved how Polish was this "eternally German land." Cemeteries in many other cities of Western Poland were similarly desecrated.

But faith is not based only on the existence of church buildings and shrines. After all, mass can be said in the open, so long as there is a priest to say it. Hence, simultaneously with the demolition of churches, and their transforma-

tion into barracks, warehouses or cinemas, the German authorities embarked on the merciless extermination of Polish clergy. The number of murdered Polish priests is appalling. In the dioceses of Poznan, Pomerania and Wloclawek alone, 1571 priests were killed outright or tortured to death in concentration camps. Only 27 priests were left at liberty. In the winter of 1942 the Dachau concentration camp held 1500 Polish priests. This figure did not decrease in spite of steady deaths, for new arrivals kept pouring in. In Oswiecim 500 to 600 priests awaited a martyr's death.

Neither age nor rank are of any avail against torture. Ninety-year-old Archbishop Nowowiejski of Plock was tormented to death en route to a concentration camp. Half of Poland's bishops are imprisoned. Lada has a punitive camp for Polish priests. An analogous one for Polish nuns was created in the vicinity of Poznan. All religious orders living through the most noble phase of their activity in martyred Poland today, make sacrifices equal to those of the lay clergy. This is particularly true of the Society of Jesus.

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## THE POLES TAKE BREDA AND CONTINUE THEIR LIBERATION OF THE NETHERLANDS

(Continued from page 5)

tion; I did not even know what her exact crime was supposed to be. I left Honfleur that night for Paris.

"In Paris there were Poles everywhere. They approached whenever we stopped our car, asking hundreds of questions, mostly what they could do to help and where they could enlist in the Polish Army.

"In the Place de l'Opéra a tall blond youth stopped us. He had come, just two months ago, from Warsaw. He had been in Paris in 1939. He was later arrested and taken to the Reich for forced labor. From there he had escaped back to Poland. In Warsaw he hid from the Germans for more than a year, until June 7 when he heard of the invasion and decided to lend whatever aid possible to the Allies.

"The Polish Underground in France had its headquarters in Paris. Orders went out to all the provinces from these headquarters. When the right moment came these Poles singlehanded took the Polish Embassy, the Consulate, library and Bessieres barracks. They fought on the barricades in the St. Paul district and in the suburbs of Paris.

"Polish miners in Northern France, in Lille, Lens, Douaix, and Salomines, gave our soldiers a rousing welcome. A crowd of thousands waited hours along the road for a glimpse of Polish panzer divisions. Workers, school children, priests, and housewives were there. Polish soldiers walked on roses strewn at their feet by this grateful populace. The crowd carried these heroes on their shoulders. The speech of the Polish colonel was heard with great respect and joy.

"'Only the strong are honored by their friends,' he told them, 'only the strong are respected by their enemies.'

"Poles in France are united and have been during the entire four-year period of German occupation. The Polish Alliance, the Society of Workers' Universities, the Polish Socialist Party, the Peasant Party, the Federation of Polish Workers and various other organizations worked together in the Underground Movement. Everyone, even women and children were active in the fight against the Germans. Many of these quiet, unknown, but fine people have willingly given their lives in the struggle. Someday when all members of the organization are freed and all Europe is once again liberated, and the complete story of the Polish Underground in France will be told, it will become a great saga of courage and patriotism.

"At the head of this Polish Underground or POWN stood the Central War Committee composed of leaders from the largest Polish settlements. This Committee, since it came out into the open, has gained many new members. Recently it published a beautiful manifesto that is an example to be copied by all for its straightforward language, patriotism and concern for the future of their motherland.

"At present their underground work is finished. Now a new type of labor is before them—reconstruction. During their four weeks in France, Polish soldiers found not a single Pole who did not hope for the future, nor want wholeheartedly to do all that he could to help reconstruct both France and Poland."

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## NEW ZEALANDER AND POLE FIGHT TOGETHER FOR FREEDOM

(Continued from page 13)

"That is the end of the story but the point of it is that it is good to be alive and fight for the things of real value like freedom and home and country."

But the highlight in the story of both the Major and Shakes is their two flights over laboring Warsaw when they dropped supplies to General Bor's fighters in the Old City. Many of the Poles and Allies of these missions were killed over Poland. As it is too long a trip from Britain to Warsaw by night, they had to fly at ten thousand feet with six hours of the trip in daylight, a dangerous thing.

"The Major was like a demon during that flight," said Don. "He knew all of Europe like a book but Poland, . . . well, that was home. He had not been to Warsaw since those fighting days of September 1939, when he had fought with the other Polish fliers against the Germans, going into the air against overwhelming odds, despite almost sure death."

"His civilization is a lot older than ours, and he taught me many things. Some of his Polish proverbs I shall never forget. A grand and courageous fighter," concluded Don, who is enjoying a few weeks' stay in New York before returning to his country "down under."

# **POLES**

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