THE POLISH REVIEW

VOL. VI MAY 9, 1946 No. 9

International News Photo

Ex-President Herbert Hoover who as special representative for President Truman is touring war-torn Europe to study and help alleviate the critical food shortage, is surrounded by homeless Polish children in Warsaw during a visit paid by him to a collection center where homeless children are placed until a new home can be found for them.

Most of the children with Mr. Hoover are shabbily dressed. Note the pitiful condition of the shoes worn by the boys in the foreground and the fact that one little girl is stockingless. However, despite their ragged appearance, these homeless Polish waifs somehow convey the self-confidence and sunniness of disposition so characteristic of the Poles even in adversity.

Five million of Poland's children are undernourished, says Mr. Hoover. It is to be hoped that immediate relief will be sent to Poland before the harvest to avert widespread famine.

"POLAND SUFFERS MOST" --STATES HERBERT HOOVER

OF all the countries Herbert Hoover and his American commission investigating European food conditions have visited, Poland presents the most tragic picture, said the former President in a prepared statement issued in Warsaw on March 30. The American experts have found more than 2,600,000 Polish children to be terribly subnormal from undernourishment, while 5,000,000 children are badly underfed.

"This is the worst situation we have seen so far, in every respect," Mr. Hoover's statement read. "It is lightened only by the hope and gallantry of the Polish people. They are digging themselves out of the greatest political, intellectual and moral destruction ever known.

"But my mission has no part in political, economic or social matters. It is solely concerned with food.

"Armies have four times swept over Poland, living on the country, and she had five years of German occupation. The population of the new Poland, about 24,000,000 will be about 11,000,000 less than old Poland, of which probably 5,000,000 were killed. A Polish woman remarked to me today, 'We are weary of dying.'

"There has been an enormous destruction of housing, amounting to 90 per cent in Warsaw alone. Most of the people in the destroyed areas are living in hovels without adequate clothing, furniture or heat."

Only 45 per cent of Poland's horses, 33 per cent of her cattle, 36 per cent of her sheep, 17 per cent of her swine are extant in comparison with her pre-war figures.

"Even of more importance has been the intellectual destruction and physical weakening of human beings," Mr. Hoover noted.

"The food situation has become suddenly and heartbreakingly bad, due to miscalculations. Breadstuffs and potatoes in stock and en route from overseas theoretically will last only until May 7 on the reduced ration. Bread rations are in a theoretical average of seven ounces per day per person, and two cities, Cracow and Lodz, have already been without bread for three weeks at a time.

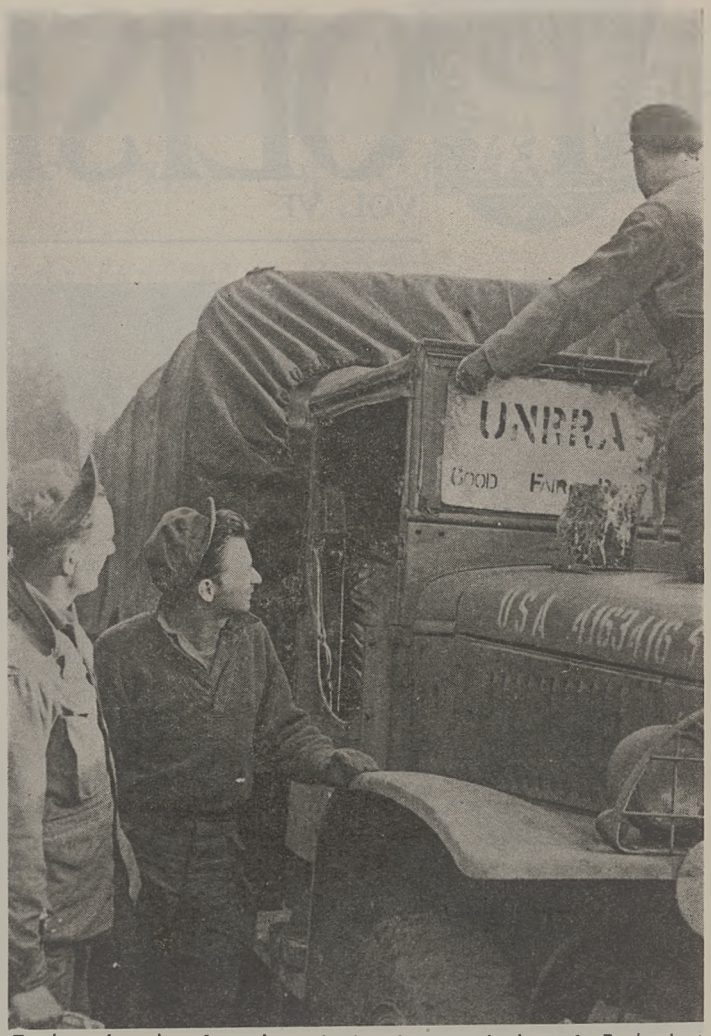
"The fat ration, when you can get it, is sixteen ounces per month per person. The average caloric intake, including hospital inmates, is perhaps, 1,500, mostly starches, but the inability of effective distribution makes any estimate unreliable."

Most city children have never seen dairy produce, and infant mortality is 20 per cent a year, while tuberculosis and other diseases among children and adolescents are rising rapidly.

"There are 1,100,000 orphans and half orphans. There has been no over-all organization to care for and rebuild children. There are gallant efforts by Polish women in local areas, conducted under unbelievable difficulty. They are receiving some assistance from the American Red Cross, the American Catholic Welfare and UNRRA.

"Added to all the other problems is the migration of millions of Poles westward from the territory annexed by Russia and the expulsion of Germans westward from territory annexed by Poland. Both migrations add to the already disorganized food situation.

"It is a forbidding picture, but with food until the next harvest Poland can rise again from her ashes."



Trucks and a plant from the main American repair depot in England at Ashchurch are being sent to Poland by UNRRA. The Poles themselves dismantle the plant, under the supervision of American mechanics. The Poles drive the vehicles from the depot en route for transportation to their native land. These vehicles will partially relieve the dire distress in Poland. However, UNRRA aid to Poland has thus far not amounted to very much. The photo shows a Polish soldier marking trucks with the UNRRA sign and condition mark.

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POLISH SOLDIERS WANT A SQUARE DEAL

WHEN the "Four Year Diet" convened at Warsaw in 1788, one of the first steps it took to introduce reforms in Poland's political, social and economic life was to enact a law providing for a standing army of 100,000.

The famous liberal constitution of the Third of May, 1791 stated in Article XI that "the Army owes to the Nation to guard the frontiers against enemies, and to maintain tranquility within: in a word it ought to be the strongest shield in the Nation." For the first time in Polish history, Poland was to have a regular armed force to protect it from within and from without.

Unfortunately, Poland's autocratic neighbors did not relish the idea of a democratic regime in Poland and they viewed with alarm the formation of an army ready to defend what remained of Polish territory following the first partition of that country in 1772.

So in 1792, Russian forces marched into Poland. They were resisted by the young Polish army. Despite several initial Polish successes, the overwhelming Russian superiority of men and equipment made the outcome inevitable. A new partition of Poland between Germany and Russia on January 23, 1793 spelled the real end of Poland as an independent state.

But the Poles never did renounce the idea of a national armed force. The tradition of a regular Polish army which would restore and maintain Polish independence was kept up. It found expression in the Insurrection of 1794, commanded by General Tadeusz Kosciuszko and it was revived in the Polish Legions, organized in Italy by General Henryk Dabrowski, which from 1797 fought on the French side in the Napoleonic wars in the hope that their steadfast devotion to the French cause would bring them a resurrected homeland. However, these veterans of the Italian Napoleonic campaigns were rudely deceived. They did not live to see their land restored save in the form of the short-lived tiny Grand Duchy of Warsaw.

Today, history tragically seems to repeat itself. Again there is an independent Polish Army in Italy, this time under the command of General Wladyslaw Anders. These men, too, are seasoned veterans, having fought in defense of Poland in 1939 and then having covered themselves with glory in their battles for the freedom of France, England, Africa, and in their blood-soaked liberation of Italy. As in 1791, Russia heaps abuse upon the very men who have given their lives so that humanity might be free once more. Just as a century and a half ago, Russia and her satellites are determined to liquidate the only remaining outpost of a truly independent Polish army.

Several weeks ago, General Anders was informed by the British that the Polish armed forces would be demobilized and that Britain would like to see as many Poles as possible return to Poland. He was assured, however, that no Pole would be forced to go back.

Marshal Zhukov and General Anders share a soldier's meal in Russia in 1941. Gen. Anders had at that time not yet been declared a "fascist" and a "reactionary" by Soviet propaganda.

Although the demobilization of the Polish Army, which now numbers 200,000, would mean that the demobilization of British troops would of necessity be that much slower, working additional hardships upon the British people, and although the British military authorities are opposed to precipitous demobilization, the British Government has decided to disband the Polish Army as a concession to the Warsaw Government's demands, which of course are Russian-inspired.

On March 20, 1946 Foreign Secretary Bevin made a declaration in the House of Commons dealing with the demobilization of the Polish armed forces. At the same time, every Polish soldier received a leaflet containing a Warsaw "guarantee" to all who decide to return and a British declaration supporting the Warsaw standpoint. The British declaration referred to the Warsaw guarantee as satisfactory but did not state what would happen if its terms were not fulfilled. Only a general assurance of aid was given to those soldiers who will not return. (In the course of a speech in the House of Commons, Foreign Secretary Bevin requested the House not to discuss the question of aid for the time being, as this might encourage the demobilized Poles to remain in England.)

As for the Warsaw "guarantee", more than half of it was taken up by information as to who is to be punished in Poland upon return. Such a formulation is of course the height of insolence inasmuch as there are no political or criminal evildoers among the Polish forces abroad. The Warsaw Government has its reasons for declaring in advance that the Polish Army numbers in its ranks various categories of criminals. The charges are levelled so as to discredit the Polish troops abroad and so as to provide a loophole for reprisals against those who will return.

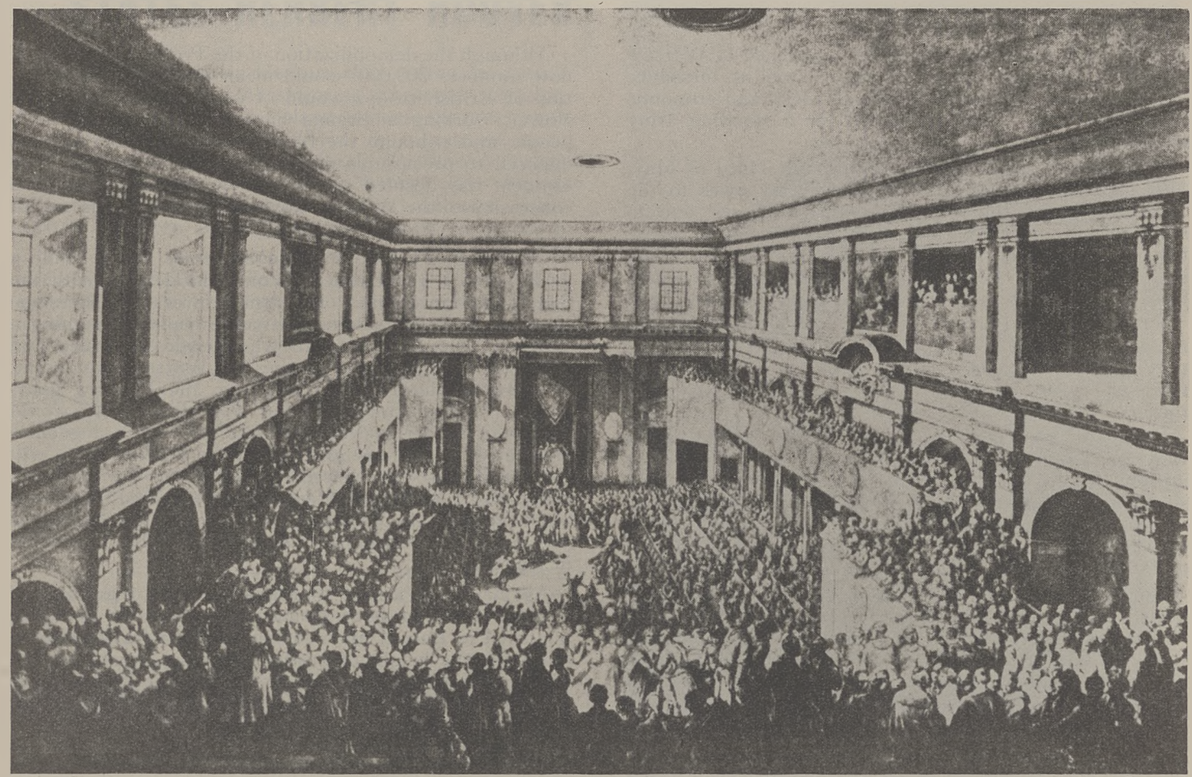
The Warsaw declaration was hardly calculated to invite return to Poland. On the contrary, it was rather a deterrent. In reality it is proof that the Warsaw regime is not in the least interested in having the Poles return to their country, but in smashing the Polish Army abroad, which is a center of independent Polish political thought. Significantly enough, the day after the distribution of the above-mentioned leaflets, the Warsaw radio denied that the Warsaw Government had handed to the British Government any declaration relative to the affairs of the Polish soldiers.

Parenthetically, it may be remarked that the Warsaw regime intends to make a profit on the returning Poles by exchanging sterling pounds for 420 zlotys whereas the purchasing value and the free market value of the pound in Poland is almost three times higher.

Thus it would seem that for his long and faithful service in the Allied cause the Polish soldier is to receive a bitter "reward", if the Warsaw government has its way.

(*Continued on page 15*)

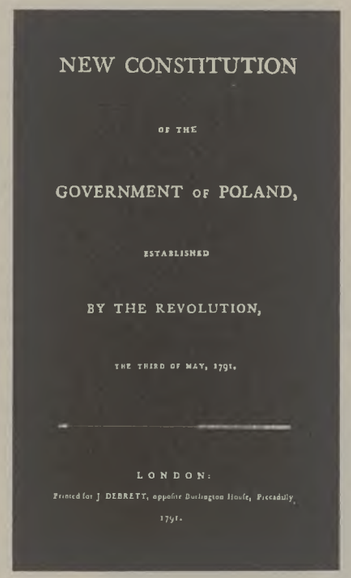
CONSTITUTION OF THE 3rd OF MAY, 1791



Adoption of the Third of May Constitution in the Polish Diet. By Jan Piotr Norblin (1745-1830).

THIS year marks the 155th anniversary of the great Polish Constitution. On May 3rd, 1791, the Four Year Sejm (1788-1792) accepted the new principles upon which the Polish State was to be based.

In the Constitution of May 3rd the Polish Nation sees not merely the text of constitutional provisions then given force of law. The nation sees in it the embodiment of great conceptions of fundamental importance. In times of good fortune the Constitution is a source of noble pride; in times of difficulty and sorrow it is a consolation and a hope, and above all a source of strength.



NEW CONSTITUTION

OF THE

GOVERNMENT OF POLAND,

ESTABLISHED

BY THE REVOLUTION,

THE THIRD OF MAY, 1791.

LONDON:

Printed for J. DEBRETT, opposite Burlington House, Piccadilly,

1791.

Title page of the "New Constitution of the Government of Poland established by the Revolution, the Third of May, 1791" which was published in London in the year of the Constitution's adoption.

For as Adam Mickiewicz, Poland's greatest national poet, has written:

"This law did not emerge from the mind of an isolated sage, from the lips of a few administrators, but was drawn from the heart of the great mass of the people; it is not merely written in black on white, but it still lives in the memory, in the aspirations of passing generations, and so it is a living law, rooted in the past, and developing in the future. . . . In the May Constitution . . . the national element, the child of past traditions, is nurtured on the new present-day needs of the Nation. Hence it has been well and justly said that the May Constitution is the political testament of the Poland that was."

The Constitution of May 3rd accepted the principle of the sovereignty of the nation:

"All power in civil society is derived from the will of the people."

Further, it adopted the principle of the division of authority. According to the Constitution three separate and equal authorities, legislative, executive, and judicial, were to exist in Poland.

The Constitution accepted the principle of religious toleration, which had been known in Poland since 1573. In the organization of the Polish Sejm the May Constitution assigned a basic role to the Chamber of Deputies.

The Constitution laid down that the elected deputies were "the representatives of the entire nation, being the repository of general confidence."

The May Constitution first emphasized the general principle of the necessity for a strong executive authority:

"No government can become perfect without a vigorous executive authority. The happiness of nations depends on just laws and the effect of laws depends on their execution."

As a further consequence the Constitution introduced the principle of parliamentary responsibility on the part of the ministers.

In laying the foundations for a new, better State system the May 3rd Constitution did not overlook the question of military power. It laid down that the entire nation, i.e., all citizens were obliged to defend their Motherland.

The Constitution did not ignore the question of mutual relations between the Kingdom of Poland and the Grand Duchy of Lithuania. The obligatory force of the constitutional law was extended to both parts of the State which had been united by a factual union since 1569. The Constitution declared:

". . . We decide that, as we have a single, universal and inseparable governmental law, serving all our State, the Kingdom of Poland and the Grand Duchy of Lithuania, so we wish to have our common army and treasury united in a single indissoluble national treasury governed by one government. . . ."

Relations between the Kingdom of Poland and the Grand Duchy of Lithuania were thus drawn closer, by mutual desire. A common supreme administrative authority was set up, based on the principle of equality.

The reforms affecting the burgher class consisted of granting this class a number of rights which they had not previously enjoyed, and which had been the privilege exclusively of the nobility and gentry.

The reforms of May 3rd, 1791, had grown out of Poland's own national tradition, had arisen out of Polish political thought. So it was a native creation, witnessing to the high level of the political and legislative culture of the Polish nation.

In certain States the Constitution was warmly welcomed by representatives of public opinion. British opinion reacted extremely favorably, and with profound sincerity. Edmund Burke, England's famous publicist and orator, expressed his opinion in "An Appeal from the New to the Old Whigs." He said, *inter alia:*

"In contemplating that change, humanity has everything to rejoice, and to glory in; nothing to be ashamed of, nothing to suffer. So far as it has gone, it probably is the most pure and defecated public good which ever has been conferred on mankind."

The Pope expressed his sincere and profound good wishes for the Constitution. The Swedes also gave it a friendly welcome, comparing it with their own reforms carried out twenty years earlier. In Holland a commemorative medal was struck in honor of the new Constitution.

On the other hand, both Russia and Prussia adopted a decidedly negative, indeed hostile attitude to the Polish Constitution. "The Poles have outdone all the insanities of the Paris National Assembly," declared Catherine II.

The freedom of the individual and the freedom of the nation, these two fundamental features of the Polish Commonwealth's State system, constituted not only the main principles of Polish policy during the period of enslavement, but gave the Polish cause a universal character. Wherever the struggle for freedom was fought there Poles were to be found. Fighting for their own freedom, they realized that they were fighting for the ideal of universal freedom.

Today also the Polish people commemorate the anniversary of the May Constitution above all other dates in their history. For they regard the democratic and progressive quality of that Constitution as an unchallengeable and undeniable justification of their claim to independent participation in the life of civilized nations and as a symbol of their endurance and resurrection. In liberated but non-free Poland, the Third of May Constitution is a beacon that serves to keep up the spirit of the Poles and to offer them hope for the future in a country free from foreign domination.

Third of May Celebration in Warsaw (1807). By Jakob Sokolowski.

THE TRAGIC FATE OF POLES EAST OF THE "CURZON LINE"

THE problem of the Polish population of Eastern Poland again became timely in February 1944 when the Red Army occupied part of that territory. There was nothing ambiguous about the behavior of the Soviet authorities; Eastern Poland was declared Russian soil. Men between the ages of 18 and 50 were drafted into the army. Four year groups of women were impressed into auxiliary military service. The administration was altered to resemble the Soviet system. Those detachments of the Home Army which came out into the open were dissolved; the underground soldiers who had cooperated with the Red Army against the Germans were arrested and deported.

On October 1944, the Lublin Committee and the Soviet Government signed an agreement regarding the so-called repatriation of Poles from the Eastern lands. Although the front was still only along the Vistula, the mass eviction of Poles from East of the Bug River had already begun. As early as November 1944 the first transports had started West in terrible conditions, plagued by autumn rains and later by blizzards and freezing weather. The transports were headed for no definite destination, as conditions directly behind the front were chaotic. There was no organization or functioning administration following the flight of the Germans and there was tremendous overcrowding and lack of food. The ejection of the population into the West, and the forcible deportation of certain groups to Russia has not abated since that time.

At first the population offered determined resistance. The initial "voluntary" registrations did not come to even 5% of those marked for departure from the East.

In January 1945 the Soviet authorities launched a full scale anti-Polish campaign. Mass arrests of Poles were made simultaneously in Lwow and in Wilno. In Lwow 5,600 Poles of all classes but chiefly of the intelligentsia were deprived of their freedom; in Wilno 6,000 were arrested. More than 20,000 Poles recognized as potential leaders were arrested in the provinces of Wilno and of Lwow. Without trial or verdict they were sent to special camps in Voroshilovgrad on the Oka. Some of the people arrested at that time are now returning after a long stay in prisons and labor camps in which living and working conditions were no better than in German concentration camps. The purpose of these arrests was to terrorize the population and force it to register for departure, at the same time, eliminating those elements which represented a danger to the Soviet new order. Indeed, in the next registration, about 30% of the Polish population, especially the city people, applied for departure.

In Volhynia only some ten-odd thousands of Poles, completely deprived of leadership, remain. There is not a single priest in that province. The bishop of Łuck, Szelążek, and canons Gołęzowski and Bukojewski have been imprisoned in Kiev in frightful conditions since the spring of 1945.

Meanwhile the number of Poles returning from Russia (those who were deported in 1940-1941) is very insignificant. Barely several hundred families are definitely known to be back. Recently the Russian and Polish communist press reported the arrival in Rzeszów of 50,000 Poles repatriated from Russia. This piece of news was discovered to be pure fabrication. All that did come back were 50 families whose appearance was appalling: ragged and dirty, emaciated, physically wrecked human beings.

The conditions of repatriation are so amazing that they seem to confirm the general opinion in Poland that repatriation is merely a further means of destroying the nation. Numerous transports was seen departing from the East in the fall and winter, not only in ordinary freight cars but also in open platform cars. The transports are not reported to the railroad authorities and there is no place for them in the traffic for that day. The railroad administration is forced to give priority to Soviet needs, which are expressed in scores of troop laden trains shuttling night and day between East and West and in many trains taking war loot and the products of Polish industry to Russia. In addition, some 40 trainloads of coal leave daily from Poland for Russia. In view of the destroyed railroad tracks and insufficient repairs, the railroad junctions cannot let all trains through, particularly those sent at the last moment and unscheduled, and there is literally no accommodation for a number of trains. This holds especially true for the trains bringing repatriates from the East.

The population intended for the transport is assembled

Cemetery of the Defenders of Lwow (1918-1920). Lwow was the bastion of Polish civilization. The population of Lwow has been deported east to Siberia or shipped to Poland's new "Wild West."

Wilno—Northeastern center of Polish culture, "Dear to the Heart of Every Pole." The fate of the Poles in Wilno is shockingly tragic.

at loading stations where it sometimes has to wait several days for the train to start. Then the transports leave without a definite destination, travelling along any tracks that happen to be free so long as it is in a westerly direction. A transport from Buczacz and vicinity, comprising approximately 800 people, was assembled at the loading station on October 15, 1945. It remained at the station in the open air up to November 28, 1945. That day the transport started out in open box cars, strewn with shavings. It arrived in Przemyśl on December 9, 1945 at the height of a heavy snow storm, with the thermometer around zero. 32 persons died on the way, 4 of them at the station in Przemyśl. The appearance presented by the repatriates was even more dreadful than the macabre "death trains" from the days of German occupation. Swollen from the frost, with eyes devoid of lashes, wrapped in rags, burlap or sacks, these people bore little resemblance to human beings. This transport was one of many similar ones bringing repatriates from the East to a "free and independent Poland."

It takes the transports up to 10 weeks to cover a distance of a few hundred miles. They often spend several days standing on a railroad siding simply because no one knows anything about the transport, as there are no supervisors who might investigate the reason for the halt, intervene with the railroad authorities or procure some warm food. It also happens that the transports are sent to the wrong destination, needlessy adding weeks of tortured travel.

The wrongs and crimes committed while pretty speeches are being made about democracy in Poland are so universal that even the muzzled Polish press could not refrain from mentioning this unique manner of shifting Poland West. The Cracow *Polish Daily* of December 8, 1945 wrote as follows in an article entitled "Sir, we are dying here . . .":

"Santa Claus this year has also visited the lorries with repatriates in Bieżanów. He was greeted and needed there as perhaps nowhere else, but he contrasted strangely with human poverty and injustice. Here at the sidings of Bieżanów where stand long trains filled with repatriates from the East, where unfortunate families with small children, cattle, dogs and all their worldly goods are huddled together, where they must live, or rather, waste away, — here perhaps the celebration of Santa Claus was a bright ray against the background of a bottomless misery, but it highlighted all the more the whole tragedy of these people."

The press is engaged in a controversy as to where the blame lies. P. U. R. (State Repatriation Bureau) blames the railroad, the railroad accuses the P. U. R. and in the meantime Poland is the scene of tragedies, whose victims are Poles, in their own country, under the rule

(*Continued on page* 10)

KANAREK TURNS TO PORTRAIT PAINTING IN CALIFORNIA

by MICHAEL GASZYNSKI

Franklin Boruszak Photo, Hollywood

Gene Tierney and Child by E. Kanarek.

WORLD WAR II has presented the United States with another talented European artist who has now made his home in California. He is the well-known Polish painter, Eliasz Kanarek.

Born in Poland in 1901 Kanarek showed great interest in painting. At the age of twelve he started studying in Vienna and at sixteen he became a pupil of a famous Polish portrait painter, Konrad Krzyzanowski. It was then that Kanarek made up his mind to become a portrait painter.

After his teacher's death in 1921, Kanarek went to Italy, where he studied art by copying Italian masterpieces. Following the usual road of many famous artists, he later spent four years in Paris, attending the various Art Academies.

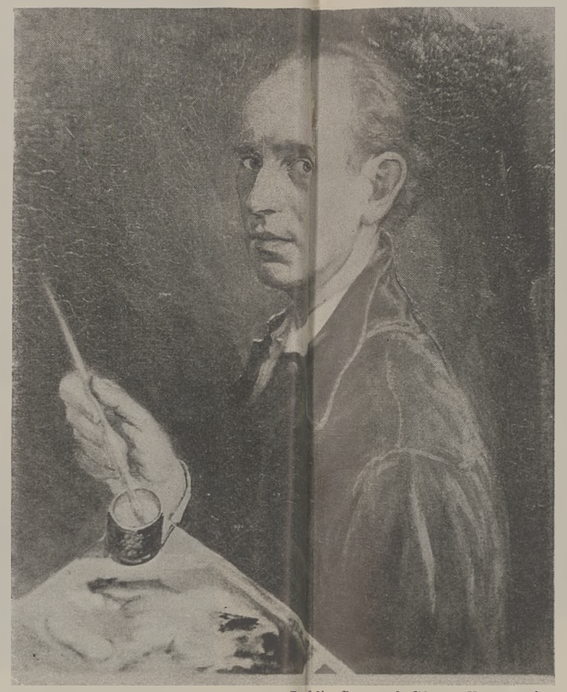
Unlike many of his colleagues who considered their artistic education completed once they had gone through these Paris schools, Kanarek returned to Poland and spent an additional four years in the Warsaw Academy of Fine Arts, studying under the guidance of Professor Tadeusz Pruszkowski, also a former pupil of Konrad Krzyzanowski, who headed a very fine association of young Polish painters called the "Brotherhood of St. Luke." Kanarek was invited to join the "Brotherhood," which became the leading group of Polish artists representing Poland's art the world over at international exhibitions. These works consisted chiefly of pictures and compositions destined for government buildings, Polish transatlantic liners and the like. They betrayed a painstaking technique, a precision of outline and a variety of subject matter selected from Polish life and history. The "Brotherhood of St. Luke" which sought to analyze the works of the great masters in an effort to discover how they created their enduring masterpieces, defined its aims thus: "The organization is bound only by the ties of comradeship and long collaboration. Its object is to paint as well as possible within, of course, the limits of our gifts. Mutual assistance and advice constitute the principal means of attaining this end."

Franklin Boruszak Photo, Hollywood

Lala, the six months old daughter of the noted pianist, Artur Rubinstein. By E. Kanarek.

Eleven artists of the "Brotherhood of St. Luke," among them Eliasz Kanarek, were commissioned by the Polish Government to paint seven large size historical canvases to decorate the Hall of Honor of the Polish Pavilion at the New York World's Fair.

In 1939 Kanarek came to the United States to supervise the displaying of his frieze and wall painting in the Polish Pavilion. Hitler's invasion of Poland found Kanarek in this country.



Franklin Boruszak Photo, Hollywood

Self-portrait by E. Kanarek.

Unable to return to his native land, Kanarek started painting portraits, first in New York, and later throughout the Middle West. He had already become especially well known for his child portraits, in which he excelled, commissions having taken him to many different countries. Finally he established his studios in Washington, D. C., where his masterly art quickly gained him recognition, and by 1945 his portraits were hanging in many prominent Washington homes.

Owing to his great skill in draftsmanship he was sent by the Washington Times-Herald to San Francisco to make sketches of leading personalities at the United Nations Conference.

It was during this period that he visited Los Angeles for the first time. He made up his mind immediately that it was the ideal spot for an artist, with its perfect climate and exciting life, and he now has established himself permanently in Southern California. Kanarek has already chosen a beautiful location to build a studio, as soon as conditions permit.

Franklin Boruszak Photo, Hollywood

June Duprez, stage and screen star by E. Kanarek.

Since his arrival in Los Angeles, Kanarek has painted many prominent society and motion picture figures, and on May 20th, 1946 Angelinos will have the opportunity to judge his great talent at the opening of his first local exhibit at the Francis Taylor Galleries in the Beverly Hills Hotel.

Kanarek's rich painting and powerful draftsmanship is quickly putting him alongside the best American portrait painters. Although specializing in portraiture, Kanarek is likewise a very clever illustrator. His sketches are full of life and humor.

Very industrious, Kanarek is also currently starting a class in portrait painting at the Kann Institute of Art in Hollywood.

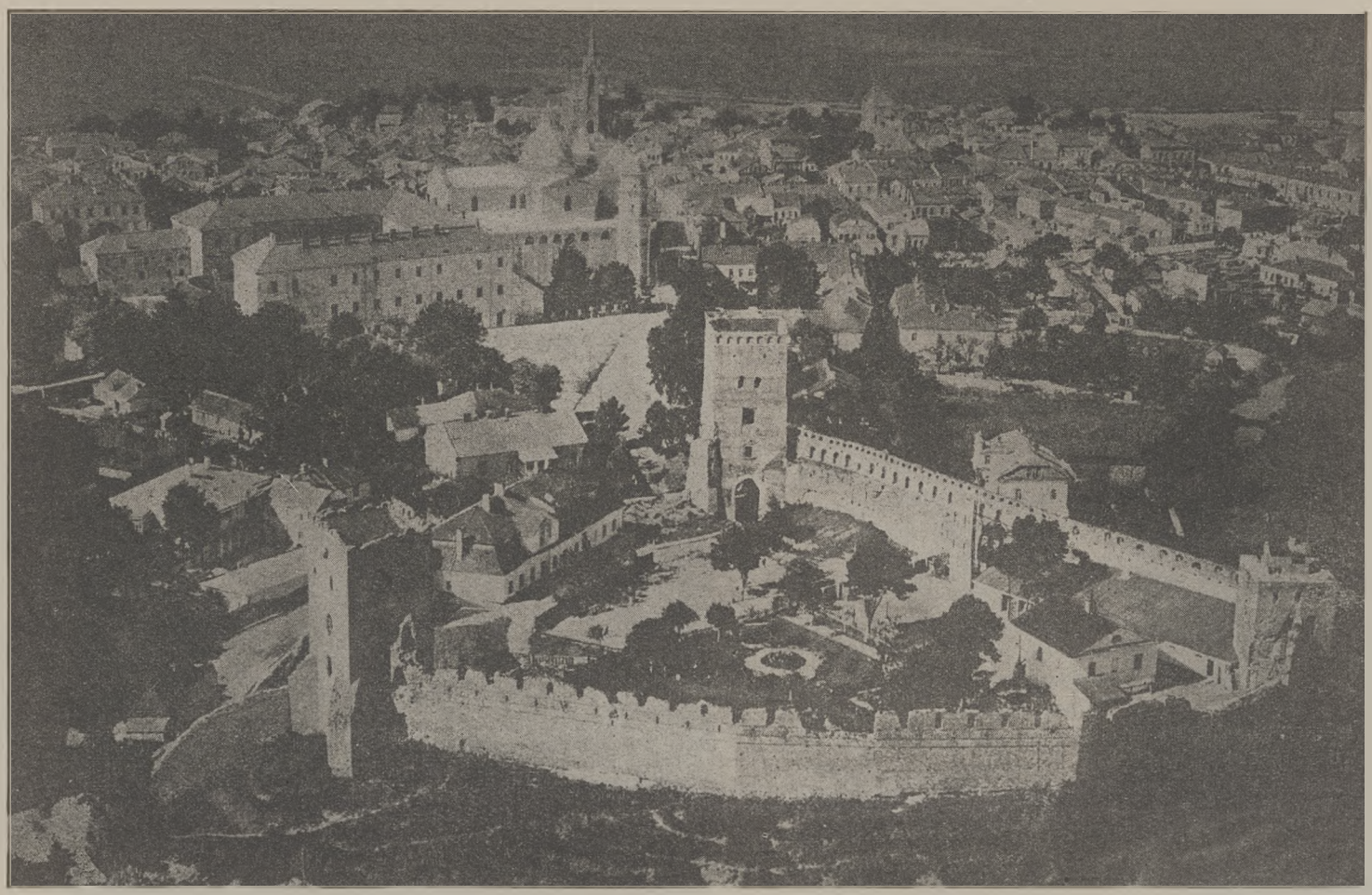
Wesley Swadley Photo, San Francisco

Judy Flood by E. Kanarek.

Now that he has chosen California as his headquarters, Eliasz Kanarek is wasting no time in taking advantage of the many opportunities this part of the country offers to an artist.

Kanarek's portraits are the mature fruit of the experience of many years of conscientious, honest effort in the art of painting. They are a synthesis of modernity based on the individually assimilated technique of the old masters. No doubt the near future will bring new laurels to this artist who is now at the peak of his creative activity.

The tragic fate of Poles East of the "Curzon Line"



Luck in Volhynia, a city of old Polish tradition, has also been cleared of Poles.

(*Continued from page* 7)

of what is alleged to be their own government; powerless, for they cannot even rise against such inhuman treatment as they undoubtedly would have done under German occupation.

On January 14, 1946 four trainloads of repatriates from Lwow, Brody, Tarnopol, Czortków and Kopyczyńce—1,589 persons in all, were still sidetracked in Bieżanów. The transports had left the Eastern cities several weeks earlier. The P. U. R. buildings, except for the nursery, clinic and small infirmary, have no windows and often no doors. The primitive rooms are overcrowded, malodorous and filthy. There are no benches and there is no fuel. Unable to stand, people lie down on the concrete floor. There are hundreds of cases of dysentery and serious ailments. The Cracow hospitals refuse to admit these patients for fear of epidemics.

The picture of such a transport of worn out humanity, mute with misery, sitting among lowing cattle, is a vivid and eloquent indictment of the present regime in Poland.

In one transport which travelled from Southeastern Poland to Opole Silesia via . . . Stettin, 23 died en route.

When these transports arrive at their destination, the local authorities often do not know what to do with them. All talk of a "planned resettlement" of the population in order to cultivate the newly acquired areas in the West is but another example of the frequent, deliberate lies spouted by unscrupulous Warsaw propaganda. In practice the repatriates are told to get off the train and are placed in temporary camps with the ulterior motive of making this temporary status a permanent one. In these camps thousands of unfortunates await an assignment to some sort of work dying meanwhile of disease, hunger and cold.

Thus has the handing over to Russia of 180,000 square kilometers of Polish soil, without taking into account the consequences of such a step, exacted its retribution. Such an operation looks different around a green table and different in practice and in its execution by the Soviet and the Warsaw Governments.

The over-all "repatriation" picture plainly indicates that the Soviet Union intends to wipe out the Polish borderland population, so as to clear the area East of the Bug River of Poles, and to insure that Poland never regains that area. There is also another perhaps even more important aim: to destroy that element which got to know Soviet Russia and the communist "paradise" best during the first two-year occupation.

I LIVED THROUGH HELL ON EARTH IN THE RAVENSBRUCK CONCENTRATION CAMP

by NATALIE CHODKIEWICZ

Mrs. Natalie Chodkiewicz, a member of the Polish Underground Movement, was arrested with her husband by the Gestapo in August, 1944, in Cracow. After some months in various prisons, they were separated, and she was finally sent to the notorious concentration camp at Ravensbruck. From here, at the end of April, 1945, through the intervention of Prince Bernadotte, the President of the Swedish Red Cross, she and a number of her fellow-prisoners were evacuated to Sweden. At present she is staying with her Swedish friends.

IT is March 26th, 1945 in Block 29 at Ravensbruck. We have just finished our only meal of the day, — lunch — consisting as usual, of about a pint of greasy liquid with a few morsels of turnip floating on top. Suddenly the doors burst open and a wardress strides in noisily. She is wearing a black great-coat and riding boots and on her shining, permanently-waved hair is perched a jaunty forage-cap. Her eyes, glinting. evilly, sweep round the miserable group of women.

"All out for roll-call! Line up in front of the block without shoes or stockings and stripped to the waist—immediately!" she calls out sharply.

Outside a piercing March gale is blowing. The women stand in rows of ten, shaking with cold and trepidation. What is this new devilish idea which has brought them out into this bitter storm What is going to happen? What fresh menace hovers over them?

The block leaders, having straightened the lines, set off to patrol the barracks. The waiting women whisper among themselves. From every transit block, separated from the rest of the concentration camp by a high barbed-wire fence, the inmates, called *Haeftlinge* in German, troop out for roll-call. Pflaum, commonly known as "Plum," a stocky, florid-faced S. S. man, the leader of the working-party, and the tall bony physician are making an inspection. Perhaps there is to be another vaccination, perhaps the camp is to be evacuated and legs to be inspected for the march. Hundreds of women stand motionless on the dark, filthy gravel, their feet numb from the cold—sometimes puffy and swollen, but more often—unimaginably thin.

Hours pass—long as years. Suddenly the order comes:

"Step forward—one by one, with skirts raised high, — Quickly!"

Just beyond the next barracks "Plum," surrounded by wardresses in black raincoats, stands smiling ironically. His eyes sweep the passing victims contemptuously. He makes his selection, brutally pushing one woman after another to his right. All of a sudden disorder breaks out in a nearby block. Screams and curses ring out. Ranks are broken and several women try to escape. The wardresses pursue them and force them back into place—hitting at them savagely with their clubs and clenched fists. But some of the fugitives manage to reach the barracks, only to find the doors locked. One window is open, however, and they pour through it, endeavoring, once inside, to conceal themselves. All in vain. The furious wardresses find victims everywhere, and one after another drag them from their hiding-places by the hair, beating them unmercifully.

The Polish women block-leaders are white and trembling with fear. Perhaps they will have to answer for this disorder, but for the moment no one is paying any attention to them. One block-leader, the Frenchwoman Youpel, who behaves and looks like a harbor prostitute, is screeching with laughter and helping the wardresses. She seizes the escaping women who are making for outside the barracks and presses them back into the crowd now surrounded by wardresses. The hunt is over.

A few inmates return to the barracks. The rest assemble in long columns of five and move off. On either side of the huge array march the wardresses. The column winds out beyond the high barbed wire fence and through the main camp. It is already dusk and the streets are dark. Terrified faces of prisoners peep out at us from barracks as yet untouched by the selection. They make discreet gestures. We understand what they mean.

The Polish wardresses are waiting for a suitable moment to whisper instructions on how to escape from the column. Some of the doors to the barracks are not locked. Other columns are returning from work and for a while the streets are full. Some women from our column are lucky. They manage to escape in the confusion, attaching themselves to the incoming columns or hiding in those barracks where there are Polish block-leaders. Some who could, do not take the opportunity so as not to spoil the chances of the rest—who are panicked beyond belief. The majority, however, among them many old and sick as well as the young and strong, all selected by the malicious fancy of "Plum"—march on.

The gravel cuts into our bare feet, the gale blows hard and beats against our faces. Our hearts are trembling, for we know that we are being led to that place whence one seldom returns. This is the place of death and annihilation, paradoxically called *Jugend Lager*—the Camp of Youth, being a branch of the main camp.

It is a name which strikes terror in all who hear it.

The tragic column of several hundred women directed to the "Camp of Youth" passes through the heavily-guarded gate, and before long is beyond the limits of the main Ravensbruck Concentration Camp, beyond the high walls and electrified barbed wire fences. We have to march about two miles to our final destination in the falling dusk. We walk as if in a dream and on the faces of my companions various emotions can be seen—expressions of terror, panic, despair, or simply — boundless apathy, while here and there, suffering and bitter anger. Some Polish women, however, are serious, concentrated, dignified in their detachment. There are some, like myself, who are praying under their breath. Others are asking the Polish wardresses accompanying us to convey final words of farewell to their families. The column moves slowly, for the sick cannot keep up. From time to time it halts altogether: then on again, through pine woods and felled forests.

The sandy road begins to wind upwards. Now we can see a great cluster of trees, and soon a gate with sentries comes into view. This is our destination. The gate creaks gloomily open; we enter the camp of death.

The long street within, pine-bordered and lined by green barracks, is in darkness. The column stops at the last block, which proves to be just one huge empty hall. Only a few steps lead up to the door but they are almost

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I LIVED THROUGH HELL ON EARTH IN THE RAVENSBRUCK CONCENTRATION CAMP

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beyond the frail strength of many of the women, weak and exhausted as they are. Gradually we make our way into the interior. The Polish wardresses, slaves like us, who wanted to help us, but who also fear for their lives, have left us at the gate. The crowd of German wardresses shout as they push us in. One especially, a young attractive girl, sadistically lays about her with her truncheon beating us on the head as we pass. No one tries to stop her.

At last all the women are inside—Poles, Frenchwomen, Belgians, Russians, Czechs, Jewesses and Gypsies—all mingle together. The senior wardress shouts an order: "Sit down on your heels! One by one!"

There are between eight hundred and a thousand women in the hall. We are packed so tightly that we can scarcely move. Some of the few big windows are open, but the atmosphere is heavy and oppressive.

Near the narrow door stand several empty marmalade tins; they serve as sanitary installations. No food is to be seen. A small bucket of water is brought in, and the parched women rush to it, all struggling to be first, each thinking only of herself in her efforts. The young German wardress dribbles into each mug a few teaspoonfuls of the liquid—all the time laying about her with her truncheon. Several women faint in the crush. About a hundred return to their places, carrying their mugs like treasure. For the rest there is no water.

Then the wardresses shout "Silence," the doors are locked and we hear the sound of bars being put in position. Finally, the light is extinguished from outside: the ghastly night has begun.

With the heat, the filthy rags of some inmates begin to smell and the stench becomes almost unbearable. Vermin, the greatest plague of Ravensbruck in 1945, start to creep from one woman to another. Gradually the tins by the door are filled and spill over; the stinking liquid spreads over the floor and wets those unfortunate enough to be sitting near. From time to time there is a sharp cry from a woman as another treads on her; then deathly silence again, only to be broken by more shouts and sometimes curses, and the soft moans of the sick. From outside come the threats of the sentries who are on patrol.

We are so thirsty that we can scarcely draw breath. No one sleeps for an instant. All thoughts are on the dreadful morrow; they mingle with our physical torment and drag the time out interminably.

At last the night is over. Dawn reddens the sky—then morning comes, passes and it is noon. Finally keys rattle in the lock, and in burst the wardresses. "All filth to be cleared in fifteen minutes" they cry. The wooden floor must be dried with our own dresses. If the order is not carried out within the time allotted we are threatened with a roll-call lasting all day and no food. We work like fiends—in fifteen minutes the floor is clean, the tins emptied, though we are almost vomiting from the stench.

At last it is three o'clock and the roll-call. The women drag themselves outside, hurried along by the wardresses, who spend some hours counting us and taking down our names. Then we are handed a meagre ration of turnip soup, and directed to blocks in which there are no blankets but wooden paliasses with mattresses of wood shavings. This is the greatest luxury. Our hearts fill with rejoicing. We are not yet in the gas-chamber. Our annihilation has been postponed, presumably until tomorrow.

We are here to die. In our camp there are some thousand women selected for the gas-chamber. This place is situated outside the "Camp of Youth." None of us has ever been inside it—save those who have not returned. Fortunately for us, its capacity is limited and sometimes it is out of order. So we have to wait, though almost every day a selection takes place and about a hundred or more are chosen to die. New prisoners arrive daily and the camp is full.

The days are monotonous and long. A continuous gale blows. Tension—tragic and terrible—hangs in the air. Maundy Thursday comes. Low clouds cover the sky. Before the barracks, along the main avenue the *Haeftlinge* have been standing throughout the day. Once again the ghastly business of selection begins—this time, the final one. Feet are bare, faces deathly-white. Nervously, frozen fingers attempt to massage a little color into sunken cheeks—to give an appearance of health.

There are about twenty Polish women from Block 5. They stand in rows of ten beyond a gray-haired, but otherwise youthful-looking woman who is praying aloud. The rest devoutly repeat her words. Now and again we fall silent as the wardresses inspect our lines. The hours go by—one, two, three. Again and again we murmur our litany to the Holy Mother. We know that in other blocks the selection is over.

Now they are coming—powerfully-built, savage S. S. men, accompanied by the big wardress with a truncheon in her hand. Standing at attention and in profound silence we await the sentence of life or death. Fearfully we listen to the final verdicts of the S. S. man—guided only by his caprice. The healthy and vigorous ones are set apart—the selected resemble skeletons with swollen legs and faces.

This time the Polish women from Block 5 are lucky. Providence seems to protect us. The S. S. man is evidently tired. He scarcely glances at our lines—miserably weak though many of us look—and walks further along. But his fatigue soon passes. Eagerly he inspects the next rows of Frenchwomen and picks out most of them to be the day's victims.

Among them is a Mother Superior—head of a Convent and Reformatory at Lyons. She is aged, but still full of life and vigor—a woman of great heart and mind. The selected are forced out of their rows. A crowd of wardresses closes in on them, beating them with clubs and pushing them to that transit barrack in which we spent our first terrible night in this "Camp of Youth." There are many Jewesses and Gypsies among the chosen. The Mother Superior goes slowly and as she passes our rows raises her hand in a last blessing.

"Back to your Blocks. Roll-call is over!" shouts the senior wardress.

So today's torment ends, but on Good Friday a similar selection takes place. About five hundred women are picked out to die during those two days.

Then suddenly all Frenchwomen find themselves in peril. Four of them do not come for the selection. They have hidden beneath the wooden paliasses in one of the blocks. After a long roll-call a wardresss notices their absence and immediately all Frenchwomen are segregated. If the missing are not found, they will all go to the "Chimney"—as it is called in the Camp. A thorough search of the barracks takes place and at last three living women, petrified with fear are dragged out from their hiding-places. The fourth is dead—her heart has given way under the strain. The rest of the Frenchwomen are hysterical. Finally they are allowed to go to their blocks, but it is many hours before they regain their calm.

In the evening we are forbidden to leave our blocks

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An Eye-Witness Report on Polish "Labor Battalions"

by **JAN S. PARGIELLO**

IN the course of my recent overseas service with the U. S. Army I witnessed the formation of the so-called "Labor Battalions" which employed the services of Poles to relieve Allied soldiers in the American and British occupation zones of some of their duties.

Following the termination of hostilities in Europe, the American authorities separated all prisoners of war from civilian displaced persons. These ex-soldiers are for the most part young people of both sexes aged from 16 to 25, some of whom had fought against the Germans in September 1939 or in the French campaign of 1940. Most of them, however, are former members of the Home Army, who took active part in the Warsaw Uprising in the summer of 1944.

The Polish army men and women were dressed in American khaki, being distinguished from American soldiers by the *Poland* patch on their sleeves and by the large Polish eagles on their army caps. An appropriate number of American officers and noncoms were assigned to these camps, and received Polish military ranks. Inside the camps, strict military discipline prevailed. Payment was made according to military rank and was comparable to the pay drawn by American soldiers.

These Polish soldiers have greatly aided the U. S. Army by relieving G. I.'s of guard duty, of their duties as "ground crew" mechanics, automobile drivers, etc.

It is an interesting point that ever since Polish soldiers were assigned to guard duty over prisoner of war camps housing German soldiers, not a single instance of desertion from any German camp was recorded.

Polish soldiers who had not yet received an assignment, were engaged in military drill under the command of officer instructors from the Polish Army.

Cordiality was the rule between American soldiers and Polish soldiers. This was evident in the joint athletic events and dances, and in the participation of American soldiers in campfire programs put on by Polish soldiers. During the transfer of prisoner of war camps from U. S. jurisdiction to Polish control these ceremonies were often uplifting and patriotic.

Not very long ago the American military authorities transferred the infamous Dachau camp now filled with SS men to the Polish authorities. During this ceremony in the officers' casino the German orchestra played the Polish national anthem—*Poland Is Not Yet Lost.* The American authorities expressed great satisfaction at the way Polish soldiers carried out their duties.

The Poles' behavior was above reproach and often served as an example for American, French or British soldiers. They had the knack of making the best of things frequently in very difficult and primitive conditions. They organized travelling theatrical companies, ball teams and numerous other cultural and educational groups.

In the northern part of the American zone the Polish football team *Wisla* acquired fame. Having played many games with representative American, Belgian, French and Yugoslav teams in the American zone and with the British teams in the British zone, it had not lost a single game.

I was a spectator at virtually all the games and I watched the unbeaten *Wisla* with real admiration. Two invincible players in particular—Czesio Wolowski and "Tiny" Adaś, called Shorty by the G. I.'s are definitely big league material. The football games in which Polish teams played were attended not only by American and British soldiers but also by high ranking officers who came in their staff cars.

Kolvoord-PIC Films

Polish MP in British occupation zone.

Units of the Women's Auxiliary Service—made up of heroines of the Warsaw Uprising—in Munich, Frankfurt, Mannheim, Darmstadt and many other cities arranged from time to time very pleasant socials which G. I.'s attended in force.

For the younger Polish ex-soldiers there are various courses at the high school level which give many a boy and girl his or her first taste of a Polish curriculum since the war started in 1939. There have been difficulties galore because of the lack of space, textbooks and even the most minor school supplies such as pencils, copybooks and notebooks. At first it was hoped that UNRRA and the American military authorities would help. But up to now neither has come across with any aid. Attempts were even made to get assistance from American Poles, but thus far nothing has materialized.

I saw the American YMCA come to the aid of the Polish soldiers, but this was on a limited scale. In the educational field, assistance had to be directed to the Polish children in displaced persons camps who were in greater need of it. Polish soldiers kept only the sport equipment offered them by the 'Y'.

Despite the great misfortune which has befallen them, despite the great sacrifice they have made and the blood they have shed, despite the fact that they cannot return to their homes, to their dear ones, to their Homeland—

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WHY AMERICANS OF POLISH DESCENT SHOULD STUDY POLISH

by PROF. GEORGE RAPALL NOYES, University of California:

THERE are, I think, three reasons why American boys and girls of Polish descent should study Polish. They may be termed reasons of practical, financial self-interest, of cultural value, and of sentiment, but the three reasons often blend with one another.

(1) The Polish language is of directly practical, financial value perhaps only for persons who intend to spend their lives in or near communities composed in large part of immigrants from Poland. A boy born in such a community necessarily grows up trained in the English language through attending American public schools. If he remains in such a community, he will gain obvious practical advantages from a knowledge of Polish, whether he becomes a shop clerk, a priest, or a congressman. I will not enlarge on this reason for studying Polish, except to remark that it will probably become of constantly decreasing importance as the years go by. Concerning teachers of European history, diplomats, and some other persons of special interests who may derive practical benefit from a knowledge of Polish I make no comment; they are so few in number that they do not count in the general picture.

(2) Being an old and an old-fashioned man, I believe that the study of any language, even for a short time, has a cultural value for any bright pupil. A boy profits by working at Latin or German or Hebrew for even a single year. He learns that thought can be expressed in other ways than by the English language and so he acquires a certain mental tolerance. He usually becomes interested in the people who speak or who once spoke the language at which he has dabbled. And from this point of view Polish is a language of splendid value to any student, whether of Polish descent or not; it opens the door to broad fields of intellectual interest.

(3) Sentiment, one must frankly admit, is the main reason why a boy or girl of Polish descent should study Polish. This sentiment, however, is of various types and may become a potent force in the life of the person who cherishes it. Boys and girls of foreign origin, owing to their imperfect English and the queer "Dutch" language in which they can more or less prattle, labor under a certain disadvantage in our American schools, not with their teachers but with their schoolmates. They become ashamed of their parents' language and sometimes of their parents themselves. They strive to become fully Americanized by forgetting the little Polish or other foreign language that they knew as children. The parents frequently cooperate with them, for they are more anxious to learn English from their children than they are to teach their children Polish. The cure for this situation is to study the parents' language with a competent teacher. Then it becomes an object of respect. I well recall the delighted exclamation of a bright student, a Bohemian, not a Pole, when she read with me a dainty poetic drama written in her parents' language: "Why, I didn't know that they had such things in Bohemian!" For her Bohemian had been only the language of the kitchen and the potato field; now it had acquired grace and dignity. The situation is the same for Polish. A Polish-American child must gain the conviction that his parents have brought with them to America a goodly heritage, a heritage of honor. He may acquire this feeling, it is true, by studying Polish history, by reading translations of Mickiewicz or Sienkiewicz, by playing a nocturne by Chopin, by looking at a monument to Kosciuszko. But he will have the feeling vastly enhanced if he can read even a dozen lines of *Pan Tadeusz* in the original or if he learns of Kosciuszko from a primer written in Polish. American society is taking efficient care that children of Polish parents born in this country become good Americans; it depends on the wiser spirits among our Polish-Americans to see that they also retain pride in Poland, the land of their fathers, just as Americans of English descent rejoice that they are fellow countrymen of Shakespeare and of Newton. Pride of race, as we know well from the history of the past half-dozen years, may become a vicious and destructive force; but rightly used it is a prop of self-respect, a noble and constructive force.

Finally, I believe that the best place for Polish-American children to study Polish is in American public schools, not in special Polish language schools. If there are certain to be classes of sufficient size, Polish can be made part of the curriculum of the public schools in cities where there is a considerable Polish-American population. And, generally speaking, an American public school makes a sufficient demand on the time of the children who attend it. Children who also have to attend a private foreign language school are under an intellectual strain and a divided allegiance. And a language taught in the schools becomes an object of respect even for boys and girls who do not study it.

by PROF. WATSON KIRKCONNELL, McMaster University, Hamilton, Ontario:

VIRTUALLY all authorities recognize the importance of studying at least one foreign language at school. It is not merely that the mastery of the grammar of another language compels one to grasp the principles of one's own language to a degree not otherwise obtainable. It is not even that the task of translation back and forth between one's own tongue and an alien one gives invaluable training in idiom and diction. What is more vital still is the door that a foreign language opens into the life and civilization of another people, revealingly different from our own and yet essentially human. The greatest enemy to true culture is insulation in the limited present of one language, one country and one age. Through a second language, we may hope to liberate our minds and imaginations from the tyranny of the immediate, and hence to understand and appreciate our own environment far more profoundly.

It may be objected that students in a secondary school fail to achieve all this, that they plod through a sandy wilderness of grammar and never enter the Promised Land. Today this is far from true, for the quality and range of language teaching in the schools has been vastly improved during the past generation. It is likewise a crucial fact that unless a student acquires the rudiments of foreign languages in high school, it is most improbable that he will ever acquire them at all, still less go on to a wider cultural study of them at the college level.

The Polish language is nobly eligible for any such study. In inflections, it is as opulent as Latin; in idiom, as rich as Spanish; in harmony, as musical as French. Those who speak it are twice as numerous as all of the Scandinavian peoples put together, and they have a distinguished political and cultural history stretching back for a thousand years. Their university at Cracow, the alma mater of Nicholas Copernicus, was founded 128 years before Columbus discovered America. Polish literature, in prose and poetry, is of recognized greatness, with a roll-call including Kochanowski, Mickiewicz, Slowacki, Krasinski, Sienkiewicz and Reymont. Contact, through the gateway of language, with this great and living tradition, would be a valuable experience for any student.

by DR. EUGENE S. FARLEY, Director, Bucknell University Junior College:

IT is my belief that from a greater knowledge of their culture, the contributions of Slavonic peoples to America will increase. Although the great scientists, artists, musicians, and writers transcend nationalities, their countrymen gain satisfaction and stimulation from the greatness of their achievements. It is important to all of us in these days to recognize that greatness exists in all peoples. It is of value to Americans to know that Chopin, Madame Curie, Sienkiewicz, were not only great citizens of the world, but we should know that they were Polish. It is equally important that Polish-Americans know the great achievements of these people. Such knowledge gives them a wholesome pride and an inner strength. Familiarity with the fine culture of their forebears enables them to become finer Americans—possessed of greater strength and understanding. All of us need roots—individual roots and national roots. In a day when men are dislocated and disoriented it is important that all of us possess a sense of purpose and a consciousness of continuity and achievement.

AN EYE-WITNESS REPORT ON POLISH "LABOR BATTALIONS"

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these Polish soldiers do not lose hope but maintain their belief in a better morrow and in ultimate justice.

In recent weeks there has been growing interest in these combined Polish soldiers and displaced persons. There is a tendency to refer to them in uncomplimentary terms. Those who criticize the Labor Battalions forget that the taking over of guard duty by the Polish soldiers has enabled thousands of American boys to return to their homes in the U. S. A.

Unfortunately, some American soldiers who arrived in Germany after V-E Day and did not come in direct contact with the brutality of the Germans, are prone to accept the anti-Polish propaganda disseminated by the Germans and thereby do the Polish veterans of combat with the Nazis a great wrong. The press often publishes hostile communiques without checking the Communist sources from which they stem. The upshot is that one reads slanderous insults in the daily press accusing these units of all sorts of violations designed to compel them to return to a Communist-ridden Poland.

I was in Germany for a number of months as an American soldier and saw for myself how these Poles are living. I have every right to refute all the unfair charges made against these unfortunate people today. There is no need to urge them to return to Poland just as they do not need to be taught patriotism and love for their country. There surely are no other people in the world who love their country as fiercely as do the Poles. The recent world war presented too many instances of Polish blood shed freely. September 1939, the Battle of France in 1940, the air battle of Britain, Dunkerque, Monte Cassino, Falaise, Arnhem and the Warsaw Uprising are but a few entries in the historical record. The Poles did not fight to remain in Germany, in Italy or in England. They fought so that they might return to Poland, but to a free and unpartitioned Poland, reestablished on the principles of the Atlantic Charter.

I LIVED THROUGH HELL ON EARTH IN THE RAVENSBRUCK CONCENTRATION CAMP

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or to look through the windows, but no one obeys this order when the wardresses are not there. The moon appears behind the clouds and shines faintly down on the diabolic scene.

Great dark lorries stand outside the transit block and the selected are forced into them. They are completely naked. Everything has been taken from them. Only one or two have managed to keep a rug.

Some two hundred more women are brought out from the main Ravensbruck Camp. They have undergone the final selection and only after a few hours stay in the transit block are being sent to the gas chamber. No one knows why some of us are allowed to live in the Jugend Lager for months while others are dispatched to their deaths without delay.

Screams and cries fill the camp, mingling with the loud laughter of the S. S. men and wardresses. There is a constant sound of beating. Five or six women are already dead. God has put an end to their torment. The S. S. men take the bodies by the legs and drag them away. Then—silently, like evil ghosts, the loaded lorries glide away. After a time, the siren begins to wail and we know that more than seven hundred victims are living their last brief moments of life.

Throughout Holy Saturday and Easter Sunday, the thick, black, sticky smoke hangs like a pall over the camp at Ravensbruck. The Germans are burning their gassed victims in the crematorium. We who are by a miracle still alive, pray for them.

Easter Sunday is one great requiem. Only words of prayer pass our lips—or vows of hatred. We take no pleasure in our own brief extension of life. We are completely overcome by the horror of the last few days, and ask God ceaselessly to have mercy on the departed souls. We pray, too, for revenge—but we do not realize that this is very near.

POLISH SOLDIERS WANT A SQUARE DEAL

(*Continued from page* 3)

Soviet propaganda repeats often and loud that Polish enlisted men are anxious to return to Poland but that the "reactionary" officers are restraining them from so doing. This is sheer humbug for Polish soldiers are perfectly oriented in what is going on in Poland and in the world. They do want to return to Poland, but to a free Poland, to a Poland for which they have been fighting since September 1939. If they cannot return to a free homeland, they prefer to remain abroad. All they ask is an opportunity to create a new life for themselves. They will take care of the rest themselves, for Polish soldiers are diligent, loyal and hardworking. If the nations of Western civilization accept these Polish soldiers into their communities, they will find the Poles understand and share their Western mentality, whereas the totalitarian philosophy of the Soviet regime will be forever alien to them.