THE POLISH REVIEW

VOL. VI NOVEMBER 28, 1946 No. 20



—James Abresch Photo

Sylvia Zaremba, fifteen-year-old Polish-American pianist who has been hailed by the music critics following her appearance with the New York Philharmonic Symphony Orchestra under the direction of Artur Rodzinski. Story on page 14.

TO OUR READERS

In our last issue we warned our readers not to confuse THE POLISH REVIEW with the POLISH MONTHLY REVIEW, printed in Poland and featuring propaganda for the Communist regime in that country. THE POLISH MONTHLY REVIEW has since changed its name to POLISH REVIEW, apparently seeking to capitalize on the popularity enjoyed by our publication.

—THE POLISH REVIEW, INC.

Report to Secretary of State James F. Byrnes on Polish Displaced Persons

ON SEPTEMBER 11, 1946, the Polish American Congress delegation conferred with you at Hotel Meurice, Paris. Upon being informed that this delegation intended to visit the Poles in the Displaced Persons Camps in the American Zone of Occupation in Germany, you requested us to file a brief report of our observations of the conditions prevailing there. We spent thirteen days in Germany. The conditions in the camps visited were unsatisfactory. We therefore request you to employ every available means at your disposal to correct them.

The American Military Authorities extended to us every courtesy. We were able to view any camp we desired. General Huebner, General Michelson, Col. Biddle, Col. Prather, Col. Haroldson, Col. Seitz and Major Hughes were very considerate and obliging. They are fine American officers who uphold the best traditions of our American Army. Col. Haroldson and Major Hughes accompanied us to the various camps.

Among the Poles in Germany there are two broad classes of people: the civilian and military people.

CIVILIANS

At present the total number of Poles of all classes is about 195,000. Among them are 169,000 deportees, political refugees and former prisoners of war—all classified as Displaced Persons. The remaining 35,000 Poles are enrolled in Guard Companies in the service of the United States Army.

Lately the conditions under which these Displaced Persons must live have become more unbearable. The following problems have been created by the UNRRA authorities to force repatriation.

1. The amount of food is insufficient and the quality is inferior. These Poles do not live but merely exist. The diet is the same, and is not varied. The same soup is offered every day until the sight of pea soup becomes unbearable. And the housing conditions are also deplorable. We saw thirteen persons—eight adults and five children crowded into one room. The adults were four couples. Three of the children were in cradles. There was no partition of any kind to separate one family from the other. Hence there was no privacy.

2. The Poles live in constant fear of transfer from one camp to another. This action tends to demoralize freedom loving men. In many instances these Poles made a building habitable through their work and ingenuity. Then they are suddenly uprooted and must leave behind them their fine vegetable gardens, personal belongings and other conveniences which they themselves had constructed.

WE RECOMMEND THAT THIS CONSTANT SHIFTING OF POLES FROM ONE CAMP TO ANOTHER BE DISCONTINUED.

3. The schools—both for general and technical education should be opened. The UNRRA authorities have closed them. UNRRA wants all education to be supervised and conducted by instructors approved by representatives of the Warsaw regime. The displaced persons are opposed to having their children taught by people whose conception of democracy is so different from theirs.

WE RECOMMEND THAT THE PARENTS HAVE THE RIGHT TO APPROVE THE SELECTION OF INSTRUCTORS WHO ARE TO TEACH THEIR CHILDREN.

4. The publication of Polish newspapers has been suspended. All non-German press must procure a license from the American Military Authorities. Although UNRRA has no jurisdiction in granting licenses, nevertheless, UNRRA is opposed to the issuance of licenses to any Polish newspaper whose publication is not approved by representatives of the Warsaw regime. The Poles feel that they are entitled to the freedom of the press, so that they can read the other side of all issues which affect their welfare.

WE RECOMMEND THAT THE POLES BE GRANTED AT LEAST THREE LICENSES TO PUBLISH NEWSPAPERS IN REGENSBURG, MUNICH AND FRANKFURT. THESE LICENSES ARE TO BE EXCLUSIVE OF ANY NUMBER THAT MAY BE GRANTED THE REPRESENTATIVES OF THE WARSAW REGIME.

5. The Polish journalists are harassed and annoyed. In June, 1946, UNRRA issued orders depriving residents of the Journalists' Home at Eppstein of food It based these orders upon the ground that the Polish weekly "Tygodnik" was in opposition to the Warsaw regime and to repatriation. Among the victims of these drastic orders were some women and an infant. The Polish Newspapermen's Guild has been unable heretofore to have said orders revoked.

WE RECOMMEND THAT THESE ORDERS DENYING FOOD TO THE RESIDENTS OF JOURNALISTS' HOME AT EPPSTEIN BE IMMEDIATELY REVOKED BECAUSE THEY ARE A FLAGRANT VIOLATION OF THE FREEDOM OF THE PRESS.

6. The Polish civic organizations have no legal status. Some of the important organizations are: The Union of Poles in Germany, Association of Polish Technical Clubs, Craftsmen Clubs and Veterans Association. They have been formed to promote study in cultural and scientific fields. They have also been formed to further and promote the welfare of its members. All officers are elected in a democratic fashion. The guiding heads of these organizations and their assistants have no freedom of movement, nor have they any assurance that they will receive the bare necessities of life.

WE RECOMMEND THAT THESE ORGANIZATIONS BE GIVEN A LEGAL STATUS AND AN OPPORTUNITY TO DISCUSS ANY IMPORTANT PROBLEMS AFFECTING THE WELFARE OF THE DISPLACED POLES WITH APPROPRIATE MILITARY AUTHORITIES.

7. The Polish clergy have no freedom of movement. They are confined to the particular camps. That means that one or more clergymen are with their flocks in the camps administering their spiritual wants. But they have no right to gather together or the means of getting together in a conference of clergymen to discuss problems of mutual interest.

WE RECOMMEND THAT A CERTAIN NUMBER OF CLERGYMEN SELECTED BY MONSIGNOR EDWARD LUBOWIECKI, VICAR GENERAL OF THE BISHOP FOR THE POLES IN GERMANY, BE GIVEN THE LEGAL STATUS OF VISITING THE VARIOUS CAMPS.

8. The political refugees who escaped from Poland since the termination of hostilities cannot obtain a Displaced Person status. Some of them wander aimlessly about Germany and are thrown into German prisons.

WE RECOMMEND THAT POLITICAL REFUGEES WHO HAVE ESCAPED FROM POLAND SINCE THE TERMINATION OF THE WAR, BECAUSE OF PERSECUTION INFLICTED UPON THEM BY THE PRESENT WARSAW REGIME, SHOULD BE GIVEN THE STATUS OF A DISPLACED PERSON.

9. The Poles are constantly harassed by screening and re-screening. Many hardships are caused. In one camp an elderly lady approached me and tearfully pleaded to save her husband. He was re-screened that morning and ordered to be transferred to a different camp. Breaking up of families is a heartrending sight. A member of the Warsaw regime is to be found on these screening teams.

WE RECOMMEND THAT A DISINTERESTED PERSON SELECTED BY THE UNION OF POLES IN GERMANY SHOULD BE A MEMBER OF THESE SCREENING TEAMS. IF THAT CANNOT BE DONE, THEN AT LEAST SAID ORGANIZATION SHOULD HAVE THE PRIVILEGE OF HAVING AN OFFICIAL OBSERVER WHO COULD SAFEGUARD THE RIGHTS OF THE PERSONS SCREENED OR RE-SCREENED.

(Please turn to page 15)

THE POLISH REVIEW

Bi-Weekly Magazine
Published by The Polish Review, Inc.
Tade Styka, Acting President
Stanislaw L. Centkiewicz, Editor.
516 Fifth Avenue, New York 18, N. Y.
Telephone: VAnderbilt 6-2168

Vol. VI — No. 20 November 28, 1946

CONTENTS

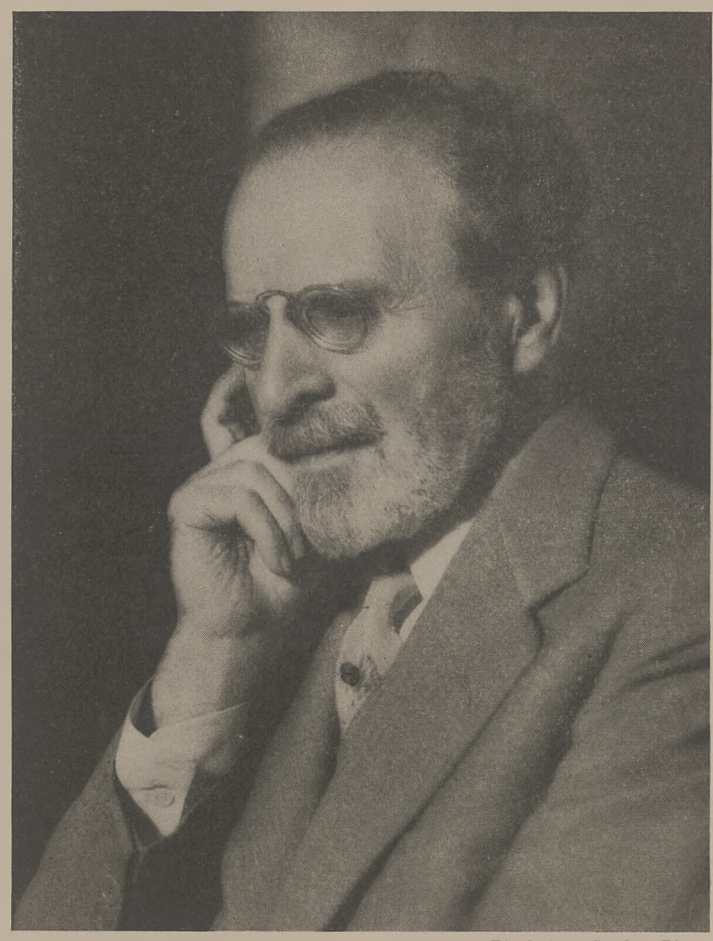
Report to Secretary Byrnes on Polish Displaced Persons
Sigismond Stojowski Has Died
In Memoriam Sigismond Stojowski
Hugh Gibson Compares the Poland of 1919 with that of 1946
UNRRA Tries to Stop Polish Cultural Activities
The Unconventional Art of Stanislaw Szukalski
Great Success of Polish Participation at Women's International Exposition
Letters from America (1876)
Young Polish-American Pianist Scores Triumph at Carnegie Hall

Annual Subscription, Five Dollars
Single Copy, Twenty-five Cents

SIGISMOND STOJOWSKI HAS DIED

IT IS with profound sorrow and a real sense of loss that we report the passing of Sigismond Stojowski, president of The Polish Review, Inc., who died on November 5, 1946, at his home in New York. Despite a protracted and exhausting illness, Professor Stojowski maintained his interest in the affairs of The Polish Review until the very end. His counsel and encouragement will be sorely missed and his friendly cooperation and spirit of justice will long be remembered.

Born in Strzelce, Poland, Sigismond Stojowski had a long and distinguished career as pianist, composer, pedagogue, and intimate of the great of the musical world. His musical education began at an early age under Zelenski in Cracow and his first public appearance was made at the age of eleven. He pursued his studies in piano and composition at the National Conservatory in Paris, where he studied with Delibes, Diemer, and Dubois. At the same time he performed the feat of taking a full course of academic studies at the Sorbonne, and graduated with the highest honors from both institutions, winning first prize at the Conservatory in both piano and composition. Subsequently, Stojowski became the pupil of his great compatriot and lifelong warm friend, Ignace Jan Paderewski, who described him as a "remarkable pianist and composer, extraordinary musician, and highly educated and refined man" and said of him that "among the few really great piano pedagogues of the present day, Mr. Stojowski occupies a very prominent position, for he has no superior." Paderewski repeatedly endorsed Stojowski as the most authoritative exponent of his methods and ideals.



—Blackstone Studios Photo

The late Sigismond Stojowski.

As a recognizedly brilliant young pianist and composer Stojowski toward the turn of the century was privileged to become intimate with such musical titans as Brahms, Tschaikowsky, Saint-Saens, Delibes, Cesar Franck, Von Bulow, Debussy, Richter, and many others.

Stojowski's first concert was given in Paris, with the Colonne Orchestra, featuring a program entirely of his own works. He subsequently toured extensively in Europe, appearing in Paris, London, Berlin, Vienna, and other European capitals, as well as in his native Poland. On the occasion of his first visit to the United States in 1905, he was hailed by American critics as "a great intelligence, able to give expression to great thoughts," "the possessor of a very wide intellectual, artistic, and technical equipment," and as "one of the unquestionable masters of the piano." He became head of the piano department of the Institute of Musical Art, New York, a position which he resigned in 1912 in order to devote himself to private pupils and to composition. In 1911, Stojowski became the first artist ever to give a series of historical piano recitals in New York, a vast undertaking presupposing an extensive knowledge of piano literature.

Stojowski's compositions include almost every form of musical writing, and have been performed in the principal cities of the world. His piano pieces have been on the programs of the world's most famous virtuosos: Paderewski, Hofmann, Schelling, Ganz, Samaroff, Grainger, etc.; his songs were in the repertoire of Marcella Sembrich and other stars; his chamber-music works have been performed by such artists as Kochanski, Enesco, Casals, Schneider, Hess, and others. His Symphony in D minor won first prize at a Paderewski-founded international competition in Leipzig, and other orchestral works include violin and cello concertos, three piano concertos, and an orchestral suite. The Second Concerto was introduced in the U. S. by Paderewski playing with the New York Symphony, conducted by Walter Damrosch and with the Boston Symphony Orchestra (Dr. Karl Muck conducting) in 1916. A Symphonic Rhapsody for piano and orchestra was played for the first time by the composer with the New York Symphony under Damrosch in 1911.

In recent years, Stojowski devoted more attention to the writing of articles on musical subjects, which have appeared in leading periodicals. An accomplished linguist, he has published articles in English, French, German, Polish, and Spanish. His last completed work was a revised edition of the Mazurkas of Chopin, with fingerings and analytical commentary.

Stojowski received the Distinguished Service Medal from the United States Government in recognition of his welfare work during World War I, and was decorated with the Order of Polonia Restituta by the Polish Government.

After 1925, Stojowski devoted his time almost exclusively to teaching and has conducted Master Classes in Chicago, Washington, San Francisco, Los Angeles, Seattle, Denver, Portland, Buffalo, and Hartford, as well as in Canada and in South America. He made his home in New York when not traveling. Many of his pupils have achieved distinction, among them Oscar Levant, Mischa Levitzki, Alexander Brachocki, Guiomar Novaes, Arthur Loesser, Alfred Newman, Sidney Schachter, and Phyllida Ashley.

In 1918 Stojowski married his brilliant Peruvian pupil,

(Please turn to page 15)

IN MEMORIAM SIGISMOND STOJOWSKI

by STANISLAW L. CENTKIEWICZ

THE thoughts of Sigismond Stojowski found expression in musical forms of unsullied purity and harmony, which were at times filled with a profound sentiment and at other times light and even playful. Speaking six languages with equal ease, Stojowski charmed everyone by his amazing memory, his vitality and buoyancy, and by the depth of all his remarks and arguments.

It is difficult to do justice in a single memorial tribute to the full and well rounded life of Sigismond Stojowski. It was above all the life of a musician—triumphs since the age of 11, highest academic honors at the Sorbonne, virtuoso concerts the world over, the friendship of the greatest musical geniuses from the close of the 19th century to the present time.

Stojowski always set greatest store by the friendship shown him by Paderewski. He used to recount with feeling how he met Paderewski at the railroad station in Paris in 1891, when that great compatriot of his was returning from his initial concert tour of the United States. From that day forward they spent many years together. Paderewski became his friend and beloved teacher. An excellent raconteur, Stojowski would often tell about their experiences together, always striving to keep his own person in the background. "Friendship is like the violet, a delicate flower that shuns the winds of publicity," Stojowski once said. In keeping with this principle, he rarely mentioned the numerous proofs of friendship on the part of Ignacy Paderewski, preferring to recall the various instances when Paderewski's greatness shot up like a flame above all his contemporaries.

Thus, he would tell how on July 31, 1914, when Paderewski's friends were celebrating the Master's namesday, the U. S. Embassy in Berne informed Paderewski that a world war was inevitable. Paderewski launched a political program which foresaw the entire course of the war and outlined a field of action which at that early date took the United States into account. He knew already then that the United States, as yet far from joining the conflict, would be the decisive factor in settling the fate of the world.

As with Paderewski, Stojowski's life alternated between music and action. Over a span of many decades, there was in the United States no Polish action, no program from which he was missing. He headed many institutions, committees, drives. Each Polish cause was his cause. His deep social and political sense invariably prompted him to make the right decision, to find the right solution.

The tragedy of Poland's present political situation, the incomprehensible injustice of fate, the sorrow of unfulfilled hopes—harried the soul of this elderly man. Only a few days before his death, Stojowski was arguing about the Polish question with a certain prominent American publicist, dictating the titles of books that should be sent to the misinformed American to convince him of the error of his views. It can safely be said that grief at the raw deal Poland received at the end of World War II hastened the death of Sigismond Stojowski, whose alertness up to the very end, despite a cruel and long illness, was amazing.

There was something great about this old man, when in the last moments of his life he talked about his past, evoking at random the names of friends like Brahms, Tschaikowsky, Saint-Saens, Debussy, quoting from memory passages from recent political speeches, discussing the masterpieces of American and world literature.

Stojowski's reminiscenses were unusually vivid and often revelatory. Few people know, for instance, that Tschaikowsky spoke and wrote fluent Polish and that he often visited the Stojowskis. A photograph of Tschaikowsky with a dedication in Polish to Stojowski's mother and signed *Piotr Czajkowski*, still hangs in the Stojowski home.

"I am felled," he said to me when I visited him in the hospital following his operation. His words had the ring of an ancient Polish psalm. His intuition told him he had entered upon the last path of his life.

Sigismond Stojowski is still too close to us for us to be able to evaluate the achievements of his creative and busy life. More than 100 musical compositions, hundreds of world-famous pupils, the highest medals and awards, the most distinguished decorations of governments, could not lessen his genuine modesty. He disliked to mention his honors, and would gloss over the crowning moments of his life. But he talked willingly about what he would yet have liked to create. The thought that he probably would no longer be able to work for the good of the Polish cause, worried him. "Remember, don't allow our cause to be buried," — were the last words I heard him say shortly before he passed on.

The memory of these last words of his should be a testament for future generations of Poles and Americans of Polish descent. It is the same slogan which was handed down from generation to generation, from the father forced to emigrate after the insurrection of 1831 to the son perishing in the tundras of Siberia after the uprising of 1863. It is a slogan containing a behest of great work, great sacrifice and great deeds.

During the frequent conferences that I have had with Sigismond Stojowski in his capacity as president of The Polish Review, Inc., I was always struck by his interest in every editorial problem and particularly in art and music. His comments were illuminating and to the point.

A monumental figure has departed us. Around it were grouped people of many nationalities who loved Poland through Stojowski. For Poland was the base of his melody, of his work and of his activity. The loss of this great personality has created a great void that can never be filled. But there will remain forever the grateful memory of his contemporaries and the immortality of his music.

HUGH GIBSON COMPARES THE POLAND OF 1919 WITH THAT OF 1946

Following is the text of the Hon. Hugh Gibson's address delivered before the Polish Institute of Arts and Sciences at the Woodrow Wilson Memorial Library in New York on Poland's Independence Day, November 11, 1946. Other speakers on that occasion were the Hon. Jan Ciechanowski, last Ambassador of the Constitutional Polish Government to the United States, and Professor Oscar Halecki, Director of the Polish Institute of Arts and Sciences in America.

MY FIRST visit to Warsaw was in April 1919 when I arrived as American Minister—the first representative accredited by the United States to Poland.

My last was in April of this year—and I came away with a haunting memory that can be softened only if I can live to see the restoration of a free Poland.

On my arrival in 1919 I found a people that had survived more than a century of partition and oppression and had emerged victorious through faith and courage. The long ordeal they had been through was enough to have exterminated an ordinary nation. But they had a faith which from any realistic point of view was absurd. Restoration of Polish independence could come only through collapse of the three greatest empires of Europe — in other words a miracle — but the Poles believed the miracle would come to pass and through the long dark years, generation after generation, they kept alive a flaming love of country so that they might be equipped to meet and surmount difficulties when the time came to start anew. I arrived when they were setting up a government in a country that had been under three alien dominations—a country that had been devastated and impoverished by war. We hear a good deal about the shortcomings of that government. But the wonder is it was so good. To begin with, in most of the country Poles had for over a century been excluded from public office and denied the opportunity to gain experience in government. So it was with hastily improvised machinery and untrained men that life was started. If it worked it was because of faith and enthusiasm and devotion.



Mr. Gibson before the ruins of the Zamoyski Blue Palace at 37 Senatorska Street, Warsaw, in which he resided while serving as first Minister accredited by the United States to the reconstituted Republic of Poland in 1919.

It was an inspiration to see those first five years of Polish independence—and if ever a people deserved to keep their hard-won freedom it was they. My memories of Poland were such that after my term as Minister was over I went back as often as I could up to the beginning of the last war. And faithful Polish friendships, formed in the happy days, grew stronger with the years. So much for my first visit.

This year, again in April, I went to Warsaw, this time with Mr. Hoover to look into the food situation. We went with great misgivings because of the reports we had received as to conditions. You have all heard the story of devastation and terror. I shall spare you a repetition of all that. I had talked to people from Warsaw, I had seen photographs and news reels, but nothing had prepared me for what I found.

The material destruction is what everybody sees first. It is almost complete. Save for a few hundred houses used by the Nazi dignitaries there is hardly a building intact. And this is a curious manifestation of the Nazi mentality. Warsaw was not destroyed by artillery fire or by bombing from the air. It was razed to the ground systematically to satisfy Hitler's fury that the people of Warsaw had dared to rise against him. For three months some 20,000 men with pneumatic drills and other suitable machinery went through one street after another, drilling holes in the walls, inserting sticks of dynamite and planting mines. And when everything was ready, another block of buildings was reduced to rubble. The Zamek was reduced to an unrecognizable ruin by detonating hundreds of mines. In the small building we occupied in the Lazienki Park during our visit six hundred holes had been bored, but the Nazis did not have time to complete their work before leaving. Disregarding all considerations of decency and humanity, one cannot but wonder at the mentality of a supposedly military people, who, when things are going badly on all fronts, keep 20,000 skilled men working for three months on the destruction of buildings of no military importance.

But more impressive than the physical destruction was the atmosphere. Under the free and democratic government that we still tolerate, no one dares call his soul his own. Although we had come by invitation on a friendly mission to look into the food needs of the country, the government was at some pains not to over-advertise our coming and our movements. As we drove through the streets people glanced at us curiously but evidently had no idea who we were. And they were careful not to show too much curiosity for fear of attracting the attention of the secret police.

Under the circumstances I should prefer not to dwell on the make-up and character of the government. Nothing I could say would add to your knowledge on the subject.

But something I can dwell on is the unbelievable courage and indomitable spirit of the people. By stealth I continued to see a number of old friends—few of them dared come to see me—and wisely, for they risked being arrested by night and taken away. In all that had been happening in the last few years I had overlooked one of Poland's territorial acquisitions. It seems she has annexed Siberia, for that is where people are sent when they are arrested by the Russian-speaking Polish secret police.

But with the exercise of caution I managed to see a number of people of all classes—all of them living in conditions of misery it is difficult for us to conceive. Most of them had been through every sort of ordeal, Gestapo prisons, Nazi concentration camps, slave labor camps in Russia, and some free and easy mishandling by the Russian-speaking authorities of free Poland.

The sum total of the suffering they had been through was staggering, but perhaps more staggering was the

(*Please turn to page 6*)

HUGH GIBSON COMPARES THE POLAND OF 1919 WITH THAT OF 1946

(*Continued from page 5*)

fact that I did not hear a complaint from one of them. Living in holes in the ground, half-starved and in rags, knowing that the future holds no early hope of improvement over the grim present—in spite of that every soul I met was at pains to tell me that he or she was getting along well, was unusually fortunate, and above all, in need of *no help*. They were all appreciative of efforts but proud and independent. I was reduced to some devious expedients to plant a little help here and there.

In the ruins life has been resumed. Destroyed churches have cleared a crypt or a corner above ground and the faithful flock to mass as before. One day I was in the square by the sea of rubble that was once the Zamek and staring at the ruined shells of houses on the other side. I had just voiced a query to my companion as to where people could find shelter in this ghostly town when I heard a gay laugh that sounded strange in such surroundings. A little girl came scrambling over a heap of bricks and slid into the street. Behind her came some twenty more, all laughing and skylarking, evidently just out of school. Classes were being held in a cellar that was more or less weatherproof and the youngsters had come to take it as normal. And so it was throughout the town. Any old habitable corner of a building would serve for classes. The nuns had kitchens, hospitals and classes wherever they could find a footing. The youngsters were talking of their studies, not in the usual, half-hearted way of more fortunate countries, but as of something exhilarating, something taking precedence over all the material difficulties of living.

The Polish spirit was kept alive during the long period of the first partitions by clandestine schooling. Almost instinctively the youth of Poland has realized that all hope for the future lies in keeping alive the national consciousness, a love of things Polish, and an educated youth ready to take over when political conditions permit.

This love of learning for patriotic motives is a practical backing for the living faith that Poland will one day be free.

I found nobody who wanted to tell me about his sufferings. There was a readiness to talk about the methods of the government and the injustices done to other people. I had the impression that it relieved their pent-up indignation to talk of other people's troubles but they felt that amid the general misery talking about their own sufferings involved some loss of dignity.

The most shattering experience I had was on a visit to a couple of old friends living in one tiny room where they did their cooking, eating, and sleeping. The wife was one of the great figures in the insurrection of General Bor and although over seventy years old, did the whole campaign with him, including the frightful underground trip through the sewers to the Stare Miasto. With difficulty I elicited some of the story from her and finally commented on what a dreadful time she had lived through.

She reproved me with a gentle smile and answered: "No. That was a wonderful time—the most beautiful memory of my life. We were free then. We were fighting for a cause that was our own. And all Poles stood together. You do understand that is our finest memory."

You cannot stamp out a people of that mettle.

I brought away from Warsaw a feeling of horror and impotent rage—but at the same time of exaltation at having seen that the human spirit could rise supreme over the worst that could be done by betrayal and by the apostles of materialism.

There was inspiration in seeing these people in rags, living in cellars, with no material hopes to keep them going—yet glowing with faith in the righting of their wrongs and the restoration of their country. Thanks to this disregard of material things and this faith in the future, Warsaw in ghostly ruins, has a beauty greater and finer than in the days of prosperity.

These people who never produced a Quisling when they were fighting as our allies, are living today under an alien and despotic rule which they loathe and despise. They live under a terror that stalks by day and night, yet they never waver in their determination to win back their freedom. What an obligation that places on us who are living in safety and comfort.

It may be that we could not avert the dreadful things that have happened. But there can be no justification for our acquiescing in them. And it is a cynical mockery to defend them.

There can be no justification for the so-called civilized nations and their governments if they fail to make determined efforts to remedy the harm that has been done, to make good the hollow promises made to the Poles when they were fighting beside us with such superlative gallantry.

We must see that Poland is restored or admit that international morality, our own included, has sunk below the level of 1772—below the level of Frederick the Great and Catherine of Russia. Until Poland is free we cannot indulge in the luxury of denouncing the immorality of those who for the first time tore Poland to pieces and suppressed her national existence.

And we may well recall that Frederick and Catherine were not Poland's allies.

Nobody need point out how tragic this situation is for Poland. But we cannot point out too often that Poland's allies have suffered something worse. They sacrificed national honor to expediency—or what was shortsightedly looked on as expediency. There is nothing more dangerous for nations as for individuals. No nation's independence will be really secure so long as decent nations can be thus robbed of their independence. The smaller nations in particular cannot be safe until this monstrous injustice is remedied. They should be the first to demand atonement.

There is no doubt there has been a slump in political integrity in our time. In the eighteenth century when Poland was first partitioned nobody could be found, aside from the perpetrators of the outrage, to say a word in justification. But in the face of a far more cynical partition—in a supposedly more enlightened era—we have seen the spokesmen of nations professing the highest morality, outdoing each other in defending the rape of Poland—political leaders, writers, and even Christian clergymen. I can explain this only on the ground that the world has been passing through a period of madness. In some it took the form of striving for world mastery; in others, complete mental confusion, loss of the sense of right and wrong and of the powerful capacity for righteous indignation. This may have been an unconscious effort to avoid conflict, but we have bought this precarious safety at too high a price.

There are signs that we are changing. But only as we —and by this I mean all the United Nations—only as we begin to feel a burning sense of shame shall we return to sanity. And the proof that we have recovered will come when we repair the injustice that has been done.

We can depend on a certain type of people who claim a monopoly of idealism to maintain there is nothing to be done, and to wind up with the indignant assertion

(*Please turn to page 14*)

UNRRA TRIES TO STOP POLISH CULTURAL ACTIVITIES

AT RIGHT is a photostatic copy of one of the most shameful documents of our day. It is distressing to see that UNRRA is using Nazi methods by sending a circular letter to all its branches, recommending the cessation on October 1, 1946 of all educational, recreational and other cultural activities for Polish displaced persons.

This document speaks for itself. It is a negation of the basic principles of democracy which constitute the foundation of the United Nations. It is a crying act of injustice toward people who have involuntarily been thrown into the Third Reich by Nazi violence and the war. At present everything is being done to bring the Polish refugees to such a pass morally and materially that, having no way out and bereft of any hope for an improvement of their situation, they might return to Poland. First UNRRA brought about the recall of Polish liaison officers and replaced them with representatives of the Warsaw administration. The next step was the liquidation of the Polish camp press. Thus, the refugees have been deprived of all objective information from the outside world and are now free to read only the propaganda publications of the Warsaw regime.

In this connection mention should be made of an exhibition of Polish books and press in Germany, which was held at Wiesbaden in July, 1946. This exhibit included 148 Polish periodicals then appearing in the three occupation zones of Western Germany. At present these newspapers are no longer in existence. It should be added that the Poles in Germany published a total of some 300 books, the majority of which were school textbooks and religious works. The unusually careful and decorative appearance of the books attracted general notice. The Poles in Germany have also published a number of reprints of the masterpieces of Polish literature.

UNRRA DISTRICT OFFICE # 1

2b Uhlandstrasse,

Stuttgart

25th September 1946

Ref: 8 MEN/WNC

TEAM LETTER NO.135

SUBJECT: Organized Cultural Activities in Polish DP Camps.

1. Effective October 1st, 1946, all educational, recreational and other cultural activities are to be discontinued in all camps caring for one hundred or more Polish Displaced Persons.

2. This policy will continue until further notice.

3. Teams are requested to take inventories of all recreational and school equipment and books on hand and to send copies of these inventories to this office. Supplies and equipment should be withdrawn from use and properly stored.

A.T. Berney-Ficklin,
District Director.

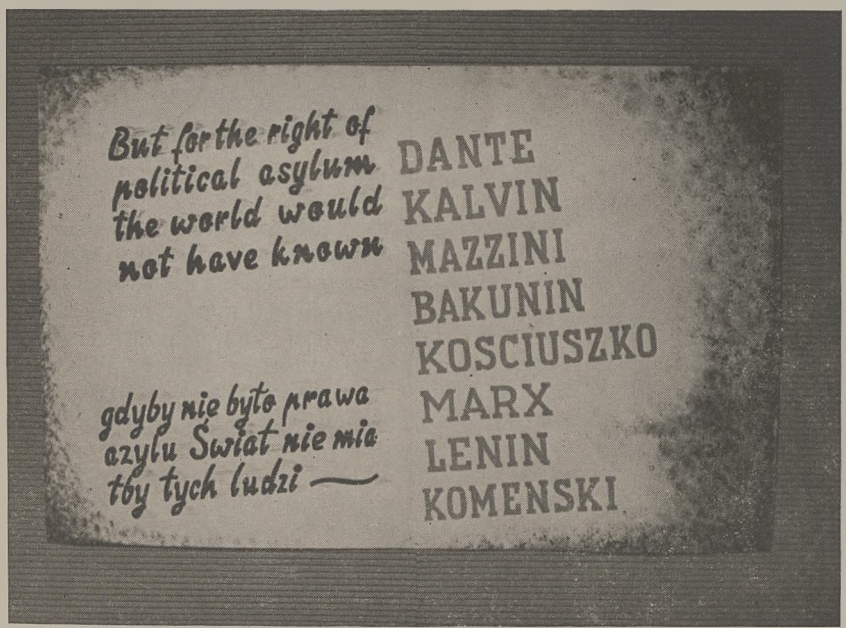
By [signature]
M.E.Nicolet,
Relief Services Officer.

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UNRRA Liaison Officer 9th Inf.Div.(Mr.R.W.Collins) c/o UNRRA H.Q., U.S.Zone	3



The photograph at bottom of one of the posters on exhibit clearly states that "But for the right of political asylum the world would not have known: DANTE, CALVIN, MAZZINI, BAKUNIN, KOSCIUSZKO, MARX, LENIN, COMENIUS." Another poster said: "Until the 8th of May 1945 the Poles in Germany were fighting Nazi Germans and performing acts of sabotage on the orders of the Allies. After that date any further actions of this kind were crimes. There had to be a complete reversal of ideas and ideals. This could have been brought about much more easily if an organized Polish press had been in existence." Still another poster declared: "The liquidation of the camp press would leave the Displaced Persons confused and would make the task of UNRRA and the Allied authorities even more difficult."

This exhibition gives a timely picture of the present situation of Polish displaced persons in Germany. UNRRA policy is being carried out in violation of all previous decisions and decrees of the various international commissions and organizations which had been called into being to decide the fate of the refugees. By applying such methods, UNRRA proves that it is serving as an instrument implementing Soviet plans regarding the refugees.

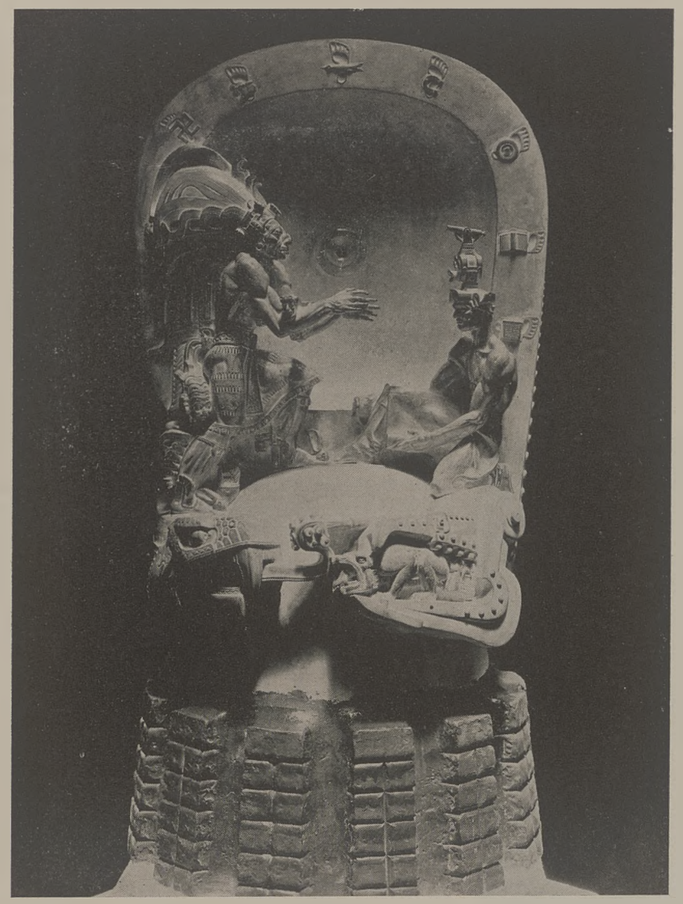
THE UNCONVENTIONAL ART OF STANISLAW SZUKALSKI

IT CANNOT be gainsaid that Stanislaw Szukalski is a dynamic personality, whose individuality as an artist must be reckoned with.

Szukalski has always been a non-conformist. Born in Warta, Poland in 1895, he early showed a gift for sculpturing, carving figures of animals, birds and people in soft limestone at the tender age of eight. Admitted to the Cracow Academy of Art when only 14, he quickly attracted notice by his eccentricity and insistence on following his own bent rather than listening to the counsel of his teachers. So fearful was he of falling under the constraining influence of other artists and art styles that he refused for many years to even read books on art.

His restless spirit impelled him to come to the United States in 1913 and to settle in Chicago. Ten years later he was back in the congenial atmosphere of the University town of Cracow, where he surrounded himself with a small group of followers and sought to put his unusual theories into practice.

But America evidently appealed to him, for he eventually returned to it in the 1930's. In 1936 he went to Poland with an exhibition of his works and at the outbreak of war, was finishing the clay model of a monument of the 11th century Polish King, Boleslaw the Brave, an implacable foe of the Germans. The colossal statue



Project for Pan-American Monument by Stanislaw Szukalski.



Nicholas Copernicus. Drawing by Stanislaw Szukalski.

was destroyed in the bombardment of Warsaw and Szukalski himself narrowly escaped being killed.

Upon his arrival in America this time, he settled in California, where he has spent the last seven years writing a unique work on "One Origin of All Ancient Civilizations." This book puts forth the startling claim of Szukalski's discovery of a root-language which was carried into all the surviving continents and islands at the time of the great flood of biblical times, evolving into distinct dialects and finally languages.

Szukalski's earlier books, published in Chicago, concerned themselves with his art and his philosophy of art. Roger A. Crane has this to say about Szukalski in his introduction to Szukalski's *Projects* (1929): "In *Projects* the author is giving expression to his ideas on architecture and sculpture, as well as to his philosophy. Here one finds nothing traditional, nothing conventional, nothing that is merely a following of other artists. His works sometimes have no meaning in the usual sense, because of his peculiar, subjective symbolism, but they are always original and always reveal his mastery. His contribution to art is freshness and vigor, his ability to break away from the old and trite and to launch forth upon his own creations, unshackled by tradition. His genius is erratic, ranging from the simple but practical idea for a coin that will not roll into inaccessible nooks to unique plans for monumental skyscrapers and for entire cities. . . .

"Something daring and worthy of the age is demanded by Szukalski. Many of his architectural projects are unusually beautiful; needless to say, all are original and distinctive. From a lovely design for a column to the plan for a magnificent, towering structure, he shows his genius in architectural concepts. Not content with an adaptation of something older, he offers new and stimulating plans worthy of materialization. With unfettered imagination he develops fascinating and striking ideas which should surely have some effect upon the trends in architecture. . . .

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"Whether or not one approves of Szukalski's art and

(*Please turn to page* 10)



Project for a monument to Jozef Pilsudski by Stanislaw Szukalski.

THE UNCONVENTIONAL ART OF STANISLAW SZUKALSKI

(*Continued from page 9*)

theories, it must be admitted that his influence is in large part wholesome. Through his creative imagination, his passionate individuality, and his originality, he is protesting valiantly against the smothering weight of tradition and the deadly grip of formality in education and appreciation. Art may not follow his lead, but it must be somewhat freed and rejuvenated by his zeal. If his rebellion against intrenched conservatism frequently leads him to extreme and absurd lengths, his justification is that at least he offers originality and individuality, always rare, always needed, and all too often hated when discovered. The radical innovator has always been feared and fought in his own age, to be esteemed as a hero and a great man in the next. To predict Szukalski's fate at the hands of future generations would be foolhardy. In our own day we know that he is honored by a few followers and despised by the great majority. Nevertheless we must appreciate his struggle against sluggishness and inertia, his burning zeal to strike out into the unknown, and his desire to create something new, whether or not we believe that his attempts are all made in the right direction."

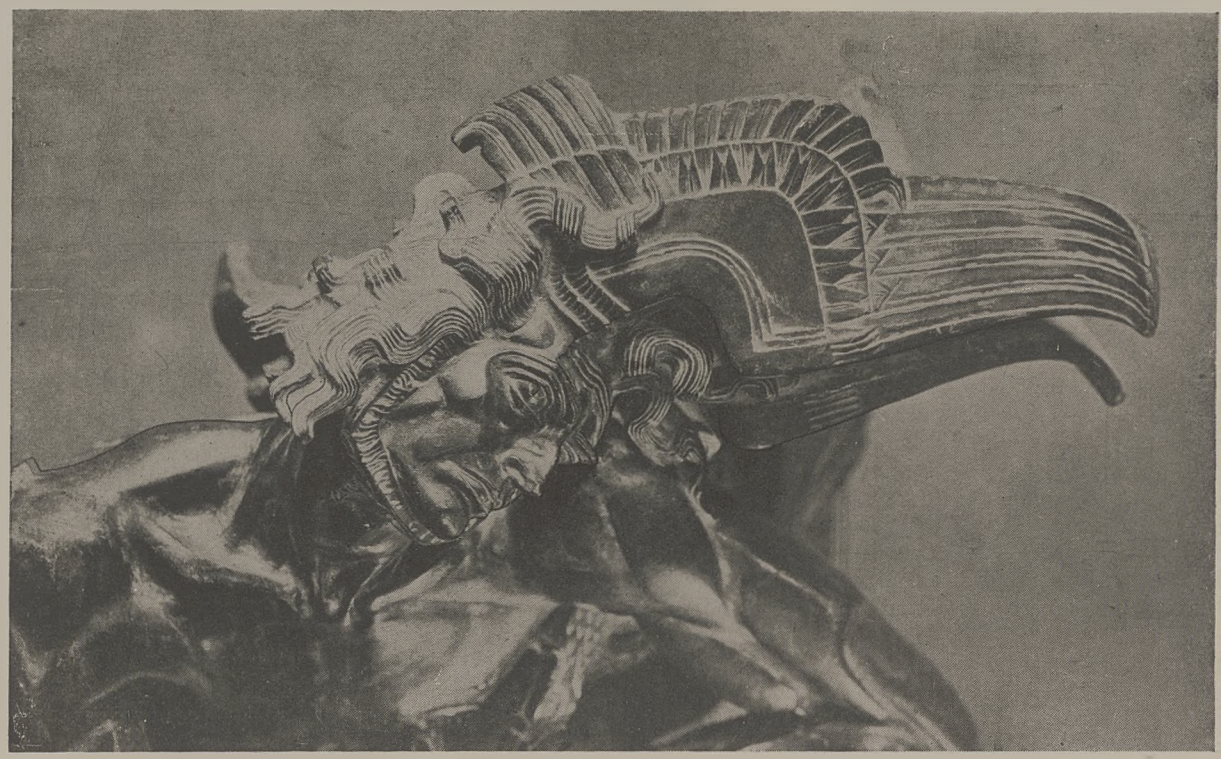
Szukalski feels that America is the country that holds greatest promise for the development of culture as it has the two elements which make for culture and progress, namely, initiative and patronage, or in other words, invention and its support. "It is the backing, the financial and sympathetic support, that makes one nation superior to others, because it is this which proves her greater progressiveness. There are more inventors and innovators than willing and anxious backers. And the land which will become the leader of its neighbors is the one which has the greatest proportion of wealthy citizens who have the foresight and courage to finance the projects of the innovators. At least the greatness of a nation and the progress which she makes is dependent upon the willingness of a small group of practical visionaries to risk their money and sympathy in the backing of a project, untried and unproved, existing only in the mind of the artist."

And, he continues, "This faith in unproved projects, this trust in fantastic ideas and schemes, has been developed into an extraordinary talent in this country and makes the United States of Tom Paine the greatest marvel of the ages."

Szukalski's views in general are often unorthodox and refreshing. He feels that for the past 400 years architects have merely rehashed the ancient "motifs." "Within that long space of time," he says, "there has been invented not one decorative motif, not one new ornament. The more productive seasons, like the neo-Classic, the Empire, or the American Colonial, were beautiful, but with the beauty that was Greek; there was no new element to testify to their creative productivity."

Szukalski is also opposed to art academies for he regards them as institutions that stifle the development of talent. Nor does he approve of sending young people to Paris only to have them return home "with empty hands and hearts, their freshness gone and their ambitions subdued so that they are quite content to follow any path that will acclaim their acquired mongrel cosmopolitanism." "Traditionally, we are accustomed to send our talent to Paris for training, but stupidly, we overlooked the fact that France is not what it was three centuries ago. Now there is *no art center anywhere*, and certainly not in Paris. Time has come to prove the value of our own cultural worth by setting up our own creative centers. The withered gossip about the culture of France and her Paris has wrought us, the self-conscious nations, immeasurable damage."

Szukalski's sculptures reflect the inner strength that characterizes their creator. His own judgment of his works is that they are "the product of a lucky deserter from the influence of democratizing and levelling education. I have given myself birth upon the stones; I have sucked from my finger all my definitions of life and man; I have led myself out of the jungle of schools, academies, and 'delicating' culture. I have found myself."



Fragment of project for a monument to Adam Mickiewicz by Stanislaw Szukalski.

Great Success Of Polish Participation At The Women's International Exposition

THE 23rd Annual Women's International Exposition of Arts and Industries, held during the week of November 4th through 10th, at the 71st Regiment Armory in New York City, enjoyed the sponsorship of 17 nationalities. Polish participation this year was worked out by the Club "303", outstanding Polish women's group, named after the famous Polish 303 Squadron which gave such a splendid account of itself during the Battle of Britain. The Club's Exposition Committee was headed by Mme. Sylwin Strakacz, wife of the former Consul General in New York. Mrs. Casimir Jarzebowski was chairman of the reception committee. Many other ladies whom limited space unfortunately does not permit us to mention were responsible for the great success of the Polish participation.



—Irving Lowenthal Photo

Polish booth at Women's International Exposition designed by Marie Ojrzynska-Guranowska.

The exhibit booth set up on the Armory's main floor was designed in silvery blue by a young Polish American artist, Marie Ojrzynska-Guranowska. The decorations symbolized the theme of WORK, the walls being covered with a fishing net while the many items were displayed in a honey comb arrangement. White eagles sculptured in paper and set high on evenly spaced poles, highlighted the Polish national character of the booth.

On exhibition in the Polish booth were the works of a number of Polish women artists. The sculptures of Maryla Lednicka, the sculptures and ceramics of Marja Cybis, graphic art by Erica Gorecka-Egan, Irena Lorentowicz and Marya Werten, a water color by Lucy Dzierzkowska and painted screen and decorative plates by Marie Ojrzynska-Guranowska gave a pleasing harmonious effect.



—Ben Greenbrus Photo

Polish participants in "Tiny Tots on Parade" contest at the Women's International Exposition. Valerie Zober (far right) and Casimira S. Kostecki (second from right) were winners of first-prize silver cups. Semi-finalists were Eva Olan-Dowhal (extreme left) and Louise Pocrecha (second from left).

Books, cards, small Christmas gifts and dolls in a variety of Polish peasant costumes rounded out the display.

Opening day at the exposition was also Polish day and a program arranged by Mrs. F. G. Jurgielewicz, with Mrs. Helena Cieciuch as Mistress of Ceremonies, was presented in the evening. Speeches were delivered by Mme. Jan Ciechanowski, Lt. Diana Tauber and Ann Su Cardwell. Miss Krystyna Sokolowska, accompanied by Mr. Spencer McEvoy, offered several vocal selections and Miss Basia Walczak presented two dance solos. The folk dancing group of the Polish Workers Sick Mutual Aid Association under the direction of Miss Frania Wesolowska, appeared in a number of Polish folk dances.

A word of thanks is also due to the men who helped in the preparation of the Polish booth: Witalis Guranowski, Boleslaw Mastai and Jozef Henelt, who aided in the actual construction and outfitting of the booth, and Stanislaw Centkiewicz, who was general supervisor.

LETTERS FROM AMERICA (1876)

by HENRYK SIENKIEWICZ

This is the second installment of Sienkiewicz's letter about New York written 70 years ago, which we are featuring in connection with the Sienkiewicz Centenary.



Contemporary photograph of Broad Street in down town New York at the time of Sienkiewicz's visit 70 years ago.

WE ARE still on Broadway. Not far from the City Hall is the post office, a magnificent building with such splendid arrangements as can be found nowhere else. All stores, corporations, and even private business men have their separate boxes, distinguished by a certain number.

A handsome square near the City Hall is surrounded by the buildings containing the great dailies, such as the "Herald," the "Tribune," the "Times" and "Staats Zeitung." All of these dailies strike off thousands of copies every day, on machines the like of which is not to be found in all Europe. The Bennett family owns the "Herald," now regarded as the foremost American daily, yielding millions of dollars annual revenue and employing thousands of people. The editors are the greatest power in the land; even the Government and the President must reckon with them. Very numerous telegraphic lines bring the news here from all over the United States and the whole world. It frequently happens that such papers as the "Herald," the "Tribune" and the "Times," which have left the English papers far behind, contain fresher and more detailed news from Europe than European papers.

A whole army of reporters, paid their weight in gold, and spread over the entire world, are watching constantly, that nothing worth while happening in the world shall escape their attention. One edition of any of these dailies exceeds the whole annual editions of the Warsaw papers put together. Among the reporters of the "Herald" is such a celebrity as Mr. Stanley, who is now exploring the interior of Africa at the expense of the publishers. Americans tell proudly that even ministers in Europe send political news to American papers. That is likely a story, but it proves on what a big scale the publishing business is conducted here.

And yet, from a literary standpoint, these dailies are second to European papers. Literary talent does not play, at present, as important a role here as in Europe. In the whole periodical press informatory characteristics outweigh the literary; speed and accuracy in the obtaining of news is regarded here as most important. Therefore, these papers are rather agencies than hearthstones for literature. Individuals are lost in the organism of the paper, so that the writers are more in the nature of commissioners, whose combined efforts are colossal, but whose names seldom reach the literary surface.

This preponderance of the political and informatory character over the literary constitutes the main difference between the American and European press, and responds exactly to the demands of the American people, who look to their newspapers for positive news connected with politics and business, and not for stylistical treats, wit or literary flights.

On the other hand, from this onesidedness of the people and their press flows another distinction: where with us a subscription to a daily paper is in the nature of an intellectual treat and is regarded as a luxury, without which the majority of people can do quite well, the American daily is as real a necessity to everybody as, for instance, bread. This explains the millions of subscribers and thousands of papers, which often appear in settlements opened but yesterday.

From the newspaper row let us go now to Wall Street, a short, narrow street, but more important than Broadway. This is the bankers' street. From early morning the throng here is greater than in Broadway. Here are treasures with which whole countries could be bought. An annual business of one hundred seventy billion francs is transacted here. We shall have a faint conception of such a sum if we recollect that Bismarck hoped to ruin France forever by the imposition of a war indemnity of five billion francs. Nothing outwardly betrays the importance of this thoroughfare, unless it be the thousands of people, who with flushed faces and hurried manners greet each other, speak and go, showing that something important is going on here, to them the most important thing in the world. Here also is the stock exchange, or the madhouse for sufferers from *febris aurea*. The quiet onlooker is seized with fear at the sight of what happens here. There is great noise and uproar, as if a battle were impending. You see red faces and hear voices hoarse with exhaustion. Men charge at each other and yell as if possessed, shaking their fists at the others' noses. One tries to out-shout the other. You think that an indescribable madness has attacked the crowds, under the influence of which they will murder each other. For who should know that this is nothing more than a method of business communication, and that the yelling and shaking of fists are merely for better understanding? When at last the bell of the president gives the sign that transactions are closed, these same people leave quietly, arms interlocked in friendly fashion. Outside of the banks, goldroom, stock, grain, wool and cotton exchanges, there is nothing worth seeing on Wall Street.

We now go down to the streets leading to the harbor. The rush is smaller but the disorder much greater here; the mud often prevents crossing the streets. Among the

populace we meet more and more Negroes. They are drivers, day laborers, carriers of freight, etc. For the most part they are clad only in trousers and a flannel shirt. Their kinky heads, unfamiliar with comb or scissors, resemble balls of black wool. Some of them work, others stand in front of houses, hands in pockets, doing nothing; some smoke short pipes, others move their jaws while chewing tobacco and gazing at the passers by. All of them are homely and unclean. Women more so. The latter are distinguished from unbearded men only by their female attire and not by their faces: the same flat noses, the same kinky hair and black skin. They wear no hats on their heads, which are used for carrying all sorts of packages, freight, vessels, and even food. Where the white man uses his back and hands, the black one uses his head, which evidently is the hardest part of his anatomy. I saw a Negress who bought an orange and put it into her kinky hair instead of carrying it in her hand. The orange swayed from right to left, but the wool kept it from falling. When she noticed that I was looking at her head, the black miss made a few jumps with her orange, then she said, "All right, sir?" showing two rows of big white teeth, and went her way, evidently satisfied with her skill.

Besides the Negroes many poor immigrants, lured hither by the news of easy gain, are inhabiting these miserable, dirty and unbelievably narrow houses. To make a living in America is easy, out West, but New York is overpopulated, and it is just the poor immigrant who has no money left for the expensive railroad trip into the interior, who dies of starvation and all sorts of misery. This part of the city reminded me of the London slums, with this difference, that it is a hundredfold dirtier still, and the people, constituting the dregs of the proletariat of many nations, look even worse than the London derelicts. All kinds of disease, epidemic and otherwise, decimate these unfortunates, who, had they been able to reach the sparsely settled West, could have developed into a working class, profitable alike to the state and to civilization. The only salvation for some of these people is enlistment in the army, but this saving agent is very insufficient, as the United States Army numbers only 25,000 soldiers, and only young men without dependents are taken.

And thus these unfortunates live spasmodically, without steady work, looking with envy and surely with hatred upon the rich, who cannot count their wealth. This condition of things is provocative of many crimes, committed partly for gain, and partly, I have been told, to break into prison, where the offenders are assured of food to sustain life.

A perceptible majority of these unfortunates is composed of the Irish, of whom ten million are said to be in the whole United States. They are easily told, at first glance, by their clothing, or rather, the remnants of their national garb, by their blue eyes and fine hair, by their good physique and the typically Gallic liveliness of speech and gestures, characteristics which so radically distinguish them from the Anglo-Saxon race that it would be impossible to confound the two. They are addicted to drinking, gambling, and all sorts of excesses, and with their innate inclination they would commit still more offenses, were it not for their religion, which never leaves them. They are very devout Catholics, and in expectation of the happiness beyond they endure patiently all sorts of misery here below. In the States out West there are a great many of them; but these have become independent. Many have acquired a good competence and some of them have acquired millions. They are an example of solidarity; they stand by each other, they vote together, just as the priests tell them; they will never forget their nationality, they will love Ireland in the tenth generation and hate England just as long; and they constitute now an element with which America must reckon and will have to reckon much more in the future. The reason for this is the extraordinary increase of the Irish, who are prolific, while the native Americans are just the opposite. While the American family has an average of two, or at the most, three children, the pious Irish parents regard children as God's particular blessing and they bring them forth annually, and the years are many.

This extraordinary fecundity is very useful to America, whose vast territory must be populated in the interest of the state. The Irish are already playing an important role in the United States and they are necessary and useful for reasons which the Americans themselves do not know, or knowing, do not appreciate. The Irish establish their primal ideals in this thoroughly materialistic society, thereby maintaining, to some extent, an equilibrium between idealism and materialism. I can see at this moment how my friends, the positivists, smile at my statement, but I maintain it nevertheless. A preponderance of idealistic tendencies is harmful to any community. It is productive of dreams, Don Quixoterie, expectations of heavenly intervention, longing for spring in the midst of winter, vanity, idleness and poverty. All this is an uncontested truth; but it is equally true that all onesidedness is detrimental. If you want a nation without any primal ideas, you have the Chinese. There realism has reached its highest development, and has so permeated national inclinations that it has arrested all progress and all development of the great ideas for which European nations have perished and perish still. The Chinese, having killed national imagination, have at the same time killed all initiative, not only in matters economic, but in invention and science; in a word, they have lost all creative power, whose mother is imagination. It may be that their nature was inclined in the direction which they have taken. However, innate inclinations are not all-deciding, for, as primal inclinations may influence civilization, so the latter may shape national characteristics later on, either advantageously or otherwise It is my opinion that the American people, despite their truly great virtues, have developed a one-sided civilization in which the Irish character creates an equilibrium, which is both necessary and profitable to the nation.

But the Irish have their bad traits. They are lazy, especially in the first generation, and beyond comparison more riotous than the American, and ready for political adventures. Besides, they remain almost without exception under the influence of the priests and they may constitute, in time, a powerful clerical party, which is dangerous in any state for the sole reason that its particular objects are deemed the most important ones.

(To Be Continued)

YOUNG POLISH-AMERICAN PIANIST SCORES TRIUMPH AT CARNEGIE HALL

DR. ARTUR RODZINSKI, Polish-born Musical Director of the Philharmonic Symphony Society of New York, congratulates Sylvia Zaremba, fifteen-year-old pianist, following her appearance as a soloist with the Philharmonic Symphony Orchestra in Carnegie Hall. Miss Zaremba played with the Orchestra on November 9 and again on November 10, when the program was broadcast over the coast-to-coast network of the Columbia Broadcasting System. She performed the Chopin Piano Concerto in F minor No. 2.



—Cosmo-Sileo Photo

The New York Herald Tribune reported that "Miss Zaremba's performance was remarkable in many ways for so young a pianist. Technically viewed, the traversal was first rate throughout, its most telling pages being those of the finale, which was set forth with coruscating brilliancy. The middle slow movement, too, was well played, with both tonal and musical sensibility."

Noel Straus wrote in The New York Times: "Although Miss Zaremba's unusual pianistic gifts already had attracted attention here in the recital field, one hardly awaited from so youthful an artist an interpretation of the Chopin F minor Concerto of the maturity and insight displayed in each of its three movements. Unassuming, but with the poise and security of a veteran at the keyboard, Miss Zaremba gave a reading of the work that evinced a sure grasp of its style, and proved equally convincing in the more full-blooded pages of the score and those demanding purely lyric treatment.

". . . Whether the music called for delicacy or vigor, the tone employed was always a joy to the ear. It sang out with the most subtly controlled gradations and nuances in the lyric passages, and retained all of its velvetiness of texture and roundness when used with power. Technically, the playing was as remarkable as tonally. The most difficult passages were easily conquered, and a sharp distinction made between episodes asking tenderness and soulful song, and those requiring scintillation and verve.

"The crown of the concerto is its slow division, and it is here that its performer has the crucial test as interpreter. Miss Zaremba could hardly have provided a more telling demonstration of her innate musicianship and imaginative powers than in her handling of this part of the work. The wonderful melody of the chief theme was a triumph of sensitively shaded and keenly felt lyricism, with all of the exquisitely handled ornamental phrases falling naturally into their appointed places in the finely considered scheme.

"Still more compelling, if possible, was the dramatic and beautifully proportioned playing of the declamatory, recitative-like unison runs of the central episode, which would have done justice to a pianist of long experience before the public. The entire opening movement of the concerto was as convincingly encompassed, while the final Rondo boasted all the needed grace, fluency and rhythmic charm. Miss Zaremba was warmly received and firmly established herself as one of the most richly endowed pianists of the younger generation."

Sylvia Zaremba was born of Polish parentage in Chicopee, Mass., fifteen years ago. She made her debut at the age of seven as guest soloist of the Women's Symphony Orchestra of Boston. In 1941 she appeared as soloist at one of the Young People's Concerts of the New York Philharmonic-Symphony Society, and the following year on March 15, 1941, she made her recital debut in New York's Town Hall.

HUGH GIBSON COMPARES THE POLAND OF 1919 WITH THAT OF 1946

(*Continued from page* 6)

that we cannot be expected to start another war for Poland. Nobody has ever suggested anything of the sort. Nobody in his senses would. And the Poles least of all, for another war would mean extermination for them.

But there are other ways than war. If all decent nations band together, past mistakes can be made good. If they make clear their firm resolve they can have their way—and peace with justice.

The United Nations cannot hope for real success until they make good on their high principles of freedom and justice for all peoples.

And while we struggle to bring peace and order back to a suffering world, we can find grounds for much sympathy and compassion, but little to envy. Decent people, however, can well envy the Poles—for they at least have kept their honor.

HUGH GIBSON

REPORT TO SECRETARY OF STATE JAMES F. BYRNES ON POLISH DISPLACED PERSONS

(Continued from page 2)

COMPANIES PERFORMING SERVICE FOR THE UNITED STATES

The most important problems confronting these Poles may be briefly summarized as follows:

1. On June 11, 1946, an order was issued by the American Military Authorities depriving the war prisoners of the rights of war prisoners. They were deprived of their payments and they were deprived of the right to wear their uniforms. These war prisoners feel that this order is in violation of the international law since Peace has not been as yet concluded.

WE RECOMMEND THAT THE RIGHTS BE RESTORED TO THESE WAR PRISONERS WHICH THEY HAD ENJOYED FROM 1939 TO JUNE, 1946.

2. The prisoners of the Polish Home Army captured by the Germans after the Warsaw Uprising or under similar circumstances, have not been accorded the rights which properly belong to the prisoners of war.

WE RECOMMEND THAT THESE WAR PRISONERS BE ACCORDED THE RIGHTS TO WHICH THEY ARE ENTITLED UNDER INTERNATIONAL LAW.

3. The Poles in the Guard Companies, performing service for the United States Army, receive only one-half of the calories of food that are given the American soldiers. The privates are paid 180 German marks per month. The deductions from their pay for German insurances vary from 10 o/o to 40 o/o. Some of the guards informed us that at the end of the month they cannot even buy a packet of American cigarettes. They have no privilege of making purchases at the United States Commissary. They have no privilege of purchasing American life insurance nor of depositing dollars in American savings accounts. They feel that in case of sudden demobilization, under present conditions, they incur the risk of staying in Germany, without a provision for even a bare existence.

WE RECOMMEND THAT THEY SHOULD RECEIVE THE SAME PAY AS THE AMERICAN SOLDIERS IN VIEW OF THE FACT THAT THEY PERFORM THE SAME WORK.

CONCLUSION

1. In order to effectuate the foregoing recommendations tending to improve the conditions of the Poles in Germany, we recommend the establishment of a Commission by the American Military Authorities to whom the Polish Civic Organizations can appeal their grievances to safeguard their economic and cultural interests. The existence of such a commission would tend to alleviate much of the suffering now endured by these people and thus bring about a more harmonious understanding between the UNRRA authorities and the Poles.

2. We demand a thorough investigation of the UNRRA activities by the United States Department of State and the Congress of the United States. UNRRA should be confined to its proper duties of feeding and clothing the Displaced Persons. But the prosecution of indirect coercive methods of repatriation has made it a political tool for purposes not originally intended by the Congress of the United States.

3. We recommend that the Displaced Persons who cannot return to the country of their origin, should be evacuated through emigration to the western hemisphere. The United States should admit 150,000 Displaced Persons to the United States proper and to Alaska. The Polish quotas were not exhausted during the war years. A good example set by our country would encourage the countries in the western hemisphere to absorb the balance. These people are thoroughly imbued with democratic ideals, are opposed to totalitarianism, and would make good law-abiding citizens.

4. In conclusion we wish to inform you that we are ready to substantiate all statements set forth in the foregoing report with competent evidence collected by us during our sojourn in Germany.

Respectfully submitted,

POLISH AMERICAN CONGRESS, Inc.
Charles Rozmarek, President
Ignatius Nurkiewicz, Vice-President

October 11, 1946

SIGISMOND STOJOWSKI HAS DIED

(Continued from page 3)

Luisa Morales Macedo, who had been recommended to him by Paderewski. They became the parents of three sons: Alfred, a doctor now serving in the Army; Henry, recently discharged from the Navy and now studying architecture at Yale; and Ignatius, S. J. a godson of Paderewski.

A U. S. citizen since 1939, Stojowski was a prominent leader in Polish-American affairs. He served as president of the Polish Circle of New York since 1920 and was chairman of the Polish Musicians' Committee of the Polish Institute of Arts and Sciences. He was a member of the Century Club and of the Bohemians.

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