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Warsaw is the most ruined city in Europe. All foreign observers agree that its devastation is far greater than anything they had ever imagined possible. And yet this city of jagged walls and rubble is teeming with bustle and activity. Half a million Poles are living in improvised huts, damp cellars and precarious upper stories of tottering buildings, proud that they are residents of the Polish capital.

Above is a typical scene of present-day Warsaw. This shabbily dressed woman sits under her makeshift roof in clement and inclement weather peddling her limited stock of cigarettes. She whiles away her time between customers by knitting or reading the government controlled press. At the far left is a stall with old books that had escaped confiscation by the Germans during the occupation.

Needless to say, these luxuries are not within the means of the average Polish citizen. The following excerpt from a letter written to the *Kurier Szczerzyński* by a state employee gives some indication of living expenses in that unhappy country:

"I am an employee of category VII and my monthly salary is 3,225 zlotys plus a premium of 2,000 zlotys, making 5,225 zlotys in all (this is exceptionally high as I hold an executive post).

"My family consists of myself plus three dependents. My most modest and necessary monthly expenses excluding such incidentals as movies, theatre, newspapers, laundry, tailor and restaurants and excluding the important item of school expenses are: rent 100 zl., electricity bill 200 zl., water bill 400 zl., coal bill 200 zl., breakfast at 20 zl. a person 2,400 zl., lunch at 25 zl. a person 3,000 zl., supper at 25 zl. a person 3,000 zl., resoling one pair of shoes every four months 800 zl., purchasing 1st category rations and rations for the entire family 975 zl., which adds up to 11,075 zlotys. This leaves a monthly deficit of 5,850 zlotys before I even start computing my additional expenses. . . . Such a deficit can be met either by finagling or by earning money on the side, which involves a neglect of our regular duties. . . ."

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THE NEW YORK TIMES ON "THE PROBLEM OF POLAND"

IT IS becoming quite evident that the present Communist-dominated regime in Poland is determined to perpetuate itself in power by turning the national elections, which it has at last been compelled to call, into the same kind of farce and fraud that they were in Yugoslavia, Bulgaria and Rumania. That is quite in keeping with Communist practice, which does not disdain to utilize democratic processes to attain and legitimize power but would never permit such processes to overthrow a Communist regime once it is established.

But the Polish regime, improving on noted examples, is going even further than its fellow-satellites in flouting those Governments which, attempting to carry out their own pledges to the peoples of liberated Europe, call it to account and demand respect for the right of the Polish people freely to choose the form of government under which they will live. It has just answered British remonstrances against the rigging of the election machinery in its favor, and the terrorization of the opposition by the secret police, with a note which, in effect, tells the British Government to mind its own business. And an answer to like remonstrances by the American Government, while perhaps milder in tone, is expected to be similar in substance.

This puts the British and American Governments in an embarrassing position, for the two Governments assumed special obligations toward Poland in both the Yalta and the Potsdam agreements, over and above any general obligations assumed toward other peoples. At Yalta they agreed with Russia, but without consulting the Polish people, to create the present Polish regime as a "provisional government of national unity," whose main function was to be to hold as soon as possible "free and unfettered elections" on the basis of universal suffrage and the secret ballot, in which all democratic and anti-Nazi parties were to have the right to take part and put forward candidates.

In other words, the present Polish regime was to be a caretaker Government holding authority, not from the Polish people, but by virtue of a Big Power agreement, until the Polish people could choose their own government. This agreement was further confirmed, and accepted by the present Polish regime, at Potsdam, with the added proviso that the Allied press was to enjoy full freedom to report on the elections.

Thanks to the latter provision, the world is even better informed on what is happening in Poland than in the Balkan states. As a result, it knows that the present Polish regime violated the Yalta and Potsdam agreements by refusing to hold elections till more than a year and a half after the cessation of hostilities and is continuing to violate them by depriving opposition voters of suffrage, disabling the opposition parties and imprisoning opposition leaders. The British and American Governments have just voted in the United Nations to recall

the heads of their diplomatic missions from Spain mainly on the ground that the present Spanish Government was imposed upon the Spanish people by force and does not represent them. They have formally and officially accused the Polish Provisional Government, like the Balkan Governments, of the same offenses. Diplomacy has thus far kept them from pointing to the further parallel—that, though the Polish regime was most vociferous in demanding action on Spain, the Communists dominating it likewise gave aid and comfort to the Axis and stabbed fighting Poland in the back—until Russia was attacked.

The problem now confronting the United States and Great Britain is what they are going to do, or can do about the recalcitrance of this Government of their own creation. It seems futile under the circumstances to resort to a recall of ambassadors, for experience has shown that such a move solves nothing. But inasmuch as Russia is a partner in the agreements governing Poland, it might be advisable to call on Moscow to join the Western Allies in seeing to it that these agreements are enforced—or take responsibility before the world for their violation. Meanwhile, the American and British Governments would only stultify themselves and violate their own obligation to the Polish people if they gave the least aid or comfort to the present Polish regime.

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JUDGMENT DAY

by A. K. ADAMS

ON JANUARY 19, in snow- and ice-bound Poland a hungry and terrorized people will play out the last act of a tragedy on which the curtain rose almost two years ago in the ancient seat of the Tatar Khans, the Crimea.

After trekking many miles through deep snow, the farmers of Central Poland, the mountaineers of the South, the fishermen of the North and the forced settlers of the new West will enter the polling places in order to cast their ballots for or against the Provisional Government. The miners of Silesia, the textile workers of Lodz, the students and the white collar workers of the cities will be spared the experience of a forced march along endless, war-torn country roads, but in the polling places they will be faced with the same dilemma: to vote in accordance with their political conscience for the only existing independent party, the Polish Peasant Party (PSL), or to avoid arrest, persecution and disinheritance by casting their ballots for the Communist-dominated Government bloc.

The voting procedure will be secret, but as the spokesman for the regime, "Gen." Wiktor Grosz, said—the people will be encouraged to spontaneous open voting. The truth which lurks behind these innocent words is that whoever will hide the ballot in his hand or pocket, and try to put it secretly in the envelope and then in the ballot box, will make himself suspected of opposing the regime with all the consequences inherent in such action.

The five Government lackeys sitting behind the tables in the polling places in their official capacity as electoral commissars will see to it that the secret voters are carefully marked.

Soldiers, uniformed members of the Soviet-led Internal Security Corps, agents of Stanislaw Radkiewicz's security police and trusted Communists of the party's militia, a body formed especially for electoral purposes, will be watching outside the polling places and await a signal from inside to arrest the disloyal voters.

In some districts the voters will have no choice as the PSL lists have been declared invalid and the local branches of the Peasant Party dissolved. Here, the patriotic Poles may abstain from voting and remain in their homes for the day, but such a negative attitude may be considered "a crime against the interests of the nation" and punished accordingly.

The regime has taken all precautions to avoid an adverse outcome of the elections: it has produced an electoral law which gives the administration a free hand to disfranchise candidates and voters, to appoint the electoral boards, to diminish the number of deputies in opposition-ridden districts—all these "privileges" having been amply used and abused in recent weeks; it has engineered a split in the farmers' ranks so as to confuse the voters by the registration of two Peasant Party lists of similar sounding names; it has successfully created an atmosphere of terror and intimidation which makes voting against the Government an act of great personal courage.

Even if all these precautions should fail and the base tricks prove of no avail against the indomitable spirit of the Poles, a last resort—perhaps the most important, remains—the counting of the ballots.

There is not a single member of the opposition in the 52 district electoral boards and there is plenty of time

for an "adequate count" as the results are to be published not earlier than 12 days after the elections.

Thus, an approximately 80 per cent majority for the Communist-dominated bloc is practically assured unless for some sensational reasons Stalin himself will give the order to announce the correct results. Unfortunately Poland is not Azerbaijan, there being no British troops on her frontiers, and no oil wells to arouse American interest. Stalin is not going to play Santa Claus for the Poles although Winston Churchill and the late President Roosevelt expected him to act as such when in January 1945 they jointly imposed upon Poland the Provisional Government of National Unity.

The Yalta agreement which originated either in ignorance of the real Soviet aims or in the desire to perform a face-saving operation, placed the fate of Poland in the hands of Stalin and his stooges of the infamous Lublin Committee. In the subsequent two years the betrayal of Poland had borne all the expected fruits: the country was gradually transformed into a satellite state, its political, economic and social structure adjusted along Soviet lines, the opposition leaders arrested and deported, the mass of the population intimidated and forced into submission. Stanislaw Mikolajczyk, whom the Big Three used as their tool in performing the ignominious operation on Poland, began his role by collaborating with the agents of the Kremlin, then gradually drew away, till desperate and disillusioned he declared a war on the impostors in Warsaw. While the powerful National Party and the genuine Polish Socialist Party remained in hiding, wisely distrusting the aims of the Communists, Mikolajczyk dragged his followers out into the open and staged an electoral fight. The results are appalling and heartbreaking: the ranks of the farmers shattered and decimated, the brave provincial, district and county leaders thrown into prisons and concentration camps, deported, and in many instances murdered. On the eve of the elections the courageous but tragic figure of Stanislaw Mikolajczyk, a good patriot but a bad politician, symbolizes the futility of all attempts at cooperation with the Communists and stands like a specter of remorse to haunt the conscience of the Western Powers.

The 19th of January is a judgment day, but it is not the people of Poland who will stand trial. The spirit of Yalta, the spirit of compromise and appeasement will be tried by the free opinion of the world. The charge is a grave one: broken promises, unfulfilled obligations, the shattering of hopes, abandonment of the high principles of the Atlantic Charter, the selling of millions of freedom-loving human beings into slavery, humiliation and death. That day, which will perpetuate in power a gang of agents-provocateurs and terrorists, may pass almost unnoticed in the columns of the great and influential Western press, it may invoke a few feeble protests intended as some more face-saving and appeasement of the conscience-stricken lovers of freedom in the West, but the problem of Poland will not be eradicated so easily. The betrayal of Poland will constantly bear its evil fruits. A peace built on wrongs and injustice cannot last. The skill of the diplomats may prolong the agony, it may drag the world for years to come along the precarious road of a compromised peace, but the end of this road is already in sight, and it will be a disastrous end.

HOW THE POLISH HOME ARMY WRESTED THE SECRET OF THE ROBOT BOMB FROM THE GERMANS

by ADAM HELLER

AS EARLY as 1943 the underground Polish Home Army furnished London with definite information proving that the new German secret weapon was not a figment of Dr. Goebbels' imagination. The Home Army intelligence discovered that experiments were being conducted around this new, still secret weapon in the Luftwaffe's camp at Püneminde, but further details could not be established at that time.

When the Home Army intelligence provided London with an accurate plan of the camp at Püneminde, the RAF carried out its famous raid during which the Luftwaffe's chief of staff, General Jeschonek and part of the team of construction engineers were killed. As a result of the destruction of the camp's installations, the experiments with the secret weapon were much delayed.

Meanwhile, in the spring of 1944, news began to leak through from France that the Germans were building hundreds of launching platforms along the English Channel. Everything pointed to the supposition that preparations were being made to use some sort of new weapon, and judging by the extent of the preparations, it was an undertaking on no mean scale. The secret weapon was emerging from the category of fantasy into that of reality.

The Allied Staff, which was in the midst of preparations for the invasion of the continent, was faced with a problem—to what degree might the new weapon affect the landing operations. It became a vital matter to get the details of construction and to learn the kind of damage worked by the new weapon. This information could show whether the invasion which had been prepared with so much effort, was still feasible, and if it was not, how long would tortured Europe have to wait for the preparation of another, different plan.

Then it was that the Polish Home Army again came to the aid of the Allied staffs. First informing Allied Headquarters that it was on the trail of German experiments in the use of new weapons, in this critical phase of the war it sent to London a number of telegrams containing a description of the secret weapon's general character and its details of construction.

Here is the story of how the most closely guarded German secrets were unmasked inside Poland:

Late in 1943 it was learned through secret channels that German experiments with a terrible new weapon were to take place in Poland. The secrecy and caution exercised by the Germans were sufficiently intriguing to prompt the Information Service of the Home Army to discover the secrets at the first opportunity.

Reconnaissance soon revealed that in the SS camp in the heart of Poland near Mielec, the Germans were engaging in suspicious activity. Although this camp had heretofore been very carefully guarded, its protection was doubled, which aroused all the greater vigilance of the Home Army.

The news gradually filtering in was beginning to add up. Note was made of closely guarded, mysterious freight shipments on specially constructed huge lorries, of the building of concrete outposts on the camp grounds and of the frequent visits of numerous German commissions. The network of Home Army agents around the camp was thereupon enlarged and its surveillance sharpened.

Finally in the middle of January 1944 the first shot was fired from the mysterious weapon, a fact of which underground Warsaw was advised at once. Several days later a report came in from Rejowiec in the Lublin area, some

180 miles away from the camp, that a huge missile had landed there, destroying several buildings and that the German commission which arrived immediately scrupulously gathered up all the shell particles left after the explosion. At first, these two bits of information were not linked.

Later, however, when the agents watching the camp reported on ensuing shots, the direction in which they were fired, the shape of the missile which could be observed in flight, and when the spot where each missile landed was determined — the Rejowiec phenomenon became clear.

It soon became evident that the direction of flight was always more or less the same, while the missiles invariably landed several score miles away from each other.

The German automobile detachments standing in readiness along the path of the projectiles arrived right after each explosion and carefully picked up all the tiniest fragments.

But the path of the missiles and the approximate range of the new weapon were already known. It was now only a matter of beating the Germans to gathering the fragments. To this end, a Polish network was installed along the entire trajectory. The race was on to see who would be the first to get to the place where the missile would fall and pick up the important shell splinters.

The Germans had the advantage over the Home Army in that they enjoyed complete freedom of movement, had a greater number of cars, liaison methods, etc. Nevertheless, they often arrived late and after a long and furious search had to return with nothing or without that part of the missile which was needed by the Polish intelligence. The fragments disappeared and were delivered to the technical commission of the Home Army in Warsaw, which set to work to discover the secrets of this new invention.

Eventually the missiles fell in an increasingly restricted area within a diameter of some ten to fifteen miles, which made it easier for the Germans quartered nearby to get to the landing site of the missiles in advance of the Home Army patrols. Nonetheless, in this very period, the Poles captured one of their greatest prizes to date.

One of the missiles fell on the sloping bank of the Bug River near the village of Sarnaki and failed to explode. Before the Germans arrived on the scene, the Poles managed to push the unexploded shell into the water, thus hiding it from the Germans. Polish engineers of the Home Army's technical commission set out from Warsaw for Sarnaki, took measurements and pictures of the projectile and removed its most valuable parts, bringing them back to Warsaw.

Thanks to this circumstance and the persistent work of many weeks, the Poles finally solved the construction details of the new weapon.

It was a backbreaking job to make a record of every shot, its path of flight, atmospheric conditions, range, circumstances and places of landing. But it was done and when all the data were pieced together, the result spelled the dreaded robot bomb.

Polish ballisticians were keeping pace with the progress of the German experiments. Of course, as this information was acquired, it was immediately relayed to London by way of radio and courier.

But not all the details of construction lent themselves
(Please turn to page 11)

THERE'S NO PLACE LIKE HOME

by S. M. KENNEDY

American Red Cross Director of Public Relations, European Theater

The American Red Cross is continuing its program of relief to Poland during the present fiscal year. Included among the supplies, the value of which is estimated at \$3,300,000, are approximately one million chapter-produced garments, valued at \$2,000,000; medical supplies, \$210,000; one million pounds of powdered milk, valued at \$420,000; 120,000 pairs of children's shoes, \$300,000, and other items including soap and automotive equipment.

THE long trainload of scabby box cars filtered across the path of a dingy moon as it creaked rustily into the Lublin railroad yards in eastern Poland. Most of the nearly 800 passengers aboard were asleep, jammed body to body on the cindery floorboards, men, women and children. Even after an exile of seven years in Siberia, they were too beat-up and exhausted by the 60-day journey to be astir on arrival in their homeland.

Meeting repatriation trains even at 2 o'clock in the morning was an old story to Polish Red Cross doctors, nurses and workers who swung into action before the train clanked to a full stop. (Over two million Polish repatriates from Russia, a quarter of a million from Germany, already had come home since the liberation.)

These figures were quoted by Gordon Harman, Marietta, Ohio, roving member of the Civilian War Relief mission to Poland for American Red Cross. Mr. Harman was there on the platform at Lublin on one of his many supervisory excursions into the Polish hinterland.

In response to insistent hammerings, box car doors were slid open by begrimed, sleepy and often startled "repats." Doctors and nurses climbed into the cars and with the aid of flickering oil lanterns and flashlights gave first aid to those who needed it. Using basic medical supplies and equipment furnished by American Red Cross, the white-robed workers went from person to person, taking temperatures, dressing sores and rashes, handing out vitamin and powdered milk parcels, suggesting emergency care for the worst cases until the train reached its ultimate destination.

With the coming of the early Polish dawn, car leaders were shepherded into the depot where they drew a temporary clothing ration for the more urgent cases in their respective cars and received a little money for immediate needs. These individuals were quite often completely naked except for a thin, dirty blanket or a bit of much-patched rag.

With the acquiring of pajamas, nightgowns, shirts, stockings, cotton dresses and other garments, their first fresh clothing in years and all direct from Red Cross Chapter workers in the United States, the repatriates began to take an interest in life, a new dignity possessed them; some even washed their faces, perhaps for the first time in weeks.

In another building they sat down to breakfast consisting of a wonderful thick soup, served by Polish Red Cross women.

In the Polish Red Cross ambulatorium (first aid station) in an ex-baggage room doctors and nurses compared notes. There was only one case of tuberculosis aboard, one of rickets, several of malaria, trachoma and scabies. In that respect it was a good train. Often "repat" trains were packed with disease-plagued Poles, a condition far beyond the control of the one doctor generally assigned to each train, a condition which often grew worse instead of better due to the long, bitterly uncomfortable



(American Red Cross photo by Lackenbach)

It's two o'clock in the morning as the long train of boxcars carrying 800 of the over two million Poles who had spent seven long years of exile in Siberia arrives in Lublin. Polish Red Cross workers are at the station to administer first aid to the sick, give vitamin tablets to the children and distribute American Red Cross chapter-made warm new clothing to all. The ragged and underfed repatriates who have decorated their boxcar with pictures of Kosciuszko and with the Polish eagle, were touchingly grateful for the Red Cross aid they received after their 60 day trip from Russia.

journey without sanitary facilities of any kind, fresh water or medical supplies.

And so the doctors smiled a little with the Red Cross man and the train strained forward slowly toward the West, where, in middle Poland, the "repats" would be given a final cleaning up and medical inspection and outfitted with ARC garments before being distributed to what was left of their homes or to friends and relatives who wanted and could take care of them.

Mr. Harman, now back at his former position of principal in the Marietta, Ohio, school system, spent six months as one of seven members of the ARC mission to Poland. The members of the mission, six men and a girl, live a strange and fabulous life. It is not uncommon to have flowers thrown at them and for children and orphans to chant "Long Live America" as they pass by. Poles say Donald Castleberry, original head of the mission, who came to Poland in February 1945 was "like an angel, wearing a big Moscow cap and always smiling."

(Please turn to page 14)

PADEREWSKI'S EULOGY ON SIENKIEWICZ

Henryk Sienkiewicz died in Switzerland in 1916 two years before the country for whose independence he had fought with the pen, became free again. In 1924 his ashes were returned from Vevey, Switzerland, to his native soil in Poland. A throng of more than 200,000 gathered at the Warsaw railroad station to welcome the remains of Sienkiewicz and the burial rites occupied two full days. At the ceremonies accompanying the removal of the ashes from Vevey, Ignacy Jan Paderewski, another world-famous Pole, delivered a funeral oration, from which we quote:

HENRYK SIENKIEWICZ was a great writer, one of the greatest of his time and of all countries. He was an accomplished philologist, an eminent humanist, possessing that discipline of thought and flexibility of language which comes only from a profound study of the classics. For him the Polish language and its dialects had no secrets.

An absolute master of words, he brought to the service of his prodigious imagination all the splendor of a beautiful language, one which is sonorous and supple, vigorous and tender, rich with innumerable nuances. He wrote only in prose but his powerful prose, limpid, sparkling and melodious, often lifted itself almost to the highest peaks of poetry. For it had in it the growling of the sea, the crystalline purity of mountain brooks, the glitter of stars, and the aroma of wild pine forests in the summer. Those who know Sienkiewicz only through the reading of "Quo Vadis" or through other works of imperfect translation cannot grasp the exact point at which the seduction and charm of his magic prose dazzle and captivate those of his own tongue and race.

If the form in which he addressed his works remains above reproach, the elevation and nobility of his ideas will not cease to inspire us with admiration and respect. Everything which he has given us bears the imprint of a kind of fruitful saneness and of a charity altogether Christian; because the man was sound, the man was good, the man was great. His pure and generous heart beat a rhythm of harmony and of order. His vast and luminous spirit contemplated men and things with serenity; his rigid conscience bowed only before God. A majestic dignity and a sovereign modesty, those undeniable qualities of all really great men, manifested themselves in his life as they did in his work. Ever above the strife of political parties he struck at evil under all its guises. Bravely he fought all which seemed opposed to duty but fought without attacking persons, and nobody could boast of ever having heard him speak evil of others and good of himself.

He was a Christian, and rejected with disdain the decadent pagan doctrine "Art for Art's Sake." Convinced that human culture could engender only evil if it laid aside the fundamental principles of morality and that the intellectual labor of man was worth only the good which he spread about him, Sienkiewicz worked for his country. He did it an immense good.

Nations like individuals at times reach crises of discouragement and exhaustion, especially when living under abnormal conditions. Certainly our country showed symptoms of such a crisis toward the end of the last century. Exhausted by armed uprisings which failed, depressed by cruel and constant oppression, deceived in its illusions, and frustrated in its hopes, Poland seemed at times to lose faith in its destiny. It was in these moments that from the brain of the poet and the heart of the poetry there came those burning pages, pages which overflow with intense life and sublime grandeur, those wonderful pages which constitute the master work of Sienkiewicz, the marvelous epic of prose, "The Trilogy." The action of this work unfolds on our ancestral soil in the most troubled and tormented epoch of our history, in the time of the sharpest conflict between



Mourning by W. Barowski.

barbarism and modern civilization, when the assaults of the crescent on the cross were fiercest.

It was the epoch in which our ancient race of laborers and warriors put forth their mightiest effort of valor, will, endurance, and sacrifice in the defense of their country, of civilization, and of Christianity. It was the time when, according to a French historian, Europe could give itself freely to letters and arts. Europe could develop its commerce in peace and increase its prosperity, because there, in the far-off East, was a solid wall which protected it from barbarous invasions; and this wall was made of Polish breasts.

In choosing this remote period, Sienkiewicz did not intend merely to glorify our past and to exalt the virtues of our forefathers. He wished above all to bring light to the blind, to strengthen the exhausted, and to encourage the timid. In this he succeeded fully.

The effect produced by the reading of this masterpiece was salutary as it was without precedent. Never have the masses of a civilized people greeted with such favor the work of a writer. Stirred to the very depths of its soul, the whole nation trembled with enthusiasm. Its energy and confidence were stimulated by the powerful shock. Again hearts filled with courage and hope. And it was so that we found the holy hour of deliverance.

A king without a crown and a chief without a sword, Henryk Sienkiewicz will live forever in his grateful country. In the resplendent diadem of illustrious names which adorns humanity's brow, his name will always shine as one of the most precious jewels. The love which we diffused in his works, the ideals which he served throughout his life, the moral thoughts which he sowed with brimming hands, are imperishable, eternal.

However profound may be our sorrow that we no longer see him among us, it is not as a funeral oration that we wish to have this understood. For we are not here weeping over the dead; we are proclaiming the glory of one of our immortals.

THE STORY OF "VOLKSDEUTSCHE" WACLAW LAISS

A HOSTILE press often comments acidly about alleged *Volksdeutsche* in the ranks of the Polish Army in the West. It is asserted that the Poles who served in the German Army and deserted to the Allies at the first opportunity, are really Germans at heart and should be treated accordingly.

Here is the story of one such "*Volksdeutsche*," who was impressed into the German army against his will. It is typical of the many stories that could be written about the unfortunate lot of Poles during this recent war.

Waclaw Laiss was the son of Polish emigrants who, 40 years ago, came in search of work to the Rhineland from East Prussia, where as Poles they faced a grim future. They settled in the city of Moers, near Duisburg. Working hard in the mines, they never renounced their Polish character, although they had to acquire German citizenship. They were active members of the Union of Poles and sent their children to Polish schools.

When the war came, the first draft call happily passed the young Laisses by; as miners, they remained at their jobs. This was fortunate because the father had died and the children were thus able to care for their 62-year-old invalid mother.

But they were not left in peace for long. The Germans began to feel the pressure of the war, the eastern front was demanding fresh reserves. On April 17, 1942, 32-year-old Waclaw Laiss was called into the Wehrmacht. With heavy heart he left his home, but he hoped that somehow he would be able to get through to the Poles. For he had secretly heard over the radio that Polish units were forming not only in the West but also in Russia.

For six months he "fought" in the ranks of the Wehrmacht. During the Russian offensive on Rzew, he was one of the first to be taken prisoner. His comrades, who were fleeing West for all they were worth, did not fail to take note of the fact that Laiss was not in the least in a hurry. So, when the routed units eventually halted their retreat, his "comrades-in-arms" reported to their commanding officer Laiss' flight to the Russians.

On February 2, 1943, the Gestapo arrived at the modest home of the former miner. A commissioner of the local security police, Emmich, questioned Waclaw's wife as to how long they had belonged to the Union of Poles, whether they spoke Polish at home, whether she had attended a Polish or a German school, and whether she felt Polish or German. The next day, not only the wife, then in her sixth month of pregnancy, was arrested, but the remaining members of the family went to jail: the 62-year-old mother, the three-year-old daughter, brothers Józef and Feliks, a sister who was expecting a baby in two weeks, and a brother-in-law. All were transferred to the Berlin jail in Moabit, and an investigation was launched which lasted only a short time. By February 14, ten days after the arrest of the Laiss family, the following news item appeared in the *Duisberger Zeitung*:

"LIQUIDATION OF A FAMILY OF POLISH TRAITORS. Berlin, February 14, 1943. The security police ferreted out and made harmless a family of traitors belonging to the Polish national minority in Germany. One of the sons of the Polish family of Laiss of Moers (Rhineland) deserted to the enemy on the eastern front and through his treasonable act exposed the lives of many German soldiers to danger. Police investigation showed that this family had for years engaged in sub-

versive communist activity and was in the service of the enemy intelligence. This long stretch of treasonable activity has now been punished by the execution of the family which was a party to this conspiracy."

Meanwhile Waclaw Laiss, the unwitting cause of his whole family's massacre, was a Russian prisoner of war. As soon as he got to the camp, he declared his wish to join the Polish Army, then in the process of formation. But the Russians treated him like a traitor who had served the Germans and sent him to the worst prisoner of war camp on Soviet soil. Here, regarded by his fellow-prisoners as a "traitor" of the Vaterland, kicked around by the Russians as a Pole, he lived through three years of hell. Forced to perform the most menial and heaviest tasks, his health broke so that he spent the last six months of his imprisonment in a hospital near Moscow. He was finally discharged as completely unfit for work and sent back to Germany. On August 27, 1946, he came to Moers, where he learned the fate of his family. The local *Westdeutsche Zeitung* published the following item:

"HIS ENTIRE FAMILY MURDERED BY THE GESTAPO. Returning home from a prisoner of war camp, Waclaw Laiss did not find a single member of his family. His entire family was murdered at the order of the Gestapo on February 4, 1943, a victim of the principle of family responsibility, for Laiss was alleged to have spoken over the Moscow radio. Laiss has now made clear that all these accusations were unfounded. Between his capture at Rzew in December 1942 until he was freed, he was in various camps for war prisoners."

To indemnify Laiss for the loss of his family, the administration of the city of Moers has offered him a grant of . . . 200 German marks. He has also been assigned an apartment. Nothing more.

Today Laiss aimlessly wanders through the streets of the city where he once lived and worked, where he had a home and a family. Crippled, he walks around with the help of two canes, unable to work, incapable of making the slightest effort. To be sure, the bloodthirsty Gestapo chief, Emmich, who sentenced his family to death, has recently been arrested by the British police, but will this bring back the lives of seven members of the Laiss family?

POLISH CHILDREN ASK FOR HELP

From the shrine of Our Lady of Czestochowa, as the bitter cold of winter prevails, a heartfelt appeal of Polish children goes out to American youth:

"Dear children from far away America! Do believe, that here, in far away lands are your companions, boys and girls, who not only do not have toys and candy, but have no clothes, school supplies, or even bread and milk. Help them, though you do not know them!

"How? Collect copybooks, books, used clothes, and even toys which you do not need any more. Open your Penny Banks and help your little friend in far away Poland, which is today inhabited by orphans and small children who cry from cold and hunger!"

"ZEVILA"—A SHORT STORY BY ADAM MICKIEWICZ

THE BLUE FLOWER, an anthology of the Best Stories of the Romanticists edited by Hermann Kesten and illustrated by Z. Czermanski, has recently been published by Roy Publishers (pp. 675. \$5.00). Among its 45 stories, representing 13 countries, three are by Poland's trinity of romantic poets: Mickiewicz, Krasinski and Slowacki. Below is a little-known short story by Poland's greatest poet, Adam Mickiewicz (1798-1855), included in the anthology:

THE histories of many women of fair virtue and men of courage are recorded in the chronicles of Greece and Rome. So, too, would we find them in our own chronicles of Lithuania if some learned scribe had bent his efforts to the golden stylus and inscribed their stories in our annals; but since none have been moved to do so, I myself, have resolved to set down here in homely words a short history from our ancient books.

About the year of Our Lord 1400, Prince Koryat, a great and powerful monarch, reigned over Novogrodek and Soinim and Leda. His only daughter, Zevila, (which is in our tongue, Diana), was a comely damsel and fair, but it was rumored that she dreaded the marriage vows, since she shook her head when princes and great barons from distant lands sent their ambassadors requesting her hand, saying she would rest a maid for the days of her life. Howbeit, the Princess Zevila had for a long time loved in her secret heart the Knight Poray, a man of her own country in whose prowess and military cunning her father, Prince Koryat, found good comfort and who, in the absence of the prince, was left in command of the kingdom. Poray was at no small pains to meet his lady in secret, so that they might together unbosom their sweet sentiments the one for the other.

It befell that Prince Koryat when he returned from the wars was sore aggrieved to see a change in his beloved daughter. Her sighs and tears, her ashen cheeks and trembling words when she greeted him, told him at once how matters stood.

"A bawd! My Zevila a bawd!" he cried. "So, thy debauch has led thee to assail thy father's line. Be gone from my eyes and know that you and the man who brought you to this dishonor shall die a hard death together!"

So it was trumpeted throughout the city that he who would name Zevila's lover and prove the fellow's guilt should receive a rich reward. Yet with all the trumpeting, there was no man who knew about the secret amours of the princess or who would bear a tale to Koryat. Love of Zevila lay deep in the hearts of her subjects and serving folk, and furthermore, no breath of suspicion had fallen upon the Knight Poray who, although he discreetly bewailed his misfortune, showed to the court a jovial face.

When Prince Koryat found that all the trumpeting and inquests stirred no man to speak, he tried with mighty threats to force the secret from his daughter's lips. But no force prevailed upon her.

"My father," she said, "I do confess my own full share of guilt, so punish me, as I am not worthy to cry thee mercy for what I have done; but 'tis not for me to visit like ruin upon another. That would be an even greater offense against the gods."

On hearing this the prince put aside his threatening manner and fell to wheedling. Concealing his ire with silken speech he pledged himself in honeyed words to forgive her of her sin if only he might learn the name of her seducer.

Zevila spoke not, replying only with sobs and tears. Then the prince, waxing angry, commanded that his only daughter be put in chains and cast into a dungeon, from which she was to be led forth anon and put to death.

Now hath any writing man the words to relate the sound of the grief and lamenting that arose from the whole city! The people likened the Princess Zevila in their hearts unto a deity, and looked upon her as a tender mother who helped the poor and softened as much as she could the hard will of the prince. Wherefore, the people surged to the court, weeping bitterly and begging the prince to be merciful toward poor Zevila. But they gained nothing for their tears.

Now in those days, says the history, there was always strife between the men of Lithuania and the Russian *kniaz*es or princes. One day the *kniaz* Ivan, who wished to take Koryat's city, marched with great haste to spread his camps around the place. He attacked so swiftly that before the full tidings of his deeds were heard much blood had been spilled.

All this happened on the day before the Great Feast, the morning on which Princess Zevila was to die.

Seeing his plight, Prince Koryat prayed Poray to ride forth with a small company of knights and lay on the foe with guile, while the prince strengthened the walls of his city. Poray, not knowing how strong the foe was but never losing heart, rode forth and fell upon Ivan's men who, he found, were out of sorts and craven. He dealt them such a mighty blow that they ran back to their Cossack camp and would have met their doom had not night fallen to end their sorry plight.

Without tarrying Poray set his men about the enemy, encompassing them, then he, himself, rode back into the city to bring the glad tidings to Koryat. The people made merry and the prince rode forth with his train and was full of praise for his knight. He called Poray the defender of the city and bade him to the castle for a mighty feast.

Now when those two were alone Poray fell down at the feet of his prince, speaking many words.

"Forsooth, my lord, my prince," he said, "I have laid heavy defeat upon your foe, and, the gods willing, we shall destroy them to the last one, for which I pray as my reward that you do not put to death your only daughter, but, by your grace, give her to me as wife. For such a reward I swear to repay you with my blood and all my prowess, in all ways I am able."

The prince was angered and spoke thus his displeasure:



Drawing by Zdzislaw Czermanski for the section of Polish short stories in THE BLUE FLOWER.

"How now Poray! Why do you make me rejoice and sadden my heart in the same breath. I rejoice in your noble service, but what you ask is not in my power. Our revered forefathers, the Lithuanian princes, have never given their daughters to wed with their subjects, and woe be unto him who follows not the customs of his ancestors. As for the man who, goaded by success and pride, seeketh beyond his station—I will not dwell on that! Still there is the fact that my wanton child has assailed the honor of our princely house. I trust it was not you who led her astray and put this shame upon her, and yet, why your sudden heart for this trollop?"

Thus they discoursed, then parted, each seeming still in a friendly mind with the other; each having mastered his wrath at least enough to conceal it. Poray, hurt by his lord's ingratitude and foreseeing evil for his fortune, let seeds of vengeance spring up in his soul. The prince, no less, was fearful that Poray, for the love of his mistress and his knightly fortune, might seize the capital for his own. Koryat brooded over his need to take the knight's life but he dared not do it at once, because such a deed would sit ill on the people who were now making a great noise and calling Poray their defender. And, furthermore, he himself was still in need of Poray's right hand to crush his enemy.

This, sayeth the chronicle, was on the eve of the Great Feast. In the morning the Princess Zevila was to die.

Meanwhile Ivan, the Russian *kniaz*, hard beaten and surrounded, sat fretting in his camp, waiting for the dawn of the day of his defeat, hopeless, not knowing what more he could do. Suddenly into his tent ran sentries with word that a man in black armor had ridden into the encampment and would have audience with him. Did Ivan wish to hear the man?

When the knight in black armor was fetched he spoke thus to Ivan, "Kniaz Ivan, I am Poray who has twice beaten your Russian men and who now holds you surrounded. I come to deliver to you the city, the prince, and all his possessions and men-at-arms on one condition: you must swear with a mighty oath that you will not harm our folk with fire or sword and that you will grant me to wife the princess imprisoned in the city, as well as the full protection of your men-at-arms."

As the *kniaz* Ivan agreed, cocks crowed in the early light, and it was the day of the Great Feast, the day on which the Princess Zevila was to die.

A great tumult arose throughout the whole city, the like of which no man hath the cunning to describe. Those of the townsfolk who were hot of blood and resisted forfeited their heads; their fellows, being struck by fear, yielded themselves to the foe.

Poray then broke open the prison and found—oh, the horror of it!—his beloved, pale as ashes, alone and forgotten on a bed of rags there in the dungeon hole. When she saw Poray she fell in a swoon.

They bore her forth into the light and did what they could, yet she lay as one dead. A great press of folk about her crowded around, crying and calling unto her, but she did not open her eyes.

For a long time she lay there, then between her lids she marveled to see the people pressing about her and among them the armed foe. Then Poray spoke to her, "Pray, quiet your fears, my sweet. Those are Ivan's men-at-arms who avenge our hurt and will serve as our protectors."

Zevila, hearing this, almost swooned again, but suddenly she drew the sword of Poray and smote him fair in the breast with such might that the blade sank deep.

"Traitor," she cried, "is your homeland such a mean thing in your heart that you would sell it for the smoothness of a woman's flesh? Oh, man of no honor, is this the way you would repay me for my so great love? And ye, vassals, why do you not spend your wrath and vengeance on Ivan's brigands there?"

So saying, Zevila struck out with the sword at the foemen nigh about; then all the people stirred as though a fire had touched them and each man of them fell upon the unsuspecting Russians with swords and whatever weapons he could find to hand. Many foemen were done to death indoors and in the streets and others were taken alive for captives. Zevila hastened to the place where Prince Koryat, her father, stood fettered to the barricade.

"My father," she cried, then fell down dead at his feet. They buried Zevila at the foot of the mountain called Mendoga, and there the people came to make a *kopiec* or memorial mound and planted trees about. And even unto this day the old folk, being thankful to Almighty God that He did not offer them up to disgrace and the scorn of their foe, tell the story of Zevila to their young.

(Translated by Lola Gay-Tifft)

"Romanticism was, second only to the Renaissance, the greatest artistic revolution in the Western world . . . In the last third of the eighteenth and the first half of the nineteenth century, following the bloodless revolution in England and the bloody revolutions in America and France, certain groups of new and impassioned writers, philosophers, painters and musicians in England, France, North America, Germany, Russia, Poland, Italy and the other countries had begun a revolution of style and spirit. They accomplished an upheaval in all the arts, in form and content, in philosophy and in the sciences and in everyday life.

"At the very moment when the world became bourgeois, civilization mechanized and society rationalized, when the big city grew dominant, life trivial, heaven godless, religion colorless and money all-powerful—at that very moment the romantic poets re-enchanted the sobered world. They did so by the means of great art and lofty ideas, and also by such means as ghosts, false ghosts and sensual associations. With the magic wand of poesy they transformed everyday life. Nature and man became fairy tales. They appropriated the great words and conceptions of the French Revolution—LIBERTY, EQUALITY, FRATERNITY. They were devotees of democracy and humanitarianism: "Be embraced, millions!" Schiller sang, and Beethoven set it to music."

—From Hermann Kesten's Introduction to THE BLUE FLOWER

UNRRA POLICY PENALIZES POLISH DISPLACED PERSONS

DOCUMENTS recently reaching the U. S. from Paris prove that the administration of UNRRA has issued several orders which result in unjust discrimination against Polish DPs.

Though the order relating to the cessation of all recreational and educational activities in camps of Polish Displaced Persons has been rescinded as a result of requests for clarification from the United States and other democratic countries, UNRRA's determined effort to get all Polish DPs inside the borders of the new Poland at the earliest possible moment continues unabated. UNRRA officials in this country deny the issuance of such orders until confronted with photostatic copies; and the rescinding of such orders is actually to be regarded as an admission of guilt.

One of these orders issued from headquarters in Stuttgart to take effect on October 1, 1946, applied duly to Camps of Polish Displaced Persons and not to any other DPs. This order called for the closing down of all Polish schools and for the cessation of all recreation and cultural activities conducted by or for Polish refugees in camps of over 100 persons. Similar orders were issued for other areas in the American zone.

It is important to note that the recreational and educational programs thus curtailed were set up not by UNRRA but through the initiative of the Poles themselves who organized the teaching staffs and who procured the necessary text books and copy books through gifts from American Welfare Agencies. All such supplies donated by such Agencies as American Relief for Poland, Inc. and War Relief Service NCWC are now being confiscated and are being placed in official warehouses.

These supplies, priceless to the spiritual and mental welfare of helpless Polish exiles, have been withdrawn from the use of the refugees without consultation with the American Agencies which supplied and which never considered them the property of UNRRA.

A report of UNRRA on a meeting held October 16, 1946, in Regensburg which also has relation to the problem of Polish DPs has just reached the U. S. The main subject discussed at this meeting was the future of Polish DPs. It was decided by the UNRRA functionaries present that there is no such thing as an unrepatriable Pole. Whatever the Pole himself decided as to his fate upon repatriation, is quite immaterial to the policy of UNRRA, which is that all Poles must be sent to their homeland by one means or another. The means decided upon at the Regensburg UNRRA meeting of October 16, has been summarized in the following sentences:

1. Do not employ Poles—repatriate them as they must go home.
2. Take all Poles out of work projects and repatriate them unless he or she has a repatriation date. Essential to get them to Poland.
3. No such thing as an unrepatriable Pole!
4. Hire outsiders, even Germans . . . but fire Poles and let them go home.

The so-called "Operation Carrot," by which the Poles were urged on their journey by the offer of sixty days' rations from UNRRA, only works when implemented by such methods as the above, since in many cases camp life is only made bearable when extra supplies or

privileges are earned through the labor of the DPs. UNRRA's funds have been channeled into the making of movies whose aim is to urge repatriation. A Polish Repatriation film now showing in the DP camps has just been shown to a select audience by UNRRA officials. It shows the Polish DPs receiving large sacks of UNRRA food, then pictures the journey to Poland in heated box-cars. Within Poland, we are shown no ruins, no tattered orphans, but only peace and order. As a documentary film, the movie short concerns itself with the settlement and rehabilitation of one of the DPs and his wife and two daughters. He finds a home, gets a job as a street-car conductor, and settles down to a life of plenty. The high spot of the film occurred when he and his wife went to a well-stocked food store and came away with a bulging basket of food. The idyllic picturization of life in Poland would seem to have no relation to actual facts, yet this is the type of propaganda which is paid for out of the budget of UNRRA to influence the choice of Polish Displaced Persons.

According to *Informacja Prasowa* (Press Information), UNRRA Team 512, in the Polish Civilian Center Schwabisch Hall in Wurtemberg, has made the following anti-Polish moves, which we quote:

"All the mail which comes from the Polish DPs is passed through UNRRA censors who delay the delivery of the letters. The same happens to letters written to the chaplain, whose two protests have remained without result.

"A mimeographed camp weekly, *Nasze Zycie*, was censored by UNRRA. This censorship deleted the words 'Queen of the Polish Crown' (a time-honored reference to Virgin Mary) from a novel by Szelburg-Zarebina, under the pretext that Poland is a Republic, and therefore no reactionary mentioning of kings and queens can be tolerated. An item referring to the meeting of the Polish

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Kolvoord-PIC Films Photo
This "Camp Full" sign was posted at many Displaced Persons camps in Germany.

POLAND

by AUGUSTA BROWNE

*Wake Poland awake! the day is bright beaming
That calls thee to glory, arise! and be free.
Burst forth from thy chains! and thy birthright redeeming,
Raise the war-cry of old, Death or blest liberty.*

*No longer shall tyrants and despots reign o'er thee!
No! land of the noble, the brave and the fair.
Arise! phoenix-like! drive the foeman before thee
Where the cause is so righteous, oh! never despair.*

*Then awake! land of song, and shake off the dark slumber,
The Upas of tyranny shed o'er thy soul;
Attune thy proud harp, in a soul stirring number,
To the God of the patriot, the trust of the Pole!*

The above poem appeared in UNION MAGAZINE for July 1848. Although it was written a century ago, it is unfortunately just as timely today as it was then.



Fight for Freedom by Artur Grottger.

HOW THE POLISH HOME ARMY WRESTED THE SECRET OF THE ROBOT BOMB FROM THE GERMANS

(Continued from page 4)

to being transmitted by radio or described in a report. It is easy to see how Allied technicians would have liked to lay their hands on the various original parts of the robot bomb. So all the most characteristic parts of the V-bomb were assembled and sent to London in the summer of 1944 along with the report of the research done by the Polish technicians.

An emissary—a Polish ballistics expert—set out from Poland for Great Britain with a valuable 210 pound load. He traveled in style in an Allied "Hudson" sent from an Italian air base near Brindisi. The plane picked up its passengers and their baggage at an improvised Home Army airfield near Tarnów. Three days later, Allied technicians in London had the original parts of the robot bombs which had recently been fired from the launching platform on Polish soil.

German experiments with this new weapon in Poland were costly to the Poles. The V-bombs fell at random

with tragic consequences for villages and towns. Many homes were ruined and many people killed. Countless workers of the intelligence network of the Home Army employed in acquiring these secrets fell into German hands and paid with their lives for their patriotism.

The Germans conducted their experiments in Poland because they did not as yet have command over the new weapon and were anxious to avoid casualties in their own country. By this decision, however, they placed the terrible mysterious weapon, on which they relied so heavily to win the war, within reach of the Home Army's information service, which disclosed their plans prematurely. Once the Western Allies were alerted about the existence of the mysterious weapon and its characteristics, they had the opportunity of taking appropriate counter measures, while the Home Army evened another score with the Germans. When the V-bombs began to rain down on the English seacoast, their operation, efficacy and properties were no longer a surprise to the Allies.

POLISH AMERICAN ENT A MILLION DOLLAR THE WHITE EAGLE

by FRANK

ERPRISE IN U. S. BUSINESS POLISH INSTITUTION BREWING COMPANY STANLEY BARC

A LEADING organization, known wherever Americans of Polish extraction gather, will in a few years celebrate its golden jubilee. This organization is the White Eagle Brewing Company which is located at 3701-3755 South Racine Avenue, Chicago 9, Illinois.

Noted for its progressiveness, the White Eagle Brewing Company, nationally known as the brewers of Chevalier premium beer and Allweiden beer, is now embarked upon an expansion and modernization program which definitely points ahead for progress.

Included among the progressive features designed for further enlargement and expansion are the installation and construction of a \$100,000 modern bottling works and the setting up of a marvelous cracking and cleaning mill for the processing of barley and malt. These two additional facilities are earmarked for installation during the year 1947 and when completed will make the White Eagle brewing plant at its Chicago four-acre site one of the foremost impressive units in the beer brewing industry in the United States.

The White Eagle Brewing Company is a \$1,000,000 institution, doing an annual business in excess of \$1,250,000 and distributing Chevalier premium beer and Allweiden beer—both in bottle and in draft, to eight states. These states where Chevalier premium and Allweiden beers are on sale for the palates of discriminating beer drinkers are, in addition to Illinois, the states of Indiana, Ohio, Michigan, Missouri, Oklahoma, Kansas, Iowa and Wisconsin.

Lovers of good beer in the eight states where the products of the White Eagle Brewing Company are distributed have for many years known that in asking for Chevalier premium beer and Allweiden beer they will receive the finest products of the brewer's art.

The White Eagle Brewing Company's block-long plant in Chicago is sanitary and modern in every respect. It is adjacent to a railroad switch track which is operated for the wide distribution of its two widely known beers.

Organized in 1897 by the late Bernard L. Maciejewski and John Czaja, both of Chicago, the White Eagle Brewing Company was incorporated on October 23, 1899, and has enjoyed fifty continuous years of growth marked by sensible, sane constructive progress. Among its first stockholders were the late Leonard Rutkowski, for many years a Chicago alderman, and the late Ignatz Dankowski, who gained wide reputation as an assistant probate judge of the Cook county (Illinois) Probate court.

Official personnel of the White Eagle Brewing Company includes Joseph J. Barc as president, Stanley C. Lesniak as vice-president, Stanley T. Kusper as attorney, and Joseph S. Frankowski as secretary-treasurer.

President Barc took over the executive direction of this organization in December of 1941. Since assuming the presidency of the White Eagle Brewing Company Mr. Barc has demonstrated unusual administrative ability giving full play to a business acumen which has brought about many improvements and installations of a progressive nature.

Secretary-Treasurer Joseph S. Frankowski has been ensconced in his present dual office for the past three years. He has demonstrated that he is exceptionally gifted in directing office procedure and is in sympathy with the program and policies initiated by the present board of directors and President Barc. Vice-President Stanley C. Lesniak is likewise an established business executive. Attorney Stanley T. Kusper is well known in Polish-American fraternal circles nationally.

Robert H. Pflugfelder holds the very important post of brewmaster at the White Eagle Brewing Company. Born in Munich, Germany, he comes from a family noted for several centuries as brewmasters who have retained within the family circle the secret Bavarian brewing formulas which have brought fame to Chevalier premium and Allweiden beers.

In addition to Messrs. Barc, Frankowski and Lesniak, whose offices give them fact representation on the board of directors, the current directorate of the White Eagle Brewing Company includes such well known Chicago Polish-American business leaders as John Stanek, Thomas Surdyk, Stanley Ropa, Vincent Piasecki, Alex Kosobucki, Joseph Goga, Frank J. Janicki, John Cygan and Eugene Rytlewski.

The efficient manner in which the White Eagle Brewing Company is being conducted can be noted at first glance from its financial status as shown in the action of the board of directors when, at the regular monthly meeting held on November 20, 1946, a resolution was adopted declaring a three per cent dividend on the preferred shares and a four per cent dividend on the common shares of stocks in the White Eagle Brewing Company. This splendid dividend was amply justified by the amount of business transacted during the year of 1946 when each month showed an average gross business in the neighborhood of \$100,000 placed upon the books of this corporation.

As a \$1,000,000 going business the White Eagle Brewing Company is considered a leader in the brewing industry throughout the middle west, an area where good brands of beer must demonstrate their virility in order to survive in an exceptionally well patronized competitive market.

The new cracking mill which will soon be on the premises of the White Eagle Brewing Company as an integral part of its over-all equipment was recently pur-

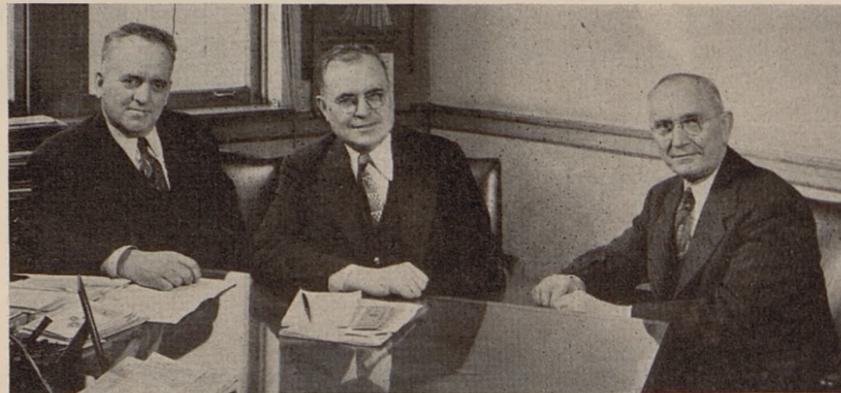
chased in Geneva, Switzerland. Brewing masters consider this new adjunct to the White Eagle processing equipment to be one of the finest items of its kind which will add immeasurably to the continued progressive advancement of the brewer's art for which the White Eagle Brewing Company is famous and which will aid that organization in its efforts to keep constantly abreast of the latest developments in the industry, particularly aimed at providing discerning beer connoisseurs with the finest in beer. This new beer aid is eagerly awaited at its future home in Chicago where the new mill, now being shipped from overseas in Switzerland to Chicago, will not only crack barley and malt but also clean these two cereals, thus turning them into the cleanest, purest examples of cereal content for one of America's better brews—Chevalier premium beer—and its counterpart and companion beer—Allweiden.

Having an all Polish-American directorate and official staff, the White Eagle Brewing Company enjoys an enviable reputation in the brewing industry as a progressive, alert, up-to-date, modern beer producer unrivaled in its field and continuing for future generations the exceptional good name and progress it has achieved during its first half century of existence as a going concern.

The interested visitor to 3701-3755 South Racine Avenue will see the finest American beer, made from rigidly guarded and highly regarded ancient Bavarian formulas, take root. He will see before his very eyes the mixing of the purest ingredients, he will view at first hand the bottling and barreling of two top products of the brewer's art, and he will notice the smooth sailing efficiency and dispatch with which orders for the nation's choice in fine beers are filled. He will see contented employees at work making and preparing for shipment



Brewery of the million-dollar White Eagle Brewing Co. in Chicago, Illinois.



The White Eagle Brewing Co. officials: (left to right) Stanley C. Lesniak, vice-president; Joseph J. Barc, president; Joseph S. Frankowski, secretary-treasurer.



The Board of Directors of the White Eagle Brewing Co.: (reading counterclockwise from the head of the table) Jos. J. Barc, Jos. S. Frankowski, Stanley C. Lesniak, Eugene Rytlewski, Alex Kosobucki, John A. Stanek, Thom. Surdyk, Vincent Piasecki, John Cygan, Frank J. Janicki, Joseph Goga, Stanley Ropa, Stanley T. Kusper.

and subsequent distribution the famed Chevalier premium beer and Allweiden beer. Here he will find employees, from executives down to the lowest rung of worker, happy in their employment as members of a united organization.

Truly, a visit through the various sections of the White Eagle Brewing Company establishment in Chicago is a memorable event and will be a day in your life long to be remembered.

You will find President Barc, Vice-President Lesniak, Secretary-Treasurer Frankowski and the directors of the White Eagle Brewing Company the epitome of courtesy and friendliness. Their greeting to you, though perhaps a casual one, is both hearty and friendly. They are glad to meet you and your friends and they go ahead in an unostentatious way to show you how pleased they are that your interest in the home of Chevalier premium and Allweiden beers has brought you into their office and plant.

Here at White Eagle Brewing Company you find an atmosphere where "old country" hospitality is mingled with American progress, efficiency and modernity. For fifty years the White Eagle Brewing Company has been building up a reservoir of good-will and friendship that is reflected in the two superior products produced, distributed and marketed under its aus-

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THERE'S NO PLACE LIKE HOME

(Continued from page 5)

Mr. Castleberry, native of Oklahoma City, and a teacher at the University of Minnesota prior to joining the ARC, has supervised the distribution of more than \$4,000,000 worth of ARC supplies, mostly clothing and basic medicines, to Poland's debilitated and pitiable people. About \$1,500,000 more remain to be given out.

Distribution is achieved through the Polish Red Cross, which operates in 14 districts, corresponding to our States. Each district has 20 to 30 county or branch Polish Red Cross offices.

Supplies from the United States arrive by ship and are sent immediately to two giant ARC warehouses, one in Lodz, the other in Sosnowiec. An inventory is sent to the Polish Red Cross council in Warsaw, which makes allocations on the basis of need and sends the allocations list to the American Red Cross representative for final approval.

Members of the American Red Cross Mission to Poland have driven into the field from one end of the stricken country to the other, to see that the goods are delivered and to the proper people.

Star witness for the success of the ARC mission is Gen. C. H. Drury, head of UNRRA in Poland, who has an all-out respect for Red Cross and warm praise for its staff members, but feels the mission isn't getting enough credit back home for the work it is doing.

"Without American Red Cross aid the whole economy of Poland would be endangered," he said. "ARC medical supplies and warm clothing are literally the difference between life and death to thousands of undernourished, disease-ridden and ill-clad men, women and children, especially the latter, many of whom are actually snatched from the jaws of death by ARC vitamins, milk preparations, serums, sanitation set-ups and other remedies."

There are ample potential crops in Poland, the General explained, but much of the land lies fallow because the farmer is not interested. All he gets for his produce is money but money is of no use when there are no consumer goods on the market. Thus the major problem of government is to speed-up industry, but the workers, after seven years of war and occupation, are neither strong nor healthy. Enter: ARC medicines and comfortable clothing, the latter for the bitterly cold Polish winters.

In the southeastern section of the country, where hundreds of villages were completely razed, one sees human beings, along with their livestock, living in underground burrows, ex-gunpits and caves, sometimes ankle-deep in slime. Polish Red Cross workers, armed only with ARC soap, medicines and sterilizers, descend into these disease-infested holes and clean up as best they can.

In Lublin, which the de facto Polish government used as a base while Warsaw was under fire, is a room where men are fashioning baskets, brushes and floor mats. They are blinded war veterans, freshly scrubbed with ARC soap, apparently in fair health due to ARC medicines, wearing ARC clothing.

In one Lublin orphanage (there are three in Lublin, two run by nuns for Caritas, the extraordinarily efficient Polish-Catholic relief organization) a keen-looking lad of 11, both of whose parents had been murdered by the Nazis, is wearing a Whittier, Cal., Chapter sweater, a Tipton, Ind., Chapter shirt and a pair of short pants from the Chicago Chapter. The nuns quietly refuse an offer of sports equipment for the kids, murmur they would prefer bedding and warm clothing. Some of the boys speak a little self-taught English.

Most repatriated orphans merge on Gostynin. These children of Poles who died in exile are almost always ill or under-nourished when they arrive at this "collecting point." They remain at Gostynin, at a former mental institution, for a minimum of 10 days, where they are deloused, washed, diagnosed, clothed and treated for whatever may be ailing them. ARC supplies play a large part in the recovery of these children, who eventually are parcelled out to permanent orphanages or friends and relatives. *Five thousand youngsters have been repatriated from the interior of Russia alone during the spring and early summer.*

There are many orphanages in Poland. In the Mazurian district in Northeast Poland, there are 222 orphanages for children up to three years of age, not to mention 224 homes for destitute old people. All of these are receiving help from the Polish Red Cross using in part ARC supplies.

Here in this district there is a struggling Junior Red Cross movement, known in Poland as "Juvenile Circles." But the going is tough. In one village the school building burned down and classes are being held in an unrepaired building with no lavatory and in a filthy yard. Children exhausted by hunger, dressed in rags, barefooted, lousy and ulcerated, and without brooms, buckets, or towels can hardly be expected to keep the institution clean.

In a rest home for war invalids, mostly amputees, at Gorzow, near Poznan, all the men had been given Red Cross prisoner of war release kits containing a number of emergency items and comfort articles. When the ARC men arrived they crowded him to the elbows, later followed him to the exit, each hopping on his one good leg, saying goodbye in quite a touching manner. Here, too, one sees the arrival of three railway cars packed with ARC abdominal bandages, which give the Polish Red Cross there an overstock, but the ARC man from the mission suggests that some of these bandages can be converted into much-needed layettes in the sewing school of the war invalids hospital. The same institution is advised to requisition a supply of ARC flannel hot water bottle covers for conversion into much-needed infants' clothing.

Poznan is the next stop and there the Polish Red Cross reports 62 per cent of the children had reacted positively to tuberculosis tests.

Over 15,000 cases of skin infection had been treated here with four tons of Red Cross ointment. Red Cross penicillin to combat the prevailing high rate of venereal disease in this district is also available.

Back in fantastically wrecked Warsaw, the history of the Mission to Poland began in February 1945 when Castleberry and Elliott Shirk, former head of the ARC mission to Moscow, after a six day trip from the Soviet capital to Lublin, arrived at the latter place with a freight car of medical supplies.

Shirk and Castleberry were armed with an agreement with the then Lublin Government providing for the entry of ARC personnel and supplies and the distribution thereof in accordance with the American Red Cross principles of non-discrimination as to race, color, creed or politics. The war was still on, of course, and a large slice of Poland was yet to be liberated.

ARC was thus the first foreign relief organization to appear in Poland, Castleberry and Shirk the first Americans, other than a flying visit by U. S. war correspondents, to be seen by the desperately harassed Polish people.

This was not the first time ARC came to the aid of Poland. Following the invasion of that country in 1939, ARC provided approximately \$1,000,000 worth of relief supplies including food, clothing and medicines to Polish civilians. In 1943, urgently needed medicines and drugs

(Please turn to page 15)

CARTOON SHORT PLEADS FOR INTERRACIAL UNDERSTANDING

ONE PEOPLE, an excellent full color animated cartoon short, starring Ralph Bellamy as narrator, and detailing the dramatic story of the settling of America by groups of every national origin, has been produced by the Foreign Language Department of the Anti-Defamation League of B'nai B'rith and is currently being made available to organizations throughout the country.

Written by Owen Dodson, ONE PEOPLE highlights the importance of unity and understanding among all groups which make up the pattern of American life. It starts out with the premise that the blood and bodily structure of the white man, the red, the yellow, the black are the same, and that therefore all men are brothers.

"There was a wilderness bounded by two oceans" that became America after 1492. "There, all people could be one people." Settlers came to it from all parts of the world: Pilgrims to New England, Quakers to Pennsylvania; Frenchmen, Swiss Mennonites, Germans; the Irish, Dutch explorers, and Spanish Jews to New York; Poles to the Jamestown colony; Italians, Scotsmen, Welshmen, Swedes, Norwegians, Finns, Danes, Czechs, Slovaks, Serbs, Slovenes, Croats, Russians, Mexicans, Spaniards, Armenians, Greeks, Syrians and Arabs, Hun-

garians and Ukrainians, Japanese, Chinese, Negroes.

"When the frontier of slavery was conquered, we said: Now we can grow to our tallest, expand to our fullest: one people, a new people, from many lands, building America."

And the short goes on to show in crisp, dynamic fashion, how America was created out of the sweat, toil and brains of the countless strains that went into its making. Its industrial power, its skyscraper cities, its research centers, its great schools—all this is the result of the fusion of many races and many nationalities.

But the wonderful thing about America is its tolerance. "We are one people who keep our individual ways: our customs, our different faiths, and are still one."

The concluding message of ONE PEOPLE is that we can be strong only if we stand together. "If one person is denied because of his religion, or the country of his origin, or his color, there is danger. Our hands linked together in good faith are like a chain linked to guard our land. If that chain breaks, our strength is broken."

All regional offices of the Anti-Defamation League of B'nai B'rith are handling distribution of the film.

THERE'S NO PLACE LIKE HOME

(Continued from page 14)

were shipped to Poland and distributed under the supervision of the Joint Relief Commission of the International Red Cross.

From February 1945 (following the arrival of Shirk and Castleberry) to June 30, 1946, the ARC has made available to Poland relief supplies valued at approximately \$7,500,000.

Edward Miller, head of the Polish Red Cross in Cracow, gives a "final word" to the American people:

"You have mentioned that the Poles do more singing

and have less to sing about than any other people. I would like to tell you about that. We Poles sing because we still can dream and hope for a better day.

"During the occupation by the Nazis, I and millions of other Poles, dreamt of the United States. We saw it as a mother to us. This may sound sentimental, but that is the way we felt about America. We could not permit ourselves to believe that you would fail us. And now the American Red Cross is here, and to many of us, our dreams, at least in part, are coming true."

(Reprinted from The Red Cross Courier, October 1946.)

UNRRA POLICY PENALIZES POLISH DISPLACED PERSONS

(Continued from page 10)

Bishops in Czestochowa was also deleted without explanation.

"UNRRA closed down the Polish schools, and Team 512 forbade the teaching of Polish children even privately, asserting to the protesting teachers that 'if the parents are so anxious to see their children educated, they can return to Poland.'

"On a certain day everybody in the camp was ordered to pack his belongings and wait for a transport to Poland, as the camp was to be liquidated at any moment. The transport did not depart, and yet every day the living quarters were being checked to see if everything had been packed, bedding included. For a whole month the people were forced to sleep without bedding on their bags. When the camp was at last liquidated, all inmates were several times subjected to severe inspections, which continued for four hours. During the inspections, every-

one had to hold his hands over his head. Even shoes were taken off and investigated. Many articles were confiscated under different pretexts."

It has been accepted generally that UNRRA's main purpose is to "encourage" repatriation. It is now becoming clear that encouragement may take any form, short of placing a gun in the back of the Displaced Person and forcing him to go home. The retiring Director General of UNRRA is proud of his record of repatriation and publicly boasted of it to the USSR delegate to UNRRA at a recent meeting. The enviable record, however, is being reached only by methods that belie all American principles. These methods are being employed in the American zone in Germany often without the knowledge of the American State Department which is supposed to be the policy-making body for the American zone of occupation.

(I C)

A MILLION DOLLAR POLISH INSTITUTION

(Continued from page 13)

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