

THE POLISH REVIEW

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"PRESIDENT BOLESLAW BIERUT

His resemblance to Hitler and his evasive glance were widely remarked."

" . . . Bierut, about five feet seven inches in height, with a small, closely-cropped mustache and a weak mouth, did not strike me as a dominating personality. While he spoke to me in Polish, through Modzelewski as interpreter, he kept his eyes averted from me. . . . His physical appearance reminded me as it did others, of Hitler . . . "

From *"I Saw Poland Betrayed"* by Arthur Bliss Lane, United States Ambassador to Poland, 1944-1947.

(The Bobbs-Merrill Company, New York).

THREE YEARS AFTER YALTA

THREE years ago this month President Roosevelt told the world that everything was set for peace and reconstruction. The Yalta decisions, preceded by those of Teheran, were the cornerstones. Later a third was added—the Potsdam accord. How rotten those foundations were politically and morally the people of the world now know. Instead of peace, we have another aggressor, worse than the first, expanding his slave empire. Instead of the rebuilding of war-shattered economies, instead of repatriated refugees and families united, we have hunger, poverty, the menace of civil wars, Soviet fifth columns active in every land not already Soviet-occupied, a vast throng of political refugees who cannot return to their homelands, another vast multitude of “displaced persons,” whose number is daily increased by the flight of individuals from lands ruled by Moscow’s stooges.

The “new world order” that was to be guaranteed and directed by the “Big Three” has passed before it had its beginning. And certainly none of the peoples of Central and Eastern Europe bemoan its passing. Despite the shameful betrayal they suffered at the hands of Britain and America, they have held to their faith in final justice, convinced that world order based on violence and wrong could not endure. They are now seeing their faith justified.

Division of the world into opposing groups is now an accepted fact. The West has failed—as the peoples of Eastern Europe knew it would—in winning Russian cooperation. Stalin dropped an “iron curtain” that shut off not only the USSR but the lands he has brought under subjection from cooperation with the relatively free countries this side the Hamburg-Trieste line. Western European countries will take up the proposal made by Secretary Bevin in his speech before the House of Commons January 22, namely that there be a “Western union,” a “Western association,” or they expose themselves to the danger of being picked off by Stalin, one by one.

The Eastern European countries are virtually a union now, tied together by an intricate net of economic and military treaties, made at Moscow’s orders to serve Moscow’s ends. The economy of each of the satellites is integrated into that of its neighbors, so that the industries of one will not be duplicated in the others; if one is involved in war, all others will have to go to its assistance. But in this union Moscow intends to keep the initiative and goal in its own hands. Note how the powerful Moscow-trained Red dictator of Bulgaria was called to order when he recently spoke of a Balkan federation. He was informed that his business was to carry out plans, not make them.

Obviously the two regional unions now taking shape in Europe are utterly different in conception. But the demonstration given in 1939, that small states cannot

UNDER WHICH FLAG?

The Atlantic Charter embodies ideals which we could approve. Its acceptance meant a crystallization of our moral standards. By publicly avowing our intention to accept these objectives and this international program, we nailed our colors to the mast. But misfortune overtook us. Our captains did not set their course to sail straight toward the proclaimed goals. The course we thought had been agreed upon was wholly abandoned and a new and dangerous one charted at Yalta, which we were not called upon to approve, but which was imposed upon us.

Instead of bringing freedom in any form, instead of restoring independence to Eastern European peoples who trusted our repeated official declarations promising that restoration, the course set at Yalta re-established slavery in the world, and that in an area that had not known it since the early days of the Christian era. Yalta took us to the depths of international ignominy. Let us abandon the course it set, return to the Atlantic Charter, and follow a flag that will not be the ensign of a pirate crew.

stand alone against a powerful aggressor, has made necessity of union clear. At present the only European union serving the cause of peace and justice can come about in the West. But after independence has been restored to the countries between the Baltic and the Aegean, they too can unite, forming a bloc of over 100,000,000 peoples, that had it existed in 1939, would have made today’s world very different from the world we have.

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CONTENTS:

Three Years After Yalta. — Under Which Flag? — Polish Youth in Soviet Clutches. — “I Saw Poland Betrayed.” — I Heard Gandhi’s Concert. — “Observations” by Periscope. — Our Encounters with the Police State. — Ann Su Cardwell’s Letter. — Concerning Baltic Citizens Who Cannot Go Home. — The 1947 Estonian Grain Collection. — Polish Humor. — Moscow’s Stooges in Poland Deal in Death. — What Poland Means To Me.

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POLISH YOUTH IN SOVIET CLUTCHES

ON JANUARY 29th the so-called Parliament of the Polish puppet regime approved a law that will go down as one of the most pernicious and destructive of all the Soviet-directed legislation of Polish puppet history. That law lays down in detail instructions for the formation of a youth organization to be known as "In the Service of Poland." In reality it is designed to become the Polish counterpart of the Soviet youth organization, Komsomol.

The law specifies that membership in this organization is compulsory for all young Poles, with few exceptions, between the ages of 16 and 21, and for all men up to 30 who have not done their military service. Exempt are pregnant women, mothers of small children, young people in municipal or state employ, and certain other privileged groups. Priests are exempt, but not theological students. The penalty for attempt to escape the draft is set at three months imprisonment or payment of a fine of 50,000 zlotys—an impossible sum for any but Poles cooperating with the regime to pay, and for such as cooperate the authorities can always find reasons for giving exemption.

The purpose of the organization, as defined in the law, is to provide Polish youth with "vocational, physical, military, and ideological training." Following the Soviet pattern, girls will receive military training. The terms "physical, military, and ideological" need no comment. They can be taken at their face value. We know what ideology will be inculcated by Moscow-trained political instructors, with Soviet instructors standing behind them to see that they perform the task assigned. We know, too, that the military training will prepare these youths to be a part of the "Polish" army—an army officered in its higher ranks by Soviet officers and trained to meet Red Army demands, making it merely a section of that Red Army, ready to be called upon some day to fulfill the obligations of the Polish-Soviet treaty of friendship and mutual assistance.

But the term "vocational" carries a hidden meaning—that of compulsory labor. The dispatches say that 75,000 labor groups are to be formed this summer out of the youth draft; and that they will be sent to do reconstruction work wherever the authorities in charge of reconstruction decide. The USSR is doing the same thing with its teen-age population, under the guise of giving them vocational training. In fact, this is but an extension of the convict-labor camp system to include free people. The length of time spent on "vocational training" of Polish youth will depend upon how long it takes a boy or girl to handle a pick and shovel or some of the simpler tools in industry. In Russia the girls and women work as hod-carriers. Anybody who has been in the USSR and used his eyes can vouch for that. Polish girls are also to become men's equals.

None of these youth groups will receive any pay, not even those used as labor. The rebuilding of Poland must be according to Moscow-approved plans—and these include forced labor. The authorities will provide a place to sleep, food, medical care, and "social services." The last-named may be interpreted as propaganda in the form of Communist literature, lectures, and radio broadcasts; such entertainment as is provided in the "red corners" in the Baltic States for the workers' few leisure hours.

The time a youth must spend in this organization camouflaged under the noble-sounding name of "In Service of Poland" is fixed at from 6 months to 2 years. That gives the authorities plenty of leeway, and places the youth at the mercy of the director, a regime appointee, and therefore a Moscow-picked man, who has unlimited

powers, who metes out punishment and from whose judgment there is no appeal. No court has power to restrain him.

The danger that this latest puppet move holds for the future of Poland is incalculable. It is well known that Moscow everywhere puts emphasis upon winning youth, realizing that people who have experienced life in a free land can rarely be trusted to carry out Moscow's orders. But youth, either remembering not at all or faintly what Poland was like before the outbreak of World War II, embittered by Western betrayal of its country after that youth itself had shown heroic devotion and made immeasurable sacrifice in the interest of world freedom, that youth, constantly and insidiously played upon at every turn by Soviet propaganda, might be a more likely convert.

To date Polish young people have stood the terrible test. The puppet premiers, officials, and members of the rubber-stamp Parliament have been crying continuously ever since they came into power that youth is "reactionary," that there must be a "new and democratic system of educating youth," that the universities have been reactionary strongholds. The educational system has therefore been completely revised, from kindergarten through the universities, with Communist doctrine a feature of every year.

The schools, therefore, will work along with the newly formed youth organization. Both will teach subservience to Moscow and subordination of the individual to the state. That will at the same time destroy the Polish spirit, the Polish tradition of independence and of belonging to Western civilization. Both will inculcate hatred of the West, more particularly of America and England. Both will attempt to destroy youth's faith in God, replacing that faith with active atheism.

The organization will be more powerful than the schools, for it will have these great youth groups under its control. (It is reported that roughly 4,500,000 young people in Poland now are between the 16-21 age or in the other group that has not done military service.) The family influence has already been seriously lessened through the necessity of both parents earning, and through the difficult housing conditions that have made "home" lose so much of its rightful significance. Restrictions on Catholic youth associations have lessened the role of the Church in youth life. Thus away from both these influences, youth is the helpless prey of all the sinister propaganda forces. Free sex life, existing in the USSR and advocated in regime literature in Poland; drunkenness, likewise encouraged; espionage, taught as a duty of children and youth; lying, an absolute requirement for Communist activity; theft and corruption—skills to be acquired—all these can be promoted in the mass life of youth groups.

The regime has recently gained control of the large youth associations attached to the Peasant and Socialist parties. This was accomplished by infiltration, then by the acceptance of the Communist-dominated groups of leadership from the Communist-organized and manipulated "Militant Youth" association, that in time was expected to include all Polish young people in its ranks. Polish youth spurned that movement. Nothing but compulsion, it was clear, would put them in the regime's hands.

That compulsion has now been resorted to. It remains to be seen how effective the "political instruction" can be made. There has been time to study and profit from the methods employed by organizations that have won

(Please turn to page 14)

"I SAW POLAND BETRAYED"

PERISCOPE TAKES A LOOK AT

AMBASSADOR LANE'S REVEALING BOOK

I

THIS IS the story of the betrayal of a nation and of the evil men into whose hands it was betrayed. Not the betrayal of a small tribe or group, but of a nation of 35,000,000 people. Not by pretended friends seeking a chance to betray one to whom they all the time intended to be disloyal, but the delivery by the two great western states, Great Britain and America, of their loyal military, spiritual, and cultural ally into the hands of a brutal, barbarous, treacherous enemy of a lower and foreign culture, whose hatred for the Poles and age-long efforts to destroy them were known to all intelligent people. It was a crime so colossal and so deliberate as to leave one aghast and dumfounded. You and I, as Americans, share the guilt. What shall we do about it?

How this came about, who the participants were, what the tragic results are, Arthur Bliss Lane, Ambassador to Poland for 20 months prior to March 31, 1947, has told in his graphic book, "I Saw Poland Betrayed," published by the Bobbs-Merrill Company of New York, a story Mr. Lane unselfishly resigned his situation as a career diplomat of 30 years standing in order to tell.

The book is divided into two parts. After a four page foreword that makes one want to hurry on into the book, pages 17 to 121 deal with Mr. Lane's arrival in Warsaw and a cut-back of very readable and useful information to introduce the reader into what it is all about; then follow 200 pages of moving narrative of things seen and done in Poland. That first part of the book is extremely valuable orientation material for anyone wishing to understand the history of the past five years, and it is well written. Of much of the second part of the book, — a lot of it will make you boil. And well does Ambassador Lane say in his foreword, "The American people has therefore a vital stake in the fate of Poland—and of all Europe. We cannot close our eyes to Communist imperialism without endangering our own existence."

II

When I began reading Ambassador Lane's book with a view to writing this article about it I began copying out sentences for quotation, sentences such as "I soon learned that the Polish Government (in Warsaw) was not sovereign, in our understanding of the term," and that quoted in the paragraph above. But I saw that this would not do; my article would expand into a monograph. So I decided that all I could do would be to state what the book contains, giving but few of the many excellent and striking sentences to be found on almost every page; for the man can write.

So what does the book contain?

1. At the opening, an account of Ambassador Lane's arrival in Warsaw, prophetic of much that he was to learn.

2. An account of his appointment to Poland while minister to Colombia, South America and his subsequent preparation for his fourth assignment in Eastern Europe and his second in Poland. For he arrived in Warsaw not as a stranger.

3. The story of Warsaw's almost incredible betrayal by Stalin and Molotov at the time of the uprising led by General Bor in August 1944. One reads it aghast, and has to remind himself that this is not a sensational reporter covering a hot assignment, but a career diplomat of long years experience reporting.

4. Teheran and after, a low in our diplomatic history. "Neither the White House nor the State Department disclosed to me what had taken place at Teheran with respect to Poland." "Mr. Roosevelt had already agreed at Teheran to the sacrifice of a great area (of Poland) east of the Curzon Line, to the Soviet Union." There is a lot of vital stuff in that Chapter Four. Poland had fallen among thieves and there was no Good Samaritan.

5. Yalta. This is our *absolute* low, politically and morally. Poland "sold down the river." Those terrible and true words. We read the chapter and hang our heads in humiliation and shame. The Crimean crime. "Here again Stalin has his own way." "Almost every line spoke of a surrender to Stalin." But even concerning that low-lived agreement, consider this on page 99. "Mr. Roosevelt, so one of his close advisers later told me, had finally understood that Stalin did not intend to comply with the Yalta commitments, in Poland or in any other satellite countries."

6. The mysterious disappearance of Jan Jankowski and the 15 Poles who went to Moscow on a guarantee of safety is reported. It is an affair fully revealing the lying and treacherous nature of Stalin, Molotov, and Vishinsky. The story is well told by Mr. Lane, quite enough to give the color and odor of the whole business. And we learn how a Russian political trial is prepared for and conducted.

7. There are various instances of the Soviet government's standard practise of putting through a *fait accompli* while a matter is still up for discussion, a snide, cynical, and brutal procedure of which any decent person would be ashamed.

We have now reached page 107. There follows a brief record of the filthy political tricks and manoeuvres of the Soviet government, all serving to prepare Ambassador Lane for what he could expect of the Russians in Poland, and for his "reluctant departure." His reasons for going notwithstanding his reluctance are given. Incidentally we here learn the names of the Russian Politburo in Warsaw.

And now Ambassador Lane takes up the narrative of

his experiences in Poland. These pages of preparation were useful and necessary. The more intense part of the story begins. From here on it is hard to review a book so full of persons, problems, and events. Here are things to look for when you read Mr. Lane's report. Why he opposed the acceptance of Oscar Lange by the United States as Polish Ambassador. How the Polish puppet president, Bierut, resembles Hitler without Hitler's strength of personality. How all telegraphic and radio messages out of Poland had to pass through and were often just killed in Moscow. Who directed the puppets. Who distributed UNRRA supplies in Poland. How Moscow countermanded puppet president Bierut's instructions. "He impressed me as a shifty and opportunistic individual who was not master in his own house." There is a lot about the Russian NKVD in Poland, an agency far worse than anything the Germans dreamed of, and 200 NKVD instructors Russia sent to Poland to train the puppets in villainy. The puppet treatment of scores of American citizens is fully set forth.

Much of the material after page 179 is devoted to the fraudulent elections of January 1947, one of the blackest episodes in the Polish puppet government's dark history; within the course of this account there are other distressing incidents too numerous even to mention, with special emphasis on the pressure brought to bear upon the United States Embassy employees to serve as puppet spies, including the infamous Dmochowska case. The record of the indignities our representatives received from puppet officials and employees is an appalling one. With this record before us, no American should ever clasp the hand of a representative of this puppet government. He or she who does, shames both himself and our nation. The impression grows on one as he reads this book that the puppet regime is too foul even to called filthy.

But Ambassador Lane's indictments of the puppets are too great in number to permit of enumeration. The record itself must be read. Yet one must mention the government-rigged Kielce pogrom, the discussion of the western frontier of Poland, and that truly amazing affair, the squatters in Mr. Lane's residence.

I close this depressing story with the puppet Polish Prime Minister's remark to Mr. Lane as he was about to leave Poland after his resignation as Ambassador:

"If the Poles should be dependent only on the East they would, through the physical law of connected vessels, be obliged to accept the Eastern standard of living, much against their will." Sure. They *have* no will. They have only Moscow's will.

III

Something should be said about the 33 photographs and one map which illuminate and illustrate the text. Many of the photographs having been taken by Mr. Lane himself. The contemporary photo of Hotel Polonia brings back many poignant memories of life in Warsaw, long my home. The wreck and ruin of the Warsaw Central Railway Station is to me one of the most shocking in the book. The little boy minus a leg, alas one of many such, is one of the least sad of the dozens I have seen, a score in my own possession. He is the Germans' work. Mine are the work of the Russians. Then a photo of Roosevelt and Mikolajczyk, the fooler and the fooled. Roosevelt and a Polish-American delegation — same comment.

That photo of Bierut, the puppet president of Poland; look at it and you will understand much of today's chicanery in that unhappy land. All in all it is a wicked crew. Opposite page 161 there is a photo showing a gathering at which the two Russian generals who "liberated" Poland received Polish decorations from the puppet government. In the second row there is a touch of high realism—a man holding his nose. Yes. Just so.

The Warsaw "Ghetto." There never was a ghetto in Poland before the German occupation; there were districts in which many Jews lived, Poles alongside of them, but never a ghetto. But foreigners liked to use the term. Well, here is the rubble ruin of that district of Warsaw. It is a terrifying picture. This is not the work of man; it is the work of something lower than beasts. There is a good and useful map of Poland and neighboring states, opposite page 257. Indeed, it graphically tells a long story, 1667 to today. I like that photo of good old Herbert Hoover among the Polish children. What two generations of Polish children owe that man! Just below is a photo of Stalin, the foul fiend himself, and his puppet Polish premier, whose name will not go down even in infamy. Opposite page 312 is a good photo of that grand old hero of two wars, the bold and resolute Cardinal Sapieha; aged, bent, frail, but there is no one in Poland that Moscow and its puppets so fear; the mightiness of the brave though weak; the triumph of righteousness.

IV

What impressions remain in one's mind after a perusal of this book by a man whose obvious honesty, high character, and restraint are unintentionally written into every line and are self-attesting?

1. The lying, hypocritical, brutal, and ambitious character of the leaders of the USSR.

2. The futility of a gentleman's trying to cope, in accordance with a civilized code, with these Asiatic barbarians devoid both of culture and honor.

3. The completely subservient character of the Warsaw government in its abject obedience to Moscow.

4. The hopelessness of any individual or party trying to stand up against the plans and processes of the Russian Politburo and its secret police.

5. The conviction that either we must destroy this thing the USSR or it will attempt to destroy us.

6. The uselessness of appeasement. In this process we do not win concessions but simply give away our own blue chips.

7. The basic immorality of the Yalta agreement and the shameful nincompoop incompetence of our American representatives who let it be put over them at Teheran and Yalta, to the loss of honor by the American people such as our nation has never before experienced.

8. The incredible betrayal of a true and loyal comrade-in-arms, Poland, by the Allies. It is a humiliating record.

No person is competent to discuss contemporary Polish and Eastern European affairs until he or she has become familiar with the matters recorded and exposed by this book, "I Saw Poland Betrayed."

I HEARD GANDHI'S CONCERT

By ALEXANDER JANTA

MY POLISH friends woke me up. The dawn had not yet broken, the night was full of stars and the chirping of crickets, but I heard, too a great crowd's soft murmur filling the large square place between the tents.

They were waiting for the morning prayer. And as the first glimmer of dawn began to show, through a crowd of squatting peasants in white the frail little old man came, leaning on the shoulder of a girl—a little old man, advancing with a peculiar swift gait, which made him look like a tired bird and the homespun cloth thrown around his brown body like a hanging wing. As he sat down I saw him only, at a distance among the crowd, and seeing the back of his head only, and the thin half covered shoulder, I could identify him among a thousand others by the large outstretched ears and the shining bare skull. All heads were turned towards him, a sea of heads waiting in silence above the whiteness of their garments and still enfolded in the dusky shades of coming dawn.

His voice, at it came from the distance, was like a flicker of light, now strong now feeble, with a soft chanting quality as he began to pray. They were verses from the Vedas and the crowd listened to his solo with a religious silence, prolonged even after he had ceased. And then, as if waking, it answered with a voice of a thousand throats, rising suddenly like a burst of thunder but with that devotional, pleading sonority of prayer, which reminded me of our rural churches in Poland, when the congregation made the responses as the priest recited the litany.

Thus began a day, one of the three during which I spent much time not with but in the presence of Gandhi. I spoke with him, followed him during the day in his various functions as the religious and political man he was, had the privilege of seeing him correct an article I wrote about non-violence, saw him speak, and write, eat and fall asleep.

In the afternoon however, I attended the most impressive ceremony which, led by Gandhi, was a part of his political action to free not only India but also every man in this world of so-called progress from slavery which machines have imposed upon him. He described himself often as a farmer and a spinner, finding in the combination of these two activities the best foundation for keeping the head and the heart balanced in the contemporary world. And for being happy as well. Because Gandhi, as I remember him, was a happy man. In moments of relaxation the inner happiness with which he was pervaded, radiated around him. He was often described as being a saint. He was however a smiling and at moments even a laughing saint, with a good sense of humor and making use of it when occasion offered. His wrinkled face was extremely mobile, his eyes were tiny and as if hidden beneath the bony skull. Enlarged only by spectacles which he wore for reading, and at the end of the nose; when looking at you, he looked over them.

Half an hour of spinning per day is for the followers of Gandhi an obligation. It is not only a discipline, but also a demonstration of unity and strength and the community of purpose. What was more important and characteristic of this man of peace—it was an act of war.

As he sits on a podium, surrounded by certain dignitaries of the Congress, with the masses gathered from far distant places to attend the ceremony, he has a wet towel on his head to protect him from the sun and the

am watching & continuously praying Gandhi

5/2/39

sarkho shri
Viramata
Rijwt

Received long wire
from relatives with
letters & lighted
in we making
effort towards
honourable settlement
plead with you not
ignore parishad people
but please them
so far as possible

Gandhi autograph of May 2, 1939. The manuscript, which belonged to Alexander Janta's collection had been destroyed during the war in Poland. It ends with the words: *Am watching and continuously praying. Gandhi.*

heat of the afternoon hour. Each of the Hindus flocking towards this place carried with him a tiny portable box—which contains a modernized version of the spinning wheel. The invention is of Polish origin; it was conceived and designed by one of Gandhi's close followers, Maurycy Frydman, who makes these handy spinning wheels for Gandhi's followers in a little factory in Mysore.

Gandhi with the towel around his head looks now like an old woman. It is one of the characteristics of this holy man, that nothing he does is ever calculated for effect, that there is no pose in him, that he is completely natural in his attitudes and behavior and doesn't care what impression he makes. His power is not that of the body. And the spirit needs no make-up. The whole congregation begins to spin with him, and the silence is so complete that one hears only the humming of the thread, which at moments catches the light of the sun. This unusual concert is like an active protest against the monopoly and the pressure of foreign industry, and at the same time like a strong voice, effectively challenging progress in its western interpretation of technical advances, business promotion and material comforts. In the subtle, delicate humming of the wheel, in the bee-like, insect-inspired song of the thread, like that of strings on a great collective harp, the will of the exploited people manifests itself in his *non-violent way*, the most civilized way of registering a protest that has ever been known.

In this manifestation and apotheosis of handwork, of native arts and crafts and of one's own productive possibilities Hindu nationalism, if following Gandhi would

(Please turn to page 14)

OBSERVATIONS

By PERISCOPE

THE KNAVE of the Kremlin, who during the past twenty years has turned society exactly upside down and introduced government by society's dregs and deposits, the heavy sediment of all that is evil, is first reported sick unto death and then well. How much of his system will pass with his going one cannot foresee, but as to the knave himself, many will repeat the words of a famous wit, "I did not attend his funeral, but I was in favor of it."

There is no gain in scoffing at the Atlantic Charter and the Four Freedoms, each now sunk deep in the sea of oblivion. Let us rather weep, and resolve that we shall do all we can to rescue them and the noble principles they embody.

Here is a quotation from a recent issue of the USSR propaganda organ which we Americans so naively permit to be circulated here. "In the Soviet Union, where man is the most precious resource," etc. Sounds good at first but look deeper. What tongue-in-cheek hypocrisy! And there is a nice catch there. Man a resource. Just like coal, iron, lumber, and natural fertilizer. When used up or worn out, exhausted, get some more. There is plenty available. Imprison political opponents in labor camps; import men and women from the occupied countries, especially the hated Poles who so resist Communism. "Resource!" Man a resource! What a blasphemy, applied to one made in the image of God!

I learn from a professor that 459 degrees below zero is the absolute zero of cold. Below that there is no going. It is a good technical term. In the same way Stalin is the absolute zero, the 459 degrees below our zero, of immorality. Below his level there is no descending.

Ament the atom bomb. Our warfare must be grim, unsparing, deadly, to borrow a sentence from Prof. M. C. Tyler, because we are fighting for a great ideal against men who are even more grim, unsparing, and deadly.

These are vibrant days, stung into alarm with the startling revelations of Russia's imperialist expansion plans such as even the most evil brains of history never dreamed up. "Russia will now have to prove both by its announced policies and its actions whether its ambitions are different now from those drawn on the map with Hitler in 1939-40," writes a colleague.

Henry Wallace has announced the composition of the national committee which is to manage his campaign for oblivion. Among these we see such names as Rex Tugwell, Jo Davidson, Paul Robeson, and Angus Cameron of the Boston publishing firm of Little Red and Co. It is all very nice and convenient. Soon we shall have all the nuts in one basket and know just where they are.

The other day a friend of mine received a copy of the USSR constitution through the mail and showed it to me. Of course I had seen it before. What brazen effrontery on the part of the Russian embassy to circulate that document in our country as though it were the fundamental document of the USSR. It has no more to do with that government than you have. The control of the USSR rests not in a document but in Joe Stalin, the Politburo, and the secret police. Obviously the Russians think U. S. stands for Unlimited Suckers. Of course they have plenty of basis for believing, what with Yalta, Potsdam, Lend Lease, UNRRA, "our gallant ally," "Mission to Moscow," and so forth ad nauseam; but all the same we are suckers only part of the time and have quit.

I have been reading some of the foundation-writers of our American democratic republic. Here are a few sentences from a powerful pen beautifully applicable today to Russia. "If a diffused well-being results from the policies of government, such a government is justified; but if exploitation and tyranny results, such government is not justified." There you have the USSR in a nut-shell. No diffused well-being, far from it, and a terrifying abundance of exploitation and tyranny. And look at this. "A beneficent government has no need of an inquisitorial police; it is established in the hearts of the people and rests securely on the common good will."

The existence of small states in Eastern Europe simply provokes Russian aggression. This has been true for two hundred years. There follows war, conquest, and tyranny. Hope lies only in the federation and cooperation of small states. Every statesman of Eastern Europe who is worth a dime knows that when freedom from Russia comes, it will be the result of and result in federation and cooperation.

Russia, hopelessly backward and becoming ever more so under the bolshevist regime, is both a blot and a block to civilization. One prays for the event that is to relegate this despicable system and organization to the limbo of a rejected past.

I have no record of 81% correctness in my prophecies, but here is prophesying that in our war with Russia there will be no limitations upon the methods of warfare. We will use atom bombs, death rays, gas, and germs.

Ever since the Red Army erupted into Europe on Sept. 17, 1939 we who are close to Eastern European affairs have known that far from being a "gallant ally" it is indeed the very scum of Asia. The latest evidence comes in Hal Lehrman's book "Russia's Europe." Lehrman was sent to Europe to whitewash the USSR during a twelve-month stay. Instead he stayed eighteen months, threw his stuff into reverse, and wrote a show-up and exposure of that vile thing. No words are too low, base, or shameful to describe this Red Army, the most vodka-soaked, raping, robbing, thieving bunch of bandits that have ever cursed any land. Their appalling atrocities defy description. How greatly Churchill erred when he called them "gallant." They are debasers, despoilers, de-civilizers; they rape the women and girls and strip the lands of all installations, resources, and loose objects. To quote Lehrman, they carry off great truck and railway-car loads of kitchen pots, toilet seats, lathes, bath tubs, furniture, old clothing, microscopes, paintings, the overcoats of the people, their mattresses. Though what they will do with the toilet seats no one knows. They do not make use of toilets. What are room corners for?

The Union of Socialist Soviet Republics. No, not republics, but 16 tyrannies, tyrannized over by a small Moscow group protected by and empowered by the most terrible system of secret police the world has ever seen. It is this tyranny which is octopus-like spreading itself over Europe and Asia and which our commies and fellow-travellers would introduce into America. It is the purpose of this magazine to fight it at every point, from Moscow to W. Z. Foster and shirt-tail-on-the-outside followers.

Returning to the word "republic." We see Russia utterly prostituting two splendid words, republic and democracy. "Prostitute: verb, transitive. To apply to base or vile purposes." Let the official definition stand. If any purposes can be more base or vile than those of the USSR my somewhat wide experience of the world has not revealed them to me.

We must begin over, begin anew. The world of Teheran, Yalta, and Potsdam has crashed, crushing friend as well as foe. What new foundations must we lay? Not Rooseveltian temporizing and expediency, betrayal, and compromise, but morality and justice. We have lost two and a half years fooling around with Russia, worse than lost time. Time, indeed, has been turned backward. Wherever the paw of the Russian bear falls it turns the clock back, years, centuries. The memory of living man holds no record of such conditions as the Bolshevik regime of Russia creates.

Here we may remark that it is a pleasant experience to see the rest of the world arriving at an opinion one has long held and advanced, an opinion of the true nature of the USSR, Stalin et al. Now the Hitler-Stalin revelations have turned the stomachs of the civilized world and revealed to the tender sympathizers with Russia just what fools they have been.

The political trials in Poland continued through November and December. Trials on charges of "dangerous gossip" and "whispering propaganda" have grown considerably in number. The sentences are becoming more severe with every case. Special attention is given to "gossip cases" involving strikes in industry. For repeating details about the strike of textile workers in Lodz, and of railroad workers in Pruszkow, 8 people were sentenced to from 9 to 12 years imprisonment. Very frequent were death sentences for "treason, espionage, economic sabotage, and conspiracy to overthrow the government."

One may expect a wave of trials on charges of "criticizing the Soviet Union." Dr. Kazimierz Bzowski, a Supreme Court Judge, commissioner for the "elections," wrote in the tenth issue of the monthly "State and Law," that any critic of the Soviet Union should be punished by life-long imprisonment.

OUR ENCOUNTERS WITH THE POLICE STATE*

FROM "I SAW POLAND BETRAYED" By ARTHUR BLISS LANE

FROM our earliest days in Poland information kept pouring in to us, not only to me personally and to the rest of our staff but to American newspaper correspondents as well, that a reign of terror was being imposed on the Polish people by the Security Police. Even if we had been so incredulous as to brush aside these reports we could not conscientiously have dismissed the information coming from relatives of American citizens who were then in prison. By February 1946 eighty-four claimants to American citizenship were in jail, almost all—so their relatives apprised us—for the "crime" of having once been members of the underground army clandestinely fighting the Nazis.

Over and above this evidence, advices came to us in the last months of 1945 so definite and so damning that they could not fail to convince one and all of us of the inexorable mesh of the Polish police state, from which a victim rarely if ever became disentangled.

Two United States Army officers, both understanding the Polish language, were in November 1945 superintend-

the U. B. was working at the frontier post under NKVD officers and using the NKVD technique.

By the end of 1945 various Polish members of the Embassy staff complained to us that they had been summoned individually and secretly to Security Police headquarters and had been told to sign forms promising to furnish the U. B. regularly with information about the activities of the American Embassy. In some cases these Poles had been threatened with death or with torture unless they acquiesced. One employee, in fact, who was required to report to the police once a week was beaten so badly on each occasion that he was unable to conceal his lameness and was forced to invent excuses for it, such as having been hit by an automobile, thrown off a streetcar, etc. Finally he told us what had happened.

According to State Department regulations, aliens are not permitted access to confidential material. The Polish citizens who were in our employ were accordingly confined in their work to the processing of passport and visa applications, the translation of newspapers, and other routine duties normal in any United States diplomatic or consular office. Even had the Embassy been engaged in nefarious irregular activities such as contact with the underground, as the government subsequently charged, these Polish employees would not have had access to such files.

The U. B., like its Russian counterpart, also took a keen interest in the work of American relief organizations, evidently believing that, like Soviet organizations operating abroad, they were acting as spies for the United States Government.

A revealing incident happened early in 1946, involving a Polish woman employed by one of the American relief organizations in Warsaw. She was approached by a U. B. agent and asked to proceed to U. B. headquarters to testify about a traffic accident which the agent said she had seen. As she had not witnessed any accident, she demurred; but finally she was persuaded to go to headquarters to testify that she had not seen the accident in question.



HERBERT HOOVER MEETS THE REAL POLAND
Little girls show gratitude toward United States in an unrehearsed gesture.
From: "I Saw Poland Betrayed" by Arthur Bliss Lane.

Two months later, under instructions from Washington, I delivered a note to the Foreign Office on June 25, 1946, stating that the intimidations of the Embassy staff had made a most unfavorable effect on the United States Government and requesting that this procedure be stopped at once, as it would seriously handicap the Embassy in performing its functions.

As I presented my note to Olszewski, director of the Political Department of the Foreign Office, he looked at me with stony eyes. He said that the Ministry of Security had denied that members of the Embassy staff had been molested, and asked me to furnish the names of those members of the staff who had been questioned by the U. B. Naturally I refused, remarking that, in view of the threat of death which these persons had received, I would merely be making matters much worse for them.

Olszewski then made the surprising suggestion that the Embassy should employ no Polish nationals whatever; hence, incidents such as those of which I complained could not arise. I pointed out that it is customary, not only for the United States Government but all governments, to employ aliens in nonconfidential positions. In Poland in particular the language problem was great and it would be difficult if not impossible to obtain for the Embassy a sufficient number of American citizens with adequate knowledge of the Polish language.



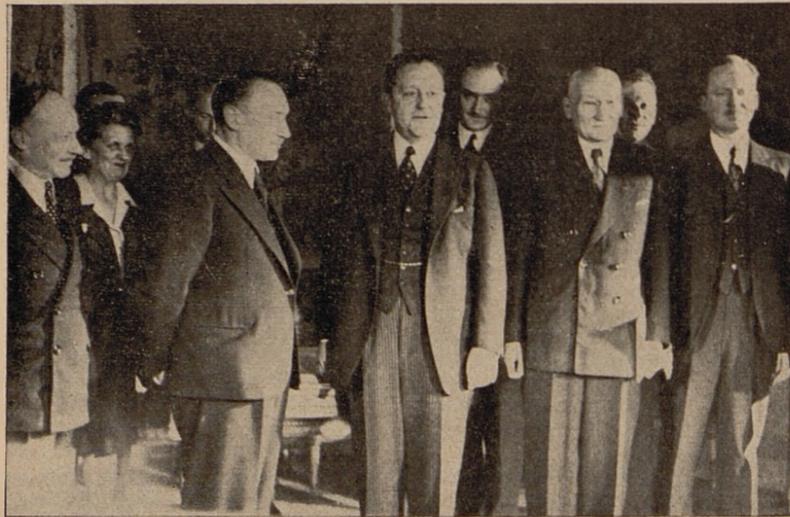
PREMIER CYRANKIEWICZ TAKES HIS ORDERS
His meeting with Stalin took place shortly after Cyrankiewicz's appointment as Polish Prime Minister.
From: "I Saw Poland Betrayed" by Arthur Bliss Lane.

Our protest was disregarded and the intimidations continued. Finally the U. B. went so far as to arrest one of our number, Mrs. Irena Dmochowska, who had been employed as a translator. Her duties at the Embassy consisted solely of preparing a daily English summary of the local Polish press. She worked under Dillon's direct supervision. When Mrs. Dmochowska did not report for work on August 23, 1946, and sent no word why she failed to do so, Dillon called her apartment and heard that she had disappeared. The next day, August 24, we learned that Mrs. Dmochowska was being held by the U. B., but our personal requests to a deputy of the Minister of Public Security a colonel who would not even give us his name, were of no avail. We then appealed to the Foreign Office and a note was sent asking for Mrs. Dmochowska's release.

That afternoon I called on Prime Minister Osóbka-Morawski, emphasizing to him the seriousness which these constant acts of intimidation were creating in the relations between the United States and Poland. I said that it would be unheard of in the United States for the police to arrest an employee of a foreign embassy, even for the most serious offenses, without first communicating with the Embassy. In this case it was only through accident that we had learned of Mrs. Dmochowska's detention.

I said that the terroristic activities of the U. B. could, in my opinion, have a more devastating effect than any other element in bringing about the deterioration of United States-Polish relations; that in the United States conservatives or liberals, rightists or leftists, might be very much in disagreement on matters of our foreign policy, but on one point they were all agreed: American citizens abroad must be protected. I gave my opinion that if the Polish Government should continue to show

(Please turn to page 14)



MY FORMAL INTRODUCTION TO THE POLISH PROVISIONAL GOVERNMENT
Front row, left to right: Modzelewski, Bierut, Lane, Rzymowski, and Dorsz.
From: "I Saw Poland Betrayed" by Arthur Bliss Lane.

ing the repatriation of a trainload of Polish displaced persons from the American zone in Germany. They had accompanied their convoy by train through Czechoslovakia and had turned over these "liberated" persons to the Polish officials on the Polish-Czechoslovak frontier. They reported to me in Warsaw that they had overheard U. B. officers (who interviewed all the returning displaced persons) forced two of the repatriates, on threat of death, to sign printed statements in which they agreed to work as informers for the U. B. under assumed names. These printed forms, which the officers saw, stated that the penalty for divulging information to any persons other than the Security Police was death. Those who signed the forms were immediately imprisoned in cold, damp cellars for three days and then were told that they would be kept in prison indefinitely unless they would bring in information to the police immediately after their release. The United States Army officers reported that



RED ARMY MARSHALS HONORED FOR "LIBERATING" POLAND
Front row, left to right: Zhukov, Bierut, Rokossovsky, Osóbka-Morawski.
(Soviet Ambassador Lebedev stands behind Rokossovsky.)
From: "I Saw Poland Betrayed" by Arthur Bliss Lane.

* "I Saw Poland Betrayed" by Arthur Bliss Lane, United States Ambassador to Poland, 1944-1947. The Bobbs-Merrill Company, New York.

Ann Su Cardwell's Letter.

No. 178, February 2, 1948

600 WEST 115th STREET, NEW YORK 25, N. Y.

DIMITROV and Tito, of Bulgaria and Yugoslavia respectively, have never shown any timidity about making statements regarding their intentions. Each had long training in Russia, each is Stalin's alter ego in the area he controls. And from all the news coming out of the Balkans the pupils have done and are doing credit to their master. They have entirely disposed of all opposition to the Moscow stooge regimes. But success apparently went to their heads and they forgot that, dictators though they be in their respective countries, they themselves are still only the tools of Stalin. And the Balkan federation of which rumors have been so persistent—a union of Bulgaria, Yugoslavia, Albania, and Rumania with Tito as its highest official—has been given a dash of cold water by Moscow. "Divide and conquer" is the slogan of every aggressor, and "Keep divided and weak" might well be the motto of every totalitarian tyrant. The danger of trouble for him from ambitious men of his own making is thus much less.

The Finns fear that they are soon to be compelled to cooperate more closely with the USSR. It appears that the Finnish Communists in the government of that doughty people have lost the confidence of Moscow—one might ask, where do native Communists possess the confidence of the Kremlin—and may be replaced by Communists of the 1918 group, who were advocates of world revolution and have since that time been residents of the USSR. The Finns would regard such returning renegades as quislings; and so they could well be termed, unless a new designation should derive from Dimitrov or Tito, who have served Moscow's purpose in the same capacity as the returning "Finns" would do.

Another disturbing factor in Finland's situation is the rapid increase in the number of "riflemen's associations," composed almost exclusively of extreme leftists. In a very short time, according to the report in the Stockholm Tidningen, 128 new "associations" were organized. If the Communist Finns should be sent to take over the government in Finland, these "associations" would be an army prepared to serve them in eliminating opposition elements.

The German newspaper, Rhein-Neckar Zeitung, recently carried an article from which the following passage is taken: "The last war compelled Soviet Russia to mobilize all its actual military strength . . . This power was on a sufficiently high level to decide the outcome of the war. Now, owing to the intensive exploitation of every possible means of production in both industry and agriculture, and the rapid population growth in the USSR, it seems probable that in the course of the next ten years or more Soviet strength may put the balance of power in jeopardy. As the situation is today, the result of a war between the United States and the Soviet Union in no wise lies in doubt. However, at present reasons are lacking that would cause such a war."

The German editor is merely saying what the Bolsheviks themselves say: time is on the side of the Soviet Union.

Officials of the puppet Polish regime have returned from Moscow, having signed pacts there which tie Poland still more closely to the USSR, politically, economically, and militarily. What the details of these

treaties, the public does not and will not know. It is, you remember, a crime for any Pole to divulge information concerning commercial accords—a crime meriting years in prison or at forced labor. It has been announced, however, that an agreement providing for a trade turnover during the coming five years amounting to a billion dollars has been signed; that Moscow granted Poland \$450,000,000 credit, to be repaid in goods during the next ten years, the interest 3%; that Moscow promised to deliver 400,000 tons of grain to Poland this year, 200,000 of that immediately.

This means that Polish-Soviet trade will during the coming years be twice what it is at present, and the bulk of Polish commerce is now with the USSR. If that loan is to be repaid in "goods," Moscow will fix the selling-price, which, if the custom now prevailing holds, will be less than cost of production. And where is that \$450,000,000 to be spent? Not in the West, surely, but in Russia and the satellite countries. As for the benevolent Kremlin's agreeing to let the Poles have grain, that too can be explained. The Russians have been stripping Poland of all the grain they could collect, and paying nothing or next to nothing for it. Now they will generously sell some of it to the begging Poles. Coal export to Russia is to be limited to what is called "reparations coal," amounting to 6,500,000 tons a year. There is, of course, a catch in that somewhere, although at the moment I cannot see where it is. Perhaps Moscow is resigning in favor of one of Poland's "good neighbors," where factories working overtime for Stalin require that coal.

And one further comment on that visit to Moscow. You may have noted that on the mission's return to Warsaw, the "premier" Cyrankiewicz was presented with a bouquet of red blossoms tied with red ribbon. Could anything have been more appropriate for a man who asserts that there were no political strings to any of the Soviet grants, such as there are with the Marshall Plan? The flowers should have been arranged in the form of a hammer and sickle, to make the thing perfect. True Poles must be thankful that the Polish colors, red and white, were not in evidence.

All that was done in Moscow by the "premier" and his colleagues was in strict accord with the 8-point outline of Polish foreign policy drawn up by "General" Grosz, Director of Information for the Foreign Ministry and published in the regime press early in January. The emphasis in that outline, writes Sydney Gruson in the New York Times, is on "Poland's oneness with the Soviet Union" and the "resolution to 'extend and strengthen' relations with other Slav states."

The Communist party in Poland, not called Communist but the Polish Workers Party, has had to be "purged." Immediately following the appearance of the Lublin group on the scene, anybody who would work with that group was welcomed. They needed all they could get. Later, as their grip, or the Soviet grip, it is one and the same, on the government became firmer, they began to weed out the opportunists and the lukewarm. During the first two weeks of this year the number of party members in Warsaw has been reduced from 38,486 to 27,994, it is reported. The many Communist training schools in

Poland are now turning out large numbers of "activists," and discipline is being more strictly enforced than it was before the "elections" when all who even looked like possible material for Communist work were acceptable.

But Moscow has never had any real confidence in Polish Communists. A commentator has recently called attention to the fact that with the exception of Dzierzynski no Polish Communist has ever had a high office in the Soviet government. During the 20-year interval between the World Wars the Polish section of the Comintern was staffed mainly by Czechs, Latvians, Russian Jews, and Hungarians. Most of the time the Poles, like Bierut, were on the lower rungs of the Comintern ladder. Today, despite the complete subjection of the Polish puppets to Moscow, the Kremlin keeps its special "controllers" in Warsaw, whose chief is Loszakov, in Poland ostensibly as Russia's commercial representative.

In every district in Poland the actual administrative authority rests in the hands of Soviet "residents," or governors. Sometimes they are Soviet consuls, sometimes consular officials. The commentator gives the names of several of these men and their location and rank in the Soviet service. If the Polish Communists have not the confidence of their Kremlin lords, they are at least credited with being able to provide funds for Communist uses. They were permitted to pay the travel expenses of delegates to the conference in Silesia last September, after which we had news of the Cominform, a sum of \$416,000. The Polish share in the organization costs of that agency was set at \$725,000. The much larger Yugoslav Communist party was assessed only \$640,000.

In addition to the Cominform levies, the Polish Workers Party must pay \$811,000 annually to the All-Slav treasury in Belgrade and \$575,000 to the Anti-Fascist Committee in Moscow. In 1946 it contributed \$417,000 to the propaganda fund of the Polish-Soviet Friendship Society; in 1947, \$593,000; in 1948, it is to be \$700,000. This does not by any means exhaust the list of causes to which the Polish Communists must contribute—such as "free-will" collections for their Spanish brothers and for the French strikers. Just why should we extend loans to Poland?

The Polish puppets, as is manifest from the above, are concerned with affairs outside the borders of Poland. And here is further evidence of their propaganda activities, although in these instances activities carried on by their own agents. In the national budget for this year a sum is set aside for the establishment of Polish schools abroad. In France, 540 elementary schools are to be opened—the puppets' ambassador there conducting the organization—for the estimated 40,000 Polish children in that country, children of Poles who refuse or cannot return to Poland under the present regime. Similar schools are to be opened in Brazil, the Argentine, and South Africa, while "the gradual taking over of (Polish) educational centers" in England is to take place, although just how such a process is to be effected is not described.

How the Poles in Britain look upon the efforts of the puppets to approach Polish children in Britain with their propaganda-filled books is plain from the following incident. The puppet government had a committee at Christmas-time which tried to gain admission to Polish communities in England in order to distribute gifts from children in Poland to Polish children among the exiles. The representative, when asked the nature of the gifts, replied that they were children's periodicals—giving the names—and candy. The names of the papers told the story. The Poles had seen copies of these publications and knew their character. And they made it very clear to the "Christmas Gift Committee" that they wanted no such candy-coated poison distributed among their young folks.

The Polish cause, however, is something more than reports of Communist activities, and I wish to quote in that connection the closing paragraph of an editorial in the January *Przegląd Polski* (London): "The majesty of the Polish cause and the Polish tragedy still lies on the dusty shelves of diplomatic archives. But events are slowly blowing away the dust of forgetfulness. And there is no reason to think that the time will be long before that cause, as after the First World War, will become one of the main organizational problems of the old Continent. One cannot but believe in that if one has faith in freedom, in the worth of the individuals, in the final triumph of the elements of goodness—in all the unchanging values created by two thousand years of civilization."

From Russia comes this bit that would be mirth-provoking were it not so tragic. In southeastern Poland's mountainous district there is a group known as the Huculs, a people whose costumes and native art fascinated all artists. And not only artists, for I am one of those who have spent a delightful vacation in their area, watching them in their markets, on the mountain roads, and even in their homes. Now they are citizens of the Soviet Union, and a "delegation" from them was recently hailed to Moscow to make a demonstration of their gratitude for their "liberation." *Pravda* made a great story of it, with a picture of the "delegates" in their finery and of the gifts they brought—a complete set of office furniture, even with rugs and—a pipe. And this was the accompanying legend: "The idea of sending a gift to Comrade Stalin has long been entertained by the Huculs. United in the one family of the Soviet peoples, freed from the oppression of Polish lords (!) and Austro-Hungarian barons (!) the Huculs desired to express through this gift their ardent love and gratitude to their great leader, teacher and liberator."

As a companion-piece for the above read this, a translation of a paragraph from an interview with A. Fadiejew, Secretary of the Association of Soviet Writers, as it appeared in the *Soviet Weekly*, July 31, 1947: "As often as we have occasion to discuss the decisions of the Central Committee of the Communist Party with regard to literature and art with foreign writers, some of them ask us, Tell us, don't these decisions hinder the freedom of art?"

"Here is my answer: He is a free man who speaks the truth. That man is less free who works under the influence of delusions. The great truth of the world is in our possession and therefore we, Soviet artists, are the freest artists in the world. The decisions of the Central Committee not only do not cramp our freedom but give us still greater liberty, because they have pointed out to us the way of progress and the enemies with which we must fight."

Examples of Soviet writers' service in the interest of truth occur in every issue of our American press these days but here is an enterprise that is more than just hurling invective at America or vilifying some one of our officials: This year is the anniversary of the 1848 revolutionary movement known as the "Spring of Nations." Moscow intends to celebrate that centennial by claiming it as part and parcel of the Bolshevik idea. They are planning on a great scale, intending to attract the sympathy of the peoples of Central and Western Europe to the Soviet way of life. The writers have to do most of the work in this enterprise, and they have been well organized and assigned their parts. In Poland, for example, twenty-five of them are at work on the production of literature that is advertised as "epoch-making," and which will, of course, bear the stamp of Communism from beginning to end.

CONCERNING BALTIC CITIZENS WHO CANNOT GO HOME

THE Swedish Government kept the 30,000 Baltic citizens who sought asylum in Sweden in the autumn of 1944 in camps only a few months, reports The Newsletter from behind the Iron Curtain. After that brief period they were encouraged to get out and find work and live like ordinary citizens, with the result that over 70% of these refugees are now engaged in productive labor; they maintain their own homes, are independent, and need no help from relief organizations, which in consequence long ago have wound up their affairs. The refugees themselves are able to provide care for the sick and needy among their number. By the end of 1946 they had already covered all the expense to which they had put the Swedish Government and people and are now contributing roughly \$150,000,000 annually to Swedish national economy.

By way of contrast take this passage from another issue of the same publication: "With the kind consent of IRO the refugee camps in Germany are deluged with a flood of Communist propaganda literature, precisely as in the days of the late unlamented UNRRA, which was domi-

nated by Communists. This literature proclaims that the main economic supporters of IRO — USA and Great Britain—are fascists, war-mongers and the strongholds of the blackest reaction. It is distributed and recommended by IRO's British and American officers. According to IRO's own data, 240,000 copies of Communist Poland's, 4,000 copies of Tito-Yugoslavia's and 21,000 copies of the Baltic Soviet Republics' papers, magazines and books were distributed in the British zone in October 1947 alone. During the same month 40 Polish, 7 Tito and 7 Soviet propaganda films were shown in these same camps, as confirmed by IRO . . . IRO officers warmly recommend that the refugees listen in to the Russian and Soviet Baltic radio stations which describe the life of the repatriants in glowing colors and are full of the most absurd lies of living conditions in England, Belgium, Canada, USA, etc., calculated to deter the refugees from going to work in those countries, or as the Russians put it, 'abandoning themselves to the clutches of Capitalist wild beasts.'" And that is only a sample of the whole report.

THE 1947 ESTONIAN GRAIN COLLECTION

IN VIEW of all the discussion of Soviet harvests and grain production, of the Soviet ability to feed its own people and share with other parts of the world, information that has come out of Estonia in a letter traveling unrevealed channels, is worthy of consideration. It says in sum:

Estonian farmers were ordered to deliver grain quotas much earlier this past autumn than previously and the supervision was very strict. Grain had to be delivered immediately after it was threshed. The threshing-machine was accompanied by an inspector who on each farm checked on the amount threshed and the amount to be delivered to the state collection center, even arranging for the delivery, which took place before the grain had time to dry out. From the centers where the grain was collected by farmers' carts, factory trucks took it to railway stations. The "red caravans," as the long lines of farm carts forced into this hauling service were known, were organized this year by a woman, Juliana Tellman, a "notorious Red quisling," and her women associates.

The collection of the grain was managed in a way that recalls similar tax collections among the peasants of

Poland. A large number of agitators and overseers were sent out from the towns—whether or not as members of a special organization who would receive pay in proportion to the amount of grain "collected" is not stated. For example, some 800 such agitators left Tallinn on Sept. 21 to work in twelve parishes in that area, and that was typical of the situation throughout all Estonia. Twice the writer notes that farmers who had finished their threshing were practically compelled to fulfill the quotas of their more backward neighbors.

The haste with which the collection was made called out comment. There were districts where the collectors would not wait for the thresher but ordered threshing by hand, and the flail of the peasant forbears came back into use. In one place the women under Juliana Tellman's authority themselves did this hand threshing. People were everywhere exhorted to work 16-18 hours a day, not to limit themselves to the 8-10 hours preached as the day for the farm laborer in the Soviet paradise. The puppet regime press was full of such urging, alongside complaints of indifference of officials, dishonesty and trickery of farmers, arrests for sabotage, and the like.

But just why all this unseemly haste is not explained.

POLISH HUMOR

POLES who belonged to the Polish resistance movement in France during the German occupation, the initial letters of the movement making it known as POWN, are reported to have formed an organization in Poland known as POW. This the Warsaw humorists say stands for *Poco Osly Wracacie?* Which in translation is, Why do you return, donkeys?

In one of the Polish cities a statue to Stalin was

erected. A peasant woman one day asked a Russian soldier standing near,

"Sir, what saint is that?"

"The liberator," replied the soldier. "It was he who drove the Germans out of Poland."

The woman then knelt at the base of the statue, saying;

"In the name of the Father . . . Thou wert strong enough to drive out the Germans—I pray thee, throw these Russians out of Poland as quickly as possible!"

Moscow's Stooges in Poland Deal in Death

Translated from the Polish of an article in *Lud Polski*, Paris, Jan. 4.

THE Soviet-stooge regime in Poland, calling itself the "government," "court," and "Ministry of Security," made the Polish people a Christmas present of a generous list of new death sentences. Outstanding names on that list were of persons condemned in the "show trial" of WIN (Freedom and Independence, the name of an underground resistance movement)—Lipinski and Marszewski sentenced to death, and Obarski, Kwiecinski, and Mmes. Marynowska and Sosnowska to long prison terms.

We would not soil the columns of "Lud Polski" by printing the details of this "court trial," during which certain witnesses, like Kwiecinski, broke under the torture of the "investigations" conducted in private and testified as required, while others, notably Lipinski, with admirable courage threw the truth in the faces of the despicable individuals robed as "judges" and "prosecutors."

"As a Pole, as a citizen, and as a man I am conscious of no guilt . . . I worked in the underground, since there is no freedom in Poland. I wanted the world to know what is being done with the Polish people. I am the author of the appeal to the United Nations. The Greek EAM appealed to the United Nations and the press everywhere carried news of that appeal. Why was the same liberty not permitted to me?"

These words went beyond those "court-room" walls. They are now travelling over all Poland, with hundred-voiced echo repeating them in the undergrounds of national life.

We shall remember the last words of the condemned standing before the gallows as we shall remember the "accusation." Here are the main points of that document, here are "crimes" bringing the death penalty under the government of the Soviet-Polish Workers Party (Communist) NKVD.

1. The accused are supposed to have given information to the American and British embassies concerning the "Polish" army and the location of troops.

2. They are supposed to have given the number of Russian troops in Poland.

3. They are charged with revealing the "Ministry of Security's" activities.

4. They are accused of revealing the details of the Polish-Soviet commercial treaty.

We pass over the tragi-comic nonsense about American and British interest in Zymierski's army, actually helpless, since it is completely dependent upon the Soviet Union so far as equipment is concerned.

We do not know how much truth there is in the second accusation (or in the others), but let us note: A regime supposedly "Polish" sentences a Pole to death on the grounds *that he has informed actual allies of the number of troops of an actual occupant*. Let us note that never in history has it happened that Poland has fought against America or against England. These governments have never occupied Poland, but on various occasions they have fought with us in a common cause. A Pole pays with his life for giving (real or cooked-up-by-the-"Security Ministry") information to friends to the effect that the Muscovites are sitting on our necks, the Muscovites, who four times participated in the partitioning of our territories, the Muscovites, who have never been with us but always against us.

Point three. It is not to be wondered that the "Security Ministry" desires at any price to avoid giving publicity to its activities. But it would not care to confess to that fear at an unmasking of its practices.

Now point four, certainly the most important, the deciding point. This is the "crime"—the giving of information concerning the details of the Polish-Soviet trade agreement. All over the world commercial agreements are open, not secret; everybody has a right to know what is being bought and sold and at what prices, what is being exported, in what quantities, and again at what prices.

The Soviet Union, which is shamelessly robbing Poland and all Eastern Europe, gets coal and textiles for a song from Poland, grain from Hungary, oil from Rumania and Austria; everywhere they take anything that is to be had, from wrist-watches to locomotives. Moscow forbids its lackeys to reveal the details of "agreements."

The obedient lackeys in Poland put the rope around the neck of the Pole who dares to take notice of the theft of Polish property and labor, who dares at the risk of his life—so it is reported—let the world know of this plundering. The occupant's hired men call this "espionage."

We repeat that, believing nothing the regime "courts" and other "Security" agencies say, we do not know whether the accused actually revealed the terms of the Polish-Soviet commercial treaty or not. However IF they did do so, from free France we call to them in the hour before they meet death: Well have you served the Motherland by revealing the robbery carried on by the occupant. Such an act was a praiseworthy deed during the Hitler occupation, it is praiseworthy under any enemy and looting occupation. Poland owes it to you and such as you that the crimes of the occupant and his lackeys are known. You will be avenged.

POLISH YOUTH IN SOVIET CLUTCHES

(Continued from page 3)

the enthusiasm and loyalty of Polish boys and girls. If these methods are copied and adapted to the teaching of poisonous doctrine, it is possible that youth, isolated

from all that would support it, might accept the poison. If, on the other hand, it holds true to the course Polish history has ever taken, that youth will be the collective hero of the century.

I HEARD GANDHI'S CONCERT

(Continued from page 6)

have been a movement different from all others in the world: it looked upon Great Britain not as conqueror or an exploiting power, but as a symbol of another world, of a different philosophy of life and understanding of the meaning of progress. The industrial city being its center and its power, Gandhi's campaign was devoted to the awakening of the rural life of the sleepy and backward village and opposing the simple wisdom, the peaceful serenity of its life to the humdrum, turbulent and rapacious current of that life, which we call modern and civilized. The simplicity of his teaching the practicing of which requires considerable courage, for only courageous men can afford to face truth, and only simple men can understand that new application of the gospel of brotherhood among men, for which Gandhi paid with his life, will become an inspiration and an example to many far outside India.

We who have had the rare and precious chance of

personally knowing a man who will rate among the greatest in the two milleniums which soon come to a close, feel more than ever the responsibility his example places on those who are determined to carry on the task.

To follow him means, however, to understand one basic principle of the Hindu philosophy: the oneness of the world. For those who can see, it found its expression in Gandhi's unique personality and the universal character of the cause for which he fought in his inimitable and great way, a cause more important than that of one nation, more lasting than the time one human life takes to fulfill its own destiny.

And the shock caused by his sudden death is once again a challenge to all of us, and to the values which we call progress in a world where dictators and tyrants succeed in mobilizing fanatics and putting them into service against others, whereas saints and those who preach understanding and peace on earth and in the hearts of men, are either crucified or shot.

OUR ENCOUNTERS WITH THE POLICE STATE

(Continued from page 9)

disregard for the liberties of American citizens in Poland. American public opinion might be permanently prejudiced against it.

After I had finished my argument, Osóbka-Morawski made no reply. His face, however, had assumed a deep flush, apparently of anger, and he stiffly bowed me out of the room without any of the polite amenities which he customarily used. Perhaps the Prime Minister resented my complaint about the activities of the secret police as being an attack on the government of which he was nominally the head. But, more likely, he was resentful because, although Prime Minister, he had no power over the activities of Radkiewicz or of the underlings in blue. Only a few weeks before, Osóbka's fellow party member, Wachowicz, then Assistant Minister of Public Security, had released from prison a member of the Polish Socialist Party who had been arrested on what Wachowicz considered unfounded political charges. Osóbka had sent his automobile to the jail to take the liberated man home. But on arrival at his house the luckless fellow was greeted by U. B. agents who rearrested him under orders from Radkiewicz. Then Radkiewicz demanded and obtained of Osóbka the dismissal of Wachowicz as his deputy.

Dillon was able to see Mrs. Dmochowska in the U. B. headquarters in the presence of an interpreter from the Foreign Office about ten days after her arrest, and was allowed to furnish her with food parcels and cigarettes. I finally was permitted to see her on September 12, in the evening, at 7:00 o'clock. I went to the new Security Police headquarters, which I found far more modern in its appointments than the office in which I had first met Radkiewicz. Our identification papers were closely checked, even though we were accompanied by Lieutenant Rulski of the Foreign Office and by three different U. B. agents. At last we were led into the room of Captain Hummer, an evil-looking official who advised me that I was not to question Mrs. Dmochowska about her case and that I was not to address her in English.

Mrs. Dmochowska was soon brought into Hummer's office. She was evidently extremely nervous; her hands and her lips trembled; and her voice was so low in reply-

ing to my questions (which I put in English and which were translated into Polish by Stephan D. Zagorski of our Embassy staff who had succeeded Tonesk as my interpreter) that I could barely understand her. When I asked her if she knew why she was imprisoned she said she had a good idea; but she did not give me a definite answer. In reply to my question she said she had been well treated, and she begged me to tell her mother not to worry about her condition. But during all the questioning, which lasted the better part of an hour and which I purposely restricted to generalities so as not to make her position more difficult, Hummer's eyes pierced those of Mrs. Dmochowska continually as though he were conveying to her that she should not divulge any prohibited information.

I saw Mrs. Dmochowska once more, on October 5. On this occasion she again said that she was well treated, but had not been permitted to consult an attorney. I was told, after the interview, that she might choose defending counsel from a list of names which would be supplied her. The Foreign Office explained that, although the Polish Government did not accept our contention that Mrs. Dmochowska was an American citizen, permission was given me to interview her because of her having been employed in the Embassy.

She was finally brought to a public trial in January 1947, and there pleaded guilty to the charges: she had been in possession of a revolver, without having a permit; she had had knowledge of the murder of Scibiorek, and had not divulged the information to the police as required by law; and she had assisted persons connected with the murder to leave the country. On the strength of this "confession"—which she undoubtedly made under duress—she was sentenced to five years' imprisonment. This sentence was later suspended in a general amnesty decreed in February 1947.

She did not however, resume her duties at the Embassy.

The helplessness of the American Embassy in coming to the assistance of one of its employees who, according to our laws, was considered an American citizen, was clearly shown in this case. We were at the mercy of the Polish authorities who ignored precedent and international comity.

WHAT POLAND MEANS TO ME

By LUCY EMBURY

(Continued from Vol. VII, No. 10, Issue)

Brandes visited Poland in 1885-1889, and with able, sympathetic pen has recorded his impressions. As a lecturer he was extremely popular in Poland and as a human he became well loved. "The Poles have shown me more kindness and affection than any other people in the world." So he writes on page 166, and on pages 47, 48, he says: "Poland has, I believe, among all the nations of the world the best and most humane of their sons for her friends . . . Poland is a symbol of all which the best of the human race have loved, and for which they have fought . . . this national cause is nothing but the universal cause, the cause of humanity . . . We love Poland, therefore, not as we love Germany or France or England, but as we love freedom. For what is it to love Poland but to love freedom, to have a deep sympathy with misfortune, and to admire courage and enthusiasm?"

It is cheering to come upon such comments about a nation too little known, often misunderstood, and sometimes maligned. Brandes was not a sentimental tourist. He was a quick-eyed, keen-witted traveler who knew Europe well. Posterity has placed him high among 19th century critics, ranked him beside those illustrious Frenchmen, Brunière, Taine, and Saint-Beuve. The Danes themselves regard him as the greatest of their literary critics. Among his works is a volume on Heinrich Heine, who lived long in Paris and became a friend of Chopin. These two men, whose short lives were shot with pain and glory, found much in common. The poet born as German Jew and the composer of Polish-French origin were conscious of no wall between them. "Chopin and Heine comprehended each other at a word, a tone, or a glance," writes Liszt, who belonged in their circle and admired both men. Among artists there flourishes a marvelous freemasonry, a generosity that has no truck with animosity. Rather recently an English edition of Franz Liszt's "Life of Chopin" has been published. It is vivid writing even in translation, Liszt had power over words and enduring zest for the dramatic and the beautiful in life. His genius drew its hues from Hungary, a land of color, power, and drama. No man can deny his heritage without peril. Liszt did not deny his, instead, he glorified and expanded it. Because of him, Hungary's music now belongs to all the world. The noble have ever been thus, bringers of light and liberty!

Among liberty-bringers the name of La Fayette rings loud, rings clear. "Liberty was his religion and the passion of his life . . . It cost him his fortune and his freedom, but with an idealism that was counted foolish and naive, he tenaciously adhered throughout his whole life to his liberal principles," writes Brand Whitlock in his superb biography of this fearless befriender of Americans and Poles. In 1832 when cholera was rife in Paris and people were fleeing in panic, La Fayette, no longer a young man, stayed in the city to succor sick refugee Poles. In sickness as in health, in peace as in war, his loyalty held! Only two years later this gallant comrade of Kosciuszko and Pulaski was borne to his last rest by grateful Poles. It was General Dwernicki and his soldiers who carried the coffin into the Church of the Assumption, who accompanied the catafalque along the Rue de la Paix, along the Boulevard Saint-Martin. Many eyes, filmed with tears, saw not a catafalque passing but the Marquis de La Fayette himself,

astride his white horse, rising on his stirrups, lifting his arm, leading the way to a wider life! Beside his wife in the little Cemetery of Picpus they laid him in soil brought from mourning America by the ship "Brandywine." Above his headstone an American flag waves. A flag, a shovelful of soil—these are not small things. They are symbols of loved earth and the soul of a nation. To men without a country symbols become doubly precious, doubly revered.

Glory cloaks some men, floats about them wherever they go. It cloaked La Fayette and it cloaked Joseph Conrad. I never saw La Fayette though my great-grandmother did. But I did see Conrad and hear him speak. He, who voyaged so much and so far, made only one visit to our States. A visit of gratitude to his publisher it was, for Mr. Frank N. Doubleday had long believed in Conrad and financed his first literary efforts. Polish hearts are faithful hearts, and who better than a ship's captain could know the value of fidelity? Fidelity to a sailing ship upon the sea or to a life ship of fate! It was in 1923 that Conrad came, the year before his death. There was no death about him. There was a sense of unquenchable will and splendour. He bore in his blood the character and courage of his country.

A few of us, who knew and admired his books, were gathered by invitation in Mr. Doubleday's study when Conrad walked in with his host. A shorter man than I'd imagined from his pictures, but the leonine head, the broad shoulders, the chiselled features and far-seeing eyes were precisely what I'd hoped. His arm was bandaged with red flannel—a bit of it showed below his cuff. I remember. "He has neuritis," somebody near me murmured. His face showed suffering under its control. A suffering not merely physical, a shadow of something welling up from deep within his soul, a shadow perhaps of the ancient agonies of his race. A man of quality, of that quality described by Arthur Willis Colton, American poet, as "an issue of solitude and introspection, of struggles and joys, of anguishes and adorations, and things incalculable." A man who had lived with dignity, with honor, with reserve, with heroism all his days. It seemed to me a little cruel that we should stand clustered around a being so reticent in spirit as Conrad was and so averse to personal publicity. "I have lived obscure among the wonders and terrors of my time," he had written. Face to face with this master of men and ships, this maker of twenty-two unique books, one knew it to be an obscurity self-chosen. His words on this morning of 1923 were few. They were grave and courteous and edged with flashes of humor. It was a gentleman's speech of appreciation to those who had speeded the products of his pen out into the world.

Conrad's words have faded from my memory but Conrad, son of Poland, stand living and steadfast!

"The future belongs neither to the avenger nor to the apostle, but to him who labours with genius," wrote Brandes, who knew the windmills and roses of Poland and the round, brown rye-stacks like ancient towers. And, because of Conrad, I, whose forebears have been part of America from its beginning and whose veins hold no drop of Polish blood, can be stirred by Juliusz Slowacki's ringing call—a challenge to us all:

"Whoso hath a soul, let him arise! Let him live! For it is a time for strong men to live."

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