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CHRIST THE KING by ADAM STYKA

This picture painted and exhibited in Warsaw in 1943, during the German occupation, made a tremendous impression on the Poles. The Warsaw population saw in the figure of Christ the symbol of the martyrdom of Poland and in the hand of Christ holding a scepter resting on the globe, the symbol of the division of the world into two areas, one Christian and the other Communist totalitarian. The German authorities eventually forbade the exhibition of the painting and the police dispersed the demonstrators.

FOR POLAND: RESURRECTION!

By EUGENE LYONS

THE key word in this Easter season is Resurrection.

In a time riven by violence, in a world disfigured by injustice, that concept symbolizes undying hope. It bespeaks the counterpoint of human history: for every crucifixion a time of resurrection. Only faith in that pattern makes life tolerable in periods when evil seems to have triumphed in mortal affairs.

Much has been written in these pages of the crucifixion of Poland. It would be so much wasted ink and emotion if it did not imply an ultimate resurrection; faith in the revival of the world's sense of justice and decency.

Fortunately there are ample signs that the long paralysis of the will to resist evil is cracking. The 50-year economic and military alliance of Britain, France and the three Benelux countries, signed in Brussels on March 17th, is the most impressive of them. The new mood of the American people in relation to Soviet ruthlessness, as expressed by their President on the same day, is the most significant.

And there are other signs. The decline of the prestige of the Moscow-made World Federation of Trade Unions, and progress in building a democratic world union of labor. The meeting of the anti-Communist Social Democratic parties of western Europe. The growth of General de Gaulle's influence in France as a counterpoise to Stalin's fifth column in that country. A series of defeats for Communist infiltration in Latin America, as evidenced in Chile, Brazil and other countries. The demonstrative meeting of the heads of the three Scandinavian nations, followed by moves for enlarged military appropriations in Sweden and Denmark. In America, bipartisan Congressional support of the European Recovery Plan and vigorous steps toward rearmament, especially in terms of supreme Air Power.

The war-time illusions about "Soviet democracy" and the Kremlin's "peace-loving" nature, illusions which lingered long after the war that gave them birth, have now virtually disappeared. A keen awareness of menace has taken their place. The intense alarm and anger with which the destruction of Czechoslovak sovereignty has been received contrasts sharply with the complacency of a propaganda-drugged world when the Soviet Union conquered Poland. It is a contrast that marks the end of one epoch, the beginning of another.

In his courageous speech before the Friendly Sons of St. Patrick, President Truman listed the victims of Soviet extension of "control over its neighbors," beginning with Latvia and ending with Czechoslovakia. The tragic inventory of course included Poland. This fact is more important than most of his listeners, and for that matter the press and radio commentators, grasped.

What the President did was to bracket the earlier Soviet crimes, in the Baltic sector and Poland, with the latest crimes. For all the differences in technique, he said in effect, they are all in the same class. He thus tore the veil of seeming legality, the semblance of Anglo-American consent, from the crime against Poland.

It took political courage for the President, as inheritor of the Roosevelt regime, to join Poland's name with those of Rumania, Hungary, Czechoslovakia. In the case of Czechoslovakia, for instance, we Americans could pretend that the Kremlin alone was to blame. In Poland's case the connivance of the U.S.A. and Great Britain—the shabby bargain struck at Yalta—made such pretenses impossible. In putting all those nations on the same level, as common victims of the post-war dispensation, Mr. Truman was not merely accusing Russia but—by implication at least—also indicting American foreign policy of recent years.

Whether he did so consciously or not, the President of the United States was renouncing the obscene appeasements of Teheran and Yalta. I believe that American public opinion must be made aware of this. The indirect indictment of an injustice to Poland in which America collaborated must be converted into *a frank and unambiguous repudiation of those disastrous war-time agreements.*

That Washington has sufficient moral grounds for canceling out the immoral compacts of Teheran and Yalta goes without saying. But it has ample legal grounds as well. The failure of one party to a contract to live up to its terms has been held by all courts—and sustained by common sense—as good cause for relieving the other party of its duties under that contract.

The U.S.S.R. has violated both the letter and the spirit of the undertakings to which it agreed in the Three-Power conferences during the war. It has failed, for instance, to permit the "free and unfettered" elections explicitly provided in the agreements. It has outlawed democratic parties and made territorial changes without consent of the other parties to those agreements. Does it make sense for the Kremlin to enjoy the benefits of an international bargain without meeting its clear-cut obligations?

Repudiation of Teheran and Yalta by the American government would at one blow remove the underpinning of legality on which the Soviet capture of Poland and other East European areas rests. It would destroy the phony legalities on which Stalin, like Hitler before him, seems to place some value for propaganda purposes. It would justify summoning the Soviet regime on charges of aggression before the United Nations, as in the Czechoslovak case.

Four years ago, on the eve of a Presidential election, President Roosevelt sought to win the votes of Americans of Polish extraction by concealing from them the truth of what he had conceded to Stalin at Poland's expense. The facts of that maneuver—surely a new low in political immorality—have been documented for history in the books of a Pole and an American, Jan Ciechanowski and Arthur Bliss Lane.

We are now on the eve of another presidential election. It seems to me that the victims of Mr. Roosevelt's shocking maneuver have every right to demand that his successor make amends. This he can do by repudiating publicly the betrayal which his predecessor and running mate of 1944 concealed from Americans of Polish descent.

It is too easy, too comforting, to lay all the blame for the state of affairs in Europe on Soviet Russia. America must summon the moral stamina to acknowledge its share of responsibility, so that it can exercise world leadership with a clean conscience. We can hasten the resurrection of Poland by recognizing frankly, contritely, that we participated in its crucifixion.

STOP RUSSIA?

THE American public hears much talk today about the necessity of "stopping" Russia. That call to "stop" or "check" Russia is based on utterly mistaken conceptions, and if it were accepted by American foreign policy makers we would indeed be launched on a disastrous course.

The Moscow government has made its objective clear. Russia is set for world domination. Its industries and those of its satellites are devoted to war production. Its army of 4,000,000, with an immense reserve, is continually receiving more modern equipment. Its Moscow-fixed frontiers are prepared both for strong defence and sudden and overwhelming aggression. It has an unlimited supply of slave labor. For years it has been carrying on a vicious campaign of hate against the West, inoculating its people with the idea that "capitalist imperialism," American in particular, intends to destroy the Soviet Union.

The Bolshevik plan to bring the West into subjection is already in operation. Drunk with the easy successes thus far achieved—consult a world may and see for yourself the extent of the globe that is Red-ruled—Red infiltration, Red-supported forces move on apace. The advance cannot stop midway to success. Bolshevism must keep on expanding Russian frontiers or face internal problems of its own creation that it cannot solve. And chaos and collapse would be the consequence.

In the second place, it is admitted that Europe cannot exist as Europe and yet be divided into distinct and utterly different parts. It is all Europe or no Europe. Economics settles that question, without benefit of diplomats. Civilization and morality support economics. But if Europe east of the Hamburg-Trieste line is to be left with the Soviet Union, then it will cease to be European and become Asiatic; and what would be left of Europe, no matter how united, would have Asia on its frontier, from which would issue infiltration and continued "indirect aggression." As for the Orient, meditate upon what is happening in China and Korea, where the Red flood daily spreads over new territory.

A temporary halt of Soviet expansion at one of its many points might be achieved, and the wilfully optimistic would hail it as a triumph, as an end of aggression, as evidence of Moscow's peaceful spirit. The facts would be quite other. The wily Stalinists would only be tactically retreating at one of their numerous points of advance in order to further their total plan. Their goal and their strategy would remain unchanged.

What, then, should replace this call to "stop Russia"? The demand that Russia withdraw from all territories it has annexed or over which it has assumed control since September 1, 1939. If within those borders the men of the Kremlin can continue to exercise their tryannous power, that is the business of the Russian people. But morally we are under obligation to the once-free peoples of Eastern Europe, particularly to Poland, who did far more than its share in the war against totalitarian Germany—a war that left us with our independence and sovereignty intact but with hers lost because of our betrayal. Moreover, for the purely selfish reason of saving ourselves from being engulfed by Communism we will find ourselves returning to the position we took when we entered the war—namely, that international banditry must come to an end, that free peoples must be allowed to remain free, and not—just because they are small—considered legitimate prey of predatory neighbors.

Russia "stopped" would remain a menace to the world. Russia returned to its pre-war frontiers might cooperate with the rest of the family of nations in peaceful endeavors.

ROLL BACK THE IRON CURTAIN!

A POLISH VETERAN SPEAKS

By M. K. DZIEWANOWSKI

THERE are many things that a veteran of an Allied Army, who came to settle in this country, would like to say to the American people. As I happen to be one of those fortunate Polish soldiers allowed to come to live in the United States, may I be a spokesman of the veterans of the Polish Forces, who cannot return to their country and have no chance to come over here. May I be permitted to express some of the feelings, and hopes of my comrades, the largest group of Polish citizens who live in a free world.

The fact that the majority of the Polish Forces, over 100,000 people, after almost six years of continuous fighting on land, in the air, and on the seven seas, cannot return to their home country, is, of itself, a cause of deep disappointment and grief. The fact that Poland, the country that was the first to fight against the totalitarian avalanche, is now being turned, against her will, into an instrument of a Communist plan, aiming at the enslavement of the whole world, makes them still more bitter. The fact that most of the promises, made to them as regards to their personal fate, when the fighting was still going on and they were badly needed on the battlefield have not been kept, does not contribute to make them less unhappy and disappointed.

But they do not despair. Despite all these grievances and disillusions there is one thing which prevents them from despairing: their trust in America. In talks or discussions I used to have with my soldier-colleagues before leaving England, one theme constantly came to the fore: "Of course, things look pretty gloomy, Poland is enslaved and is being sovietized together with the whole of Central and Eastern Europe. The Western part of our Continent is being undermined by the Communist forces of destruction. Britain is weakened and her influence is diminishing all over the world. France and Italy are on the verge of revolution. But there is one good thing: out of this war the United States emerged as the strongest power on the globe. The people of the United States will certainly not allow the world to be dominated by the Communists. Sooner or later they will have to act to restore old-world balance. And once they start something, they will do it thoroughly and efficiently, to the end. . . ."

The Polish soldiers' confidence in this country has almost no limits. When listening to hundreds of such opinions expressed by our boys in the United Kingdom and on the Continent, I was reminded of what a friend told me as far back as 1945. He was a soldier of the Polish Underground Army, and took part in the Warsaw Uprising. Afterwards he was sent by the Germans to the Oranienburg Concentration Camp, near Berlin. He escaped, however, and through Slovakia and Hungary eventually got to Italy and then to England. When crossing to Slovakia over the Carpathian Mountains one winter night, he was given shelter by an old shepherd living in an isolated hut. When told about the Warsaw Uprising, how it was overcome by the Germans and how it was let down by the Russians, the old man said: "It is all so very sad and gloomy. But do not despair. There is a great man, over the Ocean. He will come to Europe, as he did once before, and he will restore peace with freedom and justice. He is a great American President. His name is Wilson."

And when my friend tried to explain to him that Wilson died 20 years ago, the old man looked at him suspiciously, and said: "I do not believe it. It must be one of those lies spread by the German propaganda. The great President lives still and he will come to save not only us but the whole of the Christian world."

This simple and naive man with his faith in President Wilson is an embodiment of the confidence that all the nations of Europe have in this country. In its material strength? Yes. But above all in its tremendous potential power standing for freedom and justice.

This hope in your country is perhaps one of the strongest moral factors bolstering up the resistance against Communist domination and infiltration in Europe. That is true of Europe as a whole but especially of Central and Eastern Europe, now under Soviet domination and therefore having no illusions whatsoever about the practical meaning of the godless, materialistic system.

Soviet propaganda accuses the United States of being "imperialistic." As for us Poles, as well as for the overwhelming majority of people behind the iron curtain, we do sincerely hope that you are "imperialistic." Not in the sense of seeking material, territorial and economic gains, but in the sense of imperialism of ideas, of firmly believing in the ideals you profess and being determined to make them prevail over a destructive doctrine. Otherwise there is very little hope of salvation not only for us but for the whole Western Christian world. Our people realize that you are the only nation that stands between Moscow and the achievement of its dreams of world domination. The enslaved nations of Europe regard you as a people having a great historical role, that of waging a crusade for the freedom of nations. They regard it as fulfilment of a mission: "Gesta Dei per Americanos"—"God's deeds through Americans." My countrymen know that this century may be either an American century or a Soviet century. Their choice is made. We trust that you will be strong and wise enough to make the American prevail over the Asiatic way of life.

And the American way of life spells to us not only streamlined motorcars and refrigerators for everybody, not only nylon stockings and movies accessible to the rank and file; it means above all peace with real freedom, freedom of conscience and speech, freedom from fear and want. The peoples of enslaved Europe trust that you will not only be able to achieve the liberation of oppressed nations, but that you will also lend your support to the only practicable way of solving many problems of our part of the Continent: the federal organization of Central and Eastern Europe.

The Truman doctrine and the Marshall plan—they earnestly hope—are but the initial steps leading towards a wider goal. Because no Europe divided into two parts, one enjoying precarious freedom and the other suffering ignominous slavery, can be rehabilitated and turned into a sound economic unit, a reliable ally of this country and a good market for its products.

The Poles and all other Soviet-dominated nations of Central and Eastern Europe hope that your triumph will be achieved before most of the Christian forces of resistance are swept away by the ruthless enemy. "If American influence does not prevail soon enough," a young Pole who recently escaped from Warsaw said to me, "America may find that its natural allies have been turned unwillingly, it is true, entirely into instruments of Moscow. Let us hope that will not happen. It would be tragic . . !"

Let us hope it will not happen . . . It *must* not happen!

Abraham Lincoln said at one of the most decisive moments of your past that no nation can escape history. Providence has entrusted you now at this period of your history with the mission of saving Western Civilization. We pray that you may be able to fulfill that mission.

POLAND: OUTPOST OF WESTERN CULTURE

By WILLIAM HENRY CHAMBERLIN*

POLAND is located in eastern Europe. But it belongs to the West by virtue of religion, culture and tradition. Its place is not behind any Soviet iron curtain. For it has nothing in common with Russian absolutism, whether that absolutism is expressed in the despotism of the Tsars or in Stalin's tyranny. Its ideals are those of the American Revolution, for which two of Poland's sons, Kosciuszko and Pulaski fought, for which the latter laid down his life.

It is Poland's tragedy today that it is represented in international affairs by men who have no right to speak for the Polish people, who are mere agents of the Kremlin. The voice of Oscar Lange and other representatives of the Communist dominated Polish regime in the United Nations is not the voice of Poland. It is just gramophone record of the voice of Stalin.

The formal revival of the Comintern, that international association of Communist parties with its program of stirring up civil and class war and its implacable hatred of America, took place recently on Polish soil. But the majority of the Polish people, deeply patriotic and attached to their religious faith, abhor the very word Communism so intensely that the Communist Party in Poland does not dare to sail under its true colors, but calls itself the Workers' Party. A tragic sequence of events delivered Poland bound hand and foot to totalitarian East. But the hearts of the Polish people are with the freedom-loving West.

Poland's adherence to the Catholic faith tended to make it a cultural as well as a political outpost of western and Latin Europe against Greek Orthodox Russia and Mohammedan Turkey. It is interesting that as far back as the sixteenth century a leading Polish thinker and publicist, Piotr Skarga, pronounced a reasoned judgment against the absolutism which was characteristic of the Russian Tsars and Turkish Sultans of the time. What Skarga said on this subject was good liberal doctrine for much later times:

"Human reason provides the monarch and the king with counsel and laws limiting and defining his power, and helping his judgment, that he may not err, and become a wicked tyrant. We praise not such a monarchy as is found among the Turks, the Tartars and the Muscovites, which has a lawless domination, but such a monarchy as is supported by just laws and wise counsel and has its power reduced and defined by righteous codes."

In this same sixteenth century, one of the most brilliant periods of Polish history, the knowledge of Latin was almost universal among the Polish educated classes. State documents, histories, even private letters were composed in Latin. Poland was consequently familiar with the great prose writers and poets of Rome, and this strengthened its sense of association with Latin and Western civilization.

Polish architecture, as well as Polish thought, reflects strong western influence. One can find in Polish cathedrals and palaces fine examples of the Gothic style in the churches of Cracow and Torun, of baroque architecture in Lwow and Wilno.

Poland more than once acted as a shield for western Europe against the threat of invasion from the East. The most conspicuous Polish feat of arms was the rescue of Vienna from the Turks by the timely action of the Polish warrior, King Jan Sobieski, in 1683. A spirited painting of this battle by a Polish artist hangs in the Vatican Museum.

The Poles sometimes saved others. They could not save their own national independence and the country, after the desperate resistance of Kosciuszko and other patriots, was partitioned between Russia, Austria and Prussia in the latter part of the eighteenth century. But the Poles never stopped fighting for their liberty and their fight was always animated by those ideals of human freedom which are the special characteristic of west European and North American civilization.

Kosciuszko, a friend and correspondent of Jefferson and Lafayette, shared and practised the humanitarian ideals of the American and French revolutions. It was his belief that Poland's national resurrection could only be accomplished on a basis of full liberty and equality before the law. He emancipated the serfs on his estate long before serfdom was generally abolished in eastern Europe.

The limited autonomy which Poland had enjoyed under Alexander I was swept away by the stern autocrat, Nicholas I, after the great national revolt of 1830-1831, when the Polish insurgent armies held the field for a long time against the greatly superior Russian forces. But Poland's cultural and spiritual ties with the West were strengthened after this defeat.

For many thousands of Poles emigrated, not only men who had taken part in the revolt but great poets like Mickiewicz, Krasinski and Slowacki and Poland's immortal musical genius, Frederic Chopin. He perhaps ranks with the astronomer, Copernicus as one of Poland's two greatest contributions to world culture. When Chopin died his fellow-musician, the famous composer Robert Schumann said: "The Soul of music has passed away from the world." And on another occasion Schumann spoke of Chopin's music, suffused with nationalist passion, as "cannon hidden beneath flowers" and suggested that if the Russian Tsar knew what an enemy threatened him, even in the simple medolies of the mazurkas, he would ban this music.

Chopin spoke in the universal language of music. Especially in his stately and brilliant polonaises and in his crashing revolutionary etude even foreigners who know little of Polish history could feel the tragedy of Poland's national suppression and the stormy demand for resurgence and resurrection.

Poles in foreign lands, while remaining true to their national cause, often took part in the struggles for liberation of other peoples and based their faith in Poland's cause on universal ideals of liberty and justice. Pulaski gave his life in the American Revolution. One cannot feel that America's signature of the infamous Yalta Agreement, which bartered away Poland's independence and territorial integrity was worthy return to Pulaski's memory, or to the uncounted Poles of modern times, soldiers, sailors and airmen, who laid down their lives in the common cause. The great poet, Adam Mickiewicz once declared that a man's fatherland is where evil is to be resisted. He put his own principle into practise by taking part in the early Italian struggle for liberty and unity. He died as romantically as his fellow-poet Byron, trying to raise Polish recruits for the struggle against Russia at the time of the Crimean war. The Danish author, George Brandes, speaks of meeting Polish soldiers of fortune who had fought wherever there was a

(*Please turn to page* 14)

*Radio talk sponsored by the Western Massachusetts Branch, Polish American Congress.

ON SOVIET TRAINS

By JOSEPH CZAPSKI*

I DID so much travelling by train during 1941 and 1942 in Soviet Russia that I became well acquainted with the conversation and the "climate" of the three classes of cars, although the labels I, II, and III are of course not used in supposedly classless Russia. Instead, there is "soft, with places reserved," "soft, unreserved," and "hard." It is unnecessary to say that facts learned in the last-named classes were less rose-colored than those acquired in the first-named. If the "hard with places reserved" carried a privileged group, then the "soft with reserved" was for the use of the Soviet "cream." . . .

Travelling between Moscow and Tashkent via Kuibyshev, I was generally thrown with persons of the class that had profited most from the revolution and who regarded the Soviet form of government as their own, something won by their own efforts. Judging from the conversations, the vast majority of this element believed in the infallibility of Stalin, and that outside the U.S.S.R. there is only "wailing and gnashing of teeth." . . . It would be quite wrong to say that the Soviet regime had no support at this time from any part of the population; it had support that comes not only from fear but from blind faith, even from blind love. Despite the deportations, the cruelties, the injustices, many of the wronged continue to believe in the "rightness" of the Soviet revolution.

The difference between the living standard of the Soviet army officer and that of the private, between that of a high official and a hungry peasant on some collective farm, is incomparably greater than that between a banker and a workman in the "rotten" capitalist countries. But the obligatory use of "tovarish" in address, and the general use of the familiar second person singular of the personal pronoun—these forms still play their part in dulling the awareness of the deep social inequalities in the U.S.S.R.

But certain conversations, sudden admissions, showed me that under the surface of the most ardent enthusiasm a man may be concealing great doubt, may fearfully be hiding the fact that one of his near relatives has been sent to forced labor, that another was tortured during the Trotsky trials, or that his father, deported years ago, was a kulak, whose relationship he cannot now admit. Naturally such a man must proclaim his loyalty and official optimism more loudly than others. I met a great many persons among the privileged travellers whose every sentence spoke their blind following of the present government. All were characterized by the absence of a critical faculty and of individual thinking. . . .

On one occasion, in a "hard, reserved" car, the conversation concerned patriotic scenes testifying to the invincible courage of the Soviet soldier. The chief speaker was a gray-haired, honest-faced, grandmotherly sort of woman. She was the most talkative, the most militant, the most devoted-to-the-regime person in the entire car. As the director of a Moscow chocolate factory she had been sent to Lwow in 1939-1940 to nationalize and start anew the Polish chocolate factory there . . . Of Lwow she recalled but one thing—that she lived at the Hotel George (the best in the city) and that Polish ladies came to sell their hats and dresses to her and her companions . . . These Polish women were, in her eyes, frivolous creatures of the bourgeoisie, justly punished by fate. Probably it never occurred to her that the husbands of these same women had either been killed or deported to the far Soviet north, or had worked their way across many frontiers to continue the fight against Hitler, about whom at that time not one unfriendly word could appear in the Soviet press. In that cruel winter . . . those "frivolous ladies," caricatured by the factory director, performed miracles in feeding their families; and in 1940 they were themselves deported to the depths of Asiatic Russia. . . .

At one stop, a poor common soldier in a ragged overcoat and with one arm bandaged pushed his way into our compartment, though he had no right there. This extremely thin and wretched-looking country boy was on a two-weeks leave after discharge from hospital with a scarcely healed wound. Most of my "patriotic" companions began demanding that he be put out. But the decent-appearing director made a speech on the heroism of the men at the front and insisted that he be allowed to remain. So we put him on an upper bunk and shared with him what food we had . . . He took no interest in the "patriotic" talk but went to sleep and slept long. When he woke, we began to ask where he had come from and what he had seen . . . He told how the peasants, ordered by Soviet authorities to leave their homes threatened by the German advance, had refused, and even when forcibly removed had returned with their livestock and their possessions to those homes, then under the Germans. This caused quite a murmur . . . When somebody began to talk about German atrocities, our Vasile suddenly declared: "I don't believe too much in those cruelty stories. I purposely stayed two days in Kalinin after the Germans took it. I was in Soviet uniform, I had my Soviet documents, and nobody harmed me."

Consternation followed that speech. The director of the chocolate factory saved the situation. In sharp words she branded the soldier for what he was, ending in a high-pitched voice with the question: "And so you had to investigate among the Germans to see if the Soviet press was telling the truth? For 20 years (I am not sure that our Vasile was 20 years old) you have been reading the Soviet press and still you haven't learned to believe that it always tells the truth?" . . . What stuck in my memory was the intensity of the *faith* of this woman, who certainly was not without intelligence, was an idealist, a specialist, and probably professionally trained. *Izvestia* and *Pravda* were undoubtedly her Holy Writ.

Leaving Moscow for Kuibyshev late one winter evening, I found every seat in the compartment except mine occupied when I entered, and a lively conversation going on. There was a Ukrainian captain, a Jew from Leningrad, a Russian specialist from the same city, and a silent railway worker in a worn leather jacket. My Polish army uniform proclaimed my identity, and I was received with open suspicion, although at this time the U.S.S.R. and Poland were "allies." Conversation ceased. But after the passage of 24 hours the law which brings into companionship all people thrown together for any length of time had become effective, and genuine politeness, even cordiality began to take the place of the earlier suspicion. . . .

We travelled steadily all the first night. The next morning an orange sun shining through the frost-covered window-panes waked us . . . It was warm in the car, despite the intense cold outside. We traversed great snowy expanses of fields; passed low-lying villages, where half-dismantled churches with their bulbous cupolas and broken crosses rose high above the cottages . . . The car was put in order by the two conductors—Masha and Tania, who were always busy with something or other. They were short, big-bosomed women, unkempt, sticky with dirt and grime, but friendly and energetic, driving away soldier-heroes and ragged civilians burdened with bundles who tried to get into our car, if need be unceremoniously thrusting back even cripples. The whole "unreserved" crowd, pushed off the car steps, remained with its awkward baggage on the station platform or clung periously to the hand rails of the "unreserved" car steps. Inside those cars a veritable gehenna reigned.

In the conductors' tiny room Masha and Tania prepared English tea for us out of my little can . . . The warmth of the car, the inactivity, the hot, tea the *kasha* (porridge) or bread bought at the station, the mutual sharing of food supplies, and the constantly increasing distance from the battle front—all these things made for well-being. I was struck by the "tovarish" equality; all used the familiar second person singular "you" in speaking to the conductors. All from time to time repeated identical patriotic sentiments.

Passengers visited among the compartments and I had a wider field of observation. In one compartment dominoes were played from morning till night. (They take the place of cards, which are forbidden.) The onlookers and advisers were many. In another compartment sat a young man of nervous mien, wearing heavy "American" spectacles. His clean hands showed no trace of physical labor and he was always bent over a thick textbook on geology. Not once in my presence did he open his mouth. His was the typical face of the thoughtful intellectual. The rest of the travellers gave the impression of people . . . submissively believing that above them are leaders who think for them and who are always right, and that their own duty is to obey. . . .

I knew Russia and Russian trains before the revolution and I could see the immense difference there was between this quarter-intelligentsia and old Russia, where in every little street, at every station, in every eating-place or in every railway car you would meet people, intelligentsia or illiterates, who discussed everything, including most recent events. I do not forget the young Tolstoy-peasants I met in the peasant sleighs of the Pskov province; the old woman talking about religion on the streets of Petrograd; the scores of groups and throngs filling the squares of that city during the "white nights" of June 1917, passionately discussing everything imaginable: the right of war and of pacifism, rural reform, the existence of God, how to win the world or to make it happy, what it is right to hold as one's own and what is not right. Where today is that variety of discussion, that exuberance, that courage of thinking through to the end that characterized pre-revolutionary Russia, all Russia, not its intelligentsia alone? . . .

In our car "collective" I became a valued member, for I had Intourist food supplies and treated my companions to white bread and sausage. The first man to break the ice was the young Ukrainian captain—a friendly, open-faced, active fellow. He told me of his village near Kharkov, of how they injected alcohol into growing melons, how it fermented and how good the ripe melons were; of the large peasant family to which he belonged—one brother an engineer, his sisters teachers, and one a doctor. "My mother often says, 'How could I not look upon Stalin as a father, when all my children have got such an education as was not possible when I was young?'"

While it was evident that the captain liked me, I felt that he regarded me as friendly but from a backward people, and therefore one with whom he must be on guard. Such an attitude is not surprising. We Polish prisoners of war in Starobielsk were showered with Russian Communist papers; and Polish, too, wretched Polish, published in Lwow, Vilno, and Kiev especially for use among us. In all these papers the occupation of Eastern Poland was continually compared to the victories of Suvarov (notorious for the great Praga massacre in 1794), and we Polish soldiers were described as cowardly fascist bandits. One story illustrates the character of these publications: A group of Polish officers from the defeated Polish army was moving east when they met a Hucul peasant, out hunting work and very hungry. He asked one of the officers for a piece of bread. In reply, the officer and his companions slit the man's abdomen open and stuffed a loaf of bread inside. . . .

Hundreds of variants of that foul nonsense were printed daily; for the Polish officers had at that time to be made to appear scoundrels and barbarians. And how could careful and naive readers of the Soviet press, as my travelling companions were, not remember such tales? "Perhaps this outwardly polite Pole is also a ripper?" some of them must have thought to themselves. The fact that I was constantly writing, that I had non-Russian books—Polish and French, that at every station I got off and met Poles hastening to reach the Polish army then forming in the U.S.S.R added to their grounds for suspicion. My uniform was enough to make every one of the ragged Poles at the stations turn to me as if to a brother or very dear friend, to ask about the army, where he would find it, and how he could get there.

"What is the meaning of your having so many good acquaintances and close friends at every station?" asked the Leningrad Jew with an air of great surprise. And I was quite unable to convince him that I was seeing these men for the first time in my life, that they were simply—Poles.

The specialist from Leningrad was the man who most interested me. He not only ate his share of the soup prepared for the compartment group but went to the conductors' room and ate the leftover . . . He did no talking . . . only once broke silence to remark on the siege of Leningrad. "No bombs are so terrible as hunger—from November to January was the worst time . . . People dropped from hunger, from cold—on the streets. They couldn't be taken away . . . So they were piled up like logs, one atop the other. Piles at every corner. . . ."

Opposite me sat silent throughout all the first days the little bald-headed man, supposedly a railroad worker, in the worn leather coat. He seemed the most suspicious of all the travellers . . . and it was not until the fourth evening, the last before our arrival in Kuibyshev, that he talked with me . . . We were practically alone. The only other occupant of our section snored on an upper bunk. All the rest were watching a domino game in another compartment.

He was an old party worker, on his way to one of the railroad lines beyond the Urals to carry out a purge . . . He had full powers, granted by Kaganovich himself, whom he had known for many years. He had just come from the front near Moscow . . . not many German

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*Translated from "Wiadomosci," a Polish weekly in London, February 22, 1948. A fragment of a book "Na nieludzkiej ziemi" (In the Inhuman Land) to be published shortly by the Literary Institute in London. Mr. Joseph Czapski is a well known Polish painter and writer.

MOMENTOUS ART OF ADAM STYKA

AT THE height of the terror of the German occupation in Warsaw in 1943 the inhabitants of the city were shocked by a curious fact: the exhibition of a painting. In the show window of a shop on the main street, Nowy Swiat, there was a painting, "Christ the King," by the famous Polish painter, Adam Styka, son of John and brother of Tadé. Adam Styka had previously been known as a painter of typical happy, sun-filled African scenes, so that the contrasting theme of this painting made a tremendous impression. The Warsaw population immediately saw in the figure of Christ the symbol of the martyrdom of Poland; and in the hand of Christ holding a scepter resting on the globe, the symbol of the division of the world into two areas, one Christian and the other Communist totalitarian. Such great crowds gathered before this picture that the German authorities forbade its exhibition and the police dispersed the demonstrators.

This painting "Christ the King" was the turning point in the life of Adam Styka. Born into a family of famous painters, he began to study engineering, but the voice of his true calling won, and he left engineering and completed his studies at the Fine Arts Academy in Paris, later having the advantage of the guidance of his artist father and brother. From the very beginning of his artistic career the young Styka was interested in the problem of light in his French and Italian landscapes. But his true field became apparent at the time he departed for Africa.

For many years Adam Styka has exhibited his paintings in all the largest galleries the world over—paintings of oriental scenes, flooded with the brilliant southern light, and showing his love of sharp heat-filled contrasts.

Pierre Béarn, the well-known French critic thus characterizes the "Sun Period" of Adam Styka's productivity:

"The manner of lighting his painting with almost glaring, contrasting colors, his ability to harmonize the splendor of the colors on his pallete with restraint in their use, have given him a special place of his own in contemporary painting. His blue is as wonderfully clear as crystal, and his rust-reds are astonishingly heat saturated.

"The artist portrays real types in an atmosphere of enchanted light, as if this were the world of a thousand and one nights. One feels a strong emotion in the presence of these African scenes, with their different light effects and radiation and vibration of light and shadow.

"His art lies both in strength and suggestion. Numerous critics have compared him to Fromentin, but 'a Fromentin, who possessed and made his own all the attainments of impressionism' writes d'Artenac. I think, however, that this likeness came about only through the magic influence of the Sahara.

"Truly Adam Styka must love the Sahara with its numerous oases, especially in the season from October to March, when the colors and details of the landscape are so very sharp and vivid. He portrays the legend of the desert when the caravans after their long journey set up their tents on the horizon of the red snow.

"Oases, rivers and people hold no secrets from him. He knows them all, living under the tent the life of the nomads, eating as is their custom 'kuskus' and 'meshui'."

During these years Adam Styka exhibited in Paris at the Gallery La Boétie (1910, 1914), de l'Elysée (1920), Gérard (1919), George Petit (1922, 1925); Alger (1916); London—Arthur Tooth et Sons Gallerie (1928); Buenos Aires — Witcomb (1932, 1938); Brussels — Galerie du Studio (1928, 1933); New York—Levy (1936); Toronto and Montreal—Eaton Gallerie (1937); and several exhibits in Poland in Warsaw.

Fate ordained that in 1939 Styka should arrive in Warsaw, where he lived throughout the war, suffering under the German occupation as well as the tragedy of the Warsaw uprising.

"Christ the King" was the first of a cycle of his religio-mystic paintings. There followed "St. Theresa," "St. Francis," and "Holy Mother Full of Grace." These paintings (except St. Theresa which was burned in the uprising of 1944) are in Polish churches where they are viewed with great veneration.

Not long ago Adam Styka, now in New York where his famous brother Tadé also resides, finished a painting for the Sisters of Nazareth depicting the martyrdom of eleven nuns who were shot by the Germans in Nowogrodek on August 1, 1943.

The Polish journalist, P. P. Yolles, gave his impression of this painting in a New York daily, *Nowy Swiat* on March 15, 1948 from which we cite: "I looked closely at the masterpiece of Adam Styka showing the eleven nuns going to their death escorted by German soldiers . . . Their faces do not show any expression of despair, or fear, or pain. They are faces full of cheer and peace. The majesty of a new life, not death looks out from them. 'No. Their faces show no expression of despair, for there was no despair in their hearts,' explains the painter of the picture, Adam Styka. 'A few days ago several Sisters of Nazareth in America came to the studio to see the painting. They looked at it a very long time, staring at each nun in the picture—Sister Kanazia, Stella,

Adam Styka at work, Oaxaca, Mexico, 1947.

The martyrdom of the Sisters of Nazareth in Nowogrodek (1943) by Adam Styka.

Salome . . . One said: "So happy. In a little while they will be with God in heaven" . . .'

"The background of the paintings shows the dawn submerged in mist . . . a distant wood and fields . . . at the side a country lane and roadside trees and two trucks. Before the open grave eleven nuns saying their last prayers. At a short distance a firing squad of German soldiers, led by an officer smiling with the smile of Satan.

"At first glance the onlooker is shocked, filled with pain . . . but one must look long and penetratingly into each face, at the hands folded in prayer, listen to the deep quiet and the last prayers . . . The salvo of the German firing squad will be the signal of their heavenly ascent . . . The wound of the poor earth will be closed . . . and the blue heavens will open."

This latest masterpiece of Adam Styka gives the answer to the question of his further development. After the tragedy of the war and the unknown fate of his beloved son in Warsaw, Styka has regained the high level of his art. In 1947 he went to Mexico to study painting, where he again found his beloved sun. We do not doubt that in the near future we can look for new masterpieces from him that will add further laurels to the artist family of John, Tadé and Adam Styka.

—SLC

(*Continued from page 7*)

ON SOVIET TRAINS

prisoners. "Most of them are killed on the spot . . . On the territory retaken from the Germans there were still an enormous number of corpses. There had been a freeze and a deep snow. The village children had poured water over the dead Germans, this had frozen quickly, and then the children used the corpses as sleds, sliding down hill on them. . . ."

Unexpectedly the conversation turned to a subject on which the deepest silence is maintained in the U.S.S.R.—the purges of 1935-1947 . . . "I had a friend," began my companion after a brief silence, "a good colleague and good friend. After a few years he was accused . . . There was a trial . . . I went to Moscow, explained, and defended him . . . He served a prison term . . . In 1935 he wrote a book on economics . . . By the time it was published economics had taken another trend—and there was another trial . . . What did I not do to defend him? Once the judge asked how I dared defend a counter-revolutionary. They wanted me to say what was not so, threatened that if I did not there would be consequences . . . But I told them who I was . . . They didn't touch me, but the man I defended . . . they deported. We had worked together since the revolution, and I don't know whether he is alive or dead."

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Ann Su Cardwell's Letter.

No. 180, March 25, 1948 600 WEST 115th STREET, NEW YORK 25, N. Y.

IT IS MOST ENCOURAGING to note the change in attitude of our officials and editors these recent months. For years not one word critical of the Soviet Union could be found in any of the prominent American papers. It went even beyond that. Stalin had to be praised. Now that the truth about Teheran, Yalta, and Potsdam is coming into the open; now that the American public knows, through men competent to discuss the Roosevelt policies and actions, what motivated those policies and actions; and now that the U.S.S.R. has thrown off the mask and proceeds insolently and impudently with its expansion program—Washington is less laudatory of our "gallant ally," and editors are taking out of their files the vocabulary they used when speaking of Stalin and Molotov and their confreres in 1939.

Two items will serve to illustrate. One is the three-volume Congressional subcommittee's report on "The Strategy and Tactics of World Communism." There is plenty of wholesome reading in those volumes for Americans who still feel that they need more information before they can "understand Russia." As a sample of the contents take this: "The Soviet countries represent the main wing of the revolutionary forces, and the Communist parties all over the world represent the subordinate wing . . . The Communists do not believe in the possibility of world peace before the revolution. They do not believe in any solution of the problem of continuous full production before the revolution . . . Least of all do they believe in the possibility of real collaboration between Communist countries and non-Communist countries, except in brief and special circumstances . . . They are ready to make any alliance for temporary advantage and to betray that alliance at the first change in circumstances. They are ready to use all forces and all motives which lead, even for a moment, in the direction of revolution. . ."

The second item, an illustration of change in editorial policy, is a long letter from Maxwell Anderson, who needs no introduction to theatre lovers, in the New York Times. He pleads for a show-down with Russia now, confident that Stalin is not ready for war and would back down, thus preventing another war. His closing paragraph runs thus: "I don't know how to bring on a crisis but there are professional diplomats who might know how if our nation were sufficiently aware and had the will to do it. Unless there is a crisis, unless we do make demands, and insist on them, another great war is certain, and the prospect for continuing freedom or democracy or any free society on earth is little and not long."

That is a welcome change from the years when a book that told the truth even in the mildest way about the Soviet Union couldn't even get a review. But one is led to wonder just how much responsibility for the present "grave situation" lies upon the shoulders of government officials and agencies—and publishers—who deliberately kept the truth from the public, whose servants they were, and so in many instances gave utterly erroneous conceptions of what was going on.

In connection with the Communist coup in Czechoslovakia there was one event taking place in Prague that got little attention from the foreign correspondents. That was the meeting of the preparatory committee of the All-Slav Congress which is to gather in Prague this autumn. Naturally the delegates were very enthusiastic over all that was happening in Czechoslovakia at the time. But their resolutions concerning the All-Slav work should receive attention. One calls for a new All-Slavic hymn, competition open to all loyal Slavs. Another bit of business had to do with work among peoples of Slav ancestry in the various parts of the world, especially work through the Slav language publications in areas outside Eastern Europe. That last phrase was unnecessary, since the press in "Eastern Europe" is controlled by Moscow's puppets. Fortunately for civilization there are few Slavic language papers anywhere outside the Soviet-dominated areas that are open to infiltration.

"All Quiet on the Western Front" can no longer be quoted as fitting the present situation. The scare thrown into the western nations by recent happenings in Czechoslovakia has done more to work toward a united Europe and ultimate peace than years of diplomatic negotiations. One wonders if Moscow had any idea before that coup just how effective it would be in cementing a union against the U.S.S.R. Difficulties will keep cropping up to be sure, but the knowledge of what will happen to a house divided will be a potent factor in the struggle for satisfactory solutions.

The French have been constructive in their suggestions, and often surprisingly generous and commendable for foresight. Take the matter of including the western zones of Germany in the proposed Western Union. If it is desired to keep Germany from again turning to aggression, to keep Germans co-operating with the West instead of going Bolshevik, it certainly should be much easier to have them as members of a federated body to which the West belongs.

Along with that comment I would like to quote from the straightforward attack Gen. Sir Brian Robertson, British commander, made on Soviet conduct in the Allied Control Council session in Berlin on March 9th. His remarks are pertinent in view of the intensive Red campaign to win Germans in the western zones to their Socialist Unity (Communist) party. "The idea," says the General, "that the Socialist Unity party stands alone for the unity of Germany is particularly impudent. The only unity to which the leaders of this stooge party are inviting their fellow countrymen is unity in bondage to a single minority party." The report by the correspondents indicates that Marshal Sokolowsky knew without being told to whom the remarks were addressed.

The Katyn massacre comes up again, this time in the Goebbels diaries. Nobody would ever accuse him of being a friend of the Poles, but on this occasion he does them a real favor. He writes: ". . . Polish mass graves have been found near Smolensk. The Bolsheviks simply shot down and shoveled into mass graves some 10,000 Polish prisoners, among them civilian captives, bishops, intellectuals, artists, etc." This was dated April 9, 1943, and written by a man who was certainly kept informed of what the Germans were doing. If he believed that 10,000 Poles had been murdered and buried in the Katyn forest, then unknowingly he was providing evidence that it was not the Germans who did the killing; for it has

been definitely established that the number buried in those graves does not much exceed 4,000. How and where the many other thousands were disposed of is still undetermined, although threads of the patiently sought evidence—for the Poles have never given up the search —are coming to light, and it is to be hoped that some day responsibility for the almost incredible crime will be placed squarely where it belongs.

The kidnapping of children by the Greek "rebels" and the sending of them to Soviet satellite countries has had publicity of late. Fortunately this astounding movement, for such this Soviet-inspired action must be called, is understood here for what it is—one of the Soviet copies of German tactics for getting control of and rearing the young of other nations in the way Germans would have them go. It is estimated that during the German occupation of Poland approximately 100,000 Polish infants and children were taken from their homes and placed either with German farmers or in German institutions in the Reich. I heard of a number of such cases at the time.

As soon as it was possible, the Polish Red Cross and other organizations began the search for such children but to date not more than 3,000 are reported to have been located. The fact that so many of them were too young to have any knowledge of their name or nationality has naturally greatly hampered the searchers, as the Germans gave them German names and falsified dates. How seriously the Germans treated this process of kidnapping and Germanizing Polish children is evidenced by the fact that they established special departments at each end of the line, in Poland and in Germany, for handling this base business. As for what the Soviet-controlled "rebels" are doing with Greek children, it is just one more method of procedure borrowed from the Nazis.

The quality of consumer goods in Poland is given quite a write-up in the chief press organ of the Polish Workers (Communist) party, "Glos Ludu." Here is the article in part: "A lot of worthless stuff is appearing on our market —things in bad taste, ugly, shoddy . . . After a few weeks wear, shoes fall to pieces. Batteries for pocket flashlights do not fit the cases, the catch won't work, the bulb breaks —we would like to throw the thing in the face of the factory director who puts such trash on the market and triumphantly announces that he has fulfilled the production plan. All the dye in socks is left on one's feet, underwear goes to pieces on one's body, electric light bulbs last just half as long as those made in pre-war days. Quantities of glass jars for preserved fruits break on the factory shelves. And the tale could go on and on. . . ."

The "economic czar" of Poland, the man who is responsible for both quantity and quality of production, is Hilary Minc, said by all Poles coming out of Poland to be one of the Soviets' most trusted stooges. Judging from the position he holds as "Minister of Commerce and Industry," and slated to become a deputy Premier, he can justly be held responsible for such production. But since "Glos Ludu's" complaint is precisely like complaints in the Soviet press of production in that country, we must conclude that Mr. Minc is working "according to plan."

One group of industries in Poland is, however, reported to be building up. That group is producing arms and material useful in war for the U.S.S.R. Integration with the industries of neighboring states is well worked out, so that Hungary, Rumania, Czechoslovakia, Yugoslavia, Bulgaria may all do their share.

Again looking to the Soviet Union for guidance, the puppets have introduced the competitive movement, in Russian parlance Stakhanovite, in Polish factories. At any rate they have attempted to do so. Thus far it has not been successful. The regime has used and is using every means to promote it—the press, mass meetings, speeches by officials and party members—not only in the factories and mines but in offices and on the farms. "Norms" are fixed for every kind of work, production levels set, and then with every form of persuasion and threat workers are urged to surpass the fixed output.

This piece-work system, for that is what it is, is praised by speakers and writers as being greatly to the advantage of the workers, as it enables them to earn far more than they could by accepting a regular wage. By paying so little for the fulfillment of the "norm" that a worker cannot live unless he earns extra, Minc's men can compel greater production while paying even less than a living wage. And the worker has no means of changing the situation. "Before the war," says Rusinek, Secretary General of the Central Trade Union Council (Communist controlled), "we fought piece-work and payment in kind . . . But now that the industry has been nationalized, we ourselves have introduced piece-work. Before the war we fought for the workers' right to strike; now we fight against it." The same old infiltration story.

Another aspect of Polish factory life is given by a writer for "Lud Polski" (Paris). "Political instruction occupies a prominent place in factory life. Meetings, assemblies, lectures—all tiresome. Everybody knows beforehand what will be said. Imperialism of America and hungry workers in France and Britain. Slavery and police abuse in those countries; and as sauce for that, the freedom and generosity of the Soviets along with a few groveling obeisances to Stalin or one of his lackeys. Of course everybody gets out of attending these meetings if he can. So most of them are held during work hours. The doors are closed, and the workers are marched from their places to the hall. . . . After that, return to work.

"They tried to arrange after-hours meetings; locked the doors. The young people got around that by having outsiders set a ladder up at a window, by which they slipped out . . . People have such contempt for this propaganda that even when a lecture on a serious educational subject is announced they suspect that it is merely camouflaged propaganda about a collective paradise. . . ."

The Soviet Union, you may remember, stepped in and kindly promised to supply Poland with the food grain it could not get from us—for most excellent reasons. A little of the amount promised has been delivered. Here is a description of an arrival: "On the occasion of an arrival of anything from the U.S.S.R. there is usually a 'Thanks' ceremony. There are several speeches praising to the high heavens the munificence of our powerful neighbor. But after that the grain is quietly unloaded somewhere else. The reason is simple; most of it is of very inferior quality. It is a mixture of grain, with weed seed and dirt, and has to winnowed and sorted before any of it can be used. This grain gives us a faithful picture of Soviet management and of the lot of a country tied to such bankrupt economy.

"The new agreement made with the Soviets by Cyrankiewicz (a commerial agreement signed not long since) fills everyone with fear. It means an increase of our exports to the U.S.S.R. and larger imports of trash from that country to Poland. Pure exploitation of our country. . . ."

"Poles outside Poland conscious of their duty to the motherland cannot return, for the strategy in the struggle for free Poland demands that they remain outside." Thus write patriotic Poles from the homeland—naturally not through regular channels. From every one of the Soviet-occupied states come similar declarations, only the national name being changed.

PERIVIEW LOOKS AT "NAZI-SOVIET RELATIONS 1939-1941."

WHEN I ordered the Department of State publication of selected documents found in Germany at the time we captured the archives of the German Foreign Office in 1945 I thought I would just give that book of 360 pages the once-over and put it in my political reference library. But I wound up by reading the whole business and marking scores of pages for future use. As few of my readers have either the book or the time to read it, let me, whose business it is to read and write, tell you about some of the interesting things in those not-meant-for-the-public German documents.

These documents have been published by our government, Neal Stanford of "The Christian Science Monitor" opines, and he often opines well, because the American people simply do not understand Russia (whose fault is it?) or the Russian methods of diplomatic negotiation and deceit; and we had better, for we are going to have to do some very rough-and-tumble wrestling with said U.S.S.R. and we had better learn some of their grips, feints, and fouls. And here in these documents we have a record of how Stalin, Molotov, and Co. operate; how they operated with Hitler and Ribbentrop and how these same slick ones now operate with us. Well, it is useful education. Unfortunately, it is not all found on one page or in a few selected paragraphs. But let us see what we can learn from this rich material.

1. The curtain rises and soon Molotov is on the stage. This is page 7. "Herr Molotov had apparently determined to say just so much and not a word more. He is known for this somewhat stubborn manner." So says the German Ambassador in Moscow. The date, May 20, 1939, Molotov has not changed much with the years.

2. The head of the German Foreign Office under Ribbentrop was one Weizsacker. On May 30, 1939 he records "We have now decided to undertake definite negotiations with the Soviet Union." The curtain is now fully up and the act is on. The Russians are repeatedly assuring the Germans that "foreign policy and internal policy need not disturb each other" or "interfere with each other." That is a phrase that will stand a lot of pondering.

3. Now Poland is discussed. This on page 18. "The Reich could take a stronger stand toward France if Poland were kept in check by the Soviet Union, thus relieving our eastern boundary." The thought is expressed; the seed sown; it ripened in August, the time of so many harvests.

4. Just where did the initiative lie in the matter of a political pact between the Nazis and the Bolshies? Does a comment of the German Ambassador in Moscow throw light on this? "Our proposal of conducting only economic negotiations appeared insufficient to him (Molotov)." No, for that was only the first gambit of the Nazis, not their real play. But the Russians also can play politics and the Germans know it. "There is the danger that the Soviet Government will utilize German proposals for pressure on the English and French." These are all wily tricksters, each a little slicker than the other. Two wrestlers, each looking for a good hold. "Distrust is aroused very easily here" (in Moscow, writes the German Ambassador) "and, once aroused, can be removed only with great difficulty." There is hardly a memorandum or report in which this mutual fear and suspicion is not recorded.

5. Here, in a German Foreign Office memorandum, page 21, is inside light on the complete failure of the English and French in Moscow in the summer of 1939, and the reason for their humiliating defeat. "If Germany would declare that she would not attack the Soviet Union or that she would conclude a non-aggression pact with her, the Soviet Union would probably refrain from concluding a treaty with England." But Molotov was not sure of the value of a German non-aggression treaty. The German Ambassador reports "He had to doubt the permanence of such treaties after the experience which Poland had had." (Repudiation by Germany April 28, 1939). "A strong distrust was evident in everything that Molotov said, nevertheless." Yes, nevertheless they went ahead with their plot against Poland, to reach its perfecting Aug. 23, 1939. The above is in a June 29 memo, on page 27. On July 3 Molotov again expresses his doubts of German loyalty, seeing the Polish affair above referred to. The Germans tried to throw the blame on Poland for the repudiation of the treaty by Hitler and Molotov comes back flat-footed "that in his opinion the treaty concluded by Poland with England (Hitler's excuse for repudiation) was a purely defensive instrument." Molotov is a queer combination of lying, craft, and bold, utterly open, and sincere tactlessness. (Page 29).

6. July 27 Molotov is still hesitating, not sure where the best bargain can be obtained, in London or in Berlin. (Pages 35 and 36).

7. But on July 29 the Nazis begin to get definite in their offers. "In any development of the Polish question, either in a peaceful manner as we desire it or in any other way that is forced upon us, we would be prepared to safeguard all Soviet interests and to reach an understanding with the Moscow Government." That was to be said to Molotov if he showed he was lowering his guard a little. We are now, please note, only three and a half weeks from the Aug. 23 treaty. Berlin, on Aug. 3, tells the Ambassador in Moscow to speed things up. How lightly Ribbentrop viewed possible Polish resistance appears in his own words to the Russian representative in Berlin. "In case of provocation on the part of Poland, we would settle matters with Poland in the space of a week." Two points. "Provocation by Poland!" The hypocrite. As to a week, it took five. I was there. 35 days. For perspective, it took only 39 days to wipe up Belgium, Holland, France, and the English troops on the Continent. May 10 to June 17, 1940. I was there also.

8. But even as late as Aug. 4 (page 41) the German Ambassador in Moscow is uncertain as to the outcome of negotiations. 'My over-all impression is that the Soviet Government is determined to sign with England and France if they fulfill all Soviet wishes."

9. This Berlin Foreign Office memo of Aug. 10. "One question was quite ripe, namely Poland." And "Even in the event of a solution by force of arms, German interests in Poland were quite limited." Sure; only half of it. But now comes a sentence which proved to be terribly true. "Support by England, which could never become effective in Eastern Europe." Germany bet on that, and won. In September how we looked for the English airplanes which never appeared!

10. We come to Aug. 14, and have one of Molotov's flat-footed shots, that if a German-Polish war occurred, the fault would be Germany's. But Ribbentrop wants action. The Ambassador is to say to Molotov, "There is no doubt that German-Soviet policy today has come to an historic turning-point. On those decisions will depend whether the two peoples will some day again and without any compelling reason take up arms against each other or whether they pass again into a friendly relationship. It has gone well with both countries previously when they were friends and badly when they

(*Please turn to page* 14)

· OBSERVATIONS ·

By PERIVIEW

WHENCE came this odd idea that by knowing the Russians better we will come to love and trust them more? Does our love for and trust in bandits grow as we increase our knowledge of their characters and plans? Not if the court knows itself. Now here comes a new book by that kindly and confused old-time writer on Russian affairs, Sir Bernard Pares. The book is called "A Wandering Student." Which means, I suppose, that in interpreting Russia he has wandered far from the paths of understanding. Well, a fellow named Pisko in reviewing the book agrees with Pares that by acquiring more knowledge of Russia we will better understand the issues arising between East and West. Which, of course, is true, but not in the sense Pares intends. For years I have begged for an understanding of the true evil nature of the U.S.S.R. and its leaders and component parts, from Molotov to muzhik. And now America is catching on.

Every columnist in the U.S.A. is saying his say about Jan Masaryk so here goes mine. In his life he did nothing to defend democracy in its hour of trial. In his death he made what bowlers call a ten-strike. He swept the boards. He compensated in his death for all he had not done during his life.

Now here is a nosegay for you. It is from Alexander Herzen, the Russian revolutionary of a hundred years ago. He refers to "the licentious barbarism of communism." Even in my best moments I could not have done better.

Americans seldom weigh ideas; most of them see only events, not perceiving that they are the outcome and issue of ideas. Today Russia is opening American eyes with events with a degree of success never accomplished by even their own Russian books and manisfestoes. It is all to the good; but it may take the wiping out of half of New York City by Russian bombs to really alert America to its danger.

The dry hot lava and ash of the Bolshevik and Communist invasion of Europe roll steadily on. I have seen the results of lava and volcanic ash; at Pompeii in Italy and at Kilauea in Hawaii. They are terrifying and devastating. What power this Bolshevism possesses when embodied in the semi-savage immaturity and barbarous primitiveness of the Russian people of the Revolution! It has ceased to be a joke; it is an alarming menace. These Bolsheviks hate Europe; they hate the civilization they see and cannot possess; they hate America; they hate liberty, freedom, and the rights of man; they hate Christianity; they hate all we hold sacred. Let us not realize this too late, but awake to the true nature of this monstrous thing, Revolutionary Russia, led in a vast program of imperialistic expansion by a pack of barbarians. The lava rolls on. It destroys all it approaches.

Recently I have read two books; "Over at Uncle Joe's" by the wife of Brooks Atkinson, and "The Origins of Modern Russia" by Prof. Jan Kucharzewski, one of Poland's truly great modern historians. The fruits and the roots. The depressing things Mrs. Atkinson saw in Russia, so only vaguely understood, so gaily written up, are the natural issue of what Prof. Kucharzewski so learnedly and interestingly sets forth in his new and very distinguished book, deep in its foundations, penetrating in its understanding, calm in its spirit, rich in its scholarship, broad in its scope. If one could read only one book on Russia this would be it. Long somewhat at home in that field, this new study has profoundly impressed me.

One of the sassiest pieces of impudence that we Americans have had handed us in a long time is a paragraph in a speech before the Hungarian Parliament by its leading Communist member. His name does not matter. He is a worm of the moment. Here is his gem: "The Soviet occupancy prevented civil war in Hungary. Thank God, we were not occupied by the Americans or English. In that case we would have had to fight for our freedom, like our comrades in Greece do."

"Peoples' democracy," "constitution," "election," "republic," and such words when used by Russians are merely fig leaves worn by the U.S.S.R. to hide the diseased nakedness of their body politic.

A great illumination is thrown on Russian imperialistic expansion at the expense of other nations by a sentence in Jan Kucharzewski's new book "The Origins of Modern Russia." He observes, "The lower the degree of man's culture the more space he needs for his existence." There we have the whole matter in a blaze of white light.

Not till I had read Kucharzewski's book did I understand the vast swindle of the common people known as the 1861 "emancipation of the serfs of Russia." It is equalled only by the later Russian swindle of today, the fooling of the peasants by the Bolsheviks in 1917-1918 and their subsequent reduction to a second serfdom in the U.S.S.R.

That old nonsense about "light from the East!" We see in Europe today that it is in the East where darkness first sets in. In its westward movement this gloom of night has now engulfed Czechoslovakia, as Communist civilization, one of the lowest forms of criminal life, moves onward toward us. That form of night and darkness can be stopped only by armed force.

What a contrast between the progressing and hopeful Poland of Pilsudski and the ruined, helpless, and hopeless Poland of today's puppets!

One of the greatest difficulties the Poles experience in getting the facts of the situation before the American public arises from the expansionist programs within Poland of two of the largest and most powerful religious bodies in America, the Methodists and Baptists. Each of these groups maintains missions there whose activities are favored by the Moscow-imposed puppet Warsaw government in the hope that this propaganda will weaken the Catholic Church. These activities of the Methodists may represent commendable religious zeal but they are darn poor statesmanship. The Methodists are currying favor with the Warsaw government by representing the situation there as "religious liberty." In secular parlance we call such Americans suckers. They are cooperating with the Bolsheviks in the ultimate destruction of ALL religion, the Protestant included. As I am neither a Pole nor a Catholic I see this business with clearer eyes than those of the parties involved and without the blinders of a religious sect. It is high time this matter be spoken of frankly.

Darkness settles over Poland. The plans and procedures of the puppet Ministry of General Ignorance is increasingly depriving universities, high schools, elementary schools, and all educational and cultural organizations of their value as education and making them more and more the agents of ignorance and Communism.

F. B. Lockhart, keen political writer for "The 19th Century and After" of London says in a recent issue of that magazine: "Today it would be difficult to deny that when we handed over Poland to Russia, we handed over the key to the domination of the Continent."

How are we going to get it back?

Russia continues its magnificent progress—downward. Is there no bottom to this baseness? What utter moral disintegration the Russian lust for power is working in the Russian character, in which everything else gives way before greed, envy, violence, licentiousness, hypocrisy, and covetousness!

Stalin is a monomaniac, consumed by a single idea, power. And it will indeed consume him. For the powers exterior to him and his control vastly exceed those of which he is master. One of these is "the augmenting pressure of civilized opinion," or as Jefferson wrote it, "the opinion of mankind," which can muster all other powers in its service.

POLAND: OUTPOST OF WESTERN CULTURE

(*Continued from page 5*)

blow to be struck for freedom or against Russia.

Poland's ties with France became especially strong during this time when the national culture flourished in exile. America and Britain also became acquainted with the Polish struggle for liberty through Poles who emigrated to those countries. The western orientation of Poland's culture became more and more pronounced.

Liberation and the fulfillment of the ideal of a free and independent Polish republic came at the end of the First World War. Disaster, subjugation and a more brutal partition between Russia and Germany marked the beginning of the second great world conflict of our time.

Britain and France entered the Second World War ostensibly to defend Poland's freedom and territorial integrity. Both these objectives were supinely and callously sacrificed on the altar of appeasement and power politics at Yalta. For Poland the late war has been a defeat in victory. Its historic boundaries have been shifted in the crudest and most arbitrary fashion. Power is in the hands of men whose loyalty is to the Kremlin, not to the people of Poland.

Just as after 1830 but on a much larger scale, there is an uprooting and migration of Poles who will not live in their country until it becomes truly free. If there were tens of thousands of such refugees a hundred years ago there are hundreds of thousands now.

There have been times in the past when the partition and subjugation of Poland seemed a permanent accomplished fact, backed as it was by the military might of the Russian, German and Austrian empires. But what must have seemed to many devout Poles a miracle occurred in 1918. A free Poland was reborn. This memory should afford hope and confidence in the dark days of the present, when Stalin's agents are able to rule Poland temporarily by the familiar Communist technique of mingled terrorism and propaganda. It is not easy to pierce behind the iron curtain to the true thoughts and feelings of the Polish people. But I believe there is eternal truth in the words of the famous patriot Mochnacki:

"When the foreigner's government is gentle, the Poles rise up because they can; when it is severe they rise up because they must. Nothing will accommodate them to the ruin of their fatherland, and moderation no more than cruelty. . ."

Poland's suffering and struggles have often brought expressions of eloquent sympathy from foreigners. One of the truest and most eloquent of these statements was voiced during the war by the British publicist, F. A. Voigt, who, with a foresight rare at that time, fought against the handing of Poland and Yugoslavia to Stalin on a silver platter:

"The questions are not: Shall Poland's eastern border be shifted westward. Shall she lose her eastern territories or, losing them acquire western territories at the expense of Germany? The question is: Shall Poland exist?

"Beyond this there is another question. Shall Europe exist, the Europe we have known and hope to know again, the Europe for which the war is being fought, the Europe which alone gives the war any meaning, the Europe that is neither anarchy nor servitude, the Europe that is a balanced and integrated whole, the Europe that is so much more than a geographical expression, Europe the stronghold of the Greco-Roman and Christian heritage? That is the question."

That is the kind of Europe America is dedicated to help create under the Truman Doctrine and the Marshall Plan. In that kind of Europe there will be an honored place for a free Poland, always the outpost of western culture and civilization in eastern Europe.

PERIVIEW LOOKS AT "NAZI-SOVIET RELATIONS 1939-1941"

(*Continued from page 12*)

were enemies." On Aug. 16 they got right down to business, and Molotov says Russia wants a non-aggression pact with Germany. There follows a long conversation in Moscow on Aug. 17. A report to Berlin and further instructions from Ribbentrop for a conversation on Aug. 19, ending "you must keep in mind the decisive fact that an early outbreak of open German-Polish conflict is possible and that we therefore have the greatest interest in having my visit to Moscow take place immediately." (Page 63).

11. On Aug. 18 Molotov offers a draft of a non-aggression treaty, Ribbentrop hastens to Moscow, and Aug. 23, 1939, after a three-hour conference with Stalin and Molotov, ending at 8 p. m., they are all in agreement. Hitler is consulted by wire. He answers, "Yes. Agreed." And late in the night of Aug. 23-24 the treaty was signed by Ribbentrop and Molotov.

12. Sept. 1 Germany attacked Poland. Sept. 17, Russia moved in to share the swag. It is all very real to me for I was there on the Polish-Russian border at the time. The treaty is on pages 76-78.

ON SOVIET TRAINS

(*Continued from page 9*)

He sat hunched up and motionless, from time to time mechanically rolling a cigarette, and spoke always in an unemotional tone. He regarded himself as secure, probably because of his long acquaintance with Kaganovich. I could not perceive that he looked upon the purges from any moral point of view whatever, his position apparently being that every enemy of the revolution must of course be put out of the way.

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THE NORTHERN EUROPEAN SCENE

READERS of comment in these pages on what has been happening in Finland cannot have been surprised by the recent Soviet demands upon that hard-pressed little country. The voices heard in America in Finland's behalf have been raised too late. There has been too little in the American press concerning the hold Moscow has been slowly but inexorably fastening upon her little neighbor. Swedish correspondents have reported intensive fortification work along the western Finnish border, ostensibly for the benefit of the Finns, actually for the use of the Soviet Union. They have reported the flood of Russian visitors, and the excessive interest of those visitors in various buildings. They have told of the formation of associations of riflemen that in case of need could immediately serve as a Communist army. Finland is at Stalin's mercy—and we know the quality of that mercy. All America can do is protest; unless it is ready to back up words with action.

After Finland? That question is already much discussed. Italy, most observers say. But since we are speaking of northern Europe we leave that harassed land out of the discussion for the time being, and say that in the north it is Norway that will most likely be called upon to answer "Next." Sweden of course is greatly alarmed; and justly so. But in some respects Sweden is comparable to Czechoslovakia. It has a tremendous industrial capacity, skilled labor and trained technical workers. The Soviet Union intends to get control of all this splendid industrial development and use it for its own ends. It will, as in the case of Czechoslovakia, seek to preserve Swedish industry, and later take it over. Going around Sweden and making Norway a satellite would hem the Swedes in, and leave them practically behind the iron curtain.

The Norwegians report that Soviet officials in that country have been buying up maps of every description if they have to do with Norway. Particular interest is manifested in maps of the coast and of the Norweigian-Swedish border. The supposition is advanced that such maps—more than 500 bought from one map dealer alone, who became alarmed and informed Norwegian authorities—were sent to Russia for use in military schools where studies of invasion of Norway are being carried on. The Soviets have their friends among the Norwegians—Trygve Lie, secretary general of the United Nations having always shown his willingness to befriend them and serve them—but fortunately the patriots outnumber the element that would show traitors' colors. If the Norwegians refused to join the Stalin family they would stand a good chance of winning support outside Norway and then we would have to give the "cold war" another name.

If you wish to know how the Soviets like their polling places to be arranged, here is a description of a broadcast over the Riga radio called "Instructions for the Arrangement of Agit-Points (Polling Places): "In the middle of the room there must be a table which should be covered with a cloth or rug. Chairs should be arranged around the table. Against the wall behind the table a bust of Stalin must be set up and decorated with flowers or branches of fir or pine. Pictures of the candidates and slogans are to be hung on the other walls. On the table there must be copies of the electoral law both in Latvian and Russian.

"The other room of the Agit-Point must be decorated with placards and green branches. Over the door there must be an 'Exit' sign, and over the entrance from the street a sign with the word 'Agit-Point,' in white letters on a red ground, and a portrait of Stalin draped with red flags must be hung over it. At night this must be well lighted. A photo of Stalin must be hung near the ballot box and flowers placed under it. The flowers and branches must always be fresh and are to be changed often . . . The comrades selected for duty at the Agit-Points must be able to read and write. They are to be instructed at least once a week."

A Lithuanian who recently left his homeland has given much interesting information about what is happening there. In common with all others who arrive from Soviet-ruled Lithuania he has much to say about the guerrillas, remarking that when it was learned that he was leaving the country, 100 or so of them came to bid him goodbye and give him messages for friends and relatives outside. Certainly the Soviets have discovered that they picked a prickly pear when they "liberated" their Lithuanian neighbors.

At the present moment perhaps the most interesting part of this refugee's report concerns Russian propaganda among the Lithuanians. Despite the fact that the Baltic States have from the beginning of their occupation been over-run with visitors from the U.S.S.R. buying foodstuffs, especially bread, the propagandists picture Russia as a paradise of plenty. America, on the other hand, is a starving land, in fetters to capitalism. The person giving this information was himself told by an NKVD official: "You have undoubtedly heard that Truman asked for Stalin's assistance for starving America." And he told how "thousands of Lithuanians, attracted by the 'immense prosperity' of the Soviet Union, crowded into the trains in their hurry to get to the interior of Russia. Thus the Soviets explain the mass deportations of 1940-1941."

Perhaps Truman's request of Stalin will be used to explain to the people of the Soviet Union the necessity of their standing in bread lines, 23 persons abreast and blocks long, not many weeks ago. Kind-hearted Stalin had to send Russian bread to feed "starving America."

This same official assured our informant that "after the accomplishment of the present Stalinist five-year plan, 'all heavy labor will be done by machines, and the people will enjoy unheard of prosperity.' Lithuanians only smile at such tales, for they know that it will take the Soviets years to re-establish even a fraction of the standard of living enjoyed by the Lithuanians during the period of their country's independence. The sad thing is that Russian Bolsheviks of the younger generation who have never been abroad are deeply convinced that this shameless Soviet propaganda represents the absolute truth."

EASTER GREETINGS

These greetings repeated each year at the time of the Resurrection of Our Lord give expression to our joy in the victory of truth, justice and love of neighbor over falsehood, lawlessness and hatred.

Oh, that these ideas which are the symbols of the Easter Holiday might most speedily be received by the entire world ensuring us enduring peace based on justice. To Polonia in America and to those of our blood scattered over the entire world.

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