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ALL FOR FREEDOM

THE WARSAW *EPIC*

Edited by
Umadevi
(*Wanda Dynowska*)

THE INDO-POLISH LIBRARY
1946

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TO THE MEMORY

OF MY MOTHER AND MY LITTLE » DAUGHTER" ALA

WHO BOTH PERISHED

UNDER THE RUINS OF WARSAW

***AND** TO ALL THE WOMEN AND GIRLS*

WHO FOUGHT

FOR THE FREEDOM OF P0L4ND

***AND** OF THE WORLD*

GANDHIJI'S MESSAGE

WARSAW'S GRIEF IS POLAND'S AND POLAND'S IS ALL AFFLICTED WORLD'S,

The above message for fighting Warsaw was given to the Editor on September IO, 1944, as well as the following letter :

Dear Uma,

All I can say about the affliction through which Poland is passing is that no small nation of Europe is to expect any real help from the Allied Powers, in spite of their professions to the contrary. You know I proposed a solution. It was summarily rejected. Let us rely on God the rock of ages.

With love
yours
Bapu

Ji—at the end **of names is used in India as a sign of reverence. Bapu means Father.**

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* Almost all Chapters of Part 1 and 2 were published in the "Polish Weekly" in America. Chapters 3 and 4 of Part 3 excerpt from M. Brzsaka's book "Through Woman's eyes."

INTRODUCTION

WHY are we publishing this volume-"All for freedom"-on Warsaw's epic fight, after one long * * year, when so many things have happened, so many changes have taken place. The reader may wonder if it is not a too distant, almost out of date story.

To our mind it is not so. The eternal urge of the human spirit for Freedom, of a nation for liberty, is never beyond the dictates of time. And the indomitable will of a people to conquer its freedom at any price cannot be a matter of indifference to any one in whose heart the same sacred flame burns, to any one who is striving for the same goal. Greatness is the common property of all who are able to appreciate it. And, as E. A. Mowrer said : " the defence of Warsaw represents a pure triumph of the human Spirit, than which there is nothing higher on earth",

There is another point which makes Warsaw's fight a poignant actuality, of universal interest. The cynical a-morality which brought about Warsaw's defeat is now threatening to engulf the whole civilisation of mankind, it is a paramount danger to us all. Hitler, physically defeated, is morally triumphant. For Hitler was not only an evil man, Hitler was a definite power of destruction, bringing calamity, spreading barbarity and degradation. This influence of barbarity is now obviously stronger than it was in 1939 or 1940.

The tragic struggle for Warsaw of 1944, is not a thing of the past, to be forgotten, as is the case with the battle for Paris, or other countries, who see that their task, now, that the war is over, lies in reconstruction and " peaceful" work for the well-being of their lands. The war is *not yet* over. But for them the struggle for existence, the fight for freedom, are in fact things of the past.

Not so with Poland.

The fight which was fearlessly led by the nation for five and a half years, reaching its climax in the amazing battle for Warsaw, the struggle for free existence, the striving to regain sovereignty and independence of the State, is just as burning and real a problem now for the Poles, as it was when the Germans were masters of Europe.

Today Poland is being incorporated into the Russian Empire as ruthlessly and brazenly as she was annexed by the Nazi Reich. Names have changed, but the facts are the same. German "lebensraum" is now called "sphere of influence". The Eastern part of Poland is depopulated of all the Poles—by deportations—with the Russian language, political and social system and mode of life, imposed by force on the rest of the population-just as was the case with the western part of Poland by the Nazis.

The "General Government" administered by German officials was yet called "Poland", and now it is called "free Poland", but the place of Frank and his accomplices-officials of Berlin—is now taken by Bierut and his co-workers—agents of Moscow. Gestapo's place is taken by the N. K. V. D. Methods do not differ much. Even the same concentration camps are full of..... the same kind of Poles.

Hitler has been defeated, but the essence of his philosophy—now called "power politics," is reigning in Europe. H. Rauschnig in his book on Hitlerism—written in 1939—called the principle of force, accepted by it as the only decisive factor in international affairs—moral nihilism. The world is as much menaced by the overwhelming power of this "moral nihilism" today, in 1945, as it was in 1939, before the outbreak of the war. Poland was the first to fall a victim of it in 1939, she is also its first victim in 1945.

Poland is being incorporated into the Red totalitarian Empire more thoroughly than the Germans were able to do it. The whole economic, social and political systems are being hur-

riedly "reorganised" on the Soviet model; the whole land is being changed into a Russian province, into an extension of the Russian western frontiers. There is no political or social life save that which is sanctioned or imposed by the conquerors. For, Poland is treated literally as a defeated and subjugated enemy country, in the process of virtual annexation and imposition of vassalship. With no rights, no possibility of protest, no free life of its own, not even a shadow of elementary civil liberties, with no freedom, for which nine million Poles died, for the attainment of which Warsaw perished, for the sake of which hundreds of thousands of Poles abroad sacrificed all they had, and are now compelled to choose a homeless exile—in spite of their acute homesickness,—the misery of wandering from one "hospitable" land to another; for a return to their country would mean not only the acceptance of slavery, but a very definite danger of prison, persecution or.....the gallows. These apprehensions are based on facts not fancies. "Invitations" broadcast from Poland by different agents do not change these facts.

The martyrdom of the Polish nation is not yet over. Thus the struggle of Warsaw has not yet ended, it is even now a living reality.

As Warsaw fell a victim of "moral nihilism," so is Poland now falling. But the struggle is not over. Weapons have had to be changed, but the fight lasts and will continue.

The Warsaw battle was proud, heroic and fought utterly alone; led amidst much indifference or even defection of "friends"; slander and infamous verbal—in addition to armed—attacks of enemies. The whole of Poland is now exposed to the same venom, [Poles in exile are attacked in the same way] by those who see their interest in vilifying her name, in lowering her in the eyes of the other nations. After having robbed her of her lands, her honour is now attacked with perfidious perversity. [the deeds of Moscow agents functioning on Poland's soil, because of Allied permission, are shamelessly attributed to the Poles, etc.]

Warsaw even in her military defeat did not submit, her morale did not falter, her faith in Freedom as the birth-right of every nation, has not weakened. The same ideals sustain now the -Polish nation. Those outside Poland, who are scattered all over the world, and those who sacrificed their lives on all fronts of the war for the freedom of other lands, as well as their own.

They will fight on, against all odds, in the name of those ideals without which life is not worth living. Those ideals which were inscribed on the banners of the Allied nations in the first years of war—Atlantic Charter, Four Freedoms—and are now forgotten and ousted by "power politics", by illusory momentary material gains, or by cowardice.

The battle of Warsaw is a supreme expression of the spirit of Poland—of the spirit of Man. It is a shining beacon for the Poles in their darkest hour of their loss of Independence, which protects them from the possibility of loss of faith in all morality. They will not submit. The struggle is still going on, and will go on, for the same ideals for which Warsaw fought, for they are cherished more then life itself by the Poles, Their faith is unflinching, their hope unextinguished.

August-September 1945

Editor

1

Sixteenth Century Warsaw *an old Engraring*

OSKAR HALECKI

SIX CENTURIES OF WARSAW'S HISTORY

WARSAW'S past can be traced back much further than 1339. But it so happened that exactly six hundred years before the tragedy of 1939, Warsaw appeared for the first time on a memorable page of Polish history. And the issues which were discussed in Warsaw, in September 1339, were exactly the same which six centuries later inspired the heroic defenders of Poland's capital.

The Polish city of Dantzig had been conquered by the Teutonic Knights, in 1308, after a massacre of its population. Pomozhe, Poland's maritime province, had proved impossible to defend, since the German conquest of East Prussia in the thirteenth century had made it a "corridor" between Brandenburg and the new German colony. After having been cut off from her Baltic coast, and after more than twenty years of vain protests and armed resistance, Poland had been invaded by the Teutonic Order and cruelly devastated. Bohemian and Hungarian mediation having failed to settle the problem it finally was brought in 1339 before an ecclesiastical court: French judges appointed by the Pope came to Warsaw, and during seven months carefully listened to the statements of 126 representative of all Polish provinces and all classes of Polish society, who proved that the lost territory was Polish from time immemorial, and described the atrocities of the invaders.

It was in vain that the court decided in favour of Poland; the award published in Warsaw was entirely disregarded by the German side, and it was after one hundred years that the wrong

done to Poland was repaired, **only** to **be repeated at the end of eighteenth century* in the time** of the partitions and again in our days. During these centuries to come Warsaw* which in 1339 was a small town, was steadily growing, eventually to become the capital of Poland* old and new, and one of the largest cities of Europe. The six centuries of that development can be divided into two parts: a little more than three hundred years of tragic vicissitudes, including a succession of gallant fights and untold sufferings, and a period of glory and power.

For almost two centuries Warsaw was happy, because it practically had no history, at least in the military and political sense. Since 1526 Warsaw entered an epoch of more than a century, where the happiness of the city resulted from the real greatness of its historical role.

On several occasions the Polish Diet—the Seym—met in Warsaw, where it was easier for the Lithuanian Diet to be represented by .official delegates. And when it was agreed in 1569 that Poland and Lithuania strengthening the ties of their federal union, would henceforth have one common Diet and elect together their common ruler, it was decided that in the future the Parliament would regularly meet in Warsaw and the elections of the King will take place in Wola, one of Warsaw's suburbs.

The first of these Parliaments of the Commonwealth, in 1570, was followed as soon as 1573, by the first royal election at the gates of Warsaw, and it was during the preliminary discussions of that year that a parliamentary body, known under the name of "Confederation of Warsaw" had issued a document confirming the guarantee of peace and liberty to all religious denominations. [these were oparating since the 13th century.] It made the city where it was signed, rightly famous in the world history of freedom of worship. The decisions of 1590 were only a first step towards the recognition of Warsaw as the capital of the Royal Republic, which followed soon. Her happiness remained undisturbed during King Sigismund and his successor-Wladyslaw IV reign. Never had Warsaw been more flourishing, adorned by new buildings and famous all over Europe as centre of calture, learning and prosperity, capital of a country whose boundaries had never been larger—than in the first half of the 17th century. A Tsar of Russia was brought to Warsaw as prisoner, and the first Hohenzollern, who, as Duke of East Prussia had paid homage to the King of Poland one hundred years before, in the old capital Cracow,—did it now in the new one.

The tide was however turning and Warsaw, after having shared with the whole country its days of greatness and glory, entered with her, in 1648, into a long period of calamities. The foreign invasions, called *"Deluge"*, soon made the very center of Poland, for the first time a battle-ground. In September 1655 Warsaw was occupied by the Swedes and a great battle had to be fought near the city, not only against the Swedes, but also against the Prussian vassal of Poland who had betrayed her.

The glory of King Sobyeski, who had his favourite residence in the castle of Wilanow, next to Warsaw, did not last long, and fifty years after the first Swedish invasion, a second one led to another battle of Warsaw in 1704. After the decline of the country and of its capital under Saxon Kings, who prefered to stay in Dresden, the reign of Stanislaw August Ponyatowski, Poland's last King, who was crowned in 1764, in the Cathedral of Warsaw, seemed to favour the city. He made it the center of a splendid cultural revival, of which the Lazyenki palace was to be a lasting testimony, and the scene of a promising reform movement. Warsaw's greatest days were believed to return when Poland's Great Parliament was in session there for four years, and when the broad and democratic Constitution of May 3rd, 1791, was adopted amidst the enthusiasm of the population, and sworn in St, John's Cathedral.

Unfortunately the anti-climax came the next year, when Russia, whose ambassadors had already tried to terrorise Warsaw, occupied the city, after a short campaign which crushed the defenders of the new Constitution.

St John's Cathedral

ROMAN SOLTYNSKI.

WARSAW'S HISTORY IN HER ARCHITECTURE

EUROPE has preserved many old and picturesque towns. Some of her capitals are larger, more wealthy and imposing than Warsaw.

Yet one can hardly find an example of a town in which architecture gave a more distinct and vivid picture of a nation's life throughout the centuries. Warsaw, like Paland, had its days of glory, has suffered together with the nation and has been hard at work during the last twenty years, to recover and achieve a high standard of culture and civilization. Old and new buildings stood sometimes together with distinction and without mockery, recalling the ancient prosperity and displaying the spirit of our newly regained Independence.

The history of Warsaw began in the 13th century; it became a commercial centre, when Poland regained her access to the Baltic in the 16th century, and in 1596, the capital was moved from Cracow to Warsaw for, she was situated nearer to the sea.

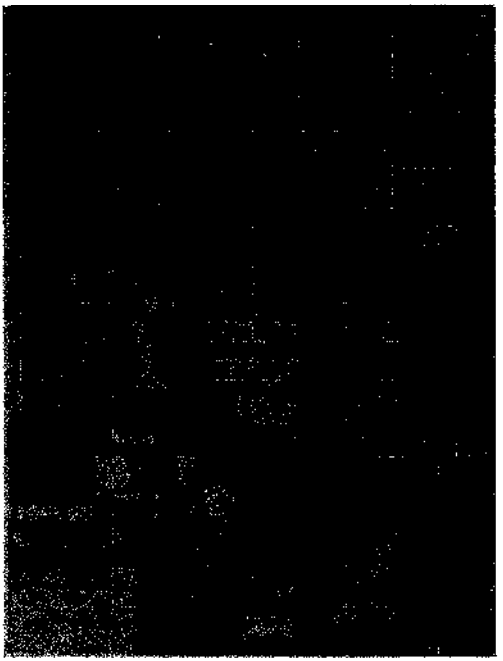
By that time the period of a flourishing Polish Renaissance was over. Few of the original Gothic houses of the Old Town escaped intact from the fire in 1607. They were later rebuilt and enriched with porticos, crowned parapets and decorations in bas-relief. In spite of later alterations the mediaval character was preserved in the square form of the market place, in the maze of narrow, closely built streets and steep lanes leading to the river. Old houses supported by bultresses and linked by suspended passages dreamed in the shadows there.

After the complete reconstruction of the Royal Castle in 1623, splendid residences of important and rich noblemen arose on the outskirts of the medieval city. They were built on the edge of the escarpment, along a road which later became the main thoroughfare of the capital. The early palaces built in the 17th century, surrounded by gardens, preserved, with their wide and long wings, the spaciousness and grace of the country mansions. The later ones of the 18th century were higher, more urbanised and their exaggerated Roccoco decorations and elaborately wrought iron gates, stressed the position and wealth of their mighty owners.

Along the main road, called the Suburb of Cracow, stood some of the most noble examples of Baroque ecclesiastical architecture, which was introduced to Poland from Rome during the strong Catholic movement in the 17th century; Warsaw acquired rather later forms of this style. The interiors were full of the figures of saints who seemed to be animated by real and strong emotions. No other western style was the better suited to the Polish artistic and creative talent. Baroque gave full expression to the exuberant, vigorous temperament of our ancestors and to certain feelings of unrest which characterized the period.

At the end of the main thoroughfare, two miles from the Royal Castle, lies the Lazyenki Palace, summer residence of King Stanislaw August. Built in 1773 it was beautifully balanced, and light and perfect in details. It was built on an island in the lake and surrounded by a lovely park. It was the equal of the most famous of the French and Italian palaces. The King, who studied at Oxford, had an important influence on the work of his architects and artists, and encourged them to create the independent and restrained style called by his name. He proved that the quality of a building does not depend on its size, a principle which had been adhered to by our modern school. The King was also interested in town planning. His excellent schemes were only partially realized when the Partitions of Poland arrested the proper development of Warsaw.

About 1820 were constructed the two most impressive buildings, the Opera House and the Ministry of Finance, in classical style modelled on the architecture of Napoleon's Empire.



The Lnzycnki Palace

In the 19th century, when Warsaw was under Russian rule the rapíd progress of industry increased all urban populations in Europe. The people were housed in closely built, badly ventilated and inadequately lit slums. Building space was obtained by cutting down the outlying forests and filling in the vacant yards between the mansions. Railway lines, goods yards and factories were located among the houses. Heaps of cinders, dumps of ash and refuse grew up in the outskirts, and children played on tram lines Technical problems dominated architecture. Cheap imitations of the styles of the past were regarded as a short cut to beauty.

The Polish capital suffered from many of these universal evils. It had, moreover its own troubles, due to the wilful neglect of foreign administration. The Russians regarded Warsaw, situated at the boundaries of their Empire, as a second class town. In spite of millions paid by the inhabitants in taxes, the streets were badly paved, the few schools and hospitals built during this period of Russian occupation were both inadequate and insanitary. Fortifications and military training grounds hampered the natural develepment of the town, while its appearance was spoilt by the constructions of hideous barracks and administrative buildings in a style alien to our architecture.

It was not until 1921, that the work of reconstruction began, after the end of the Polish-Soviet War. The Warsaw municipality was faced with three urgent problems: the modernizing of exting streets and improvement of communication; planning of new residential districts, and the construction of adequate buildings for the health, education and wellare of the people. Besides the various State departments, offices and national institutions lacked proper accomodation. New buildings of Warsaw met all the needs of a modern State, from laboratories and research institutions to transcontinental telephone exchanges. They were numerous, for Poland

Royal Palace—Wilanow

wanted to make up for the time during the occupation and to equal the more fortunate and wealthier capitals of the west. These buildings were designed in a fairly uniform and moderate contemporary style, and helped to eliminate the marks of alien occupation.

Houses built like austere boxes, with large horizontal holes have never been popular in Warsaw. The bare surfaces of the walls frustrated our innate passion for decoration, and the clumsy forms offended the instinct for proportion. Soon it was realized that a sound conception, and logical, efficient plan would help to find a balanced and harmonious outward appearance.

Frame construction with its equal distance between pillars, offered new opportunity in the treatment of walls. Interesting methods of shaping and arranging stone for panneling purposes were evolved. Sculpture and painting began to play an important part in the decoration of interiors and some of the mural paintings and handwoven tapestries are among the finest of their kind, in Europe.

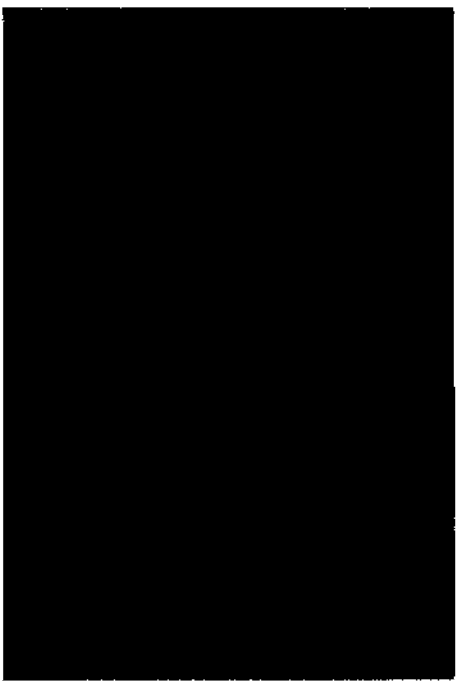
The housing problem was a difficult one, as new buildings on a large scale had to be equipped and people, after years of war and monetary inflation, had not sufficient money to build a house of their own, They had to be assisted by means of public funds. The Warsaw Housing Co-operative, with its creches, kindergartens, playing grounds, communal meeting and reading rooms, as well as shops and laundries run as a common property, formed a self-contained little world of equal friendly people, eager to help each other with their problems, sharing their joys like good neighbours. It was among one of those three storey blocks of flats of the Society for Worker's Housing, that the first German bombs in Warsaw burst in September 1, 1939.

• The new Warsaw dwelling houses widely spaced and full of sunlight and air, looked **most atractive, when framed in foliage. In** new districts even before any houses were built,

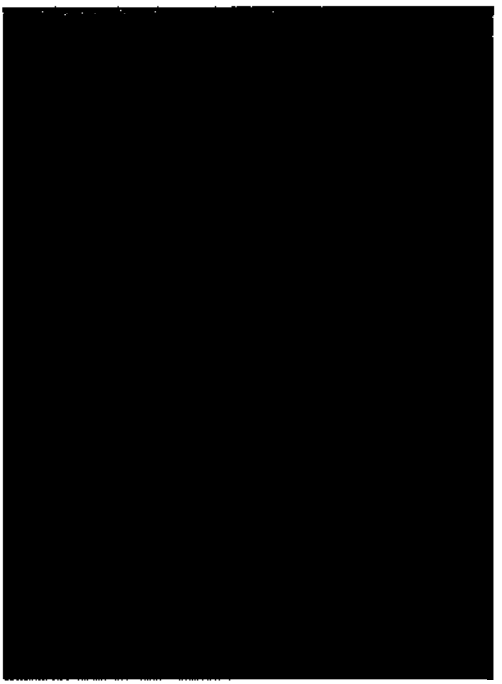
young trees were planted, the old being carefully preserved. Lawns with flower-beds were a feature of all the public squares and many of the streets. The balconies and terraces of blocks of flats were bordered with window-boxes. Even the lamp-posts had hanging flower-pots and there was an unusual competition *in* Warsaw for the best flower decoration. The grim fortifications, sad legacy of foreign rule, were turned into parks, with the moats converted to ornamental ponds. Much of the improvement, development and embellishing of Warsaw was due to Mayor Stefan Starzynski, the same man, who preferred ruin and destruction to surrender, in September 1939. He was a man of vision and imagination, capable of putting his bold plan into practice. He proved what hard work and sound planning can do within five years to improve a city over a million inhabitants. He managed to arouse not merely interest or sympathy for his schemes, but the enthusiasm of wide masses of the population. He began the work with what he considered most important; the construction of 28 big new schools, the ordering and cleaning up the suburbs and the piercing of new thoroughfares, The scope of his work was growing wider every year, New hospitals, play-fields and sport-grounds were built, broad boulevards were constructed along the banks of the Vistula and a long Avenue with a wide view over the river was made along the edges of the higher plateau, Then he completed the National Museum, carried out the reconstruction of old palaces and the unearthing of the Gothic city walls, with drawbridges and remnants of a rower. Finally, the town planning on a great scale, reaching far into the future was interrupted by the war.

The period of Independence, not always free from error, was full of vigor and eager for improvement. Every year was marked by distinct progress, as a new generation brought up in freedom, succeded the older men.

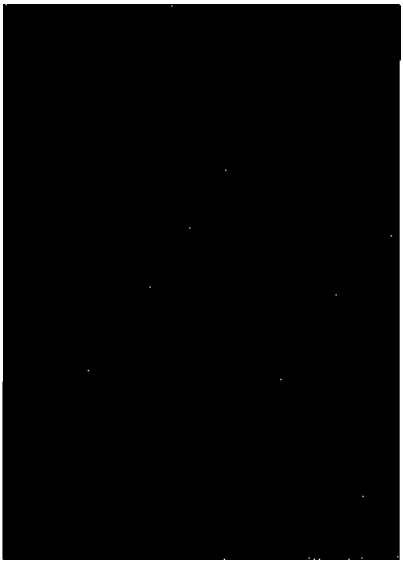
Bombs and fires destroyed the old Warsaw as well as the new.



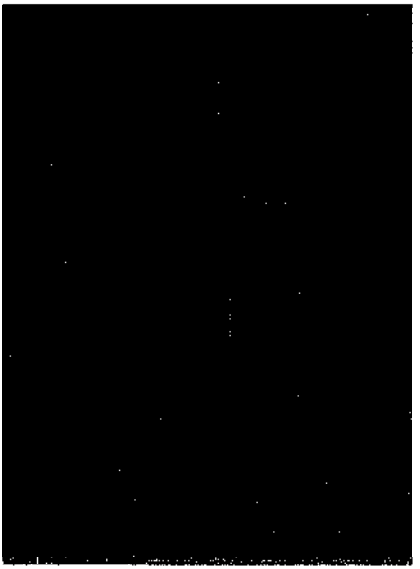
The Wilanow Palace—side view



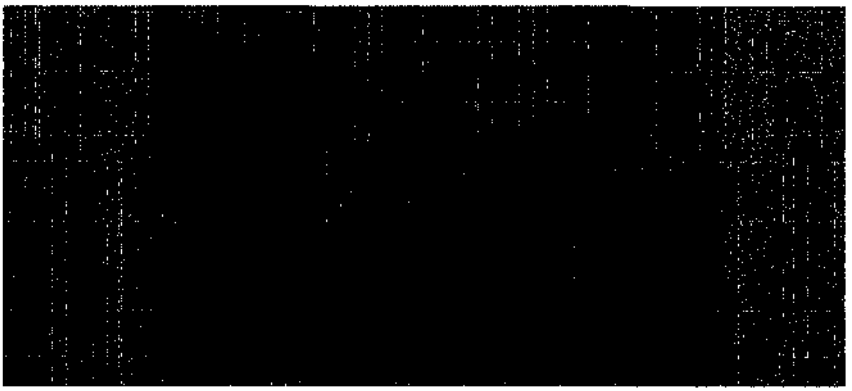
The Wilanow Palace—front view



The National Museum,



Ministry of Education



King Batory beat Secondary School in Warsaw

MANFRED KRIDL

THE WARSAW SCHOOL STRIKE

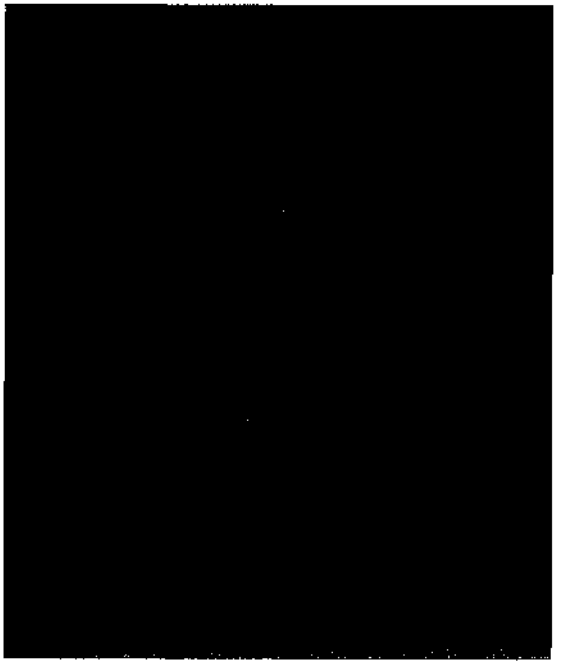
IT would be hard for a foreigner to understand the educational situation in Poland at any *time under the Czarist regime. The period between 1863 and 1905 was an especially difficult one. At that time all the public schools, and the University in Warsaw were Russian and all schools, even those under private control, were denied the privilege of carrying on their classes in Polish. The native tongue was permitted in both types of school, but only as one of the subjects, taught as though it were a foreign language. An official textbook in Polish literature was constructed as a sort of anthology of Polish writers in which the biographies and other notes were written in Russian and only the text itself was in Polish. The great romantic poets, the glory of Polish poetry, had to be entirely excluded because of their patriotic spirit. Therefore Polish literature, in this text was confined to the works of ancient writers-the least attractive to young people-and did not go much beyond the 18th century. Moreover, in public secondary schools the Polish classes were treated by the school authorities with utter negligence, the teachers in Polish were selected from the most commonplace people, who could not awake in their pupils any interest in the subject. It is no wonder then that even Polish students described the Polish classes as " boredom". At the same time Russian language and literature were treated with the greatest care and frequently taught by prominent teachers whose task was to imbue the pupils with adoration for Russian culture, a clever way of sugar coating the pill of Russification.

The suffering of the Polish children in these schools was intense. The teachers were not educators and friends but foes and spies, at the best cold or stupid bureaucrats, their main task was to terrorize the children, to keep them in parmanent fear of bad notes, to torture them with the right Russian accents, and to guard them against speaking Polish. Yes, Polish children were not permitted to speak Polish among themselves, during their stay in schools. Big inscriptions placed on the walls of corridors and classrooms, "The speaking in Polish is forbidden" reminded the students of this shameful rule; severe punishments, including expulsion from school, were applied for neglecting it.

The situation at private schools at that time was a little easier. The programme of teaching was, of course, the same as that in public schools, but it was possible to use more proficient and modern methods in dealing with it. Principals and teachers were mostly Poles or more liberal Russians; Polish language and literature were taught in a more normal way, and taught at least partly, in Polish, although it was strictly forbidden. The general atmosphere was different. Since the representative of the educational authority, the "inspector," terror of teachers and students alike, appeared in the private schools for inspection only a few times a year, the rest of the time could be devoted to more or less normal work, of course with all possible precautions, which brought the teachers and students together in a sort of silent conspiracy against their equally hated Russian superiors.

But the private schools were expensive, therefore not accessible for the lower classes; moreover, they were not very numerous; and finally, they were deprived of all the rights granted to graduates of the public schools. They could not therefore play a very important part in the education of Polish youth.

The situation had changed by 1905. The revolutionary movement which broke out in both Russia and Poland, and was led by the Socialist parties, created a proper atmosphere for stating requirements for reforms in various fields of social and cultural life. At that time Warsaw became the scene of a unique movement, unknown in other countries namely a strike.



A Secondary School

among the school children, It was prepared by clandestine students organizations and carried out with a rare solidarity and unanimity. The slogan was: "Polish schools for Polish youth. Down with Russi-ficationf" An overwhelming majority of Polish students left the schools and the University, frequently against the will of their frightened parents, tutors, and the more moderate political groups, which condemned strikes of any kind.

There were many dramatic conflicts inside Polish families when children were compelled to oppose the will of their parents and to give them lessons in active patriotism. The Russian authorities were confused and did not know what to do with a school strike. In "normal" times they would have been rather satisfied with such a state of affairs, because insubordination would have given them a good pretext for closing all the schools and expelling the "strikers." But at that time the Russian government was by no means so aggressive. The revolution caused distress and fear, a general excitement reigned throughout the country. It was therefore advisable not to add new troubles to the previous ones. Finally the Russian Ministry of education made a compromise: the public Governmental schools were to remain Russian, but the private ones were allowed to use Polish as the classroom language.

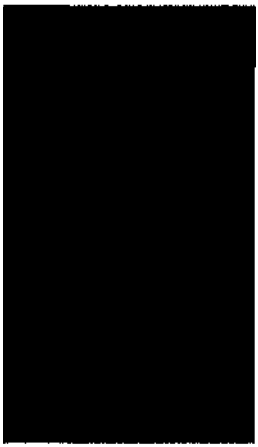
Warsaw had begun the strike which spread all over the country afterwards, and Warsaw now gave an example of amazing energy and organizational talent in setting up new Polish schools. The old private schools adapted themselves quíckly to the changed situation, but the creation of new ones caused many difficulties. There was a shortage of adaptable buildings, as well as of principals and teachers, and of Polish textbooks. The only solution was then to replace systematic organization with improvisation, a slow evolution with a kind of "revolution." And it was achieved with an incomparable enthusiasm and vitality. Big private apartments were re-constructed to form classrooms and corridors; old office-buildings were hired to be adapted to school requirements, and even old, abandoned factories were used for the same purpose. Teachers were chosen from among the unemployed or not fully employed intellectuals. So engineers had to teach mathematics, physics and chemistry; lawyers and law-students, history and social science, writers literarure. Another way of obtaining teachers was by applying to the Austrian part of Poland where Polish Universities in Cracow and Lwow, and Polish schools have been in existence for many years. Many graduates of these Universities came to Warsaw to work together with their colleagues. Good will, optimism, and enthusiasm can create a better teacher than a long vocational training. In Warsaw, everything

was. new, interesting, and "exciting for both teachers and pupils; the lack of an unyielding tradition enabled the teachers to make experiments, to try to improve the methods (to snm. extent of course, because the eyes of the Russian inspectors opt on them still), at write new textbooks. But above all the atmosphere of these >c.in>ols, the relation between pupils and teachers, and among fellow teachers, and the attitude of both towards (caching and studying, were entirely different, characterized by mutual trust, kindness, and sympathy, by consciousness of the importance of the work to be done and defended. To have Polish schools, to be able to teach and to study in Polish, was felt by all to be such a great joy that all other problems like order, discipline, grades, examinations etc. which take so much time and energy in "normal" schools were here solved in a much smoother way, losing even the character of important "problems."

Nevertheless it was not a complete idyll, and could not be *one* within the frame of the Russian system. Every appearance of a Russian inspector threw a gloom}' shadow over the school life and activity. It is true that among these inspectors there were sometimes cultured and respectable men, but the majority consisted of bureaucrats, oi spies. Since giving and taking bribes was a semi-official custom throughout the Russian Empire it was possible in this way to obtain many favours from them. Every school budget had a sum set aside for this purpose. But even professional bribetakers could not act openly against tendencies existing in higher offices. And these tendencies were distinctly hostile. With the passing of time, and the abating of the revolutionary storm, the Russian Government began to regrat all the little reforms that had been granted.

Changes and persecutions followed. First they came to the conviction that general history and geography must be taught in Russian and by Russians. The execution of this decree made a break in the Polish character of the schools and introduced to them more Russian teachers. The surveillance of the schools became stronger, the visits of the inspector more frequent and their behaviour more hostile. Hundreds of little "chicanes" were carried on, often making the life of principals and teachers unbearable. A system of collective responsibility of all schools was introduced forcing all schools to close for days and even weeks merely because some one of them was in trouble. Normal work was thus disorganized and the schools were threatened every day and every hour by the possibility of permanent closure.

In spite of all this the spirit of the Polish private schools did not falter. They fought for their existence by all accessible means and preserved it until that time, when in 1918, after the restoration of Poland, they became the corner-stone of the organization of best public governmental schools in this part of Poland.



Modjeska as Marie Stuart

MARIA KUNCEWICZOWA.

MODJESKA IN WARSAW.

"Warsaw in spring is beautiful. Streets, public squares and parks svvarm with people; young men with bright faces, latest fashions, and that "nonchalence" which can be seen only in large cities; beautiful women trotting on their small, perfectly shoed feet and shading their eyes with parasols, often used as shields against the bold gmes *of* men; sweet faced and white haired matrons escorting their daughters; children; men and women of all standing, rich and poor; and among them, here and there, the hated uniforms of Russian gendarmes. But on a glorious spring afternoon who cares if even a million official eyes are watching around? Gay and lighthearted are the Warsavians: at least they appear so in public. The great storm which only six years before had shaken the whole nation down to its very foundations had apparently left no traces on its vitality. "Life" seems to be written on every face, to vibrate in every countenance; the whole city is sparkling with it, and there is such a tremendous current of sympathy in the air, that strangers meet with a smile, ready to call each other friend. To be in a crowd is usually a rather unpleasant experience, but it is a real pleasure to move among the spirited throngs of that oppressed people."

Thus describes Helena Modjeska in her memoirs Warsaw, six years after the bloody Insurrection, in the year 1869, or 70. Helena Modjeska, one of the most fascinating actresses who ever have revealed the secrets of fate and heart to the people; a child of Cracow, she has expe; lenced in Warsaw her first ecstasy of fame and has found admirers true unto death. In Warsaw too, she has discovered the refined cruelty of life. She learned in the light of reality of the Shakespearean antinomies of lite.

for the capital of what country was that Warsaw, where in spring life seemed to be inscribed with a smile on the. face of every passer-by ?

A capital of a country divided for nearly one hundred years among the three neighbor states. The capital of a nation which was constantly shaken by revolts against death.

The governor of the Tsar, whose representatives in the Warsaw crowd were the gendarmes in their brilliant uniforms, did everything, possible in evil human might, to kill the joy of life in Poland. The pride of the city, the University the center of the independent thought, was made an outpost of Russian official propaganda, Polish professors and students had to go into foreign countries to preserve the freedom of scientific research, What a day at school looked like at. that time for a child in Warsaw becomes evident from the memoirs of Maria Sklodowska Curie. It was in the seventies too, when the little Mary Sklodowska listened to a lecture about the past of her country, scared to death when the bell announcing the visit of a schools inspector rang. With trembling hands hiding her Polish books under the desk, she used to grasp her needle work and soon she could be heard reciting under the stern eye of the unfriendly official, at first the Lord's Prayer in Russian, and then all the titles and high ranks of the "by God's grace then reigning Tsar of All-Russia."

And while the lilacs blossomed in the parks of Warsaw, her best citizens withered away in prisons, swang on gallows, bleeded and froze to death in Siberia.

The Opera House

"Gay and light-hearted are the Warsavians; at least they appear so in public." Yes, in public. Since even in the circles of the adlierents of Comte and Spencer, opponents of romantic politics, adherents of compromises with the annexer, unrest and despair prevailed. Nothing to May about the conflicts among the leftist elements. These centers received a special impulse from the fact of the French-Russian War, and also from Garibaldi's action. Just then a Pole-Yaroslaw Dombrowski—was the leader of the Commune of Paris. Soon be was to die on its barricades. Myeroslaski was trying to connect the Polish underground movement with the cause of liberation of the Italian people.

Behind the facade of the glorious spring many things took place of which p
do not dream. The sky above that carefree Warsaw seemed as if to quiver in the high tension before the storm.

From her earliest times of stage work Modjeska felt that the secret of art was to be found outside of the theatre. While studying the part of Juliet, she used to walk in the **evenings in the garden and to recite her part so that her voice should not disturb the rustling of the leaves and the singing of the birds, and yet be heard by man.**

She was always like a most sensitive string, infinitely sensible to the atmosphere, She played not only for her public but at the same time as it were for the whole world, which was so unfeeling, so indifferent to the very being of the soul.

She owed a great enrichment of the knowledge of man, and thereby of the gamut of her art, to Warsaw. At her house met various artists, eccentrics and wordly conventionalists. Each one of them offered to the friends, beside his private history, a different aspect of Polish craze.

Thus the painter Helmonski, whose canvasses wandered later to the Stewart Gallery in New York, used to enter the room playing a sham. The servant announced him, the conversation ceased, and he, wrapped in his felt-cloak, played on the threshold, as if he wanted to remind the intellectual towns-people that the Polish tune still lived, that it lived on and on, out there in the fields and in the woods.

There was Stanislas Witkyewich. He, then a mere child had accompanied his father to Siberia after the Insurrection of 1863. Later, an orphan since his fourteenth year of life, he earned the living for his mother and himself. It would seem that from such hard beginnings would develop a man of iron. But instead he grew to be an aesthetic, the creator of a new decorative art, a Polish Ruskin.

Helena Modjeska sat to the painter Adam Hmyelowski. But before he made himself known as a painter, he lost one leg in the Insurrection. In his paintings he showed a delicate feeling of colour. But as soon as his talent shone, he voluntarily left the splendour of the world to join the shadows of misery, where it was at his deepest. He took the Franciscan monk's frock, became brother Albert, a friend of beggars and prostitutes, the incurable, the criminals and habituals, of all those, who were cast out of the world, and build a small monastery high in the Tatra mountains, which still exists. Asked for the motive of this decision he once answered: " Not being able to serve directly Poland, I want to pray for her by meditation and by serving her most miserable children."

And there was Henry Syenkyewich, the later author of " Quo Vadis " and the Trilogy of Polish knighthood, the winner of the Nobel Prize. Elegant and silent he listened to the charming and extravagant conversation, to the jokes in Modjeska's drawing room.

They played and sang in this home, where nothing human and beautiful remained unheralded. The aged poet Odinyets, a friend of Mitskyevich the king of Polish poetry, continued to weave the romantic saga. They played and sang to forget the present, to deafen their hearts. So that the divine sign of inspiration would not be wiped out 'from the Polish countenances.

And to whom should the ingenius actress have turned for that symposium of the quick and the dead, to whom but to Shakespeare could she turn in that spring in Warsaw ? And so the encounters with the theatre management began. At first because of " Hamlet", Modjeska demanded this tragedy for the repertory. In Warsaw of 1870 " to be or not to be " was not a rhetoric question. The censor refused. The murdering of the King was according to him a threat against the safery of the Tsar. And no sooner did the difficulties cease than when the Countess Mokanoff, wife of the official Russian President of the Warsaw Theatre's Association, warranted that the regicide in " Hamlet" was a strictly family affair.

In her role of Ophelia, created in Warsaw, Modjeska was later to move the spectators of both hemispheres. Monyushko composed a music to the delirious songs. That came easy to him for he was the author of an opera based on the love frenzy of a poor mountaineer girl deserted by the young master. Poland is the country of herbs and non-fulfilment. Polish melodies resound well in words of rosemary, violet and rue—particularly if sung by one who is to die young. Helena Modjeska, has not abandoned the Monyushko melodies^till the end of

her stage career. She sang them adapted to the English text* when she appeared with Edwin Booth in the United States. But also the Polish language offered no resistance to the magic of the English poet. Modjeska played once in New York Ophelia's pre-mortal scene in Polish. And her famous colleague Mac Cullough, wept behind the stage.

Hamlet in Warsaw was a tremendous success. On the day following the premiere Modjeska passed the Saski Park. A crowd of young people gathered around her. Students recited the tirades of Hamlet, they hailed her, and some accompanied her to the Theatre Place, humming Ophelia's lines, reflecting upon the maxims of Horatio.

After "Hamlet" a performance of *• Romeo and Juliet" was given. The director wondered why Modjeska insisted on a play which was re-written from an opera. "We have only recently given Gounod's "Romeo and Juliet" and there was a certain success, since the music is fine, but I believe that the intrigue is very cheap '\ he remarked: "But I am speaking of a drama of Shakespeare" cried Modjeska. "Oh Shakespeare ?" The Russian made a grimace. "I have never heard of it. But I am sure it's going to be an imitation of the opera."

The seventies of the nineteenth century were under way. The sentimental, industrial, humanitarian, and civil "fin de siecle" of Europe was approaching, In the capitals of the West Shakespeare made the actors distinguish themselves, he annoyed or moved the aesthetics, amazed the philosophers, bored the large masses. In Poland Modjeska played alternately the Titania and Desdemona, Anna in Richard III, Portia, Juliet and Ophelia before spectators who were numb from horror, then again broke out in tears, merry laughter, or sighs..... To the Polish public, and particularly to the Warsavians, Shakespeare's problems and Shakespeare's passions were not a music of the past. Here every hour of the day passed in a struggle for endurance. And at every hour of the night ghosts appeared. Here the merciless fate still haunted the lovers, sons took vengeance for their fathers, mothers trembled before the madness of their sons, girls sought death in the rivers, usurpers worse than Macbeth governed the land, and poetry, if it streamed down in the light of the moon, lulled not to sleep but awakened the dead-tired people to life. The same people, who in spring took laughingly walks in their tragic city.

The years passed but the fate of the city did not change. The good countess Mukhanoff was no longer able to help, the censor's demands grew stricter and stricter, and also more and more fantastic. Modjeska began to ail. In 1876, it was decided that she should go to U.S.A. for a better and more simple life. She chose for her farewell evening, after an eight years[1] contract in Warsaw, the Polish classic comedy "The Bridal Nuptials" by Fredro;* the balcony scene from "Romeo and Juliet" and the scene where Ophelia loses her reason, "The Warsaw Courrier" gave the following account of the evening: "After the performance the public formed a double line extending from the theatre gates across the whole Theatre Place up to the gates of the park, As soon as the artist appeared in the door she was greeted by shouts of admiration and showered with flowers and good wishes. Cries were heard: "Come back to us!" or: "Come as soon as you can for the gap you are leaving cannot be filled."

And Modjeska came back time and again. In spite of the fact that the New World quickly accepted her as one of her own, in spite of the fact that there were there so many interesting people, so many noble causes, so much cheerfulness. Every few years she used to return. "O ! Warsaw"...she wrote in her diary, "my chosen city, the source of inexhaustible bitterness. An old proverb says that we love those best through whom we suffer most. This is the case with Warsaw and me."

In 1884 Modjeska came for a longer stay to Warsaw. And again throngs besieged the ticket offices at the theatre, and the Lazyenki park strew splendid October leaves under her

*** Alexander Fredro famous author of many delightful comedies full of delicate wit and elegance.**

The open air theatre in Lazyenki Park

feet. Everything seemed unchanged, only Chopin was played differently, for at the piano sat an unknown musician, the twenty years old Paderewski, with a head of a redhaired angeL Modjeska was happy and so was Warsaw in defiance of the enemies. Evenings of Shakespeare-an magic and romantic exaltation followed. The youth on the galleries absorbed like nectar sent from heaven, the Polish word, expelled from the schools, despised by the officials, the word which for those few hours at the theatre regained its eternal might and its everlasting beauty.

On one evening, about three weeks after her first appearance, when the famous actress was thanking for the tremendous applause of the public, boys in high school uniforms appeared on the stage presenting her with a bouquet of flowers. Its ribbon bore a Polish inscription: "To Helena Modjeska from the youth." The actress pressed the flowers against her heart, the public reacted with a still greater enthusiasm, and the boys retreated pale and stumbling through a side curtain.

A few days passed. Modjeska coming to a rehearsal of a new play and still full of that blissful warmth which filled her whenever she crossed the streets of Warsaw, heard the students speaking of a funeral. "Whose funeral ?" she asked absent-mindedly, " Of the student who had persuaded his fellow students to present you the bouquet", she was told. " He has shot himself. For not only he but all the other boys who contributed to the flowers, have been expelled from school for an alleged manifestation of patriotism, and they are not allowed to enter any other school."

Thus it was demonstrated how in the epoch of that fin-de-siecle which was so devoted to art and so sweet in the capitals of other states, in Warsaw one paid with death for one's love to the theatre if this love was expressed in public and in Polish words.

Why let the stricken deer go weep,
.....
For some must watch, while some must sleep;
So runs the world away.....

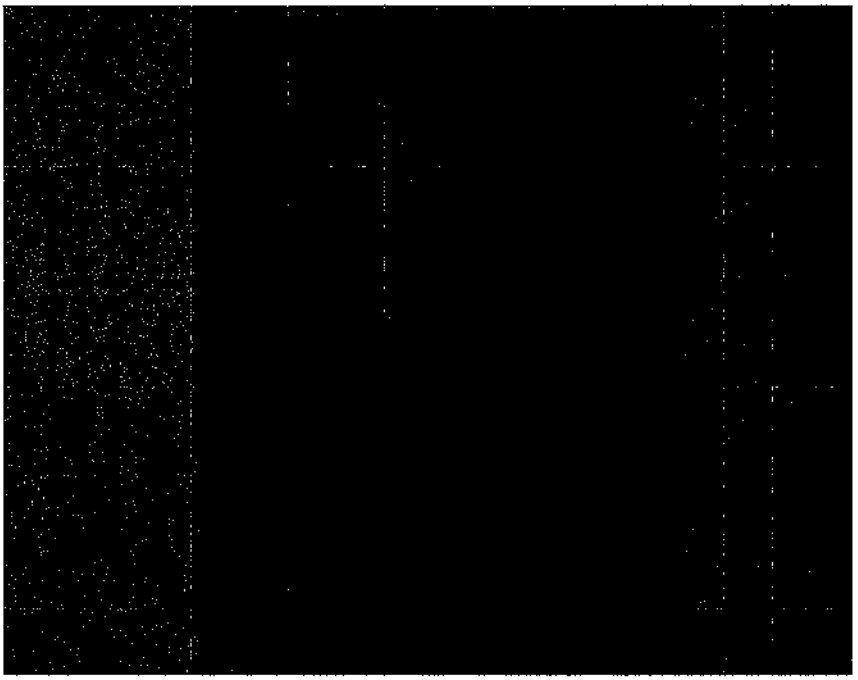
All that has happened long ago. Long ago Modjeska's silver voice had died away, long ago grass has covered the grave of the young student, and the world—unfeeling to the tears of the strucken deer, has gone a long way from that time when,Juliets and Ophelias reigned in the hearts of young boys. Many political plays have been played, and many armed actions took place, the thrones in Europe decreased, and dictators increased. Enormous changes everywhere.

What change is there in Warsaw ?

It is also enormous; the theatre lies in ruins, and the Poles must not play Shakespeare, even not in a foreign language.

Silence on the Theatre Place..... A mysterious sky above the crashed collonade, closer to the heart of the Warsavians now that there are no roofs. The wings are empty...the stage is empty...Only the gallery is filled as ever. The young souls cannot be kept away from the theatre ; they have risen from their graves at night, and have come to the show. Then Titania, at the head of all these magic figures, floates down from the moon amidst the charred walls, Puck leaps out from the nettles which have grown over the stage, Juliet awakes, Lady Macbeth washes her hands, Hamlet dies for the thousandth time. From heaven and hell there comes a whispering.

The remainder is silence.



Flowers around the temple of dramatic art

WANDA DYNOWSKA

TWO MEMORABLE DATES

ONE cannot speak about the life of Warsaw without mentioning £wo memorable dates, very different in their essence—one of supreme joy, the other of profound mourning, both linked with the same great man of Poland's history.

The first is November 11,1918, the second May 12, 1935.

In-1918, Poland was occupied by the Germans, not so cruel and dreadful was this occupation as that of the Nazis, but also hated and opposed by the nation. The Polish Legions—the famous National Army-—who, in 1914, proclaimed as its goal full independence of Poland, with no protectorate whatsoever, and was fighting at the beginning of the war at the side of Austria, who gave her arms, against the then greatest enemy—Tsarist Russia was already for one year imprisoned by the Germans for having refused to take an oath of allegiance to the Central Powers. It was strongly insisting: "Our allegiance is due only to the sovereign and independent Polish Republic;" and the creator and Commander of the Legions—Jozef Pilsudski—was a prisoner in the German fortress of Magdeburg, with his Chief of Staff—K. Sosnkowski,

In Warsaw the German Governor Beseler was ruling, with the nominal help of a Polish, but appointed by him—Regency Council. On the surface order and peace reigned, not so underground. As early as May 1918, the military underground organization, under the lead of Pilsudski's best officers, who managed to hide or escape from detention, had launched the slogan of an offensive against the occupants. The armed reserves of the Polish Socialist Party were also active. The chief of the German secret police in Warsaw had been assassinated.

Polish representatives in Paris were in close touch with the Allies, and the Polish Socialists had contacted them through Rumania. Poland was hopeful for her liberation; independence was certain, after the gallant fighting of the Legions, as well as the Polish Forces in France, and the diplomatic work of Paderewski. Both the Germans and the Allies proclaimed the principle of Polish independence, and Lenin stated his adherence to the principle of self-determination of nations.

Poland was still in the grip of German rule, but she was growing increasingly hopeful. The German front was cracking everywhere, revolution was nearing. German authorities were still in control of Warsaw, stopping Polish travellers on the way to the capital, prohibiting the normal supply of food, closing newspapers and 'confiscating' property. Meanwhile Warsaw was seized by a fever of political activity, all parties were arranging meetings, conferences, coventions. The chief issue of Independence was discussed everywhere. On the first day of November a Provisional Gavernment was formed, with a well known Socialist, I. Dashinski at its head, and the same day the Regency Council in Warsaw issued a manifesto proclaiming the principle of Polish independence, and demanded the release of Jozef Pilsudski from German prison. Simultaneously the walls of the city were covered with posters, calling for a real Government, Parliament, and Army. The Polish Military Organization issued a call for volunteers. Student rallays unanimously voted for enlistment, The University authorities seconded the young people, and suspended lectures and assignments. Even boys in their early teens clamoured to join up.

The new Government started hastily organizing an armed Force. The whole of Warsaw was ripe for action. A tremendous tide of enthusiasm was swelling. An anti-German action was scheduled to begin on the 10th November, and General Rydz-Smigly ordered a speedy disarmament of the **German garrisons. Just on the same day** news **spread** like wild **fire through** Warsaw **that Josef Pilsudski released by the German revolution had just returned**

Jozcf Pilsudski in 1918,

to Warsaw. He was awaited by the whole nation. And representatives of the whole nation greeted him with boundless confidence and joy, as the man of the hour. His merits were well known, there was an implicit faith in his greatness as commander and statesman. The Provisional Government, leaders of all parties and military and civilian groups acclaimed him; countless crowds manifested their joy before his home. Labor, intellectuals, students sent delegations assuring him of their absolute loyalty. The joy of all the people had no bounds.

The same night Governor von Beseler and his staff fled in civilian clothes to Germany. But the German garrison in Warsaw numbered, with all officials etc, about 30,000, and the Poles could muster only 1,200 organized, but poorly armed troops.

On the 10th of November in the afternoon two unknown figures in civilian dress, speaking broken Polish made their way through the dense throng, to Pilsudski's home. They were delegates from the German garrison, who had come to offer their surrender in exchange for the guarantee of safe-conduct. Pilsudski agreed, and promised to come personally next day to **the** garrison where a "Soldatenrat"-—a soldiers council—had been organised in the meantime, **formally** to **accept the** German capitulation. While the Germans were discussing surrender,

The Belvedere

the people of Warsaw had already begun to disarm soldiers and officers in the streets; it continued the whole night. People were as drunk with joy. They seized all railroad stations and chief buildings in the city. Polish workmen took even a number of institutions—Post Office, Press Bureau, Power House etc. Crowds were so much excited that next day on November 11, the Military Organization appealed for calm, announcing the capitulation of the German garrison to the Poles, and asking the Polish people not to provoke incidents. Pilaudski paid his promised visit to the German garrison, and in the name of the Polish nation guaranteed for all German soldiers safe-conduct to the Polish border and granted them permission to retain their arms up to the moment of crossing the frontier.

Pilsudski announced the terms of the German surrender to the enthusiastic throngs and called upon University students in the crowd to step forward. Some 30 young men came forward, they were appointed as armed guards, and had to ask the people to disperse. It was a wise precaution for the tension was great, and bloodshed easy to provoke. The exhilaration of the crowds was not a safeguard.

Thus the day of November 11, was the cherished date of Poland's liberation, of the formal capitulation of her enemies, amid the well controlled, dignified and magnanimous attitude of Warsaw. Happiness was so deep, so incredible and overwhelming that no nation can understand it, who knows neither what slavery means, nor freedom, longed for during more than a century.

Next day a proclamation was issued by Pilsudski:

"Citizens!

As from to-day [have assumed chief command over Poland's Armed Forces. The occupation of Poland is over. German soldiers are leaving our country. I fully understand the bitterness that the occupational rule has aroused in all circles of the community. I am anxious however: that we shall not succumb to our feelings of anger and vengeance.

Citizens, I call upon you all to exercise the self control which should prevail in a nation convinced of her great and glorious future.,

Warsaw November 12, 1918,

Next day the Regency Council, bowing to the unmistakable will of the people, abdicated its powers to Pilsudski, who set about forming a legal government, refusing dictatorial power, in spite of the wishes of the people expressed from all sides; and a socialist leader* Moracheski, formed the first Cabinet of the free Republic.

The organization of all departments of life proceeded at top speed. No chaos, no disorder. The firm hand, the clear mind and the great heart were there to guide and to watch, to lead and to educate. Warsaw spontaneous acclamation of Pilsudski as Chief and leader of the reborn Polish State is one of those great moments when the whole nation rises to her full stature to understand in a flash her own destiny, with a joy too deep to be described.

x x x

The second memorable date in Warsaw's history never to be forgotten by anyone who lived it, was May 1935.

It was known that Marshal Pilsudski had been unwell for sometime, but a few days previous he saw the diplomatic representatives of France, was signing military papers and confering with officers of the Staff. It was no secret that he had withdrawn, several months ago, from other political activities, and was not even informed about many happenings by his small intimate circle ; but the real state of his health was not known to the people. Hence, when late at night, after a rainy gloomy day in May, phone calls were put through in the city and the voices choked with tears, repeated the amazing, incredible news—that the Marshal died a few moments ago—they were not believed. It was too cruel a blow, too tragic a news to be accepted at once. Everyone who received it—and there were not many this night,—obeying an inner urge, left immediately his occupation of the moment or jumped out of his bed, and proceeded hurriedly towards the Marshal's residence, the small historic building—the Belvedere—as if he wanted to ascertain for himself the truth of the dreadful news.

A small group of friends were standing at the large iron gates, in deep silence, not daring to move, not feeling able even to whisper. The President of the Republic, Ministers, high officers of the State and of the Army, were just entering the door of the modest residence, every face changed with deep, spontaneous, uncontrollable grief. The guards at the gate, the soldiers on the threshold were all weeping without restraint...But not a word was heard, not a hurried movement seen, a strange a supreme silence was over all. A silence one would never forget.

Slowly, with heavy steps, bowed down with grief were the dignitaries of the Republic coming out of the wide open door, tears in all eyes, even those who never wept.

And the next day it was one deep sob throughout the whole of Warsaw, one long sob throughout the country. We believe no crowned monarch of any country, no mighty dictator of any modern empire, could have had his whole nation at his feet in such a spontaneous grief, in such a genuine, heartfelt devotion, as this simple, austere man.

Misunderstood and misrepresented by ill-willed partisan quarters, by narrowness and fanaticism of extreme right and extreme left alike, hated by agents of some foreign Powers, he was however deservedly loved by the wisest in the nation, and instinctively adored by the masses of the country. This simple heartfelt devotion had never been revealed with such an intensity as in those memorable days of May 1935. It was maninifest when innumerable crowds dumb with grief, collected, in perfet order, were streaming to Belvedere to pay for the last time homage to him who had laboured there for their happiness; and during his last journey to the Cathedral, on a modest gun-carriage with the White Eagle—emblem of the Republic—stretched over his soldier's coffin, in majesty and peace, when an impenetrable wall of breasts lined the streets, every heart melting in tears; and in the great solemn Cathedral full of lights, with the magnificent music of Chopin, so loved by him, where on the face of every one present was seen a personal, simple, profound grief.

Rich and poor, intelligent and ignorant were one in this mourning. All differences had disappeared. Peasants, workmen, village women, school children from distant provinces, from all the corners of the land streaming in endless waves, often on foot, walking for many dozens of miles to "see him" to "bid him farewell." The comradeship of grief, the brotherhood of love was stronger than everything else, Jews wept with Poles, Jews specially loved Pilsudski, White Ruthenians from the Eastern provinces with moutaineers from the Tatras. The thieves of Warsaw issued a statement that any one who dared to steal anything from the deserted homes or in the dense crowds, during this week of mourning dedicated to the Marshal would be dishonourd and punished by them. And not a single incident of this kind occurred.

From all those memorable moments in Warsaw, full of flowers, decorating each street as for a kingly procession, probably the most poignant hours were on the wide space of the Mokotow fields, where Pilsudski as Commander in Chief of the Polish Forces, used to take the salute at reviews of the Army, when for the last time before his coffin, standing on a high platform, under the standard of the Republic—as living symbol of the Nation—detachments of all the units of the Army marched saluting their commander, creator and chief in a last farewell.

Innumerable delegations of all the provinces, associations, guilds, societies, institutions from all the country, representatives of all foreign Powers, members or selfgoverning bodies, as well as personal friends and huge crowds, were there on the tribunes and encircling the large spacious field. Yet silence reigned, not one word, not the least noise. Even the cynical and indifferent-from other lands-were compelled *to* a profound respect and concentration. However strange it may seem, many of us felt some Presence there, a Presence stupendous, majestic, supreme. It seemed to receive the salute for him, whose soul had departed, It seemed to bless...before unknown, grim, tragic ordeals.

"It seems as if it is for a tremendous deadly combat on the horizon ahead that this blessing, this divine touch is given", whispered into my ear a friend who was exceptionally sensitive and many times had striking premonitions.

And just before the end of the imposing defile, a strange phenomenon happened: in a few seconds the skies darkened, and black clouds covered the horizon, a violent storm, so uncommon at this season in Poland, was unleashed; crashing thunders, lightning flashes and torrents of rain pouring on the assembled throngs. The peasants made the Sign of the Cross and whispered reverently; "It is our land itself, the Warsaw soil that is taking leave of Him, with its grandest music, its most profuse tears."

Even many of us, otherwise enclined to be sceptical sensed a vein of truth in this.

Thus ended the day of Jozef Pilsudski's funeral in Warsaw.

One epoch of happy life was closed for Poland, another, that of tragedy, was beginning with the storm and tears of Nature, and the grief of mi lion of hearts.

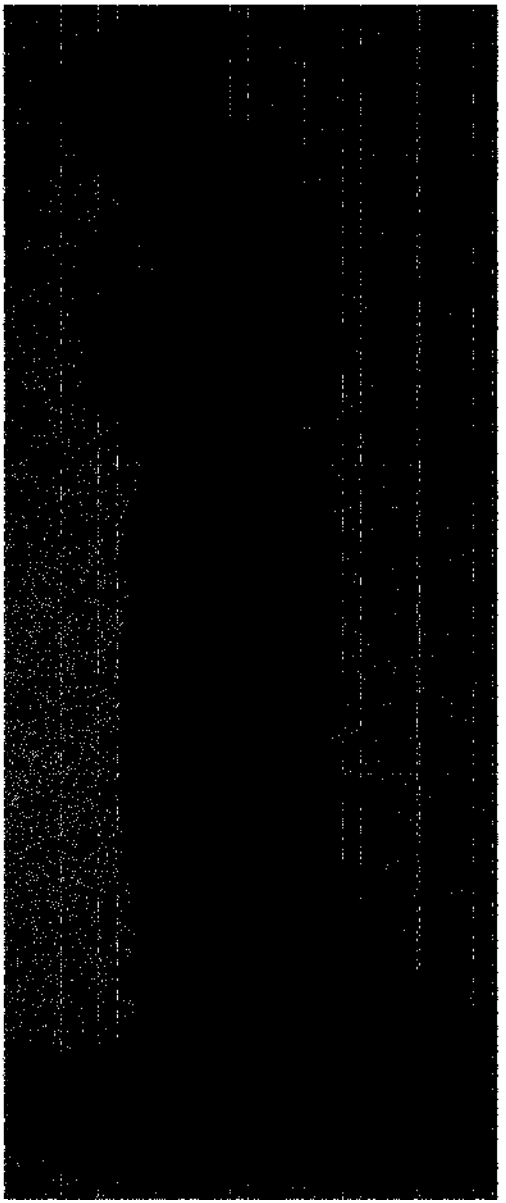
W. SWIENTOSLAWSKI

WARSAW
THE CITY OF LEARNING

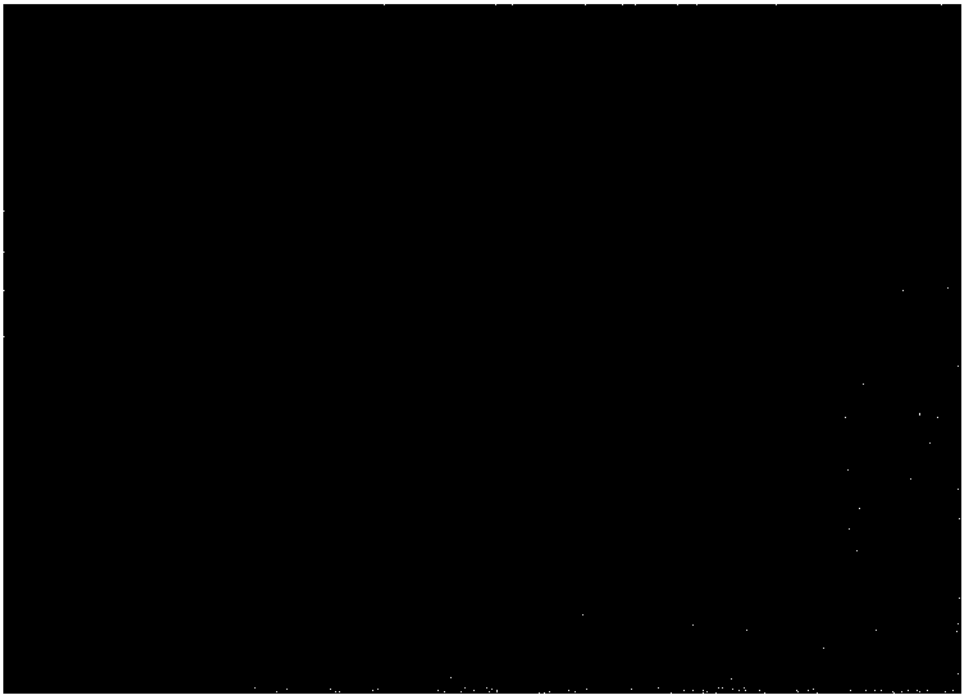
There are six cities in Poland to which the hearts and the souls of Polish people are attached. Lwow and Wilno in the East, Cracow, Poznan and Chenstokhowa in the West and Warsaw in the middle. Each of those cities played a very important role in the history of the nation. They became symbols of unity, of Polish sentiments and devotion. They are always in our dreams in our hearts.

In the modern history of Poland, Warsaw should be recognized not only as the capital of Poland but also as the great center of learning, since it was the place in which there was the greatest accumulation of men of learning and students of all kinds of schools. There were also located the largest and the most important institutions of scientific industrial and medical research.

The Warsavians knew well, that not Warsaw but Cracow could be proud of having one of the oldest universities in Europe. They knew that Cracow was the seat of the Polish Academy of Arts and Sciences, and that the history of Polish culture and fine arts, as well as of science, was closely associated with the activities of great men living in Cracow. The Warsavians knew also that Wilno was the city in which grew up the king of Polish poets—Adam Mitskyevich, and the greatest of all Poles, the liberater and builder of modern Poland—Jozef Pilsudski; they knew that it was the belowed jewel of Poland, rightly called the Polish Athens. They recognized that Lwow was the most heroic since many ages, and dearly cherished city of eastern Poland. The Warsavians however, were proud that after the rebirth of Poland, Warsaw became the greatest centre of learning, education and cultural development of the nation.



Monument of Maria Sklodowskl Curie in Warsaw



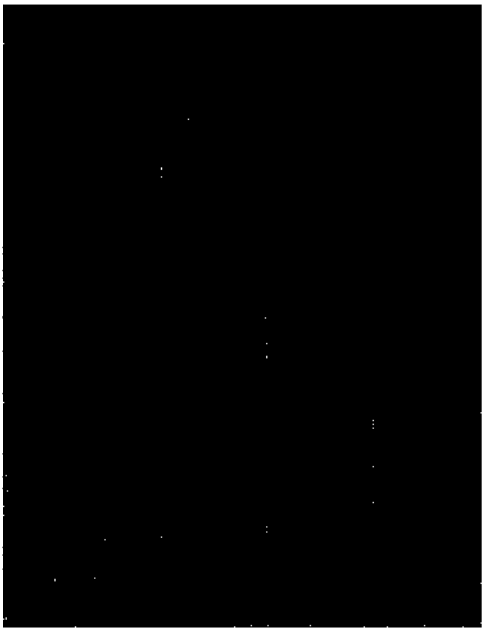
Radium Institute

Radium Institute

In the nation's capital there were five schools of higher education with a total attendance of forty per cent of all the students in the country, and there were the best and the most numerous secondary and public schools. The headquarters of the Academy of Literature and of the Academy of Technical Sciences and numerous scientific societies were in Warsaw. Two-fifths of the scientific activity were the results of the work of scholars residing in Warsaw. Because of that, Warsaw was not only the capital of the State, but the symbol of the creative powers of the entire nation. In this city one could find everything which showed the will, the determination and the strength of the nation marching forward in progress, in science., in arts and in the realm of ethics.

The city which was the heart and the soul of the nation was bombed and half destroyed by the Germans in 1939. The greatest center of Polish culture was sentenced to death. But its soul is alive and alive it will remain.

HOUSING THE WORKERS IN WARSAW



Social Insurance

ONE of the interesting features of modern Warsaw was her progressive planning and Housing Co-operatives, chiefly concerned with housing workmen.

The flats in the Warsaw Housing Co-operative were small and modest. The architect compensated the tenants with many public rooms. A mother could get on with her work or go shopping while the baby was safe in the nursery. When it grew up the child did not have to cross streets or ride in trams to go to school. There were kindergartens and elementary schools on the spot. There was even a school corresponding to the lowest form of the high school. After their day's work the tenants could gather together in the reading room, the library or the meeting room. The Co-operative had its own shops and a laundry—run as common property. It was a self-contained little world of equal, friendly people. It was not very easy to be accepted. Only people earning their own living could apply, and reference were taken. Priority was given to those who had families and lived in bad conditions, for they needed a change more than the others.

Impoverished inhabitants of Warsaw after the first world war, needed employment, education, medical assistance and recreation, all so badly neglected during the foreign rule. They required houses, which they could not afford to build for themselves. After years of war and monetary inflation few people could afford to build a house of their own. They had to be assisted out of public funds. The Government supported housing co-operatives. Working people had to be housed first, for the article 8 of the Polish Constitution stated that: *"Labour is the basis of the. power and growth of the Republic"*. In 1918, that is a year before the resolution of the International Convention of Washington, Poland introduced the law of the eight-hour working day. Women and youth could not be employed on night work, and since 1922 all workers had holidays with pay. Social insurance was compulsory for ail employers and employees. As contributions were paid by all, whether big industrialists or small craftsmen, all the insured had equal rights. The benefits of insurance were numerous.

There was compulsory insurance to provide for the expenses of illness or maternity, against accidents at work, old age and unemployment. Sanitary and housing conditions in factories were strictly supervised; young working people had opportunities for education, with pay for the hours spent on studies, while special organisations arranged cheap and healthy holidays for working people. The Social Insurance Institutions had considerable funds, some of which were invested **in building** houses **for the insured. But this was not enough,** for hundreds **ami thousands of new rooms were needed every year. A company was founded called " The**

The Warsaw Housing Co-operative

Societylfor Workers Housing " its object was the construction of houses for workmen earning • under 60 zlotys or—30 rs per week. The borough councils helped by offering free building sites.

The society for Housing Reform, aiming at the improvement of the working class conditions of life, gave practical advice to builders, offered suggestion to the authorities and published its own periodical, and maintained contact with similar societies in other countries.

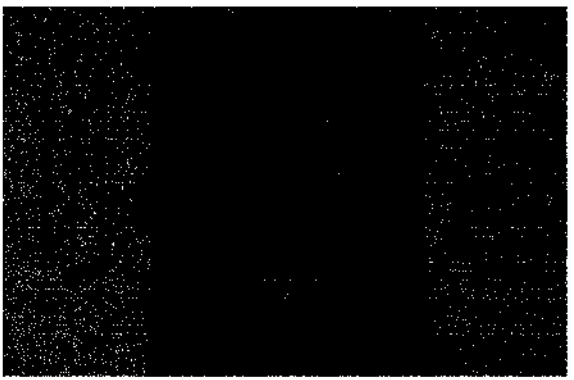
When building new houses old trees were carefully spared, young trees were often planted before even any house was built. All new houses had their little gardens, with flower-beds, which were satisfying the taste of the Poles, generally very fond of flowers. Prizes for balconies most beautifully adorned with flowers have stimulated healthy competition, and the little gardens of the workmen were often models of good teste and careful nursing.

Warsaw loved beauty, green parks and flower-beds everywhere, and has achieved with the help of Mayor Starzynski great results in a comparatively short time. Public parks could compete with the biggest of Europe.

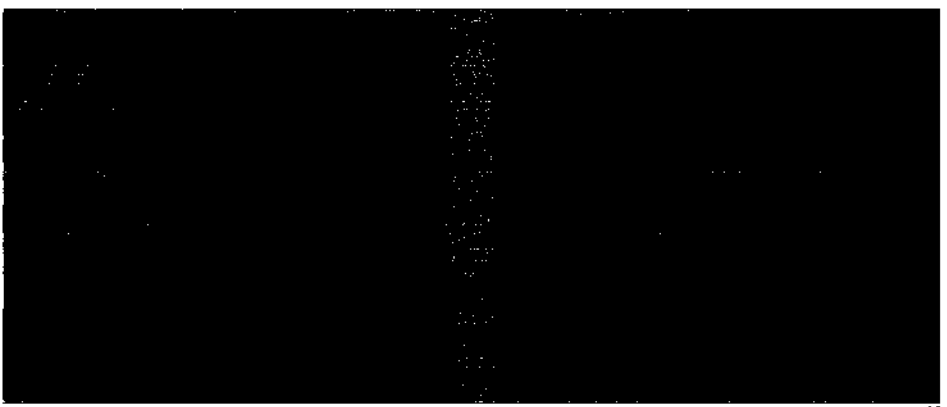
There was also in Warsaw the largest Students Home in Europe, built by students themselves on co-operative basis, it could house 3000 inmates. It had its own public rooms, swimming pools, shops, laundries, libraries etc, and was run on similar basis as the Warsaw Housing Co-operative buildings. It was famous all over Europe, especially among students of all the countries.

The Student,' Home

An Elementary Sd·



The Library of the College of Commerce



A Workers' Settlement

Co-operative Society's Flat

STANISLAW L. CENTKIEWICZ.

WARSAW IN THE EYES OF FOREIGNERS

IT was a strange city-Warsaw. Few European cities had suffered so much from fires, wars, invasions and foreign barbarism. Everything had conspired to vilify it to make it ugly, but after every defeat it emerged more beautiful, more pure, more perfect.

In the "English Atlas" by Moses Pitt, Oxford 1680, recently reproduced in New York, we read: *"Warsaw was much beautified by the successors of King Si'givn and the Third'* It was in this very period that Warsaw was recuperating from the catastrophic fires of the Swedish invasion in the middle of the 17th century. In the 18th century, under the last King of Poland, Warsaw was famous as one of the loveliest cities of Europe. This was doubtless partially due to the splendour of the court of Stanislaw August, who soon made the Polish capital the equal of any capital in Western Europe. This liberal and enlightened patron of the arts personally supervised the landscaping, built public parks and erected palaces. This shortlived and glorious period was brutally interrupted by the agressive entry of foreign troops into Poland, and the partition of her lands. When Kostsyushko, at the head of a volunteer people's army, stood up for the defence of the sovereignty of the Republic, Warsaw had to go through hard days of siege, and cruel assaults. She was victorious for some time. A Regiment of workmen was organised at the initiative and under the leadership of a shoemaker-Kilinski. Another one of Jewish citizens of Warsaw under a Jewish command. Her Mayor-Zaksheski-was in his energy and heroism, the worthy predecessor of Mayor Starzynski of 1939; so were the people of Warsaw in 1794 worthy ancestors of those of 1939 and 1944.

Kostsyushko's defence was broken, Russian troops under a bloody tyran—general Suvorov, massacred 13,000 civil inhabitants of the Warsaw suburb-Praga, on the right bank of the Vistula to "punish the Poles for their mad revolts and silly dreams of liberty."

But the people of Warsaw could not be kept down. Their capacity to recuperate is shown by the fact that only a few years of freedom under the *Duchy of Warsaw* (1806-1813) sufficed, and Napoleon I was able to say after his visit to Warsaw:

"A Varsovie le monde s'amuse toujours, sans cesse. Varsovie est un petit Paris," [*In Warsaw people are alivays enjoying thernselves, Warsaw is a small Paris.*]

Partially destroyed by the Russians during the siege during the Polish Insurrection of 1831, Warsaw became the prey of the most barbarous Russian oppression. Tsar Nicholas L thought to turn it into a Russian provincial town by means of a single " *Ukase".* He ordered beautiful houses to be plastered over and painted in his favorite colour, green. He tried to eradicate every trace of beauty, everything that savoured of western culture. The Russian Tsars hated the West, nevertheless, in the eyes of the Russians themselves Warsaw was the answer to their dreams of western beauty and elegance. Every Russian official, every Russian officer who came to Warsaw to persecute and bully, returned to Russia years later, with a permanent nostalgia for Warsaw. There is ample evidence of this in Russian literature and poetry. But this was tempered by imperialism. As late as 1915, a Russian writer-Shalchurin-published in Moscow a monograph; "Ancient Warsaw", in the series of the cultural treasures of Russia, usurping the Polish capital, calling her Russian, her who always fought proudly and revolted against foreign rule and subjection.

The author, a Russian historian of art, admitted that Warsaw was and always had been a typical "capital" and a city eminently Western in spirit.

When Warsaw was still **under** Russian yoke, an American—-*Louis E. Van Norman* visited **Poland and described his impressions in a book "** *Poland the knight among nations* '\ New **York, 1907. He wrote;**

***To** thoroughly **enjoy** Warsaw, to **understand** and **appreciate** it, one must enjoy good music, understand good painting and he able to appreciate fine public gardens, splendid horsemanship, good eating, and beautiful ivomen, the subtle, cultured taste of the people is especialy conspicuous in Warsaw in all of these ; in the music they hear, in the painting and drama they see , in the parks and horses they enjoy, and the fascinating women make their streets and drawing rooms so alluring. . . . . ."*

But this seemingly carefree Warsaw would also be serious *on* occasions. / *isc.awt. D'Abernon, wrote in "The eighteenth decisive battle of the world"* that when in 1920 he arríved in Warsaw, then close to the front, his *"First impression was that'of su prise at the normal US/Ket of the population."*

Just as soon as Warsaw regained her freedom, she set to work with fervour. A Frenchman who paid her a visit in the early post-war years compared her to an ant-hill busily repairing its galleries following the intrusion of an enemy. Warsaw changed with incredible speed. As if by the touch of a magic wand the traces of a century of Russian occupation were wafted away; from beneath the plaster stacco reappeared the classic facades of Polish schools, libraries, palaces. The City that had been cramped with a ring of Russian fortifications began to grow like a mushroom after rain. New sections sprang into being, surrounded by attractive gardens and shaded boulevards. *"Warsaw in flowers"* was the slogan of the last Mayor of Warsaw, the heroic *Stefan Starzynski.*

"Warsaw is a bewitching city, the great capital of Centred-Eastern Europe, the Paris of the region the intellectual and artistic center radiating a Polish slavism sharpened and heightened by occidental and latin culture." wrote M. and L. *Barat Forliere* in *"Notre Soeur-la Pologne"* published in Paris in 1928.

Foreigners who came to Warsaw were, in the main, businessmen or diplomatic, and consular officials. Most of them had travelled extensively, they knew the world and all it had to offer. One might have thought that poor Warsaw, so often destroyed and burned through the centuries of its history, would not attract, enthrall or seduce those who had seen the glory and the glamour of other lands. And yet Warsaw cast a spell over more than one foreigner. There was Mr. *John Bryce Clark,* an Englishman, who came to Warsaw on business in 1919 for 6 weeks and who stayed. . . . . 20 years. He married a Polish girl and became a top executive of important Polish banking concerns. His assistant *Mr, Allan Thomson* also and

Englishman, remained in Warsaw for **19 years, having intended to stay** several months. The British Consul, who later became minister plenipotentiary, *Mr. Frank Severy,* was known as a Warsaw patriot, delving into her relics, and interested in all the manifestations of her cultural life. His knowledge of Polish was amazing.

In the cult of Warsaw, Americans were foremost. An American envoy *John P. Stetson,* was an ardent collector of Warsaw relics, a frequent visitor of all the antique shops and all the art collectors. He chose as his residence an imposing mansion in the heart of the old section of the town, abounding in ancient buildings. Another American who collected Polish items of interest for many years, who studied deeply Polish history and culture, and wrote first class books, showing a rare understanding of national character and ideals of Poland, was *Mr. Paul Super,* the director of the Y. M. C. A, in Warsaw. Mr. Super's love for Warsaw and Poland has been expressed by many deeds during the war. And the love of all these friends was not confined to collecting curios, visiting ancient churches, strolling in the narrow streets of the old city, they drank in Warsaw's humour, care-free spirit, buoyancy and hospitality.

Reflected in all this was the great energy of a city where something was always happening, a city throbing with brisk life of a young State.

Torn away from Warsaw, foreigners often were longing for it. I remember a conversation in Rome with *Mr. William Taylor,* an American now dead, whose apartment was furnished with articles acquired during his three year stay in Warsaw. With genuine interest he asked how the houses and streets of the city looked, and what operas were presented. Then there was a Swiss scientist Dr. J. L. who lived in Poland for years and on his return to his own beautiful Switzerland, succumbed to nostalgia for Warsaw.

Warsaw did not disappoint her foreign friends. In September 1939, Warsaw supposedly lightheaded and lighthearted took up the hopeless fight against the greatest armed might in history. For three weeks it gloriously resisted the furious onslaught of the enemy. There was something noble and splendid in this defiance of Warsaw, something that went back to knightly traditions of old, something of the legend, of the half-god of early 19th century Warsaw, *Prince Joseph Ponyatowski,* who perished in the waters of the Elster at *Leipzig* in 1813 to *"Give up to God the honour of the Poles."*

The first period of the defence of Warsaw brings to mind the American photographer and reporter *Mr. Julien Bryan,* who came to Warsaw to do a Polish documentary film and a few days later became the capital's true defender. I remember how stirred I was by *Bryan's* radio appeal to the American nation for help. I listened to his broadcast in a shelter, while the house above us shook from the German artillery that was rocking the city. And I remember thinking : here is another friend of Warsaw.

September 21, 1939, is very vivid in my mind. On that date following an agreement between the defence command of Warsaw and the German army the foreigners were permitted to leave the long besieged city, that was being systematically and treacherously destroyed. They were to meet before the *Bristol Hotel.* One would think all these foreigners would be overjoyed at this heaven-sent opportunity to escape from the hell of burning and crumbling Warsaw. But the majority were in tears and many waited until the very last minute, before they entered the cars sent to take them away, as if they wished to enjoy as long as possible the view of the chief Warsaw street with the *King Sigismund column* glistening in the distance. A court command forced them to hasten their leave-taking, but I know of instances where people left their cars on route and came back to share our bitter lot and death.

Warsaw will never forget her friends, either those of gay and happy days, or those of the sad and desperate hours.

2

POLAND'S ANSWER TO HITLER
1939

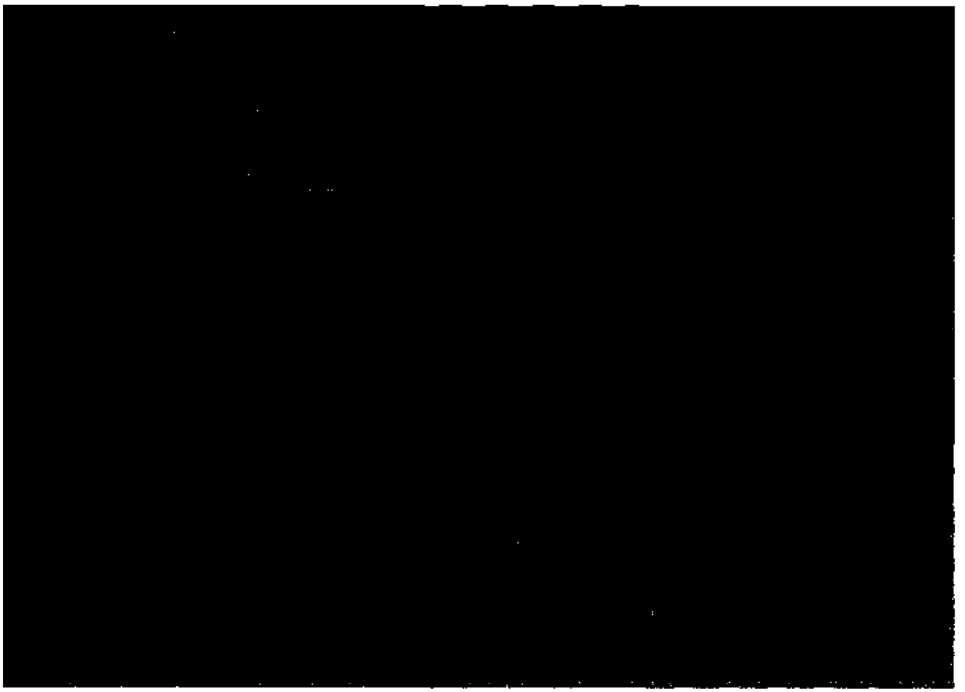
" Peace is a most valuable and desirable thing* But peace, like almost everything in this world, has its price—high but definable.

THERE IS BUT ONE THING IN THE LIFEOF MEN, NATIONS AND STATES WHICH IS WITHOUT A PRICE-AND THAT IS-HONOUR.

Jozef Beck
Minister of Foreign Affairs

Warsaw, May 1939

Jozef Beck during Poland's war for Independence—1914-18



Dark clouds gather over the Polish Sae

STEFANIA ZAHORSKA.

AUGUST 1939

N those last days before the war life still remained intact. Children were coming back to town from holiday camps, the mountains and the seaside, to get ready for school in September. Parents who could afford it, were already buying school books, as if by doing so they could make this September like the September of every year. Houses were cleaned in the morning as usual, carpets which had been packed away with mothballs for the summer were now beaten and put down for the autumn and winter. Winter was still far ahead but amidst the general uncertainty it was a fixed point. So furs and coats were ostentatiously aired on balconies and porches, as if to bewitch fate by this old ritual. It seemed as if the common round of everyday life had suddenly gained a ceremonial solemnity. Dinners were more carefully prepared, families gathered round the table and for a moment their anxiety was soothed. Dishes were consumed as if they were the body and blood of peace.

Apart from that, people went about the streets, busy with their own affairs. Every morning you could hear the usual cries of the street sellers, the peddler of brushes hung with his wares, the rag-and-bonemen stuffing old shoes, trousers and hats into their bags. The tinker would bawl out his traditional tune. The crab seller would dash in, breathless, to hurl his challenge through the shady courtyards: "Crrabs, Crrabs."

As August days speed by, anxiety deepened. On bright days it was concealed beneath the bustle and worries of everyday life. On evenings the noise of the radio poured from au

Open window music drifted through the quiet streets, gently borne on a whiff of warm wind. But suddenly the word "war" would fall from a loudspeaker. It shook the stillness and sent a shiver through the girls walking linked arm in armwith their raen. The word had no body, no substance. But it darkened the starry night, women clung more passionately to men, mouth sought mouth and eyes closed they drank the kisses as if they were the last. At night the dark rows of windows were suddenly broken by a light from a shaded reading lamp, shadows moved behind a curtain and you knew that up there nightmares of war lurking in the cobweb of shadows on the ceiling looked down with bloodshot eyes. Mothers dashed to the cots of their children. Wives listened to the breathing of their husbands. The short sleep which came at dawn brought no relief, day dawned pale and livid. The tea-pot duly appeared on the table, but this ritual of greeting the day was already a dead gesture lacking faith. The nightmare of war was creeping closer, gaining more and more of a stranglehold.

A man-of-war has arrived in Danzig.

The news fell from the wireless in the early morning. A quiver went through press and the city, as if people had suddenly caught a glimpse of gun-muzzles trained on the Polish shore. The papers were reassuring; it was only a visit, they wrote quoting what the Germans had given out. The truth behind that still remained hidden. Nevertheless when that German man-of-war anchored within a firing distance of Westerplatte, something suddenly snapped in the people. Something new was born.

Scavengers pausing in their work to read the paper, tram-conductors freeing their way through the crowded passengers, labourers on their way to work, clerks and merchants, people who had never been out of Warsaw, who had never seen the shore, seemed to have their eyes full of the blues of the sea, their ears resounding with the roaring of waves. The sea rolled roaring and thundering through the streets of Warsaw. "We won't give up."

The affairs of everyday life had suddenly shrunk into insignificance. People who the day before had been thinking out clever plans for packing belongings and locking flats, now stopped talking of their families and of the safe hiding place they had found for them, Perhaps keys and trunks were not safeguards. Suddenly they stopped saying " I ". They said "we". The "we" sprang spontaneously into life without any conscious reason. It embraced the people, the earth under their feet, the sky above them. It embraced the houses and the jagged pavement, the signs over the shops, the trees in the squares. Past and coming days were included in it, past wrongs and sorrows. It comprised great joys and little joys, springing from great raptures and the little bar at the corner, from the fights and quarrels, from giving somebody a hand, from grinding others down. The "we" forgave nobody and nothing, the "we" was not oblivion or compromise, the "we" was not acquiescence to what had been and was, the "we" was nothing but a simple truth, like day and night, the river, the earth, the city, the country. " *We* will defend our Poland ".

Suddenly the memory of the fall of Czechoslovakia revived in people's minds. People who not long ago read almost with indifference that Hitler was breaking promise after promise now drew together in anxious groups. Their gestures as they talked, seemed to point out a sore spot inside themselves, an acute pain, a bleeding wound. "He lies", they cried, "he is cheating."

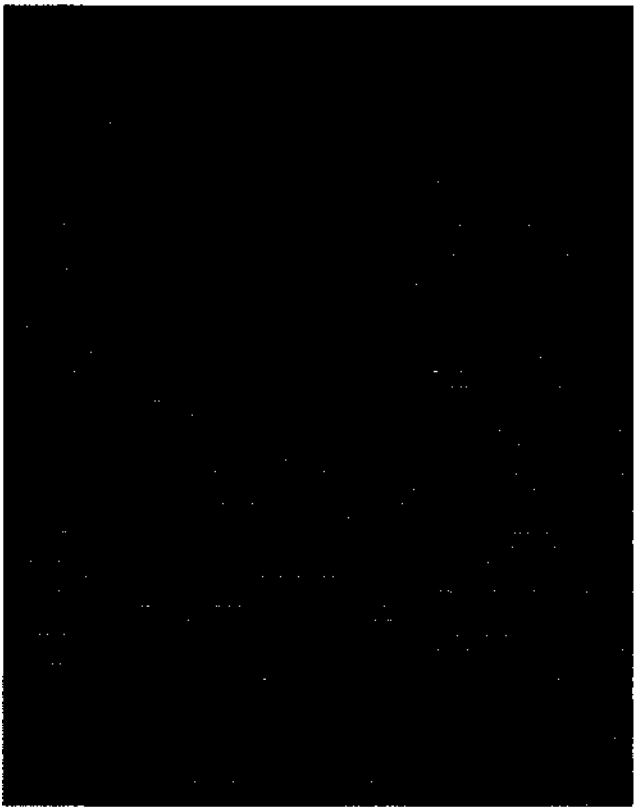
The ignominy of it seemed to be a living thing, offending everybody's self-respect, weighing on everybody's conscience. Above the anticipation of danger suspended over the whole country rose the feeling of *moral injury, of a wrong inflicted on Man.* Nobody counted the loss or profit that would come from yielding the seashore, Nobody reckoned the risks of war. Everybody indignantly rejected the ignominy of surrender. And thus people made the decision to defend their land and *moral existence.* And thus it happened that they pronounced the word "war" without fear.

COL. D. J. WIEJSKI.

WHY WARSAW WAS DEFENDED

ONLY after many months, after the fall **of** many countries, that **looking hack on** events of September 1939, people began to understand the part played in this war by Poland. She was the first to stand up against aggression and **two** overwhelming armies.

I was **one** of the officers who were in command dining **the** siege *oi'* Warsaw. It was well known to me that Poland risked her life by opposing the enemy. Nevertheless, I. also knew as well as many others, that *the only* issue for **my country** was **to defend herself as much as she could, to destroy** ,'s many enemy **divisions** is posssible, in **order to contribute to the fight for the common cause.**



St George the Patron of Knights and soldiers Old woodcut

On the **17th day of fighting, when we were preparing for a second "phase" of** defence behind **Vistula, which was supposed to give the Allies time to strike from the West,** we were **stabbed in the back by our treacherous Eastern neighbour. We realised then perfectly well that we were going to have terrific losses, that a complete military defeat is unavoidable.**

All Polish Staff officers closely watched the growing strength of the Germans **during the** summer of 1939. **We knew exactly the formations of every new squadron of the Luftwaffe, and** even every **platoon of the German military concentration. With great confidence we** also observed the **preparations made by the Allies, and particularly by the French. We** realised well enough **that our share would be to bear the brunt of the first attack—thus giving the** Allies time **to mobilise. We were cold bloodedly determined to fight and die, knowing that the final victory must be on our side.**

This was the morale of the Polish Army, when the war broke out. It must, be noted that the general mobilisation which had started some days before the outbreak of war, was

interrupted at the **request of the French and British ambassadors, in order not to make the** Germans "nervous". Therefore, **when** war **broke out, on September 1st, 1939, and during** the days that followed men were pouring from everywhere to their units. They all knew that General Gamelin had promised an armed intervention in the West on the 14th day of war, that is on the day when the first part of the French mobilisation was to be completed.

Every Pole fought knowing that all the odds were against him, but supported by one idea : to divert as many German divisions as possible. Then the French and British would join the fight, throwing in their strong armies and their air power. I remember so many miserable peasants who looked at the swarms of German planes coming to machinegun them, with the hope in their eyes, that they were French or British.

The determination of the Polish people was manifest. It is not only the proof of their patriotism, but also of their steadfastness. Only such a morale can explain the reckless defence of towns, the attacks on tanks by cavalry, all those mad heroic deeds which often made the specialists of "modern warfare" shrug their shoulders.

Once this is realised, one can easily understand the defence of Warsaw. It becomes a natural sequence of the spirit of "defending every inch of Polish soil" and the will to engage the greatest possible enemy force in battle.

There are two distinct phases in the siege of Warsaw. The first is spontaneous and unorganised. Units of the 4th German Panzer Division which were approaching the outskirts of the city, were pushed back by troops concentrated in the Warsaw district, and by the Warsaw population who spontaneously took part in the fight. Inspired by a feeling that something should be done, the Mayor of the city, Starzynski, executing general instructions of the Commander-in-Chief, organised voluntary units from all those men who had not managed to join their own regiments. The city was quickly divided into sectors, trenches were dug inside, barricades established outside. This under continual German bombardment and machine gunning.

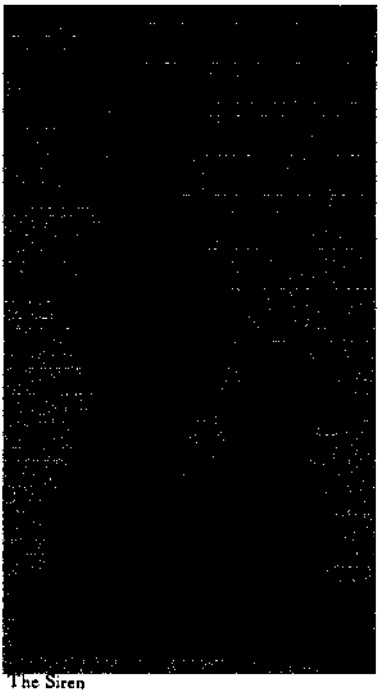
It would be difficult here to describe all the different stages of the defence of Warsaw. Due to many factors it was the nerve centre of defence. Polish divisions figliting in the West of Poland slowly retreated towards the capital, thus drawing towards it the greatest concentration of enemy forces. During the entire siege, the Germans were compelled to maintain around Warsaw' one third of their army fighting in Poland, one fourth of the whole army fighting during the September campaign.

The headquarters of the defenders of Warsaw were keeping record of every enemy unit, and broadcasting the information to Paris, firmly convinced that by engaging the German Army, even if it were only for a few weeks, the beginning of the Allied offensive in the west was greatly facilitated. We defended ourselves until we had no more ammunition, sacrificing our women and children in order to achieve this aim.

Warsaw and the people of Poland fulfilled their duty and their obligation towards the Allies with whom Poland was bound by a *Treaty of Mutual Assistance.*

ZYGMUNT NOWAKOWSKI

A SIREN FOR A CREST



The Siren

ON the 8th of September, 1939, when the first shells from the German artillery began to fall in the centre of Warsaw, the Mayor of the city Stefan Starzynski, made this announcement by radio and placards: "We shall defend Warsaw and not surrender it." By that time Warsaw was completely uncovered, war operations seemed to some extent to have passed it by, the campaign had moved on and from the north waves of staggerers from the routed army began to flow into the city. It was exactly at that moment that the capital decided to defend itself. For Poland the "Blitzkrieg", prepared with such genius and infinite care in every smallest detail, was a debut, and for Warsaw most particularly. No one had foreseen the situation, no one had reckoned with this eventuality, the capital had neither troops, equipment nor stores of food, it was not in contact with the Government who had to evacuate eastward, it had no leader, it stood no chance. Its defiance was an absurdity but it was a necessity as well. On the sombre day of September 8, Starzynski announced this defence which was maintained for twenty long days. Of all European capitals attacked by the Germans, Warsaw defended itself the longest. In the fever and distraction of those first days of a war, the like of which till then had been unknown in our world, this strange thing occurs: the government orders all men capable of bearing arms to leave the capital, whilst simultaneously the capital determines to defend itself. What tragedy, what bitter irony in the association of those two decisions! Deprived of all means of defence Warsaw, realizing that it is digging its own grave by doing so, decides to defend itself.

Ten centuries of history lie behind Poland, during which time Warsaw was for more than two centuries the capital of an independent, and for twenty years of a renascent Poland. When, in the second half of the XVth century, the Polish King Zygmunt August proposed to move the capital from Cracow to the centre of his great Kingdom, he took no count of Warsaw, then but a miserable townlet, **and** in the **XIIIth century scarcely a village.**

But it was predestined to become a capital. It was situated in the geometrical centre of Europe, at the intersection of two straight lines leading from east to west and from south to north. On a river, at the junction of so many roads from Europe to Asia, its position then was the same as in the XIX century, when Lesseps, the creator of the Suez Canal, prophecised that it was bound to outdistance all the cities of Europe and become the biggest, happiest and richest of them all, a city which could not be untouched by any great occurrence, which was bound to be involved in any affair of world wide interest.

To-day it still lies at the intersection of those two straight lines and of all European cities **is the** most unhappy; **a** city which **was the first to be touched by a great occurrence, an affair of world-wide interest embraced by the one word:** ***War.*** **On a river, at the intersection of a horizontal and perpendicular line lies Warsaw. It lies in ruins.**

Sirens started wailing over Warsaw in September 1939. Their sinister, doleful, terrifying note we hear to this day, and never shall we forget it. It has a particular eloquence **and a** particular importance; it seems to ratify Warsaw's privilege in using for its seal an armoured siren. An unusual crest and unusual seal. Whence this siren came, is unknown. Exotic, out of harmony with the world of Polish imagery and beliefs, unsuitable, incomprehensible, of uncertain origin, neither a washerwoman nor a Vistula deity, it has nothing in keeping with the Slavonic Olympus. An intruder-siren which ousted the likeness of St. George from the ancient sea. An accidental, borrowed figure, without birth certificate; a vagabond reflex **of** classical mythology appearing on Mazovia's sandy plains. And suddenly this seal is invested with deep significance. It is telling, explaining clearly and only too comprehensibly that Warsaw has, and always will have, a siren for its crest from the voice of those sirens which announced a war originating at the point where two straight lines cross each other, where lies the centre, the very heart of Europe. Warsaw is entitled to that crest.

We usually simplify certain complicated processes, certain stages or epochs by giving them the name of a single person although in reality they were the outcome of the endeavours of a number. In such simplification there is always a certain modicum of truth, there is exaggeration too. There is however no exaggeration in saying that for us to-day, both in substance and idea, Warsaw of 1939, is closely coupled in our minds with the name of Stefan Starzynski.

The material development of the town in the years immediately preceding the war, its burial under rubble and its moral greatness—shining ever more brightly through the gloom of our disaster—all this in our minds is bound up with Starzynski. He raised Warsaw up he deliberately allowed it to be dashed to earth, and he saved it. Shattered and *in* ruins, Warsaw, in a moral sense was greater and finer than it was before.

During the middle ages Warsaw occupied just a few hectares, later it extended over no more than two thousand hectares, which figure increased six-fold in the third year of the first world war, that is immediately after the Russians left the town. From that time it began to spread with increasing rapidity.

But the town was very ugly in some districts. It was an ugliness; deliberate^'and consciously imposed upon it by the Russians, who wished to crush it, who did all in their power to obliterate the traces of its former greatness and beauty, to deprive it of sun, of air and greenery, to hide even the Vistula. In every town there is always a focal and most beautiful point, be it a square, a church, a palace or monument, fountain or bridge, but the greatest and most imposing building in Warsaw from the days of Russian rule was the citadel. Its foundations were being laid in 1831, as the November Polish Revolution died. On the immense space of two hundred and fifty hectares the Russians pulled down the finest part of the town there, to erect this citadel like a symbol and constant living threat. "At. the slightest disturbances I shall order the bombardment of the town. I shall destroy Warsaw and it will certainly not be I who will rebuild it", said Tsar Nicholas I, in the year 1835, to a Polish delegation.

The citadel overshadowed the town which was enclosed by a throttling chain of fortifica* tions in the vicinity of which no building was allowed without special permission, and ever* the planting of trees forbidden. Warsaw was grippled with iron clamps and for a century became a speciman of truly barbarian urbanism, Starzynski's Warsaw declared war on this state of things. He bad many gifted collaborators, but the idea itself was his. A logical, persistant and wise idea, Warsaw must become a great, beautiful and healthy city. A gigantic plough and harrow must be driven over its whole surface, to extirpate all Russian traces and to restore the forgotten vestiges of former beauty from beneath the ruins of the citadel, forts, **ugly orthodox churches and barracks.**

Mayor Starzynski with Mayor La-Guardia of New York

A mass movement began from the congested courtyards to the side spaces where one could breathe. There was in this a certain dashing gesture, there was youth ambition and even voracity. Warsaw was literally taking shape before our eyes. It was a race, a sport.

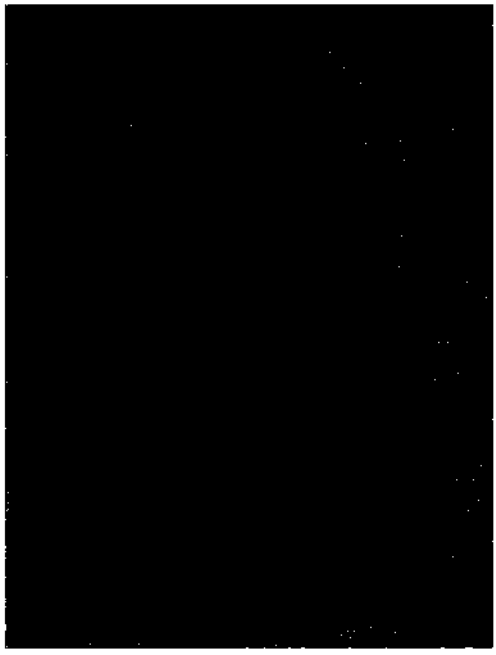
On the 1st of September 1939, the whole of this work stopped dead.

Called into being by Starzynski the defence began. From day to day and hour to hour this man could see Warsaw—his creation—being destroyed, collapsing into ruins, going up in flames. A different plough and another harrow were scarifying the entire centre of the city and all its new and beautiful districts. Conflagrations, bombs, cannon shells made no distinction between ancient and fresh young beauty. Equally, with ruthless justice they, attacked the whole of Warsaw, its churches, palaces, libraries, theatres, stadiums, gardens, residential blocks and buildings in the process of erection.

The guns fell silent on September 27, and German troops began to enter the ruins of the capital. Starzynski—a romantic in so far as the decision to defend the city was concerned, proves to be just as active after the capitulation as he had been throughout the siege. In the light of the reports and accounts we see him entering into negotiations with the occupying authorities, we see him trying to restore at least a semblance of life in Warsaw despite the catastrophic conditions. Fighting the brutality, stupidity, ill-will and terrorism of the German authorities, he defends Polish property and that of the city, tries to get hold of credits to issue local currency, thinks of introducing a moratorium, and in face of the general impoverishment and misery, aims at a radical reduction of rents. He endeavours to obtain help from America in the matter of feeding the starving people; intervenes in the cause of those arrested. He is everywhere and everything.

On October 27, Starzynski disappears. Summoned by the president of the police for a conference, he never returns from it. Lost in the darkness of a prison or concentration camp, Starzynski seems only nearer to us. Dead, for us he lives. The substance and idea—"Warsaw"- is more closely bound up with him than ever. Starzynski is as it were a synonym for the city which lies at the intersection of two straight lines, in the very centre, the very heart of **Europe.**

A city which bears the warning Siren foritscrest.



Thomas Arciszewski the most revered Socialist Leader of Poland, active in the defence of Warsaw and the underground struggle. Prime Minister since November 1944.

BY M. N.

SOCIALISTS IN THE DEFENCE OF WARSAW

THE defence of Warsaw in 1939 has a double meaning. It was one of the most dramatic episodes in the long chain of Poland's fights for freedom. But the foe Poland was resisting in 1939, was not only the enemy of her own freedom, but was aiming at the enslavement of Europe, at the destruction of its culture, of the foundations of civic life, of international relations, of social progress, based on the free development of nations according to the three great ideals of the French revolution—Liberty* Equality, Fraternity,—forcing them instead into a most abject slavery.

Every opposition to the might of Hitler,—regarded then as all-powerful—every defiance of his brutal might and a bold challenge of it in the name of higher human ideals, were a direct service to all natiions and Humanity as a whole. Hence the undaunted defence of Warsaw is a fragment of the great struggle for freedom of all the peoples of the world.

This defence was organised in exceptional conditions: it was unexpected, spontaneous, without any previous preparation. It was the outcome of the people's traditions, and deep-rooted, passionate attachment to liberty, the expression of their hearts and will. By its long tradition of struggles for freedom the Polish Socialist Party was fully entitled to be one of the leaders of this heroic defence, and its intimate links with the Warsaw masses gave it yet another right.

All were active in the defence of Warsaw. All citizens be they Catholics, Protestants, or Jews—workers, intellectuals, shop-keepers, students and peasants—be they socialists, nationalists or conservatives. In the intensity of danger and fire a real national unity was achieved; that was in itself the triumph of socialistic ideals. For those fighting for Warsaw were not only the soldiers of Poland but of the world democracy.

The people of Warsaw were fighting the battle to the end. The capitulation of Warsaw was not a defeat. When arms were exhausted they found other weapons; in the darkness of conspiracy the underground army was born and the fight went on. In this simple heroism which does not know submission is Poland's hope. These stubborn masses of Poland will endure the worse occupation and will not bend.

Warsaw was an undefended city. To fortify it and to meet the assault with resistance, was not in the plan of Polish military authorities who could foresee neither the speed of the "blitzkrieg" nor the suprise of a two fronts war.

Optimism reigned in Warsaw only until the 4th of September. The order of the Government to evacuate the offices cast a gloom on the capital. Not one word about the possibility of defence was heard from official quarters; according to strategic plans the next defence line was to be formed to the east of Warsaw. What would be the fate of the capital no one knew. The initiative to defend it at all costs came from the people.

On the 6th of September a representative of the Polish Socialist Party went to see the Deputy Prime Minister and the Commander of the Warsaw garrison, and expressed the will of the workmen to defend the capital with arms, to form a volunteer corps and a Workers Committee of Social Assistance. The initiative was gladly accepted by General Czuma. Thus the people of Warsaw were to a great extent responsible for this historic decision.

MyecKislav Nyedzyalkoski the famous Socialist hero

On the 8th Mayor Starzynski was nominated as Civil Commissioner, assisting the army in the Warsaw district. And the socialist paper "Robotnik"-"The Worker"-published the long awaited new : *Warsaw will be defended.* A strong, calm, manly appeal to all citizens was answered enthusiastically. Thousands were enlisted to the volunteer regiments and to labour brigades, which were sent to dig trenches, and build barricades.

The masses of Warsaw were joyously flocking to all posts of enrolment; eyes were burning with a desire for fight, for sacrifice, for active help in the defence of the beloved city. Since the very first day of organising the measures of defence, its broad social character was clear. The Polish Socialist Party formed its 'P. P. S. Legions,' and all were joining them without hesitation; political friends as well as opponents. All differences had disappeared.

The sanitary section was a model of good organisation. Cleaning the streets, burying corpses, superintending the hygienic conditions of private houses, rescuing people from the ruins of crumbling buildings, first aid to the wounded, transportations to the hospitals, the organisation of civic committees—all was taken up by the Committee of Social Assistance formed by the Socialist Party.

About the 14th of September Warsaw began to understand what until now she was reluctant to grasp: the Polish army was almost defeated, Warsaw remained the last island of free Poland. Every day of resistance would now mean one day more of independence, of breathing free air, of the existence of the unfettered Polish State. No sacrifice was too great to prolong the liberty of the Republic. Warsaw was now the heart of Poland. Her heroic effort was a living expression of the country's passion for freedom. Warsaw stood for Poland. -Warsaw was defending the honour of the Nation.

It was in this spirit that the defence of Warsaw was undertaken, and in this spirit it went on till the end.

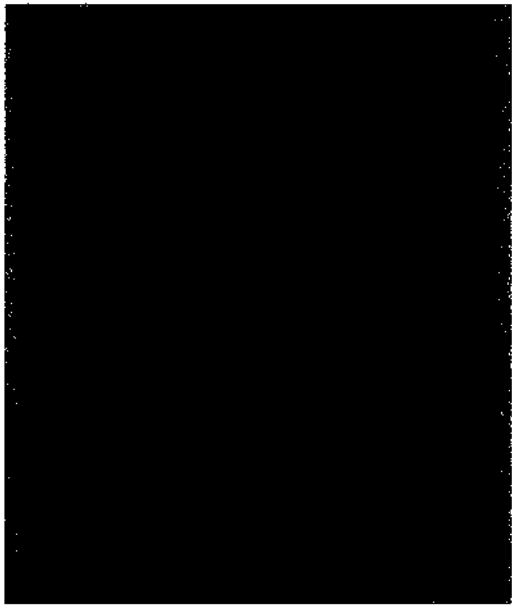
Warsaw's will was to show that no sacrifice is too great for freedom. To show, that if Poland was defeated it was not because she lacked will, gallantry, heroism.....Germans understood well this meaning of the battle. They broadcast about the fall of Warsaw long before it was a fact; they threw leaflets stating that the whole of Poland was in their hands, that there could be no hope nor salvation, But Warsaw's spirit was unyielding.

The Polish Radio was the best friend of the people in those, dreadful days. Day and night it broadcast news, encouraged and cheered, strengthening endurance and fortitude. The powerful sounds of the old, much-loved song of freedom—"The Warsavienne" : "who wins will be free, who falls is already free"—and the proud tones of Chopin's Polonaise became like the voice of the very heart of the Nation.

The world listened. A grand, bloody, heroic epic was conveyed through space by those majestic and fiery sounds to million of hearts. And in some a flame was enkindled, a firm will was awakened, Warsaw's call became a high message of the Common Cause of Humanity, a moral appeal of incalculable strength.

On September 17, after a hellish barrage of fire having raged day and night of the 16th, a bright Sunday morning came. Not one house remained untouched in the centre of the city, not one street free from debris, corpses, glass and splinters. Dead bodies were buried in the squares and court-yards, some loving hands covered them with flowers; other dutiful hands cleaned the streets, washed away bloody stains from the pavements. Sunday, Warsaw wants to be clean, Warsaw is still fond of beauty, in spite of all...Churches are full. But no tears, no complaints, no calls for mercy even to God. "Give us strength, give us endurance, give us fortitude"—is the only prayer.

These are more necessary than ever. At noon, just when people were leaving the churches, incredible news falls upon the crowds, worse than any one could have expected : *Soviet Forces have crossed the frontiers of Poland.* People could not believe it. How could it be ? Solemn assurances of neutrality, offers of assistance, the Non-Aggression Pact...Communists, the greatest enemies of Fascism, the implacable foes of Hitler join now hands with the Nazi troops against Poland ? Hitler, with his anti-commintern pact, with his fight in Spain "for the protection of Europe against Communism," co-operates cynically with the Red Army, to crush Poland and over her body advance further in a conquering march.....?



All what remained of hou...

Poland understood. It meant the fourth partition of her lands. It meant all European culture, all Christian civilisation doomed. People of Warsaw were dumb struck. In the eyes of old fighters, strong, hardy men, tears were seen. Silence fell on the crowds.

Did it mean hesitation ? Did it mean despair ? Not in the least. Was there more hope before this last news, was Warsaw believing in victory ? No. She was fighting for the Honour of Poland. For *the moral, imponderable principles.* Have these changed ? They have not.

Late at night the military Command summons a meeting of representatives of the people. They come, slipping among ruins, under heavy fire, to a shelter—the silent headquarters of the High Command. The Commander, quietly, frankly exposed the whole situation: "Scarcity of food,

scarcity of ammunition, if carefully rationed they can suffice for another fortnight. Some units of the army have been contacted; new links made. There are enough soldiers and volunteer brigades to hold the positions, but not enough weapons for them. Russians, without any warning nor declaration of war, have crossed the frontier of Poland. Battles are going on."

The discussions which followed, gave proof that the fearless attitude of Warsaw people had not been modified by the distressing news. A Council of Defence of the Capital was formed, and new plans of defence worked out.

The night was calm; no bombing, no deafening sound of artillery. The first calm, starry night over Warsaw since the 1st of September. Silence lasted till noon of the 18th, to give a chance of leaving the doomed city to foreign diplomats and correspondents. Some did not want to leave, others left with tears.

To be sure of the real attitude of the masses the Polish Socialist Party, taking advantage of this respite, called a mass meeting.

"To fight to the last possibility, to the last cartridge, to the last loaf of bread"—was the unanimous decision. "Warsaw is now almost the only position of the Polish State, the only island of liberty in the whole country, it cannot be abandoned while there is the slightest possibility of holding it."

Alas, these possibilities were diminishing daily, hourly. Hunger was poignant. Every horse killed on the street was immediately surrounded by a crowd with knifes, scissors, or penknives, and its flesh cut off. Hands were not shrinking from bloody shreds, provided some food could be secured. The stores with foodstuff, ravaged by fires, had been reduced to one-tenth of the necessary,

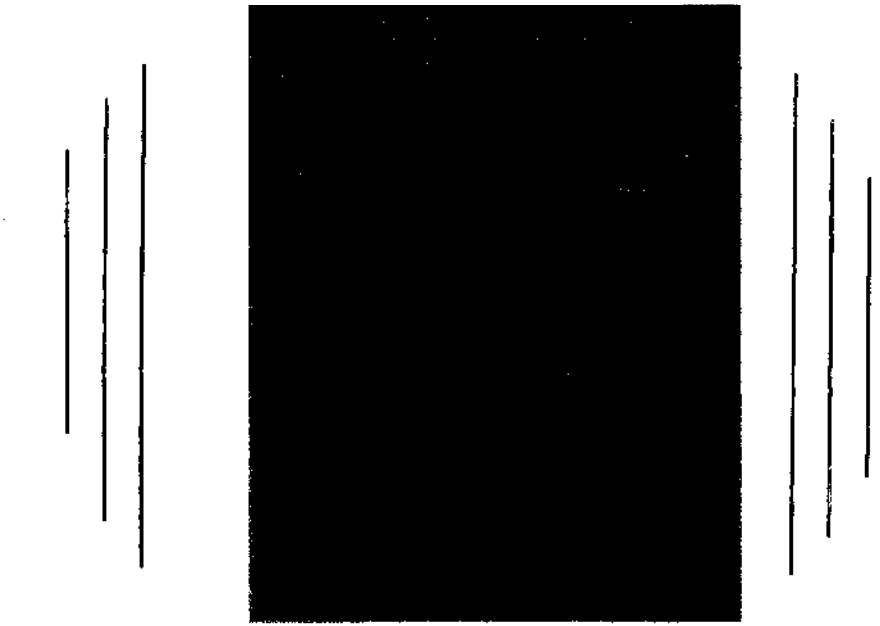
The Power-house was hit. Darkness fell on the city. Nights uncanny, grim beyond words. The radio, the dearest friend of Warsaw, was silenced. The city was encircled by fires. Hundreds of them consuming whole blocks and streets. No water to put them out. Small houses and big buildings were crumblings like toys at every step. How many people were buried under their ruins nobody knew.

The roar of planes, the whiz of bombs, the acrid smoke and smell of burning flesh, were penetrating everywhere, shattering nerves, depriving people of judgement, of common sense. They jumped out from burning houses only to find death on the pavement; they tried to extricate themselves from among the ruins, and ran amoke blinded and mad with horror.

Nowhere security, nowhere escape from danger and death. Everywhere the same roar of steel wings, the same whiz of bombs. The whole day such hell and helplessness. Our anti-aircraft guns silent, having exhausted all ammunition. No weapons of defence. The terrible sense of wholesale butchery with no protection whatsoever.

All round killed and wounded. On the street pavements, in the doorways and yards. The heartrending sights of agonizing people, desperate cries for help or a drop of water. And some old, half blind women, defying all danger, bowing low over the wounded with infinite reverence, with water, or.....only a sign of the cross.

At dusk the mad attack ceased. It was the turn of artillery, throwing a stream of iron and steel into the burning streets of the fatally wounded city. Hundreds and thousands of people, escaping from crumbling houses, in this worst of all, this unforgettable night of horror and dread, were seeking refuge near the walls, but the heath was unbearable, the falling masonry hitting them, and the blinded, wounded crowds rushed to the other side of the street, only to find the same.....Then back to the centre of the road, awaiting their fate. Followed by exploding grenades, by a hundred bluish little flames jumping and dancing on pavements like devils unleashed.



" God, give us endurance "

During the greatest intensity of bombardment the Committee of Citizens of Warsaw met in session. Not all the members could reach the place. The Executive discussed the situation till early morning. Thousands of people are buried alive under the ruins, they can be saved if help is not delayed. There is no water. Wells are insufficient for one-tenth of the population. One-third of Warsaw is in flames. One more day of such intensity of bombardment and the whole city will be one heap of ruins. The situation is desparate. Only a few more boxes of ammunition .....

Can Warsaw still fight ? Germans will not hesitate to use all means, including gas—according to their threats—to break her resistance. Hitler is furious. All his time-table has been upset by this unexpected opposition.

Warsaw has dune all she could. She has fulfilled her duty to the end. She has shown a living testimony of what price the freedom of their Motherland is for the Poles. What more can she do ?

Slowly, in choked voices, some through tears, were members of the Executive casting their votes for capitulation. The military command was of the same opinion. It was decided to send a messenger to the German Headquarters proposing 48 hours armistice, to extinguish the fires, to bury the dead. The delegate reached German position in the evening. A short interval in the roaring noie, and once more the same wild assault.

The Polish proposal was understood by the Germans as a moral breakdown, they **thought the will of resistance is** broken, they rejected all talk of armistice and wanted to impose **unconditional surrender.**

Poles did not agree.

One more night of an inconceivable íntensity of bombardment. Our artillery was answering without stop; soldiers did not spare the last munition. Nothing to lose. The roar was continual like that of a mighty fearful storm, like a wild clash of elementary powers surpassing all human endurance. Earth and heaven seemed to be shattered.

The Germans understood that Warsaw's will of resistance is not broken. And on the 27th, new parleys began. Warsaw obtained three days of armistice and honourable condition of capitulation; which of course were not fulfilled.

The Warsaw battle was over. Silence suddenly fell on smoking rums. Groups of pale people emerged from cellars in search of water and food. But still more to enquire what this ominous silence means. Is it possible ? Capitulation ? Some naive, fantastic rumours spread- " Help has come, fresh divisions arrived, airborne troops have come from England and France to the rescue of the city, Germans retreated." The childish illusions were soon dispelled by a German plane flying low, very low to observe the result of their exploits. Not one anti-aircraft gun was welcoming them. Then capitulation' ? Grief was overwhelming. The silence seemed a verdict of death.

Here and there soldiers did not want to lay down arms They asked permission to break through the German lines and fight in their rear. Warsaw citizens did non want to submit. Delegation after delegation was seeing the Mayor. Workmen were threatening revolt, they wanted to fight on. The whole day was needed to convince them that further resistance is of no avail.

" *}* low can **I protect you my darling. ?"**

The socialist leader M. Niedzyalkoski refused do sign the document of capitulation, saying: *"Labour does not submit, labour fights on"*

The last Order of the Day of the city military Commander appeared on the walls, it said: "Warsaw has fulfilled her duty to the end".

The Mayor broadcast abroad. And the Polish Socialist Party gave its last free message to the population, saying :

"Workmen, we have done all we could for the defence of Poland, of Honour, of Freedom. A new struggle lies before us, we will have to go underground; for how long ? "

Let the tragic days of Warsaw September fight, be an inspiration for all the next forms of Polish resistance; let them be the pride of the Nation for all generations to come, and an immortal monument in the history of Mankind. A testimony of devotion to freedom, faithfulness to Honour, worship of Motherland, the undying glory of duty fulfilled, of sacrifice gladly accepted for all-human ideals. An inspiration to all the nations of the world who cherish freedom and liberty and the free life of individuals and nations.

ANTONI CWOJDZINSKI

THE LAST PERFORMANCE

It all started when anti-aircraft guns were placed in the Saski Park and ammunition was stored in our Summer Theatre. And then the airraid came and bombs began to rain on the park.

[11] It would be enough if now this shack started to burn. Everything would explode ; **the** guns and a few of the neighbouring blocks together with the people. There will be more damage than from a hundred bombs," frightened people whispered in the shelter.

The actors at the National Theatre tried to look cheerful. Of course when everything goes to pieces, it is. difficult to be sentimental about this wooden barn, which since the last century has been an outrage against all safety regulations, and only by a miracle did not burn down in peace time. But it is difficult to count on good fortune now when half of Warsaw goes up in smoke. No one will even regret it. A beautiful little stone theatre which has been planned long ago, will be erected in its stead.

And yet the peoples' hearts were bleeding, one actress had begun her career in the Summer Theatre, one actor played there uninterruptedly for so many years. A third experienced there his most beautiful love role, which real life never granted him. Will they again some day stand on these rotten but dear boards ? They interrupted their conversation because the radio was broadcasting the communique of the city command, Mayor Starzynski was calling on the men to take the ammunition away from the Summer Theatre and carry it under the trees in the park. In case of an explosion, at least a part of it would be saved.

Silence fell among the actors. No one in his right mind would stick his nose out of the shelter. Outside hell itself was let loose.

It is a terrible thing to perish with an ammunition box in one's arms began one of the actresses. " Nothing will remain of one."

" Some dust in the air."

" And some smell of smoke," added another.

" Yes, this is not the death on the stage," interjected **the** old manager who was **sitting** with them in the shelter. " Here one must **do without taking a bow before the curtain after** death. Here it's real, not pretended."

Actors have pretended all their lives think people like him. But they knew how very real acting was; that pretended truth on the stage has to be lived through often more sincerely than real truth in life and that one must have more courage on the stage than at the box office of the theatre manager.

" Aeschylus also used to act," the manager continued, when the argument subsided " but of no achievement in the theatre was he so proud as of the fact that he had fought at Salamina. He has only this inscription engraved on his tomb: "He fought against the Persians."

A fine time for showing off his philology I But he never produced Aeschylus, for he would not have had any box office returns.

One actor shrugged his shoulders and turned his back; another showed his contempt by looking for his hat which was suddenly misplaced, a third was helping him for he had seen it somewhere in the other corridor. Someone else later found that hat in its place and ran after them. Still another hurriedly followed for it turned out to be his hat. And so it happened that not a single man was left in the shelter, because when the others failed to return, the manager was so irritated that he also went after them and did not come back either. On the street, quite empty a quarter of an hour ago, they unexpectedly met a crowd of people.

" Would you kindly tell me where this what d'you call Summer Theatre is located ?" asked a corpulent land-owner from Pomerania in, whose veins lived the tradition of the struggle against the Germans.

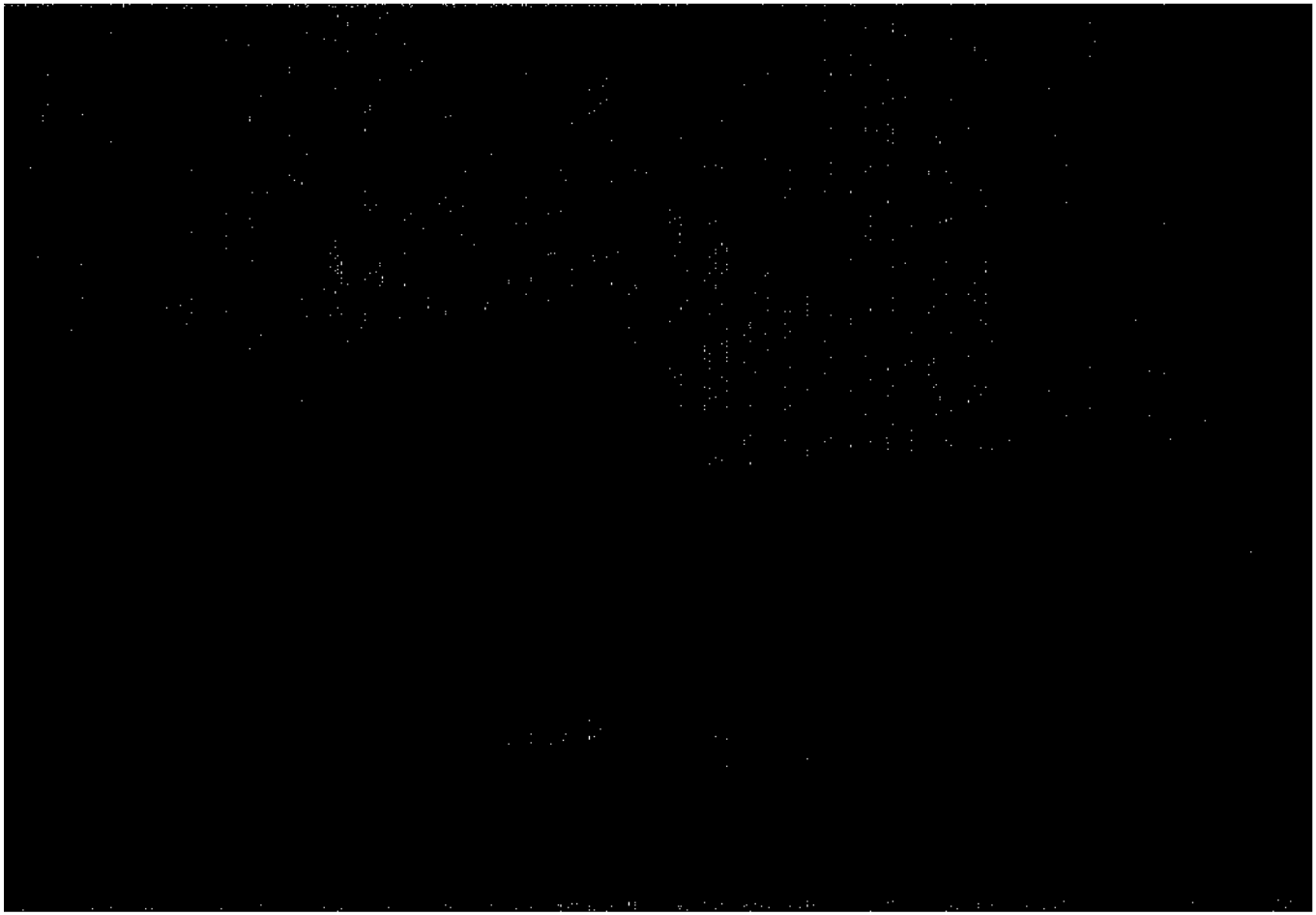
" Well, right here, among those trees. Come with us, comrade," a bricklayer answered him.

In the crowd the actors disapperead. The stage of the theatre became the theatre of war. They did not differ in anything from the others. A merchant whose store was burning nearby without anyone to save it, a university professor whose reading of a new work on the structure of the atom was interrupted in the shelter by the radio command; a peasant whom the war had driven here with a pair of horses from as far away as Czenstokhowa, people strangely different and now strangely the same, were the actors here.

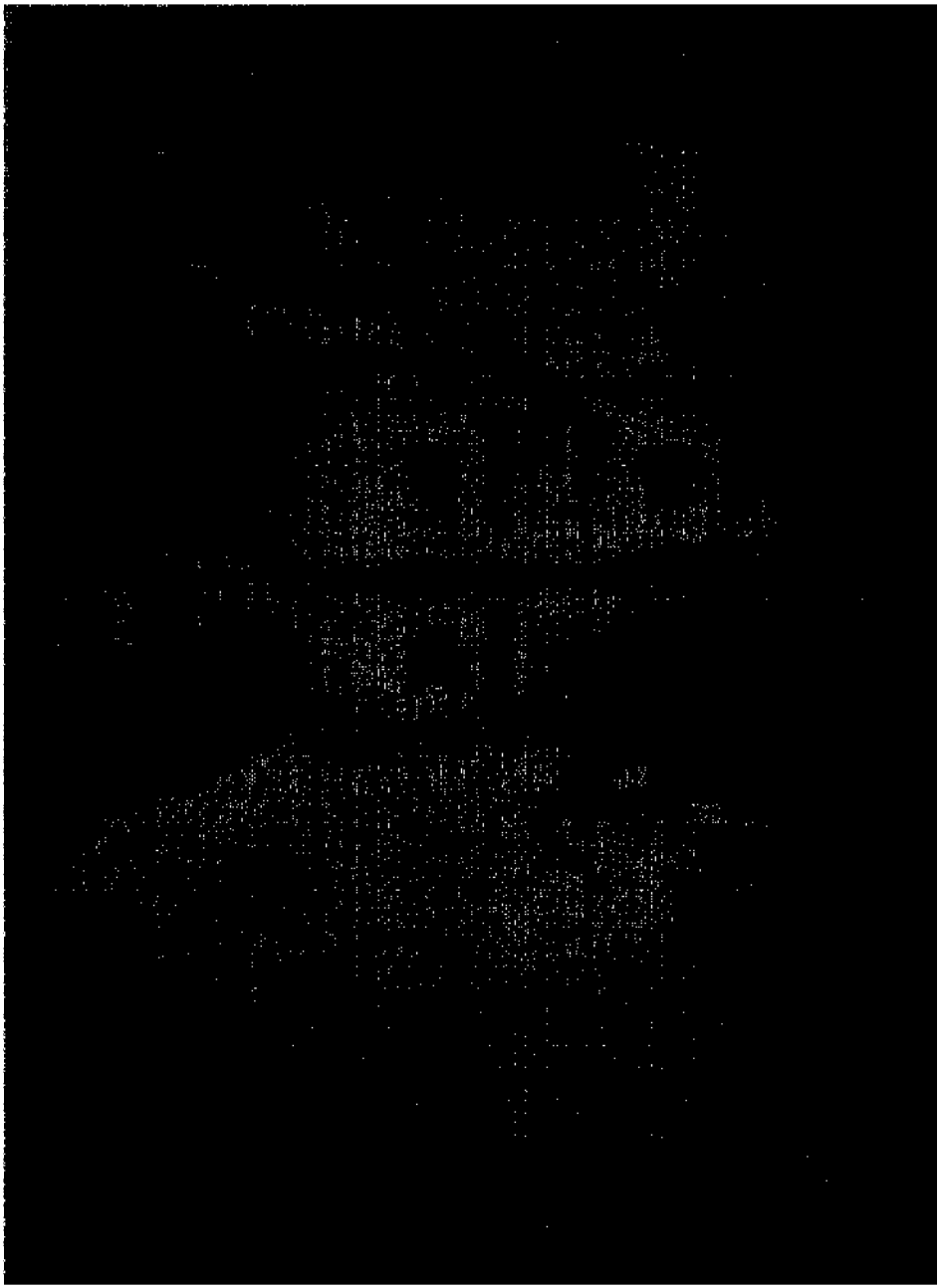
The ammunition-boxes proved very heavy but only the manager failed. When he stopped, his suspenders gave way and when he tried to lift the load, the small of his back was not equal to the job. But he did not want to give up and continued to stand at the box office and give orders. With one hand he was holding his precarious trousers, while with the other he was pointing out where things should be placed, the farther away from the theatre, the better.

All were tremendously exhausted by this last performance. They came back aching in every bone and yet they felt as if it were after an exceptionally beautiful first night. It did not bring triumphs and it will never do so, because the role of the unknown soldier never is and never will be rewarded. But it is the most beautiful of the roles which life has in its repertoire. The only person to be rewarded was the manager. To the amusement of the actors he walked for about three days bent double as he could not straighten his aching back. Therefore the words: " He fought against the Germans," were inscribed on the shelter wall over the spot where he lay. He was very angry at them for poking fun at him, but he did not allow **the** inscription to be wiped out.

AU this however was of no avail. The Summer Theatre shared the fate of all Poland. **But** as there was no ammunition in the theatre, a few of the neighbouring blocks did not go up in the air, but nothing remained of the old shed except ruins. Only its history remained and the legend of the last performance of its unknown soldier-actors on its stage.



The Saski Park—site of the Summer Theatre



The Lazyenki Palace and the lake

STANISLAW STRONSKI

WARSAW THE HEART OF EUROPE

IN the course of centuries Warsaw had to survive many a stormy and dangerous moment. At che time of invasions of Swedes, Prussians, Hungarians, Moskovites, in 1655-56, **Warsaw** was twice taken and subsequently freed; on the eve of the second partition of Poland, in 1794, when the news came of Kostsyushko's rising in Krakow, the city has thrown out the Russian garrison. In the walls of Warsaw, at the night of 30th November, 1830 the great national Rising against the Russian domination broke out; around Warsaw there was desperate fighting, until it fell again on September 8th 1831. For some hundred years—from the begining of the XIX century to the begining of the XX century—there was no other city in the world where invaders would have been fought with so much determination or fierceness as in Warsaw.

When in 1830, "Warsaw shook off the domination of the powerful Tsar Nicolas I, the great Polish poet Adam Mitskyevich said: *"Warsaw alone dares to defy thy might*."

These words must have come in mind to everyone in September 1939. Hitler, who conquered Vienna and Prague without firing a shot, was faced with a challenge of Poland, where in spite of the smashing superiority of the enemy, and in spite of the hopelessness of the resistance, Warsaw refused to surrender. And at that time, in September 1939, the Polish capital devastated with bombs and shells, and falling into ruins, became the city most venerated by the entire freedom-loving world.

Unforgettable will remain the Day of Prayer in 1939, in Warsaw. Every year on November 1st, the dead were commemorated by lighting candles on every grave at the cemeteries. In the course of battles in September 1939, hundreds and thousands of inhabitants fell in the streets; they were buried where they fell, on the nearest grass verge. In the evening of November 1st, 1939, candles flared up on all squares of this city-cemetery.

Another great Polish poet-J. Slowatski, wrote hundred years ago "If Europe could be compared to a nymph, Naples would be her blue eyes, and Warsaw her heart" Has Warsaw not become as though the heart of the subjugated Europe suffering under the Nazi yoke ?

Warsaw—the city in which no citizen in the last six years could be sure of reaching home safely and evading the German [and now the Soviet] killers; the city where Universities and schools have been destroyed, looted and shut, so that scientists had to clean streets; the city of hunger and most terrible starvation; the city of executions and deportations to death camps; the city of which the Jewish ghetto has become something worse than a hell on earth; the city of overcrowded churches, as though there was nothing left to the people but prayer—that Warsaw went from the very begining underground, had its own secret authorities, conducted an incessant struggle with the invaders, listened in secret—day and night—to the broadcasts of the entire world, and published—in the capital alone—80 clandestine periodicals.

Thus became Warsaw an example for all; indeed the heart of the prostrated but resistant Europe which awaited the moment when it coud shake off the yoke, I often think that, if **the** United Nations would like to raise a Freedom statue, it should be erected for Warsaw.

THE DEB T OF THE WORLD.

AT dawn on September 17, the Polish armies engaged in a mortal struggle with the Germans, were unexpectedly attacked from the rear by Soviet mechanized divisions.

A few hours later an American newspaper, under the caption "This dark Hour"—printed an article full of sympathy for Poland, the closing paragraph of which read :

"Russian intervention immediately and profoundly affects the whole character of the war. It is not only that the last shreds of Polish resistance must now vanish, it is a double threat to the culture of the western world." On September 18, appeared an article in the "St. Louis Post Dispatch," the author closed his considerations, also full of sympathy for Poland, with these words :

"The gloomy German philosopher Spengler predicted the decline of Western civilization and the advent of an age of dictators. Evidently the test of this prophecy is at hand."

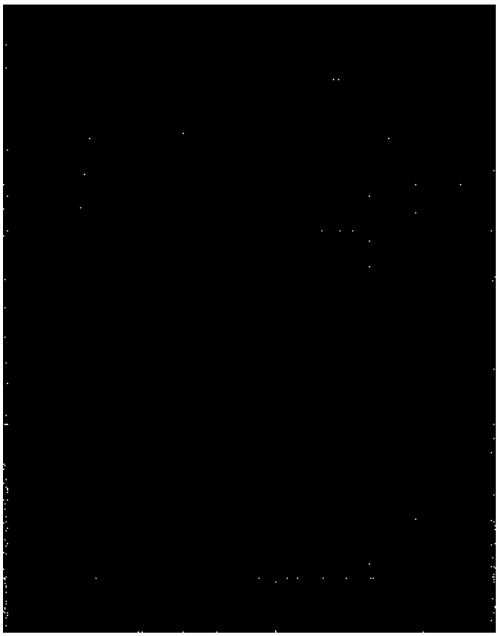
The terrific impact of the blitzkrieg and devastating fury of Hitler's attack on Poland shocked civilized opinion. And when, on September 17, the alliance of the two great totalitarian powers of aggression became visible against the sinister glare of the Polish campaign, even the hearts of Poland's staunchest friends were filled with apprehension.

"No one can predict the turns of events, now that Stalin has thrown the weight of his "benevolent neutrality" on the side of his foe—Hitler", "The Spokesman Review" wrote on September 18 ; and the "El Paso Herald" added: "Indeed, it is not difficult to believe that the harried Poles, their country now invaded by overwhelmingly superior forces on both sides, have little heart for strong resistance against an army that comes seeking "new and glorious victories in the name of neutrality."

But these expressions of doubt and mistrust did not apply to Poland alone, for the next day the political editor of the "Asheville Citizen" remarked that as a result of September 17, "the democratic cause will have suffered a severe—if not fatal—blow."

Here and there anxious voices were raised : whereas any forces in the world were able to stop the fury of this blitzkrieg, this driving onset of the two totalitarian powers, which in their relentless march forward crushed everything, like some unknown force of nature suddenly unleashed— would England and France under the circumstances be willing and able to keep their pledge to Poland ? The governments as well as the peoples of England and France supported by the overwhelming opinion in the United States did not for a minute entertain the idea of surrender. Those who remember the psychological atmosphere of the days following September 17, like those who now turn to the yellowed pages of the newspapers of that time, realize that it was not manly decision or will to fight that was lacking ; it was the enthusiasm that comes from a heart inspired by unquenchable confidence. A sense of honour on the one hand, a cold calculation visualizing the catastrophic results of a possible victory of totalitarianism on the other hand, excluded all thought of capitulation. Around this decision prompted by cold determination rather than enthusiasm, a multitude of doubts and questions swarmed, but ever foremost the disarming question spread by the black magic of German propaganda: "whose turn next ?"

Then came a sudden change. As if a refreshing breeze had dispersed the sultry air, the voice of Poland, by many already given up for lost, was heard again, the voice of struggle and resistance and confidence in victory. Every 30 seconds besieged Warsaw broadcast a few chords of Chopin's Polonaise. . . . ."What ? Warsaw still holding out ? This city of a million inhabitants unprepared and unfortified, almost defenceless? Some heroic gesture no doubt, this cannot last..."



F. Chopin

William L, Shirer wrote in his diary on September 18,1939: "If Warsaw does not surrender, it means that one of Europe's largest cities will be blown up by the; German Army and a good share of human beings living there with it. *Certainly history knows no parallel.,."*

Yes. Modern history knew no parallel, and so on September 20, the editor of "The Daily Oklohoma" closed his tale of Warsaw's tragedy and the symbolic Polonaise saying :

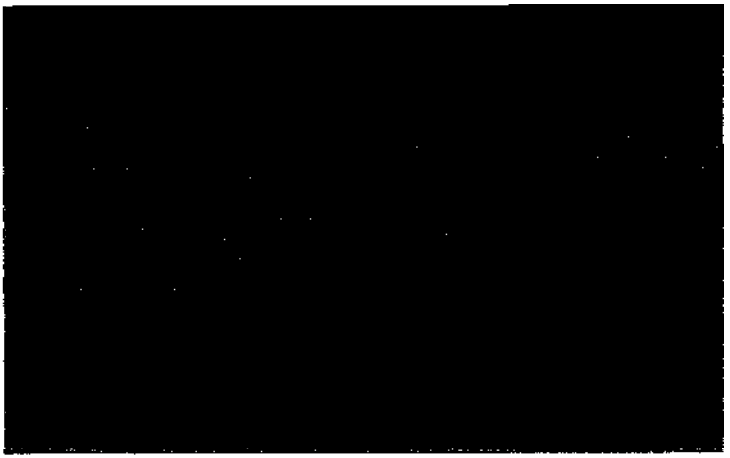
"Chopin also wrote a funeral march, and for a time it will take the place of the vigorous inspiring Polonaíse."

September 20, dawned and passed away...Warsaw had not ceased to broadcast its proud signal : Chopin's Polonaise. Its sounds went out to the world along with the whiz of bombs and the blast of German shells.—"Are they still fighting ? How do they do it, in the face of the overwhelming superiority of the Germans in men and machines ?"

September 21, 22, 23. . . . .—Infuriated by Warsaw's stubborn resistance Hitler ordered his airmen and artillery to bomb the city without mercy or respite, he kept up a constant stream of his elite detachments, and when this failed to subdue Warsaw, threatened to use poison gas.

But Warsaw answered with the chords of Chopin's Polonaise and the voice of the heroic Mayor Starzynski inciting his people to ever greater efforts in the unequal struggle, that was eventually to—AROUSE THE CONSCIENCE OF THE WORLD.

A week later, a world that felt sorry for "poor Poland" after September 17, no longer spoke of "poor Poland" or "poor Warsaw". The world no longer analysed in awe that invincible power of the totalitarian war machine. Something had happened. The world knew that it would have to fight and that it could win.



Monument of Prince Poniatovvski who prefered death to captivity,

September 25, 26 and...27, days of inferno in besieged Warsaw. The German Luftwaffe with 127 aircraft lost, continued to arrive in unimpeded waves to drop its bombs; German artillery surrounding the city sent over an endless rain of shells; 80,000 civilians were killed. Warsaw was without gas, electricity and water, but still hurled back the German attacks.

"The New York Times" wrote on September 25,:

"Warsaw is the best answer to the German thesis that the war is now over and it is time to make peace. *The defence of Warsaw will live among the most heroic epics of history.* The hope that help is on the way only deepens the tragedy of the doomed city for those far away who listen to the voice over the air, that neither guns nor German savagery nor death can silence."

At last the end came—not of heroism and untold sacrifice—simply the end of physical means of resistance. On September 27, Mayor Starzynski spoke over the radio for the last time; "The city is in ruins. After twenty days of incredibly savage siege, Warsaw capitulates, handing over to the Germans a heap of ruins." But the doubt and resignation so widely spread among the friends of Poland after September 17, desappeared after the Battle of Warsaw.

The fall of the splendid and beautiful city has become the moral triumph of the Nation.

What effect had this defence on the history of this global War ? Did it have an effect at all ?

Great wars are not decided solely on the checkerboard of battlefields by momentous strategic moves, by balances of war production and the results of diplomatic chess games. *In the inner mechanism of war spiritual forces are a decisive factor.* Enthusiasm, cofidence and readiness for sacrifices, imponderable factors difficult to define, play no mean part in war potential. No one can calculate their weight, but it is certain and beyond doubt that wars cannot be won without confidence in victory and enthusiasm.

Future historians dealing with the psychological aspects of this war will have to take into account the heroic defence of Warsaw. Not only her sacrifice has upset the whole time-

table of Hitler, and made his immediate attack on the Western countries impossible, but it broke the magic spall of the 'supernatural' power of blitzkrieg and it enkindled the faltering faith and will to fight of civilized nations.

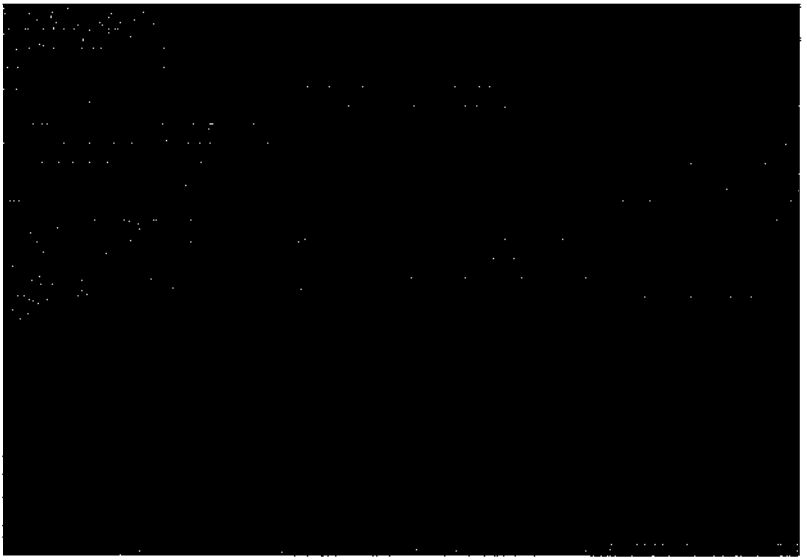
Chords of Chopin's Polonaise coming from dying Warsaw, echoing in the hearts of millions of Poles, also *quickened the Conscience of the world.*

Although by many considered an act of madness and suicide, Poland's-NO to Hitler on September 1, 1939, decided the course of history for centuries to come, just as the defence of Warsaw showed that *no physical power can break the spirit of a nation.* Poland placed into the hands of the civilized nations of the world the first banner of Freedom for which she sacrificed herself. In the psychological chronology of this war Warsaw stands first. Not only as the capital of the nation that was the first to fight, the first to offer up its very existence on the altar of democracy, the only one among the conquered nations which had no Quisling -paying for its refusal to yield with the lives of 6,000,000 of its children, but as the spiritual inspiration of all the Nations.

The defence of Warsaw has heen followed during five years of war by many other epics, some famous some unsung, in many lands, at sea and in the air, but all had their seeds in the September days, in the deliberate sacrifice of the Polish capital and in the chords of Chopin's Polonaise.

All that is good and free in the world, owes a debt to Warsaw, to the great and royal Warsaw, now in rags and in ruins.

The debt will have to be paid by the world.



The Royal Palace with King's Sigismu

*

YADVIGA SOSNKOWSKA

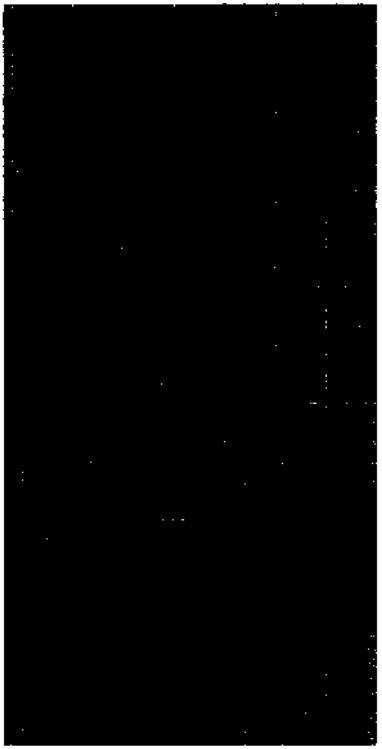
IN A WARSAW HOSPITAL

THE first few days of my work in the hospital were quiet and peaceful. I found a number of colleagues from the last war some of whom I had not seen during the intervening years.

Friday, September 1st, ushered itself in with a golden dawn, and almost before the sun rose I heard the explosions of the first bombs falling on Warsaw. From that day until the end they never ceased to fall. During the first week of September the battles were still raging near the frontiers, and we just waited. Suddenly, on September 6, transports of wounded began to arrive outside the hospital gates. They were carried in horse-drawn peasant carts and their wounds unattended for several days were a terrible sight. My first patient was a young boy whose leg was torn off by a bomb above the knee; the gaping wound was tied up with a dirty piece of cord. His tortured, bloodless face showed only his young, feverishly burning eyes, and as I stopped over him he whispered: "Sister, shall I ever be able to march again ? "

Soon the ward was full of maimed young humanity. Shattered arms, broken skulls, torn chests and bowels..... And the contrast between the unbearable suffering and superhuman fortitude of the young soldiers was unbelievable. Except for the movements of the nurses, working day and night, the ward was almost quiet. Here and there a groan left the parched lips of a stricken warrior. The nights were gruesome; the windows were blacked out, and in the operating-theatre the tables and floors were covered with moaning human beings. One moonlit night—I think it must have been the night of September 8th—9th, when we were especially busy with operations, a heavy bomb exploded with a deafening crash just outside the windows of the theatre. All the windows were blown in, and the flying glass was flung at our patients, tearing fresh wounds in their tortured bodies. All lights went out, but the nurses remained at their posts; none lost her nerve, and when the windows were hastily curtained the work went on by candle-light. When I looked down the ward I could not suppress the feeling of admiration for the heroic nurses who carried on without faltering with their heartrending job. Very often the nurses had to purchase the necessary instruments, medicines and food with their own money. No trouble was too great for them, no amount of bombing ever prevented them from hurrying through the desolate streets to fetch all the things that were needed, or to transport the wounded on stretchers, or to beg food for them. This, however, was rarely necessary, as the people of Warsaw, rich and poor alike, were admirable in their eagerness to help. Long processions of men and women came to the hospital gates bringing basketfuls of food and wine for the wounded, although the donors themselves could ill afford such gifts. Working class women, old and young, peasant women, fashionable ladies and artists, were vying with one another to help the hospital and supply comforts for the wounded. Disregarding the devastating air-raids large numbers of volunteers applied to the Matron offering themselves as nurses. They were ready to undertake the hardest and most dangerous work. Girl Guides, members of the Women's Auxiliary Service, the young Catholic Youth University students, and even secondary school pupils implored that they may be allowed to work for the wounded.

During the next fortnight every day and every night was unforgettable, for the scenes of sheer horror and heroism: for the suffering and the fortitude of the wounded and the nurses. The German raids were becoming every day more frequent and more violently destructive. When the enemy planes roared close to the roofs of the hospital buildings our hearts stood still as we trembled for our patients. Each of them was like a son to us, like a brother, like the dearest of friends, During one night, when the artillery barrage of the enemy became so



'Has it stopped beating ?''

violent that we found it difficult to communicate with one another even from close at hand, we went into the wards, visiting each patient in turn, spending a few minutes at the bedside of the more seriously wounded, and trying to talk to them of pleasant everyday things, pretending that we *did* not notice what was happening outside.

Even now, after some years I can remember every one of my cases. I remember how during the first week I tended a seriously wounded musician, a former member of the Polish Broadcasting Company, who had volunteered on the first day of the war. A shrapnel had torn off his right leg, and owing to delay in transport and lack of proper attention his wound was already septic when he arrived at the hospital. His fiancee traced him to the hospital and helped me to nurse him. She too was a promising singer; a young, golden-haired charming girl.

During those dreadful nights of the heaviest bombardment I used to spend a few minutes with them from time to time, and we talked of music and of new songs which the doomed soldier-artist discussed with perfect serenity. He knew that his last hour was fast approaching, but he was going into the unknown with his spirit in harmony with eternity, and with a tired smile for the anxious gaze of his beloved. A young officer with a mortal wound in the abdomen was brought in and placed a few beds away, in a state of utter exhaustion. His mother and his fiancee arrived before long imploring us to save their Stas. We did our utmost—with operation, injections, blood transfusion—but all in vain. When the morning came he was dying. This was the last night for the young musician also. I shall never forget the moment at dawn when I went from one bed to the other, closing the eyes of the two dead, leaving at each bedside a young woman prostrate with grief, but sobbing quietly for fear of disturbing the other patients.

In the same ward I had a pilot officer suffering from terrible burns. One of his eyes was blinded, his face, hands, chest and legs were black and blistered. With his bleeding lips he whispered his story : how together with his observer he attacked five Messerschmitts, how they shot down two before their plane was set on fire, and how they baled out at the very last moment. He asked me to deliver to his mother his Virtuti Militari Cross with a partly burnt ribbon, which we found in the pocket of his tunic. He died just at the moment when for the first time one of the wards was hit by a bomb, and the first fire blazed up in our hospital.

Among the troopers who were brought to our hospital, all of whom I remember so well, was one Martin, a peasant boy who had dreamt all his life of being a soldier, and who had fought bravely until he fell seriously wounded. The wound was close to the heart, and when he reached the hospital it was already black and septic. But he kept on insisting that he must be on his feet by November 11th—the Polish Independence Day—so that as a sergeant he might

The anxious gaze

load a platoon of his comrades during the march past. He was suffering terribly; he could hardly breathe, while the uninterrupted detonations of exploding bombs and artillery fire gave him no respite, Still, he never complained, but only asked us that his wound should be frequently dressed, because he must recover in time. One evening he told me in a whisper of his life in his native village. The night before he had dreamt of the harvest, and he assured me that nowhere in Poland was the wheat more beautiful and golden than in the fields of his own home. He rested for a while, and then whispered again, with utmost earnestness ; "Sister, I shall be a very good sergeant"—and with that he drew his last breath.

The nurses seemed to grow in strength, courage and devotion while the sea of human suffering deepended around them, as the horrors and disasters multiplied. My best comrade and dearest friend I ever had, was my " little chief, as I used to call Sister Yanina. We had worked together during the war of 1920. She was a model of energy and practical common sense, always good-tempered, patient and understanding. When a shower of incendiaries came down on our ward, she extinguished many of the bombs with her own hands; when the walls of our wing were literally collapsing, she rushed into the ward and covered the patients with anything she could lay her hands on, and when we were carrying them out she kept on exhorting them : [14] Don't worry,.boys ; everything will come right I "

Then there was Sister Yadviga, with the heart of a dove, and a miraculous gift of handling the most grievous wounds without inflicting pain. One night she helped me with one of the patients whom the doctor had given us. Both his legs were broken, and to make matters worse his wounds were septic and he was suffering from gangrene. We did our best to save him. For three days our patient hovered between heaven and earth. And then, despite the verdict of the doctor, he passed the crisis and started on the road of recovery. It was a day

of triumph for sister Yadwiga and myself. She was never tired of helping the nurses, sharing with them the last slice of bread, and often deputizing for one of them in order to give her a chance to rest. We had with us the pupils fo the Red Cross School, and all these young girls worked with the greatest devotion. They were our joy, our pride and our consolation. They themselves organized additional wards in one of the hospital wings, and during the heaviest air-raids they not only remained with their patients, but they most conscientiously kept up to the high standard of nursing which they had learned in the school, making beds and changing the dressing of the patients' wounds with the greatest thoroughness. One day a direct hit on the wing killed nine patients and two of our " little daughters," as we called them.

Christ blesses the martyr city

The surviving girls showed no fear, and carrying the wounded into the neighbouring ward they continued their work without rest. One of the junior nurses, Yadzya assisted me during the worst days of the siege. She was barely eighteen whith a face like a peach surrounded by lovely dark hair. She had a delightful and unfailing smile. She never lost her cheerful and dignified calm, and even during the terrifying Monday of September 25, when she helped me to carry the wounded out of the blazing hospital, she was the same fearless, consoling Samaritan as ever.

A troop of Girl Guides and juniors from the woman's Auxiliary Service acted as messengers and couriers for the hospital. During the whole of the siege they ran into the most distant parts of the city, collecting medical stores and food, and picking up the wounded in the streets under the unceasing hail of bullets and shells. Among these volunteers was the exquisite Anna L. whom I knew before the war. Only nineteen, with the grace and charm of a little statue, she has already made her name as a dancer. I have seen her several times on the stage, in Poland and abroad, but never was there more genuine beauty in her every movement than here in this temple of suffering and death.

She valunteered for work in our hospital on the first Sunday after the outbreak of war, and even in her plain, simple uniform she was radiantly beautiful, and her steps, the movements of her arms and hands, the bearing of her lovely head, we/e like a living song. During several nights she did duty with me when the wards were crowded, when the wounded were blocking the corridors, when every minute some patient groaned in his agony, or begged for a drop of water, or an injection, or to have his leg or arm moved to ease the pain. Anna was the ideal helper and brave comrade.

Two days before the fall of Warsaw an old man living in the same house with her. came panting to the hospital with the sad news that their house had been hit by a bomb, thatr Anna, her younger sister and a little brother were gravely wounded, and that immediate help was needed. With great difficulty I was able to arrange for their transport to the hospital. I hardly dared to look at Anna, that exquisite flower of beauty. Her back was on? bleeding

wound, her lovely face was disfigured with cuts inflicted by broken glass, and distorted by the acute pain which she was suffering. Anna was ill for a long time, because her wounds were full of glass and other splinters. Her sister was blinded in both eyes, while her little brother lost one eye and became completely deaf.

The behaviour of all the women-nurses, charwomen, cooks, and helpers was beyond praise. Each did her duty from first to last with utmost devotion, and without a word of complaint. All social differences, and prejudices disappeared. We were one large family, and the word Sister, by which the nurses in Poland are usually addressed, had its profound meaning. I think the women of Warsaw, through bUt the hundred years of struggle for independence, manifested such devotion, courage and sacrifice. I must not forget to speak of the heroic behaviour of our drivers, who volunteered for service with their motor cars.

One of them in particular, Mr. Felix, was ready to drive into the most dangerous quarters of the city. He manoeuvred in a masterly fashion amidst the shell holes and bomb craters, and he was an inexhaustible source of good cheer and of genuine Warsaw wit.

He had a rival in the person of Mr. Mayeski, the husband of our cook, a regular Warsaw type: a good-natured giant, clever and courageous, who was our best ambulance assistant. He carried the most serious cases with the tenderness of a nurse, and wherever he appeared his giant frame and his honest face inspired confidence and hope.

By this time there were more civilian than military casualities in our hospital men, women and children from the neighbouring streets. We were almost helpless, since the hospital was not equipped for dealing with such large numbers of wounded, and many of them had to be accommodated on the floors of the wards and corridors. It was unbelievable how the wounded helped one another. None of them complained, and they always insisted that the soldiers should be attended to first. I remember that on September 22 a wounded soldier, covered with dust and whitewash, with his head wrapped in a rag, brought in a two-year-old girl, Danusya. He had found her under the debris of a building, attracted by her groans. The poor little creature had both her legs shot through, and one of her arms was broken. After her wounds were dressed we put her into a wooden box which we had found in the dispensary, and which we made into a cot. Poor Danusya was so enfeebled, owing to shock and loss of blood, that she could hardly breathe a word. Only from time to time she whimpered for her mother. But no one knew her name or where her home was. Lying on the floor beside Danusya was a ten-year-old boy with a shattered leg, which had to be amputated. When he came round after the operation he asked me to send for his parents, and he gave me their address, but when I sent one of our brave Girl Guides to fetch them, she returned with the sad news that both of his parents had been killed by the same bomb.

I shall remember for ever the dreadful night of September 25-26, when with one hand I helped to give anaesthetics, holding a candle in the other, while the surgeon was amputating arms or legs. As human wreckage was laid on the table the surgeon vainly endeavoured to save the lives that were slipping through his hands, On the table at which I was assisting tragedy followed tragedy. At one time the victim was a girl of sixteen. She had a glorious mop of golden hair, her face was delicate as a flower, and her lovely sapphire blue eyes were full of tears. Both her legs, up to the knees, were a mass of bleeding pulp, in which it was impossible to distinguish bone from flesh ; both had to be amputated above the knee. Before the surgeon began I bent over this innocent child to kiss her pallid brow, to lay my helpless hand on her golden head. She died quietly in the course of the morning, like a flower plucked by a merciless hand.

Thus the night passed, and the day came* but still the terrible attack was continued without interruption. Warsaw was burning, our hospital was in flames* the windows were* smashed, the doors blown in, and there was neither light* nor water, nor food. The second night of terror passed, and the bombardment of the city never ceased for a moment. We lost all sense of time, and neither minutes nor hours had any significance for this crumbling and collapsing hospital, in which there was no room for the living or the wounded or the dying. Everything became unreal, except the urge to go on tending the human wreckage with which the hospital was chocked.

At last, on the third day at 11 a.m., the bombing and the bombardment suddenly ceased. Everyone was seized with amazement and terror. I was at that moment in the corridor in which all the dying were placed in rows—long rows of more than a hundred yards of mutilated bodies of soldiers, women and children.

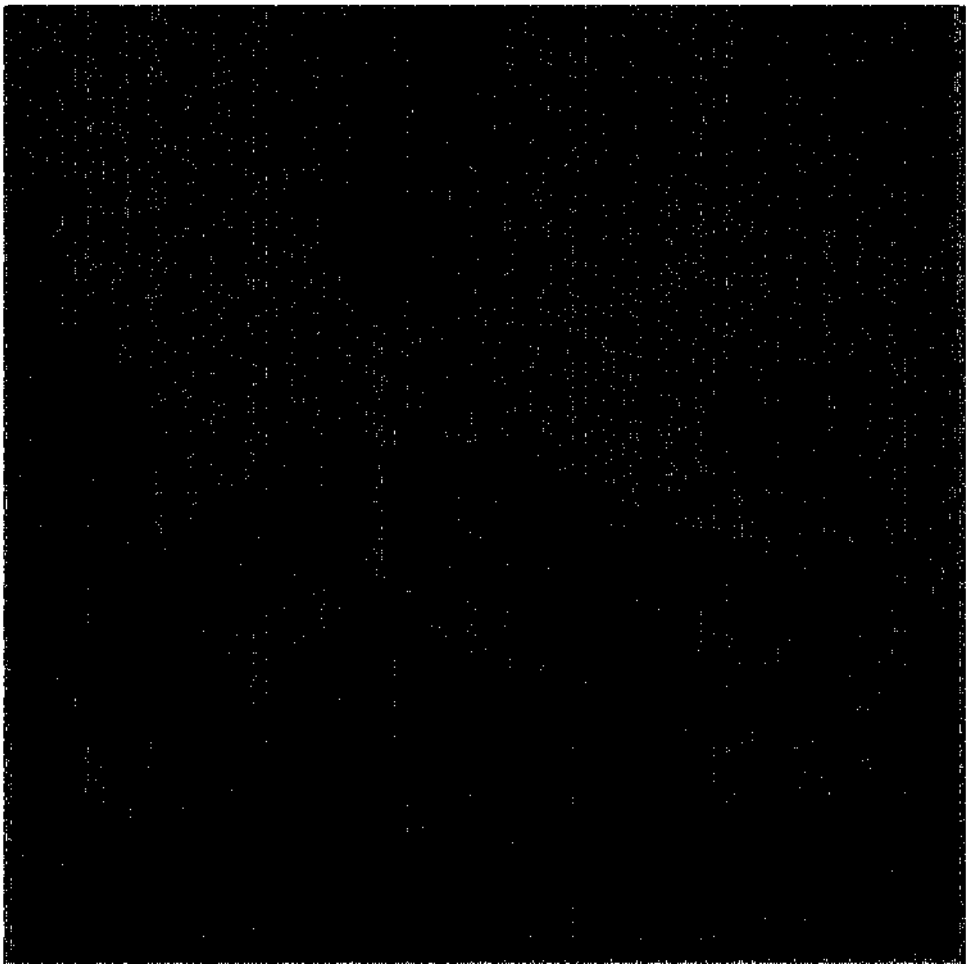
Together with most of the other nurses I went with a bucket to fetch drinking water, for all the survivors in the hospital were suffering terribly from thirst. We had to go a long way for water, which we obtained from the fountain in the park. Wherever we looked groups of people were emerging from the cellars and the debris of the wrecked houses. Their faces were emaciated, and there was anguish in their eyes as they asked : "why aren't they firing ?" The sun came out, and soon afterwards German planes appeared flying low over our head, but they dropped no bombs, and only circled slowly over the ruined city.

The people of Warsaw would not believe at first that all was over, and neither would the people in our hospital. When after a few hours it was necessary to tell them that the city had capitulated their despair knew no bounds. The officers and men roused themselves from their beds with a last effort, shouting that they wanted to fight and would rather die than surrender. A number of them, who were on the road to recovery, wanted to barricade the hospital and defend it, and we had great trouble in calming them and *in* persuading them that they could do no more.

A young peasant boy who had twenty-four wounds, and whom Sister Yadwiga and I had nursed with special care, woke up and opened his eyes on hearing all this commotion, and when he learned what had happened he suddenly sat up in bed, exclaiming incoherently that he must rejoin the Army. All day long the word was in a turmoil, and in thair daspondency the wounded made feverish plans of organizing a defence of the hospital, or of breaking through and continuing the struggle.

Conditions in the hospital were desperate, and the patients were facing stirvation, as all our stores were destroyed, and it was impossible to buy any food in the shopi. The position was saved by the people of the nearby quarter, who, though short of food themselves, shared with us the little they had.

The last three days of September were hard and hopeless. The bombing had ceased, but the struggle against a thousand and one difficulties began. Wreckage was in our way everywhere. Through the shattered windows a cold wind entered, chilling the unhappy patients. There were so many corpses lying still unburied, there was no food, and there were no medical supplies. These were sorrowful days, but they will live for ever in my memory as days of the greatest solidarity and brotherly compassion of the whole community. I saw more than just so many good deeds. An ocean of kindness welled from human hearts, eager to save, to help, to console. The walls of the city had fallen, but the people of Warsaw remained erect, with unbowed heads.



The Royal Palace Place

TRIBUTES OF AMERICANS TO. WARSAW OF 1939

POLAND is a charter member of the coalition of free nations, which came into being after many years of appeasement; of lack of faith in the forces of freedom, of continual concessions and shameful acceptance of German blackmail..

Isolated from her Allies Poland fought without hope, without any chance to withstand the enemy onslaught.

Warsaw fought because she was sure her courage would AWAKEN THE CONSCIENCE **OF THE CIVILISED WORLD-**

For her courage and her moral victory over the forces of tyranny and oppression, for writing one of the finest pages in Poland's history, Warsaw paid an exorbitant price. It is the duty of the whole civilised world to help to rebuild Warsaw after this war. It is the foremost duty of America where the defence of Warsaw in 1939, was watched not only with sorrow, but with the greatest admiration,

It is a sacred duty of ours, AS SACRED AS OUR DUTY AND PLEDGE TO RESTORE A POLAND FREE, INDEPENDENT and INTEGRAL.

Representatives of the U. S. A. **CONGRESS**

Leonard W, Schuetz, of Illinois.
John D, Dingell, of Michigan.
George G. Sadowski, of Illinois.
Thomas S. Gordon, of Illinois,
Joseph Mruk, of New York.
John Lesinski, of Michigan,
F. Wasielewski of Wisconsin.
B. J. Monkiewich, of Connecticut.
Martin Gorski, of Illinois.
Alvin E. O, Konski, of Wisconsin.

I have spent so many days in Warsaw that it is horrible to me to think of the destruction of the city and the sufferings of its inhabitants.

Warsaw has always been the noblest bastion of Western civilisation in Central-Eastern Europe. She has produced great artists, musicians, scientists, statesmen, soldiers and churchmen. But best of all, she has produced on the part of its people the attitude towards life that is expressed in the great words: " Yea, though I walk through the valley of death, I will fear no evil for Thou art with me: Thy rod and Thy staff they comfort me."

For centuries Warsaw has fought the good fight for Truth and" God against barbarian hordes.

It was, therefore, fitting that at the outset of this war, Warsaw should be the first city to fight against Hitler's barbarians. *And the city carried on the fight with a heroism so immortal that praise would be almost an insult.*

Before a sacrifice so sublime one can only stand with bowed head thinking Warsaw remains worthy of herself.

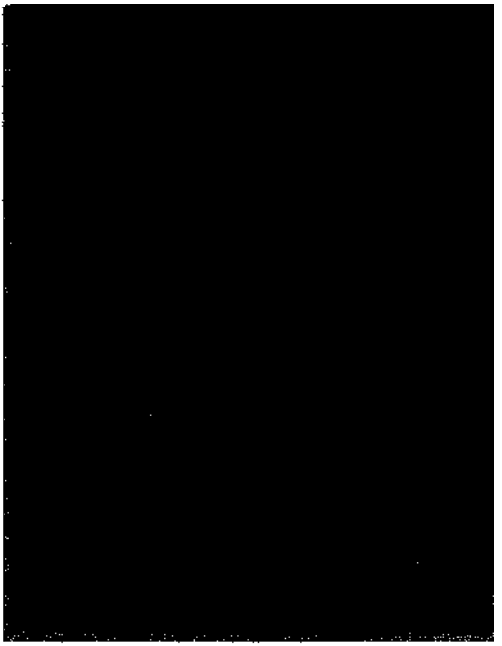
WILLIAM C. BULLIT
Former U.S.A. Ambassador to the U.S.S.R. and tht Republic of France,

THE American people, owe a historic debt to the people of Poland, not a debt that can be measured nor repaid in dollars, but a debt of gratitude and brotherly affection. It is a kind of debt which can never be extinguished.

Names of streets and cities throughout the united States continually remind us of Pulaski and of Kosciuszko both of whom fought and one of whom died in our war for independence. And of Kosciuszko we ought to remember that after years he emancipated his Polish peasant serfs, and that by his will he provided a fund in our country, to be used in purchasing negro-slaves and giving them their freedom.

The debt is mutual. The example of our young Republic gave hope to the Polish people in their struggles against the Romanoffs, the Habsburgs, the Hohenzollerns.

But their struggles in turn, gave encouragement to Americans who Vere striving to uphold and develop our own democracy.



T. Kosciuszko [Kostsyushko] who fought for Polish and American Independence.

Near my late mother's birthplace in rural Pennsylvania there is a tiny village named Warsaw. It took that name a few years before her birth. There were no Poles there, only native American and British immigrants. They gave the village its name in honour of the unknown heroes who were then righting and dying in the Polish revolt of 1830-31.

After 1830, came 1863, came 1914, and through all intervening years the underground struggle went on. And whether they knew it or not, those who fought *JOT liberty in Poland were serving the cause of freedom in all lands.*

How much greater Poland's agony, and how much more grandiose her resistance in September 1939, and in the years that have since gone by. "But Poland was crushed", foolish or cold-hearted men may say: "Polish resistance has been all in vain." No! *Poland lives because the Polish people fight.* In September 1939, Poland began the war which will end only when complete victory is won, no one must forget the nation which was in the vanguard and the people who have now been on the battle front for 5 and a half magnificent years.

Poland must again be free. Poland must be guaranteed on every frontier against future attack. Poland must be helped to rebuild her ruined homes, to restore her farms and factories, to revive and develop her culture.

I have seen Warsaw only for six days in 1922, but I do not forget her charm, and I feel it more deeply now than ever before,

ALGERNOON LEE
Chairman of **the** Social Domocratic **Federation**
and President of the Rand School of Social **Science**
In **New** York,

THE defence of Warsaw will forever remain an example of what a people can do in the face of overwhelming force. It was obvious even to far away Americans that Mayor Starzynski and the heroic fellow citizens were neither hoping nor expecting to be relieved. They knew that their city was doomed and they with it. And yet they did not submit. In contrast with the behaviour of certain other peoples in not too distant moments, that of the Poles remains in my judgment, *one of the greatest models of conduct that has been offered to the world in our time.* If all others had done the same, the world would be a different place.

THE DEFENCE OF WARSAW REPRESENTS A PURE TRIUMPH OF THE HUMAN SPIRIT THAN WHICH THERE IS NOTHING HIGHER ON EARTH.

EDGAR ANSEL MOWRER

WARSAW fell, but the heroism of her people became the inspiration of free men everywhere. The anniversary of the epic defence of the capital of the Republic of Poland deserves especial remembrance.

Now therefore, I Dwight H. Green, Governor of the State of Illinois, do hereby proclaim Wednesday, September 29, of the present year as "Tribute-Warsaw Day" throughout Illinois. And I request the people of Illinois to join in the appropriate observance of the occasion,

DWIGHT H. GREEN
GOVERNOR OF ILLINOIS.

FOUR years ago Poland was being torn asunder and crushed beneath the full might of the Nazi invasion. The valiant defenders of Warsaw were pouring out their last drop of blood against overwhelming odds. The Nazi invader, bent on utter extermination of 35 million people, seeking to destroy a nation with a 1000-year old Western culture, failed to quench the indomitable spirit of the Polish people. Unconquered, that spirit has lived on to fight as our ally on numerous battle fronts.

Americans of every race and creed are conscious of Poland's vast contributions to the cultural achievements of our modern civilization. The history of our nation records the mighty role that Poland's sons played in the heroic struggle, to secure our independence% and in the building of our nation.

Therefore, I Harry F. Kelly, Governor of the State of Michigan do hereby designate the week of September 20 to 27, as " Tribute to Poland Week."

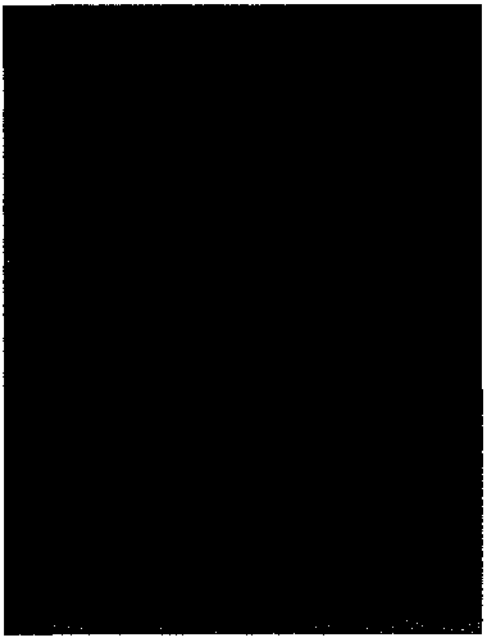
HARRY F. KELLY
GOVERNOR OF MICHIGAN.

THE city of Warsaw will live for ever in the memory of mankind as a symbol of heroism and sacrifice in defence of freedom.

Four years ago there was enacted in this proud seat of Polish learning and culture a tragedy of death and destruction inflicted with inhuman savage cruelty upon a people devoted to the ways of peace. The fate of Warsaw brought stark realization that our civilization was at stake facing the gravest crisis in history. First to resist the armed might of the Nazi hordes Poles gave their lives on the altar of liberty *to save the world from enslavement.* Warsaw fell, but the free spirit of the Polish people fights on, unconquered and unafraid.

As we approach Warsaw's tragic anniversary it is appropriate that *Americans express their gratitude and acknowledge their ever-increasing debt to the heroic Polish people.* From Pennsylvania, birthplace of American freedom, we send them a message of assurance that Liberty and Justice soon will rule the world once more, and Poland will be restored to her honoured place among the free nations of the world.

EDWARD MARTIN
GOVERNOR OF PENNSYLVANIA



Casimir Pulaski who fell for American Independence

IT is fitting that we pay our respects to Poland, the first nation to challenge the forces of darkness at a time when such forces threatened to engulf the world. Poland was the first nation to challenge the Nazi hordes, and the first country to leave the ranks of the appeasers and to fight for her honour and her independence. *The spirit of proud Poland will always live and from a defeat of the enemy there will arise a greater Polish nation.*

RAYMOND E. BALDWIN
GOVERNOR OF CONNECTICUT

THERE are certain pages in the histories of nations which are referred to future generations with pride and reverence. Poland can proudly point to many such pages. Through more than a thousand years Poland has more than any other nation run the long range of experience, reaching from the twilight of political non-entity and the progress of ruthless denationalization to the highest summitts of development and achievement. She has saved, upon occasions contemporary civilization from barbaric destruction and she has helped other countries, including America, to regain their own freedom. In the present war, Poland's fate has been the harshest of any of the war victims, but she has proved to all that a people with the will to live can never die.

The commemoration of the heroic defence of Warsaw gains now a special significance and the spirit of Mayor Starzynski still lives in the people of Poland. On this occasion, the people of Massachusetts join with the people of oppressed Poland in a sincere prayer and fervent wish for the restoration of their country to its former historical power and glory.

I. ETVERETT SALTONSTALL
GOVERNOR OF MASSACHUSETTS.

SEPTEMBER marks the anniversary of one of the tragedies of history, which at the same time is one of the world's monuments of greatest human heroism. It was an event which never will be forgotten by us of the United Nations.

On September first, 1939, the Germans began with bombs their treacherous attack upon the noble city of Warsaw, capital of one of the bravest people on the earth. The defence of the beautiful city was one of the splendid episodes in history of the Polish people. The whole world watched in admiration as the people of Warsaw achieved what seemed to be impossible.

This heroic defence will be an inspiration to all people for all times to come. It will serve as a luminous example of human fortitude, of unselfish sacrifice, brightening the pages of history. It will enshrine the Polish people in the hearts of all who love freedom for so long as man admires courage and greatness in the soul of a people.

THOMAS DEWEV
GOVERNOR OP NEW YORK STATE

3

W, DYNOWSKA

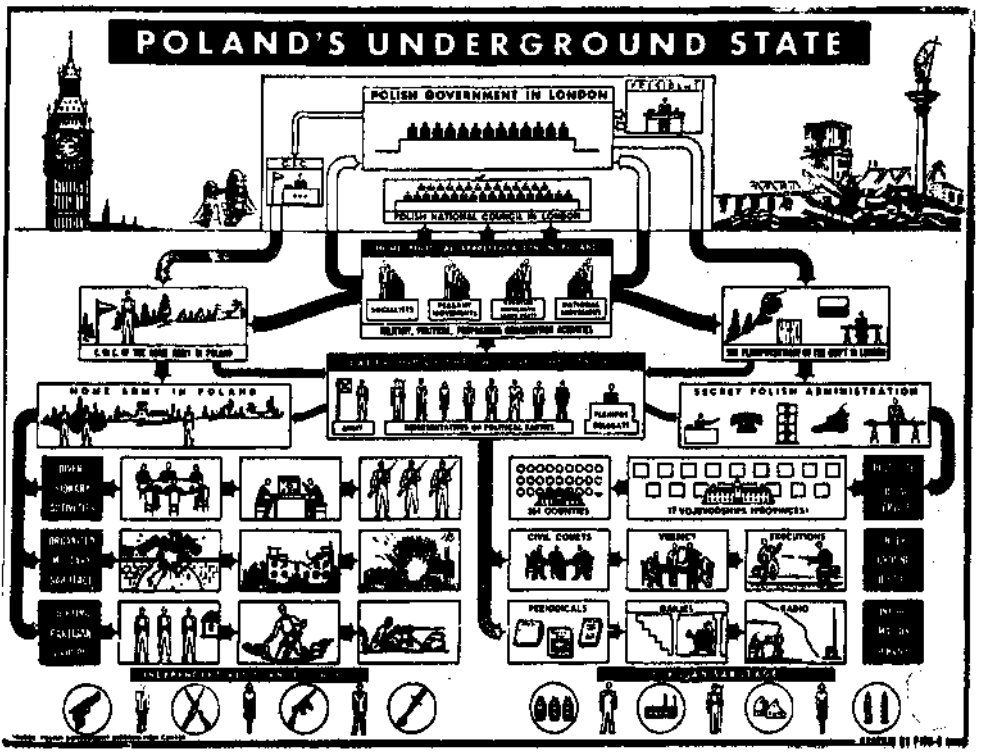
WARSAW FIGHTS ON

1939-44

WARSAW fought on. She became soon, af ter the 1939 defeat, the **centre of** the underground military movement, of large press activities, of nets of secret schools and colleges-even medical schools with dissection rooms etc-all underground; of Tribunals judging German officials guilty of incredible crimes **and** specially cruel treatment of the population, passing sentences on them and executing them by the hands of volunteers. She became the seat of the Underground Polish Parliament-a democratic body of elected representatives, of the Delegate of the Polish Government—the Deputy Prime Minister—and of the Commander of the Home Army, which was growing in power and efficiency from year to year.

In short Warsaw remained the capital of the Polish Republic, which, enslaved and defeated by an overwhelming brute force, did not cease to be free, not only in spirit and mind, but in an organisation of the State amazingly built and healthy, living, functioning, fighting and creating, all in the underground: a prodigy never before heard of in the history of the world.

The life of this Underground State, the ingenuity of methods employed and continually perfected; each day lived as an adventure, the psychological atmosphere which made this possible, cannot be narrated nor conveyed save in a longer study, but this illustration,



representing graphically the framework of the whole organisation, may give some idea of its thoroughness, and with a little effort of imagination the reader may see what amount of intelligence, inventiveness, discipline and effort were required to build it and develop especially if one keeps vividly in mind that the whole perfect machine of German civil and military might—police, Gestapo, administration etc—with its tremendous technical and military resources, was menacing at every moment each activity of the Poles, and the methods of repression, directed to bend and crush the unbending and proud people, was also incomparably more ruthless than anything we have ever known in history.

Warsaw was fighting day and night. "Warsaw" bacame more than ever a name for a collective Entity in whom men, women and children seemed indeed to have one soul, one heart, one rigid and definite will. It was literally true. The reactions of all the people were similar; the feelings—in unison of sympathy, the actions—correlated in instinctive, spontaneous co-operation. A man-hunt in a distant street—one could be sure somebody will warn you; shooting of hostages—all fists clenched in hate and pain; somebody escapes the pursuing Germans-each house, each yard will give him a shelter at the risk of the inmates* own life; a small paper is slipped in your hand, in your pocket or sleeve—it will be carefully taken, hidden, read and passed on to others.

Only because of this solidarity, this almost automatic co-operation in a common unspoken conspiracy," where each one feels to be himself a responsible part of one body corporate, breathing the same breath, acting by one impulse—that the success of the Polish underground organisation could be achieved.

Warsaw was more than a city, it was a living "being."

When rumours came that Germans had murdered the population of several villages near Lublin, and carried small children to deport them to the Reich and educate them as Germans, spontaneously, without any common consultation, a crowd of simple Warsaw women appeared at a suburban railway station where the transport was expected. They waited, they listened; and hearing at last some faint sobbing in a closed cattle truck standing on a distant track, they rushed forward, forced the doors, and seeing the forlorn, crying, hungry children, seized them so quickly that the few German policemen there, could not prevent it.

The sacred oath of the Home Army soldiers

And each of these poor women, whose own children were undernourished and miserable, was taking in triumph one or two more unknown little ones, to feed, to take care of and to educate as...Poles.

It was a famous event it Warsaw in 2943, so sudden and unexpected for the Germans that they did not try to interfere, they only never again directed such grim, transports through Warsaw.

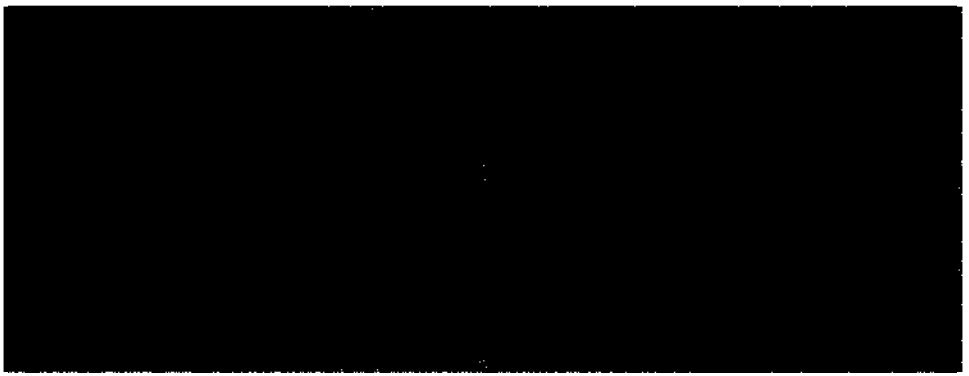
Warsaw people were accustomed to share the little they had with each one who had less, mutual help had developed as a matter of course, it was also a part of the common struggle.

How much resourcefullness, wit and effort was needed to secure bare existence for one's family, to mend and remodel ten times old clothes and make them still appear wearable; td find from one's meagre salary small sums for the underground papers, for parcels to relatives starving in a worse plight in Germany, in forced labour or concentration camps; and how, much endurance and strength to maintain the high spirits, courage, hope, humour-so characteristic of Warsavians,—in spite of unheated rooms for the long winter months, of lack of water fc»-al good wash, not to speak of a bath, with restrictions on light, and such scanty rations that one never could eat enough; few can imagine. In the face of these everyday privations, nuisances, difficulties, without mentioning the tragedies of deportations- and executions—of these trials of everyday life, always insecure, like living on a volcano, with a raid possible at every moment, uncertain of the fate of each member of the family when he went to work or for shopping, every one had to become a "soldier." All this chain of heartsickening difficulties, straining the nerves, making life similar to that at the front, in trenches, facing an enemy army ready for assault, was a good school of character and of resistance. That's what Warsaw's life was, the life of an average citizen, the ordinary man and woman, since September 1939.

But the Germans too were feeling as if on a volcano. No one was safe. No soldier was allowed to go out alone at dusk, and never on small streets and lanes, and every Gestapo agent had always a host of guards about him, protecting his steps wherever he went, and they never moved without a revolver ready in their hands, so swift, so unexpected and skilled were the Polish soldiers of the special squads, whose business it was to carry out—generally in full day light—the death sentences passed by the Polish Underground Tribunals. No German anywhere, was feeling safe. He also knew Warsaw was in the front line; she had never been conquered, her resistance did not decrease, it became more dangerous with each passing month.

Germans knew that there was an underground army in Warsaw, as in the whole of Poland; that it had weapons—that many supply trains were "disappearing" was not a secret—that an uprising could break out at any moment at the order of the Commander, yet they did not find him, or rather he escaped six times when caught; nor could they round up the mysterious, evading all searches, Polish soldiers. It was a triumph of Polish talent of outwitting an enemy, of the organisation and, once more, of the solidarity of the population.

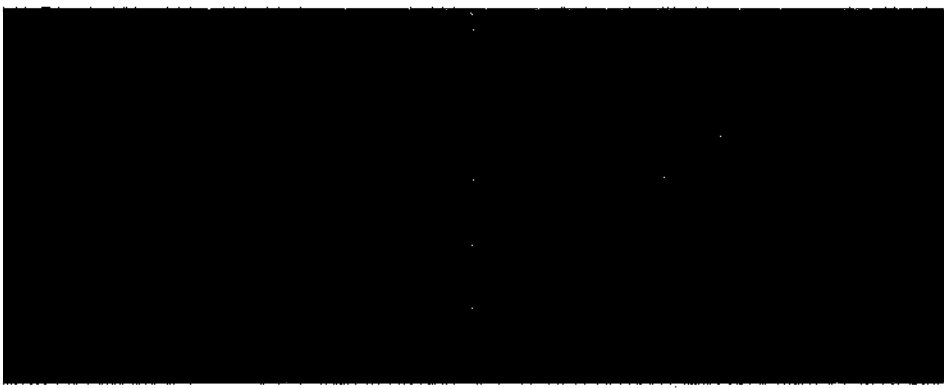
Warsaw between 1939 and 1944 was indeed the first rampart of Polish resistance, the first line of Polish defence.



Ready for a reconnaissance

Soldiers at rest in the forest

The sacred oath taken by the soldier to fight for the Independence of Poland to "the last breath"



Soldiers chatting

Bombs ready to blow up German trains

Mines examined before blowing up a railway bridge—April 1944

JOZEF JUNOSZA

A DAY IN WARSAW UNDER GERMAN OCCUPATION

ANOTHER peaceful night...Rumours that there would be a raid in our part of the town did not materialize, but there was one in Mokotow, A common Gestapo trick: turnouts of raids and arrests are spread in one section of the city when there is to be a man-hunt elsewhere.

At 5 a. m.—end of curfew—a timid traffic in the streets begins.

Well, I can sleep an hour longer. The trolleys are running now that the tracks have been repaired. Instead of a two-hour walk to the shop, I can do it in half the time, partly by trolley, partly on foot. What a luxury I

Breakfast at 7 a. m. I am lucky to have some hot potato soup before going to work.

A detachment of uniformed *Volhsdentsrhe* is marching down the street. Their goose step beating time for their brutal Gorman song :

" Today Europe belongs to us ;

" Tomorrow the whole world..."

I look at the insolent snouts grown fat on our Polish bread. They are being trained by German instructors to apply " civilizing methods" to us, to govern Poland with whips and concentration camps.

There is a new guard at the factory's gate. The old one has disappeared. Rumour has it that he was arrested last night. The sixty years old Pole fell into a German trap. His old neighbour, a Volksdeutsche, meeting him in the street, had greeted him cordially and slipped him an underground paper, really a sheet published by the Germans for just such purposes. A few steps further he was arrested by the Gestapo. All efforts of the factory management to have him released, failed. He was being sent to a concentration camp: the German Labour Office wanted to have their own man at the factory gate...

The new man is already at his post. His provocative smile, his attempts to win the workers' confidence and make them talk are typical of the German awkwardness. A former German farmer from Warsaw suburb...

Work in the factory is painfully moving among a flood of decrees. Fortunately this hampers production. It takes weeks and months to get a permit to buy needed material. It is not hard for us to jnake things more complicated. The so-called [41] Treu-haendlers"—the German administrators of seized Polish properties-usually know little about factory organization. Besides they are often changed for they steal too much. Our production sabotage is greatly facilitated thereby and we run little risk of detection.

At noon we hear the dinner bell, a joyful sound. Every fifteen'minutes group by group we go in for " eats." Again a plate of soup, sometimes potatoes, sometimes black and bitter pulse, sometimes frozen cabbage. With it a piece of dark bread. But for a brief spell a pleasant feeling of warmth in our stomachs...

x x x

Today they sent me downtown to the German " Bewirtschaftungstelle " for forms that have to be filled in for purchasing coal. There are a number of such " stalls " ; one for iron and steel, another for lumber, another for coal, for fats, for leather, for bricks etc

Arrogant puffed-up German super-men are seated at the desks. A long line of " natives" stand before them. A fat policeman of the German ' Ordnungspolizei' watches the crowd.

I am in a hurry to present my application. I shall surely be told that the forms have been wrongly filled out by us and after listening to a tirade on the stupidity of " Polish cattle," I shall be instructed in how the filling out is to be done.

It will be done tomorrow. Two days later I shall again stand in the endless line. The application will be pigeon listed for a fewdays; then it will be forwarded to the main office in Cracow where it will be approved or rejected. Six weeks may elapse before the order of the German railroads is executed. The " Treu-haendler " will be reproved for the delay and may even lose his job. But this is just what he was hoping for. During the three months of his " work " in Warsaw he has lined his pockets well. He no longer feels secure here and writes to his family in Germany that he feels as if he is " sitting on a volcano." A new " Treu-haendler" will be appointed bringing along his own " new order." What a marvellous opportunity for production sabotage...

x x x

Just as I had expected it took me two hours to settle the matter, i.e. not to settle it at all. It was noon when I found myself in the street again, not without misgivings. As she passed, an elderly woman whispered : " A man-hunt, Sir ". I jumped back into the German office. No arrest was possible there. Only men working in factories on German war orders, were to be found there. Once inside again I looked out of the window : Gestapo men with light machine guns were running out-in open order, they were chasing into the street from private houses, cafes, stores, trolleys, all men between sixteen and fifty or more. The hunted crowd with hands above their heads grew steadily. From time to time one heard shots : someone had tried to escape. The Gestapo fired into the crowd. What did it matter ? The more Poles killed the better, the more " lebensraum " for the Germans...

The man-hunt was over by two o'clock. On that day more than ten thousand Poles were arrested and those not sent to forced labour in the Reich were shipped within a few weeks to the concentration camp in Osvyentsim. After a few months, these were only living skeletons. People of advanced age or weak physical constitution could not endure more than sixty days in a German concentration camp...

At 5 p.m. I return home from the factory. I walk through streets lined with bombed houses, heaps of ruins and rubble. The sun shines brightly upon us as upon our foes. It seems indifferent to man's misfortunes.

In a side street a few musicians were playing. The music is grand I. Little wonder: the men are former artists of the Grand Opera, of the Consers'atory of Music, of the Philharmonic Orchestra. Modest alms are their reward—a passer-by gives a piece of cake, another a couple of tomatoes or a cucumber. Everything is valuable today, especially eatables...

The sun still shines bright upon the foliage of the few lucky trees that escaped German bombs and fire. The slogan of Warsaw's former mayor, Starzynski, comes back to me—"I want to see my city green and full of flowers"...Yes, truly, Warsaw was a city of flowers before the Germans came. Warsaw was in bloom from early spring till late autumn. Garlands of nasturtiums and petunias hung from balconies. Ivy and vine climbed the walls of houses. Pubic squares were resplendent with flower-beds: an ever changing rainbow of tulips and jonquils, of daisies and peonies, of dahlias and asters. In May the intoxicating aroma of lilacs filled the air.

One sees few flowers in Warsaw now. Every bit of ground has been turned into "victory-gardens", They help us to hold out in the winter time. A few potatoes, carrots, cabbages...They do more, for a time, those who till them, those who do not work in factories, are able to forget the dread reality...

When I get home, I am greeted with joy by my people who were wondering whether I was still alive. They had just heard that some of our friends had been caught in the raid, others shot down in the streets. Our neighbours are in tears: their son has not come home as yet. Tomorrow they will visit German offices, and if possible ransom their loved one. One can buy anything from the Germans: a gun, a radio-receiver, even freedom and life. Usually the latter is redeemable but for a short term.

It is still two hours to curfew. I shall avail myself of them for the task entrusted to me : visit several people of my district, give them envelopes containing money that I have in my pocket. Help for the sick, for the very old, for those who can not work, for those hiding from the police each day in a different house, in a different street, for those on whose heads the Gestapo has set a price, for those, too, who daily risk their lives publishing underground papers..... I am back fortunately a few minutes ahead of curfew.

Woe to him who after that hour is caught in the street without a pass by a German patrol! He is certain to spend several weeks in prison and be mercilessly beaten Up. One of the German ideals of sport is to hunt such adventurous individuals. They shoot them down without even asking for their permits.

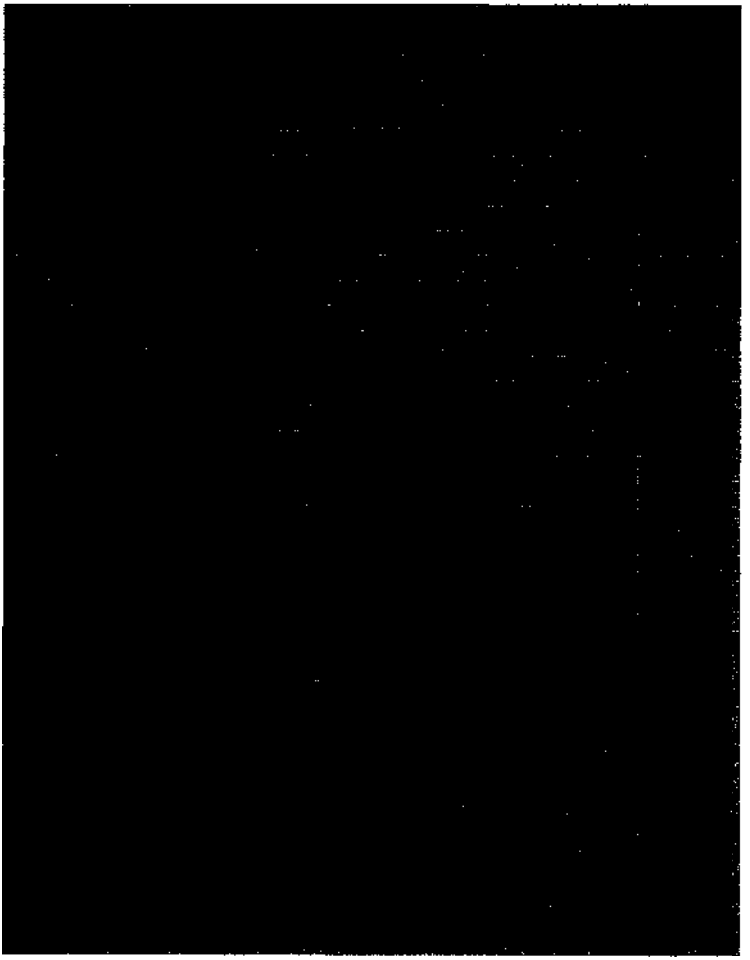
Twilight and silence enshroud the city. An apparent silence.

Let us listen to the throb of underground life.

Secret papers are being feverishly printed on hand presses. Well-hidden radio receivers bring news about the outside world, every word is carefully written down, every word that the free waves bring from the free countries.

Twilight enshrouds the ruins of the Royal Palace. Against the background of darkening skies one can still distinguish King Sigismund's column and the towers of the cathedral. Among the ruins one can make out some moving shadows..... Are these the ghosts of men who perished under Warsaw's curmbling walls, who fell victims of firing squads, who were seized in manhunts and perished in concentration camps ? Do they return to places ^where once they were happy ?

No, they are the living heroes of underground Warsaw, carrying secret papers for distribution, disappearing in mysterious fissures and crevices of demolished houses of our beloved capital, of Warsaw once laughing, boisterous and magnificent—of Warsaw more worthy now of our love and admiration,



'Garlands of nasturtiums and petunias"

The city is asleep. A short spell of oblivion.

Slumber is restless, interrupted by raids, arrests, firing in the streets.

A strange shadow lurks behind every door. None is secure from the impact of the butt-ends of German rifles...People clench their fists and wait...

Warsaw remains inflexible. Warsaw is undaunted. Warsaw will not surrender. Warsaw smiles with contempt at the " master race/'

We shall rebuild that dear city of ours.

We shall rebuild her more beautiful, more magnificant than ever. Tulips and daisies will again bloom in her public squares; garlands of nasturtiums and petunias will again hang from her balconies and again shall we see our city green and full of -flowers.

But when.....only God knows.

M. B.

HUMOUR IN THE DAYS OF DREAD

ARSAW, that half destroyed, tormented capital has flourished with a wartime grandeur, the grandeur of resolution, courage, audacity. Warsaw has never let herself be broken by anything, she fought in the fires of September 1939, she was fighting in this fifth year of war with the salvoes of attacks on German offcials, with the rattle of underground printing works, with the flame of pesters. And just as she was resolute in struggle, so there was something youthful, vigorous, and full of humour in her make-up, and, though it may sound paradoxical, she could smile and laugh.

Poverty-stricken and grey, the streets of Warsaw still throbbed with Polish life, and refused to be crushed or suppressed. The little barefoot newspaper boys hung as of old on the steps of the trams, and if Germans asked them the way, they always sent them in the opposite direction; they honoured the German police with the title of "Mr. week-end visitor[1]".

Not a day passed without the street enjoying a laugh at some insolent inscription on a wall or pavement, or jeering at some extraordinary edition of the " gutter-press". Wartime jokes were new every day, they lightened the greyness and the sadness of reality. Humorous illegal periodicals were published : "The Linden", " The Fly", " The Scratch", " The Mosquito". Even their pictures showed that Warsaw understands the significance of humour as a weapon, as an antidote. " The Linden" had the subtitle : "A merry journal, published in Poland in the days of dread", and a motto taken from Nietsche : "Killed not by anger but by laughter." The title-page of "The Pin" had an even more expressive inscription: "Warsaw humour is advancing against you-swollen German propaganda balloons."

In the street or the tram one very frequently heard a spontaneous and swift retort which caused the Poles to smile but could not provoke German anger. For instance, a woman who got into the German part of the tram by mistake, asked the conductor to lift the rope for her to pass with the words: " Let me pass into the section for human beings."

When a tram stopped because the trailer car, intended only for Poles, had become uncoupled someone shouted to a policeman: "Hi, "Mr. come and go," the General-government has broken away from the Reich."

One night the new German-inscription on the Copernicus monument making him a German was replaced by a Polish one. When they pulled down the monument to Kilinski the Germans announced in the press that it was a punishment for the " dishonouring of the monument to the German scientist." Kilinski, who stood with his sword pointing to the tragic walls, all that was left of the Krasinski

Underground Pafers

Secret rad 10-station

Palace, was removed to some unknown spot. Next day, on the walls of the National Museum appeared an enormous inscription, written in archaic language dating from the days of the insurrections : " To the People of Warsaw: I, Kilinski,* am here." But Copernicus was given a new inscription: " For the wrong done to Kilinski, I shall extend the present winter on the Eastern front until next April."

A poster extolling the "New Europe" in which the Polish workers would work in harmony with the Polish peasants for the benefit of the future German order, had an inscription in red written across it : "We've got the New Europe on the nose, we've held out for four winters now." The announcement of the German colonists ; " We shall remain on this soil," had the immediate retort of the peasants: " Yes, but eighteen inches below the surface."

The Germans used petrol to wash out the Polish standards painted on the pavements, but the inscriptions: "Poland will conquer" were carved imperishably into the walls of houses or painted with indelible paint By their expressive humour the inscriptions on the benches in the boulevard atoned for the unpleasant fact that only Germans could use the boulevard. The day after the inscription " nur fur Deutsche" had been painted on the benches, Polish inscriptions of the same shape and size appeared, demarcating once for all the property rights of the two nations: " The benches are ours, the arses are yours." Both inscriptions disappeared.

But nothing was so consoling, nothing gave one so much hope as the spirited, merry words of the street urchins' songs. Everywhere you could come upon some little impudent lad who sometimes sang right under the Germans' noses: " Everything is transient, everything goes past and after the ninth of November, again comes May the third." (Es geht alles voruber, es geht alles vorbei und nach neunte November, wieder kommt der dritte Mai.") This parody of a German song, with its reference to the German 1918, revolution and the day of the Polish national holiday, was sung everywhere : in the trains, in the trains, at the street corners, by laughing barefoot lads with mouth-organs. Cheeky and importunate, they collected stacks of money for this one smile in misfortune, for their carefree spirit, for their youth. They fled at the sight of a policeman, or the knitted brows of a German who had under-

Secret Press

* Kilinski—the heroic shoemaker, organiser and commander of the volunteer battalion of the Warsaw workers fighting under Kosciuszko in the Insurrection against tsarist Russia.

stood too much, only to strike up at the next corner in a false falsetto or to dance about singing:

" A raid at night,
" A round-up by day ;
" Since they won't let us live
" They must be in a bad way. "

Another child's a song was:

" Who are you ?-a Volksdeutsche ;
" What is your sign ?-white bread ;
" Who gave you birth ?-a bloody storm ;
" What awaits you ?-a dry branch. "

A travesty of a well known Polish child's "confession of faith," which ran :

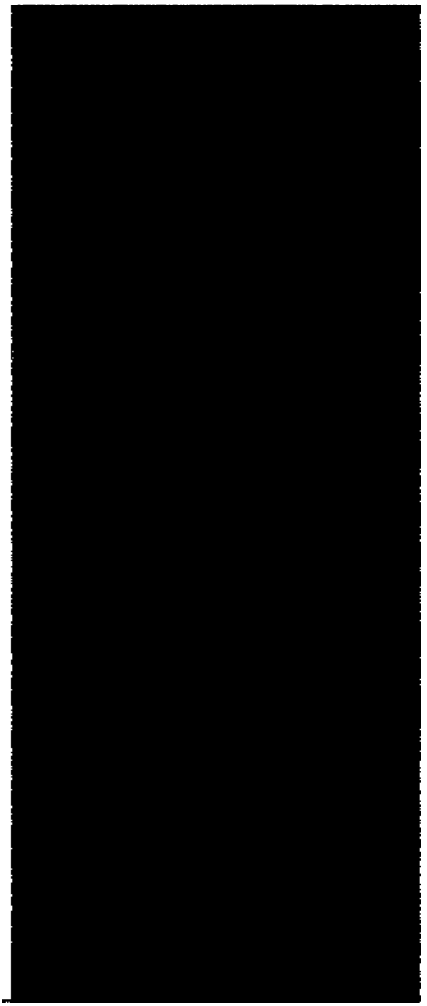
" Who are you ?- a little Pole ;
" What is your sign ?-the White Eagle ;
" Who gave you birth ?~My native Polish land ;
" What awaits you ?-the service of my Motherland."

The brave good lads, the children of the Warsaw streets, never lost heart, and were as daring as little devils.

It is they who slipped the illegal supplements printed in the underground presses between the pages of the German gutterpress; it is they who called out: " latest speach in the American Congress", or: " today is our Presidents' birthday, Warsaw sends its best wishes !"

These slogans making German furious, were immensely liked by the Polish public.

During severe winter time, when Germans confiscated many furs from the population, and often paraded in women furs through the streets, posters appeared on the walls representing German Colonels and Generals in fantastic costumes, ladies,' or Rabbinical foxskin-lined coats, all the pictures had the inscription: "Now they are sure to win...! "The words: " Germany will loose the war," or: " Poland will never submit to German hangsmen", were constantly appearing on all the streets.



A Warsaw newspaper boy

Humour was one of the weapons well used by the Warsaw people.

M. BRZESKA,

WOMEN-SOLDIERS OF FREEDOM

TOTAL war is no longer a matter for the participation only of men, who have created it. * For the first time on such a large scale women also have became soldiers. In the uniform of auxiliary services, as drivers, as transport pilots, workers in war industry, women had to march side by side with their men. And in every occupied country women have also been drawn into the ranks of underground fighters.

The inclusion of women in the ranks of the Polish underground army took place only gradually. Illegal existence calls for certain qualities which, according to the general view, are more rarely found in women than in men. But experience has shown that almost everybody develops these qualities, and has to strengthen these aspects of his character in the actual course of underground work. So far as courage, patriotism and selfsacrifice are concerned almost everybody stands the test. But it is more difficult to find people who are cool, self-controlled, cautious, silent and always discreet. Women who entered the struggle often had to overcome distrust, and win confidence by their endurance under the test, and had to start with small unimportant jobs, passing on to more responsible tasks. The experience of conspiratorial work has shown that women can be of the greatest value, and in certain departments quite irreplaceable.

One very broad sphere of activity in which women were particularly useful was that of liaison. In the circumstances of wartime Poland, in which communications and travel were very difficult, the problems of contacts, of transmitting orders and instructions, of distributing printed matter, were all of the greatest importance, and presented incredible difficulties. The frontiers inside the country, with which the Germans had cut up Poland into the " Ostland '\ the " General Government " and the Western Provinces, had greatly hindered the coordination of activities over all Poland. As car and motor-bus transport was completely non-existent, and a journey of 150 to 250 miles by train was a hazardous exploit, those who were selected for the work of liaison had often to display considerable courage, initiative and enterprise.

Those who distributed printed matters often had to carry suitcases of a large size, and to penetrate with their luggage to remote rural areas. The woman courier in charge of such a consignment had not to flush or turn pale under the S. S. man's inquisitive glance, had not to betray herself by an imprudent wink, while a compartment was being searched. There was always the possibility that they would pass over, or would not bother to open that particular suitcase. One unweighed word during the examination, one incautious sentence in the presence of other passengers, might mean death. The railways swarmed with agents provocateurs, who after four years in the country could speak quite correct Polish, and whose job was to pick up traces of links while travelling, or to note meetings at stations. When one was waiting for some person one had to contact, one had not to glance at one's watch, for any sign of impatience might attract the attention of a spy.

Liaison service also required considerable physical effort. Certain women couriers had to reach their destinations night after night, along deep ravines or streams, by paths leading over precipitous cliffs, In the silence of the night every crack of a twing underfoot might **arouse** a pursuit; a dog disturbed in a sleeping village could bring out the German guard. The **bag** with money, with weapons, **or** with thin printed paper, weighed like a stone on aching **shoulders. But the half frozen and blistered feet had to carry on to the appointed** place.

These long journeys on foot became nightmares in winter, or during the floods of autumn. In fine weather, although the danger was greater, one's eyes were cheered by the beauty of nature,

They share the dangers of guerilla warfare

Another sphere in which women were particularly serviceable was the "hide-outs." Here they gave to weary men who were in danger of their life, who did not know whether each hour was not the last, some semblance of home life; a few hours, or minutes of rest, they gave them some refreshments, cooked food, took care of their clothes. People without names, without addresses nor documents, had to be led to the appointed places, to be taken over from one guide and passed to another. Those engaged in this work had to be able to keep silent even to death, they had to forget at once all they saw, never ask questions, never know anything. And they had to be heart and soul with these lonely travellers in the hour of danger, adding their own watchfulness to the other's effort, their own devotion to the other's great tasks. Very often women's quiet modest homes, became a shelter, a cashiers, office a small arsenal, a printing place, a chemical laboratory. The doors were opened at a given password, and always opened to friends, until one day they were sealed with the seals of the Gestapo.

Women worked also in the underground presses. From the begining they had been occupied in distribution and office work, and of course had written for all types of journals in existence. August 1942 saw the first number of " Zywia," the journal of women members of the " Peasant Party", the first open manifestation of women's organized press work.

The women gave themselves devotedly to the work, scheemed to get good paper, and gradually improved the layout and design. After a few numbers had been issued, a supplement was published which was outstanding among underground journals. It was called " Biedronka" (Ladybird) and had the subtitle " News to be told to our children". A secret periodical for children must surely be unique.

" Zywia" was published regularly, and was the pride of Polish women. The workers of the illegal movement were necessarily anonymous, yet among them there were many heroes who were intensely admired and almost worshipped by the people. Such was the nameless editress of "Zyvia", the heart and soul of a big branch of conspiratorial work. Through all these difficult, terrible years her energy and passion for freedom was not flagged for one moment, her courage has never faltered, her faith in ultimate victory has never wavered; and there were hundreds of such women as she was. Even Germans were recognising their role by giving a warning to their soldiers:" Be careful, dont' approach any Polish women, each one of them is aflame with hatred for everything German, every Polish girl is fighting for Poland..."In this unwilling praise from our enemy there was one great truth: namely women engaged in the underground struggle were not only couriers, liaison workers, editresses, every day was a fight against the enemy, a fight for the bearing of the nation, for the heart and mind of the child. The Polish women have had to temper their lives with hatred for the enemy, but their souls have expanded with the deepest love for all Poles. By protecting their own children, and as far as possible all Polish children from hunger, they made it possible for them to be educated, despite the fact that the Germans had attempted to thrust them down into an abyss of ignorance and degradation.

Women Soldiers

Women guarded and protected warned against round-ups, or searches, gave shelter in their homes to those threatened with arrest. They waged the most difficult of all struggles: the struggle for survival.

German deportations and attempts at extermination were defied by the endurance of women, by the work of women's hands; they had saved from death hundreds of Jewish children roaming about the forests, perishing from hunger and thurst. Women had gone with scraps of food to wait for and meet the trains carrying deportees. Time after time, with the industrious persistence of ants, the women have rebuilt their ruined homes, have gathered their own and other's children around their table, sharing with them the last morsel of food. The peasant mothers did not hesitate to take three and even four orphans into each house, though by doing so they reduced still more their already slender food resources for their own families.

Every action against the enemy, whether the most ordinary of everyday activities, or organized conspiratorial work, was a battle for life and death. In this unequal struggle thousands of women have perished, but the most dangerous posts thus emptied, were at once filled by new volunteers.

A woman following in the track of another, a courier, came upon her frozen to death in a snowdrift; she took the letters from the hand of her dead comrade and carried them on to their destination.

A woman courier who was beaten to death in a lavatory of the Warsaw railway station, revealed nothing to her torturers ; another one caught with a case of printed matter at a small junction station had not opened her mouth.

They had learned not only to work for Poland, but to die in silence for her.

Women taken to the execution

THE BATTLE OF THE WARSAW GHETTO

April—June 1943.

THE forty thousand Jews remaining in the Warsaw Ghetto out of 3,500,000 massacred by Germans, took up arms in a heroic struggle against annihilation by the Gestapo, in April 1943, Armed with weapons—provided by the Polish Underground Army,—and secretly manufactured grenades and bombs, they did not fight for their lives, for their fate was known : they were doomed in advance. They fought to let the world know they died as soldiers of the fighting Poland, and not as passive, mild and submitting victims—not as slaves.

In November 1939, the Germans established the Ghetto. Anyone attempting to escape was threatened with death. The removal of the population was ordered on July 1942. And for the month of October 1942, only 40,000 ration cards were issued by the German authorities, the rest of the population had to starve to death. On January 1943, Germans decided upon the final liquidation of the Ghetto, and detachments of S.S.-men entered its walls. Some of the inhabitants barricaded themselves in single blocks of houses and began a desperate resistance. The Germans suffered heavy casualties. On the fifth day, tanks were brought up. A number of houses were burned down and their defenders killed. Over 1,000 thus perished. But after a few days the fighting ceased, the battle was for the moment not worth while and the fate of the rest of the Ghetto remained in suspense.

It was, however, postponed only for several weeks. About the middle of April 1943, the Germans ordered a large contingent of Ghetto inhabitants to be sent to the concentration camp in Travniki, which meant death in tortures. The Jews refused and resisted. Then German police and S.S. detachments with armoured cars and tanks surrounded the Ghetto and invaded its streets, machine-gunning and destroying everything.

In the first week the struggle was like a regular military action and the Ghetto shook continually under the thunder of heavy fire.

Seeing the defence is tough and their casualties heavy, the Nazis changed their tactics and began to use fire in a savage attempt to destroy every street and every house. Incendiary bombs and grenades were used as well as heavy artillery.

The Jewish Fighting Organization, helped in arms and ammunition by the Polish Underground, was defending the Ghetto with incredible valour. During those tragic weeks it has issued a manifesto to the people of Warsaw, signed by the Central Committee of the Jewish Working Masses of Poland:

" Brothers, inhabitants of Warsaw !

" We know that the Polish Underground Movement pays homage to the fighters in the Ghetto. But only the United Nations can give us immediate and substantial help.

" In the name of millions of murdered Jews, in the name of those who have been burnt, tortured and massacred, in the name of those who are still struggling heroically, though doomed to a certain death in an unequal fight, we call upon the world to hear us to-day.

" The Allies must avenge our death and "our sufferings, so that even a bestial enemy understands for what he is being punished. Our Allies must realise at last the full extent of the historic responsibility that will fall upon those who have remained 'inactive in the face of the Nazis' unparalled crime against an entire people, the tragic epilogue of which is taking place today. The desperate heroism of our men in the Ghetto must rouse the world action equal to the greatness of the moment."

The Polish Underground Labour answered :

" Comrades and citizens !

" Since April 18, when the occupant launched his drive to exterminate definitely the remaining Polish Jews, the Warsaw Ghetto has been in arms. Condemned by Hitler to death, you refused to submit passively, you resisted furiously in defence of your rights as citizens and your self-respect as human beings.

" Once more the glare of flames reddens the sky over Warsaw, once more the firing of rifles and guns, the explosions of grenades, resound in the city. Comrades ! workers and professionals, you are the heart of the groups of fighting Jews. The Polish national flag floats over your heads as you give battle to the enemy. Your action is not an isolated one. It is a living link in the uninterrupted chain of resistance, that for four years has been carried on throughout Poland. The entire world should fully understand the significance of each episode in our struggle for liberation. The series of clashes between detachments of the Underground Armed Forces in Poland and the invader, the present armed fight of the Polish citizens confined behind the walls of the Warsaw Ghetto-all these testify to Poland's unshakeable determination to win complete independence. No drop of blood spilled in these battles for freedom can be lost. Every new victim is contributing to the future edifice of liberty and social justice for all of us, citizens of the New Poland.

" We send our fraternal greetings to you, Jewish workers and professionals, who, in the face of certain and inevitable death, have chosen to perish with arms in hand rather than submit passively to executioners.

" We solemnly pledge to you that your action will not be lost without an echo. It will be added to the heroic legends of Fighting Poland ; it will become the common heritage of all our people, an heritage that will create a strong foundation for the greatness of the future reconstructed Polish Republic."

A few days later a second Appeal was issued :

TO THE PEOPLES OF THE WORLD

" We appeal to the peoples of the world I In the face of unprecedented Nazi terror, our people murdered, oppressed, and maltreated, have risen constantly in flaming protest. But we need help. This help must come soon. The enemy must be defeated before he crushes the vital forces of the land and finally destroys its people.

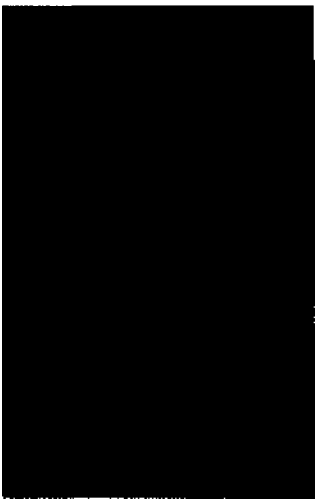
" We call upon the fighting world for help. We shall not remain passive. We shall redouble our efforts to prepare for the general Rising in Poland, to strike at the proper moment of the Allied offensive, a death blow at the Nazi totalitarianism.

" Freedom—Equality—Independence ! "

Warsaw, April 1943. The Warsaw Underground Movement of the Working Masses in Poland.

The Germans blew up houses where resisting Jews had taken cover ; they planted mines, flooded the cellars, murdered every one whom they could reach—man, woman child. In a Jewish hospital all patients were murdered in their beds. Hundreds were thrown into the flames of burning houses, or burned alive for sport by S.S. men. Foremen were not permitted to save the Jews from the blazing houses, or to play water on those who rushed out in burning clothes.

In a few weeks 2,000 Warsaw Jews had been killed in action or murdered in their houses and shelters, 6,000 were found dead in destroyed and burned buildings and shelters, killed by gas.



Young leader of the Ghetto Battle M. Klepfish awarded Virtuti Military the highest Polish Order

At the close of the fifth week 20,000 of half starved, half mad Jews were driven out from the Ghetto and shipped to the East. The rest continued the fight, hiding in sewers, and inaccessible cellars. At the end of May 1943, the Warsaw Ghetto had ceased to exist. All that remained of it was a desolate waste, hundreds of charred ruins, a walled city of death and destruction to which access was forbidden for months.

When the news of the Ghetto battle reached London through the Polish underground messengers, and the Jewish Member of the Polish National Council, (and Advisory Body to the Polish Government) S. Zygielbojm, received a message from his people in Poland asking him to rise public opinion, to appeal to the people of the world, to knock to all doors and all hearts, to mobilise a substantial help for the Polish Jews, to save at least the remnants of them; when all his efforts and calls, appeals, interviews, all superhuman endeavours were of no avail, breaking on the dead wall of indifference and passivity, in a depth of despair, he decided to protest in a most dramatic way accessible to any human being-by sacrificing his own life. He left the following letter:

ZYGIELBOYM'S LAST LETTER TO GENERAL SIKORSKI

" I take the liberty of addressing these my last words to you, and through you to the Polish Government and the Polish people, to the Governments and the peoples of all the Allied Nations-to the *conscience of (he world.*

" From the latest information received from Poland, it is evident that the Germans with the most barbarous cruelty are exterminating in a blood massacre the few remaing Jews in Poland. Behind the Ghetto" walls the last act of the tragedy, unprecedented in the history of mankind, has been performed.

" **The** responsibility for this crime of murdering the entire Jewish population of **Poland falls in the first instance on the perpetrators, but indirectly it also burdens the whole of humanity, the peoples and the Governments of the Allied Nations, who, up til now. have made** no substantial efforts to stop this crime.

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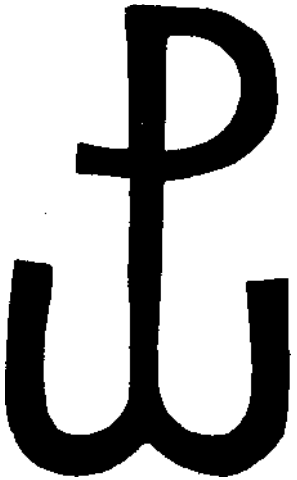


The Sign of Fighting Poland ; composed of two letters : P—for Poland. W—for fight, (walka) ; both forming an Anchor—symbol of Hope.

The Sign—drawn by a young girl, student of the Warsaw Academy of Art. underground soldier, who sanctified this symbol by the sacrifice of her life in the battle for Freedom—was used since 1940; by the Polish Home Army and the whole fighting Nation, and will be used until Poland is free .

It is a Sign of Faith, of Will, of Hope.

THE WARSAW RISING

IN February 1944. when the Soviet Armies were nearing the Polish frontier, a vital qeestion arose among the Poles, as well as in Allied circles—what should be the attitude of the Polish Underground Army towards the Russion Forces, and what would be their behaviour ? Would they repeat the policy of reprisals and deportations as in 1939, or would they come like liberators ? Poland was not in alliance with Russia. The diplomatic relations between the two governments severed in 1943, by the Soviets, had not been re-established, in spite of repeated efforts on the part of the Poles. Russia was supporting the self-appointed Committee of Liberation in Moscow, and organising a Polish army with Russians as its chief officers; ignoring, and often even denying, the existence of the Polish Home Army, (a quarter of a million strong) in spite of the fact that hundreds of German supply trains, on their way to the Eastern, front or those loaded with arms and ammunitions, were systematically destroyed by this "unexisting" Polish Home Army; and major plans of sabotage expeditions werd carefully prepared in Poland, but well known to the Polish and British High Command in London.

In this dramatic situation, the question of what should be the attitude of the Polish Home Army towards the Russians crossing the frontier of Poland, was asked with anxiety by many Poles. Was not Russia an Ally of the Allies of Poland ? Was she not fighting the common enemy and achieving tremendous victories in the common campaign, her bravery being admired also by the Poles, who, being first class soldiers themselves, cannot but recognize gallantry wherever it is displayed,

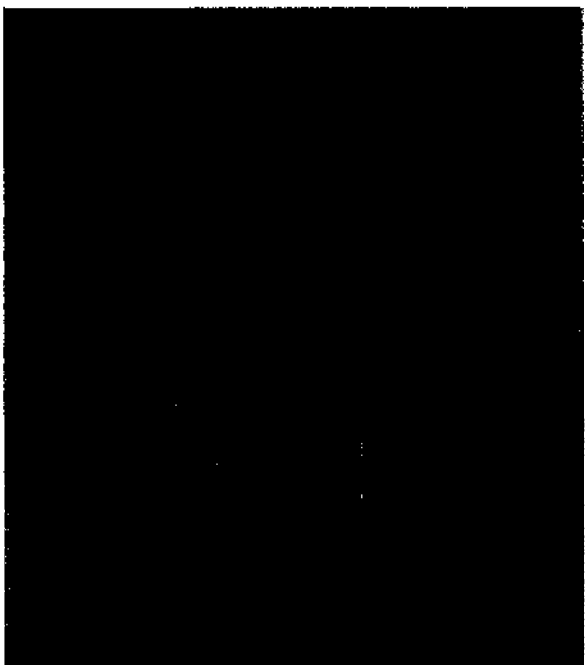
Three possibilities were seen by the Poles. First, that diplomatic relations would be re-established, Poland's sovereign rights recognised; the administration of the Polish legal Government re-instated immediately after the German armies had retreated* and full friendly co-operation of all the Polish Forces wholeheartedly given to the Russian Army; this would have been a normal solution between Allies. But...Russia was an Ally of Britain but not of Poland.

The second, advocated by those who knew the Soviets well, and had no illusions as regards to their policy towards Poland and Central Europe, the farsighted and truly realistic men, was this: the Home Army should hide itself still deeper, remain completely passive wherever the Red Army advanced, saving all its forces for a more opportune moment; or try to penetrate in the rear of the German Army and continue its sabotage and guerilla activities, thus helping indirectly the Russian advancing armies, but without revealing openly its existence, nor that of the Polish Civil Administration established in every province and district. This would have been a kind of half passive, half active co-operation.

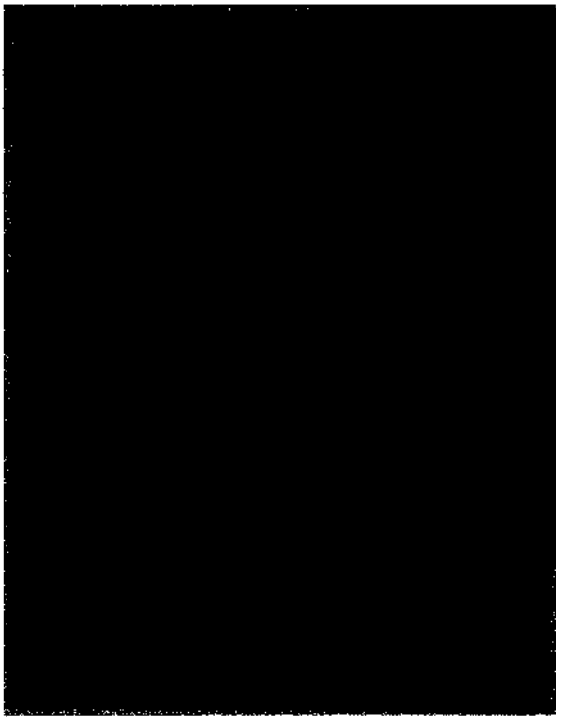
The most responsible of the Polish leaders were in favour of this policy.

The third possibility was—to take the risk, to try to establish direct relations with the advancing Red Units on each particular sector, to come out into the open and fight shoulder to shoulder with the Russians, to reveal the identity of the Polish civil and military authorities, in other words to act with confidence and chivalry, quite openly. "Are they not Allies of our Allies", argued the supporters of this attitude. "Will Britain not be able to influence them, to send an Inter Allied Commission, for example; it is impossible that the methods of repression used in 1939 be repeated in any way. We must make the first step, the magnanimous gesture and act with trust, after all by such an attitude we will also show our confidence to the Western Democracies and give the greatest possible help to the common Cause."

This last opinion, strongly, if not vehemently supported by the Allied High Command and especially by Mr. Churchill, prevailed and was definitely adopted by the Polish Government. The Home Army was instructed accordingly. The order was strictly carried out.



Those who "strictly carried out the order", —the **Home Army** Officers



—and soldiers

When in March, the Soviet Army crossed the frontier of Poland, the Underground regiments-strong and numerous in these parts-came into the open and co-operated valiantly, wherever they could ; but...in many sectors it was not easy, for the Russian Commanders were arresting, deporting, or even shooting, the Polish soldiers; in others some degree of agreed co-operation was achieved. Such was the situation during all the summer. In the whole of Eastern Poland, especially in the districts of Wilno, Lwow and Volhynia, whole Divisions of the Polish Army were engaged in battles; some reports came by indirect ways, that the Russian officers were much impressed by their discipline, skill and high military training. Wilno was liberated from the Germans by the Polish Underground garrison, hiding in the city, *before* the Red Army and considerable Polish Forces, operating from outside, entered the town. But as soon as the battles were over it was arrested, many officers executed, soldiers disarmed and deported to Siberia, subject to incredible hardships.

The same was the case with Lwow and many smaller towns and localities. But, for the sake of " Allied unity", no official reports have ever been published about these facts. The news about the arrests and deportations of the very same Polish soldiers who, on the eve of it were co-belligerants with the Red Army, were revealed to the public by the British Press, only in autumn of 1944, during the battle for Warsaw, and only then discussed in the House of Commons. Yet these facts were known for a long time to the Poles, inside and outside the country, and reported in all details to the Allies.

The Soviet newspapers continued to launch accusations of inactivity against the Polish Home Army, mentioning at the same time as often as possible the * exploits' of the * partisans '— small groups, chiefly of Russian soldiers dropped from the air, who were more engaged in spying and struggling against the Polish patriots and looting the villages, as well as fomenting mutual hatred among different communities, than in the fight against the Germans. Soviet papers liked also to propagate the news about their own military organisation, called " the Polish Army of General Berling" ; with a majority of Russian officers in it; not mentioning however that the refusal of adherence to it by the captured Home Army soldiers, was ' punished' by an immediate deportation, or even execution. (facts near Wilno, Lwow, Lublin) An oath of allegiance to the Moscow sponsored "Committee of Liberation*', and to Stalin as a supreme

Commander of that Army was compulsory. It was of course in direct contradiction to the Polish Home Army soldiers, sacred oath—taken voluntarily and in full consciousness—of fidelity to the Sovereign Polish Republic and her only Supreme Commander—the constitutional President of Poland. That is why almost no soldier submitted to the Soviet threat.

The Moscow radio station "Kosciuszko"—the mouthpiece of the Kremlin—was continually appealing to the population of Poland to rise in a general armed resistance and to give help to the Red Army swiftly approaching Warsaw. Thirteen such appeals were launched during June and July 1944. The most characteristic of them are the following three :

July 15, 1944.

After the begining of the Soviet offensive the will to fight has grown in the Polish Home Army. It is generally believed that it is time to act. There is a great discontent with the orders to wait, given by Sosnkoivski and Bar.

(*Broadcast from Mosaw*).

July 29, 1944.

WARSAW! FIGHT GERMANS!

Warsaw hears the guns of the battle which will soon bring her liberation. Those who want to destroy Hitlerite power will again, as in 1939, join battle against Germans, this time for decisive action. For Warsaw, who did not yield, but fought on, the hour of action has arrived. Your houses and parks, your bridges and railway stations, your factories and public buildings will be turned into defence positions. The Germans will expose the city to ruin and its inhabitants to death.

It is therefore a hundred times more necessary than ever to remember that in the flood of Hitlerite destruction all is lost that is not saved BY ACTIVE EFFORT, that by DIRECT ACTIVE STRUGGLE IN THE STREETS of WARSAW, in Its HOUSES. FACTORIES and STORES, you not *only hasten the moment of final Liheration but also save the nation's property and the lives of your brothers.*

(Broadcast from Moscow).

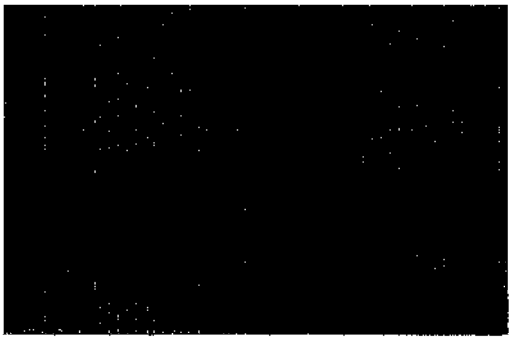
July 30,1944,

'WARSAW TO ARMS'!

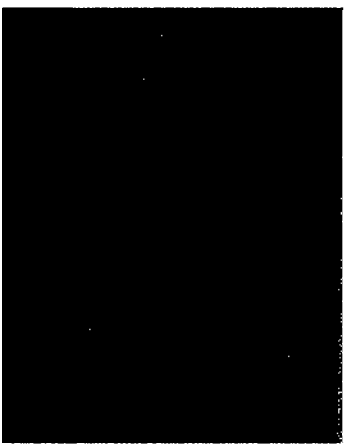
Warsaw trembles from the roar of guns. The Soviet Armies are pushing forward and are nearing Vistula. They come to bring you liheration. PEOPLE of WARSAW to ARMS! ATTACK the GERMANS ! ASSIST the RED ARMY In CROSSING the VISTULA. GIVE it INFORMATION, *show the best fords The more than a million inhabitants ought to become* AN ARMY OF A MILLION MEN *fighting for liberation and destruction of the German invader."*

(Broadcast from Moscow).

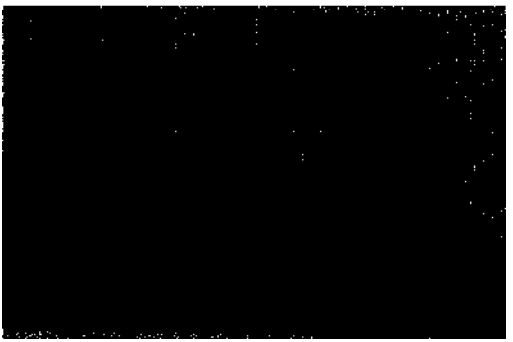
Those of the Polish Home Army who co-operated with the Soviet Forces in Eastern Poland—



—in South-Eastern Poland, the 23rd Regiment of the Volhynian Division



—near of Lwow-the 27th Infantry Division



—in Lublin District—the 9th Infantry Regiment

—near Wilno—the 78 Infantry Regiment

The whole Undergiound Army of Poland was under the orders of the Commander on the spot, subordinated to the Commander in Chief and the Polish Government in London. All the plans of sabotage and regular military activities, as well as the careful preparation for the risings of particular towns and districts, and the last general Rising, were planned in consultation with the Headquarters of the Polish and the Allied High Command. But it was obvious that local details and dates of particular actions, had to be left entirely to the decision of the three responsible leaders in Poland, who were : the Commander of the Army-General Bor, the Deputy Prime Minister, known under the name of Sobolewski (his real name was Jankowski*) and the socialist leader—K. Puzhak Chairman of the Council of National Unity, a democratic body acting as a kind of Underground Parliament, being composed from elected deputies of the chief parties, and having large responsibilities and competences.

The same principle was applied to the Rising of Warsaw. The British High Command was fully aware of the preparations ; Moscow was also informed through London, as well as personally by the Polish Prime Minister Mikolajczyk, in his conversation with Stalin in Moscow ; where Stalin expressed the view that the Soviet Armies would enter Warsaw about the 6th of August, and promised substantial help to the Rising. British support of all the activities of the Home Army—supplying it with arms, ammunitions, and different weapon—was so great during all the months preceding the Warsaw Rising, and the collaboration so close, that it seemed a matter of course ; no Polish politician or Commander had ever doubted it, nor had he been informed to the contrary.

Why did the Rising of Warsaw take place exactly on the 1st of August ? Was it not too early ? These questions have been asked by many well-wishers of Poland as well as by her critics.

There were serious reasons for it. The decision had been taken in full responsibility, after a long weighing of all factors. It was well known to the Polish authorities that the Germans had been ordered, by Himmler, to conscript and deport to the Reich all men between 15 and 60; to exterminate the rest of the educated people, and to destroy the city before evacuating it. The Rising could only have begun on the 1st, or could not have been begun at all. That is how General Bor explained this matter after his release: " The choice of the date have been imposed on us by circumstances. It was impossible to postpone the outbreak of the Rising even for a few days, for purily military reasons. The Rising was possible only when Warsaw was *near* the chief front but not yet in its very centre."

On the other hand the Soviet forces, in a swift march were approaching Vistula, some of them had crossed the river not far from the capital. The roar of Soviet guns was heard, the Red Army was twenty miles from Praga, the suburb of Warsaw, on the eastern bank of the river. They could be expected in a few days in Warsaw, was not Moscow radio appealing:

" *People of Warsaw rise ! Assist the Red Army in crossing the Vistula* " ?

Eye witnesses tell us that panic broke out among the Germans. Trains westward bound were packed with German civilians and officials and their families, even with drunk and undisciplined soldiers.

German columns were retreating in disorder through the streets of Warsaw, and its population, standing at the windows and balconies, watched them with grim amusement. German papers had ceased to appear since the 29th. The German radio was silent.

* The same Jankowski and Puzhak who, with other 13 Polish leaders of the Underground fight, were arrested by Soviets in March 1944. after a treacherous appeal, and repeated requests to come out of their hiding places and take part in friendly negociations; after having pledged their safety by Red Army officers word of honour, these men. who were leading the unrelentless fight with the Germans, who were helping the Red Army advance, in spite of all its cruelties, were seized, arrested, brought in secret to, Moseow, tortured and tried in a most infampu? fake trial ever known in history.

(Editor)

The Soviet wholesale bombardment of Warsaw could be expected at any moment. The Soviet artillery had just began to shell Praga, and Germans withdrew to the western bank of the Vistula. At the same time the Polish Underground Authorities in Praga automatically took charge of the administration, and the Home Army came into the open. Underground papers were sold openly in the streets from the 30th, the first time after five years..... Polish flags appeared on the buildings..... Praga was free.

It was then that the Polish Army Headquarters, in consultation with the civil authorities decided that the last moment for armed action had come. *And at 5p.m. on the 1st of August the Warsaw Rising began.*

x x x

Could the Warsaw Rising have been avoided? Could Warsaw, have remained passive? Could the Polish Home Army have looked quietly on the change of one occupant for another, without moving a finger, without giving an effective help to Soviet troops in their battles against the much hated German oppressors, without taking the initiative into its own hands and liberating the capital by its own effort, just like they did in all other Polish towns—Wilno, Lwow, Lublin?

Warsaw was the main cammunication centre between the Baltic and the Carpathian mountains; if only Germans could be cut off from the bridges over Vistula—the chief ways of supplies to their eastern front—they would face the steady advance of the Red Armies and a real defeat, being almost surrounded, and their retreat made extremely difficult. It would have been the greatest possible assistance given to the Russian army and to the whole Allied campaign.

For this moment, of shaking off the abject yoke—the heaviest and most bloody that ever reigned over Poland—every citizen of Warsaw had been waiting for months, for years.....Now everyone was burning with impatience to see the universally cherished Home Army come, at last, out into the open, and act. The load of hatred and wrath was such that it would explode at any moment spontaneously and irresistibly, in irresponsible group fighting, if left without discipline and control.

Thus one may say that the decision of the leaders had, from one side purely military, strategic reasons, well calculated in time and preparation, only unable to foresee unknown elements—the passivity of the Allies, the ill-will of the Soviets; on the other hand it was based on the psychological factors—the essentially active attitude of all the citizens, for whom the role of passive onlookers, *in* the moment, of a victorious entry of Russian troops into Warsaw, was practically impossible. And last but not least, on the certainty of allied assistance brought by parachute.

The Polish units of parachute troops had been during these last years all the time active from Britain, helping the Home Army, providing a steady flow of supplies of arms, ammunition, etc. hence their further co-operation seemed a matter of course. The same assistance which was so generously given to the Maquis in France—in 48 hours from the moment of their rising—and to the Slovak insurrectionists, was rightly expected in Warsaw. Had not Mr. Churchill declared a hundred times, that he would help *everyone* who was fighting against the common foe?

Who among the Home Army and political leaders in Poland could* have then foreseen that the Allies may have been bound by some secret treaty with Russia; that her obstinate • **Veto** * would frustrate their efforts and be a decisive factor in all their activities; that the laws **and guiding** principles of Allied co-operation with the military risings, were not equal for

different countries of occupied Europe ? The fact that " spheres of influence*' were already accepted as the basis of Allied, actions, was not yet publicly known. This dreadful truth has been disclosed later. But even if it had been known, had Warsaw another course to follow ?

Was it at all possible for the Army and the population, to remain passive when the fight between two foreign Powers would have taken place on the streets of the capital, which was the very heart of the country, the chief seat of its resistance movement ?

Warsaw's people were yearning for freedom as a drowning man for air. They were simply suffocating. No nation can understand this that does not know what a long subjection means ; and after one century of struggle at last an exhilarating period of freedom and creative State activity, to be followed once more by a most cruel yoke, only with vivid memory and passion for liberty lost.

To be quiet when battles were raging for their very existence, to stand still in the centre of a whirl wind... no, it was unthinkable for the Poles, with their active temperament. Any effort, any sacrifice was easier than such a passivity, which would also have been, according to Polish conceptions, degrading and dishonourable.

In the first year of conspiratorial work under the Nazi domination, the first Commander of the Underground Army once said to his nearest co-workers :

" Independence cannot come to us by itself. A nation which has been defeated,—in the war of 1939—humiliated and trampled upon, cannot accept freedom from any foreign hand without a moral danger. She must wipe off in an open fight the stain of slavery, and unload in the course of the struggle the whole burden of accumulated hatred, to be able to feel once more strong and proud. Only such a fight can free her from any trace of disastrous inferiority complex, from a curse of faintheartedness, and lack of self-confidence, and halp to get rid of the negative element of hate, which, if not transmuted, would remain as a destructive poison in the blood of the nation."

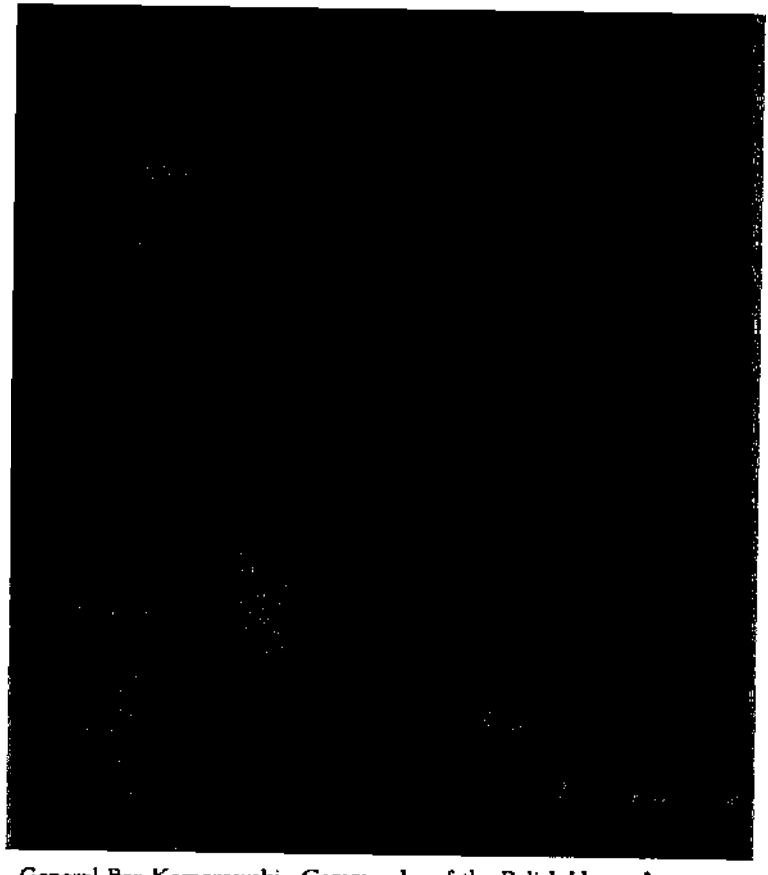
And today, when we can look at the happenings from a certain distance, even taking into account the seeming defeat of the Warsaw Rising, and the incredible destruction, the supreme holocaust, which have apparently given no results, for the country is under a second, even more heavy yoke, who would dare to say that Warsaw's decision was wrong ?

If we ask those who struggled and suffered—who were rescued in 1945 from German concentration camps—if they regret that the Rising took place, if they 'repent' to have led it, with so many victims and the disappearance of the capital itself, their answer is: " No. Two months of freedom from all yoke, of a manly open battle in the exhilarating air of liberty, were worth while. They were unavoidable, being the Nation's will, her categoric imperative. It was also the pledge for the future, by its force and inspiration new generations will live, new revolts will be led."

They are right. In the cross point of two occupations, in the transitional period between two foreign rules, these 63 days of a proud, heroic battle for free existence, for the age-old ideal of the Nation, for a new Poland, able to express her own genius, will for ever shine;as **a** lofty beacon for all future generations, and will be an untarnishable source of inner powfefr an undying testimony of the greatness of the Nation who refuses to accept anything less than a free, untrammeled, independent life.

Warsaw in 1939, Warsaw in 1944,—has shown the world what love of liberty means. What Honour means. Warsaw, has shown in this age of materialism and barbarity, that an **absolute devotion to** an **Ideal has not yet died out in Humanity.**

September 1945.



General Bor-Komorowski. Commander of the Polish Home Army.

General Bor-Komorovysku Commander of the Polish Home Army.

THE ORDER OF THE DAY OF GENERAL BOR

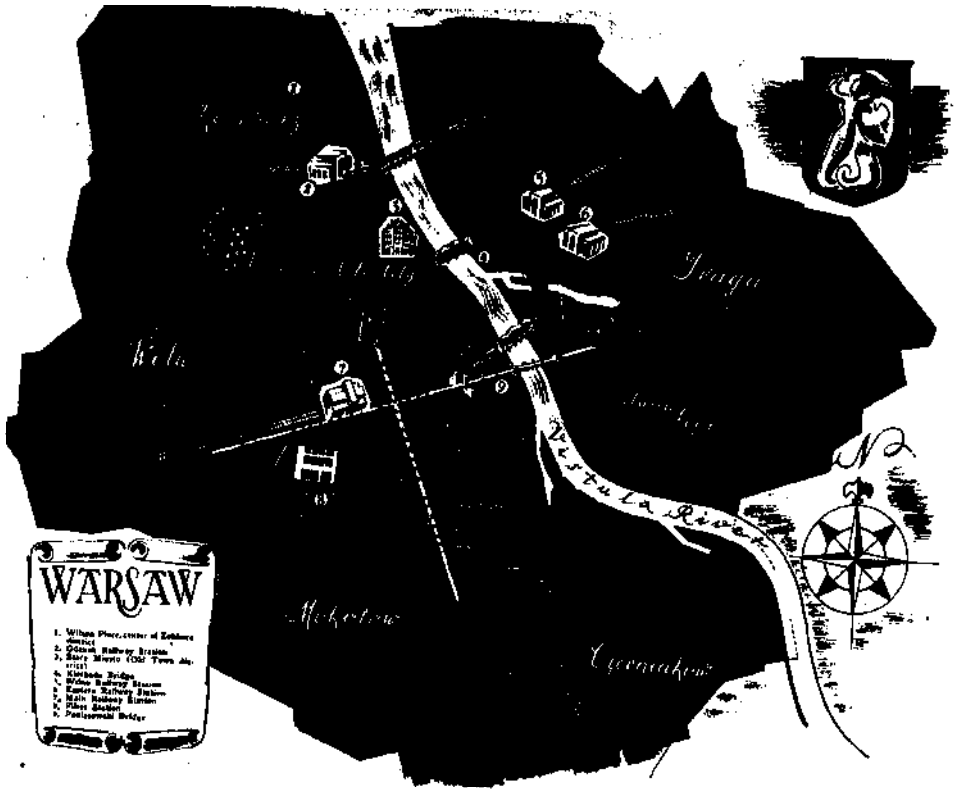
Soldiers of the Capital I

1 am issuing to day the Order so much desired by you, to begin an Open fight against the German agressor, the age-long enemy of Poland.

After five years of unceasing hard struggle pursued in the underground of conspiracy, you are now coming into the open and facing the enemy directly, arms in hand, to regain Freedom for our country, and to administer Justice on our soil.

General Bor,
Commander of the Home Army.

Warsaw, August 2, *1944.*



THE BEGINING OF THE RISING

Through German eyes*

"**THE** German Command knew that something abnormal was going on in Warsaw ; more people were coming from the country-probably because of rumours or obeying an order— but they did not quite realise what was the matter.

Since the memorable Easter rising in the woods of Radom, in 1940, till the Ghetto revolt last year, all the time rebellions and skirmishes, sabotages* and terroristic attempts were going on in Poland. It is well known that Poles are notorious rebels.

In the afternoon of August 1st, the traffic was greater than usual in Warsaw, the crowds on the streets larger. Storm troopers of the Polish Home Army suddenly appeared and occupied their positions. In small groups of five men they entered, houses, chiefly facing German offices; they took their positions at the windows of private flats or of the garrets* in all the bigger streets. They completely surrounded our stores and military warehouses.

The Polish soldiers were all very young, from 15 to 25 at the most, it was they who constituted the main force of the Rising. At 5-30 p. m. an explosion was heard, was it the sign for the general uprising ? Probably.

*** From an article of Eberhardt Schultee in Allgemeinc Zeitung in September 1944.**

A lorry with our police was seen passing quickly through the street; suddenly shots from the windows, and our men were all killed on the spot. Polish soldiers surrounded anil took possession of the lorry and disapeared at top speed. All the exits from principal streets were closed in a few hours with barricades; smaller police stations were captured by the Poles, who, speaking good German, ordered in many parts of the city military lorries to stop, taking as booty all their contents. In several places they captured our largest stores of ammunition, foodstuff and uniforms.

When a tank was called for help it was stopped by German S. S. signs and taken by the Poles after a short struggle. Cars with police and soldiers were disarmed with an amazing swiftness. In this way during the first hours of the Rising many quarters of the town were conquered. During the next few days almost all our isolated police stations were captured, after heavy fighting, only the Headquarters of the Governor and offices well fortified and defended by the best police troops, remained in our hands.

There are two reasons for these first successes of the Poles: first a large number of expert snipers posted at all windows, second—the use of German uniforms and signals. Many insurgents were shooting from a great distance armed with telescopic rifles. They were perfectly trained, had plenty of ammunition, an ingenious plan of action, and an incredible fanaticism and courage. A whole net of cellars and underground passages, not unlike ancient catacombs, was giving them protection and considerable help.

In the cellars of the Old Town Hall the Poles had their broadcasting station, to keep them in touch with the world, and one must admit that it was working quite satisfactorily, taking into account the difficult conditions. The spirit of the Poles during the first weeks of the Rising was enthusiastic. When they were hoping for help from the West, when our Forces were yet unable to use proper tactics, and their soldiers were controlling a large part of the city, which we had to retake with great effort, paying dearly for every step and every building; when the bombardment of the Stukas was laying houses in ruins but leaving the cellars intact; when the whole population was mobilised, women and children carrying water, serving in the canteens and field-kitchens, or running through burning streets carrying orders and messages, even when they were encircled by us and enclosed in the huge burning city as in a coffin, the majority of these extraordinary, crazy people were still believing that victory may soon be theirs.

How numerous were these well trained fighting Polish soldiers ? It is difficult to know the exact number. When the Old Town, the seat of their Headquarters, was taken by u^ there were still about 25000 Polish troops fighting in other sectors. It is difficult to calculate? with what forces they began the Rising, and no one could count the wounded and the dead. • *

After several weeks their appeals for help grew stronger and more desperate. Still there was water and food, only bread was lacking, not even one morsel was seen by the population since the second week of August. The air in burning Warsaw was dreadful: the acrid smoke, the fetid odour of thousands of people living underground, with no canalisation nor any hygienic conditions, and hundreds of unatended wounded, made it simply unbearable; r

The population was then living between hope and fear, they were looking to the skies with anxiety, hoping to see at any moment British or Russian planes coming to give them support, but fate was against them. Moscow was looking quietly on, with a certain satis faction at the sett-destruction and madness of the Polish nationalism. Warsavians still hoped that fresh regiments of the Home Army would come from the country to their assistance, and that ammunition would be dropped from the air. Vain hopes. Nothing was coming from the West, and Berling's forces organised by Moscow, at its order, were disarming the Polish units on their way to Warsaw* Of course this was quite welcome to us. The city is: doomedi our victory is now a question of days."

irl

THE WARSAW RISING

A DIARY OF A HOME ARMY SOLDIER.

JULY 31.

The much expected day is approaching. It may be to-morrow...;..

Everything is prepared. All are aflame with one enthusiasm. Our will is like ah, arrow ready to strike. A breath of a mighty " wind " is felt all over Warsaw.

No one of us will sleep tonight.

AUGUST 1.

Dawn of the historical day. This afternoon we shall hear the signal. The liaison, girls have gone with the Order to the furthest positions. Many of them had no time even to go home, to take some clothes, or better shoes, and most of all to embrace their dear ones, to take leave of them, without revealing the reason of their hurry, without whispering one word about the nearing zero hour.

Not only arms are ready. Red-white flags—the song of our freedom; red-white arm flashes for us, who at last will emerge from a hidden to an open fight. Anka has one for me, for Yoolek and Bronek of our former journalist's group: Yaga—my sister—takes care of the members of our new friends of the soldier's group, with Kazek, her fiance at .their head.

Will this day be venerated by all Polish generations as are our greatest national days? What a joy to live it, to see, to act *I*

The sun is rising, To duty I

1ATE AT NIGHT.

I shall write this diary daily if conditions permit; I want to have a detailed history for future records, as remembrance for my son, or may be for publishing it, one day, in free Poland.

Exactly at 5 p. m. the rush hour in Warsaw, a sound of a mine exploding near the Parliament House gave the signal for action. The Rising began at many points of the city simultaneously. Our boys immediately took up their positions, red-white flashes on their shoulders. All the balconies, windows and entrances of houses on the chief streets were filled with our soldiers. And battles began.

The Post-Office was captured after overcoming a fierce opposition. The Germans were taken by surprise; they could not understand what had happened ; their soldiers at many points were panic stricken; some transports submitted without fight, others were overpowered in a few minutes. Gas, electricity, and water works were taken by daring assaults. But the fight for the two well defended bridges was fierce, for some time even critical. Reinforcements helped us. The capture of the Town Hall. where Mayor Starzynski was working, and his Deputy Mayor killed in 1939, was a real exploit. We are in control of large areas of the city and they axe continually widened.. Huge stores of arms, ammunitions, uniforms and foodstuffs have been taken,

Our civil administration immediately took over the charge[1] of the city. Public kitchens **and** canteens for our Forces are organised; Polish Red Cross Ambulances appeared on the, *streets.* Loudspeakers have been established at many corners, to inform the population of the battles in progress.

People's enthusiasm has no bounds; some older people wept for joy* seeing bur isig national flags on captured buildings; and us, the Home Army soldiers, who were a legend for many of them...

Indescribable joy is spreading like wildfire. The will to fight is tremendous and general. An ardent breath is blowing over Warsaw; and songs, free Polish songs, are resounding in the streets with such an overwhelming power.

AUGUST 2.

Our Mayor, successor of Starzynski, is now sitting in the Town.Hall.. Two Broadcast Stations begin to speak "to the world about Our Rising, about proud Warsaw freeing herself from the dreadful yoke. Chopin's Polonaise interrupted in 1939,, will now'resound once more to all parts of the world from our indomitable capital, who in spite of all the bloody terror of the Nazis has not been conquered.

The emotion of the population, hearing Chopin's music—forbidden for five years—is immense; and the love they show to us' soldiers,' is '.touching.Disciplined, obedient, sejfsacrificing men and women, old and young,, are coming all the time to our centres: asking for work. Many are already fighting shoulder to shoulder with the soldiers. They co-operate in every possible way, full of ingenious ideas, of wit and skill. Everybody is active in- destroying alt vestiges of foreign yoke- -German inscriptions colours, signs etc.

People are burning with rage. But no personal vengeance is allowed from our side, only legal Tribunals of the Republic can judge the criminals. This was annpunced by aft order of the Civil Commissioner. The population obeys. I have seen only one man who implored the officer in charge of a sector, to allow him to kill with his own hands a German Gestapo agent who was taken prisoner, and has been recognised to be the one guilty of. a bestial messacre of his whole family including his two children of 8 arid 10. The officer spoke to the man trying to make him understand that vengeance is against Polish honour and that our religion does not allow it, that out of love for Christ we have to obey His behesti. Justice belongs to the State. Our Tribunals, now emerged from the underground, will take care of it. The man was calmed and went quietly away.

Our Civil Commissioner is very particular not allowing any individual act of lawlessness. Even German property has to be safeguarded—according to his order.' In every house local Commissioners—representatives of a Citizen's Committee—have been appointed; they have to carry out the instructions of civil authorities, look after the order, maintain sanitary conditio'ife and protect the civil population in every way.

German wounded soldiers, whose number is increasing, are taken care of in our hospitals with due humanity. It is an answer, worthy of the Poles, to the German murdering of.our ^wounded men and civilians. Today two boys of 10 and 12 have been executed together with several hundreds of civil hostages. But the more lawlessness is practiced by the Nazis, the more our respect for law increases and is emphasized.

Fighting was heavy to day, but all attempts of the enemy to recapture lost' points are being Tepulsed. We have not enough arms. ' Voluntees are flocking in, but we have; no weapons to arm them. We need ammunition and anti-aircraft guns.

The enemy has begun to burn buildings and wreak vengeance for his defeats on our Women' arid-children: The fate of our population in German controlled areas of the city is tragic indeed.

Ouf Commander has sent an appeal to London:

"Extrmely urgent that mass dropping of ammunition and weapons on Warsaw be done today We are using arms captured from the enemy, difficulty in securing ammunition,

LATE AT NIGHT

I **Our General issued a splendid proclamation: ;**

PROCLAMATION OF THE COMMANDER OF WARSAW

Citizens of Warsaw!

What I have seen during our battle for Warsaw causes me almost tears of joy. The heart swells with pride at the sight of these Polish women, who, with the greatest disregard of death, are competing among themselves in their claim to be entrusted with the most difficult and most dangerous tasks.

They are the shining example of love for freedom, of the enthusiastic fight for Poland.

The future of the country in whose public life such splendid types of women are coming to the forefront—not as single individuals but as such large, numerous groups as never before in history—can be safe indeed.

Homage to their parents ! Homage to their teachers !

And the men, soldiers of the Home Army ? I have seen during my long service, many types of soldiers, but such bravery, such personal gallantry, such fiery enthusiasm and vigour, I have never seen before.

We have no badges to distinguish our ranks, yet our discipline is perfect. Such discipline can only exist in groups of men inspired by the same high ideals, deeply conscious of the purpose of their struggle, who respect orders of those whom they trust and whom they obey in spite of the lack of any sign of their superior rank.

We enter upon a new period of history; new relations in our Army are being established. Chiefs and subordinates are one. Both see their highest law in the welfare of the Motherland.

Soldiers of my command ! Words fail to express my admiration for your courage and valour.

In these difficult days of striving for the control of our capital, let us show characters of steel to the very end. Each home is our stronghold. The enemy's power must break.

Homage to you citizens of Warsaw!

General *Monker.*
Commander of the Warsaw District

Warsaw August 2, 1944.

AUGUST 3,

Fierce fighting is going on for every house, every piece of ground. We have taken, after a bloody fight, the Ponyatoski bridge, so important for all German communication; the Central Station changed hands several times, and two stations on the eastern bank of the Vistula have also been taken. One third of Warsaw is now liberated.

Germans have invented a dreadful method of warfare—they are using columns of civil population, mostly women and children, as screens for their advancing tanks—they suppose we will not be able to shoot at our people, When I saw from some distance these our women, I thought at first t would rather die than shoot; Germans knew well our nature. It is indeed a superhuman effort for bur soldiers. They have tried in several sectors to liberate these dear creatures by a surprise attack. They succeeded once, failed twice. Horror was beyond words.

Many of our Units Commanders fell in yesterday's fierce battles.

Germans have set on fire several buildings, dragging out all inhabitants and executing them in a barbarous way. It becomes clear that they want to intimidate our population and break its morale.. No hope; its spirit is too high.

LATE AT NIGHT.

Tonight German planes dropped leaflets with fake signatures of the Allies, appealing to the Polish Forces to stop fighting and wait for further instructions. Nobody was deceived by this stupid propaganda.

We can hear Soviet artillery, but in spite of our efforts, no contact with the Red Army has been established ; yet they are only about thirty miles from Warsaw.

Anka and Yaga are serving as liaison officers. I requested Anka to take care of our son; she left him with mother and ran like on wings to her group. How could I object ? Our great worry is Stefa who remained in the German held area, and Eva, who is weak after het illness and still works hard in the canteen. They are beyond praise our women, example to us all. My elder sister Hela, with dear Aloosya and Bozhena-14 and 18 years old nieces, *is* working half a day in their shop, the rest in a big canteen for soldiers.

AUGUST 4.

The Government's Delegate, the Chairman of our Parliament, and the Commander of the Home Army have issued a proclamation to the nation, in which they stress the moral side of our Rising, the discipline and unity of all the classes and parties, and the wonderful spirit of self sacrifice of the population. I specially liked the last paragraphs:

" Many difficulties are awaiting us in our fight for liberation but we will overcome them alt. . . . .
The masses of working people, peasants, workmen, intellectuals are all now fighting in Warsaw for a truly democratic Poland, firmly established in social justice, a Poland of the Working Man"

The Jewish military organisation issued an appeal :

" We are united with the Poles in their fight for freedom. We apeal to all the surviving Jewish youth to join the ranks of the fighters, no one has the right to stand aloof. Join the ranks !
Through struggle let us advance towards a Poland free, strong, independent."

The character of our battles changes as our ammunition stocks are nearing exhaustion. Rifles with a small quantity of munition, bottles with petrol specially prepared—called by us ' Molotov cocktails'—used against enemy tanks, and hand grenades manufactured in our own underground factories, are certainly insufficient to lead a battle lasting longer than a few days.

Why Allied planes are not coming ?

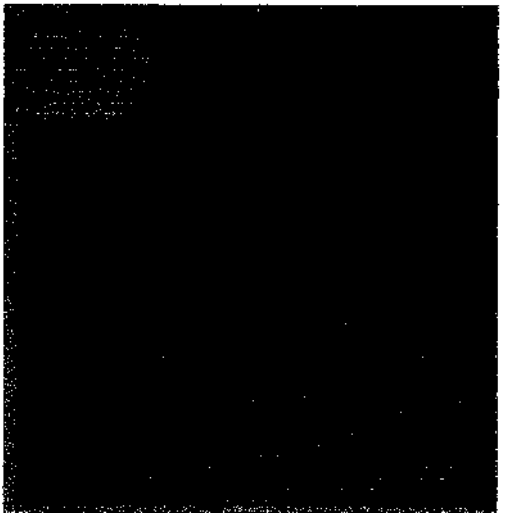
General Bor has requested the Supreme Allied Command on the first day of our fight to declare the Polish Home Army a part of the Allied Forces, for we have no uniforms, only-arm-flashes, and Germans are shooting our wounded soldiers as rebels, if they catch them alive. It reminds us of our old Insurrections against Tsarist Russia.

Yet no answer has been received. Our Commander had to warn the Germans that he will use severe reprisals if acts of savage cruelties with our women and children do not stop. It is the only way with Germans.

Warsaw is faced with a lack of ways and means of supplies. In spite of that, in the fourth day of our battle we have mot limited our action, to defensive measures, but we attack vigorously the enemy. We have captured the region of two stations, the Theatre and Bank squares and the School of Engineering.

The workman who managed to to repair in **a** few hours the- first German tank .-war decorated. It went into action.

Battle areas of Warsaw, on August 5, 1944



Black spots indicate liberated districts.

AUGUST 5.

In his cable to the Polish Government General Bor states :

"The whole population of the capital is fighting along with the Home Army with utter devotion and selfsacrijice, zeal and discipline. The whole nation is ready to sacrifice all to regain the integrity and independence of the country.

The unity of the nation in her fight for freedom will not he influenced by anything from outside^ it will not submit to any oppression and it will not yield to any foreign might.

1 must state with all the power at my command that **WE HAVE NOT RECEIVED ANY HELP** UP TO **NOW,**

We request most categorically immediate assistance in ammunition and anii-tank weapons. We need supplies every day.

We are doing our utmost to hold the capital, you must do your utmost to secure help for us.

Owing to a desperate shortage of ammunitions we had to organise a daring assault on the S. S. barracks and German military stores in the former Ghetto and capture them from the enemy. We were succesful, a lot of arms and equipment, as well as several hundred prisoners were taken. It was after midnight and Germans were taken by surprise. Casualties among our officers and soldiers however are great. But we have no other way to get ammunition.

The German air force is very active. Fires are raging in many places, all attempts of the population to get them under control are violently frustrated by the enemy. The murders of civilians are going on. Both bridges on the Vistula after fierce and long fighting have been retaken by the Germans, they have thus re-established their communication with the eastern front. Since yesterday morning complete silence reigns on the German bridgehead facing the Soviet outposts.

Our appeals to Marshal Rokossowski remain without answer. No contact with the Soviet Headquarters, no co-operation on the **part of the** Soviet army, contrary to the B. B. C **broadcast from London.**

LATE AT NIGHT

I saw mother today. She has not seen me since the begining of the Rising and was in agony not knowing whether I were alive after having read of so many casualties in our ranks. The joy of Yanek was boundless, he did not want to leave me for one second. He is hurt not to be allowed to serve as a newspaper boy, as he used to before his pneumonia.

It was not easy to reach mother's house. Pavements have been taken up for barricades, sticky mud is everywhere-rit is raining-one had to slip through many points under fire with-a cat's agility.

AUGUST 6.

We are holding all areas previously captured. The intensity of the battles is great on all sectors. The population is full of zeal and enthusiasm. Several times 12 years old boys have attacked German tanks with bottles of petrol from a distance of 10 yds and succeeded in putting them on fire. A lot of volunteers are joining us in erecting barricades. The captured ammunition does not cover our needs. Lack of assistance will shortly put us in a most critical position, as the enemy is using ruthless methods, setting whole districts of the town on fire and flinging more and more heavy equipment into the battle.

A Soviet officer, Captain Kalughin, reported to our Headquarters and after having reviewed the situation, promised to get in touch with the Soviet Command and secure some help for us.

LATE AT NIGHT

Anka is serving as liaison officer. Yesterday she barely managed to escape, it is a kind of miracle that she is still alive. I saw her for a moment, she told me in a few words the story, let it be recorded here for our son, if...

She had been sent by her superior with a report to the General Staff'Headquarters. This is what she told me :

"I left my post with a secret report well hidden in my bag. Streets quite empty, here and there someone was slipping through, near the walls, to avoid bullets. There are many short-cuts, through doorways and courtyards of private houses, through breaches in the walls, through gutters and ruins from 1939.

Many people were standing at the gates and in courtyards all anxious for news. Seeing the red-white flash on my arm, they guessed that I was on duty and asked about the develop-ments of the battle. Some wanted to give me food or drink; several old women were blessing me.,.I gave them all information I could about the state of things on the streets where they had families or friends. It was a joy to see many faces brightened and their anxiety calmed.

Hlodna street was barricaded with cut down trees, telegraph poles, tram cars and barbed wire. Bullets were whizing. It was not easy to slip through. At every step some obstacle to overcome, and every minute of delay was increasing the danger. Running between barricades, slipping through wires I reached at last a deserted square, It was now a problem how to cross it under the shells. On the other side of it I noticed our soldiers, red-white ribbons on their helmets, red-white flashes on their arms,.,This sight inspired new vigour; I rushed ahead without any caution and in a few seconds found myself at their side.

The worst was over. It was good luck.

The boys were in high spirits, they showed me their weapons, they were proud and happy; but four nights without any sleep, engaged in heavy fighting, had left traces of weariness on their thin faces, A few minutes of friendly talk, and I had to run further.

One more barricade to climb. It looked fantastic—an armchair, a bed and...a perambulator were on the top of it. A few more streets and I was in the Command of the Liaison Department of the General Staff.

A big room without any furniture; soldiers were cleaning their rifles, other liaison girls who had arrived from dangerous expeditions, were resting on matresses stretched out on the floor, waiting for their next tour of duty. They all want to be sent as soon as possible, every one thinks she is hot given enough work,, every one would like to be sent to the most perilous positions. The choice belongs to Major Bronka, who, in spite of five years of hard experience, always feels very much for each one of her subordinates, and is often reluctant to send them on too dangerous tracks. I had a few minutes talk with her. She is certainly the most remarkable woman I have ever met. A military chief and a mother, a superior and a friend, she is revered and loved, almost adored by all of us, I am one of the very few who remember the begining of our work in 1939. How it is that we are both still alive ? I often wonder.

She gave me a guide to lead me to the Commander's Headquarters. It was in a small factory in the suburbs. Many wounded had just been carried in. On the first floor I handed over my report to a civilian gentleman sitting with others at a big table full of papers and reports from all corners of Warsaw. A revolver at their side, they read, issue and send orders and instructions to all units fighting in the city.

'"The situation is difficult, the fight is hard" said one of them. I avoided his gaze, and we were trying to speak of trifles, we both knew what these words mean, how much one short word can express.

"On your way back take off your flash, and hide your identity papers, the track is extremely dangerous, the situation is changing hourly. Yesterday the Germans gave a warning that they will shoot every passerby they meet. Be careful.'*

I returned through other streets. I was not in a hurry now, and could talk a little more leasurely with some friends I met, and I met them almost at every step. The words of greetings were invariably: "Oh, you are still alive o. k. go on. "Some meetings were unexpected and joyous revelations. A little girl whom I had thought a shy weak creature, a young man who seemed to care only for enjoyment, were now seen busy with arms, efficient, well trained. My hairdresser, whom I never suspected of conspiratorial work, proves now to be one of our experienced Commanders at the head of a Unit; he is beaming with joy that at last actions began. But all are grumbling at the scarcity of ammunition, it is the topic of every conversation. Bottles of petrol are being prepared, but it is woefully insufficient.

How different is the meaning of the same words: "the situation is difficult'[1], here on the first line of the " front," and there in the centre!

I had to leave my friends after a few minutes chatter Two more streets, a jump through a wall, a small square, but...on its corner a tank with rrany soldiers around. Are they ours ?... No flashes. No, oh,...Germans!

They have seen me, the distance of a few yards separates us.

For one second we looked at each other. But this second seemed an eternity ; I was as turned into stone, I could not move..,

I recovered my senses soon and jumped through the same wall back.

I was saved for they did not rush after me, perhaps they had not seen my flash, or had no time for the pursuit. Now I understood that the Commander was right, my flash must *be* taken off.

I continued running through the next parallel street; unfortunately no one doorway; big factory walls on both sides; and from the opposite one lorries full of soldiers were advancing. No escape, and no illusions^they were Germans! I now tried to walk as calmly as I could.

They seemed not to see *me.* I turned into thefirst side street. Sut here" too a row of fully loaded military lorries were standing.

Silence. I only heard my own steps on the pavement as through loudspeakers...! felt a hundred eyes directed towards me. Any moment the shot may come...No. I turned once, more—I was saved.

So many corpses on the next streets. I had to jump over them. One young soldier; an aged woman with a vegetable basket; a small child with a loaf of bread in its hand...

Suddenly shots from a nearby house. I rushed, bent down, in 'zigzags and knocked frantically at a courtyard gate. It opened. I was once more saved!" Are you mad to risk your life in this way ?" Exclaimed the commander of the house, appointed by the Warsaw Citizen's Committee—a brave tram-conductor. Many people were gathered in the courtyard, they looked at me as though I were a ghost.

I had to invent some tale to justify myself, they must not suspect my real role, so dangerous for them in case of a German visit.

A tank battle was raging outside. I could not move, and my superior was waiting for the Headquarters answer. About 3 a. m. the noise ceased, I was ready to *go,* but now the house commander protested, and did not want to let me leave before dawn. I had to implore him, saying that my mother was anxiously waiting for me. He yielded at last, and I found myself on a silent, deserted street.

Two more barricades to overcome, and I was in my base. My colleagues looked at me as on one resurrected from the dead.

" Well, have you not enough of liaison trips ?" asked my superior smiling.

" Myself not a bit, but my shoes have certainly enough, I retorted, showing how they had fallen to pieces.

" Oh, they have had a nervous break down," laughed my friends "

AUGUST 7.

Judging from all the messages we receive it seems to be a fact that our Army's fight in Warsaw has put the Germans in a difficult situation, especially their forces on the eastern bank of Vistula, which were assaulted by the Soviet troops. Not being able to crush our Rising they have directed all their efforts at opening up and holding direct communication lines through the city to the other shore of the river, as it is essential for supplying their fighting army. To make this action easier, in the face of fierce Polish resistance, they are burning by flame-throwers all the houses on this thoroughfare. Thus the National Museum, the Red Cross Hospital, the Atheneum Theatre, several churches and many private houses were completely burned down.

Now the enemy is using the same method to open up the second thoroughfare to the Second main bridge. The suburb of Praga is in German hands. They continue to use human screens for their attacks on our positions.

The prolongation of the fight, the lack of any help from the West, as well as the complete inactivity of the Soviet Armies, renders our situation more and more difficult.

In spite of all these odds the morale of our army and population is beyond all praise. Quite young boys are at the head of many units, girls are taking active part in the fight, or in liaison work; medical and ambulance services are run almost exclusively by them. They wort magnificently.

All distinctions disapeared, workmen and intellectuals, Jews and Poles all are bound by the same enthusiasm.

Sut what is. most amazing, and what, I must confess impressectme deeper than anything I have seen this last week, although I wittnessed incredible, superb; deeds, is the part which the deaf and dumb boys and girls from their special Institute are playing in the battle.

They have implored their teachers, since the first day, to allow them to join the struggle,, but it seemed fantastic to the head of the Institution, and they were refused; They insisted in vain; not until a bomb destroyed half of their school, were the authorities persuaded.

For three days now one batch of them is working on the barricades helping the, soldiers with skill and agility, which one could never have suspected in these, crippled youngsters. They are brave and quick, enthusiastic and happy. They understand orders by signs, they almost guess the thoughts of their superiors, who have not enough words to praise them;

To see these young people who have never mixed in normal life thrown suddenly in the very middle of battles behaving like good soldiers, makes me proud with admiration.

I learned yesterday that among our officers shot by the Russians in Chelm was my dearest friend—Yoorek L. How strange, he who loved so much all Slavonic nations, who always hoped that friendly co-operation with Russia would soon be possible...

He was subjected to insults before his execution—his sword broken, his badges and our Eagle trampled underfoot.

It was an eyewitness who told it to me, a brave workman from Chelm, who managed to escape after the Russians entered it, and to reach Warsaw in the last days of July.

General Bor has sent a message to the Commander in Chief of the Polish Forces, in which he says:

" I most solemnly declare that Warsaw in her fight is not receiving any assistance from the Allies, just as Poland did not receive it in 1939.,"

And the Deputy Prime Miniister's message mentions these most tragic happenings :

Reports are reaching un from the provinces that our Units have been disarmed, and some officers have been recently executed. These facts seem to be fantastic and inconceavable, yet they are true. A nation that has bled for five years in her struggle, has a full moral and formal right to claim immediate assistance as due to her from the Allies.

AUGUST 8.

The situation is grave. The lack of support frcm outside, and the lull on the Soviet front makes it serious.

The enemy begins to clear a third thoroughfare towards the railway bridge, employing two armoured trains and heavy artillery from the eastern bank of the river. If he captures it our forces will be cut off and isolated, with no communication between their parts; it would be extremely dangerous for our campaign.

Sewers would remain as the only line of communication. They are being already explored by our more enterprising and courageous girls, liaison officers, with the help of expert guides. It is dreadful and disgusting beyond words, but...we must prepare for the time when no other way will be left.

Our Army and the whole population is awaiting support from the air, with a growing anxiety. The silence of the West is a nightmare for all of us. It is so contrary to the normal co-operation to which we were accustomed during the last years. What can it mean ?

The enemy is using the same methods: all streets set on fire, executions of civilians with incredible bestiality; tanks with human screens, air bombing. The population still in high spirits, it is shouting everywhere: "provided we have arms we are not aifraid of anything:"

I hear that Captain Kalughin of the Soviet Army Has sent a message to Stalin asking for help for heroic Warsaw. Will the words of his own officer move more the Russian dictator than those of the Poles ? Yet German recent enunciations that the Warsaw Rising isa service to the Soviets, should make him think, and 5 German Divisions held up, mean also something in the general campaign.

Germans have occupied the Hospital of Maltese Knights, where 100 of their wounded prisoners were treated by us; they were so astonished to see that their soldiers were not killed but given medical assistance and put to no hardships* that; they expressed their thanks to the Hospital authorities. I am proud of this our action, it is a truly Polish revenge*

Our civil population is under the care of Social Welfare Organisations, at the head of which are women. They also have organised a very efficient association to take care of the soldiers. Not only their physical needs are attended to—washing their uniforms or civil clothes supplying food etc.—but also their recreation and rest. Small rest-rooms have been arranged in cellars; cinema shows, where besides pictures of Warsaw fighting in different sectors, the glories of our history are shown, and the beauties of Polish landscape; concerts of Polish music and folk songs—banned from Warsaw for 5 years—are also cheering up our soldiers. Everywhere is felt the loving hand of our women, They are wonderful in every field of activity.

The publication of our press is increasing each day, we have now ten daily papers in Warsaw.

LATE AT NIGHT

The Executive of the Polish Socialist Party has sent a message to the British Labour Party, addressing it to Mr. Attlee. Here are some passages from it:

Comrades]

We appeal to you on the seventh day of our Rising when aur Army, in a brotherly co-operation with the people of Warsaw, has conquered almost with bare hands three quarter of the capital we, appeal to you, just as we did five years ago, during the siege of Warsow. We are waiting for your assistance. We want arms and ammunitions. We have paid with our blood, we conquered with our owr effort, the freedom of this small piece of bur Polish land.

The workers of Warsaw are looking every day wirh intensity to the skies, to see substantial proofs of Western Democracies co-operation. We still believe it will come.

Please hurry up with your decision and your help."

Comrade Martin—Chairman of the Executive of P. P. S.

AUGUST 9.

During the night a barrage of enemy fire and fierce fighting prevailed. We hold firm and are making numerous sorties and attacking enemy arteries and communications. On the two bridges a marked movement of German troops, away from the eastern front has been noticed; the impression is given that they evacuate Praga and proceed towards the West. Armoured trains attack the Danzig railway station. The aircrafts are unceasingly shelling the streets in the centre of the capital.

Warsaw.fights with tenacity and heroism, and-.waits. People do not loose hope, but they are unable to understand what is the matter with the Allies.

General Mohterha's sent an appeal to Marshal Rokossovski* reiterating our demand for arms and ammunitions to be dropped from the air, fot bombing German positions and sending of air borne troops; he gave detailed instruction as to the place of landing,——

Complete lull on the Soviet side. Among Warsaw workers bitterness increases against the Soviets. The population is full of anxiety, harsh criticisms of. Allies indifference are heard more arid more frequently.

AUGUST 10

Fierce fighting in the region of the Theatre Square. We partly hold our position in spite of the furious strength of the assault. German forces are continually pouring into Warsaw from the East; fresh reinforcements are also coming from the West. The position of Polish units is increasingly difficult, almost critical.

Germans have shot 16 prominent people yesterday, among them eight professors. Professors Tretiak and Weigl of world wide fame, and our much loved professor Rafacz, who was one of the pillars of our underground University, he was a great character and a wonderful friend of all his students and coworkers.

German airplanes dropped leaflets with an ultimatum signed by the German front Commander. The ultimatum calls upon the population to leave the city, with white handkerchiefs in their hands. It states that those who are unfit for manual work will be settled in the western parts of the Warsaw province; those who " *allow themselves to be exploited as tools of the Bolsheviks will be made to bear the cousequences and may expect no mercy.'**

The ultimatum has a time limit. It has made no impression on the population, it has on the contrary strengthened its stubbornness and tenacity for an unyielding struggle. We constantly hear: *'To return willingly to the odious slavery...never! better die under the bullets. We shall endure the worsts*

In his message to our Government the Deputy Prime Ministry said:

August 3, a complete lull on the Russian German front. Praga is cut off. Bridges are held by Germans. All the buildings along chief thoroughfare burning. Two armoured trains and artillery from Praga supported by aircraft are continually firing the city.

We received only once a small contingent of arms dropped inside the city. We are without any material or moral support. The soldiers and the population of the capital are looking in vain to the skies awaiting allied assistance. They are amazed, deeply disappointed, indignant.

I repeat most emphatically, that without immediate, I repeat—immediate support, consisting of airborn supplies of arms and munitions, without bombing the objectives held by the enemy and his ai eland ings, our fighting will collapse in a few days. With help it will continue."

General Bor expressed beautifully what we all feel:

It is *here* in Warsaw that the lofty standard of our Republic is now flying.

We are fighting for a Republic of social justice, for a free, sovereign, integral Poland."

LATE AT NIGHT

I have just returned from an extensive tour through the town. I am impressed by the -work of our civil authorities. In all liberated districts order is maintained by our State police officers and citizens militia, The Post is well functioning. The paper—'The Day of Warsaw'- is published in hundreds of thousands of copies and is sold out every day. The same with the official " Information Bulletin", which gives always splendid articles. It wrote yesterday:

" *Every victory is first achieved in the souls of men. One must feel defeated to be really defeated, no outward defeat is decisive until one accept it. Be stubborn. Hold firmly in control your thougts feeling and moods* In *your own souls the greatness of our Rising will be decided"*

I love such words,

Recently Patrols of Social **Service and Information have been organised. Wela, Anka'*** sister, and my ;sweet niece Ala, are working in this organisation; they took me rojmd many posts and explained their tasks. It is to establish and to maintain a close touch between the fighting Army and the civil population, to inform it about the general situation in WarsawS in the country, and in the world; to answer questions, to give assistance in ail difficulties.

The Patrols are trying to attend to the wishes and needs of the population, to listen[1] to their opinions, to help in their efforts, as well as to give encouragement and recreation^ whenever possible. Art is not neglected, small popular concerts are organised; *in* this respect Ala is wonderful; it is her line to give joy to the people through art.

The soldiers of these Patrols are also performing different tasks, according to the ;needs of the moment. They may erect a barricade, organise a kitchen, help to find fuel or to feed children, distribute clothes to the most needy etc. They give all kinds of material and moral assistance, they advise, comfort, cheer up. ; The Warsaw street knows and loves these squads they are welcome and trusted everywhere. Their work is useful indeed. They also are trying to maintain the atmosphere of brotherhood and unity in which the Rising began, watching that no tactlesness.no individual selfishness disturb it. The moral factors being extremely important in our Rising,

Two cinemas are functioning where the details of the fighting on different sectors are shown, the photos are taken with amazing swiftness. The more difficult the fight, the more critical the situation, the more strength is diplayed by the population; only scornful remarjesu bitter criticisms are heard more frequently. They succeeded the amazement, after many days of vain hope. "Just like in 1939/' This remark is heard everywhere; some people add: "yet our Allies are now so rich in arms and aircrafts, unlike in 1939; and the Ally of theirs holds our airfields and is 15 minutes flight from Warsaw..."

AUGUST 11 .

In an unequal fight, under a furious assault of the enemy we had to withdraw from a part of the Theatre Square. But the Town Hall in the same square remained in our hands; (its left wing in completely burnt down) and this prevents the enemy using the place as his thoroughfare ; the adjacent streets have been a battle-field for many days.

In spite of complete lack of help, Warsaw continues her lonely battle, but it now takes to the defensive tactics; the Army tries to hold the positions, using barricades built out of pavement blocks, tram cars, sand bags and all possible available material. The easiest way of fighting with a small quantity of ammunition is from behind the barricades.

Early morning, at 3-30 a.m. Germans began a barrage fire on the .Old City; heavy artillery, mortars and panzer trains were bombing our position.. The unequal, terrific duel lasted for 11 hours without respite. On the side of our army there was the indomitable will to hold the position against hell itself. But the unusual intensity of the assault was a heavy test for our units, who could use only machine guns, hand grenades, frantic sorties and clever ambushes. At last, after. several mad counter attacks they managed to repulse German. forces and recapture a part of the region lost in the beginning of the battle..

Casualties among our soldiiers and officers are very high*

LATE AT NIGHT.

Anka has just left me. She came for a moment, tired and exhausted after a tremendously difficult expedition exploring the sewer passages. Herreport*made me shiver.:but I have not

shown my pain and disgust, she had to rest and forget during this moment with me, all dread and horror. I also forgot the whole world looking into her ardent eyes, feeling her lips on my own. With renewed strength and a bright smile she left.

AUGUST 12,

Our Field Post, organised in the first days of the Rising and having reached its jubilee by delivering the 50,000th letter, has lost yesterday her first * postman*, the gallant, 16 years old Scout—Bahan. He was delivering letters to the most dangerous points of the city, and fell pierced by a bullet.

In the whole of Warsaw fierce street fighting is going on, amidst raging fires and continual bombardment from the air. Hundreds of thousands of people have lost all in the burned houses; they are taking shelter in the underground passages and cellars, coming out only at night for food. Germans are surrounding many quarters, dragging out the inhabitants and sending them somewhere out of the city, we cannot yet discover to what destination.

Field-kitchens increase the number of meals; in our three streets they reach 6000 per day.

Our authorities reiterated their categorical demand for help from the Allies; they pointed out the targets for bombing and dropping of arms; they warned that the struggle will collapse soon without assistance, for our supplies of ammunition are almost exhausted. We captured some to-day, together with several anti-tank guns, but it is nothing compared to our needs.

We do not dare to think what will happen if help does not come, or comes too late.

Today the first part of "The Laws of the Republic" has been issued, with the, date of 20th of July. This seemingly small fact has a tremendous importance. The State Laws appear for the first time since 5 years, it is a testimony to the continuity of our State administration.

The first volume contains: The Decree of the President of 26th April 1944, on the provisional organisation of administration on the territories of the Polish Republic; the Statement of the Delegate the Vice-Premier of the Republic, pronounced on the 3rd of May 1944, dealing with the establishment of the Council of Ministers in Poland; its decrees concerning the work of the local authorities and institutions, on the activities of the local self-governments and the resuming of work by the Criminal Courts, and other institutions of the Republic

It is a tremendous joy to see this document which is a kind of undeniable proof that we are free.

LATE AT NIGHT

Our situation is serious. The enemy has a tremendous superiority. Most intense shelling was going on for the whole day. Our losses are great, destruction is terrible.

The sufferings of the civil population are increasing every day. but their courage and endurance have no limits. No complaint, no faintheartedness anywhere; humour and jokes, resistance and determination are displayed by all, one would like to say—born heroes; small children and old people, miserable beggars and peasants who came from the country, trying to smuggle some food for the soldiers; workmen and intellectuals—all without any exception show incredible courage. He was right that writer who said that the Poles reach most lofty heroism under the pressure of unusual happenings, they are great amidst great events. I saw yesterday several examples of unconscious sublimity.

Yaga. my sister, **who came to bring me some hews about Yanek and mbther,** told me **also Mme** touching **facts she has seen; here is one of them; Through a bombarded street,** in

spite of bursting shells, a little girl was hastily walking. She held the hand of a Utile *boy* of three, and carried in her arms a small baby.

The roar of artillery fire and crashing of bombs did not stop for a moment.

A Home Army lorry stopped nearby, and an older officer ran towards the children:

—"What are you doing here ? Where are your parents ? "

—" They have been killed a few hours ago by a bomb "—whispered the child.

—" But where are you going ? "

—" To the hospital. You see Sir, the same bomb has torn off my little brothers' hand, I am hastening to the hospital, they must help," and untying a bloody kerchief, she shows the baby's little hand without its wrist,

—" How old are you ?"

—" I am six. He will be all right, wont he ? He was always such a strong baby, even with no milk. The little hand will grow afresh. Oh, I am sure."

The child is amazed seeing tears in the eyes of the officer.

—" Dont,' dont' Sir, I am sure the hand will grow afresh."

x x x

The Moscow Radio states that a meeting of the Committee of National Liberation has taken place in Lublin and decided to" conscript and to register 10 years of recruits, "they also decided to introduce some administrative and social rules, unheard of in Poland. It is illegal and against all international decency.

It is characteristic that the Committee had not dedicated one word to the Warsaw Rising, but sent congratulations to the Red Army and to Stalin, as "defenders of Poland's freedom."

No illusions, they like their role of slavish puppets. Af ter all they are not Poles, the majority of them are Soviet subjects.

Our population does not understand what this silence of the Western Allies means, but the soldiers, the officers, they suspect some treachery, some dreadful political trick behind, they do not dare to face the ghastly possibility of betrayal. And then...?

AUGUST 13

We began an offensive activity in the centre of the city. Yesterday a boy of 12 has destroyed a " Tiger" tank with bottles of petrol with an incredible skill and courage; he received the surname—" Henryk Tygrys" (meaning Tiger). The casualties among the civil population increase, many women serving in the Red Cross Ambulance and First Aid, as well as liaison officers perished. They show such a calm couraga as if death did not exist. They seem to love, as we do, open fighting, after these terrible years of suppressed activity.

It is hardly possible to address more urgent and intense appeals to the friends of the West. Yesterday a dramatic one was broadcast to the United Nations, and personally addressed to Mr, Churchill and Roosevelt, by our highest authorities on behalf of the whole Nation. Will they be still deaf and dumb ? Are they as indifferent to the fate of the whole of Warsaw, as they were when the extermination of the Ghetto Jews was going on? We may now uderstand why Zygielboym, the representative of the Polish Jews in our National Council in London—committed suicide; he hoped to attract the attention of the world to the tortures inflicted on his people, to awaken the Conscience of Humanity by the sacrifice of his own life. Yet has he achieved anything ?

AUGUST 14

Last night some supplies have been dropped.

After a short lull the enemy resumed his all-out assault aiming at the complete destruction of our forces in the Old City sector. One part of it is one fire. Furious fighting went on throughout the day. On the Vistula river gunboats are supporting the enemy artillery fire directed from the suburb of Praga on the Old City.

Our casualties are heavy . Our dead are buried by night in yeards and squares, but soon there will be no place even there.

The Soviet's impudence has no bounds—Tass anounced on the 13th that " The Warsaw Rising has not made any attempt to co-ordinate their actions with the Soviet High Command."

A splendid lie indeed! And all our wires and messages, and personal endeavours of General Bor and General Monter, as well as our Prime Minister's talks with Stalin?

So after many months of appeals and instigations to armed action, after charges of passivity directed against the Home Army, now they charge us with premature action and lack of co-ordination, when all our endeavours to enter into touch with their Headquarters lamantably failed. Dishonesty cannot go further.

Of course we could not establish "political co-ordination" for we understand well that *At* would begin at the point where the independence of the Polish State would end.

To-day General Bor. issued the following order to the Home Army:

" The battle for Warsaw is becoming more intense and longer than we had expected. We are fighting against greatly superior forces. The situation calls for immediate reinforcements from 'outside.

I therefore order all well armed Units of the Home Army to make immediately for the capital by forced marches, with the aim of defeating the enemy at the approaches to Warsaw and breaking.through into the city itself."

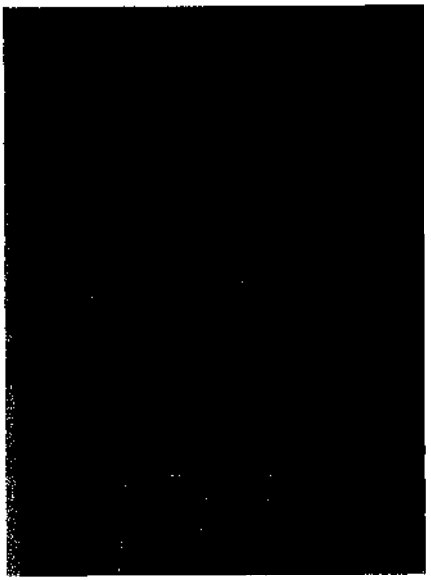
The stocks of food are quickly diminishing, no fresh supplies can come from the surrounding villages ; in spite.of all efforts of brave peasants only a few have been able to smuggle small quantities into the city. To-day we have no water in the pipes, we have to draw it from the wells, but they are comparatively few. In spite of all this, the spirit of the population is splendid.

"Eevery privation, every danger and death itself is better than those five years. To die free, seeing our/lag, our Eagle floating high, will be a joy, death is nothing provided we can liberate definitely our Warsaw," they say.

LATE AT NIGHT . . . . .

First British planes in a larger number were seen over Warsaw, they dropped some ammunition. They were greeted with frantic joy by the population,

It is the eve of our Soldier's Day, is it an auspicious omen? Is it not once more, as in those days of 1920, a blessing from Our Lady? August 15, is a great anniversary. Thanks to our almost miraculous victory, when all seemed to be lost, and Soviet guns were heard in Warsaw just as a few days ago, Europe was saved from bloody chaos, and Poland secured independence. It was the genius of Pilsudski, which gained the battle and the incredible valour and enthusiasm of our volunteer army, in which peasant and workmen youth,—contrary to the hopes of the Communists—was far more anxious to defend the newly regained independence and our own State, than to welcome *the* social blessings of a foreign system so magnanimously promised by Russian leaders of the revolution. But one must also admit that iom'e supernatural intercession also helped, that, the popular feeling about Our, Lady's—Queen of the Polish Crown-directassistance (that is why the victory was called the 'Miracle of the Vistula"), was not at all out of place.



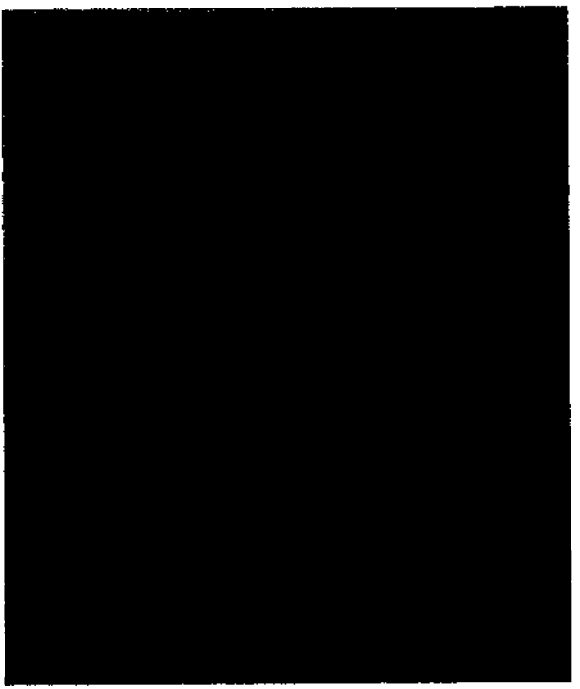
Our Lady of Czenstochowa/Chenstokova/ crowned Queen of Poland in the 17th century, after She miraculously saved the Monastery of Jasna Gora/Bright Mountain/ and the whole of Poland from a cruel enemy invasion.

To Her assistance the people of Poland atribute the Victory over the Bolshevik Forces-which were as near as 14 miles from Warsaw-in 1920, in the famous battle of August 15, called by the Poles "the miracle of Vistula," and by foreign historians "the 18th decisive battle of Europe."*

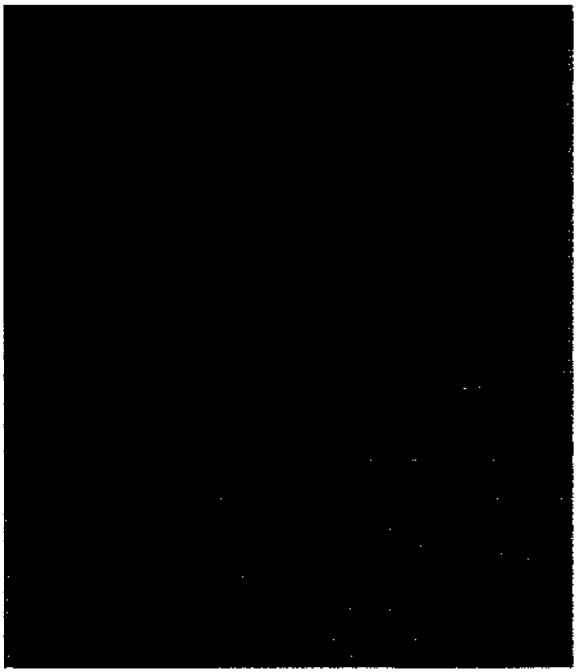
One could hardly exagerate the importance, of this victory in the life of Poland. It is only because of it that we enjoyed these wonderful twenty years of independence; that our children and youth breathed the air of freedom, that they were born and brought up in liberty, in unrestrained cieative activity, that they could not imagine any other existence than in their own sovereign State, and this passion became the very core of tlieu-nature. It is indeed a generation *of free* men and women, and their contribution to our nation's glory is grand.

We can appreciate fully this our youth-a race of born hereos—only now, when we see its exploits and simplicity in valour on the streets of Warsaw.

The gratitude we owe to our great Leader Pilsudski, certainly the greatest man in our history, should be without bounds. Without him could we have gained our independence? And his broad-minded plans of a Central European Federation 6f Nations, of our free union with the Ukraine and the



The famous Shrine of Our Lady of Ostra Brama in Wilno, with the Image whose miracles are known far and wide, and atract people of all denominations and creeds; beloved and worshipped by all the Poles. The loss of Wilno because of this Shrine, besides other reasons, is unthinkable for us, it would amount to a national calamity, to which no Pole can ever give his consent.

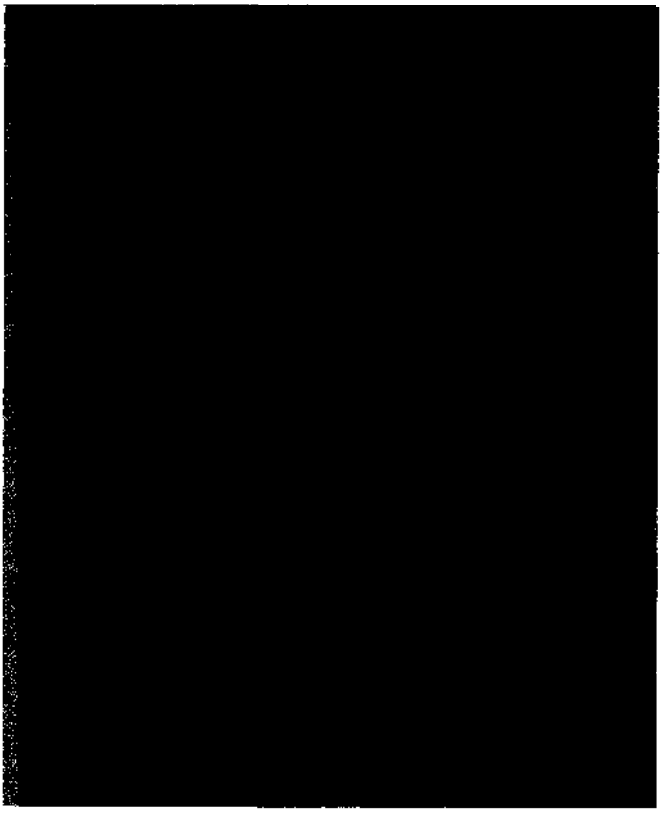


Jozef Pilaudaki-the first Marshal of free Poland,-who won the battle of Vistula in 1920;—working at home, where I saw him the last time: with his little doughter.

Baltic Republics, and then the Czechs, Slovaks, Rumanians, Yugoslavs- and further Hungary and Bulgaria.....Had they come true, realising the dreams of best statesmen of all central European countries, creating a strong peaceful block of nations in the very middle of Europe, a safeguard before the two rapacious imperialisms—the German and the Russian one—both playing such a disastrous role since centuries—ah, then perhaps this dreadful war would have been avoided.

Pilsudski was too great to be understood by his contemporaries. The shortsightedness of western politicians, as well as of his own countrymen, has made the fulfillment of this gigantic plan impossible. And yet it is the only creative and progressive solution of European problems. Such a federation would have certainly not interfered in the internal experiments of Russia, but it would have safeguarded

Those who fought the battle **for Poland and** Europe—**the** volunteer Polish soldiers.



Our Lady of Ostra Brama

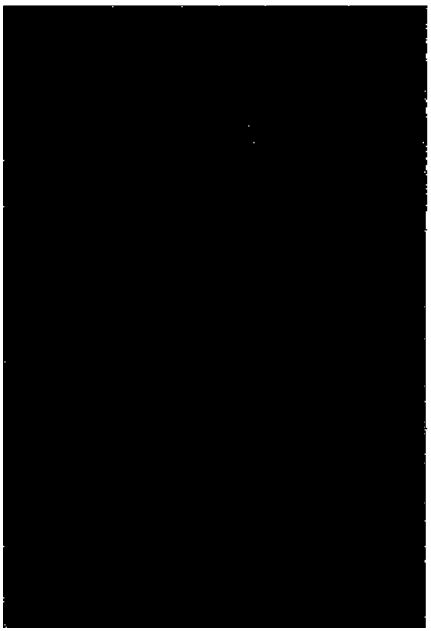
the freedom of all those countries, of 120 million population, which are now groaning under oppression ; and it would have saved Peace.

AUGUST 15

The 15th of August is a great anniversary. Twenty four years back...What would Pilsudski do were he with us here in besieged Warsaw ? He would have been certainly proud of our soldiers. May be even more of the civil population. Soldiers' duty is to fight, valour is his very nature, but when I see poor women helping to carry the wounded under fire with the same quiet indifference to any danger as would be shown by an experienced military man, I cannot help being moved. If one is hit, ten more arrive. The same is the case with **our** newspapers boys, and many of them are 10 and even 8 years old.

He would be also proud to see the unity and discipline of the whole **Nation,** at **last no party** quarrels, **no** divisions amongst us now during the Rising in Warsaw.

We are celebrating this great day as solemnly as we can, We had prayers and special religious services, partly in improvised shrines in the cellars, as a great many of the churches



General W. Sikorski

have been badly hit or burned down. We are mentioning in our prayers all the Divisions of our Forces fighting in Italy, in France, and in all Poland ; all our sailors and airmen; we pray for those who fell, here on the streets of Warsaw, and in Monte Cassino, Falaise and on battlefields all over Europe, who have been murdered in Katyn by Russians and executed in enemy camps —it is a solemn remembrance day, a day of brotherhood of all Polish soldiers who have fought and are fighting for the freedoom of Poland, and of the world.

We are remembering General Sikorski, whose tragic death till now has been an unsolved mystery ; and was then regarded by some rather as a ghastly political attempt, than a normal aircrash, for according to the experts the airplane had been in perfect order; and the only man who remained alive was...the pilot. This death was indeed a severe blow to the Polish Cause, for General Sikorski's merits in re-creating the Polish Army after the 1939 defeat were great; with all his energy and patriotism he had organised anew our Forces, first in France, and when it collapsed, in Britain. He had also done his best as a Prime Minister in most difficult times for our country.

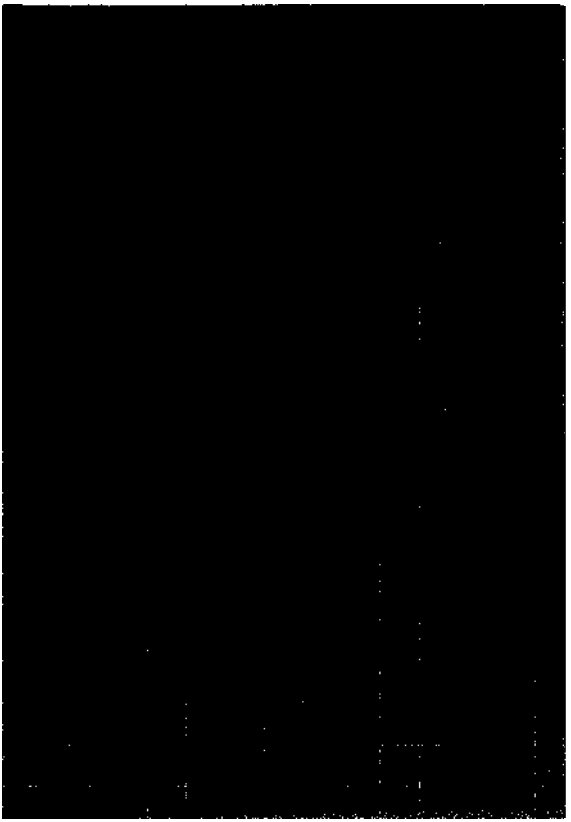
In September 1939, President Moscicki (Mostsitski) in accordance with our Constitution-nominated his successor, on the eve of the dramatic crossing of the Government into Rumania, when the Soviet Forces were flooding South Eastern Poland. The new President—W. Raczkiewicz, (Rachkyevich) then in Paris, entrusted General Sikorski with the great and difficult task of forming a Government abroad on the territory of-our Ally—France. Since that time to the last moment of his life, General Sikorski has been indefatigably busy in the service of his country and of the common Allied Cause.

He was an optimist; he believed that the Treaty he concluded with Russia in 1941, when that country was attacked by Hitler, would not prove a shortlived diplomatic trick, but a firm basis for a new era of collaboration and good will. The idea of peaceful and friendly co-operation with Russia was especially dear to him.

Unfortunately almost the only achievement of this great diplomatic step—the Russo-Polish Treaty, of 1941, so urged by Mr. Churchill—was the salvation of 150,000 Poles from the hell of Russian prisons and forced labour camps, among them some outstanding military specialists and many social workers. Now, when the friendly Russo-Polish co-operation with Poland being not a vassal, but an equal free State—seems to prove almost impossibility, and the hopes of General Sikorski—an illusion, one may wonder what he could do for us were he alive.

x x x

We also think with **love and pride about General Anders, the Commander of the heroic 2nd Polish Corps.in Italy, a man whose military talents are highly appreciated by the**



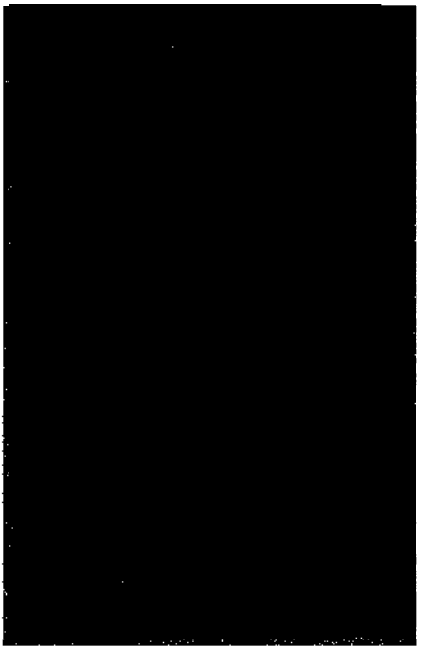
General W. Anders

Allies—whose courage and strength of character are unequalled. Just because of this, and his proud dignity, he is as much hated by our enemies who invent all kind of slanders against him, as he is loved by his soldiers.

I wonder if the incredibly difficult exploit'of .taking by a frontal attack the Monastery of Monte Cassino, regarded as an impregnable model-fortress by the Germans, where all former Allied assaults failed, were at all possible if the bonds of trust and love between commanders and soldiers of the 2nd Corps had been less strong, and their faith that by this fight they will gain freedom for Poland, were not unshakable.

All of those who fell—many thousands—and who survived this most bloody of battles, were inspired by one love—that of Poland. They could attack as 'madly' the impregnable fortress, as we are doing now with Warsaw buildings ; they could achieve deeds normally impossible, simply because of this fanaticism of love.

They believed that their fight in far off Italy, just as in Norvay, Tobruk, Gazala, and **other lands, is** paving **the way** to **independent, integral and free Poland. No wonder that the last words of the dying—according to reports** which **reached us—were invariably; " for thee Motherland", " for thee Poland beloved" " for thy honour, thy freedom,'**[1]



General Sosnkowski our Commander in Chief

We, who are now fighting and dying for the same, we understand it so well.

Our thoughts are also flying towards our C. in C—General K. Sosnkowski, whose share in the first fights for Poland's independence in 1914-1920, will be never forgotten, and his valliant defence of Lwow in 1939, to the last possibility, stands vividly in the memory of us all who took part in this campaign. It was he who was entrusted with the organisation and leadership of our Home Army since the very begining of its activity, although himself abroad at that time. His far-sightedness has forscen many dangers and tried to warn us against many tragic things which subsequently happened.

I remember him so well when, helped by us, he proceeded in a peasant's disguise to the Hungarian frontier, after the battle of Lwow has been lost and the Red Army was pouring into Poland. I have seen more pain in his eyes in leaving the soil of Poland than after the news of his son's death.

He is for us a real C. in C.

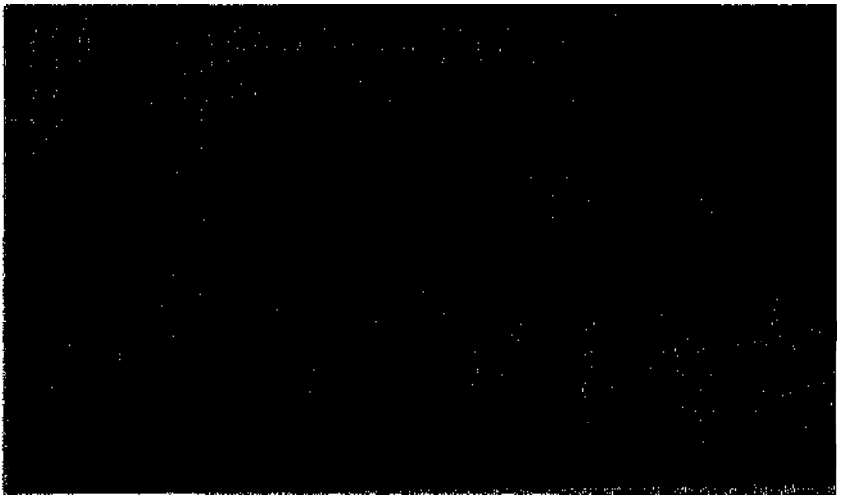
x x x

I insert some photos in my notebook, let them remind my son this day of brotherhood of Poland's Soldiers. Unfortunately I have not the photo of General Maczek (Machek) Commander of the Polish Armoured Division, famous by its heroic stand at Falaise and Chambois, in France ; [it greatly contributed to the opening of the way to Paris, like the taking of Monte Cassino to Rome] by its liberation of a considerable part of Belgium and Holland, where out of gratitude all Poles are now welcome with joy. And of General Sosabowski, Commander of the Polish Parachute Brigade, whose gallantry and stubbornness near Arnhem, where it lost 6000 men out of the total 8000, to open the way for the British 1st Army,—are known to the world.

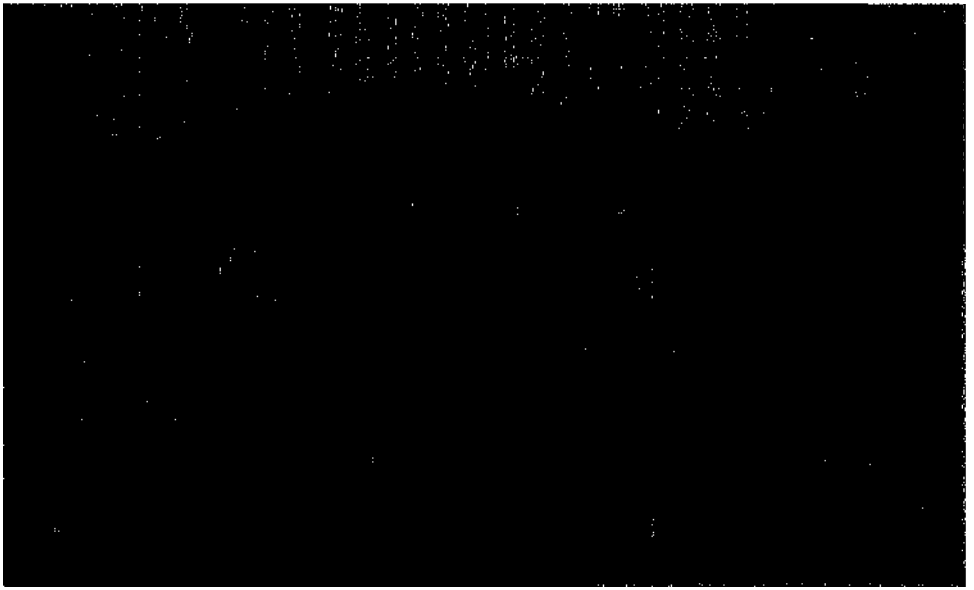
I would also like to mention our Air Force ; it is in this kind of warfare— in which the individual gallantry, skill, dash and cool judgment are decisive factors—that the Poles are the best, it suits their temperament remarkably, just like cavalry in the past, and the famous " winged Hussars" in olden times.

It is a well known fact that the Polish airmen are among the best. Will Britain remember that they were the only who stood at her side in her darkest hour, during the Battle of Britain'? That their share in this victory, which was the turning point of this war, was not negligible, for they destroyed more than 12 per cent of German aircraft, 280 in those memorable days of real danger to the Island, and another 721 in following years. Will the cementaries of those flyers who fell in defence of England, as well as those soldiers on the Monte Cassino graveyard, ever remind the British people that they are our debtors ? We gave without counting *all* we could, what do they give to Poland, to Warsaw how ?

We can be proud of our behaviour during the whole war. Honesty, honour, loyalty **and** chivalry. I know they count **little** in these barbaric times. **And** yet it is they which will **survive and win in** the **long run. It** is **the spiritual values that roust sooner** or **later prevail**



Polish flyers at rest under English 9od



'The laat Review"—General Anders among his fallen Soldiers on Monte Casaino hill

in humanity . Then Poland wiil be recognised as Being in tfe first ranks, as she is now in the first in heroism idealism and.-suffering.

Our plans for organising post-war Poland are broad, democratic and socialistic, but in accordance with our own nature; we will never ban the spiritual and religious' elements from politics and social domain. The chief aim of our struggle is to gain complete freedom of national creation in the socio-political field.

Our Underground Parliament, the Council of National Unity, has issued a Manifesto. How happy we are that they have chosen this day to make it known to the Nation ! It is a historic document indeed a fruit of Several years of thought and work, of the agreement of all the parties, it expresses the real *will of the Nation.* It states in a clear and unmistakable language what structure of the Republic we want to have, after defeating the enemy, for what social ideas we are standing; Of coures they are the opposite of all totalitarianisms, be they brown or red. Here is the document slightly abridged \

TO THE POLISH NATION,

"For fifteen days the battle for Warsaw is raging in a life and death struggle. Warsaw has endured most difficult days in her lonely fight with no help from outside. But Warsaw is alive and still stronger. Today, on the anniversary of the "Miracle of Vistula," from behind clouds and smoke a ray of sunshine has been seen. Warsaw, by her own effort, supported by Polish assistance from the West, throws off the foreign yoke, strengthens its army and lays the foundations of a new structure for the Polish State.

The Polish Corps of General Anders in Italy goes from victory to victory. The Polish Armoured Division in Normandy breaks through all German resistance in its drive to Paris. Movements for freedom are surging among all the subjugated nations of Europe. The Nazi might is breaking down. Out of suffering and heroism of Warsaw, out of the bloody sacrifices of the warriors of our underground> of the soldiers of the Home Army, a new Poland is emerging—great, democratic, firmly established in justice. The Polish State is being built anew.

Our legal Government is functioning, it may soon return to the liberated capital. No power can force on us a government and a way of life which would not be in accordance with the will of the nation.

Prime Minister Mikolajczyk has rightly stated that in the first place those are entitled to rule the Polish Nation, who for five years resisted the German occupation, who organised the underground Army and administration. The bonds of brotherhood between the Home Army and the civil population of the capital have been much strengthened during the Warsaw Rising. This bond will be a lasting one. Complete union of all Poles, with no class and political party distinctions is now an accomplished fact. The political unity of the parties who have taken upon themselves the burden of directing the underground fight, has stood all tests and trials. The Council of National Unity is the symbol of this unity of the whole nation.

Poland is struggling in this war *not only for her existence and independence, but also for other high purposes.* In the frame of the Atlantic Charter, which is the expression of the war aims of Allied nations, Poland has her own aspirations and historic aims, Threatened by repeated onslaughts of various imperialisms, Poland wants to be ruled by her own laws and principles. These principles have been olearly formulated in our Government's statement of 26th of July 1944; they guarantee in the future Polish Republic a form of Government based on full political freedom and social justice.

The foundations of the post-war structure of the Polish Republic will be:

1.—a new Constitution established in accordance with the will of the whole population, guaranteeing an efficient and skillful administration:
2.—a demooratid electoral System to the legislative arid self-government bodies, which will faithfully represent the opinion of all citizens ;
3.—the further reorganisation of the agricultural system by panellation of German property and all land holdings over 50 hectars. and by providing employment in industry and handicrafts to the surplus of rural population ;
4.—the nationalisation of chief key industries ;
5.—the participation of workmen in the management and control of industrial production ;
6,—providing work and sufficient means of existence to all citizens ;
7.—a just distribution of national profits ;
8.—education and culture accessible to all citizens.

We shall struggle for the realisation of those aims till victory is achieved.
We shall strive, persevere and win."

The Council of National Unity,

LATE AT NIGNT

The English airman who fights with us has sent the following telegram to London : "The population of Warsaw greeted with enthusiasm the British planes last night, with no care for German shells, crowds were looking to the skies with tears of joy, shouting: Our planes, allied planes ! "

The fighting in Warsaw is fierce, some districts have been completely burned down and their population murdered or taken away by Germans. The soldiers of the Home Array are looking at those dreadful deeds with clenched fists—" we shall repay them when Britain sends enough arms." The population of Warsaw is still full of confidence in the Allies help.

General Bor has sent a message to the airmen who took part in the operation which brought arms to Warsaw, for the first time from Britain :

" Fighting Warsaw sends to the heroic airmen words of warm thanks and gratitude. Your effort has made our further fight possible. Homage to those of the British, South-African and Polish crews who lost their lives"

At night Professor M. who serves so devotedly in the Warsaw garrison, has organised a concert in the Conservatory Hall. What a feast to hear Chopin ofter five years of artistic starvation !

x x x

A CONCERT AMONG BOMBS

"Many years ago, when there was plenty of music in Warsaw, when her life was full of joy and sunshine, Irena, a young student of the Conservatory*, was often dreaming about her first public concert. She saw herself in her day dreams, on the stage, in a long beautiful silk dress, at a magnificent piano* facing a cultured, refined Warsaw public; she almost heard the murmur of voices and the sudden hush when she touched the first chords...

She was playing something very modern and original, which had never before been heard in Warsaw by music lovers. And next day she saw in the morning paper ethusiastic reports, in which the best critics greeted the young " new star" among the Polish musicians. Thus dreamed Irena, the young Conservatory student-, in those days when Warsaw was full of joy and sunshine, in her happy days of freedom.

But the decrees of fate were different; Irena's first concert was to have an altogether different, unforeseen setting.

' She was serving "hot soup in the soldier's canteen, when Stephen entered. .He, was black with dust and smoke and gunpowder, in a ragged tunic, pale and weary; no wbndey, three days and three nights without respite on the barricades of the Gzhibow street. IrenV served him with thin potato soup. Taking it in haste, he said : " Ira, you are playing today at the Conservatory concert, our professor is organising it. He did not know how to find you, he asked me through the military Commander of our sector to forward to you his request; You have to play the Revolutionary Etude of Chopin; you should be there in about two hours, the way is difficult through streets in ruin and under heavy fire, you should start early enough to reach there in time."

Irena stood in amazement. " Stephen, what are you saying," she exclaimed "I have not touched the piano for three years..."

He smiled. ** Adam has not touched his violin either, he has all the time been fighting in the country, his fingers have forgotten the bow, he only knows what the rifle and grenades are like ; our professor was for two years in jail, since we liberated him he has hardly been able to find a moment for music, amidst all his work in the Council, Red Cross etc. Well then... be punctual, at 7 p. m. in the Conservatory Hall."

Irena was punctual. And here she was sitting at a wonderful concert piano, the dreams of youth came true, but how differently.. .No beautiful dress, a shabby, hundred times mended sport suit...Her hands harsh and coarsened by work—peeling potoes, washing utensils and the canteen floor.

The roar of guns outside. Again and again the walls of the hall shaken by explosions. She glanced at the hall. It was overflowing. Thin, pale boys—like her Stephen—covered with dust, straight from the barricades, from fighting units and sapper groups; girls with Red Cross badges, in shabby blouses with canteen numbers on them ; or in aprons, those coming directly from the underground ammunition and explosives factories, or in soldiers' uniforms. Many older raen and women, all pale, grey, in miserable clothes, underfed and weary, yet...what a glow in their eyes!

For five long years no one note of Polish music ; and now instead of the brutal faces of German hangmen, instead of hateful swastika signs, as were seen for so many months in this hall, only Poles all around, only dear familiar faces....

From a nearby barricade machine guns were heard.

Against this background Irena struck the first notes of the 'Revolutionary.' She played this immortal song about fighting Warsaw, for Warsaw who was fighting for Freedom once more. And she played it in a way as probably nobody ever could have done since the death of the great master of music.

On the streets of Warsaw deadly battles were raging; explosions of bombs and shells, and the clash of all kinds of arms now and again resounded in the hall, like a grim accompaniment; and Warsavians gathered in the Conservatory hall had tears in their eager eyes. Tears of joy.

Although the fight was far from its end, although its issue was unknown, although no help was coming, and scarcity of food was felt, and death took every day its abundant harvest. In the very heart of Fighting Warsaw the young artist played the Revolutionary Etude of Chopin, the immortal song of Freedom....

Next day, when Irena was peeling potatoes in the canteen kitchen, Zosya came with the latest morning issue of the " Warsaw Daily," with a splendid report on her concert.

And suddenly Irena realised that now, in the very midst of the bitter Warsaw fight, she was at the summit of her fame. That never again would she be able to attain such supreme heights of inspiration, when her soul spoke to the heroic souls of the people, when art and life had blended in one."

x x x

AUGUST 16

Harassing artillery and mortar fire on the Old City, Almost all houses are hit. Fierce street fighting in the centre. Germans blew up one of our strongholds by placing a mine in the cellar of the building, through a specially dug up passage; alt our men perished.

We have opened two mare factories of hand grenades, We also repair the captured tanks. The ammunition droped during last nights make our further offensive fight possible.

We can once again hear in Warsaw the rumble of the artillery fire from the east. The population is full of new hope and spirit. Yesterday's concert was like water on a parched land. We want many more such feasts. Anka was wild with joy at her friend's success.

Our canteens are working admirably. The girls, although tired and nerve strained, have always a good joke for us, they try to make those few minutes we have for our meal, a * comfortable' rest, like in our own family. Are we not, now in Warsaw, one big family ? Certainly we are. Nobody can understand it who has not lived such days.

We learn that Poles in many parts of the world, especially.out comrades in arms on all the fronts of Europe, feel much for us. I wish they could see what a humour is reigning here on our battle front, The poems and songs which resound now in Warsaw are the best expression of our spirit.

LATE AT NIGHT

Yaga has been wounded. Her arm smashed, but almost immediately after the operation she wanted to return to her work, a quite foolish heroism. Kazek, her fiance, was unable to see her, and may even not know about her misfortune—her arm will for ever remain shorter, she may not be able to move it even.

AUGUST 17

Strong-holds and barricades in the Old Town changed hands several times in a fierce battle, but we did not yield. One German platoon of Infantry surrendered in a body. In some parts there are detachments of Germans encircled by our Army, we know that they are short; of food, they live on soup prepared out of old bread ,* they have no arms nor ammunition, they are supplied from time to time by the Luftwaffe. We have news that many of them want to surrender.

Germans have set on fire the church of All—Saints and a few hours later the beautiful historic Cathedral, which has so many remembrances for every Pole. Here the Constitution of the 3rd May was sworn; here the coffin of Marshal Pilsudski rested when he took leave of Warsaw, before his last journey to the Royal Castle of Wawel.*

It was impossible to save the Cathedral, it crumbled after a few hours of terrific fire.

In the Old city dreadful desruction.

We received an appalling piece of news today. In the Lublin district, where our Units have been fighting gallantly against the Germans, almost shoulder to shoulder with the Red Army, after the capture of Lublin, the Commander of our regiment, the local Delegate of our Government and civil underground authorities, reported to the Soviet General, and...what seems incredible and impossible to understand—they were arrested I What is then the basis of our co-operation, is it not only pretence on the part of the Bolsheviks? Why then are we trusting and helping them?

• The Polish Wertroinstef, whore the kings and great men of Poland are buried,

AUGUST 18

Our strong-pointnear .the railway station is resisting heroically since many days, the exploits of its small group are an epic in itself. Every day some of the defenders perish, and yet Germans cannot take it.[1] The enemy is' demolishing houses using self-propelled robot tanks.

In one of our Units, two; Soviet soldiers are now valiantly fighting, they escaped after two years from German captivity and volunteered here in Warsaw. They wear Polish badges in addition to their Red Star. Is it not a sign that solidarity *can* be achieved, but...on the basis of equality. We have also four Frenchmen, followers of General de Gaulle, they are working with us in the Underground for many months. The same is the case with a Unit of Slovaks under the lead of Lieut. Stanko, the well known friend of Poland.

The Polish Socialist party issued a strong appeal to Huysmans.

LATE AT NIGHT

I have just seen mother. Scarcity of food is acute. Yanek is pale and hungry, Mother exhausted by all the work, and terribly suffering for Yaga's unavoidable cripplehood.

AUGUST 19

Today the Commander of the District of Warsaw, General Monter, addressed the Units of his District, he said:

Soldiers !

By your splendid courage and hardihood, in unceasing attack, you have closed the enemy in two pincers and compelled him to employ in Warsaw many regiments of Infantry, ten batteries of Artillery, 200 tanks and other units, thus, they cannot be used on another front. We know that in some districts the enemy is cut off and is short of munition and food. Soldiers you have valiantly performed your duty,"

Complete lack of air support allows the Germans to take advantage of their superiority in weapons, and to use fully the force of their Luftwaffe. Why cannot we have a real air protection and our own parachute Polish troops with us ?

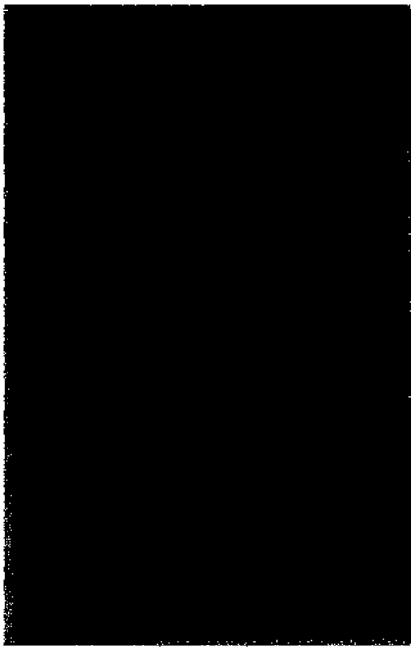
We heard that they resorted to a hunger strike to obtain permission of the British authorities to fly to Warsaw. It has been also told that our airmen, in their despair, appealed even to H. M. the Queen, hoping to move her woman's heart, and to obtain support of their request.

A very good talk has been broadcast by our * Blyskawica' Station, I wonder if it will give some better understanding of our situation to those abroad, Poles as well as foreigners. Among other things they said:

" Warsaw, after 5 years of enemy occupation, starved, weary, exhausted, seemingly crushed, gives now a striking example of what the spirit of her population can achieve. Warsaw was the first to challenge the brute might of Germany, Warsaw is the only city who has begun such a Rising and for 15 days achieves prodigies, with no help from outside, until a few days ago, and then only a slight one; she rights on, she stands the heaviest bombardments, she meets with almost bare hands the greatest technique of modern warfare. It is strange, it may seem incredible, yet it is true. Our weapons in quantity and quality are almost like nothing compared with those of the Germans.

What makes us hold on and in many sectors win ? It is solidarity, it is unity.

The conditions of life **are more than difficult! we wonder how many people could bear them with such lightheadedness and good humour as Warsavians do. They live chiefly in cellars bare, damp, often dirty, linked with other similar ones by underground passages, which some,**



Arms dropped by par;ıc.hutc

-times stretch out under several streets. They were used for clandestine work, for printing, tor study classes and military training ; extensive and much ramified passages were necessary for securing the escape in case of discovery. Today they are serving as shelters and ' dwelling-places' for thousands of families from the burned out and ruined houses. They are chiefly dark; small candles or kerosene lamps give a faint light. Cooking is extremely difficult, the fuel is scarce, the smoke has no outlet, and supplies, prepared with such care during the summer by house-wives, have been in most cases destroyed.

Field kitchens try to provide food not only for the fighting men, but for these people too. But there is also a scarcity of supplies, and the population is so anxious to see their soldiers fed, that often in a most touching way, they share their last morsels with the troops, half starving themselves. The villagers are doing their best to bring supplies, but only a small quantity can be smuggled through.

The hospitals and the first-aid centres are working day and night; there is a great lack of medicines; often our wounded die because we have no necessary disinfectants for dressing properly their wounds; it is a heart-breaking thing for the doctors.

In spite of all these hardships Warsaw is strong and brave ; nowhere a tear, nowhere depression. What is the secret of such an attitude during these 18 days of struggle ?

It is unity. A million hearts beat in unison, a milion hearts have become as one heart. Warsaw is as a rock, insensible to shells and bombs to danger and death. These who talk about Polish disunily let them now look at Warsaw; who is as one solid granite block. United is Warsaw, united is Poland."*

Yes, it is true. (Those few who are serving a foreign Power, there in Lublin and Helm, they are mere human rubbish, neither men nor Poles). The only differences we know here are between the part of Warsaw which is burned out, and others which are still standing, between those which are liberated, and those which are still under Germans.

The enemy has succeded in capturing several of our strongholds in the Old Town. It is a great blow an important loss.

I just learned that the street where Stefa —our dear, delicate saintly Stefa—was living has been liberated, I must run to Anka. or Yaga-who has left the hospital-to enquire whether she has been found.

Home Army Soldiers overjoyed.^with their new arms

AUGUST 20

The German press was trying for 16 days to minimise our Rising and to mention as little as possible the very name of Warsaw; they hoped to liquidate our fight quickly before the news had spread. But now long articles appear, like that of Gerhard Starcke* in the Volkischer Beobachter, Eberhardt Schultze in Allgemeine Zeitung, Otto Zeman in the D.N,B. They all emphasize the strength and good organisation of our Rising and the unsurpassed bravery of our soldiers.

On the other side, strange as it may seem, the Soviet press was also silent about our struggle, and recently in some broadcasts, maintained that the Rising does not exist save in the imagination of the London Poles, who want to fabricate a bluff for their propaganda use. The existence of the Home Army itself has been questioned many times during this last year.

We know these methods well since hundred years, when our very existence was denied, and that of Poland, which was called * the Vistula province,' and Paderewski-a Russian. It is well known that he always refused to play in Russia and Germany for this reason.

Now Germans admit that the Poles are fighting furiously in Warsaw, that the whole population is like one army. Some more letters were found on dead German soldiers: "Poles are fighting like madmen, they emerge from sewers and hurl themselves almost with bare hands at our soldiers, they defend furiously each house, each yard, almost each stone. Stalingrad was like a child's play, comparing to this damned Warsaw."

And yet even now no vengeance nor excess has occured, the discipline of our people their obedience to orders is perfect, there is also an instinctive feeling that Poles cannot sink as low as Germans, that they must be human even with the most barbarous foe.

But it is not always easy. Ola who is working in the hospital for German war-prisoners told me that she often must make a great effort to suppress resentment and contempt when she approaches the wounded, especially officers, who are brutal and hating us even when sick and weak ;-she then invokes Our Lady, and remembers vividly what the Polish honour meant through ages.

AUGUST 21

We have captured the Central Telephone Exchange station after heavy fighting for each floor. Many enemy soldiers were taken prisoners.

Germans are burning one street after another; the whole new district on the western side is burned down. They have killed in their rooms, with particular bestiality, a well known judge, an old man, and two of his friends—advocates,

We have learned with awe that the population that is forced by Germans to leave Warsawi is sent—on foot—to Prushkowi (35 miles from here) where they are herded in what cannot be called a camp, as it is a large open field without any cover, or shelter, surrounded with barbed wire; here all our people are * interned/ without food, without elementary sanitary conditions and medical help, often even without water. They are dying by hundreds. On |he road to this " settlement** one sees numerous corpses, mostly those of children.

The Polish Red Cross and some charitable institutions are now trying to obtain permission to bring, at least once a day, some hot soup to the people. The peasants from the surrounding villages who tried to bring supplies have been brutally sent away, some who insbred were killed on the spot. Our authorities have appealed to our Governmen.t in. London to mobilise relief through the International Red Cross.

.LATE AT NIGHT

I have seen Stefa today. One cannot recognise her after her terrible ordeal (she was one of those women who were tied to the German tanks during their advance on our positions; one of our Units rescued her with others by a daring and sudden side-attack).

She only told us that one who has faced such horror, who has seen what she saw-especially in the faces of our soldiers facing those tanks,—will never doubt that hell exists and that it is here on earth. She was unable to speak much but her whole face is expressing more than any word could do. Her hair is white, and her gaze has something of otherwordliness, she cannot smile...and yet the sweetness in her eyes has deepened. She told us that it was Our Lady who saved her. Her presence was felt vividly all the time. Why not ? I am not a sceptic to doubt it.

We lost yesterdy an important stronghold—the Tram Depot in Mooranow. But we recaptured the Bank of Poland.

AUGUST 22

At last the first of our Units operating in the Warsaw District reached the capital, it will give us a most welcome assistance.

I spoke with several soldiers. They said that it was not easy to reach Warsaw, they met a strong opposition of a Berling Unit, which was ordered to disarm them. Fortunately after some clashes it was found that no Russian officer is at the head of the group. Our leader, having discovered this, sent a messenger to convince them that a fratricidal fight is but helping the enemies. They were misinformed about all our activities, they were told we are fascists who want to see German domination enforced on Poland, that our Rising is only a pretence etc. After a longer talk, all was cleared up. They complained about the terror under which they live; severe punishments are used—courtmartial very often—and constant Soviet propaganda, they hate it, but are not revolting being afraid of reprisals on their families. Ten of them came with us, the rest retreated.

The Unit reaching Warsaw has been greeted enthusiastically by our boys. It has brought new vigour and strengthened one of our weaker sectors; it has also brought some food supplies. Unfortunately very little munitions; we have to capture them from the enemy* even when it seems an almost impossible exploit.

x x x

I had a long conversation with one of the Staff officers last night. It is clear that our fight cannot go on for much longer without supplies from the West, or an action on the part of the Russians. Ail the supplies dropped are as nothing compared to our needs. At least 5 tons per day would be necessary. It means 5 planes each day over Warsaw. And we had untill now only several expeditions. Why are they not landing on Polish air-fields which are in Russian hands ? Just 15 minutes from Warsaw.

Our Staff cannot understand what is the matter with our Allies. Twenty two days of fighting, almost with no help, with an ominous silence about the development of our Rising. Yet how many times have we heard British encouragements, almost appeals to resist Germans as energetically as we could inside Poland. Not to speak about rousing appeals from Moscow stations, and the open or secret instigations by the Soviet agents of our workmen and peasants to rise in open action against the Nazis.

Only now we understand why the Headquarters of our C. in C. was warning us so often, and every one of his messengers recommended us to be cautious and never yield to any provocation to any temptation to make a premature rising. It now seems clear that the Russians wanted to see us rise and bleed, and loose as many men of our Army as possible.

Does it mean that the lack of their assistance since August first has the same motive behind it?...Dreadful.

Let us be realistic, what can we expect from Russians, we, who know them so well?

But what about the British? Why are they not sending every day our own Polish pilots in a large number? They are sending them over Germany every night, and Warsaw that means everything to them, for the rescue of which they would die a hundred deaths as gladly as we would do it, Warsaw is deprived of their help? Is it not monstrous?

Is it through fear of losing too many aircrafts? For surely Britain is not so anxious about the lives of the Polish pilots. I do not dare to believe it, it would be too mean.

What is the future then?

No, it is not a soldier's business to question and to aualize, but to fight to the very end. This fight, even if it may be as hopeless as that of 1939, is, as the other was, for the honour and the very soul of future generations. Heroism, unflinching will, cannot be wasted, impassioned love of freedom and self-sacrifice must bear fruits. Ah...let us believe, if we are unable to live without this faith.

AUGUST 23

Strong S. S. cadet officer's detachments are attacking us fiercely on several sectors. In one of our attacks one S. S. General and several officers were taken prisoners by us. If we were Russians, these would be their last moments.

The superiority of the enemy is tremendous, but the resistance of our Army and population is magnificent, it opposes a moral indomitable power to steel and barbarism. I wonder sometimes how long will our people be able to stand this ordeal.

Last night many British planes were seen over Warsaw, they dropped amunitions on Mokotow, which is cut off from us, when we want to communicate with it we have to send messages through sewers, or...via London !

LATE AT NIGHT

We heard a broadcast from London, a Polish airman was speaking, it was a deeply touching talk, here it is:

"I am an airman. I am from Warsaw. There, where I was born, where is my father's grave, where I went to school, and, much later, where I fought in the air against the Germans in 1939, there the fight is once again.

Warsaw, my Warsaw fights. I know what that means, for I know the Germans, and I realise how tough and bloody it is to fight against their material superiority. I have seen such fighting, down below me. Men, women and children giving lavishly of their lives, attacking tanks with handgrenadss and milk bottles filled with petrol and tied together. I understand what it means to battle with only a rifle or a tommy-gun in hand against artillery, machine-gun, air force and flame-throwers.

Every day I listen to the Radio, and I reproduce from Warsaw telegrams a picture of the terrific effort, the deadly tension and the superhuman pain that is now part of my city.

I am proud to have been born in Warsaw, and it is almost beyond endurance not to be able to fly there, to fight with you and to screen you from the air, as I am helping to screen the Allied armies in France.

The Luftwaffe is raging over Warsaw. The same Luftwaffe that murdered women and children in towns and villages in the September campaign. The same Luftwaffe which we have swept from the skies of Normandy and Brittany, and which does not dare to send a single plane here, for we are guarding the sky over Britain.

But where are our Squadrons over Warsaw ? If we were there in the aircraft we We now. we would support you. and you would not need to bleed so muoh in these fieroe German attacks.

My God, to be with you ! Every tingle one of us would fight like a whole squadron. To bo with you, tolly over Warsaw with the armaments we have now. To strike Germans with the fire of our guns, to disperse in every direction their bombers, and to attack from the air their tanks, oars, and panzer columns!

Napoleon Square. Main Post Office. Old City. I see how they look from the air. I *know* every back street, almost every building. I would know how to shoot without hitting you. I could help you...I would be able to win with you.

But—I am far away. I am unable to be there over Warsaw and take part in the fight with you.

I have to wait...Well armed, full of strength, ready to fight. I must wait...the order.

Maybe it will come at last. Maybe God will allow me to take part in this battle for say beloved City of Warsaw !"

23 of August 1044, Somewhere in Britaln.

AUGUST 24

It is a day of our offensive. In a furious attack led from three sides we have captured the German police headquarters which was an important seat of enemy resistance. Our troops attacked magnificently, but beyond praise was the bravery of the girls who took part in the assault. We Captured a lot of arms and ammunitions.

Eight priests and 60 civilian hostages have been liberated. *68* prisoners taken. We also took the building of the Bank of Poland and managed to control definitely the first throughfare, Jerusalem Avenue to Ponyatoski Bridge ; the enemy cannot use it any more for the movement of his troops. It is a happy day for our Army.

Bronek. who is now A. I). C. of General M. came to see me yesterday just for one moment on the way to his mother, and told me such wonderful experiences from the inspections of different sectors of our front by General Bor, whom he was accompanying. I shall reproduce here something of what he told:

" We were not more than a hundred yards from a raging, battle. It was a strong tank attack. Machineguns were barking, their sounds seemed sometimes like a hiccup ©f giants. We were staying in the quarter of the commander of the sector. After a few words of report and information which he gave to General M. he had to return to hisworje.

Standing at the open window of the ground floor he received reports. Messengers were coming and going. Black, perspiring, unshaved faces, with serious, grim expression. Time was not counted by minutes here. It was counted by the amount of ammtmitian used, by the quantity of arms distributed. Each report, was followed by an order and returned to the first line. Report—order, report—order. It was like interchanged shots.,

—"Lieutenant, they attack I hand grenades and petrol!"

—" Call volunteers, give them..."

—" Lieutenant, from the second floor window somebody aims at us from behind..."'

—"Two men, rifles, quick,.."

This young commander has twenty hands. He distributes ammunition and at the same time helps the wounded just brought in. He prepares bottles with petrol and loads a rifle; he gives orders and puts down a fire which broke out in an adjacent room .He

leads a counter attack on a nearby street, and gives orders for an antkdiversionist action on another, ten streets distant, lane, If he would have one hand more he would have been able even to take his breakfast, waiting for 10 hours for him...

Next General Bor accompanied by General M. and a few of us, went for the inspection of Units on the first line of the front, It was late afternoon. Like in a cinema hundreds of soldiers faces were passing before our eyes; tired or grim, exhausted or smiling, full of vigour and dash, or visibly suffering. Some were unshaved and black, others smart and cleanshaved, still others in bandages.

We saw narrow gun-openings, hidden centres of attack; here and there blood stained walls. Our way led one time along a ditch, another on a foot-bridge over deep cellars several floors down below, or through dark underground passages. In one place we were allowed only to whisper, in another we could speak loudly, even shout.

One could hear from some distance the sounds of an artillery duel. Quite near a shell bursts and a moment after a dry sharp rifle shot hits the wall a second after General Bor has jumped through this dangerous spot. The sound of falling masonry is a sufficient proof of the precision of German shots.

What splendid people we saw there I

On the fourth floor staircase, hundred times hit by bullets, stands lieutenant Osa and showing to General Bor the neighbouring roofs he explains :

" Germans had their quarters in this house where we stand. We took up positions in the one we see from here. One night we took them by surprise leading an attack from the other roof, one floor higher. I was very anxious for my boys. We threw over our ladders from one roof to another, but they were sharply inclined, dangerous, especially in the complete darkness of a rainy night. Still all went O. K. Germans were taken completely unaware[1]".

Lieutenant Osa ceases speaking. General Bor is also silent, he only looks intently into the eyes of his young officer....

We were going further. Here is a company of Captain Reda. It was subject to a several days and nights terrible barrage of fire and fierce German attacks; houses, cellars, gardens, were changing hands many times. Our company proved more tenacious and stubborn than the Germans, who at last retreated having gained nothing, and lost much in killed and wounded.

Captain Reda remained on his post, but his casualties."were also great; almost fifty percent of his soldiers perished...He was not present at General Bor's inspection, unable to tell him personally about his boys* gallantry, being wounded and nursed in a nearby shelter. But the Commander went to see him and to congratulate for his magnificent leadership. He was beaming with joy, in spite of acute physical pain.

How wonderful are these our boys!

We paid also a visit to one of the three platoons of the People's Army,* a Polish Communists* formation, which is fighting with us loyally and wholeheartedly, in spite of Moscow denouncing us as people's traitors. All the soldiers of this platoon wear uniform red kerchiefs on their neck. General Bor decorated their commander, the youthful lieutenant Leshek, with the highest decoration of Virtuti Military.

Many more soldiers were decorated in other Units, as we visited them, as well as several women; two were especially brave, the fearless and sweet first-aid nurse-^Misya, and the famous by her daring and skill, first line liaison girl—Rena.

A little behind the first lines, in large shelters or in halls with carefully covered windows, soldiers of different companies were gathered to meet General Bor. The first moments, were a little strained, caused by the tradition of military discipline and. respect, but after a

few minutes a talk developed, everybody was natural and free. Soldiers answered the cordial questions of the Commander, explained their difficulties and grievances...No warm coats* the nights are cold; no cigarettes; in some cellars vermin and water, with no cots to sleep on during the few hours left for rest...And all the time the same refrain: "not enough ammunition* scarcity of weapons'*...General Bor listened with a fatherly smile, joked, chatted for a while. Sunset was nearing, we had to return to the Headquarters.

When walking through a narrow plank a few steps from both Generals a shrapnel burst; they receeded and we stopped at the side of a rifle man at his post, at a gun-opening in the wall. The beautiful green of a hospital garden was **seen** through it, and **one** perceived **big** sunflowers and dahlias.

" It would be nice to reach those flowers" said General M. The soldier **turned towards** him a smiling face and retorted : " Flowers—General—would not be worth while, but tomateos! Please look, there, to the right! *'

The General bowed and both were busy contemplating the garden, their heads **appeared** in the breach of the wall like those of two comrades. Are they not ? That is the democracy of our army, it is love pure and simple,'* adds my friend, "I now know far better our **Generals** and **I** have no words of admiration not only for their untiring work, iron will and strength **but** for their simplicity, comradship, and real love for the soldiers."

When he left I could not help feeling elated and happy, I thought of Kosciuszko. (Kostsyushko) of Pilsudski, of those great leaders of ours, and felt that their **grand tradition** is alive amongst us, and while we are great, Poland lives in all **Her** splendour even **amidst** hell itself.

AUGUST 25,

Germans have set on fire the Church of the Holy Cross, where the heart of Chopin *is* preserved; our Soldiers, I am sure have tried to save it.

The buildings of the Savings Bank and the Bank of Poland are also burning, we had to evacuate them. We have captured another important point, the Cristal Restaurant on **the** corner of Jerusalem Avenue, it served as a fortress for German defence. We are on the offensive.

Our food stocks are diminishing rapidly, it is our authorities constant concern.

A second appeal has been sent by our Deputy prime Minister to Churchill **and** Roosevelt. It makes me almost angry. Is it not humiliating to appeal unendingly when **we** have the full right to every assistance according to a treaty signed by Britain ? We have believed Britain keep always her word.

AUGUST 26.

Germans are intensifying their pressure **upon** the **Old City, they launched a terrific** attack. After 10 hours fighting and our three frantic counter-attacks we lost **St. John's** Hospital strongpoint.

My friend Lieut. M. the Deputy Scout Master of the Polish **Scouts, died** from **wounds received a** few **days** ago, when, at the head af his Unit, he repulsed a German attack. **He was decorated with our highest Order—Virtuti Military Cross—on the eve of this>attle, for his exceptional bravery.**

We have no time even to see our dearest comrades in the hospitals before they die. The families of many of our soldiers are in the German occupied part of the city. After I saw Stefa. I realise better what tortures they have to suffer. About 10,000 hostages are now in German hands; they execute every day about 300 of them, it is not known who is shot, but we

may be sure that no one will be saved, if we do not rescue them soon. Unfortunately they are as well guarded as in **a** fortress.

The number of homeless people from burned out streets increases; **I** have **been told there is** more than a quarter million of those who lost their homes.

Yesterday Germans, who are cut off and encircled by us in Pius XI street, and receive only meagre supplies of food through the Luftwaffe, sent messengers to our High Command, **they** proposed to give us a considerable amount of medicines, of which we are sorely in need, **and to** release some of our hostages if we let them free; it seems there are some high Gestapo officers among them, that is the reason for the bargain. Our Commander refused.

Last night we have seen Soviet planes over Warsaw. They dropped... leaf lets'. What a splendid assistance!

AUGUST 27.

We took by storm, assaulting from two sides, a German stronghold in the Cafe-Club near Jerusalem Avenue. It was just during their meals, they were taken by surprise and were pa,nic stricken. Many hostages were liberated, numerous German prisoners taken. We now control all the movements on this line. Germans had to bulit a pontoon bridge across the Vistula to supplement this important thoroughfare.

The spirit of our boys is wonderful indeed. Some of them were impatient with the tone of our broadcast from London, they felt there is too much sentimentality in them, not enough boldness and virility, and deep understanding of fighting Warsaw, who laughs proudly in her lonely struggle. A new poem is circulating among the soldiers full of this Warsovian bravery **and** lighthearted wit, and some composed a few years ago are sung with a new inspiration.

With OUT feet on the grave, still our spirits are high.
Fighting Warsaw fights on, none here weeps in despair I
We straddle the Hun and with bare hands we try
To strangle the beast as he creeps to his lair.

While you still complain of the bloodshed and flame
Devouring Warsaw as day succeeds day,
We here with our bare breasts the enemy stay
And laugh at your praise and suggestions of fame.

But why must your song of lamenting still sound.
When everyone, men, WBmen children are found.
Fighting and bleeding far Poland, for home !
Let the mournful dirges no longer be heard.

Here beats the great heart of Poland— intact !
Warsaw speaks ! Warsaw thunders!
And this is her word:
" Spare us your praise, Give us arms. We must act!"

But deep anxiety is in the hearts of us all, however unwilling we are to show it.

What is **the** reason **of this lack of support ? We feel more and more that a sinister intrigue is behind it. some devilish hand...And the words of our Government breathe a certain helplessness, almost a despair, which they try to disguise.**

Some of our older soldiers told us today that in 1926, it was Stalin's delay in executing properly the march towards Warsaw, ordered by Tukhachieski, that considerably helped our victory and the Rusian defeat. The rebuff which Stalin received from Tukhacheski was never forgotten, it was the real cause of his death when Stalin was powerful enough to order it. But Stalin's vengeance concerns also Warsaw which was the cause of his humiliation. Is it true? Dictators have strange ideas and complexes, and the nature of the Georgian is even more obscure than, that of the pure Russian. I do not know if the story is authentic; in any case it is characteristic. It reminds the reason of Hitler's hate of the Jews.

Our station broadcast that our army was co-operatirtg with the Soviets in Wilno, Lwow and specially Lublin District, because of our Government's order, they were doing their best to obey it in spirit and letter, because they understand that by doing so they are helping the Government in its efforts to find a solution of the Russo-Polish deadlock. The amount of our military assistance was really great, but strategically the rising of Warsaw has certainly the greatest importance for the Red Army. By cutting oft the routes in the German rear, by compelling them to concentrate in Warsaw a whole army, their attacking power has been so much diminished, and the Red Army on the east bank of the Vistula much relieved. For many days the German transports were almost stopped, the whole communication centres paralysed.

And we hear now that Russians accuse us of rising prematurely. Shameless cynicism indeed. And their own appeals? Bronek may say I am childish, we should once for all understand that the Soviets hate us and want our destruction or complete slavish subordination just as much as the Germans. But...if so, why are we helping them? Why not go deeper underground and wait for a more propitious moment...?

Enough. Once more I indulge in political speculations, they will neither solve the riddle, nor will they save one man from this hellish situation. Nothing remains save to fight, and...to laugh, in spite of everything. After all is this manly, open fight, this rush of battle and the taste of Freedom not worthwhile in itself?

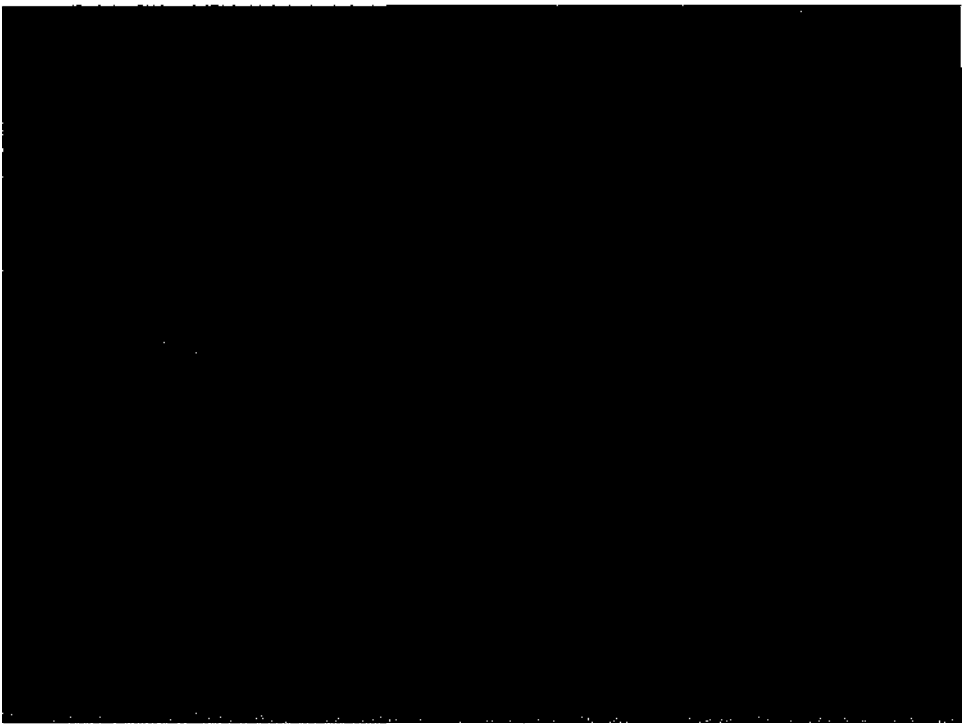
AUGUST 28

We have seen Polish and British aircrafts during the night, some ammunition has been dropped, but it seems that several planes have been shot down, and many airmen perished in the flames. It was painful to see them crash.

During the last week we have heard artillery fire east of Praga, but not even one Soviet plane has tried to bomb German military installations in and around Warsaw.

Today the second appeal of the Polish Socialist Party to the workers of Britain has been broadcast. Our Deputy Prime Minister urged our Government; in London to send immediately larger supplies of food, medicines, clothes and shoes for our. homeless people in the Prushkow camp. Will the Allied understand what these people are going through, or has war completely hardened their hearts and dulled their imagination. But why have our hearts on the contrary been opened by it, for never before have we had such understanding and sympathy with all misery and shown such brotherly love among ourselves. It is our strongest support. The amount of mutual help is really amazing, it makes you believe in the goodness of men, and love our Polish people still more.

We hear that Germans have begun executions in the camp at Prushkow, that people are dying by hundreds everyday/ Of course epidemics are also raging; nights are so cold and damp and they have nothing to cover themselves. Almost all the children have died. Even for strong men it would be an ordeal,



The house where I had been happy

LATE AT NIGHT

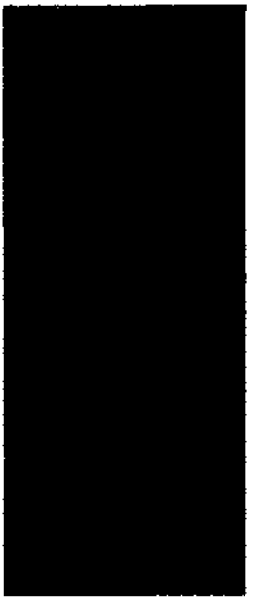
We had a short but wonderful little gathering at Mother's house. For it is my birthday-32 years completed. I am quite old.

Anka also came, it was such a joy to see her with Yanek as in the good old days, with her child-like smile and fair hair, like a young lion's mane, when she played and joked with our son. Yaga with her whole arm in bandages, was also joyous for our dearest Stefa was with us. She is a little better now, but a strange expression remains in her eyes. Kazek was seeing Yaga the first time since she was wounded, and he could not quite conceal his pain, Bronek managed to come and told us touching details about General Bor's days of toil and his great care for his soldiers.

Eva came late, she looks quite ill, and we are anxious for her. Ala and Bozhena came with her. I could see in the eyes of my dear friend-Ala-how her artistic soul is suffering amidst all these horrors, She sat quietly near me holding my hand, and I felt all the tragedy of the young soul.

But we soon forgot, at least for one moment, all our troubles, and we felt as in those happy days when Wanda and Mis were with us, when we used to gather every week in our Community..:and our talks were lofty and inspired with youthful enthusiasm. Will this our group—a true spiritual family—meet again one day ?

I remembered that Anka's favourite poem in those times was Zawistowska's exquisite sonnet— " My Wish " and unexpectedly for myself I asked Ala to recite it. I watched Anka's face.



Ala five years ago

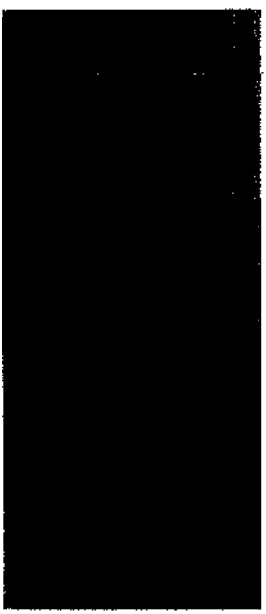
MY WISH...

Yes, I could wish to live apart with you,
Sunk in a certain cottage, white and small,
And steal the sun's best smiles, to weave them all
Into the thatch'd roof's mellow gold anew.

In such a cot, cut off from public view
I'd comprehend the calm of evenfall
Or gaze upon the dawn, and feel the call
Of God's great love my inmost soul subdue.

I'd feel your head drawn very close to me,
With youth and health your comely treasure-trove ;
Until, forgetting why our life should be

Set in th'enchanting blue of heaven above,
From the grey distaff of eternity
I'd spin the shining threads of Faith and Love.



Anka

Anka recognised it at once, her eyes became dreamy and a charming smile appeared on her face. But as soon as Ala finished, she said: " And do you remember the second poem which I used tb repeat Wyspianski's (Vispyanski's) invocation to Our Lady, written in the historic birth-place of Jean d'Arc, the greatest heroine and saint of France ? " Faith and Love"...yes. Has this prayer not been fulfilled now in Warsaw, for hundreds of us ?

—Ala, do you remember it ?"

—• I do', and Ala recited slowly with glowing eyes, with accents of deep ardour and strength :

THE PRAYER TO THE QUEEN OF THE POLISH CROWN

O all-pure Virgin Divine, Queen of the Polish Crown I
Thou who didst awaken the Soul of the Maiden,
And called her out of her father's hut
To save her country ;
Thou who didst inspire her with fortitude such that she put on a man's heavy armour, and a white Standard in hand, led her people to battle in Thy most holy Name, and won the battle drowing out the enemy from her Land.
And when herself tied to a burning stake, she did not deny her faith, even amidst torturing flames, she did not betray Motherland.

The road to Anka's parents country house

0 grant us such power, such courage, such indomitable will; grant us such tenacity in work, such fortitude in pain.

Give us victory, give us triumphant strength 1

Awaken in us the greatness of the Soul, kindle a fire of love as ardent as were consuming the flames in whose embrace perished the Holy Maid.

Gladly will we undertake the hardest tasks, with joy will we take up the heaviest burden, to bear witness to our sacred love.

. O Virgin Divine, we are longing to be burned on the sacrificial pyre, in Thy honour, in holocaust for our Motherland.

Give us such strength, O Queen of our Land, Queen of the Polish Crown !"

I really did not remember well this invocation, and was now struck by the far-sightedness of the poet. Has he felt what had to come many years afterward; he has expressed without knowing it himself the hidden, unconscious feelings of hundreds and thousands of our youth, especially our girls; for this prayer, however strange and even somewhat exagerated it may have seemed to us during the years of our independence, has now proved to be literally true. Everyday deeds bear witness to this astonishing fact. I often wonder if the • romantic' poets are not in deeper touch with the inmost heart of the Nation than all statesmen and political leaders...Seeing that Ala is in a good mood, I asked for one of her own poems. With a charming shyness she recited :

The Tatra lake ''Eye of the Sea" where we lived our happiest day a

" Now smiles at me the boundless plain,
Draped white in snowy net,
As pain and tears depart, to let
White ecstasy remain,
Each icicle gives back a smile,
Each diamond flake a flash.
The bushes even as you pass,
Smileback from garden aisle.
Smiles, too, accross each fencepost run,
The bench joins in the glee,
The frozen pond mocks fearfully :
Beware, you fickle one I
From every clod has laughter leapt,
From very earth, all lustrous white,
And hearts with ecstasy alight,
forget they lately wept...

We forgot indeed all the tragedy around and were for one moment happy like in olden days...

He appeals for heavy arms which could enable us to assault the fortified Gestapo head* quarters, the seat of most appalling tortures and atrocities for the last five years.

AUGUST 29.

We learn from London that a *well known* journalist, and Member of Parliament—Vernon Bartlett—has at last made a revelation which solves the dreadful riddle. It is the Soviet's *veto* that deprives us of ammunition, of food for our children and medicines for our wounded,

Their *veto* ? Is it so overwhelmingly strong that Britain and America are unable to overcome it ? And * Lease and Lend' ? And months of risky expenditions through the Arctic regions to Murmansk, to bring to the Soviets supplies with our Polish sailors conveying those very merchant ships ? Why cannot Britain and America *compell* Russia to give landing facilities ? Surely where there is a will there is also a way; but do they really *want* to help us ?

Don't be silly, your bitterness may distort your judgment.

Then...? Are they af raid of Russia ? They, the Great Western democracies, just like Chamberlain was afraid of Hitler...I do not know these Westerners, I have never spoken with an Englishman, but we always heard that they are gentlemen, which means in our language *• noble and chivalrous ". Are they ? I remember one friend, who spent some time in England, told me once that it is a wrong conception, that they are first of all ' shopkeepers', businessmen, who dislike a scandal, but do not care for honour. Is it true ? are they not breaking now their word given to us in 1939 ?

I cannot leave this notebook, it is easier to bear the strain when writing.

I do not dare to look into the eyes of our girls, and what about our soldiers ?...Not all have heard the terrible news; but officers know it, and their expression is grim: one feels they are struggling with despair, not for themselves. Well, to fight on here or in the woods, to fall in beloved Warsaw, or in the plains; from a German bullet or in a Russian prison, it does not much matter for us. Death and the rifle are they not our sweethearts ? But these women, these children, these dear, brave wonderful girls our companions, our best friends...are they to be doomed ?...And Warsaw, all Warsaw be completely erased ?

Will there be nobody to tell the truth, to challenge the moral weakness of these nations, their ignoble cowardice before Stalin. That he is the enemy we know, but we believed that we have friends, real *ALLIES,* who knew how to keep their word....

Enough.

AUGUST 30

Germans have dropped new leaflets today with faked signature of the Polish Red Cross, ordering the civil population to leave the capital at once.

" *The whole of Warsaw will be set on fire. Do not expect help* it will never come. Germans will not fail to do what they say"*

We have indeed a strange comedy, one day Russian leaflets, another day the German ones, both with threats. But I do not think the Germans will keep their threat.

Will we evacuate civilians ? After all it makes no great difference if our women and children perish here amidst the loved streets, under the ruined houses or from shells, in active life, helping and watching our fight, or in the humiliations and tortures of Prushkow or some camps in Germany, But may be all is not yet lost. In any case we are fighting to the last cartridge, this is certain.

Today our station broadcast some details of the battle of the Home Army in the Lublin District I wonder what the impression would be in **London** if Britishers knew all **what we know, all the Soviet methods used against** our troops. Would they urge us with the same zeal into the arms of "friendly" Russia? Would they believe Stalin's words about "strong and independent Poland"; not seeing all the hypocrisy of this empty slogan.

AUGUST 31

After one month of our fight, the Western Allies have at last recognised us as combatants, with rights equal to all other fighting Armies. Is it not somewhat strange that we had to wait 4 weeks for this simple declaration, when Britain and America knew well since 1940 that our Underground Army has been organised as an integral part of the Polish Army, whose divisions were fighting at their side in Tobruk, Gazala, Italy, and now in France. We all had the same regulations, the same ranks, with the only difference that our fight in Poland was in secret, theirs in the open; our technique of conspiracy and sabotage was more difficult, more risky, taking a toll of lives literally every day, and they had great battles from time to time. Since March last, many of our regiments fought also in the open, but under what conditions... bet ween a German bullet and a Russian arrest. That is why our task was infinitely more difficult.

Will this recognition give us a double protection, against the shooting of our wounded soldiers by the Germans, and the Soviet courtmartial and gallows or Siberia?

I wonder why the West does not see—or it may not wish to see—that "the Liberation Committee" set up by Stalin, is his best tool, most obedient mouthpiece, with no will of its own, with not even the slightest Polish characteristic. The *Polish* Communists are here, in a very small group, but fighting with us shoulder to shoulder, we do not feel any difference between them and ourselves; but those of the Committee have been obeying the orders of their Russian masters—disarming our Units, which were hurrying to bring assistance to Warsaw, to thousands of Polish women and children massacred every day. How can members of such a body dare to call themselves Poles?

"the Soviet broadcast that they have taken Radzymin. It is only 14 miles from Warsaw, that is why we are hearing once more the roar of their guns, They are at the gates of our capital. Where would they be if we had not cut German communication lines, and held up five Divisions of their Army on the Warsaw battlefield?

The third appeal has been issued by our Socialist Party. Some British and American Organisations responded, their messages are strong and friendly indeed, they all promise help, express admiration and solidarity, but...nothing substantial is coming. Are they so uninfluential, or slow in action? Yet every hour of delay means so many new victims.

SEPTEMBER 1,

Once more the memorable anniversary. Five years. Who could think that we would **be able to** endure five years, **long as** eternity. In 1939, we felt one more winter like that of **the first year, and we would all perish. And yet...Human endurance has indeed *no* bounds.**

What a splendid Order of the Day bas been broadcast by our Commander in Chief. At last we find the expression of what we all feel, he indeed is one with **us, a** real Chief, **bfother in arms, and the first Soldier of the Republic, who feels** for **us** all. Never will **the Polish soldier forget his words. It has made history.**

ORDER OF THE DAY No 19

Soldiers of the Homo Army

Five years have passed since the day when Poland,—encouraged by the British Government and having received its guarantees* stood up to a lonely struggle against the German might. The September Campaign gave the Allies eight months of invaluable time, enabling Great Britain to complete her war preparations to such an extent that the Battle of Britain—a turning point in history—was won. History has still to pass the verdict on the significance of the Polish September Campaign in the destinies of the world.

Since then the deadly struggle of the Polish Armed Forces against German imperialism has never ceased. The darkness of enslavement had barely time to enshroud the ruins of Polish towns and villages, when Polish Forces were already reforming abroad. For five years they have been fighting without respite on the oceans and continents, in defence of the liberty of the people—believing that they were thus following the road leading to the restoration of their country, undiminished and truly independent. In Poland the initial organisation of the Underground Army had already started in October 1939. The story of its development, of its battles and strife are a proof of what can be achieved by setting into motion the purest aspirations of the human soul. Soldiers of the Polish Armed Forces abroad, successful in the battles of London and of the Atlantic, of Rome and of Paris, look up to the example set by their brothers at home as a spiritual beacon, ceding to them the first place in the annals of achievements of soldierly devotion to duty.

For a whole month the soldiers of the Home Army together with the people of Warsaw are shedding their blood alone, behind street barricades in a merciless struggle against the enemy's overwhelming superiority, The loneliness in which the Poles fought the September Campaign and the loneliness in which they are now fighting in Warsaw are entirely different one from the other. The people of Warsaw, left to their own devices and abandoned^ on the common battlefront against the Germans—this is a tragic and ghastly riddle which we Poles are unable to solve, considering the background of the great strength of the Allies on the threshold of the sixth year of war.

We are unable to do so because WE HAVE NOT YET LOST FAITH THAT THE WORLD IS STILL GOVERNED BY MORAL LAWS. We do not understand, and we are unable to believe that a policy devoid of morai principles, could do otherwise than to write on the pages of history for her own condemnation, the ominous words 'vMene, Tekel, Fares". We cannot believe that reasons of expendiency in the face of physical might oould lead so far as to cause indifference to the agony of the capital of a country, whose soldiers have shielded so many other capitals with their own bodies, besides lending aid in their liberation

Experts endeavour to explain to us that the lack of help for Warsaw is due to difficulties of a technical nature. Calculation of loss and profit are put forward. The loss of 27 airorafts over Warsaw in the space of a month, means little to the Allied Air Forces, which possess several score of thousands of planes of all kinds and types at their disposal. If figures have to be mentioned let us recall that during the Battle of London. Polish Airmen suffered losses amounting to over 40 per cent. In the efforts for aid to Warsaw the losses in air craft and crews have been 15 per cent.

For the past 5 years the Home Army has been fighting against the Germans without respite, in conditions so appalling that they surpass the limits of qomprehenfion by the Western werld and will only be adequately understood and appreciated in the future. The Home Army does nor pause to oouitf its wounds its sacrifices end its graves. ?

The Home Army is thi only military force in Poland which can be taken into aaoount The balance sheets of its battles, its achievements and victories is crystal clear, That is the truth which has been long concealed, lest somewhere *one* strong and powerful should frown in anger. This truth is nevertheless finding its way to the surface, and no cunning hand is now able to conceal the light thrown by the burning city of Warsaw. Warsaw is waiting. Not for empty words of praise, not for approval, not for assurances of pity and sympathy. She is waiting for arms and ammunition.- She does not ask, in the manner of a poor relative for crumbs from the lordly table, she demands the means to fight—in knowledge of the provisions of Alliance and the obligations contained therein.

Warsaw is fighting and waiting. The soldiers of the Home Army, the workmen and intellectuals, girls and children, all. The whole nation is fighting having in its passionate yearning for the truth, liberty and victory, achieved the miracle of complete unity.

If the population of Warsaw were to perish for the lack of adequate aid under the ruins of houses*—if it were to be abandoned to mass slaughter through passivity, indifference, or odd calculation—then the world's conscience would be burdened with a frightful wrong—a wrong unprecedented in history. There are qualms of conscience which kill. Your heroic Commander is accused of a lack of foresight in not having anticipated a sudden halt of the Soviet offensive at the gates of Warsaw. No other tribunal but that of history will pass judgement on this question. We are confident of the ultimate sentence. Reproach is made to the Poles for their alleged lack of co-operation in their Rising, with the general operational plans in Eastern Europe. If needed, we will prove how many of our endeavours to achieve such co-ordination have failed. For five years the Home Army has been systematically accused of passivity and of feigning combat against the Germans. Today it is being accused of fighting too much and too well. Every Polish soldier could well repeat to himself the line of our poets'—Wyspianski poem: "...Vileness, lies.I know them, know them only too well."

Soldiers of the Home Army,

We are continuing here in our efforts to find assistance for you. We are still receiving promises. We believe in them and we are confident that this faith will not be taken away from the Polish Armed Forces—particularly on the eve of victory and of the triumph of the Allied common cause.

I wish to give you an assurance in the name of your brothers who are fighting now on all the fronts of the world, that their deepest concern and their loving thoughts 'accompany you faithfully in your stern and glorious battle. May this knowledge help to alleviate, however slightly, the burden you are carrying and to assist you in bearing these days of anguish which resemble a nightmare.

But first and foremost know that NO SACRIFICE CONCEIVED IN ALL PURITY *Of* HEART CAN BE WASTED, and that your struggle is rendering to Poland great and invaluable services.

, General Sosnkcwski,
Commander-in-Chief.

London. 1st September 1944.

x x x

The Delegate of our Government has also spoken to the Nation. He is hundred times right in emphasising that—"WE WANT TO BE FREE AND TO OWE THIS FREEDOM TO OURSELVES" that-·-" we have testified by our blood, profusely shed in the streets of Warsaw, that ABOVE LIFE ITSELF WE VALUE TRUE FREEDOM AND INDEPENDENCE."

And oùr President has wisely expressed that: *"'we want peace based on the power of Law, but not on the sheer power of brutal might, we want it not only for ourselves, but for the whole .world.* "

Prime Minister Mikolajczyk is promising help, yet with a certain, "if". What does it mean? Has he some doubts? I liked most in his speech bis public appeal to the leaders of the Big Three. Both the Prime Minister and the Delegate are confident, but will the Allies respond *2* And.....will it not be too late ?

I heard from a senior officer that the Old City will not be able to hold out much longer. The ruins are in such a state that they cannot even protect our soldiers, and the Germans have erected new strongholds, brought up new forces, the heavy bombardment of artillery from the air becomes unbearable. Our attempts to bring through sewers some relief to the garrison of the Old City, which was our best fortress, cannot save it.

A difficult decision awaits our Command, they have to choose either to defend the Old City to the last, burying under the ruins thousands of soldiers and tens of thousands of cilvilians, or to withdraw the troops, thus abandoning the population, giving it over, as it were, to the enemy.

I think this second course will be followed; for the evacuation of slightly wounded through the sewers began a few days ago. How will they be able to stand the strong current, how they will protect their wounds from infection, having to ford through the fetid liquid waist deep...remains a riddle. Healthy soldiers can bear it, but what about the weak and the wounded ? Yet no other outlet remains; the evacuation will be a superhuman effort, but there is no other way out.

SEPTEMBER 2

The Old City evacuation has been completed. But Germans are still shelling the silent barricades suspecting an ambush, they do not yet dare to believe that we really have withdrawn.

For six days no supplies from the West, and with ours we cannot manage longer than for five days.

Our " Lightning " Station, used strong words in its last broadcast:

" Warsaw waits for help, while Western Democracies continue to watch passively the slaughter of thousands of women children% and aged people every day.*

News from Lwow says that the Delegate of the Polish Government and his Deputy have been deported by Soviet authorities in the direction of Kiev. In the Lublin District the regional Delegate of the Government Mr. Cholewa, as well as three Generals of the Home Army—known under the names of Halka, Dombrova and Martin—were arrested by Soviet authorities and interned in the camp of— , Maydanek! The ill-famed camp, where the greatest cruelties were perpetrated by the Germans. Inter on they were deported with two hundred officers to an unknown destination.

In the Lwow District General Flipowski was arrested and taken to Moscow, He wanted to tneet the Polish Prime Minister, during his stay in Moscow, but he was refused admission.

' That'is the coruluct of the Ally of our Allies''

In the heart of each one of us the anxiety for these our dearest comrades increases. Will they have to perish in the snows of Siberia, like so many of our people in 1939-41 ? Or to be murdered treacherously like those in Katyn ? Is our lot after all not better, to fall with arms in hand is a soldier's death. But through betrayal...I would loathe that.

LATE AT NIGHT

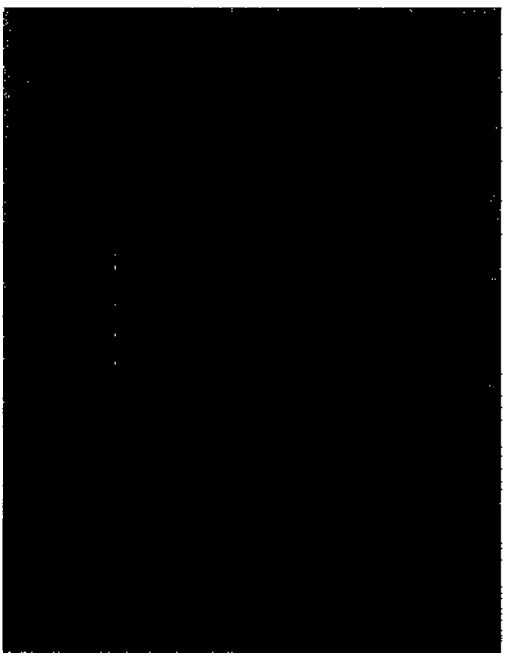
I just met a friend Soldier who told me some dramatic developments in the Old City, sometime ago*

The Germans are using, "Goliath**, miniature tanks almost since the begining of the Rising, they are sent loaded with explosives and operated from a distance by electricity, towards our positions or barricades. Of course when they strike an obstacle they blow up with a terrific explosion.

About the middle of August one such tank was seen with a Polish flag, and our people thought it was captured by us, as it often happened, when, by throwing very accurately a hand grenade, the control wire was broken and the tank stopped. Unfortunately this time it was not the case. When many people gathered round it, and the tank was moving slowly through the enthusiastic crowd, suddenly a terrible explosion took place. Nobody remained alive in a large area round the "Goldiath," hundreds have been killed including many children. Some bodies were flung on to balconies and roofs of neighbouring houses, and the injured wore innumerable. Two buildings collapsed. Our Commander—General Bor—who was not far from there, was also injured, and had to suffer acute pain, without any possibility of relief. The iron will of our Commander is something amazing.

The same comrade gave some striking examples of our people's ingenuity. During the big Allied flighty on the 11th of August, some of the containers have fallen between Polish and German positions. One fell on the cupola of Three Crosses Church, within 200 yards of a German stronghold. Four brave men climbed the cupola to get it. All were killed. Others volunteered and climbed up on the inside. They tore open the roof of the cupola, and managed to catch the container. The ammunition supplies sent this night, especially tommy guns and some anti-tank guns were priceless indeed.

Our food shortage is acute. The situation is also difficult because our supplies are badly distributed. The central sector has dried beans, peas, flour, barley, but no vegetables. The suburbs have nothing but vegetables, for they are more easily supplied form outside the town. Interchange is essential, hence the appeal of our authorities for transport volunteers. For many nights long lines of men and women, bowed under heavy sacks, files along streets under strong enemy fire, go down into cellars and even sewers, and carry food, ammunition and medical supplies to points where they are most needed. The loss of life in these transport columns is great, almost as heavy as in the front lines, yet volunteers are never lacking.



The Old City Market Place, of which nothing remained

SEPTEMBER 3

The Old City has fallen.

Many of our wounded comrades and girls perished in the sewers and with the First Aid Corps during evacuation. Scenes of such horror I have never seen nor imagined. About a hundred thousand people seem to have lived in cellars

surrounding the Old City. Some had been warned that we were preparing evacuation, and escaped, but many more remained. Casualties among them are high; among the wounded many women and children. But there was no possibility to save them. Our losses are so great that we really do not know who is still alive from the defenders of the Old Town, especially among the senior officers. I have been told that eighty percent of our troops there—perished.

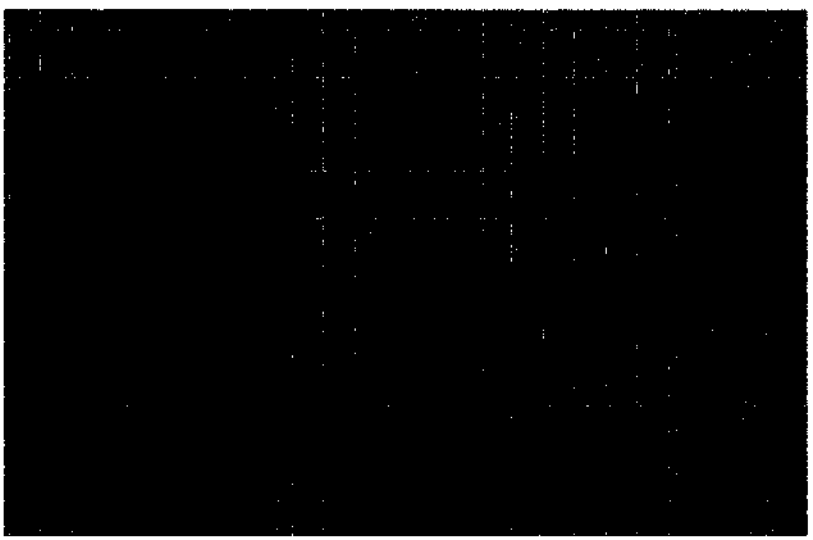
Gloom is over all Warsaw. But no tears. People have forgotten to weep. Teeth are set, fists clenched, and a grim glare in the eyes of all the soldiers.

So even the greatest heroism cannot stand against well armed barbarity. All soldiers feel our tragic loneliness. They cannot bear any more the words of praise which are broadcasted from abroad; even sympathy is irritating; we want action not words. We know that our Government in London is doing all to obtain help, but every day new obstacles are raised, and we have only such ammunition as we can capture from Germans. Now that the Old City has fallen we are cut off from Zholibor and Kempinos, from where we could still have received some supplies. We are completely left to our own resources. Was ever any army in such a dilemma in the course of history ?

Fight we shall to the end. How mnny of us have illusions now ? To win is impossible. But to sell dearly our lives...yes. Only our women what will they do ?

Kazek—Yaga's fiance—is dying from wounds. We have no dressings. Our wounded are lying on the damp earth, behind rows of ruined houses, in cellars, where our movable hospitals are set. Let him die quicker, no hope to save his life. No, no, Yaga is at his side, every hour is precious to her. There are so many dear boys who are dying like him from lack of dressings and medicines.

And our " friends " are looking on from a distance. And they call themselves " humanitarians." What do they know about *such* a fight and about true humanitarianism !



Ruins of the Old City

I learned of another exploit of our men—the Old Town was supplied with arms from Zholibor and the center of the city, through the sewers. The toll of lives was great during these mad expeditions. The first convoy of arms lost 36 out of 60 men. Yet others volunteered to bring assistance to the besieged comrades, and this flow never ceased untill Old City's fall.

This communication through sewers is something unique in the whole history of warfare. The network of tunnels, built 60 years ago, form a complicated labyrinth stretching for miles dangerous, unknown, grim beyond words.

They were investigated sometime ago. maps have been drawn, some system of communication introduced, expert guides trained. The manholes in our areas were well camouflaged and guarded by sentries. Even some dams were built, which could be temporarily closed off, controlling the flow of sewage. Special patrols were established to rescue those who lost their way. In spite of all these efforts the communication through the sewers was always risky, difficult and dreadful. In some places they were narrow, only two feet wide and three feet high. All kind of sharp debris, broken glass etc., was lying on the curved bottom. The slightest scratch was mortally dangerous because of possible septicaemia.

The couriers are using two short sticks or planks as hand-supports, and go forward often in short froglike jumps. The progress is exhausting, difficult and slow. One often requires nine hours for the distance of one mile. The advance in those narrow passages in pitch darkness, causes often deep terror. Some of our most courageous men, who were attacking singlehanded the German tanks, never mindful of any danger, could not stand this ordeal in the sewers, and collapsed after a short time in the fetid horrible air.

When the sewer convoys arrived at a manhole of their destination, they were most often so exhausted that they had to be lifted out. Some girh were ailing for many days.

Sometimes tragic complications occured, as was the case with one of the patrols coming from Zholibor with a load of grenades, they reached their destination place after 19 hours of effort, only to find the manhole closed. It was impossible to open it from inside- and no loud signaling was allowed. By a superhuman exploit one of the soldiers returned to Zholibor and...a message was sent to London to our Government requesting that the Old City sector be instructed to open the manhole. The men were waiting all the time in the sewer. When at last the manhole was opend, they were half-conscious.

Our Commander with his Staff has left by the same way the Old Town on the 2/tb The remaining defenders of the Old City with their Commander Colonel Wachnowski yesterday.

It is worth while to report the deeds, of one of his Units, the ' Zoska' Scout Battalion, who had not received in time a change of order, had to enter the sewers without a guide, and lost the way. When they emerged from an open manhole they recognised that they are in the Saski Park, a German held area. There was no possibility of retreat. Luckily it was dark, and Captain Yezhy was a quick-witted leader. His soldiers were in old German S. S. uniforms captured in the beginning of the Rising, some spoke fluent German. He passed a whispered order to remove the red-white arm flashes, and led his columns with no attempt at silence in a brisk march towards the Polish positions, several hundreds yards further. A German patrol stopped him and warned respectfully to move cautiously as there is a danger of Polish fire. When he approached the Polish barricade he was really greeted with rifle fire, and lost one killed and several wounded men. How could the Poles expect that their own comrades could emerge from German positions? It was.indee,a rare feat of courage and wit.

The Old City with the Cathedral in the back ground

SEPTEMBER 4

The centre of the city is now under harassing fire and air bombing. Houses are crumbling like toys, acrid smoke does not allow free breathing. Fires are raging, no water to put them out. One after another the most beautiful buildings are reduced to ruins and ashes. The 16 storied Prudential building has been burned down in a few hours. The proud redoubt of the Power House, on the shore of the Vistula, which was defended so valiantly since the first day of our Rising, was destroyed yesterday by heavy artillery fire.

Scarcity of food is great. Our rations in the canteens are diminishing every day. We can now often see the heart-breaking sight of pale, yellowish faced women with infants or small children in their arms, emerging from the ruins or subterranean passages, directing their heavy steps towards our canteens, mindless of the danger of walking among the bursting shells, deaf to the whizing of bombs...They approach the entrance and look with haggard eyes, without words, they are unable any more to control their hunger. We know what it means.

Sometimes the girls come quickly out of the canteen with a bowl of watery soup for the children; more often they turn away their gaze almost with tears in their eyes, being unable to spare even a few spoonfuls. I have also seen more heart-rending things, when such mothers, not having received anything at our canteen doors, were walking towards the West, to the German occupied areas, a white kerchief in their hands. It does not take place often, but still it happens. And the most tragic part of it is that there, they will be still worse off.

I met a few days ago such a group. Sunken eyes, parched lips, a wild despair in the staring gaze.

" Are you bitter against us for this fight ?" I ventured to ask.

*' How could we—"answered one of them,—" we know you are fighting for all of us, for Warsaw, you are starving as we are, dying every day. We simply do not want to commit

a mortal sin and strangle these children, and we have nothing to eat since several days. We cannot stand it any more. These devils, there in Prushkow, may kill us quickly."

" God bless you, and forgive us all " added another one.

" Dont' cease fighting my son,*' exclaimed a third, very old woman in rags, " kill as many of them as possible, let all the curses of hell be on their heads'

What could I say ?

It was near the Old City ruins.

I saw next day our civil administration opening some special kitchens for children in the centre of the city; but what can they give when even the potato supply is almost exhausted.

There are also other facts: yesterday Eva, working in the canteen of another sector, told me that a batch of young washerwomen smuggled some cabbage and carrots from the suburbs—God alone knows how they managed through the barrage of fire—they brought them straight to the canteen. " Take it for our soldiers, we know their rations are meagre."

" But don't you need them for your families ?" asked Eva.

" Oh, our family...The older have died, men have been taken to Germany, and we can manage without." And all in smiles they went away.

x x x

We had to evacute the colony on the road to Vilanov.

I have just learned that neighbouring houses near Mother's residence have been hit, she had to descend to the cellar, with Yanek and five more persons.

LATE AT NIGHT

Kazek died in the hospital, Yaga shed not one tear, she looks like an automaton.

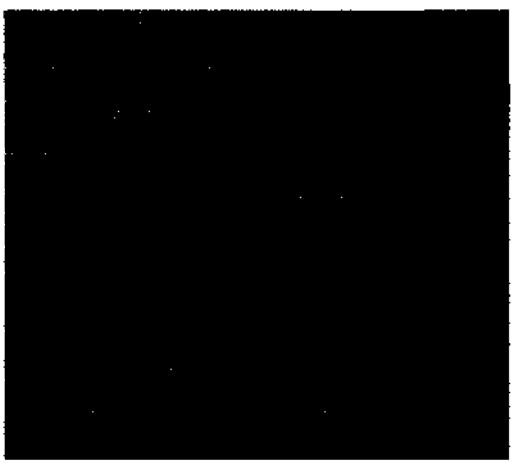
Such reaction is rare among our women; generally they are going from the funerals of their dearest ones straight to their duty. The religious feelings of all our population have deepened to a degree impossible to imagine for those who do not know our experiences.

Every courtyard has its own altar; whenever it is possible the Holy Mass is being celebrated every day; in other places common prayers are said morning and evening. The constant danger awakens new feelings in the hearts of human beings.

SEPTEMBER 5

Strong attacks against the centre of the city; they are repulsed by us with heavy losses on both sides.

More and more hungry, feverish people are coming out from the cellars. Some are wounded by bricks of shattered houses, with no dressings at all, their wounds wrapt in newspapers or dirty rags; others with swallen faces...We know what it means—starvation...There



Plan of Warsaw on September 5th, black spots indicate areas held by the insurgents, checked spots—arreas of battles-

is scarcity af water also, no possibility of having a wash, and we are alt covered with dust and soot.

It often happened that Germans penetrated into our sectors, even tried to infiltrate into the houses or cellars where the civil population took shelter, that is why the order came from our authorities to remain indoors after dusk, for all civilians not on duty. Movement is carefully controlled, passwords are given, sentry is guarding the entrances to the dwelling places. The people try often to barricade the doors from within and leave only a small openings, also carefully closed and guarded at dusk. Every house is changed into a stronghold.

The front line runs often between the stories of buildings. Sometimes Germans hold a basement and ground floor, and Poles the rest of the house, or the reverse. Our hospitals, canteens and welfare centers are often situated not more than 30 yards behind the fighting lines.

We had a simple funeral for Kazek last night. Yaga is sitting deaf and dumb till now, almost 24 hours, at his little grave on an adjacant square, without moving or weeping. She seems not to hear the dreadful noise of crashing bombs nearby...Nobody dared to approach her. At last Stefa took her into her arms and led away, she made no resistance, seeming not to understand any word...

SEPTEMBER 6

Very heavy fighting in the centre, on our largest streets. Incessant harassing fire.

The fight in the first lines of our front is almost a joy, one forgets everything outside the very battle itself, but the sight of crowds rushing from one part of the town to another, driven out from street after streetr by a raging sea of fire, giddy from smoke, grey from the dust of crumbling walls, wounded by splinters, thirsty, starved, often trembling from fear, or shouting from nerve shock—this is a sight which can break the heart even of the strongest among us. These our dear, poor people cannot find shelter in the overcrowded, stinking cellars, neither enough water nor food, and when some wheat or barley flour is distributed, they often have nowhere to cook it and eat it raw, hence serious diseases are spreading.

The night brings some respite, but the burning houses, crumbling walls, hissing flames, all reminds us that tomorrow the same hell of bombardment will recommence and once more thousands will be buried under the ruins...No help, no change, no escape.

I do not wonder that some are breaking down. I would not wonder if what I have heard about the first rumours of our surrender should be true. Are we not completely alone abandoned and betrayed ?

We hear, it is true, that many associations in Western countries are issuing appeals to the " Conscience of the World." That Polish writers, the P.E. N. Club, different foreign organisation—Bishops, clergy, socialists...etc., etc are appealing. Of what avail all this? To appeal to what does not exist ? If such a thing as elementary conscience, nay, simple human feeling still existed in Europe, would Warsaw be in such a plight, utterly alone, her back to the wall, with bare fists against all the technical might of the devils. After deceiving calls to arms and even more deceiving promises.

We can do much; our Home Army, I believe, is fighting better than any other in the world the amazement and unwilling appreciations of the Germans themselves are sufficient proof of it. But we cannot do what only God could God.? where is He?... Shut up, you fool.

Germans ask lis to surrender. Their conditions are hard—the whole civil population would have to be evacuated, the rest of our Army would go as war-prisoners to German camps. Can we accept ? What a decision! After five weeks of fight, to surrender, when*.. Can we really still hope for a change in our situation, for some support ?

I have been told to-day that Germans proposed us to surrender as early as 17th of August, they offered our Army combatant rights in captivity, and threatened to annihilate the city should their proposal be rejected. But our Commander did not reply. Probably he all the times hoped, and is still hoping, for Russian advance, as a logical development of their own offensive.

We are playing for delay.

The Polish Red Cross has been authorised by our civil and military authorities to open negotiations, and obtained an assurance that civilians, old men, weak women and children would be sent to Prushkov where they could receive the International Red Cross and Polish charitable organisations' assistance. Their evacuation may begin tomorrow.

But military capitulation is delayed. The Council of National Unity is sending last S.O.S. appeals, faint rays of hope have not yet vanished...

Yaga has been sent by her Commander with a mission to the country, it is very dangerous, but it was better than to leave her here in a state of utter collapse.

SEPTEMBER 7

We have lost several positions in the lower part of the town along the Vistula.

Our units could not stand a concentrated attack on Powisle—led from three sides; they fought literally to the last cartridge and had to withdraw towards the centre of the city. It is a heavy blow. Some are losing heart.

The English pilot who is in our ranks has sent again an appeal to his countrymen. Let them appeal as much as they like, for us all these empty words of admiration are like insults. If they cannot, or rather do not want to help, let them at least be silent, and with due respect for the superhuman efforts of our soldiers, and the heroism and martyrdom of out population.

One of our storm-troopers group is in mourning today, their bravest and beloved comrade—Antek ' the Sprayer', fell last night pierced by three bullets.

Antek,—quick like mercury, unbending like steel and unbelievably brave—was always seen with his rifle on most dangerous points, often accompanied by the liaison girl—Nina—and their 13 years old, invaluable helper, the street-boy—Miki. Antek was continually in action, he loved difficulty and danger, and played with it. He was a sniper.

Nina, when free from her missions, was cleaning his weapons, loading the] rifle, bringing ammunition. Miki, agile like a cat, was everywhere; endowed with a mad courage, exceptional even among bravest soldiers, he was regarded as a kind of prodigy. This trio was famous for their wit and never failing humour; with new jokes and stories they made the whole group laugh even in the most dramatic moments, and were loved by everybody. They seemed as indispensable to all, commanders, officers and soldiers—as air.

And now Antek is no more.

Nina, on her own initiative, went to the ruins on which he fell to fetch his body. She went barefooted, walking through the burning ashes, and after a long search, under the fire, dragged out Antek's body, and another friend's killed with him, from amongst the debris of a barricade.

At the funerals not only Antek's comrades 'were present, the population of all the adjacent streets—it means cellars—also gathered, for everybody loved him. Holy Mass was celebrated deep at night, on a small nearby courtyard, and the modest processon slipped in silence through breaches in the walls to reach a square-cemetery. At the grave the wounded Commander of Antek's Unit, who insisted on being brought on a stretcher from the hospital, gave a short, heartfelt soldierly speech, it was a worthy farewell to the brave boy, his pet.

Severe, weary faces of older soldiers were wet with tears; women were sobbing. Those of the Auxiliary Corps dug the grave with their own hands. Miki—the joyful, naughty boy of the Warsaw street, who was not afraid to go to the German Headquarter with a message from our Commander the other day, was crying like a small child.

Nina and Miki next day returned to the fight, "for Antek's sake too," they say.

SEPTEMBER 8

We hear that London is " scandalised" by our Commander's in Chief Order of the Day on September first. It shows only his greatness, his fearlessness, and...the truth of his words. Bitter truth is never liked.

He was our mouthpiece, he was the voice of the whole Polish Army. They dislike it, they shout. Beasts ....He was the only one whose voice has really touched our hearts, like that of a dearest friend, for he alone knows the soldier's mind.

Was he not right ? It is certain that if God exists, if sins and crimes committed bear their fruits according to some higher Justice, then...well, there will be few heavier punishments than for those nations who allow Warsaw to perish, and wash their hands aloofly like Pilate.

All soldiers and officers with whom I spoke are boiling with indignation at the assaults on our Commander. He can be sure that every soldier's heart is with him.

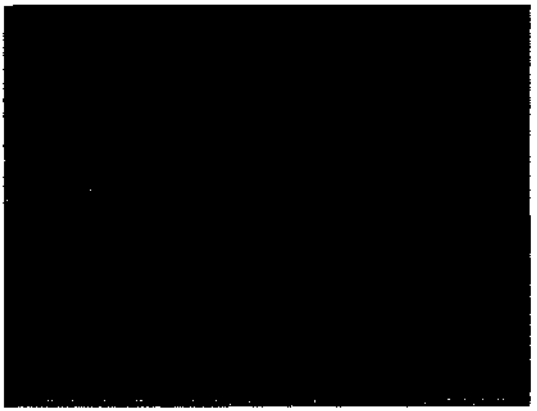
To-night we have a concert. I think the Commander of our sector knows that soldiers need a moment of relaxation to forget the tragic situation of which they are all well aware. That is why he agreed to hold it. Irena, the wonderful artist who played on the 15th of August for our Soldier's Day, is no more. She was killed the other day when trying to rescue a group of children from a house on fire. Two young girls from the Cracow Conservatory are playing; they have been serving in the Home Army since its very beginning, now with the Patrols of Social Service with my niece Ala. Some new poems composed during the battle for Warsaw will also be recited, and Ala will recite her own.

I just met a friend who was among those who retreated from Powisle, the story he told me is dreadful beyond words: early morning of the 7th, the Germans used one of the most devilish tricks to overpower our troops in this sector. They herded thousands of Polish women in the Old City and drove them into the Powisle sector, just in front of our units. Of course, seeing this crowd of haggard, horrified women our soldiers did not fire.

In a few minutes, recovering from the shock, they tried to fire at the Germans advancing behind our women who were pushed more and more towards our barricades. It was too late, for the Germans, charging over them—with no concern for their lives—forced their way on the barricade. The fight was terrific. We stopped their advance by the evening, but had to retreat from Powisle. Hundreds of women were crushed during the battle.

SEPTEMBER 9

In the centre of the city fighting assumed an intensity which " reached the limits of human endurance," as General Bor said. He was there himself, inspecting the lines, just like



Napoleon's Square, with 16-storied Prudential Building to the left, now completely burned down.

before in the Old Town, under the heaviest barrage. His thin face seems as though carved in metal; and piercing grey eyes seem to see through to one's inner self. His frame may appear rather delicate, yet he is art example to us all in endurance and untiring energy.

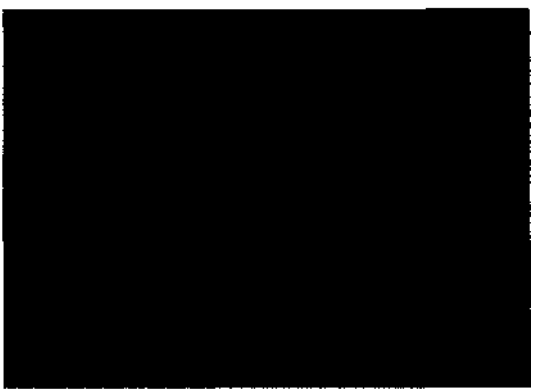
I have not seen him for a few weeks-so near as today ; he is much changed. His scanty hair is more white, wrinkles deepened, and the depth of his gaze makes you shiver. One feels that the whole of Warsaw's agony is like an almost superhuman burden weighting on his shoulders. And yet he smiles and jokes, he cheers up his boys and never shows any trace of depression. He would not be a Chief if he did.

Our situation is very serious. Every officer knows it. The Germans have brought fresh troops and are attacking the centre of the city from several sides. They do not stop bombing. In some sectors we had to fight for a few blocks for twelve hours without stop. They changed hands many times during the day. Smoking ruins are left. We recaptured some but had to abandon whole strets. Heat was unbearable, dust, smoke, soot—blinding. Ammunition is almost exhausted, we must save as much as we can, and fight from behind the barricades.

The crowds of civil population, who had to leave several burnt out or shelled and destroyed district, are enormous, the congestion in the centre increases day by day. We have no light, the water supplies have been cut off.

The Polish Socialist Party had sent again an appeal to the " Peoples of the World." Naive! 'the peoples'will not hear it, it will be stifled by the clever talks of diplomats, with casuistry and hypocrisy of the mighty.

But the appeal is proud and dignified, it does not beg anything, it uses strong terms.



National Museum

LATE AT NIGHT

The other day I learned that three sons of pani Maria, my Mocher's friend, died. The youngest was 12, he was serving as a messenger between our different sectors; he was a genius in inventing methods of passing through German occupied streets, and was famous, just like Miki in the other part of the city.

Thin and frail, he often went in girl's disguise* and was so clever that he always succeeded not only to deliver the message but also to bring "valuable information from his own observations—he was a first class Scout. He died like a hero. He was wounded, the bullet pierced his lung, profusely bleeding, he had enough will to crawl for almost a quarter of a mile to find the officer in charge of the sector, and near to fainting he still managed to hand over the message, almost in his last breath. He died in the arms of the soldiers whispering: "inform Mamusya...happy die...Poland."

I had to go myself to pani Marya, at my Mother's request, with the tragic news. She was in our underground hospital, busy with dressing the wounds of the freshly brought in soldiers. The other day her eldest son died in her lap, in the hospital, and she was informed about the glorious death of the second one,—officer commanding a unit in the western part of the city.

I found her as quiet and dignified as ever. She looked at me and asked: " Franek...?" " Yes, his last words were about you, and...that he is happy to die for Poland," said I with a certain difficulty. And there was a silence.

A deep calm in her eyes, as if she knew beforehand what I told her about her darling. *' He was worthy of his father"—she murmured atter a while.

No sign of despair, even of pain. I kissed her hands warmly when taking leave. Once more the same deep, quiet, almost holy gaze.

" Don't pity me, my dear, if I had three sons more, I would give them gladly to Poland. For Poland's freedom no price is too high, is it not so, my friend ?"

And she smiled with a sweetness I have never seen in her, this woman of steel.

Such are our mothers. She is not the only one.

SEPTEMBER 10

A large supply of arms and munition, of food and medicines was dropped last night by an expedition from Italy.

The enemy continues to shell furiously the city. He has put into action several demolition squads who try to mine buildings which are in our hands. In such a way two houses have been blown up with all the soldiers who were inside.

The Germans are now bombarding us with shells of the heaviest caliber, normally used against concrete fortifications. Many of these shells contain over 600 pounds of exploiive ; they do not always explode at the impact of the soft walls of our buildings. It is a source of supplies for us. We organise sappers to remove the fuses from these unexploded shells, and civilian volunteers carry them through enemy fire to our workshops where workers are manufacturing hand-grenades from every possible container. They also make grenade-throwers from water pipes, flame-throwers from street hydrants, and catapults from inner tubes, these catapults throw bottles of gasoline quite accurately from long range.

Some of our officers are in high spirits today, they believe help will now come regularly and in sufficient quantity. Pessimists say: " too late, they are unable to save Warsaw, it is only the prolongation of a hopeless fight, of the agony of our people. Why could not the same assistance have been sent regularly six weeks ago ?"

Mayor La Guardia has sent a good answer to our Mayor's appeal but it only confirms that some ghastly, sordid intrigues are behind this abandonment of Warsaw,

We learned today about the ignominious charges against our Commander General Bor, "broadcast in English from Moscow. It is really an art to invent such cynical lies. Probably soon they will say that General Bor himself is a mythical personage, who has never been seen in Warsaw, just as they tried to convince the world that we-the Home Army-about half a million strong at that time-were existing only in the imagination of our Government in London.

The 18 Infantry Regiment, Nowogrodek Region. The morale is excellent, and one man dance band is very popular

SEPTEMBER 11

Soviet planes appeared over the city, and the sound of their is heard once more from the other side of Vistula. Is it the begining of the much awaited Soviet offensive? It c:ould even now bring salvation to Warsaw.

Our soldiers and people are in high spirits. Depression and gloom vanished. They emerge from the cellars radiant and joyous, full of hope that assistance and liberation are near Are they? I do not dare to trust the Red Army, nor their genuine desire of liberating Warsaw. Why have they stopped and disarmed our units coming to her rescue from the country? Why have they asked the soldiers, under the threat of bayonnets, to join Berling's Forces and to take the oath of fidelity to Stalin?

My suspicions are well founded, especially after I heard, the other night, the report of our officer who escaped in disguise from Wilno in the end of July. I will quote his words:

" The truth about Wilno is this: it was liberated far more by the Polish than by the Russian forces. The Commander of the Home Army in the Wilno district was the famous General Wilk—(Wolf). He was known as one *of* our best leaders. Modest and simple, endowed with iron will and untiring energy, he was accustomed to command and enjoyed utter confidence and love of all his men. His experience was strengthened by the faculty of quick decision, there was an unconscious greatness in all his deeds.

The Wilno epic opened on the 7th of July. Wilk with his troops, who fought for months in the Wilno district clearing it from Germans in many parts, concentrated his two Divisions near the town and attacked it before dawn on this historic day. Almost simultaneously Major Szczerbiec (Shcherbyets) with his battalion, hidden inside the city, fell upon the German garrison from the centre. Both fought most valiantly and gained much ground. The Red Army approached late in the afternoon.

Home Army Kegiment who tought near Wiino

At first the relations with the Russian command were good, at least they seemed satis-» factory. The fighting was extremely heavy, the line of German defence broke only on the 10th, and the Polish Units forced their way into the town. In a furious street fighting several officers distinguished themselves by unrivalled bravely evoking admiration and praise of the Soviet officers; oue of them proposed to decorate the soldiers of the Polish battalion, another wrote a spontaneous letter to the Polish Command. Yet General Wilk felt uneasy, and had grim forebodings. He asked in his wires to our Government that an international commissioa be sent immediately to Wiino, as the very existence of his Forces, who had such merits in whole campaign in Eastern Poland, seemed to be threatened. He was facing the most tragic situation which can meet a soldier: from one side a German bullet, from another Russian prison, and...anihilation of his Forces...by an Ally, whom he helped with loyalty and gallantry for many months. The attitude of the Soviet political agents was fully justifying his fears.

The German garrison surrendered on the 13th of July. The city was in Polish hands. Polish committees were formed by workmen in factories: meetings of the population were organized, everywhere in town—only Polish language was heard. This did not please the Russians. A Polish flag hoisted by enthusiastic people on the big hill in the centre of the city was removed thrice; a march through the town of victorious Polish detachments who sacrificed many of their men for liberation was not allowed.

On the 15th General Wilk was invited to the Red Army Commander's, general's Czerniakoski, Headquarter. Wilk proposed a formation of new Polish units and their immediate dispatch to the front, as an active part of the Polish Home Army who was subordinated to...the Polish C. in C. and the Polish Government.

This day there was no objection on the part of the Soviet general. The next meeting, was fixed on the 17th. Wilk knew with whom he had to deal, his evil forebodings were still stronger. But he was defenceless, his divisions had no ammunition, only primitive weapons, and the Soviet troops were armed to the teeth. What was he to do ? Carry on his duty to the end.

Tormented with grim feelings, he nevertheless presented himself at the Soviet Headquarters.

From that time not a single sign, not a single piece of news from him was ever heard.

The same day the Soviet authorities arrested, by a trick, the whole Staff of the Polish Home Army in the Wilno region. The soldiers were disarmed and interned in a neareby concentration camp. For one month they were persuaded to join the quasi—Polish army of Berling. All refused.

One day a last attempt was made to convince them...The prisoners eyes were shining. A salvo of whistles rang out, followed by one tremendous shout: "WE WANT WILK."

Next day all of them—about 7000—were driven in a transport to Russia.

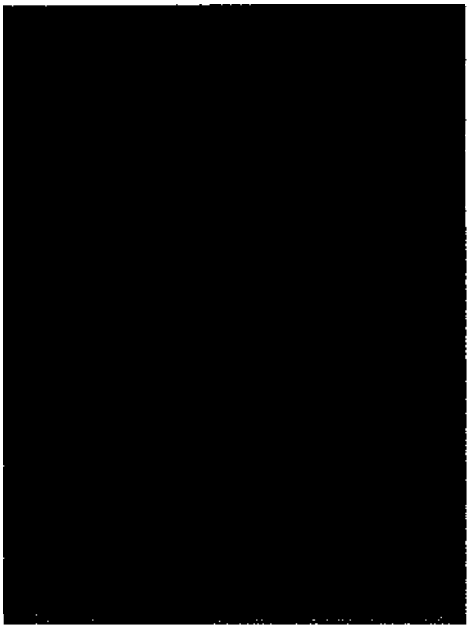
No one knows what is the fate of General Wilk. Is he still alive? The hero of the Wilno epic will not be forgotten by Poland, he will live in our hearts, in our history for ever.

What army has ever fought in such conditions ?

Similar reports are coming from South-eastern provinces, where the famous 27th Division, marching to relieve Warsaw, was disarmed ; the fate of other units near Cracowi and those in Lublin district ...was the same.

LATE AT NIGHT

The thing I have been afraid of for weeks has happened. The house where, in a cellar, Mother was staying with Yanek, was directly hit. When I came this early morning to see them, to my horror I saw the door to the cellar completely blocked by the debris of the shattered house. I had to work more than three hours with several men to dig a small passage through.



The grave of the Unknown Soldier

Mother heard from inside my calls but her answer was so faint that I had a moment of mortal fear, thinking they were dead. When at last I managed to crawl inside, I saw Mother in a corner, among rubbish and bricks, her arm and hands bleeding, her head bandaged, and her face so pale that I staggered...Yanek asleep in her lap.

She did not move seeing me, only smiled, and great tears rolled quietly down her weary cheeks. She told me they were about ten hours without any help and she was praying for a quicker death. Yanek was badly hit, she thought his arm was broken; he was feverish, and fell into sleep a few hours before. They had had no food since yesterday morning.

I do not remember how I brought them out to the nearest first-aid post, how I found a doctor friend and persuaded him to come immediately with me.

Mother was badly wounded, she lost much

blood, but she may be allright, if...she could have good food. Yanek will be permanently maimed, the wound was septic and the arm had to be amputated. My darling...And if I had not come this morning...O God !

SEPTEMBER 12

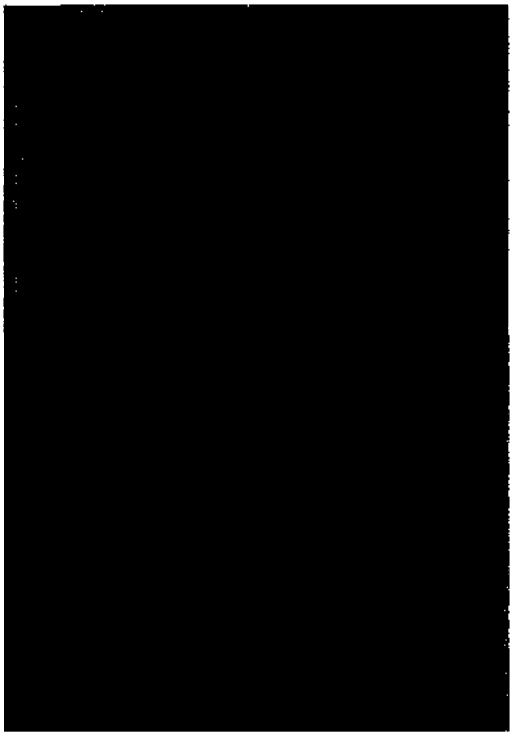
There is a wave of relaxation among the soldiers. Hope for further assistance increases. It is such a change. Air combats between Germans and Russians going on over Warsaw are showing Soviet superiority ; they are shelling Praga and two more distant suburbs. Big fires are raging in Praga. Germans are evacuating with some haste to the western bank of the Vistula. We are feeling to some extent the influence of the operations on the German-Soviet front. I hear our Commander has sent an appeal to Marshal Rokossovsky explaining our situation.

We received ghastly news last night.

Germans have completely demolished the beautiful tomb of our Unknown Soldier of 1914-1920, so much venerated by all of us, just to make a shorter passage for their tanks. They have also broken the Column of King Sigismund III, the historic monument, the living heritage of Warsaw, which withstood so many vicissitudes of fate during centuries, and was a kind of symbol of the capital and her fights...For over 300 years the King was bending over the city, from his lofty pedestal, streching out his arms—with the cross and sword—over the land. Many strange things happened as says the legend. Not once a movement of his sword was seen, of his hand, his brows...It was always an omen. A warning before calamities or a sign of protection. Sometimes he was seen lifting up his sword in a mighty flash, cutting the clouds with a mysterious sign. He was thus seen at Poland's first partition, and when the Kosciuszko (Kostsiooshko) Rising fell. He stood upright, blessing with his sword on the first Polish Independence day, and moved on the eve of the ' Miracle of the Vistula'. All Warsaw believed that it is not an ordinary statue, but one strangely, mysteriously alive...

Now the King fell. The Column is broken, What the omen ? We never imagined the Germans would do that.

Cavalry of the 77 and 78 Regiments of our Home Army who fought in Wilno district



The column of King Sigismund III

There was joy in the hospitals, for the wounded and sick received milk from the supplies dropped the other night. Children were happy, they have not seen milk for more than a month.

But this small amount neither solves the food situation of the Army nor that of the civil population. And this is very serious; few people realise the whole magnitude of the danger. We have almost forgotten the taste of bread, yet that is the basic food of the peasant, and the percentage of the villagers in our Army is the highest. Our soldiers never grumble. I have the highest admiration for the spirit and devotion of all of them, but it is the more painful for us officers.

Yanek smiled when I brought him good sweet milk. He is very weak after the operation ; and mother is not better, her condition is rather bad. I do not dare to think about the worst. Anka has not yet returned from her dangerous mission to Mokotov where she went a week ago with her senior comrade Alina. My anxiety for her is sometimes strangely painful, why ? So many times she went on dangerous missions, as a matter of fact she is at all times facing danger, yet I never felt anything of this kind. Yanek is asking for mother constantly, or for Yaga, his dearest aunt, I do not dare to assure him that both will return soon.

Last night I was informed that Stephen—Irena's the musician fiance*—was killed during a daring sortie, not far from his barricade.

What a splendid, unconquerable spirit is shown by our capital. Just a few days of Soviet bombing German positions in Praga, several Soviet fighters over Warsaw and a small quantity of supplies dropped by Allied planes, and the whole population so dreadfully tormented and maltreated, miserable and starved, is once more full of hope and confidence, ready to withstand further hardships and endure all sufferings. What a vitality, if even in such a desperate situation the strength of our people can be so quickly revivified. A first sign of co-operation, a first glimpse of good will from the Allies, and the spark of hope is fanned anew and all are ready for further ordeals.

But the leaders of the Rising as well as the authorities of the capital are well aware of the grave dangers of our situation. Today 'symbols' of help are of no avail; no partial and half-hearted assistance can save Warsaw. Only full, substantial, allround support can change our fate. The clock of fighting Warsaw shows 15 minutes to the proverbial 12 ; the very last moment for any assistance, if one of the most ghastly catastrophes and one of the greatest

Vistula

moral crimes known in history has to be averted. Britain and America have to increase ten times their supplies and drop them daily, and Russia has to show a real goodwill and full co-operation, if results are to be decisive.

SEPTEMBER 13

I have remarked that the language of General Bor in his broadcast reports becomes more restrained now, when our situation is so serious. I do not know General Bor so well as I knew his predecessor, the never-enough-to-be-regretted General Grot. But one of his officers who has been working since 1939 on the Staff, and knows both, told me a few characteristics of them. Both are first class soldiers and leaders; General Bor seems to be better in everyday organisation and operational plans; General Grot seemed to him more farsighted, with a deeper vision of essentials and of the future, touching sometimes inspiration. I respect both.

We are defending our positions with utmost effort. Attacks are very strong. Numerous Soviet aircrafts are over Praga, their units are occupying it, and their artillery is shelling German positions.

I learn that our Commander has made it clear, in his conversation with the English airman, that August 1st was the last moment possible for our Rising, if we had missed this date we would not have been able to fight at all. We know it. We would be now in the Reich engaged in forced labour. In any case, even if we, soldiers, could have escaped this fatei • what would have been the lot of all our men from Warsaw ?

It is ridiculous, if not tragic, for it reveals the true intention : that the Soviets, who have appealed for 2 years to our population to rise are now doing their best to prove to the world that the Rising was premature and against their wishes and plans. Of course they did not want to see the Home Army take the initiative, and show the will of Poland for real independence and not their protectorate. They would like us to be merged into their army of Berling, under Russian commanders and all the really Polish armed forces to disappear. This is clear to every one of us. We made only one mistake—we thought that immediate interest in the campaign would induce them to give military help to an operation which was obviously of great strategical assistance to their offensive.

Political sordid calculations prevailed. They have enough time. They are not in a hurry. They also aim at confusing the public opinion of the world about Poland.

Even if their direct attack in August was made impossible, as planned—according to Stalin's words—certainly nothing could have prevented aircraft assistance, bombing German airfields and chief positions. But the Russians, instead, looked quietly on at the destruction of the Polish Home Army, and brought pressure on the Allies with their "veto." Now, when they see the magnitude of our casualties, the plight of the population,—when they see the reaction of the public opinion of the world, they try to play the role of "saviours." It serves their further plans, it will pay, the applause of the world is worth while. Not one Pole here will be fooled as to their real intentions.

Am I too pessimistic ? If they are sincere they will now attack Warsaw from Praga, and try to land on our bank of the Vistula. It is with this possibility in mind that our Commander has ordered the suburb of Chernyakov, on the Vistula shore, to be held at any price, for it is the easiest place for landing. One of the bravest Units of the Scouts called " Zoska", famous by its fabulous deeds, has been sent there.

The Scouts—our youngest soldiers

Anka has returned f She learned from her chief—Major Bronka—about Yanek's wound and operation, and ran immediately to the hospital. She has sent here her friend Alina to tell me their dramatic story. Alina has just left.

Now I understand my unusual anxiety. The story is dreadful. I am still unable to grasp the truth that Anka was one step from a most horrifying death—the drowning in the darkness of the sewers. Let me write down the story. Alina spoke:

" The glare from burning houses crept in into my Commanders' office. It was 10-30 a.m. I received the order to force my way through at any price and reach Mokotov with an important message from our Headquarters. Anka and two more younger girls had to accompany me.

All communications being cut off, only sewers remained. An expert guide was given to us, and we had to start.

High rubber boots, shorts and a soldiers shirt, a rubber cap on my head, the message attached on my neck, a small revolver in the pocket. The last smile of my Commander, and we were off...

Streets were in red glow. Big shivering shadows from all sides. The black frames of houses, like • uncanny orbits of giant's eyes, were full of red flames which raised themselves hissing and roaring and licking the upper storeys...We passed some barricades, near one of them was a hidden sewer opening. We pushed the slab. Oh ! what a noise...We fell on the ground and waited...No, complete calm.

We descended a step of a narrow ladder, lower and lower, we already heard the- rush of water. We had to bend down in complete darkness, we touched stones above our heads... We entered the canal. We had an electric lantern. Water was only ankle deep, and rather clean, but we could not walk upright, only half bent, it was an extremly uncomfortable position. I was holding a small plank almost on my knees, to lean with my hands on it, thus to preserve my balance. The position was so unnatural that one could not stand it without this partial support.

We advanced slowly for some time, with all precaution. We had no plan of the system of sewers, why had we not taken it ? The canal was bifurcating. We turned right. According to our guide we should have been half way, just under the Mar.shalkoska street. The pipe became larger, but water deeper, dirty and fetid. It was increasingly difficult to walk, the foul smell made us sick. The impenetrable darkness seemed to vibrate, strained muscles were aching, nerves in extreme tension seemed to tremble. Lips were parched. I was trying with my stinking, wet hand to take out a piece of sugar from my pocket, and advised the same to Anka. What a shudder of disgust...

Silence, caution f...Every whisper changed into a shrill sound, the echo in the empty pipe magnified it hundredfold. Tsss...There, above, the enemy may be just walking. The Germans were already informed that we were using the sewers as communication lines, grenades suspended on ropes here and there in the canals were best proof of it. One had to take care, not to sttimble on one of them. They must be carefully detached and thrown aside. But this presence of an unknown danger at every step amidst the impenetrable darkness, made us doubly nerve strained'

How long were we walking? Probably several hours. What was the matter, we should have reached Mokotov some time ago. We were thirsty, lips were dry and burning. we could hardly breathe the foul air. It was cold. What was the matter ? Anka was impatient, the girls grumbling.

Silence I for God's sake! Tired we were forgeting all caution, and our boots dragged with effort made so much noise.

The half liquid fetid mass reached now our knees, it was pouring into our boots the planks and our hands were covered with it. The echo was roaring like a mighty waterfall...This constant roar of waters and impenetrable blackness made us giddy. The girls asked for a moments' rest. We stopped for a while but in the same bent position. The head was aching from constant involuntary hits against the low walls.

" Madam," I heard the whisper of the guide " Madam...would you be able to find the way yourself if...if I fail" ?

" What is the matter with you ?" I touched the man's hand, his pulse was beating an uneven strong beat—certainly high fever. He seemed to be half conscious.

A dreadful thought. " Have we lost our way ?" I whispered into his ear.

" No, no," sounded his feverish reply " but...I am so ill, I have lost all orientation, I do not know where we are, I do not know if I shall be able to proceed much further". He whispered with effort and despair.

I could not yet grasp the full meaning of his words, but my hands trembled.

" We must get out of this canal at any price, my comrade"—I heard my own unnatural voice. And I suddenly realised our situation. Lost in the sewers, with no light...(our lantern batteries were exhausted.)

In silence we advanced further. After a moment the pipe became so narrow that we had to crawl. Some unknown, supernatural power helped us to overcome exhaustion and disgust.

At last the canal widened a little. Thoughts were heavy, the head bowing lower, and lower, almost touching my knees. I stumbled...And suddenly remembered that many of our girls and wounded soldiers were drown in this way during the evacuation of the Old City...The current was strong. Giddiness was increasing.

I forced my mind to work by repeating poems...

Suddenly I saw magnificent red roses just before me...I felt their wonderful smell. I stretched out my hand...No, it touched only a damp wall. The vision disappeared. 'Fatamorgana" ,the strange illusion of utterly exhausted senses.

Then I saw a basketful of fresh, white bread and cakes...A sudden acute pain made me awake once more but only for a moment. Now big, red glittering spiders, with long legs, which moved and joined forming a large, unending red net, which was trembling before my eyes.

It seemed to me that it is my last moment of consciousness...one second more...madness.

No, I recovered my senses again. The water was roaring more loudly, from two sides—a new bifurcation.

We entered a high canal, and at last could stand upright! A feeling of indescribable relief. The guide who hardly could stand, kissed my dirty, wet hands with elation. [44] Oh, now I know, we were turning round the square, now I understand quite well where we are. Only one hour more."

One hour! God! Anka was almost fainting, the girls weeping, the nervous strain seemed unbearable. Since our start we had not looked at our watches, how long were we turning in this hell. We were increasing our speed, we almost ran, oh for God's sake quicker, to the surface of earth.

But the current was strong, we could hardly withstand it. One had to walk slowly, make every step with the greatest effort. One, two, three hours, may be more ? Suddely we

faced a wall, the pipe was going no further, it was the end of the canal. Where are we? Have we crossed the city boundaries ? Is it possible ?

The guide was half conscious, he staggered : " I do not know, I cannot remember anything," every word seemed an effort when he whispered it.

So many bullets have missed us, will death come here to take us ? My first thought was about my mother, my second was about you, what would you do if Anka perished with us, in this foul darkness...with no outlet.

We were all wet, shivering from cold, but almost insentient and indifferent...By groping in the dark we found a small ladder, we might at last know where we are. The guide climbed slowly, after a moment we heard he moved the heavy slab...

Oh, a rifle salvo...Germans !

We rushed like mad back. Grenades could follow us. And again we walked in an unknown direction, with resignation, for hours and hours. At last the guide whispered: " Another ladder on my right. Let us try our luck." We climbed slowly; giddy, with uncertain steps, we moved the slab...daylight. Is it possible ? Between black burned houses men with red-white arm flashes ! Our men ! We were saved. It is Mokotov.

After twenty hours the message from our Headquarters reached its destination."

Alina stopped. I could not control my dread. " Of course we were ill for two days but our officers took care of us, we had even a hot bath, an unheard of luxury, and a quiet corner in a cellar. We recoverred quickly. "

" And back ? " " Oh, back it was easy, in three hours, with a good healthy guide and three lanterns. The former guide died in a few days."

The Poniatowski (Ponyatoski) Bridge

SEPTEMBER 14

Yesterday a terrific explosion shook the city. It was the Ponyatoski bridge our beautiful new bridge that Warsaw was so proud of, praised by all foreigners—which was blown up by the Germans.

After a few hours another explosion—the railway bridge. It means that they are afraid of the Russians, whose troops have occupied Praga. They suppose the Reds may attempt to force their way to the city.

That the Russians plan is now to advance andto take possession of Warsaw, seems to be confirmed by an unexpected fact—some food and ammunition were dropped in several suburbs of Warsaw, after asking for light signals from our part. Unfortunately they have been dropped from a great height, without parachute, in bags which broke either before or just when reaching the ground thus all their contents were half wasted, flour or grain was mixed with munition.

Germans in retiring from Praga need more space for the movement of their troops, and are fighting in some sectors with a frenzy of despair.

According to an agreement of our Red Cross with the German command and the consent of our authorities, about 12,000 old men, women and children passed to the German occupied side and were driven to the Prooshkov camp. It seems that public opinion in the Western countries has been somewhat moved by the tragedy of this population and the Red Cross in Geneva, as well as the Swedish one, are organising help.

It is not easy to imagine what it means to stay in our climate, when rain comes and chilly nights, in the open fields without any shelter, shivering in the piercing wind, with nothing warm to cover the children, with your neighbours lying near with typhoid—which is now spreading—on the bare, wet earth. It may even seem fantastic to those who read newspaper reports, yet it is only too true. Our Red Cross is doing ail in its power to bring some hot soup to these people, but their personnel is too small, with all this tremendous work with the wounded; and the supplies...the supplies...

After some time of starvation one reaches a state of indifference, of torpor, one becomes half human as it were. That is the state of many in the Prooshkov camp, in«Warsaw too. Our meagre soldiers' rations will also have to be cut if larger supplies are not dropped tomorrow.

SEPTEMBER 15

Germans are demolishing street after street, building after building. They mined several houses without warning the inhabitants, and blew them up with all the inmates. One of our press offices was there, all the staff perished.

We are publishing now 32 different papers, magazines, leaflets etc. People enjoy them. Everything that can act as an incentive, and as proof of our freedom, assists our fight.

We received some more supplies from the Soviet planes. But even the weapons dropped are badly smashed, even bullets twisted. The other difficulty is that the ammunition is suitable for Russian guns and not for the German and English type used chiefly by our Army.

The Allies when they come to unload their supplies are doing it quickly, hence our Signal Corps is not exposed to danger, but Russians are coming during the whole night, and we must keep our targets lighted, it atracts the enemy's attention, and the casualties among our women signaling are extremely high.

The other night we were informed that a broadcast from Moscow has been heard appealing to Warsaw to fight. Even my scepticism may vanish, how could they instigate us to further fighting without being sure that their arrival here is a question of days. The greatest suspicion cannot see in it one treachery more, it would be too dreadful—satanic. Let us hope then.

Here is the Appeal:

" To fighting Warsaw :

The hour of liberation for heroic Warsaw is near. Your sufferings and martyrdom will soon be over. The Germans will pay dearly for the ruins and blood of Warsaw. The First Polish Division* has entered Praga. It is fighting side by side with the heroic Red Army. Relief is coming.

KEEP FIGHTING!

Whatever may have been the motives of those who started the Rising prematurely, without the agreement of the High Command of the Red Army, we are with you with all our hearts.

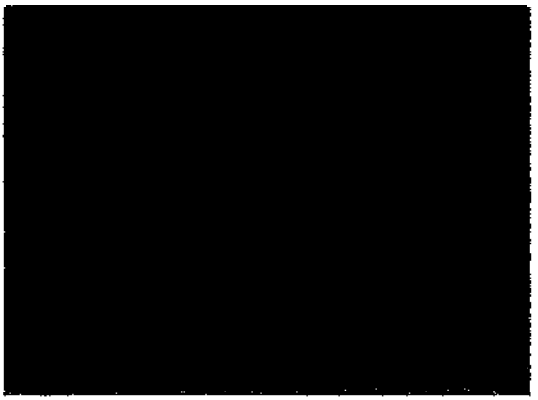
KEEP FIGHTING!"

*Berling's Russian sponsored Army.

§EPTEMBfcR 16

Furious fighting on the Three Crosses Square. We stood the attack but lost half of our men.

Starvation increases. Soviet supplies are almost insignificant. It seems that the Germans want to discredit the Russians and are practising a new bestiality—some food has been dropped from their planes on the same places where Soviet supplies fell, it was soon discovered that it was with arsenic. Six hours later everyone who took their buiscuits fell ill, and 80 per cent died with symptoms of poisoning. It was brought to the notice of our authorities, the remains of the parcels were examined and it was found that they contained poison.



The Three Crosses' Church

The population have been warned through loudspeakers. But people often cannot understand the danger, nor recognise from whose plane bread is dropped. And for starving children it is too great a temptation.

Mother's condition is serious. She is so weak that she hardly opens her eyes. Anka's free time is divided between her and Yanek, but her courier's duties are more difficult and exacting than ever, she can dedicate only a few hours, not even everyday to our dear ones.

SEPTEMBER 17

Most difficult and bloody days since the begining of the Rising. Germans try to cross the Vistula on pontoon bridges. It seems they want to organise a strong defence line against Russians on this side of the river. Our task is to prevent it at any price. We are succesful to a certain extent; even with their four times larger forces they cannot stand up our Army, but our casualties are so desperately great. There is no Army in this war whose losses have been so heavy if one takes into account the percentage] Comparing to the whole population even China and Russia have lost ten times less than we have.

We hear Soviet loudspeakers quite clearly from Praga. But there is no contact between us. I heard from a friend officer that three separate patrols have been sent by our Command across the river to Marshal Rokossovski's Forces, carrying detailed reports concerning our positions and enemies strongholds, location. And a few hours later the sensational news came that two Soviet officers parachuted on the Wilcza (Vilcha) street, but one was seriously wounded by falling on wires. All our people are awaiting the Russian advance and hope is revived.

SEPTEMBER 18

The first big expedition of American flying fortresses came today with a large supply of food, medicines and amunition. At last!

The autumn day was sunny, the sky clear and limpid, a true Polish autumnal sky. Nobody knew that they had to come, but the roar of their engines was such that it was heard everywhere, even the artillery was deafened. The population rushed out from

of the cellars, recognised the Allies and was wild with joy. They were shouting and weeping with elation.

The whole sky was filled with planes flying at a great hight, and behind them a long line of white dots was seen—the parachutes bearing containers with supplies. When they were nearing earth different colours were observed, they really looked like a • rain of huge flowers' as a girl enraptured with elation, said.

The Germans opened fire from their anti-aircraft guns, but it could not reach these giants flying at such an altitude. But...precision in parachuting was also impossible, for the sectors held by us were now small, and the wind strong, it was disheartening to see how many precious containers fell beyond our lines, on parts occupied by the Germans. Soon the immense crowds, so deliriously enthusiastic a few hours before, ceased cheering. Silence fell, everyone felt the same—it was a demonstration what tremendous help we might have had...Depression and gloom seemed to overwhelm people. Is it not too late ? this question haunted every mind.

LATE AT NIGHT

It seems that very few of the American flyers were lost, they had a good- escort, and, at least this time, they have landed on Russian held airfields.

The food dropped will certainly bring some relief, when our people were just on the brink of collapse.

But., if we have to be really saved such supplies should come every day, for some time at least. For the Germans *can* be pushed out of the city, and Warsaw *can* be liberated, it is not only my opinion, higher officers of the Staff think the same. Everything depends on the efficient collaboration of the Allies with our Army, and the goodwill of the Russians. It is so difficult to believe it can be genuine.

SEPTEMBER 19

The Soviet artillery and the Red air force -are bombing several sectors of the enemy's resistance in the city. There were no German air-raids during the last two days, what a relief!

One would say that the Soviet Army is now working hand in hand with us, but no one of our messengers, sent to Rokossovsky has returned from Praga, nothing is heard from them and no answer to telephone calls from our Headquarters. And at the same time the Moscow Radio is broadcasting the most fantastic and vituperous charges against the Leaders of our Home Army. The greatest paradox, impossible to understand, is that the Lublin Committee serving Soviet policy, is threatening with court martial the very same Polish officers and soldiers with whom Rokossovsky is now, at least tacitly co-operating, those who have diverted from the attack on the Red Army 6 German Divisions, about 300 tanks and large air forces. Is not this threat more frank than the slight signs of collaboration ?

LATE AT NIGHT

In 1939 we fought with the hope that by doing so we were giving invaluable assistance to our Allies. Every soldier and every civilian in Poland believed that soon, very soon—next spring or summer—the Germans would be beaten by Britain and France. During the long five years we were fighting always with one cherished aim—independence, integrity, free life for Poland. In my numerous journeys through the country in towns and villages I met everywhere the same feelings of passionate attachment to the Polish State, the will to sacrifice all for regaining its sovereign existence.

The defeat of Germany seemed all that was needed to see our aim achieved—independence regained. And now ?

I had just a long conversation with one of our brilliant Staff officers, it has not encouraged any hope in me. It is now clear that another occupation can succeed the German one. In many ways just as cruel and devastating, in some-even worse. If one survives in a German concentration camp, or the labour on their farms, one may hope to return one day to Poland, one is not completely deprived of the possibility of the Red Cross assistance, or some contact with relatives through correspondence, however short and limited the news may be; one is allowed to receive some parcels, if there are still people who are able to send them. But is there any return from Russia ? From those steppes hundreds of miles away from the nearest railway station ; with no money, deprived of communication with one's family, and the Red Cross, with no possibility of moving from one village to another without N. K. V. D. permission. A certain percentage of our people managed to escape from Germany, but who was able to achieve such a feat in Russia ?

After these six weeks of our lonely fight all our illusions have vanished. And we do not see anything good in the recent seeming assistance of the Soviets. We do not know what is behind their latest decisions. Is it the pressure of public opinion of the West? the desire to play the role of saviours of the remaining, decimated population of Warsaw ? Or simply a calculation that it is now worth while to take Warsaw, when almost 80 percent of our Home Army, and the most active elements of the city have perished, and the rest is weakened by starvation. It is clear that the Russians wanted to capture Warsaw by their own Red Army, and their puppet servants, and to make it the centre of a Soviet imposed government. They could not ' forgive' that the Poles are still fighting for their own independence, that they have not yet submitted to the hegemony of a foreign power, and dare to have their own will and passion for freedom, their own definite ideas about the kind of democracy they want to have, 'so well expressed in the Manifesto of our National Council of August 15th.

The Polish Socialist Party issued also a characteristic proclamation, which proves how well aware they are of the dangers of the possible Soviet occupation of our capital, and how faithful to the traditions of Polish socialists' unceasing fight for Poland's independence. A people's Poland, tolerant, broadminded, ruled by social justice, and with a full share of responsibility in the Government of large masses of our peasants and workmen, economically reconstructed and reorganised on new lines—we all want. There is no such thing as a " reactionary" programme in today's Poland. We all want a fully democratic, free, socialist Polish State. We abhor both the totalitarianisms of our neighbours. They, powerful, they are enemies, but...Poland's ideal must win in the long run, for it is a higher ideal, Poland's dreams and aims are those of the best part of Humanity. It is not easy to subjugate the Poles, the Germans know it well, Russians will not be more succesful.

I am quoting the most interesting parts of the proclamation which contains detailed instructions to be followed by the working masses in case of the entry of the Russians into Warsaw.

" Comrades, manual and intellectual workers,

If and when, the Russian army and Russian authorities enter Warsaw, our working masses must;

1.— Gather round the legal authorities of the Polish State, our Government residing in London, at whose head stands a peasant and a workman, and their representatives for Poland, the Deputy Prime Minister, the Commander of the Home Army, and the Council of National Unity which is our democratic representation;

2.—The workmen youth should enroll in the military P.P.S. Units, which are acting in the framework of the Home Army ; all attempts to create groups independent of the High Command must be most energetically frustrated and opposed :

3.—It is our duty to give full support to the efforts and policy of the leaders of the Polish Socialist Party in their endeavours to realise the programme of Peoples Poland ; this programme comprises the following points:

a. the panellation of big landholdings,
b. the nationalisation of key industries,
c. the inclusion of the working element into the economic self-government, and its co-operation with the capitalist element on the basis of full equality,
d. the establishment and development of social democracy.

Comrades!

We must strongly express and emphasize our firm will to create adequate forms of life in our own Polish State. We do not want either reactionary forms of government or *any foreign totalitarian regime.*

The great cause of the working masses, the memory of socialist warriors of 1905, dying with the words—INDEPENDENCE, *Socialism* I—demand such an attitude. All the sacrifices of our workmen, who perished in the concentration camps and were executed with the single dream of a Free Poland—demand it.

Long live the independent, integral, undiminished Polish Republic, long live Socialism! "

SEPTEMBER 20

A big duel between the German and Russian artillery across the Vistula is going on. I hear our Command has worked out a detailed plan for efficient co-operation with the Soviet Forces and sent it to Marshal Rokossovsky through one of his three liaison officers who have been dropped by parachute to three main points of our resistance to guide the Soviet guns. Will the answer come? It is painfully clear that all the fate of our campaign, and, what is even more important, of all our population, depends on the earnestness or half-heartedness of Soviet attitude. Who can dare to predict the issue ?

It is however a riddle why Soviet supplies have almost ceased after the big American expedition. Inadequate and badly organised they still meant something. The Russians do not move from Praga, no attempt to cross the river. Hope once more is vanishing and grim forebodings are spreading. My scepticism may have been well founded.

Our food situation is desperate. All horses, cats and dogs have been killed and eaten long ago. There is a dire lack of water; at the bottom of wells one can find a little muddy water, and long lines of men and women stand at each well for hours, only to see that there is nothing left.

General Bor disclosed his true name and those of our chief leaders; I wonder if it is not premature, will it not help the Soviets in attacking him and expose his life to greater danger.

LATE AT NIGHT

I received dreadful news to-day—a bomb has struck the house where my sister Hela with her two daughters Alusya and Bozhena were working; no one could tell me what was their fate. They were seen entering the house this morning. There is no possibility of giving them help if they are buried alive, or wounded under the ruins, for the whole street, is on fire, no one can approach it. I cannot bear to think what is their state if they are still alive. AJa—my beloved delicate girl; Bozhena the brave and stoic at 14...

What of the father? Where is he? I would rather have wished death for him than this blow. To lose at once his wife and two daughters, after the inhuman execution of his eldest one, the heroic Iroosya, who smilingly faced German rifles, and revealed nothing under most ghastly tortures. Is it not too much for one man. 1 can hardly bear the blow, and he remains alone for ever.

Ala and Iroosya in happy days before the war.

SEPTEMBER 21

One more heart-breaking news—Baska, the 14 years old girl of Stefa, when performing her duty of courier on Mokotov sector, has been grievously wounded, Such a child! She was taken to a cellar, the hospital was too difficult to reach a friend is taking care of her, no possibility of sending there her mother who is in agony.

I wonder at the incredible heroism that is hidden in the hearts of these our children; Baska seemed always so dainty and frail, so shy and passive. And now...brave as a man, no tears, no scream, even in horrible pain.

I am doing my best to send some squads to Poznanska street where Hela's house was hit yesterday. But...no hope I am told. If they were not crushed in one instant their lot is appalling.

It seems there is no more place for grief in our hearts, we forget what emotions mean.

I hear that the first Soviet units have crossed Vistula in Czernyakow, which was definitely conquered by us. Germans continually shell the city, several of our hospitals in the underground were hit, in one 300 of our wounded soldiers and civilians have perished under the debris, several of my friends among them.

SEPTEMBER 22

A fierce battle is raging in Czernyakow. I learn that it is not the Soviet regiment that has crossed the Vistula> but a Unit of this quasi-Polish Army, under General Berling; they are rather well equipped, but badly trained; chiefly young recruits after only a few months in the army. I wonder how will they be able to stand such a heavy battle, for the Germans will concentrate all their efforts not to allow the landing of more troops to support this important point. We still believe that a large Soviet force will land to-day; one division would have been enough to sweep clear the whole bank of the Vistula, and this would mean the salvation of the city. We thought the landing of this small group of young, untrained soldiers was only the forerunner of something substantial. Are we once more to be deceived?

It is true that Soviet "collaboration" is somewhat sluggish, the duel of artillery has ceased, air bombing is slight only by night; arms and ammunitions are dropped just like a kind

of demonstration. What does it mean ? Is it a pretence of help ? Is it a show for the sake of world opinion, to lull the honest voices of those who have not yet lost their humanity in this slaughter of six years ? I must have an explanation, my head reels from dreadful suppositions and my heart almost faints under the pressure of some uncanny premonition.

SEPTEMBER 23

What I learned from my friend, who is generally well informed and not' enclined to exageration, is enough to make the rest of my life an unbearable burden. We knew something of the story he told me, but I could never have guessed the horror of its implications.

We knew that our Prime Minister Mikolajczyk had been pressed by Mr. Churchill to go to Moscow at the end of July. We heard that he had talks with Stalin, and even informed him that a general Rising was being prepared in Poland, to help the advancing Red Armies and that it might break out at any moment. We have heard that Stalin promised to give full assistance, but we have never been told on what conditions. These seem to be evident from further developments; all the riddle of our loneliness and abandonment can be solved in the light of the few details I learned. They provide missing links in the chain.

These conditions are: "accept unconditional surrender," give up independence itself if you want Warsaw to be saved" Of .course they cannot yet be revealed to our Army and population but they seem to be authentic. Stalin wanted our Prime Minister first—to sign a kind of a "capitulation document," giving as it were his official consent to the "fifth partition" of Poland—the Curzon line being called by this name even by some Britishers, evidently more honest and better informed than the majority of their people.

Second to dismiss our Commander in Chief and abolish the very post of the C. in C. in the Polish Army.

For every one who knows our history this dictatorial wish is clear. The Polish Army is a definite national force ; it was, is, and always will be for the full independence and freedom of Poland, not in words but in deeds. No vassalship can be accepted by us. Stalin may know a little of history. He knew that Polish officers taken prisoners in 1939 were potential enemies of all his plans of subjugating Poland and making her non-existent as a sovereign State, what was decided by him together with Hitler, in the Ribbentrop-Molotov Agreement. He knew that at the first opportunity they would once more fight for the integrity of their country. Hence the order of the murder of Katyn.

The West may not know the facts, Soviet propaganda may have succeeded in obscuring the issue, many may think it is a German crime. But we *know* only too well, that at least of this massacre the Germans are not guilty. We know *when* all letters from these camps ceased to arrive ; we *know* what news were brought by several of those of their colleagues who were among the 126 officers saved, and who enrolled in the Polish Army and reached us as messengers in 1943. How clear now is the purpose of this murder, how logically, callously clear! Is not the condition put now to our Premier a consistent next step ?

To abolish the post of the C. in C, to dismiss our much respected and loved General Sosnkowski, the best Commander of the 1939 desperate campaign, the veteran warrior for Poland's freedom since 1909, the organiser of the secret military organisations in 1910-1917 and now, since 1939, entrusted with the task of keeping in touch and helping with all possible means our underground Army, with whom he was in constant contact making her indeed an integral part of the Polish Forces...The blood of every soldier will boil at the idea.

But it is not all,- it seems that a dot has been put on the—i—Stalin expressed the wish to see all our troops fighting in Europe, the heroes of Monte Cassino and Ancona, and the

Armoured Division, and the Parachute Brigade, as a part of his " Polish" army under Berling and Rola. The same officers—Soviet agents—who are now disarming our units marching to the assistance of dying Warsaw; the same who are broadcasting ignominious attacks on General Bor, threatening him and all our officers with...court martial, as traitors. One can imagine what fate would meet our comrades of General Anders Army. Once more forced labour camps, of which they cannot think but with a shudder of horror; or...another Katyn.

It is difficult to understand how Mr. Mikolajczyk could have listened to these " conditions", have we not informed him about the executions of many of our officers and deportation of soldiers ? Does he not know what the soldier's oath is in this fake Polish army, with Russian officers—it swears allegiance to the Lublin Committee and...Stalin—as the Supreme commander of " Polish " Forces. Can there be a greater insult ?

As no one of our Generals would ever betray us so meanly to give his consent to such an ignominy, hence the abolition of the post of a *Polish* C. in C. is a prerequisite to achieve all Stalin's plans.

Were all these three points presented as *conditions* sine qua non, to obtain assistance for Warsaw ? Does Stalin regard us as so stupid or cowardly to be ready to sell our independence to save a few hundreds of thousands of the population in Warsaw, and our own lives ? We, who have led the underground fight for five years, not sparing the lives of our best men ; we who have organised willingly, spontaneously the army abroad, bleeding on all the battle-fields of Europe, with no calculation for reward but fighting and dying for Freedom alone, as General Sosnkowski rightly pointed out on September 1st ? Dictators do not know what honour means. Who can understand what honour is for us Poles—and...what our devotion to freedom means. What an insult I

I have been told by my friend that a Memorandum was sent by Mikolajczyk for discussion and approval of our Ministers and Parliament in Warsaw (the Council of National Unity), towards the end of August, and that it was permeated by a spirit of such an inadmissible compromise that it seemed almost a capitulation.

I have never seen more vividly the greatness of our leaders here, than in the moment when I read the text of their answer, given to me by my informant. When I think in what conditions they had to take this ominous decision, what the problem was that they faced, I shudder, and would like to bow in reverence before them. They knew that if they rejected the proposal of capitulation to Moscow, and refused to accept Stalin's conditions, Warsaw would be doomed. They knew that without British assistance the battle, whose leaders they are, must end in defeat; that the holocaust of the capital, of the population, of the Home Army, would be of no avail. What a dilemma! And yet they did not yield. Here is an excerpt from their answer :

"*.. .in the fourth week of the Rising the Council of National Unity had to face the urgent necessity of taking a decision in a matter which meant a complete deviation from the whole political line followed up till now by us, here inside Poland.*

The Memorandum submitted to us is obviously changing the line of our whole foreign policy by accepting the possibility of questioning Poland's boundaries and relinquishing some part of those established by the Treaty of Riga; it admits the possibility of foreign interference in the inner and military affairs of our country, it consents to introduce into the internal life of Poland an agent of Russian policy—the communist party..."

General Bor gave his own appreciation of and answer to the Memorandum; to yemembei it I shall quote some passages :

"I *have taken cognizance of the Memorandum sent to the Delegate of the Government by Mr. Mikolajczyh submitting the plan for the solution of Polish-Soviet relations after the occupation of Warsaw by the Russians. The acceptance of this plan would mean unconditional surrender* with no guarantee on the part of U. S. S. R. and the Allies: it would mean a complete abandonment of our political freedom and giving up of our independence, Warsaw has entered the battle, and has pursued it for one month, with only scanty help from outside, Warsaw falls into ruins NOT for the sake of allowing the Government to 'yield under the pressure of circumstances and violence from outside, and to impose on our nation submission—an act which would be* CONDEMNED BY HISTORY./

These answers are clear. For three weeks our civil and military Commanders are leading the battle not only in uncertainty of military assistance, but of the political issue, which really means—the existence or non-existence of free Poland.

How far are now our dreams of liberating Warsaw by our own effort, and greeting here, in a well organised, strong and victorious Warsaw, our own Government and then the Russian and friendly Allied troops, with all goodwill ; extending with trust our hand to valiant Red Armies to collaborate further with them in their march towards Berlin...Have we sinned once more with excess of confidence, with too much idealism ? Or our Western Allies, so ignorant in all that concerns Soviet aims, hypnotised us by their wishful thinking and stupid illusions ? Don't they realise at least now what Stalin's plans are ? We do. The Memorandum seems to reveal them clearly. It should have opened the eyes of the most blind and optimistic. With our Army dissolved, with a foreign force of occupation in our country, the same rule will prevail which we know well from 1939-41. An alien, hateful system will be enforced on us, our culture, tradition, mode of life persecuted mercilessly, to uproot it utterly and change us into a herd of degraded slaves. What Hitler was unable to achieve, is now prepared for us from the other side. Stalin wants us to become vassals of Russia, to submit to Soviet rule quietly and obediently, to accept with gratitude the red yoke as 'liberation'.

I do not dare to call it by its own name. An abyss opens before me...

One thing is incredible. Can the Allies allow this monstrous thing to happen ? Can they forget their pledge, their Treaty of *mutual* assistance ? Have we not been faithful to it to the last human possibility ? Why have we sent through all the most closely guarded frontiers our youth to France and Britain, to enroll in the Army; why have we helped Britain in her tragic hour with all the skill and courage of our airmen; for whose sake have they perished ? And our boys who have fallen in Tobruk, Gazala, in Monte Cassino and Normandy ? For the sake of whom ? To become slaves now, in the sixth year of war, in which our blood has flowed most profusely, our heroism shone most brightly. We have the highest percentage of losses. Almost one third of our nation perished. No, for God's sake, no. It is impossible. If such betrayal, such villainy as handing us over to Russia could happen.....

LATE AT NIGHT

Mother died. I had such a disquieting premonition that I asked for two hours' leave. When I arrived in the hospital she was in agony. The last glance was for me, the last faint sign of her transparent hand and a whisper when I bowed at her feet: " I waited for you, I called and prayed Our Lady to send you for my last moment. My son, fight on for Poland beloved, I am happy to die on the free soil of Warsaw. Bless"...and the whisper ceased with the last breath.

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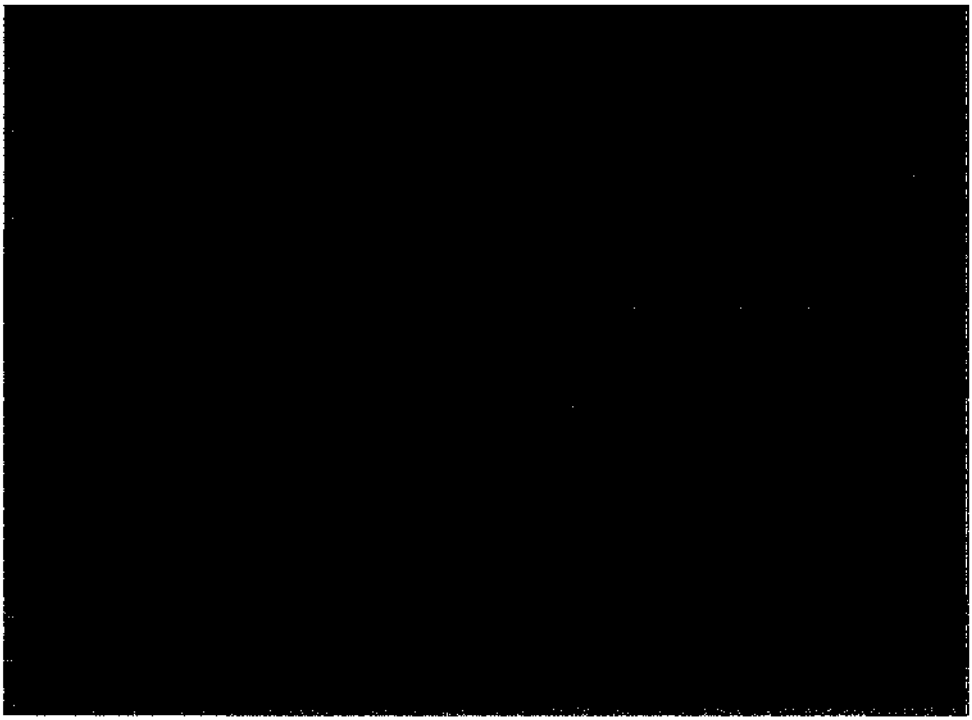


Vistula
SEPTEMBER 24

A wild battle was raging yesterday at Czernyakow. Germans afraid of new landings have pressed our troops and Berling's unit directing a concentrated attack on this point. It was clear that the inexperienced boys are unable to bear its violence.

They retreated. Our Units tried to support them. They were too weak in number and in arms. We sent an S.O.S. to the other river bank where hrge Soviet forces were stationed ; Berling's boys asked for boats to save at least a few of them. They asked for some food, they had nothing to eat for three days and many were almost fainting, but no supplies have been dropped.

The Red Army *could* have helped, they had enough facilities for landing the previous night; in the very moment of the fiercest battle not even one plane appeared. Soldiers were falling, a ghastly defeat approaching before their very eyes. Only a few boats were sent, each one able to take only six people. It was a mockery. No other movement to save our positions.

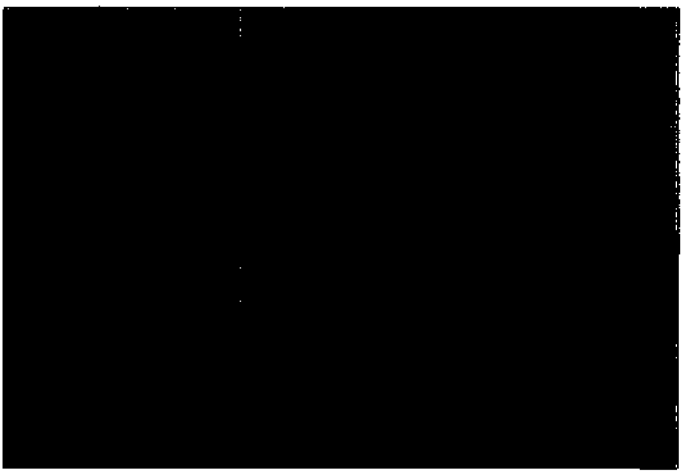
Almost all soldiers perished. It is a grim defeat. The Russian air patrols are rare, assistance on other sectors insignificant. The Soviet Major Latyshev, observer of the Soviet artillery, could not control his small Unit of Russian soldiers, they were in revolt and surrendered in groups thrice. Our Scout group, decimated and starved fought to the last possibility, evoking the respect even of the enemy.

LATE AT NIGHT

I learn that the Soviet radio answered today, for the first time, our calls, but the message concerned only some technical details, and no one word on real co-operation. It may seem strange only to very naive persons, we do not expect anything more from them.

SEPTEMBER 25

Now all the attack is concentrated on Mokotow. How long can we stand, and what for? Germans methodically destroy all streets in the centre of the city. Our losses are terrific. Soldiers fight with the frenzy of despair. Everybody now sees that the Soviet help is a humbug. When they left Berling's unit to perish before their eyes, with no assistance whatsoever, why should they help us, the much hated army of independent Poland?



The Polish Red Cross delegation on its way to the German Headquarters

SEPTEMBER 26

Germans are once more proposing capitulation. They submitted plans for complete evacuation of civilians, and conditions for military surrender of our Forces. General Bor seems to have sent Red Cross representatives to discuss the first, delaying the second subject. And once more-will it be for the last time?—our Leaders are sending an appeal, and ask our Allies, and Russia, whether or not they can give us substantial succour. October 1st was given as the last limit of our resistance, if no answer comes we will have to surrender.

Germans recognise full combatant rights of our Army, in accordance with Geneva Convention. But the whole civil population must be evacuated. To Prushkow? How can they survive there, even with the help of the International Red Cross—which is officially promised—when it can feed only one-fourth of the starved, sick, exhausted population?

What will be the fate of Yanek, my son, who is maimed and too weak to walk. Can I try to send him to-morrow with Yaga and a devoted friend, through dangerous passages towards the borders of the city, to avoid the camp and reach a nearby village. They may perish, but that is the only chance of saving them from the atrocities of Prushkow.

Food supplies are almost exhausted. What is dropped suffices for half a day. No light for weeks. Almost no water. Our wounded die from infections. Horror everywhere. And yet even in this utter plight our people do not grumble. No tears, no despair, no weakness. Men of steel they are indeed.

SEPTEMBER 27

Mokotow has fallen. Warsaw is doomed.

The Polish Radio has sent one more report, it is *not* an appeal, we are tired of appealing in vain, we do not believe any more in humanity. But we still believe in God, and... in Poland. She is immortal. She cannot perish. Warsaw may fall, Poland cannot.

They broadcast:

" *A feeling of utter loneliness and abandonment prevails in Warsaw. We are sending this report because we feel that perhaps you do not realise under what conditions we are living and fighting here.*'*

The members of the Polish Red Cross Delegation before entering German Headquarters

We have heard that there is talk of dismissing our C. in C. It would be a crime. They speak about his Order of the Day of September 1st, " Allies offended," etc. What meanness. Are they so petty to be offended by simple, frank truth. I cannot believe it. Some abject political game is behind it all, a snare of hideous perfidy.

SEPTEMBER 28

Bitter fighting in Zholibor district. The duty of the soldier, his honour, lies in fighting to the end. We have no hope for a favourable answer to our Commander's last appeal, sent to Rokossovsky, whose operator confermed its reception. If they wished to help they could have done it long ago. To wait for the Red Army's entry into Warsaw by crossing the Vistula ij just nonsense. If a unit of ill-trained soldiers could have crossed, how much easier could it have been done by the best Soviet regiments. It is clear that it is *not* in their plans, although some of the Allies seem still to believe in their goodwill, and send us encouragements in this sense : " Wait a few days more, the Red Army will bring you liberation by crossing Vistula". Absurd.*

But...even if it were true, what change would it meen to us ? Our leaders, according to their threats, would be arrested and tried, or without any trial deported like criminals, which is worse than death. Russia alone has not recognised us as combatants, hence our soldiers would be decimated if...they refuse to take the oath of allegiance to Rola and Stalin.

Happy those who fell, they will not see the surrender of Warsaw. It is certainly better to capitulate to the Germans, and save at least the remnats of our Home Army and our women comrades !

' **The Red Army entered Warsaw in January 1945. Editor.**

SEPTEMBER 29

No answer from Rokossovsky.

A barrage of fire in Zholibor surpasses all imagination. Our Units there are sending messages that their ammunition is nearing exhaustion. Another few hours, the fall is inevitable.

I met this morning Major Bronka from the General Staff. I had to pay homage to the fortitude and spirit of this woman. She knows better than we do all the elements of our situation; she knows the defeat of the Rising and surrender are a question of days, maybe of hours, she is well aware of our unbelievable political situation I she is exhausted—the burden of responsibility for the lives of her girls (she is the superior of all couriers and women liaison officers) is every day heavier, and yet she seems to be a tower of strength. Her faith in Poland's mission, in her future, in spite of all defeats, is unshakeable, and some deep, almost mystic faith in universal Justice and Law, lifts her above all human sufferings. She is like the ancient seers, like women warrior-priestesses of old, she is great indeed.

[II] In facing the magnitude of the tragedy of Poland" she said to me, " all individual and even community sufferings pale into insignificance. We have no right to grieve nor to doubt. We have done our duty. We have fought with arms to the very end, now the fight will continue with other weapons, but not even for one moment can we remain passive, the struggle for Poland's Soul will continue. Our faith in Poland should be as strong as our faith in God. Don't you remember our C. in C's words :

" *No sacrifice conceived in the purity of heart can ever be in vain."*

Her eyes shone with an almost superhuman light.

I learned that her sister was lying ill with scarlet fever and she managed to visit and attend to her by nights, after 14 hours' military work.

SEPTEMBER 30

Zholibor has fallen. No answer from the Allies. But there is one from the Soviets. It was not unexpected. They declare from Moscow, that in view of the unsuccessful attempt (!) to force the Vistula from Praga, (we *know* how many attempts were made) the capture of Warsaw could only take place after the encirclement of the city. At last a frank statment.

When they will enter we shall not be here nor the majority of our dear, poor people. They will enter the bare ruins of what *was* Warsaw.

But news coming from London, that the President has agreed to dismiss our Commander-in-Chief. General Sosnkowski, is more painful than evei ything else. It is true that he writes a most appreciative letter to the General, and one feels that he has taken this decision with greatest pain, against his own will, yielding to tremendous outside pressure, almost impossible to oppose, but it does not alleviate the blow. We cannot forget that it was Soviet's voice that was attacking shamelessly the General, that it was in the interests of our enemy to see him out of the way.

In this utter gloom and agony one little moment of respite—it was a ceremony of marriage which took place in an underground little chapel of ours. Captain N. who has to leave Warsaw to-night for...Western Europe—yes!—wanted to take his brave companion Hanka M. with him as his wife for his risky expedition.

For a moment we forgot our plight and grief. We prayed at the feet of Our Lady's small statue, where the candles were barely dispelling the darkness of the cellar, but making bright Her face and the few flowers brought God knows from where, by a loving hand. We prayed as one rarely can pray. And we smiled taking in our arms our dear comrade and his bride with our warm wishes expressed more in gestures than in words. A kind of new hope*

General Bor in civil dress on his way to German Headquarters to sign the capitulation document.

like a ray of light, touched our hearts.

No destruction can kill the eternal urge of life towards Light.

LATE AT NIGHT

I just heard our radio broadcast to the world:

" Our voice seems not to be heard by the nations...We know that there are quarters in whose interests lies the destructian of Poland-..But we cannot understand why and for how long, will Britain allow Russia to persecute and to exterminate us.

During all our Rising we had to capture each gun, paying it dearly with the lives of our men. One soldier's life for each pair of weapons. We have been deprived of assistance because Britain decided that this assistance is not worth while...We had two shortlived moments of joy in the course of these two months, the first—when the Soviet forces occupied Praga; the second when we saw American flyers over Warsaw...Now it is clear that we were deceiving aurselves. We wanted to believe that this time Russians will not repeat their threachery of 1939. But facts now prove that they came to destroy us..."

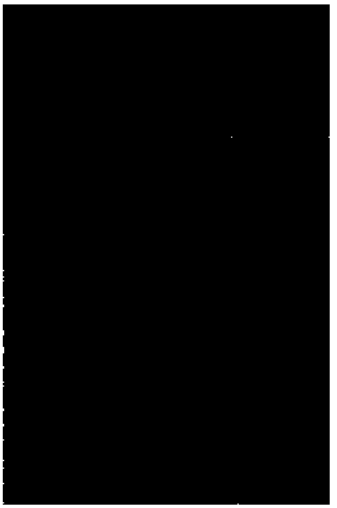
That's what we all feel.

OCTOBER 1

Definite parleys on capitulation conditions are going on. Almost no battering of artillery. Captivity is awaiting us- Many soldiers and officers are trying to escape, to get out of Warsaw and continue the underground fight. Some women-soldiers too.

I met Bronka. She also does not want to leave Warsaw, she would like to remain with those who will suffer most. But the order is definite: no woman, especially of higher rank is allowed to remain. And she is one of the highnest- She leaves her sister, who can hardly walk, alone and helpless. I have no idea if Yanek and Yaga are alive, whether they succeeded in escaping and reached Ozharow, and further. Anka returned before the fall of Mokotow.

The population knows that Warsaw is on the eve of surrender. However incredible it is, their re-action is the same as in 1939. They approach soldiers with tears, although starved and in rags, sick and thin like ghosts—they have one question—" Is it true? capitulation?... Are you **unable** to fight any more ? No possibility ?"



Returning from German Headquarters

Bitterness towards the Allies is **tremendous. Resentment against** Russians is almost **equal to that against the Germans. "They are guilty of our plight" say workers, socialists**

and simple women, all With the same feeling. "They launched appeals, they came near, to Praga, to look at our strife and laugh".

What can we answer ? I only try to appease bitterness towards the Allies. After all they may still help us. Who knows what future holds in reserve for us, for Poland, for the world.

General Bor has been nominated C. in C by the President. At the same time it is proposed to take him to London, of course from a secret place, by air. He refused. He wants to remain with us—and go with us into captivity.

This nomination has of course provoked a ' worthy' answer from Moscow. Osobka—Stalin's agent —after a long conversation with his boss, informed the pressmen that General Bor will be tried as a "criminal" as soon as Russians enter Warsaw, for having begun...the Rising. A well deserved homage indeed.

Our Government in London has also to be tried, declared Osobka, for the same crime; how, it is somewhat more difficult to understand.

LATE AT NIGHT

One more broadcast. It is like a voice of a drowning man :

[11] The third month of OUT fight has begun. We had to abandon during this second^ most trying month, what we conquered during the first.

It is true that Germans will never capture Warsaw, for Warsaw does not exist any more. Only ruins are left. And Poles, who are fighting today, will have to rebuild tomorrow...The debris will then disappear, but the signs of graves will remain, A new city will rise—its name may be the same, and a new generation will dwell in it, succeding those who stood up to fight and fought unto death. The Rising of Warsaw was for this new generation, not for London, nor Washington It was for Poland, for her freedom, integrity, independence... The capital of the fighting country had to offer a supreme, a kingly sacrifice...For POLAND..."

What can I add to these words ? They are our testament.

OCTOBER 2

To-night, at 8 p. m. the surrender agreement will be signed. Our radio in today's broadcast addressed bitter words to all the nations of the world:

" You have proclaimed that you stand—" for the freedom of oppressed people," and you have trown us into an inextricable net of lies. We now appeal to those of you who are honest, who do not want to lay snares on our tortured nation. We believe that it lies in your power to change the course of world politics and to show different and better ways. Why have you not come to the assistance of those who were perishing ? To-day only one thing remains to us, it is deuth. Remember that those whose voice you are hearing now, are ghosts of tomorrows. dead.....

We lost our faith in human feelings, in friendship, in loyalty. We cannot trust friends any more. Bitterness and resentment against all who ruined our country are filling our hearts.

No help from any side, and the soldiers of General Rokossovsky are murdering our brethren..."

A few hours later, when three persons, who managed to escape from Praga, (it seems they swam through Vistula) and reported to our authorities that Russians are arresting our people without any discrimination and deporting civilians, women and children—just like in 1939-41—and shooting those who resist...a second broadcast was sent, an S.O.S. to the World, although with no hope for any interference of our "friends" and " allies" !

" The Army of General Rokossovsky is massacring the remaining population of Praga. The last groups of our deadly weary, harassed soldiers were still fighting a few hours ago against Germans, and in the same moment their comrades were, and are, beeing arrested and deported by the Soviet authorities to Russia...

The infinitely long way to Siberia once more opens before us—"

These words may be the last of our radio from Warsaw. Who can understand what this one word—•" Siberia"—means for us ? Only we *know* that it is worse than death...

LATE AT NIGHT

A t 8 p. m. we fired our last shot. The armistice has been signed.

The Units of the Home Army will leave the city with their arms, to depose them outside the city walls, during the 4th and 5th of October. The civil population will be protected, but evacuation is compulsory.

To the last moment the spirit of the Home Army soldiers has not faltered, they have stood all the hardest tests. It is the support, weapons, ammunition, food supplies which failed, and that is the only reason of our capitulation.

No language can express the magnitude of destruction, of sufferings and sacrifices of the whole population.

In ruins lay our churches and our scientific institutions, burned down are the inapreciable collections of art, historical monuments and national wealth...Most inhuman methods have not broken the indomitable spirit of Warsaw. Germans themselves were amazed by the incredible bravery of the Home Army soldiers, and the stubborn conscious resistance of the population.

It is the last night of our shortlived, splendid, proud, although bloody, freedom lasting only 63 days....For how long shall we have to wait in slavery and exile ?

OCTOBER 3

What a silence! It is more dreadful than the roar of guns. It is like the touch of death itself.

One day more in the beloved ruins. Every face is dear. Every street is cherished, precious seems every stone and slab of demolished pavements. Mother's grave has green leaves, as our fa re well... And the place where Ala perished—a tiny branch of last flowers...

It was easier to fight than to bear this silence and these "farewells../' Yet our soldiers, our girls, our population, are as brave in this last Wersaw's ordeal as they were during the battles. General Bor issued his last Order of the Day;

' We were fighting for lofty ideals, for things sublime—for the liberation of Poland and of all the subjugated nations; for the re-establishment of Law in the post-war Europe, for the security of her citizens, for the regeneration of Mankind.

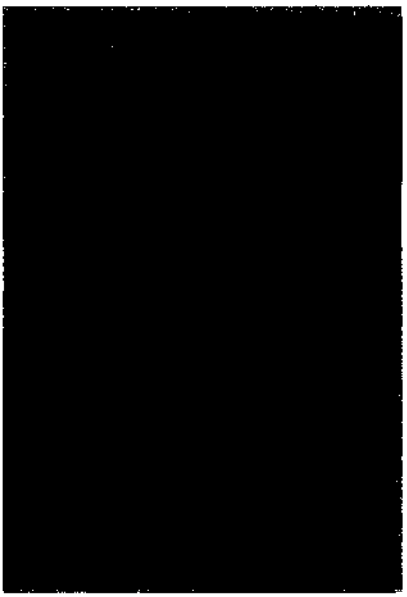
We were not allowed to lead this struggle to a happy termination. We had to succumb to an overwhelming, might but our Forces abroad have not stopped fighting. The fight for Poland, for Freedom, does not end with the capitulation of Warsaw. We will not cease opposing Germans...

The claims of Moscow are worse than the laying down of arms before an open enemy. We prefer to die than to accept them. The Russians wanted to deport and to destroy us. just like those 10,000 victims of Katyn. We could not allow this to happen, hence we had to capitulate."

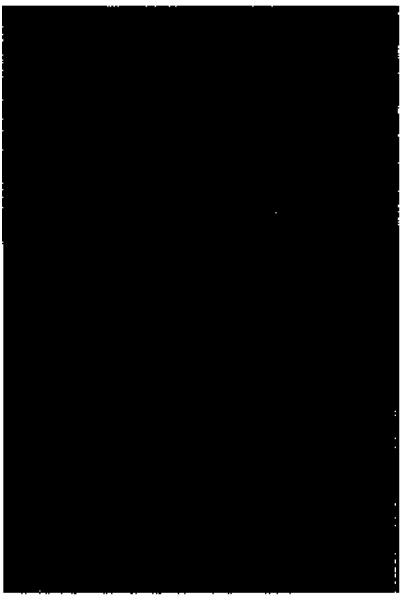
(Here the Diary ends.)

AFTER CAPITULATION

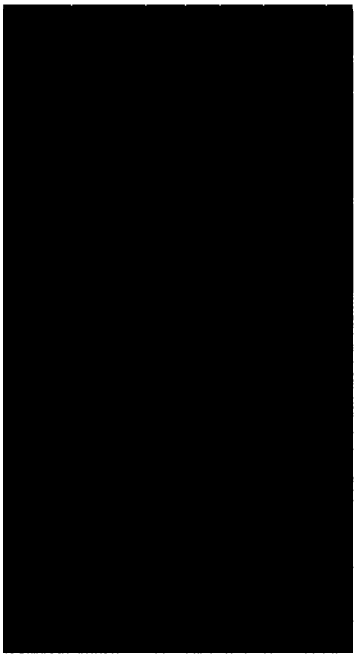
Wounded Home Army Soldiers



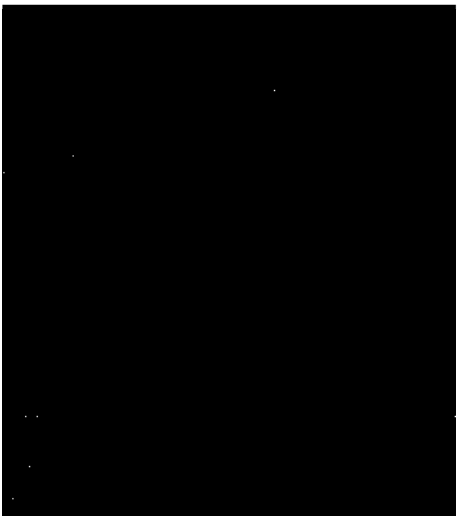
Home Army Soldier supporting kia wounded comrade



Coming out of the cellars



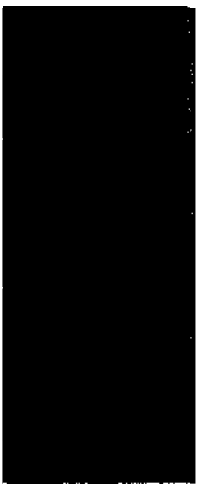
Weary and exhausted Home Army soldier



Despair after capitulation

Civilians on their way to the Prushkow camp

.0 years old hoy-courier prievously wounded, in he arms of his soldier companion



The Polish Red Cross distributes bread to the half starved popu'ation of Warsaw

Distribution of hot soup

Dìstribution of bread

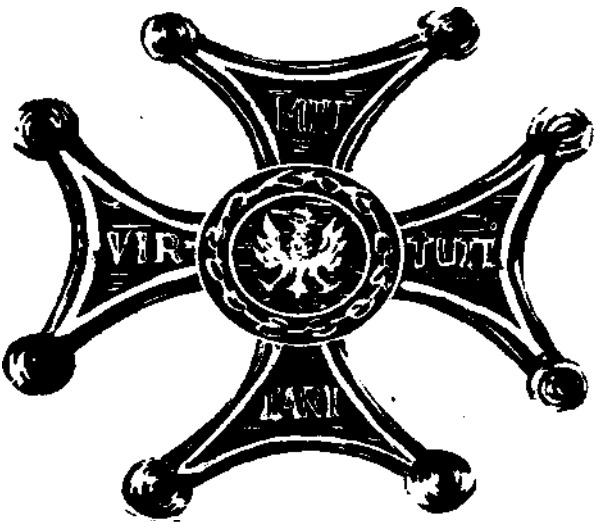
The people of Warsaw seeking their lost relatives' names on the letter posters in the streets

EPITAPH

No greater sufferings are known in the history of the world than those which struck our capital, fighting her lonely battle thrice in this war. The city suffered cruelly in 1939. Her walls have seen the horrible drama of the exterminated Ghetto; and now taking up arms in an unequal fight, abandoned and deceived, she has reached the depth of her tragedy.

With pain and the despair of helplessness we are turning our hearts and minds towards you, O our city unknow. For how can we know your new face of a martyr, we who remember only the charm of your joyous, buoyant youth of the twenty years of our exhilarating independence. But one thing we know: even if your ruins will be erased from the face of the earth—you will not perish, you will not disappear. Your image, your agony, your lofty heroism will live for ever in the hearts of all generations to come, of all faithful to the same ideal, you will live so long as Polish speech resounds on this globe, so long as one Pole exists in this world.

You will live, O city of the holy Passion, until one day from your bloody ruins a mighty Flame of Transfiguration will rise and bring Freedoi \ and Liberation to the peoples of this earth.



Virtuti Military Cross, the highest, most revered Polish Order which has been bestowed on the City of Warsaw

APPENDIX

THE COMMANDER OF THE HOME ARMY TO THE POLISH GOVERNMENT IN LONDON

" We have begun the battle for Warsaw on the 1st of August, at 5 p.m. We attacked in all sectors, in some the battle began at 3 p.m. The fight is general in the whole capital. The first hours were rather critical, for we had to fight hard to keep the initiative in our hands.

The spirit and morale of the officers and soldiers is splendid ; the population is enthusiastically taking part in the struggle. *We are afraid of nothing save the lack of ammunition.* We have not enough weapons for volunteers seeking enrollment.

We are waiting for arms to be sent by parachute. We hear Soviet artillery, but do not feel any pressure on the town. The morale of the Germans is rather low.

Please inform through radio the German High Command in Warsaw that severe reprisals will be used against their soldiers who are in our hands if the inhuman treatment of our Home Army soldiers and civil population does not stop. On the 1st all men have been dragged out of the house No. 20, Okopowa street, and driven before the head of a German Unit attacking us. On the 2nd, 50 men were seized, bound, and attached to the advancing tanks and dragged along on the pavement. On the 3rd a large group of civilians was driven in front of the German tanks as a screen protecting them from the fire from our barricade."

Warsaw. General Bor
Excerpts from the wire of August 3,1944. Commander of the Home Army.

..." Due to the lack of ammunition our situation may become soon critical...*But even then we shall not stop fighting..."*

Warsaw, August 6,1944. General Bor.

2

CAPTAIN CONSTANTIN KALUGHIN to MARSHAL COMRADE STALIN-MOSCOW

" On the 5th of August I entered into personal touch with the Commander of the Warsaw Garrison, who is leading the heroic insurgent fight of the nation against the Hitlerite bandits.

After having examined the general military situation I came to the conclusion that, in spite of the heroic stand of the soldiers and the whole Warsaw population, there are some urgent needs, which if adequately met would greatly help and quicken the achievement of victory over our common enemy.

The needs are as follows: there is a lack of automatic weapons, of ammunition, grenades and anti-tank guns. Everything can be dropped on the following points [the enumeration of 9 points follows]. The distinguishing signs—white-red big flags.

The German Luftwaffe is destroying the town, killing the civil population. Do try to bomb from aircrafts the Vistula bridges, the Saski Park, the Jerusalem Avenue, which are the chief points of concentration and movements of enemy's forces. You have also to bombard the airfields of Okencie and Bielany.

The heroic population of Warsaw is confident that you will bring her most efficient help in the next few days. Please make my direct contact with Marshal Rokossovsky possible."

Warsaw 66804
6-8-1944.

Captain Konitantin Kalughin
of the Czarny Croup.

3

GENERAL MONTER, COMMANDER OF THE WARSAW DISTRICT, TO MARSHAL, ROKOSSOVSKY, COMMANDER OF THE BYELORUSSIAN FRONT

...."We are engaged in heavy battles. Germans, to clear a thoroughfare for their receding troops, are burning the town and massacre the population. Large forces of.tjieir infantry and armoured Units are still checked by us.

We are short of ammunition and heavy arms. Your speedy assistance, Marshal, is absolutely necessary. A Soviet officer—Captain Kalughin—is with my Staff. Please send him radio informations and instructions, to enable him to communicate regularly with you, Marshal, thus making possible the co-ordination of our military actions."

Warsaw. **General Nurt (Monter)**
August 8,1944. **Commander of the Warsaw District**

'* Note: the above appeal of General Monter, who is at the head of the Warsaw Rising, should be forwarded by radio through Moscow, to Marshal Rovossovsky"—Bor.

" We are in a very difficult situation. Warsaw can be saved if you send our Parachute Brigade. It is possible to land in the Kempinos forest. An attack on Warsaw from there would have an incalculable moral and tactical importance. We insist upon this effort on your part/*

Warsaw, August 8,1944. **General Bor.**

4

THE DEPUTY PRIME MINISTER-WARSAW, TO THE PRESIDENT, GOVERNMENT AND COMMANDER IN CHIEF-LONDON,

" Ten days of bloody battles. The town is cut into three sectors defended by lines of enemy tanks, impossible to penetrate through them. Praga completely cut off. Continual bombing from the armoured trains and Luftwaffe. In these conditions our fight is going on. From you we received only once a small supply by parachute. On the German-Soviet front complete lull since the 3rd of August. Has the Prime Minister discussed in Moscow the problem of assistance for Warsaw ?..."

Warsaw.
Excerpt from the wire of August 10th **The Delegate, Deputy Prime Minister of the Government of the Polish Republic.**

5

WARSAW LEADERS TO THE POLISH PRIME MINISTER-LONDON

" The Headquarters of the Civil authorities of the country are placed in the region of the town between the Marshalkoska and Vilcha streets. A quarter of **a** million **population, is concentrated there.** We have enough men for the defence of the sector but weapons **and** munition is very scarce. *We need supplies desperately.* Drop them on the above mentioned sector, big lamps on the roofs will serve as signal."

Warsaw, **Walkowicz, Traugutt, Opolski.**
11th August 1944 **Ministers**

6

THE POLISH COUNCIL OF NATIONAL UNITY-TO THE NATIONS OF THE WORLD

" To the Allied Nations,

" We are addressing you from the barricades of burning Warsaw. We are sacrificing all. Poland has already suffered tremendous sacrifices for the common cause. We do not

want to make the blood of fallen brethren an object of political bargain, yet we must impartially state that it is Poland who incurred the gravest losses in this war. As soon as the first possibility of armed insurrection presented itself, the Home Army began an open fight, as one of the Allied Armies.

We were fighting for the Polish city of Wilno, but others want to make of it a present to Lithuanians; we were fighting for the Polish city of Lwow, but it is now being promised to the Soviet Ukraine; yet it must be stated that neither Lithuanians nor Ukrainians have taken any part in the struggle against Germans. We have made easier the Soviet advance on the Polish territory by driving German forces away from many localities. Our actions were paralysed by numerous arrests, and by disarming the fighting Units of our Army. Lastly Warsaw entered the battle.

Warsaw, unarmed, almost with bare hands has thrown herself into the fight; the Home Army and the population attacked the tanks and machine guns. The city has been cruelly bambed, whole districts reduced to ashes, thousands of civilians were massacred without any pity for women, children, wounded, for the medical and nursing staff.

We were compelled by honour, by self-respect, by the immemorial Polish honesty, to enter this fight. And now Poland, who was summoned innumerable times to armed action by the Soviets as much as the Western Democracies—Poland finds herself once more alone, with no assistance, deserted by her Allies.

The Soviet armies stopped their march towards Warsaw as soon as our Rising began, withdrawing even their air co-operation. From the West we have not received until now any substantial assistance in supplies. Yet Poland was faithfull to her Allies since the first day of the war. The whole Polish Nation was standing as one granite block with no hesitation whatsoever nor any flaw in her unity, unlike all other nations occupied by the Germans. We have not produced any quisling government, not even a group supporting the Nazis. We had therefore to meet far more cruel reprisals than any other country. In spite of all this the integrity of our State has been questioned, a cutting of it into two is being proposed.

Today the city which was the first to oppose the Hitlerites, which has been called ** inspiration of the world" is being changed into a heap of ruins.

We cannot help protesting that all this is more than should be thrust on the Polish Nation. In consequence the heroic population of Warsaw begins to suspect that it is treated as an object of some sinister political game. Our Brethren in London are doing theit best to secure assistance for us. We have been informed that it will come soon. We are fully entitled to it, as an equal Ally of the United Nations. Poland entered the fight and she will fight to the last. *But our people wonder why it has happened that when Poland followed the summons and appeals of the Allies the Soviet Army stopped its advame.* Our people are also unable to understand what are the difficulties which till now have prevented the Western Democracies giving us an immediate assistance.

We are most earnestly appealing to you to remove all these difficulties and to fulfill your previous promises and obligations. We do not ask for men. We have our own Army abroad, fighting shoulder to shoulder with the Allies on all the battle-fields of the world. We have our own Home Army. We sacrifice our blood gladly, we want to fight ourselves. Give us only arms and ammunition."

Warsaw August 12.1944. **The Council of National Unity.**

7

TO PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT AND PRIME MINISTER CHURCHILL

The Polish Prime Minister—London* for President Roosevelt and Mr. Churchill.

" **Since eleven days we are leading a** battle **for** the liberation **of Warsaw from tfae** occupant. It is an unequal fight. From one side artillery, tanks, airforce, unheard off terror burning of whole districts of the town, from the other a firm determination of **the** soldiers of our Home Army and the self-sacrificing co-operation of the whole population. Our situation is made more difficult by the withdrawal, 9 days ago, of the Soviet Forces from the very gates of Warsaw.

In this bloody struggle high spirits and moral force are not enough if weapons and munitions are lacking. In the name of the principle that Law and Justice have to triumph over violence and lawlessness, in the name of the principles of the Atlantic Charter and the Four Freedoms of men, being well aware of our duty fully fulfilled in the struggle for the independence of our Motherland; well aware of our contribution to the general effort of the United Nations—we are fully entitled to appeal to you Mr. President and you Mr. Prime Minister to give an immediate assistance to bleeding Warsaw.

We address this appeal with deep confidence of all our population that the help and salvation must come on the part of you, Gentlemen, who are the Leaders of the great nations of the United States of America and of Great Britain."

Warsaw
August 12,1944.

Delegate for Poland—Deputy Prime Minister of the Government of the Polish Republic.
Chairman of the Council of National Unity.

8

CAMILLE HUYSMANS, PRESIDENT OF THE INTERNATIONAL to the WORKERS of WARSAW.

"We have heard the voice of you, Polish workers fighting together with your comrades for liberation. Your spirit has enthused the whole world and with it the Socialist movements everywhere. The days of your wonderful fight in 1939, the dark days of the heroes of the Ghetto, all that came back to us; at once Warsaw was Polish again.

Superior in spirit as you are, you may at this very moment be not superior in arms, but *you can reckon upon the Socialist Democrats of the whole world to support your fight,* and there will be nothing left undone to help you with all means at our—the international Socialist movement's—disposal. With bare hands you have captured German Tigers and Panthers. You have fought on the barricades and in the trenches and you have made of the City Hall and the Castle your fortresses from where the white-red Polish flag was unfurled in all its glory.

International Socialism which has fought for the independence of Poland and which has seen such strong defenders of her independence within its ranks as our old master Karl Marx *will, whatever situation may arise never deceive you.*

You have suffered set-backs, misunderstandings with others may have arisen, but do not forget the world is in a turmoil and to give it rebirth brings heavy pains with it. It is not for nothing, it is to make the world understand that this heroic fight, this wonderful and outstanding sacrifice of you and your comrades will bear fruit for all generations to come.

We appeal, and we will **not** stop appealing to the conscience of all freedom-loving people in the world, to send you help, to support you in your fight, and where valuable life may be lost, to guarantee those who will live on, not only security, but a better life.

Your fight is the fight ofall—the Allies East and West are taking the common enemy in their grip. You Polish people, whose sons have fought in Norway, in France, in the Battle of Britain, in Africa, in Italy and now again in France, on the Seven Seas of the world, in the air and everywhere *you cannot and you must not be deserted.*

No Pontius Pilatus will be allowed to wash *his* hands; we know you want Kelt and we do whatever is in our power to let you have it. Do not despair, we will rouse the conscience of the world until your example of heroism is acknowledged and will be included in the iron letters of history of Socialism, Liberty and Freedom."

August 15,1944.

9

THE POLISH SOCIALIST PARTY TO CAMILLE HUYSMANS

" On behalf of the working masses of Warsaw, organized in the Socialist Movement and Trade Unions, we thank you, President of our International, as well as all its members, for your assurance that immediate help will be given to our fight for freedom. Do not permit that pur struggle fail through the lack of weapons and air borne assistance."

Warsaw
August 17,1944,

The Warsaw Committee of the Polish Socialist Party (P. P. S.) and the Council of Trade Unions.

10

THE JEWISH SOCIALIST ORGANISATION "BUND "-Warsaw, to the JEWISH WORLD-ORGANISATIONS (Dr. E. Scherer)

" For eighteen days the people of Warsaw have been engaged in an unequal fight with the barbarian who invaded Poland; the remaining Jewish youth is fighting with the whole of Warsaw for our common Polish cause. Do all what lies in your power to obtain as quicly as possible adequate help."

Warsaw August 18,1944.

Deputy Chairman of **the Executive Committee** of **"BUND."**

11

THE POLISH COMMUNIST PARTY on the WARSAW RISING

" The military action in Warsaw, apart from the question by whom and for what purpose it was begun, has found the full support of the greatest masses of the Warsaw people, and that is its chief strength."

Warsaw 15 August 1944

From the Communist paper ' People's Army'

12

LETTER to the POLISH SOCIALIST MINISTER-YAN KWAPINSKI, London from the besieged OLD CITY, WARSAW

"My dear Yan,

We cannot understand anything. WHY all this happens? Why the Allies leave us without help? Why are they not sending here our own Polish Parachute Brigade? Is our own Army to fight only on foreign soil when our capital is perishing? We can understand the difficulties, but you should explain to your hosts that it does not make them popular 'on the Continent. Our situation is similar to that of the Jews in the Ghetto. Doomed to be murdered, cut off from all assistance, weaponless, destroyed by continual airraids, bombardment and fires, without food, among spreading epidemics. We are waiting in vain, and...we listen to words, all the time only words from your side...

The population of Warsaw bearing equally with the Home Army terrific sacrifices, is full of bitterness against...(words illegible...)

Loving greetings, probably the last...

Warsaw, Old City
August 20,1944

From Yours
Henryk.

13
THE POLISH PEASANT PARTY to the PEASANT MASSES of the COUNTRY.

" Brethren,

On the 1st of August our capital entered an open fight against our deadly foe. All people, all the working masses of Warsaw joined the fight. But the enemy resists furiously and takes pitiless vengeance. What he has practised during five years on the peasants, destroying in a bestial way and burning all farm houses together with the people inside them,, razing whole villages, he is now doing day and night in Warsaw.

Yet, in spite of graves, ruins, ashes and bloody destruction everywhere, the population of Warsaw is inexorable in its fight. We are addressing you today from one of the- many freed districts of the capital. Warsaw cannot struggle alone. We must come to her assistance. We are sure that, in conformity with General Bor's order, the Peasant Battalions from nearer and further districts, joining the Units of the Home Army, are nov proceeding in a speedy march to the assistance of the capital.

Besides the military help an efficient help in supplies must be organised. Warsaw cannot starve, all possibilities must be used to bring her food supplies."

Warsaw, August 20,1944. The **Polish Peasant Party.**

14
THE WOMEN of WARSAW to the POPE

" Holy.Father, we the women of Poland are now fighting in Warsaw through the pur& love of our Land. For three weeks we are defending our fortress. Warsaw is in nuins. There is scarcity of food and of all medicaments. Germans are killing our wounded men in hospitals. They are driving women and children before their tanks. It is no exaggeration that children, are fighting on the streets of Warsaw, We, mothers, are looking at our sons falling in this desperate fight for the freedom of our country. Our husbands, sons, brothers who have struggled for years have not been given until now equal rights with other regular Army Combattants. No one helps us. Russian Armies stand, since three weeks, at the ,gate of Warsaw,, without moving one step further. Some assistance came from the West, but *small*, almost insignificant. The world ignores our fight. God alone is with us.

Holy Father, representative of our Lord Christ, if you will hear our voice please send us your blessings, to us, women of Poland, who are fighting for our Freedom and onr Religion;"
Warsaw August 22,1944

15
POPES ANSWER to the POLISH WOMEN'S APPEAL

(Sent to the . President of the Polish Republic.)

"The appeal which the women of Warsaw addressed to us touched us very deeply. We never cease to pray the Almighty mercifully to end the days of suffering and hasten the hour! of deliverance and peace.

Only a few weeks ago when receiving in audience a particularly dear group of our Polish sons, we expressed the hope that a lasting peace would bring Polish nation happy conditions of existence.

As far as Poland is .concerned, who rightly prides herself of being " semper fidelis," we have more than once prayed for her speedy resurrection. Therefore we wholeheartedly endorse this new appeal which was directed to us with a desire not to leave anything within our power undone, to save many human beings. May !the Almighty fulfil our prayers and

supplications to crown with success our efforts and stop the floods of so many tears and so much human: blood. With this prayer and those feelings we send out apostolic blessings to Polish men and women who asked for them with so many touching words, to you and to the whole Polish nation whose feelings you express, as proof of our fatherly love and as token of heavenly help and consolation in the hour of anxiety and pain."

Rome August 31,1944.

POPE'S SYMPATHY for WARSAW

*' Our heart is bleeding and words die on our lips when we think of the ruins of your heroic Warsaw. We will continue to do for Poland everything in our power and will not cease to raise our voice in the midst of the clamour of war in order to inspire, on the one side feelings of humanity and oh the other side thoughts *of* justice and respect for your rights."

16

, CHAIRMAN of **the EXECUTIVE** of **the POLISH SOCIALIST PARTY to the WORKMEN of GREAT BRITAIN**

First letter of Comrade Martin from the besieged Old City:

*4 Comrades,

...We have been dreaming about the Rising for five years, preparing it carefully and conscientiously. Developing both our organisations—the political and the military one. This last formed an integral part of the Home Army. We organised People's Militia.

On the first of August, on the order of the Government's Delegate and the Commander of the Home Army, with the full consent of the Chairman of our underground Parliament, (the much esteemed leader of the Polish Socialist Party—Comrade Puzhak*) we attacked the strong holds of the occupant, together with other units of the Home Army. Our Militia was in the first line. Its losses were terrible ; in the fierce battles, the most self-sacrificing of our comrades perished—two leaders of the political work, both men of unrivalled probity and purity of character. Hundreds of our best militia men fell, the bravest among the brave. The losses ate growing every day. The population of the workers' district—Wola—is suffering from raging fires and bombardments. The German aircraft are decimating us with full impunity. In spite of all this the enthusiasm and will to'fight of our soldiers and population are tremendous. Thefcall to the provinces (Order of General Bor to bring assistance to Warsaw) has increased the general enthusiasm and the recent arms dropped from the air have strengthened our hope."

Comrade **Martin**
Chairman of the Executive of the
Polish Socialist Party.

Warsaw, Old City,
August 22,1944.

17

Second Letter of Comrade Martin to the British Workmen from the besieged Old City

** The third week of our fight is closed. How were we able to stand the assaults of the regular German Army, splendidly equipped, having at its disposal the most modern weapons* we, with only a scanty supply of rifles collected during our conspiratorial work or captured from Germans ? We cannot realise ourselves how it was possible.

We began our Rising with ammunition supplies for only a few days, yet we have taken the town of over a million inhabitants and we are holding it in spite of repeated counter-attacks of the enemy*. half of our boys being with no weapons at all.

Only **a** powerful and general enthusiasm which gives the will to fight and sacrifice, could achieve such a prodigy. Yet in the midst of bloody battles, when the lack of arms does

*** The same who Was treacherously arrested by the Soviet authorities and tried at the infamous "Moscow Trial" .**

not allow us to capture the most dangerous strongholds of the enemy, or frustrates the most heroic efforts, and compels us even to recede, we cannot help questioning **why** our bojte have to fight with hand grenades manufactured in our own underground factories; *why* so **many** of them have not even that? *why* could we not be supplied with machine-r-guns and anti-aircraft guns, and all the weapons which could have been dropped so easily by para chute ? Why ?

We received twice a small amount from the Allies, but it is **a** drop compared, to **the** ocean of our needs. Have we to capture everything from the Germans? Our workmen are asking constantly anxious questions, with amazement and disappointment.

What can be the reason of this lack of assistance, for us, who are fighting Hitter on the furthermost outpost of the front ? Who stands in the way of supplying us with arms, so indispensable to the fighting insurgents ? What vested interests, what treacherous games are played behind our backs when we are bleeding in a life and death struggle? Allow me, my comrades, to quote the alarmed questions . which I constantly hear among the workers of Warsaw ; " How can it be that our Polish pilots fought over London, and are not allowed to fight over Warsaw ? Why ate we waiting in vain for air protection in spite of the fact that American air-bases are so near Warsaw ?"

We have learned that we are being accused of having started the fight without consulting the Soviet Government. We have been told quite clearly that our desire to rely on our own will for freedom, that our endeavour to owe our liberty to our own efforts, is **a** sin.

This news was met with acute bitterness by the working masses of Poland and by the whole nation, We do not deny that we want to gain our freedom by our own effort, That is why we have not given way during those dreadful years of German occupation; that is why our soldiers, sailors, and airmen are fighting and bleeding with no respite, on all the fronts of the world. That is why we have risen arms in hand as soon as the first opportunity of success appeared. We believe that such should be the attitude, that such is the duty of every nation who wants to be free. We could not have anticipated that some quarters may feel offended because we do not like either to wait passively or to accept liberation from a foreign hand.

We hear that we have not tried to get into touch with Russians. On the contrary, since the first moment the Red Army crossed the frontiers of Poland our Government have done all that was in their power to find means of co-operation, at least of a military character, ready to postpone all other Russo-Polish problems to the post-war period. Our Home Army every where—in Volhynia, in Wilno, Lwow, Lublin,—was attacking the Germans, trying to collaborate with the Red Army, offering its active help, and asking for a full co-ordination of activities. How can this charge be directed against us, when all our innumerable attempts have always failed, and our military Units were forcibly **disarmed on all the territories occupied by the Soviet Forces ? Sometimes their lot was even more tragic. Let us be frank, if one party understands by * co-operation' an imposition of its will, claiming, obedience; from the** other party, then there can be no question of real co-operation.

On the barricades of Warsaw all hearts are burning with one flame and one feelings " We want to be free."* We pay for this much desired freedom with our own blpddj we are certain that the peoples of the whole world are with us, but they must be'firm in their efforts to induce the Cabinets to abandon once for all their policy of Pilates, as it has been beautifully expressed by the President of our International—Comrade Huysmans. We close this third week of our fight with a hope that this pressure of the peoples is growing every day. that we can rely on them, that we will not be left without adequate assistance."

Comradi Martin
Chairman of the Executive of the
Polish Socialist Party,

- Warsaw, Old City,
• August 26,1944.

18

BRITISH LABOUR PARTY and TRADE UNION CONGRESS to the WORKERS of WARSAW

", *"The Trade Union Congress and the Labour 'Party send greetings on behalf of the British workers to ike Polish workers and peasants and to the valiant defenders of Warsaw,*

, ... The British Labour Movement urges that all possible aid should be afforded to the Allied Government until Poland has secured her full freedam and is. enabled once again to take her place, among democratic and peace-loving States upon the basis af sovereign equality "

„ · London
August 23.1944

The British **Trades** Union **Congress** and British Labour Party.

19

WORKERS OF FIGHTING WARSAW TO THEIR BRITISH COMRADES

. • "The third week of our struggle has ended. Ill-armed> we have taken and we are firmly holding a town of a million inhabitants. We lack machine-guns and anti-tank weapons. The armament we possess has been captured from the Germans. But *could it not be supplied to us?* We understand that there are transport difficulties, but should they not be overcome? *What stands in the way ? How is it that Polish pilots fought over London but are not allowed to fight * over Warsaw ?*

. " We know we are being accused of having started the fight without consultation with Russia. We believe that every nation who loves freedom, and wants to attain it, is fighting to-day on all fronts. We, here, do want freedom and we are fighting for it. On the barricades all hearts are united."

Broadcast from Warsaw on August 24, by the P. S. P.

20

AMERICAN WORKERS to FIGHTING WARSAW

** Fighters of Warsaw !

I am speaking to you on behalf of millions of workers organised in the Congress of Industrial Organisations who are at present working in vital war industries or fighting in armed forces on all theatres of war and taking part in all operations. I am speaking on behalf of men and women who contribute their share to the war effort and whose only aim is victory of the United Nations over the Forces of Nazism* Fascism and Japanese Imperialism. I am addressing you, workers and citizens of Warsaw, at the time when the third mass rising against the invader is taking place in your city, I am sure that the Allied military authorities will do the utmost to send you all possible help to enable you to free the capital from the German oppression. I would also like to assure you that the workers of America are well informed of your bitter struggle, and are watching with great admiration your heroism and devotion to the common cause of the United Nations, great and small, and hope you will be able again to enjoy freedom and independence, and have a free and democratic Poland."

Broadcast from London
24th of August 1944.

Philip Murray, President of the Congress of Industrial Organisation! (C. I. O. U. S. A.)

21

AMERICAN FEDERATION of LABOUR to FIGHTING WARSAW

" None of the freedom-loving peoples of the world can overlook the indomitable spirit **of the people of Warsaw.** Out of the charred ruins, terrible destruction and rivers of its own blood, **Warsaw is** reborn, **and** stands again in undying struggle for freedom. Warsaw's battles

have more significance because Poland struggle for independence was always bound with the aims of freedom for all under **the** motto: " **For your Freedom and ours** " **Justice** for all.

In 1794, Kosciuszko started the fire of freedom burning in Warsaw in his fighting against the tsarist general Suvorov and growing Prussia At that time Kosciuszko was confronted with a shortage of guns and ammunition, and Cracovian peasants' scythes and the knives **and** the stones of city workers, were the weapons which predominated in the hands of this people's army. The traditions of immortal Kosciuszko have not died, they were reborn in the Warsaw Insurrections of 1831, and 18S3. The surprised world looked with amazement upon the heroic people who prefered to die Standing and fighting than to live on their knees.

The year of 1905, the time of the first revolution on the territory of the Russian Empire, the Warsaw workers fought against the Czarist Cossacks in the streets of the city holding high the banner of freedom and justice. In the tragic and magnificent epics of Warsaw in 1939, without necessary arms, she defended herself and the whole world against the flood of **Nasi** barbarism. Battalions of workers fought gloriously and unselfishly. M. Niedzialkowski with Tomasz Arciszewski, the labour leaders with many others stood together with heroic Mayor Starzynski sending the Workers Army into battle. Today Warsaw again stood up to fight. It started the uprising in understanding with its Government in London which is composed chiefly of representatives of organised peasants and workmen.

There is one thing certain that we cannot permit the heroic city which so many times in history indicated to humanity with its own blood and life the road to freedom, to perish in this battle because she lacks ammunition. Today when the victorious Allies freed Rome and stand at the gates of Paris, when the victorious Red Army is breaking through the borders of Germany and when Tokio is withing firing range, there can be no overwhelming obstacle in the way of giving a helping hand when the workers of Warsaw, despite tremendous difficulties, give such a splendid account of themselves.

We in America are deeply stirred. We salute you for your heroism. We send you our fraternal greetings. We wish we could say: " While we are not with you in Warsaw in a physical sense, you may rest assured that the Labour movement of the United States is with you in spirit. May the tyrant's yoke soon be removed. Keep up the good fight."

Broadcast to Warsaw
on August 24,1944.

Robert Watt, the International Representative of the American Federation of Labour (A.F.L.)

18

MESSAGE of MINISTER A. BIEN-WARSAW,
To the Prime Minister of Poland—London

"After three weeks of fighting in Warsaw the situation is characterised by the lack of an efficient help to the Rising, it is a situation which assumes the aspect of a political scandal.

Public opinion criticises our Government. Bitterness towards the Allies grows..... The opinion prevails that[11] we are victims of an intrigue, this is supported by Hitlerite propaganda. The fact that just now our First Armoured Division from Scotland has been sent into most bloody battles in France, and Warsaw is deprived even of the simplest weapon* and ammunition which could be so easily supplied by air is provoking sheer amazement. Doubt and resentment are spreading.

We ask most emphatically the Government to act speedily and radically. It is inconceivable that such a situation can last long. A collapse may come, then nothing will remain to be saved

Can the world not understand what "it ireahs to be for three weeks, and for the second time in this war, under the heaviest fire of modern arms in **a** huge burning city **of** over **a** million **inhabitants?"**

Warsaw August 24,1944 **Walkowicz (Minister Adam Bien)**

19

SECOND APPEAL to PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT and Mr. CHURCHILL of the POLISH NATIONAL COUNCIL-WARSAW

" For the second time, we are addressing you. For three weeks we are leading a bloody fight, having to depend only on our own forces. Reports from all parts of Poland occupied by the Red Army, inform us that the Soviets are interning, arresting, and deporting to the infamous concentration camp of Maydanek, members of the Polish civil administration **and** of the Home Army—when they reveal their identity—the same Army which helps them so efficiently in their struggle against the Germans.

Thus after five years of unceasing bloody resistance against the Germans^ the Polish nation is now' threatened by a slavery not less ruthless, from one of the Allies. Cara^the great nations **of** the United States of America and Great Britain look on passively at this new slaughter of the friendly Polish nation ?

Is it not possible to use at least the Polish Air Force to save perishing Warsaw ? Has Poland to become **a** victim of some divided " spheres of interests "?

We most solemnly state that we are fighting on the ruins of burning Warsaw, and fight we shall, for our independence, defending our country from every imperialism. In this fight the workers, peasants and intellectuals are united, they are as one man.

The Polish nation is unable to understand and cannot react but with bitterness of disappointment to the indifference and passivity of her great Allies towards the martyred city of Warsaw and the silent toleration of violence and lawlessnesses displayed in Poland under Soviet occupation."

Warsaw
August 23,1944.

The Delegate for Poland, Deputy Prime Minister of **the Polish Government-Jankowski.**
Chairman of the Council of National Unity—Puzak.

20

The COMMANDER of LUBLIN DISTRICT to GENERAL BOR

" We are listening with grief to the news from fighting Warsaw, it is acutely painful to stay here inactive when our comrades are dying in the fight. But we are helpless, many of **our Units which moved to the rescue of Warsaw, not being able to penetrate through the front line had to return, many, have been disarmed and interned by the Soviets".**

Lublin, August 26,1944 **Commander of the Lublin District**

21

THIRD APPEAL to PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT and Mr. CHURCHILL, of the Deputy PRIME MINISTER, WARSAW

" On behalf of the Council of National Unity which is the representative of the whole fighting Poland I most earnestly appeal to you to send us an immediate and efficient Jhelp in military equipment, food and medical supplies. I am repeating this request daily for four **weeks of our struggle, always confident that at last the capital of Poland will see the fulfillment of all promises of the Government and peopled of United Nationsr particularly of the Anglo Saxon nations. The inexplicable isolation of fighting Warsaw, and most of all the lack of**

formal recognition by our Allies of combattant rights , for our Hume Army soldiers,* must immediately end.

Bleeding Warsaw still believing that the Conscience of the world does exist, not less than the honour of the standards of our common fight for Freedom, is waiting for the fulfilment by the Allies of their duty—the immediate assistance and help*"

Warsaw August 29,1944. Delegate for Poland; Deputy Prime Minister of the Government of the Polish Republic—-Jankowski.

Addressed to: President Roosevelt
Mr. Churchill,
Speaker of the British Parliament
Leaders of the Labour Party
American Congress
International Red Cross.

22

THIRD LETTER of COMRADE MARTIN to the **WORKMEN of BRITAIN**

" Comrades!

Three weeks of our Rising have ended. The greatest part of Warsaw is a heap of ruins. The population lives in cellars, the debris of burned houses, as Soon as they are cooled, serve as barricades for our fighting men.

We had in Warsaw a beautiful mediaeval district. Narrow lanes, high ancient houses, with a few windows, beautifully decorated old churches, the historic wonderful Cathedral... To-day there is not one building intact, ashes and ruins, that is all what remained of the Old City.

Thousands of the heaviest missiles fell on it, the ancient walls were crumbling under the bombing of large mortars and guns of armoured trains standing at a short distance; one attack of your aircraft could have destroyed the railway lines and stopped at least this bombing. In frequent series, day and night came the flame-throwers, belching fire and destruction. And ordinary artillery of all sizes was unceasing in its work during the last 25 days. Bombers are above our Old City, they come in large groups, every 20 minutes, throwing their deadly load. Why have we no air protection ? No anti-aircraft guns ?

Still our barricades stand. Demolished by shells, they appear once more in a few hours, built by the soldiers and the civil population. Our defence is active all the time. Every soldier is careful not to waste one cartridge; they have to become expert snipers. The Workmen Militia of our Socialist Party is now famous. Its members have become leaders of many groups, many barricade-defences. Innumerable civilians owe their life to its self-sacrificing, heroic labour in rescuing them from burning and crumbling houses. But our own casualties are heavy and painful. The Commander of our military organisation in the District of Warsaw was recently killed, and many more of the best comrades. The Commander of our Militia is seriously wounded. But the barricades stand. The ruins are fiercely defended. And the Old City is still an important bastion guarding two essential communication lines—through the centre to the north, and through the bridges to the west.

Life in the ruins is a strange one. About 100,000 people of the district are sheltered in them. House committees are busy seeking food and water which is very scarce. Public kitchens have to send warm soup to many cellars, whose inhabitants do not dare to come out into the open, where shells are flying. In one of the cellars some mysterious work is going on*. some machine is noisily working; broadcasts are heard; in a narrow ray of light, coming from a gun-opening in the wall, one can see two men bending on big wooden boxes, selecting types... It is the editorial office and the press of the best paper of the Old Town " The Warsavian". organ of the Polish Socialist Party, The free Polish word has had once more to go down to the underground, but it is free in the free and fighting Old City.

*** Britain and America anounced the recognition of combatants right for the H, A. on the 30th of August.**

A strange phenomenon can be observed in the fourth week of our Rising, namely it is not our soldiers, so poorly equipped, trained in conspiracy and in the five years underground struggle, that are showing signs of weariness and exhaustion, but the Germans. Their fury has no bounds, they take revenge on the city, for the unexpected strength of our Rising, on the civil population also, but their inner weakness is manifest, they cannot stand being surrounded, being attacked from all sides, always by unexpected ways, they cede many buildings, and prisoners taken by us are numerous, Thus we have taken the Telephone Exchange Building, and its branch in Pius XI Street, the Police Central Office, one of the best German strongholds. Every day we take some important centre of German resistance, and their prisoners are exhausted, not seldom half-mad, their nervous state uttlerly shattered.

Each one of us is well aware that it is the common powerful enthusiasm of the Nation that is prevailing over the barbarous occupant, the 'trained race of lords'. This consciousness redoubles the endurance cf the masses. We have news about the approach of our Units from the country, their activities in the German rear can already be felt.

We hear with amazement the appealling news that our soldiers of the Home Army have not yet been recognised as Combatants. The Germans call them • bandits' and kill everyone who falls into their hands. Do you understand what it means for us ? Can you not grasp, there in the West, the whole pathos of our situation ?

The resolution of the Congress of British Trade Unions as well as that of the American workers, are really welcome; they say that you, workmen, are whole-heartedly with us. Hence I appeal to you on behalf of the workers of Warsaw, and of the whole of Poland—do not stop in your efforts and pressure upon your Government to obtain from them this act of simple justice towards our soldiers which could protect them after all their ordeals from slaughter from any side."

Comrade Martin
Chairman of the Executive af the
Palish Socialist Party.

Warsaw, Old City,
August 28,1944.

23

THE POLISH PRESIDENT TO THE **NATION** on SEPTEMBER FIRST 1944

" We are fully entitled to say with pride that in the history of these five years there is no one thing on our path of which we could be ashamed; and no one thing have we left undone in our duty to Poland as well as in our duty to our Allies. This duty we have fulfilled, *sometimes even in excess of what could have been expected from us. Always without calculating, without bargaining, without conditions.* The line of our conduct in this war was straight and unde via ting, it was in harmony with the temperament of our nation, with her aims and beliefs all through history. During several centuries almost every generation had to fight for freedom, but *no war was waged for conquest.* Our deep love of Freedom and independence made us rise in defence of them, but also made us respect the rights of other nations. Therefore German attempts to secure our co-operation in their aggressive plans and in a war with the Soviet Union—failed. We wanted peace with all our neighbours, this remains the cornerstone of our foreign policy.

We want an Organised System of Security and we want to take part in it, as an active member with equal rights. We want, not only for ourselves but for the whole world a peace based on Law, and not on " might is Right."

In our internal policy our plans are sincerely democratic; we worded out a programme; of far-reaching reforms. As far as our Constitution goes we are not maintaining that it is perfect, but no State—*save dictatorship—can change the Constitution by decree of the Administrative authority. The new Constitution can be introduced by the Nation, through the representatives chosen in free elections, freely expressing the will.of the people, unhampered by any foreign occupation.*

All our efforts are directed to maintain a continual contact with the homeland, to whom we feel to be organically bound. That is why the legal Authorities of the Polish State inside Poland can be sure that not only from the legal point, but also in fact they are the sole body entitled to speak on the international forum in the name of Poland.

Warsaw is fighting a lonely battle opposing an overwhelmingly superior force of the enemy by its! spirit of sacrifice and an indomitable will. This unequal battle, lasting more than a month, for every street, every house, which is now under bombing from land and air amidst fire and smoke, is waged by the unconquerable knights of Liberty. Let no one attempt to belittle the, importance of the Warsaw Rising dictated as it was by the unselfish love of freedom, We must bow our heads before Warsaw's desparate and heroic fight. It is not the time for criticisms, what is needed first and foremost is help.

Warsaw, the proud the unconquerable capital of Poland ruined, drenched in blood* is; the living symbol of freedom and sacrifice. Her superhuman struggle cannot be wasted, unless; the aims proclaimed by the United Nations be denied; unless the equality of human, rights based on Divine Laws be disregarded and their prevalence over the brute force—denied.

London, September 1st 1944.

24

THREE INTERNATIONAL TRADE UNIONS to FIGHTING WARSAW

"I am speaking to you as a British Trade Unionist in the name of the Joint Council *of* the Three Internationals, the Mine-workers, Metal workers and Transport Workers. We have watched your struggle with our common enemy against fearful odds, and we have followed your heroic fight in the streets of Warsaw with admiration.

" We have fought, as we started to fight, to the end, that freedom and independence would-be assured in the world, and we will do all in our power to see that help may come to hasten your deliverance. *We, British workers, remember that it was you who first took up arms against the aggressors,* and that it is *the workers of Poland who have since been the mainstay of your resistance through these five long years.*

** The freedom and independence of your country was one of the basic things for which the British people took up arms, and we, as members of the British working classes, and as Trade Unionists, look confidently to the day when these will be restored to you, and to all others at present in bondage.

" For our part, our workers have given their time to extra work and some have had only the absolute minimum of rest necessary to enable them to carry on their job. Railway workers, one of whom I am, have worked extended hours in blitz conditions, as well as in better and quieter ones, and then have gone to factories to produce the essentials of war, and our women-folk have helped us in this great task. With these tasks we have undertaken civil defence, Home Guard, and other duties, and *all of us* through fair and foul weather *have retained before us the star of freedom* not only for ourselves but also for you.* When we heard of the way in which you had been treated, our sympathy for you in your trials spurred us on to even greater effort. *We desire to avenge* your cruel losses".

London, August 1944. J. Milner.

25"

RESOLUTION of REPRESENTATIVES of DEMOCRATE-SOCIALISTS of TWELVE COUNTRIES unanimously at adopted the meeting of the International Group in Stockholm

" The International Group of Democratic Socialists in Stockholm sends to the Polish fighters in Warsaw their best and deepest wishes with expressions of sympathy and solidarity

towards'the fight for the liberation of Poland. The Group joins in the appeal of the English Workers* Party and the English Trade Unions in expressing their hope that Poles, in their fight for the freedom of their capital will *obtain effective help from the Allies,* and that the heroic soldiers of the Polish Home Army will be recognised as combatants."

Stockholm, August 30,1944.

(I n practically every country of the world, the Workers' Movement made the maximum effort to help Warsaw.)

26

BRITISH TRADE UNIONS EXECUTIVE broadcast to WARSAW

" Comrades of the Warsaw battle front! This is James Walker, British Labour M. P., Member or the Executive of the British Labour Party, Political Secretary of the Iron and Steel Workers* Trade Union, speaking to you from London.

" I want to give you the greetings of myself, and the whole British working classes, in your heroic struggle for independence and freedom. We are watching with admiration for five long years the battle of the people of Poland against the brutal invader. We are watching all the sufferings that you have undergone and *we know that the Polish people are true fighters for democracy, and will never lower the flag of liberty,* unless they have sacrificed their lives in the cause.

" To-day in Warsaw, after four weeks, you are still waging a battle, almost unaided fighting on your own, but *winning the admiration of the peoples of the whole world. We know that you will fight to the last for freedom,* and the thoughts of every British lover of freedom herein this land of freedom, is worth the heroic Polish men, women and children* who are fighting so desperately in your famous city to-day.

" We trust you will keep the flag of liberty flying, no matter what the odds are against you, we know what you have suffered and still have to suffer, but when the day of freedom dawns, Poland will achieve a name for herself in the annals of freedom, the annals of liberty, and the fight for freedom all over the world. We know also that your gallant working class movement is in the forefront so far as the battle for freedom of Poland is concerned.

" We tell you here from Britain that when the war is over Poland will achieve that freedom for which she has struggled throughout the century, that there will be a free Poland, a Poland based on democracy, helping to fight inside Europe for the establishment of peace and freedom all over Europe, and the abolition of tyranny from the face of the earth."

James Walker
Representative of the British Trade Unions
Member of the Executive of the Labour Party.

London, August 30,1944

27

SOCIALISTS of the AlliLIED COUNTRIES to FIGHTING WARSAW

" Workers of Warsaw,

" I am addressing you on behalf of the Socialists of many Allied countries who have coutinued to meet together under my Chairmanship in London, under the auspices of the British Labour Party. .We'have learned from our Polish Comrades, Arciszewski and Ciolkosz. about the plight and fight of: the Warsaw workers since August 1st. We are informed about all the details of your struggle and your present position, and we know your demands. Our Socialist comrades of Allied countries have asked me to be their spokesman and convey to you their best wishes and to send you- words of admiration and profound solidarity.

•• **It was withanxious hearts that we watched your struggle in September 193$. We know what leading** part the workers of Warsaw took in the defence of their city. We remember the Warsaw workers' battalions in the trenches and on the barricades. We remember the heroic conduct of your leader, Niedzialkowski. We remember your sacrifices, yout buint-out homes, the wrecked buildings of your famous paper " Robotnik".

Then, in the midst of the might of German terror, there came the flare of the uprising of the Warsaw Ghetto. Jews the most unhappy victims of the oppression took up arms supplied by the Polish Underground movement. Led by the workers, they rose «with wonderful courage against the Nazi tyranny in a last and desperate struggle. They have not died in vain. Since the 1st August, Warsaw has again become a vast battlefield. Again whole quarters are being set on fire. The modern, beautiful and large building of your Union of Railwaymen is burnt out. Women and children are being tied to German tanks attacking your positions. But in spite of all, Warsaw does not surrender. You made a new advance. Underground authorities of the Polish Republic are leading the Capital. Dozens of free daily newspapers are published openly. The free voice of the Polish Radio is heard from Warsaw. Gallantly fighting units of your Home Army are supperted by the workers organised in the Fighting Squads of the P. P. S. and the P. P. S. Militia.

We know the conditions in which you are carrying on your fight. We know of instances when workers have barehanded captured German tanks. We honour their bravery. *This is a grim and deadly battle. But in spite of all, you do not fail or falter.* As your old revolutionary song says, your watchword is: *"Those who will survive will be free, those who have fallen are already free."* You are appealing for help and assistance to be given to you. *You must receive it.* The tragedy of September 1939, *must not be repeated. You have fulfilled beyond measure your obligations towards the world denocracy aid towards the working classes of the free nations,. Your heroic struggle will be an inspiration to all lovers of freedom, for all generations to come.* Now **you** want us to do our duty towards you. *We shall do all in our power to aid you.* Your sacrifices which are unequalled throughout the European Continent, have proved onceagain your right to independence as a democratic Republic in which you could peacefully find your way to a Socialist economy. *We are heart and soul with you.* Hold on, victory is at hand. Comrades *I* We of the Labour Movement of Great Britain and the Socialist workers of the Allied Nations, salute you. We pledge ourselves to do our utmost that effective help should reach you as soon as possible and to give in the future all pur support to the working classes of a free, independent and democratic Poland.

Salute to our Comrades of the Polish Socialist Party. Salute to the workers of Warsaw. Salute to fighting Warsaw.

Long live a free, **independent and democratic Republic of Poland."**

George Dallas.

London
August **31,**1944.

Member of the Executive of the Labour Party
Chairman of its International Sub-Committee;

28

APPEAL OF POLISH WRITERS to their COLLEAGUES of the UNITED NATIONS

" We are a small fraction of the great community of Polish artists and men of letters. against whom in our native land turned the frenzied fury *of* the German invaders. We, **who** succeeded in reaching this country, appeal **to you** for help. We represent different political **and** social opinions, **but** we **are acting collectively and unanimously in this matter of a humanitarian nature,** which **concerns the duty of the civilised world towards perishing Warsaw.**

Hot all the details of the Warsaw tragedy are available to you or known even to us. The judgment of the political aspects of the Warsaw Rising must be postponed until all elements relevant to this matter become known. Nevertheless the fact remains that Warsaw-foe more than a year invoked to rise against the Germans by broadcasts in the Polish language transmitted from Moscow, and constantly encouraged by British and American broadcasts *to* collaborate loyally with the Red Army—has risen in arms at a moment when *the.* eastern suburbs of the city reverberated with the thunder of Russian guns, when German military detachments and administrative units were preparing to evacuate their offices from the city, when the capital was exposed to German demolitions, deportations of hostages and general chaos. The Polish Underground Army disciplined and ready for battle, regarded this the right moment for taking the field openly in an armed Rising. This decision turned into a dreadful tragedy for Warsaw. The echoes of the battle waged on the eastern fringe of Warsaw—died down. With savage bestiality the Germans are wreaking their vengeance upon the Poles, who for five weeks now have been fighting alone. German bombers are laying in ruins one house after another, one quarter of the city after another. Not a single Allied fighter plane, from bases only fifteen minutes flying time away, has appeared in the air over the city, which is without water, without food, without shelters and without anti-aircraft defences. But *one week before the Rising Allied bombers, amply protected by fighters, were over Warsaw,* bombing the railway station and other military targets.

Young and old, men and women, boys and girls, are fighting in Warsaw. They lack medicines, penicillin or sulpha, blood plasma or anaesthetics and they have not asked for them. Until recently their only worry was arms and munitions. But their courage and contempt of death cannot avail against the monstrous superiority of a modern war machine.

The nearest and safest way of supplying arms to Warsaw, the way from the East, is closed. During the last week the radio station of the Warsaw insurgents broadcast a heart-rending appeal to the International Red Cross asking for food to be supplied to a hundred thousand starving men, women and children driven away from the city. *American and British plafies which were ready to fly quantities of food for the people of Warsaw have been refused by the Soviet authorities facilities for landing on Soviet occupied territory.*

We are witnessing the death of a city harbouring a million people, *the destruction of a population, whose only sin is the will for freedom* and loyalty to the Allies; the destruction of national memorials, churches and museums, art treasures and irreplaceable cultural values. We are witnessing the infliction of such monstrous wrongs that in face of them all ideology, all alleged causes and aims of this war, all that makes life worth living becomes meaningless, while all programmes, treaties, pledges and assurances become a mockery.

In the name of thousands of Polish airmen who gave their lives in the defence of this island during the Battle of Britain, in the name of Polish sailors who perished in the Arctic seas escorting Allied convoys to Murmansk and Archangel, in the name of Polish soldiers whose graves are scattered at Narvik and Tobruk, at Gazala and Monte Cassino, at Ancona and Falaise, *we ask you to help.*

We are not asking you to contribute money or make donations. *We need your voice, we need your pen and your courage at a time when courage is needed te call for help for a perishing Ally when courage is needed to demand that wrongs should be redressed ?"*

London
September 1st 1944.

Signed by 48 poets, novelists, playwrights, Soholari and artitss now in Britain.

29

APPEAL of the POLISH UNION of JOURNALISTS to **the** BRITISH, AMERICAN and other UNITED NATIONS' PRESS

•* On August 1st, Warsaw rose against the Germans.

The struggle has been going on for almost five weeks. Yet Allied help for Warsaw has been but relatively small; and latterly it has stopped altogether in view of the losses suffered by the air crews in flying the supplies. The Polish losses in the defence of London were high; during the Battle of Britain, Polish airmen accounted for 14 per cent, of the German aircraft shot down over London. The Polish soldier willingly shed his blood in September 1939, in Poland and later in Norway, France and Libya, and now again in Italy and France. The Polish navy and air force are doing their share together with the other Allies. *However, for reasons of a political nature, the Allies are withholding all help from Warsaw,*

Russia, who has repeatedly urged the Poles to rise, is now condemning the revolt. Moreover, *the Russians are now disarming Polish soldiers and interning them in concentration camps*— soldiers who were conducting an effective and heroic diversion in the German rear, thus , tactically co-operating with the Red Army. Unmindful of this, Russia has threatened the patriots of Warsaw and their leader, General Bor, with courtmartial for rising against the Germans without the consent of the Supreme Command of the Red Army.

These facts are known to the Allied press from the daily communiques broadcast by the two Polish radio stations in Warsaw ; yet, with some exceptions, these *facts are passed over in silence.* The attitude of the Russian authorities towards Warsaw is undermining the good faith of the Poles in the possibility of collaboration between Poland and Russia as sovereign States, which are to promote the interests of a lasting peace and the prosperity of all European nations within the general system of security. The Polish journalists therefore appeal to their British and American colleagues to give *full publicity to the facts,* for silence about the position of Warsaw may not only kill the cause of Poland, *but also imperil that of freedom and democracy in Europe,* Warsaw, the heroic city, must not be allowed to perish. "

London, September, 1,1944.

The Executive Committee of the Polish Union of Journalists.

30

The STATEMENT of 16 MEMBERS of the BRITISH PARLIAMENT

" We believe that even now the British people is not fully aware of the extent of the suffering and destruction which Poland is enduring in these days, particularly since the Warsaw Rising began on August 1st. We appreciate that the public cannot as yet have detailed arid up-to-date information of what our Government has done or could have done. We desire most deeply and strongly that every possible assistance should be given to the Poles. We do not know what is still physically practicable, nor can we be sure whether the possibilities have been limited by the action or inaction of other Governments.

We believe that what our Government has done and is doing should be made abundantly clear. It should be known beyond doubt what limitations, if any, have been imposed upon its activities and by whom. Where such limitations arise from the action of other Governments the public should be assured that our Government has made crystal clear, what it thought right and desirable,"

The signatories are: Henry Brooke, Joseph Nail, J. D, Campbell, Kenneth Pwkthorn, A. G, Ershine Hill R. Donald Scott, T. D, Galbraitk Archibald South by E. G. R. Lloyd, H, G. Studholme, R. E, ManninghanuBulier, G Spencer Summers, Douglas Herbert Williams, Lionel Berry,, Edward Cobb,

London, September 1944."

POLISH SOCIALIST PARTY'S APPEAL to FREE PEOPLES of the WORLD

" We are appealing to you on behalf of fighting Warsaw. Our voice is the voice OF THE PEOPLE OF WARSAW, OF THE WORKERS who are the backbone of 'the present struggle.

Battalions of workers stood up in defence of beleaguered and defenceless Warsaw in September 1939. when it paid the price of 80,000 killed. Warsaw was the first to resist German imperialism, we were then alone; but we did nor regret all our sacrifices bacause they were accompanied by certainty of future victory, and of the unquestionable right of Poland to recover her full freedom and independence in the hour of triumph of free nations of the world.

In defiance of German terror-regime a wide net-work of underground organisations grew up, especially the underground labour movement, centred round the Polish Socialist Party,

The Polish underground never capitulated, and during 5 years of struggle it sacrificed five milion lives—of men and women, tortured in German prisons and concentration camps, shot, hanged, or executed in gas-chambers. The resistence of the Polise has not weakened even for a momet, and no one quisling traitor was found among them. Our fight went on without respite even during the period of the greatest German successes, when they occupied the whole of Europe, and were standing at the gates of Moscow and Stalingrad. We had not enough arms, we were unceasingly appealing for arms to sustain our grim fight against these modern barbarians. The whole people of Poland was waiting for arms, more arms.

On the 1st of August the ill-armed people of Warsaw began the open fight, for it could not do otherwise. All were convinced that the speedy assistance from the Allies will come. Five years ago, when the same people of Warsaw were defending the capital, the help did not come, But then the Allies were not prepared for the war. Today their reserves are tremendous. And yet once more Warsaw is fighting alone with no help from outside. After several years of hated occupation one capital after another is now set free. We are sharing the joy of liberated Paris and free Brussels. We are sharing the pride of the people of London who victoriously withstood all trials. But today, looking on the ruins of burning Warsaw. we ask ourselves and the world: " *Why is similar joy denied to us?"*

Warsaw is without light and water, without food. Nothing can stop fires raging in the city. The toll of hunger and epidemics is high, thousands are dying every day. Warsaw is not waiting for words of sympathy or consolation. Warsaw is not waiting for the applause and the admiration of the world, nor for mourning wreaths. Warsaw is not begging for anything nor are we begging for anything for Warsaw, We have the full right to state that wherever a fight for Freedom was going on in the past on both hemispheres—there Poles helped not sparing their blood, In this war the Polish soldier is fighting at the side of Allies on land and sea and in the air. The Polish Nation cannot, and will never be able to understandt *why in this supreme hour of its effort and travail it has to be left alone.*

We demand, and we have the right to demand, immediate and effective help in the struggle. We demand continuous and sufficient supplies of arms and amunitions for the defenders of Warsaw. We demand for fighters cover against Luftwaffe. We demand the bombing of German positions and airfields in and around Warsaw,

We repudiate all *chargesand aII pretext s aiming at veiling the truth about fighting Warsaw. We know one truth and one reality only—the reality of the city which is fighting and perishing for the common cause of the Freedom of the world.*

We appeal to the Conscience of the world. We appeal to the simplest morality in relations between free nations. We are forwarding this voice of Warsaw *to workers and peasants, to democrats, Trade Unionists and Socialists of the whole world.* We appeal to the ordinary

people of town and villages to understand Warsaw's plight. We believe they will make the cause of Warsaw their own. We believe—ve wish to believe—that immediate and effective help for Warsaw will be for the martyred Polish Nation a confirmation of her unyielding faith that a new solidarity, the solidarity of free nations of the world, will be born out of the Sacrifices and tortures and the struggle of millions for Freedom."

London September 2, L944. **The Executive of the Polish Socialist Party Abroad.**

32

GENERAL BOR to the PRIME MINISTER of POLAND London.

" After four weeks of bloody battles, after having exhausted all possibilities of defence, our Units have left today the ruins of the Old City. It was possible to evacuate about 1,500 armed men with a group of lightly wounded, both soldiers and civilians, and about 100 prisoners of war, The greatest part of the civil population however remained in the cellars of the ruined houses, as well as several thousands of grievously wounded. The heroic defence of the Old City has passed to history, it forms a legend in itself. The fall of this bastion of our defence is an irreparable loss."

Warsaw, **General Bor**
September 2,1244. **Commander of the Home Army.**

" The loss of the Old Town has made a serious breach in our defence system. We must expect a still stronger pressure on other parts of the capital..../*have decided to defend Warsaw to the last possibility.*

We have enough food till the 7th, bread till the 5th, ammunition is nearing exhaustion. Soldiers are still in good spirits ; the civil population suffers from lack of food, water, shelter, clothes and from many diseases. Their moods are oscilating between hope, when assistance comes, and deep anxiety when it is delayed.

The length and limits of our endurance do not depend on our strength alone, but also on your support and the speed and success of the Red Army's advance on the Warsaw front. During the last six days there were no flights over Warsaw. The efforts of English flyers to *give* help to Poland by dropping some ammunition here and there in the province—against our request—are useless. They seem only a pretence of assistance. I stress once more *that all the assistance should now go to Warsaw,* especially to the centre of it. Only on my request some aircrafts can be sent to the districts, or those which, in spite of all their efforts, are unable to drop anything over Warsaw. Today we are watching and waitng them in the centre and in Mokotow."

Warsaw **General Bor.**
September 3,1944. **Commander of the Home Army.**

33

MESSAGE of the BRITISH AIRMAN FIGHTING WITH the POLES IN WARSAW

" To-day is the thirty-fifth day of the battle for the capital of Poland, a city with a population of 1,300,000. During these thirty-five days there has been no communication with the provinces. Therefore no food has reached Warsaw. Rations are very short and many people are starving. The greatest tragedy is that of the small children who receive no milk which they need.

The people in Warsaw hear with hungry envy of the liberatipn of Paris after four days of fighting. They heard that the British Army rushed thousand? of tons of food and medical supplies to the French population. During the first few days of the uprising Warsaw received some much-needed help, in the form of ammunition dropped by the RAF, but for **the;** past two **or** three weeks no relief whatever has been received.

Polarict is our oldest ally in this war. Despite all she suffered at the hands of the German invaders she remained an always-active power against the enemy. The Underground Army in Poland has now risen and is fighting openly, as *it* has fought under cover during the whole war. Poland is a country, which L as an Englishman am proud to call an ally. She produced no government co-operating with Germany. The only Government she acknowledges is the one in exile in London. To end, I would like to make an appeal to the British nation. It is short: "Help Warsaw."

Broadcast from Warsaw September 5,1944. A British Airman.

34

APPEAL of the **POLISH P. E. N. CLUB** to all the **WRITERS** of the **WORLD**

" For thirty days increasingly desperate calls have been reaching us from Warsaw, clamouring for arms, ammunitions, food and medical supplies. Soldiers of the Polish Underground Army, now fighting in the open, are imploring that food should be supplied to the civilian population of the city. They are asking not only for material help, but for moral support too, their appeals are lost in a deadly silence.

As a result of steps taken by the Polish Government small quantities of arms and munitions were delivered from distant bases. *But when Britain and America approached Russia with a request that planes from Italy be given facilities for landing on the Russian controlled air-fields—it was refused.*

That is why the Polish writers request the help of ther fellow-writers of the United Nations. Your words may achieve much. They can turn into food and medicines. They can alleviate brothers and sisters. Alone we are unable to break the dreadful ring of silence which surrounds the cause of dying Warsaw. If your words could at least break this grim silence, your effort will not have been in vain. It will help peoples of oppressed Europe to regain faith that besides the game of scheming politicians, indifferent to sufferings of men, *moral forces still exist.* It will make us believe that promptings of humanity do not yield to dictates of brute force. Let your words remove some of the bitterness filling the hearts of the people of Warsaw who have struggled for five long years and now are bleeding in their unequal fight with tyranny."

London Signed—Maria Kuncewicz
September 6,1944. President of the Polish P. E. N. Club.

35

THE MAYOR of WARSAW APPEALS to the MAYORS of LONDON and NEW YORK in 1944, just like Mayor Starzynski appealed in 1939.

" In the sixth year of the underground struggle, Warsaw has been for five consecutive weeks involved in an open battle with the Germans. We have not receved help from outside. August 1st was chosen as the first day of the battle because it was thought to be the last day cm which there were still prospects of prenventing the Germans from adopting their methods of annihilation of the population. We fight, together with other nations, for liberation from slavery and not for admiration by the world.

As Mayor of the Polish capital, I feel myself authorised to put two questions which ire being asked daily by the people of Warsaw. First *\why have we heen left solitary nnd for SO Long\ why have arms, ammunition and food not heen supplied to us ? Secondly: why have no aircraft Heen sent with succour ?* We need above all bombers which might prevent the Germans from, destroying, Warsaw, district by district. *We appeal to the Conscience of civilised nations.* Only mmediate help, if given by them, may have an effect."

Warsaw. September 6,1944. **Mayor of Warraw.** T,

36

MAYOR LA GUARDIA of NEW YORK CITY ANSWERS to the MAYOR of WARSAW.

" My colleague, the Mayor of Warsaw, has addressed the following appeal to me." (Here he quoted the telegram and continued:) " I understand it is the wish of fighting Warsaw that I should communicate this telegram to the citizens of New York and through them to the American Nation. I have been informed that everything is ready for dispatch; arms, ammunition and food ; the planes are ready to take off. As far as I understand, the United Nations have accepted the strategic principle of giving help to distressed peoples of occupied countries wherever they may be. This was the case when we occupied France. Thus the Italian and French Forces of the Interior have been armed so that they could help us to liberate their countries. We have to remember that Poland and Warsaw do not fight a private war of their own. The citizens of Warsaw fight with forces of Hitlerite Germany who are the enemies of our country and of Great Britain and Russia.

The brave people of Warsaw are not afraid to die. All they ask is that they should not die without arms in their hands. Warsaw has been in a continuous fight for the last five years. Now during the past five weeks the fight has developed into open warfare. Warsaw asked for supplies of arms, ammunition and food to be dropped by planes in the same way as it has been done elsewhere. I am powerless as a Mayor to help them and likewise are the 7 and a half million population of New York City, but perhaps we will be successful together with other citizens of U. S. A. to draw the attention of the appropriate authorities to this tragic appeal addressed to us by the men and women of Warsaw who fight with our common enemy. Warsaw is besieged, even more than that, it is occupied. But as long as one Pole is left alive, there will be always people ready to fight for the cause of Poland which is our cause.

They are not asking for our compassion. They are not asking anything unreasonable. As our Allies they ask for co-operation which I think they have the right to expet.

I hope that my colleague, the Lord Mayor of London, if he has not done so already* will find some means to communicate to the British people the appeal of our Warsaw colleague*

I express the hope that the British Nation which has a traditional sense of fair play will react quickly to this appeal. What can we do now ? I have to leave the answer to this question to the common-sense of each American Citizen. He can address members of Congress or even the President of the States and direct their attention to the desperate situation in Warsaw." I am sure that immediate help is possible. I am sure, too, that this help in way counteracts the military plans of the C-in-C of the Eutopen theatre of operations in whom we have absolute confidence and for whom we have such feelings of admiration. I do not think that the delay has been caused by any military considerations and this was the reason I presume why our attention has been drawn to the catastrophic situation.

" In the name of Unity, in the name of American Justice, in the name of sincerity among the United Nations, and in the name of our sacred duty, I transmit this appeal of the people of Warsaw to the people of the United States.**

Broadcast to Warsaw on September 11, 1944.

37

GENERAL BOR to MARSHAL ROKOSSOVSKY

Through the intermediary of the Polish Prime Minister in London.

" Having been informed today by Prime Minister Mikolajczyk about the imminent collaboration and assistance to fighting Warsaw I would like to request you, Marshal, to send us support and to correlate our efforts.

Would you convey, Marshal, on my behalf and on behalf of the Polish Home Army, greetings **to the** Soviet Army nearing the gates of Warsaw, and to the Polish Units forming part of your Army.

Our general situation is known to you from the telegrams of captain Kalughin and the Commander of Warsaw, Colonel Monter. It has not changed much. Having received some arms and munitions last night we are fighting on. But further dropping of ammunitions for German arms is urgently needed. The civil population is suffering acutely from heavy artillery and bombers. I earnestly request you, Marshal, to protect us from these two means of enemy attack. Knowing our situation you cannot expect us to give you an extensive help without heavy arms; nevertheless if you inform us which points are important for you, and send us adequate arms, we can concentrate all our effort on the line of decisive Soviet attack on Warsaw. I am waiting for information necessary to enter into direct radio contact with you."

With soldierly greetings

Warsaw September 11,1944. **General Bor.**

38

EMERGENCY COUNCIL of the INTERNATIONAL FEDERATION of TRADE UNIONS to FIGHTING WARSAW

" The Emergency Council of the International Federation of Trade Unions at their meeting in London, on September 14th expressed their unqualified admiration of the magnificent struggle being waged by the workers of Warsaw in their uprising against the German occupying forces. We have followed hour by hour the magnificent fight which you are making, and have mourned with you the loss of so many gallant comrades in your bitter struggle for freedom.

We recognise the necessity of ensuring that supplies should reach you in quantity adequate to enable you to bring your fight to a successful conclusion. We know of your disappointments, but we sincerely hope that means will be found in the very near future of sending the arms, ammunition, medical supplies and food which are vital for the liberation of your capital.

To-day the German forged chains of slavery are everywhere disintegrating under the relentless hammer blows of the armed forces of the United Nations. Paris is free, Brussels is free. The mighty Soviet Armies are on the threshold of East Prussia and Warsaw, and it is our ardent hope that the near future will bring the complete liberation of Warsaw, and the early establishment of a free and democratic Poland. The solid front which has been consistently offered by the Polish workers against collaboration with the enemy, their determination to maintain at least the nucleus of freedom inspite of the brutal domination of the Germans, has enhanced still further the honourable name of Poland. The world of free labour awaits your presence in its councils".

London, September 14,1944. **Walter Citrine**

President of the International Federation of Trade Unions.

39

JEWISH-AMERICAN LABOUR to the FIGHTERS of WARSAW

" Fighters of Warsaw, your gallant struggle against Nazi hordes *is a most heroic and sacred fragment of world war.* The hour of Nazi downfall is close. Nations and peoples are already liberated. Poland too will be free. Let your indomitable spirit continue. Victory is in sight.

September, 1944 **Held** and **Dat**

for the Jewish-American Labour Committee.

40

GENERAL BOR to the POLISH COMMANDER in CHIEF, London (Peraonal).

" Some arms have been dropped by the Soviets, ammunition is suitable for Russian rifles but not for the German ones which are used by us...Nothing indicates when the entry of the Russians into Warsaw can take place". " The behaviour of the Soviets on the occupied territories of Poland proves that they do not intend to tolerate any representatives of the Polish State and Polish Government in our land. Their attitude towards the Home Army is without exception negative, they are " liquidating " it everywhere. On the other hand the Soviet Government is still reluctant to entrust the rule on the occupied territories of Poland to a group of their nominees. Fake institutions, with the name of Committees, seem for the moment preferable. It seems that the Soviet authorities are playing for time and hope to force our Government to accept their conditions, and only then will try to transfer the centre of the State authoritise to the country and to those subservient to them.

It seems that the Russians want to display the last phase of this process here in Warsaw, after its occupation. We shall see only then if there will be some place for our Home Army, with its allegiance to you, our Commander in Chief, and our lawful State authorities, in this new situation. In case it would be incompatible with Soviets designs, I regard the dissolution of the Home Army—by a proper and timely Order—on all territories occupied by Russians, as unavoidable. Thus the historic existence of the Home Army would end with her open fight with the German Forces receding from the Polish territories. Such an Order would have to give broadly outlined instructions for the conduct of individual soldiers, appealing to their national instinct and patriotism so deeply rooted in every Polish heart, mentioning also the paramount importance of obedience to the orders of our legal and Independent Government abroad."

Warsaw, September 17,1944. **Commander of the Home Army,-**

SOME ADDITIONAL DOCUMENTS.

41

THE POLISH PRIME MINISTER to the PRESIDENT

" On the 9th of August I had one hour's friendly farewell talk with Stalin...I presented with emphasis the situation of fighting Warsaw. *Stalin was expecting the entry of the Soviet forces into Warsaw on the 6th of August;* a German counter-attack has prevented it...Stalin has no doubts as to the ultimate result in spite of this unexpected delay. He is aware of the fact that it has created great difficulties for our fight inside Warsaw, he promised to give in the meantime a full air supporters, according to his great possibilities. He asked for details and an authoritative statement on our part, confirming the veracity of the reports on the Warsaw fighting. I gave it."

August 10,1944. **Mikolajcsyk.**

Cabled from Teheran on his way back from Moscow.

•• *Stalin promised to give full assistance to Warsaw* especially by dropping arms and ammunition. To establish direct contact a Soviet liaison officer in possession of cyfres must be parachuted into Warsaw. Please give immediately informations to Soviet authorities through the British Embassy in Moscow as to the way of communication with the Commander of the Warsaw garrison, the place of landing, and the way of recognition of this Soviet **liaútib' officer."**

August 9.1944. **Mikolajczyk**

42

THE IMPORTANCE of the WARSAW RISING for the SOVIET OFFENSIVE.

"...The military importance of the Warsaw Rising for the Soviet Command has grown considerably in the present situation. The very fact that many parts of the city are in the hands of the Insurgents'Army proves that the crossing of Vistula is made possible, even comparatively easy, for the Soviet troops.

This seems one of the reason's why on the 44th day of our Rising, Warsaw for the first time has received some supplies from the Russians, and since a few days Russian air-patrols are also seen. The Soviet High Command is certainly aware that this help can pay well."

September 15,1944. From the Warsaw paper " The Information Bulletin".

On the whole the supplies dropped by the Soviets—in spite of their almost • immediate' neighbourhood—were two times smaller than those brought by the Western Allies from distant bases; and ten times smaller than the Home Army's own reserves. One must state quite impartially that the effort of the Allies, although insufficient in comparison to the needs, and quite insignificant if compared with their possibilities, was still far greater than that of Russia."

Warsaw, September 1944. From the Warsaw paper "The Polish Soldier."

43

FROM the DAILY REPORTS of the COMMANDER of the HOME ARMY

" From the Zholibor sector came the following report: " We received this afternoon a proposal from General von den Bach, to facilitate the evacuation of the civil population of Warsaw in the name of "humanitarianism" and to^capitulate. We answered by quoting examples of German • humanitarianism' with the civilians, and proposing their own capitulation."

September 18,1944.

" Mokotow's fall is near. According to the report of the Commander of the sector, 70 per cent of our forces there perished. The morale of our Units is deteriorating. Starvation in many sectors. The radio contact with the Soviets not functioning. No supplies dropped. Penetrating cold. Depression among the civil population."

September 26,1944.

" Mokotow has fallen. Starvation. If we do not receive adequate help, through a direct attack of the Soviets, till October 1st, we will be compelled to stop fighting. We inform Marshal Rokossovsky."

September 27,1944.

" Some supplies were dropped by the Soviets during the night. We ask for more urgently. General von den Bach proposed once more capitulation, the parleys have begun."

Warsaw, September 29,1944. General Bor.

44

GENERAL BOR to the POLISH COMMANDER IN CHIEF London (personal).

" We found that the smallest rations would suffice only for 3 days more. There is no **hope** that the Red Army will occupy Warsaw during these days, or that it could grant Warsaw such an air-protection and food supplies which would enable us to ensure until they occupy the town.

I informed Marshal Rokossowsfcy about our situation and asked once more for assistance. If I do not receive it immediately and in a sufficient amount I shall **be** compelled to capitulate. Germans guarantee combatants rights. The evacuation of civilians will begin on the 1st. In case a Red Army attack takes place during next few days I shall stop the evacuation of the civil population and we will continue the fight.'*

Warsaw, September 29,1944. Excerpts. **Commander of the Home Army.**

45

A LETTER of the FAMOUS SQUADRON 303 to HER MAJESTY THE QUEEN

" Your Majesty,

There are moments in the life of every Nation whose memory lasts for centuries, in the face of which one cannot be passive witness.

The Polish Nation is now experiencing such a moment and this fact alone justifies our boldness in addressing Your Majesty. In the very moment we are writing these words, Warsaw, the capital, the heart, of our beloved Motherland, is leading a terrible life-and-death struggle with no help from outside. During many long days and nights poorly armed Polish Units have been sustaining the attacks of German machine guns, artillery, mortars and flame throwers, tanks, armoured trains and bombers. Their reserves of ammunition are nearing exhaustion—a population of a million is threatened by extermination. Men, women and children are doomed to be massacred by German barbarians.

Your Majesty, an immediate help could prevent this catastrophe happening. Assistance given from Great Britain is possible ; no one has better knowledge of this possibility than we, the airmen. Every night thousands of aircraft are starting from this great island towards the Continent. A small fraction of these thousands could save Warsaw. Several hundreds bombers for one big attack, and several dozens with munitions each night would *be* enough, to change utterly the whole situation.

It is with bitterness and shame that we have to recall our merits: Our only justification is the paramount need of the moment. In 1940 the fate of Great Britain was at stake, please believe us, Your Majesty, we the Polish airmen, were not thinking of sparing our blood, our lives. Thousands of miles from our homes, under a foreign sky, we were flying without hesitation to face the enemy. In those times, over burning London, there was no difference between a British and a Polish airman.

Why are not the same airmen seen over burning Warsaw ? Has this city to perish on the eve of victory, after five years of yearning for freedom ? The desperate calls of thousands of our women and children anxiously looking to the sky with the rest of hope has it to be answered only by the belching fire of German planes? Is the Luftwaffe swept off the London skies to direct all its vengeance against Warsaw, and bring her ruin and death ? Has the faith in Great Britain, has that too to vanish in the flames devouring our capital ?

Your Majesty, please forgive us our soldierly frankness. We are unable to keep silent any more, when our women and children are perishing. We trust their fate will not be indifferent to Your Majesty.

August, 1944. **Airmen of the Polish Squadron Flying 303.**

THE LAST APPEAL of the PEOPLE of WARSAW to the PEOPLES of the WORLD

" For over 60 days the dramatic battle was going on. Nothing can express the immense sufferings and sacrifices the city .anf its population.endured .in this struggle Entire districts

of the city have been reduced to ruins, tens of thousands of graves are seen and mountains of nibble lie over the casualties. Sick and wounded are starved in underground hospitals or burned alive.. .Everything is fire and ruin...

But in spite of all this the heroic spirit of the city could not be broken. The enemy wondered, aghast, at the unprecedented courage and tenacity of the insurgents and the population who proudly remained side by side with the Army, conscious of the battle aims and its own role, this only owing to this magnificent spirit of both soldiers and the civil population that Warsaw could endure for 63 days and for five years unceasing resistance.

We believe we have an unquestionable right to the assistance of our Allies. Not only the right to a political and strategical help, but in the first place a moral right to a moral assistance, fighting as we are, not only for our own liberation but to hasten the moment of general victory and the longed for liberation of Europe.

It is pur firm conviction that Warsaw, consciously fulfilling its part in the common front of fighting nations has deserved that help. If even a small particle of Allied Nations* huge war-potential had been given to us quickly and resolutely, the entire outcome of the Rising could have been entirely different. Poland's political line even has never deviated her loyalty to the Allies and faithfulness to all treaties was flawless and yet ... all our hopes failed. The bleeding capital was left to its own hard lot. There was no lack of expression of admiration, esteem, sympathy and honour. But there was a severe lack of weapons and ammunition. And a lack of co-operation of the Soviet Army. *After two months of superhuman effort Warsaw has to declare before the whole world that she did not receive adequate military help.*

...With heavy hearts, we must face the situation...Warsaw is compelled to cease fighting. We do not see to-day any possibility..." (here the last message breaks.)

Warsaw, October 1st 1944.

47

THE LAST WORDS of an unknown RADIO-OPERATOR in WARSAW, one hour BEFORE the GERMANS TOOK OVER the **STATION:**

•* We believe in the defeat of Evil we believe in the ultimate Victory of Justice."

FOREIGNERS ON THE WARSAW RISING

48

The third battle of Warsaw fought without Allies, without even the material aid that might *well been expected,* is still going on. The situation is desperate but it can yet be saved, though the citizens-men, women and children facing the extremes of vicious reprisal, rightly demand where are our friends. *With aid, all might have been well. And there was no outside aid,* The Polish Commanders sent appeal after appeal for arms. Nothing was sent. They fought the Third Battle of Warsaw as they fought others alone.

From the 'Daily Mirror', August 1944.

49

" In Warsaw one of the most desperate battles of the war is being fought against the most tragic background. Tne telegrams from Warsaw make harrowing as well as inspiring reading. The appeal for aid are there. But they are outweighed by confidence and pride in the morale of the Polish population...

" Poland has been solidly loyal to her alliance with Great Britain. The Poles understood in 1939 that we could not give them immediate military assistance and accepted their suicidal

part...It *would not be human to expect die Poles now fighting and dying and in Warsaw to understand if they should be left in their crucial hour without material assistance from their powerful Allies** And it is difficult to imagine what the Polish forces in Italy and in France must feel about the fate of their comrades at home,

" The Polish Home Army—or Underground Army—has long been recognized as a highly organized disciplined body. It was built up with the full encouragement of the British authorities. Now it asks that arms and ammunition be sent by air, which is no more than we have done for the patriot forces in the Balkans; and that it should be recognized by the Supreme Allied Command as part of the Allied Forces, and so given such protection as international law still affords, which is no more than we have done for the French Forces of the Interior."

From * Time and Tide/ of August 1944.

50

"... But there are in this country Polish Squadrons in the R.A.F. and units of Polish parachutists which have been trained precisely for such tasks as assisting a rising inside Poland. Those forces are now serving under Allied operational command. *Why then have Polish airmen and parachutists not been detained to help the insurgents in Warsaw ?* True, Warsaw has now come within the sphere of the Russian supreme influence. But that surely does not mean that the Polish Government, recognized by Great Britain and the United States, ought to be denied the chance of sending Polish forces to *aid their fighting country mm. Or are the Poles, perhaps, to lose the right to struggle on their own soil for their own liberation* "?

From the 'Economist*, August 1944.

51

" The British and American have recently made urgent requests that the air shuttle service between Italy and Russia which has enabled them to give such valuable and timely aid to the Soviet armies, should be developed so that they could send supplies to Warsaw.

" *Their request was refused by Moscow.* The Russians themselves have broadcast promises of help. But these promises are accompanied by threat* to court-martial the leaders of the Warsaw revolt, although it is costing the Germans considerable causualties."

From Vernon Bartlett's article in the " News Chronicle" of August 28,1944.

52

" Not only do the Poles suspect the Soviet High Command of not trying over hard to relieve General Bor's forces. But they suspect the Soviet Government of preventing the sending of adequate help to them by air.

It is, unhappily, a fact that the Soviet Government has refused to allow British or American planes bringing supplies to Warsaw to fly on and land in Soviet-occupied territory."

From the 'Daily Herald' of August 1944.

53

•• Five years ago next week three nations went to war together against German aggression ; and it would be a gross betrayal of all that this war for freedom has meant if the British nation, or the French, were to forget, in the moment of triumph, the terrible fate that has come upon the Polish nation. The bells have pealed out for Paris freed ; for Warsaw they must be tolled in mourning. The contrast is heartbreaking.

" In Poland, whose people have fought the longest and suffered by far the worst of all the Allies, there is the most tragic of contrasts; and if any possible deed to aid the sufferers has been left undone, sorrow for the suffering must surely be accompanied by anger as deep.

Unhappily, there is cause for **reproach. For three weeks** now, the people of Warsaw have been fighting a vastly *bloodier and more desperate battle than the fout-day rising in Paris;* and, for most of the time, they have been almost unsupported by their Allies, materially or even morally. Only from the West, far-off, sporadically, inadequately and at a high cost to Polish and Allied fliers, does any help come by air.

From the 'Economist' of August 26,1944.

54

" A tragedy is being enacted before an insufficiently attentive world. The British and Russians stimulated the Polish Patriots to revolt in order to assist the oncoming Russian Army. The Poles did so; then the Russian advance was halted and the assistance in arms and munitions sent to the Patriots seems to have been inadequate. It is difficult to understand this. The unsupported Poles are being slaughtered and Warsaw is being obliterated.

*• In this dire extremity the Polish Socialist Party has appealed to the highest authority among their colleagues in this country ; *But all Poland appeals to all humanity.*

" Is humanity going to allow this tragedy to be consummated or will it appeal to the major Allies to act before it is too late ?

Lord Vansitart in the 'Daily Mail'.

55

" Some of the comments now being made in Warsaw are edged with bitterness. They say Warsaw is not getting assistance from Britain just as she did not get it in 1939. They say the Polish Alliance with Britain so far has been a one way affair, to the advantage of Britain.

When, the defenders of Warsaw are asking, are the Poles to be allowed to fight for their own country on their own soil ? The answer cannot be that it is too difficult. Civilians are making the journey and being dropped by parachute in the area now under Polish control.

We shall be told of course that high strategical considerations are behind the dispositions of the Allied Command in these matters. We say quite bluntly we don't believe it. The reasons are mainly political and they are so disreputable that they are kept hidden from public opinion. All what the Poles ask is " give us arms," and when the arms do not come, when their friends are silent, they cannot understand. But the time will come when they will understand and we shall have to pay the price of our studied calculations."

From the Tribune' of August 1944.

56

The martyrdom of Warsaw is the ugliest chapter in the tragic tale of Poland. For months now, the Russian army has been barely 25 miles from Warsaw.

In July 1944, the Moscow Radio broadcasted in the Polish language repeated appeals from ." Polish Patriots " to the Poles in Warsaw to rise. On July 30th, the call to arms was categorical: " The Soviet armies are pushing forward and are nearing Praga. They come to bring you liberation. People of Warsaw, to arms! The whole population should gather round the Home Army. Attack the Germans ! Assist the Red Army to cross the Vistula ! "

Two days later, the Polish Underground Army responded to this appeal by coming out into the open, and capturing large parts of the city, from the Germans. But for some reason, the Russian army across the Vistula moved not a muscle to help the Poles., Polish planes and airmen were flown by the Western Powers to drop supplies in Warsaw from as far away as Italy. But still the Russians refused to help. They now found out the audacious lie that the rising was " unauthorised". What other explanation of this amazing behaviour can there be than that Stalin wanted the Polish army to be destroyed by the Germans so that later on the way might be cleared for his puppet " Polish" Government to be set up in Warsaw without opposition ? "

Bombay, October 5,1944. **M. R. Masani.**

POLES ABROAD on the WARSAW RISING

' Fires are raging over Warsaw. The fight is making history. Before our eyes a legend is made reality ; it will serve future generations as example of unequalled self-sacrifice of *alt* the classes of Poland for the cause of Freedom.

A Nation who, after five years of the most tyrannical occupation, can add to her unforgettable 1939 epic a new heroic fight in 1944 *can never he subjugated by any one.* It is possible to burry our struggle under veil of silence ; it is possible to misrepresent and distort facts, to belittle their magnificent meaning. But even the most cynical and brutal politician* if endowed with a sense of realities, cannot help admitting that *the Polish question* will never be solved by sheer force. The will to Freedom is so deeply rooted in all the classes of the nation that it makes the slogan " without free Poland no free Europe"—a vital and realistic political truth.

Warsaw fights on. All the population is displaying discipline, dignity, unity and unparallelled valour. Warsaw who saved the Honor of Poland in 1939, who was for five years the capital of an Underground State,centre of active resistance, has now made a step further: she has begun an open attack. Blood is flowing in Warsaw, the blood of our brothers and sisters of our mothers, wives, children. This blood compells us to speak frankly, to stop veiling the truth, as diplomats have been doing for some time whenever Poland is concerned. *Af* few facts :

Poland is the first combatant nation of this war and the first Ally of Britain, both are bound by a Treaty of *mutual* assistance. Britain's obligation according to the Treaty is clear—to assist Poland with.all the means at her disposal.

Poland is an Ally of flawless loyalty; we have assisted not only Britain with [M]all the mean at our disposal" [they were considerable] but alsso, for the sake of the common cause—Russia—Britain's Ally, in spite of the fact that the former and recent happenings give rise to most serious anxiety as to future fate of Poland under Russian occupation.

Russia was appealing to the Polish nation more than once to rise in an open fight against Germany. Britain and America advised definitely Poland to co-operate actively with the **Red** Army. Warsaw began an open Rising. Yet Warsaw is deserted. Some quarters are trying to silence the voice of fighting Warsaw ; is it their interest that public opinion of all nations ignores the incredible heroism and desperate situation of the city in battle, a city whose first defence: has moved the world ?

In 1939 the Allies left Warsaw alone. They were unable to give her help. But today their resources are tremendous, yet Warsaw is left once more alone, without ammunition weapons, food, medical supplies and...moral support. WHY? *we shall never be able to understand.*

Do you know that General Bor has to be arrested and imprisoned by the Russian's if they capture him, according to their own threat ? and the same lot is threatening ever^ soldier of the heroic Home Army who has helped loyally the Soviet forces? Do you know that during the Battle of Britain Polish airmen have shot down 14 per cent of German planes over London ? Do you know that the Polish Paratroope Brigade, has gone on hunger strike in Britain to obtain the consent of the Command to be sent to the Warsaw front ? Do you understand what the struggle means with the tremendous military power when our **women** and youngsters are also taking part in the struggle ?

Everyday appeals are sent, for weapons, munitions, for soldiers, to their brothers in arms to those bound with Poland by Treaty of mutual assistance; for food and medical supplies for the starving children, for the wounded dying from lack of dressings...to humaitatarians; For moral support to the Conscience of the world.

If you are unable to obtain assistance for Warsaw, you. who are free, then at least make their fight known to the whole world. Do not allow the ill-willed, ominous silence to kill the heart of a Nation, the "heart of Europe."

58

Tymon Terlecki

THE MEANING OF TRAGEDY

The Warsaw Rising is the highest peak, the tragic synthesis of Poland's fate in this war. When we are pondering over the complicated happenings, when we think over the possible turns of events—it becomes obvious that in Warsaw's position found its concentrated expression the desperate intricacy of our common national lot.

The ring of dramatic circumstances which was closing round us several times during this war was tightened more closely than ever round Warsaw in 1944.

Warsaw had the Choice of several courses before her. She could have given 100,000 of her men * to build German fortifications', which meant their doom. She could have given up her streets, squares and houses, as a battle-field of two powers, remaining herself passive, thus wasting the achievement of five years preparations, discrediting the underground movement before her own as well as other peoples. Could she achieve a miracle of erasing from the hearts and minds of her million inhabitants all the wrongs and humiliations ? Could she leave the wave of elementary revenge to take shape under the dictates of individual and group instincts ?

Impartially weighed, each of these possibilities equally led to great losses in manpower, and in mental and moral values of her underground struggle. Each one of them, if adopted, would be a defeat without any lesson, without any greatness, without any heritage for posterity.

Warsaw, led by an infallible instinct, an instinct which belonged not only to herself, but was the outcome of the past her itage of the whole Nation, acted like the heroes of ancient Greek tragedies. She chose to lift the unavoidable, the inescapable to the greatest possible heights, to experience it in the most sublime beauty to make it momentous, aiming with its* appeal to distant historic perspectives, to the conscience of Humanity. She chose to create out of ruins witnesses of her first battle a never-to-be-forgotten monument. Out of a failure an object of pride ; out of a defeat—a victory over her own weakness, and the meanness and villainy of others.

There are several cities in ruins on the European continent: Rotterdam, Budapest, Berlin. But not one of them sheds such a light, vibrates with such throbbing life, not one of them is surrounded with such a passionate love of millions, not one is a *sacred place* as are ruins of Warsaw.

There is hidden in the Warsaw Battle an experience painful beyond words; a lesson bitter and difficult to assimilate, but most of all it is the expression of Poland's Fate, of this uplifting and purifying power, which is the essence and the meaning of Tragedy. These who took part in it have taken upon themselves and lived in 63 terrific days, which could count for years, all that is the lot of each one of us Poles, what will be the lot of all who will come after us. Closed in a symbolic ring of two mutually opposed, yet both equaly enemy powers, they gave full proof of the Polish Will, the truth of Polish existence. And they broke this ring with a greatness, which teaches, which uplifts and makes sublime, which imposes faith in spite of everything, which compels us to endure in this struggle for the right to live, and be free for the right to the respect for our individual and national dignity.

" ...*Thousands died that Freedom might live.***

Warsaw has fallen.

Hundreds, thousands, of the best, of the bravest among the brave—have given their lives **that** freedom may live. Those splendid warriors, those Knights of Liberty, they have shown h**ow** to fight and how to create.

" ...Warsaw could not be passive. She could not wait like Rome, and Paris, lik- Belgrade and Athens...She was unable'to remain a mere witness of the struggle for her liberation, a mere object whose fate had to be decided by others. She had to play her own role, to have a decisive influence on the development of events.

How could she placidly wait until another, foreign flag would be installed on her 1939 ruins, on her squares and places where every inch was consecrated with the blood of five years martyrs ? She could not betray 'herself. The Polish red-white colours had to flutter in the wind of her first freedom regained. They have so fluttered only for...63 days...

The Warsaw Rising was *not* an act of despair. It was an act of Will. It was not an uncontrollable outburst of instinctive resistance. It was a strong, mature, definite offensive attack on a too well-known enemy.

Warsaw knew that Poles are fighting the world over for the same purpose. They liberated Italian cities, they advanced through French country, bombed German munition factories, entered the overjoyed Dutch towns and Belgian hamlete, but they all were fighting and dying for the same goal—for which Warsaw fought—for the Freedom of Poland.

And fight they.will. For without freedom they cannot exist. Thousands fell, but millions remain. They will not.stop fighting for the existance, for the Honour, for the Soul of the Polish Nation.

Poles will stop fighting only when Poland will have full freedom; they will not be able to fight only when the last of them will cease to exist. And although 5 million Poles have perished in the fight there still remain 22 million to continue.

ERRATA

Page	Line	Read	Instead of
3	25 from top	culture	calture
4	26 „ „	mediaeval	mediaval
5	5 from bottom	existing	exting
5	4 „ „	welfare	wellare
6	4 „ „	welfare	wellare
7	16 „ „	tower	rower
14	16 from top	Aesthete	eastnetic
16	3 „ „	strucken	stricken
22	5 „ „	manifest	maninifest
22	6 „ „	perfect	perfet
22	21 „ „	dishonoured	dishonourd
22	29 „ „	of	or
26	illustration	Social Insurance building	
29	last line	an	and
34	illustration	Sea	Sae
45	4 from bottom	noice	noie
47	I top	Nyedzyalkoski	Niedzyalkoski
47	last line	pretendent	pretended
61	16 „ „	ward	word
72	central illustration	by the soldiers	soldier
75	7 from bottom	crumbling	curmbling
81	9 from bottom	woman	women
85	illustration	The young	young
89	26 from bottom	question	qeestion
92	2 „	soldiers oath	soldiers.
94	10 from top	composed of	composed from
94	foot note	1945	1944
96	22 „ „	help	halp
99	3 from top	disappeared	disapeared
101	8 from bottom	volunteers	voluntees
106	13 from top	is it	it is
110	**22 from bottom**	**Since August**	**August**
110	3 „ „	accepts it	accept it
111	17 „ „	is completely	in completely
114	3 from top	on fire	one fire
122	12 from top	of course	of coures
140	**two first lines**	**to cancel**	
140	13 from bottom	who know	who knew
141	15 „ „	they took	have take
141	4 „ „	was broadcast	has been
146	10 „ „	broadcast	broadcasted
147	8 from top	were drawn	have been
149	2 „ bottom	swollen	swallen
151	5 „ top	I was told	have been
155	first „	of their guns	of their
156	4 from „	bravery	bravely
157	17 „ „	I was afraid	have been
166	8 „ bottom	enemy's	enemies
168	14 „ „	They are powerful	They, powerful
170	last	are being dropped	are dropped
171	5 from top	inclined	enclined
171	21 „ bottom	vassalage	vassalship
173	11 „ „	feel	have fallen
176	7 „ „	mean	meen
178	18 from top	treachery	threachery
178	29 from top	highest	highnest
180	17 from top	priceless	inapreciable
184	3 „ „	saw	have seen

We are correcting only more important mistakes

Editor.