JANUARY 24, 1943

I greet you all, noble countrymen and countrywomen, with the words: Let Jesus Christ be praised.

As an introduction to our talk, I'm taking certain ideas of a veteran campaigner's letter from the depth of a coal mine. Please listen: "Perhaps it would be a good idea, during your broadcast to bring some cheer to mothers who pine and worry about their sons who went away to war, especially for those who are across the sea and fight for our freedom and well being of others. Emotional partings are seen when you notice the scenes at railroad stations. As they say goodbye one could hear the mothers cry and urge their sons: "Johnny, don't forget to say your prayers, morning and night". Another says, "Frankie, if you have the possibility, don't forget about confession and communion. Another: "Iggy, if you have some emotional difficulties, please see the chaplain". In the midst of Polonia, we have many families. We could say with pride that our there are many youth of polish extraction to represent America on land, air and sea. In our little town and area we have the custom, that if a young man goes to the army, the parents hand a little flag with one star, or more if more go from a family. And from the street you can recognize where Poles live, because there you see not one, but usually two or more. Here you may see a family hat his five sons in the armed forces. Two were left at home and have passed the medical exam and wait to be called. From another family all the sons went in revenge on the Germans, who ruined the nation of their fathers. And they have already lost their native tongue. Shouldn't we all be proud of these sons, who willingly wish to fight in protection of our own country but to all nations who fight to free themselves of the German yoke. Not only mothers and fathers but all people because they are our boys. Let Father Justin protect us and ours from those who see no good in us and always criticize us. And those who sling mud on our priests and nuns, who teach our youth in the Catholic, American and Polish Catholicism. Those who attack our spirituality are the right hand of the Germans because they wish to destroy our churches and schools." So ends the letter of the Pennsylvania miner. Our theme is:

 Mothers! Do not cry!

After four bloody years, the fighting lessened and the people cried with joy…at last our suffering has ended: death ended its grip, the dance of the hellish powers has ended, the sounds of war ended. We can take a breath..and rest. The destructive spirits did not want to return to hell, although hell is their abode and Satan their father. There was some release; the weaponry was put down. Total peace has not been achieved. Hatred still exists between nations. Spiritual and material endeavors still are on the downturn. The Christian civilization was shaken at its core by the antichrist whose teaching and logic played out its destructive manner. Who can protect the world from this terrible onslaught? Who can restore the God-given freedom to those from whom it was taken away and who have a right to it by natural law? No one else but your sons and our soldiers. You understand the mission of those whom you call sons. Like the Crusaders of old wen to every country to get back the Holy Land from the hands of the pagans. So two your sons battle for the rights of every man, because they fight for the right to be, the right to life and freedom. For all which the neo-pagans and barbarian hordes of the Germans, bereft of every human feeling, deny others, the soldiers that fight for us. If ever there was a knight who fought you’re your right, in the full sense of the word, it was your son. Yes, your son is a knight for he fights for God and Christ, in the protection of Christianity, in the defense of culture and Christian civilization.

Your sons definitely understand why they need to go to war. They understand why they fight. They know from their manhood, that it not only means defense of self but for the sake of future generations, for at least a thousand years. Your sons, ready to sacrifice, willingly bear depravation and troubles, without the least consideration of personal cost, in order that their fathers and mothers, in order that they wives and children, brothers and sisters have warmth and comfort, peaceful and protection in this life. The mother of a soldier son therefore, ought to be happy to see her child in the American uniform because that son of hers protects not only our nation and country but all nations and countries which refuse to surrender to the forces of darkness. Mothers, your sons are international knights and today the world sings praises in honor of your sons. The glory of your sons creates a rainbow above your heads

What do your sons battle for? Listen to a write-up from an underground Polish paper. Eye-witness reports: “I was travelling the past week on the Radzyminska highway in the direction of Wyszkowa. A couple miles later I heard shots and spotted a caravan. At last I could see more clearly a wagonload of women with babies and children. Like a group of sheep they were thrown apart this way and that way. These people were emigrating from small towns. I hear shots. A motorcycle with a German atop armed with a gun. A wounded man cries out loud from pain. I travel further to avoid the caravan, ashamed to see this scene. Someone says “O, he lies” shouts a lady prisoner.” I see the wounded bloody man”. The driver says, “What? Another body.”

Again another pile of bodies. A macabre scene – I can’t look at them. The driver: There will be twenty…what are they doing?” We see bodies along the side of the road until a bend in the road. About 600 left there starting point; arriving at Radzimin, there were about twenty people.

Mothers: you sons fight somewhere out there so that you would not have to look upon such scenes here. Instead of having a son in the American army, would you want to be one of those women in the afore-mentioned group? Mothers, answer that for yourself and the country:

Listen Mothers! I will tell you of the events that happened in Gdańsk. A Polish official told me that he as held in a jail for several days: “from all areas Polish people were speedily arrested despite the fact that there weren’t enough prisons to hold them. The crowds were abused and spit upon. The Geman women grabbed them by their clothes; invectives were issued from all sides. They were shoved into lines eight at a time with night sticks some of which had nails driven into them. Some had bloodied eyes. They bring in our railroad employees, customs officials, because here they located all the parents of school children separated from their parents. They brought beat up clergy, one of whom was Bronislaw Komorowski. Finally in the midst of the rabble there was complaining and shouting. They brought in an envoy. One of the others said of the fallen man, “and this pig still lives.” The blood-stained people outside the school building were shoved inside. Occasionally a SS trooper comes in and everyone takes caution. Wounded, beaten, swollen people do not see the troopers enter. They are careful not to say anything. Quiet abides. Night approaches. Sleep is impossible... The sound of a truck is heard outside. Over the sound of the motor, human shouts could be heard. These painful voices shake the wall of the school gym. Then quiet. Again the sound of the motor. Again the painful voices, this time a bit weaker. The motor roars the third time. A weakened murmur is heard. Again a truck arrives. The sound of barking, snarling dogs is heard. Obviously new offerings are brought in. A great silence. A powerful sound vibrates the building. Probably some more machinery. After the sound of the motors quiets, the sound of a shot and then movement of a truck. They are carrying corpses! We suppose they are cutting into the Polish populace. The torture and executions continue into the morning hours. Now they are transporting us to jail. The torture and screams continue through the day. In the cell not too far from mine, they bring in a woman. Suddenly a feminine scream. Then the sounds of them opening the door of her cell. She cries. The guard says something to her. If only that woman would say something, at lease say who she is!

The night of the second day passed. We listen. The doors to the neighboring cell creaked. – du bist Lendzion? – a choppy voice says. After that Gz-Alarm! A rustling: A croaking sound Doors slam – na, deer vird schon night mehr schwatzen…says one of the operators. “That one will not complain any more”. The corpse is taken out in the morning. I put an ear to the door, and heard the guards: How is that that you could treat a human being like that. He doesn’t have a cheek – Mothers, understand the consequences of these atrocities. Listen to the eye witnesses of such events; the soul is shaken. The same thing happened there yesterday – it could have happened here if your son-soldiers would not battle with these murderers. The breasts of your sons make up the wall between them and us. So, don’t cry, mothers, but rejoice that your sons are protecting these tear and blood laden people.

Mothers of our soldiers listen what the World Press says about “The situation of Polish women and children in the occupation:” “the German terror which envelopes the peoples of occupied Poland, and which collected more than 400,000 contributions spares none. The sacrifices of the German atrocities fall upon young and old, rich and poor, men and women. Many women die at the hands of “Germans without court or judgment. They are arrested under any pretext, or without pretext at all, held for months in prisons, often terribly tortured – and then stood before an executioner, or sent to concentration camps. In one such camp in Ravernsbrkuck there are 3000 Polish women. We know the circumstances in this camp. No better is the fate of those women who are seized on city streets or sent to labor camps in Germany farms. At this date, there are 300 thousand women in Germany. The most barbarian acts of the Germans on Polish terrain are the so-called “the camps for purification of the race.” Young Polish women are sent there by force, and known as “Nordic types”. In these camps they are to bear children, which are then sent to be raise by German families. In concern about their own population statistics, which is hardly known as a natural generation, the Germans are sending polish children from one to 8 years old. These children are to forget their Polish language, to forget that they were ever Poles. Many young Polish women, after specialized medical examination, receive from German authority’s exportation. They are promised work and German stamps for survival; they are free to take with themselves the closest family. These Polish women under threat of severe punishment have to in the course of a year, marry Germans. Those who are occupying other lands are to occupy themselves to ruin and hinder the growth of population among the Poles. The “German political extermination machine” is to see that the German race is supreme. Women who bear children out of wedlock are punished with incarceration and their children taken and exported. No care is to be given polish women. The mortality of Polish women and children with these extermination tactics is great.

This in addition to the mortality of Poles in their own country because of poverty and starvation. Men, Fathers and Brothers, deported to work camps, arrested, locked up in concentration camps, or serving far away in the Polish army cannot be of help for their families. The women have to survive by themselves. They latch on to any kind of work for survival. In these times it is difficult to obtains, food, clothing, shoes when money goes into fighting a war. Prices go through the roof. In winter there is no heat, and people in tens live in cramped quarters and homelessness. The weakened humanity is prone to sickness. No one is able to seek medical help. A mother coping with a sick child has no recourse. And children need more that food. The need to be raised and taught. Polish children in western lands are beaten in German public school having to learn a hated language. In French schools, children suffer educationally in private schools. The German government bans the sale of books. Often children are held at home schooling by the parents and have to work or have to beg. The need to live under the German occupation demoralizes children and youth. Many Polish women were lost under00 the occupier; many were lost with just plain poverty and hunger. And more and more are lost as time goes on…..but others survive, mindful of their responsibilities, filled with faith in victory, a faith which lives in all in this Polish land.” Mary Jurkowa painted the situation of contemporary Polish women of courage fighting for her own. I ask Mothers, do you now understand the reason for your son’s participation in the army. Would you rather see your daughters in these German breeding camps dedicated to the Nordic race? Or look upon the gestapo seeking out your daughters in order to ship them to public houses for German soldiers? Or despair at putting them in sterilization clinics? But enough for questions, when tears push themselves to eyes and sadness pulls on the heart in a soul which yearns for empathy and pity at the destruction of today’s Polish women and their children. Cease complaints and tears on soldier sons. They form a rainbow in the midst of the creators of the “new order”. Persevere in your faith, so that your sons will win and come back to us.

I turn your thoughts to the British Isles. Almost every city and town carries on itself the wounds and scars of bombing, and therefore terrible destruction. Not only on the channel coasts but all over the country there is evidence of destruction. The center of town is devastated. Some of it happened t99wo years ago and the towns are still in disrepair. Rocks, bricks cement is broken up everywhere. High rises lay in broken bits. Here, once stood a train station. Today it is roofless, without walls. There stood a hospital – now broken walls... Bombs fell from the sky: the sick were burned alive. Here stood a church with three bells and broken spire remaining. The high walls of a Catholic Cathedral remain of a beautiful edifice. The remains of a Catholic school remind that the invader spared nothing. Filled with hatred, the enemy went crazy and devastated not only military objectives but churches, schools and hospitals. Homes stand with all their windows blown out. Have enough? Let me yet tell about the murdered, the wounded, the cripples, the cold, the hunger, the fear…and all that…for what? Let that suffice.

 Now we return from the British Isles to our towns, hamlets and lanes. How are things different? Unbelievable. Our sanctuaries stand tall. Our schools and hospitals untouched. Skyscrapers, palaces and homes intact. Hearths are warm in the homes and joy-filled. On our table enough of everything. No. sounds of air war. Peacefully we return in the evening, without worry that a bomb will drop upon us and the sound of gun fire and the fear that we will have to seek help in holes and ruts. Whom shall we thank for all this? Firstly, to the providence of God. Secondly our pilots, marines and soldiers. And who may they be? Our sons, who fly in the air swim in waters and march on land – in order that the enemy stay away from our shores. Look, Mothers at roles our boys, your sons, have played throughout the world. Mothers, do you want to know what a tremendous role you have played for us now and for our posterity. Cry not for you sons but pray for them.