January 28 , 1940

Dear fellow countrymen and countrywomen, I greet you with the words: Praised be Jesus Christ!

There are two reasons for this current war and all suffering which the war cast on the shoulders of the poor people. One reason is the cynical and bloodthirsty monsters in Leningrad! The second reason is the systematic, cold, sophisticated monster in Berlin! These two Judases of civilization and humanity are not working in one and the same way. The first scourges, lashes, and murders; the second, abuses, tortures, excruciates and punishes! The former shoemaker took the form of a bear, the former a painter in fox leather, devious, sneaky and false! The ruler in Leningrad (at least he thinks so) threw God outside of the borders of the Soviet republics; not only that, but in human souls quelled the last spark of faith because he maintained that religion was the “opium of the people.” The Monarch of Berlin, through all the years of his power, despite the fact that he comes from a family of believers, fought with God, faith, and the Church! He created his own Teutonic religion, resumed rules of ancient beliefs of the Germanic peoples, closed synagogues, churches, and chapels; threw rabbis, priests, and preachers into prisons or sent them to concentration camps. He ordered the burning of religious books publicly; the current generation was brought up on neo-pagan principles. Consequently godless Russian and German pagans shook hands, got married, so they could fight not only with nations, but with rulers of nations, namely, God himself. Apparently something had stopped in the mystic, thinker, and Teutonic reformer’s head who knows it’s not anxiety and fear of final liability, not only before the world court, but before God’s court, since he repeatedly spat in Lord’s face with profanity filled with disgust and horror? Who knows? Apparently he did not know that to the many already spoken, he threw a new blasphemy at Providence when in the New Year’s speech he said, “Soldiers! On the coming year, we ask the blessing of the Almighty who took us under his protection, in order to bless our efforts to succeed since a great battle lies ahead of us in our German effort. Soldiers! Germany has to win!” Soldiers! Gemany has to win!

Hypocrisy, arrogance, impertinence and blasphemy, on which sometime rebellious Lucifer attempted to rebel in the heavens and in these times rebelled - this angry angel, protector of the German people. At any rate, may I continue to introduce to you some new images from the land of pain, suffering, tears and crying, which are the result of the bandit attack on Poland.

**UNFORGETABLE SCENES**

According to Government figures there are more than four thousand Polish refugees in Bucharest. This one short phrase, “more than,” is too general and too wide. It probably means between fifteen to twenty five thousand. No one knows. Refugees are in hiding. They have many important reasons. One is a broad and far-branched German espionage. The Berlin spies watch everything and keep track of all. They are under the impression that they know everything! They are wrong…very wrong, because the refugees, particularly those in intelligence are very discreet and careful. Let me state one significant fact: Germans and Russians combat in different ways; first Catholic priests; after that, Polish teachers. After that, doctors, lawyers, dentists, journalists and officials. It is important that this fact be remembered by our professionals and their families, wives and children. They crush and destroy leaders of the people, leaving them without guides, then terrorize them and turn them into soulless slaves – this was the ultimate goal of the primeval enemy of Poles! In Bucharest, I’ve met a cluster of Polish scholars, professors, writers, doctors, journalists, etc. Some of them are world famous. Until recently they were respected and esteemed by scholars around the world. Today they are outlaws and exiles. Their clothes are in tatters, shoes in pieces and some do not even have socks. Bare toes go through the holes in the shoes. They are ragged from head to toe. I have at home eight such people. I invited them for breakfast at the hotel where I stayed. They sat on my bed, eating dry bread and sipping bitter tea. They moistened their bread with their tears.

Each one of them is crying. None of them has had a message from their families! Are they alive? Are they in prison, in a concentration camp, or expropriated? Are they together? Their foreheads show gloominess and trouble. One of them deplores: “God, My God, why is this happening?” Perhaps their families are being tortured and ill- treated. If only I could get some news? Nothing. Grief tears up the heart, uncertainty jerks the mind, and the soul howls in despair.” Many left not only wives and children, but also aging parents. Yearning for the family, grief and uncertainty does not allow them to think. They go around like shadows, estranged from everything and tormented without purpose. You have to see them and hear them. Only then one can understand the hapless misery of the wanderer, pity on them; only then one can properly assess the brutality of the bandits who attacked, robbed and ravaged lands as they do even today, torturing, beating with vengeance, like wild beasts, like their barbarous forefathers, the Huns and the Crusaders! For the Polish refugees in Bucharest, they celebrate Mass in three churches. The biggest one is the Italian church in Bratianu Boulevard. I can accommodate about eight hundred people! On Sunday they are over-flooded with Poles. I’m standing around and in front of the church. Actually I kneel. You have to see these prayerful and weeping crowds of refugees! During Mass they sing plaintive supplications. It’s not really singing; it’s a request from the bottom of their hearts which are tormented, broken and torn. Never in my life have I heard such heartfelt prayer requests, unaccompanied by music, but by weeping and crying. Never so well did I understand the meaning of the requests: “Holy God, Holy Mighty One, Holy immortal One, have mercy on us” and “from air and hunger, fire and war, deliver us Lord.” And “we who have sinned, we ask you God, have mercy on us.” After the Mass ended, and after the prayers for the dead and the suffering in Poland, the priest intoned: “God Save Poland” after which the congregation responded “for so many centuries”. They could not continue. Their voices collapsed, their hearts trembled, and their souls were torn up. The singing first turned into a quiet sob; then turned into a loud, mournful, and affectionate weeping. Please note that it was not a children’s cry but the cry of steadfast men and harassed women. Polish exile tears watered the Romanian soil. The organs played, “Upon your altars we place our prayerful tears; Lord return us to a freed fatherland.” The voices echoed. The exiles have long been on their knees, choking in their tears. I stood long on the spot, at the side entrance to the church. I had not noticed that I also had wept. I was not ashamed of it!

We are still in Bucharest. This time we are at the restaurant under the direction of Roman Kulczycki, a native of Lwów. I sit at the table with five invited people. Among them an engineer, two former ministers and two directors of large Polish companies. I order dinner. The waiter brings us chicken soup. My guests eat slowly. Between the spoon of soup and piece of bread, we talk. The guests talk about personal problems in the first day of the invasion, when German bombers, flown by boy pilots, not only dropped bombs on churches, hospitals and synagogues but strafed children and visitors with machine guns and even the cattle in the field. I’m listening and looking at the faces of visitors. Voices, subdued, talk in a tough and cold tone. Tears, big tears run down my face and fall into the plate and mix with the soup. Poor people, they swallow the broth mixed with their own tears. These are tears for which someday the culprit-Crusaders will be held accountable, not only before God but before the world. Brutes: the heirs of cruel Huns, Germans who under the command of Berlin’s Attila, bathe in Polish blood; in the blood of Polish women and children.

For a change of thought, come with me to a military camp in Vacaresti! In the camp stay officers and soldiers. They cannot talk with one another. Any communication is strictly prohibited. The camp is under the supervision of some inhumane Colonel who does not show favor for Polish solders. He constantly threatens them with imprisonment at with a firing squad. In fact there were cases in which several prisoners died from Rumanian guards’ shots. The colonel is about fifty-five years old. He looks at me sullenly, in disbelief. Even the major military authorities passing through Bucharest do not impress him. He strongly refused us permission to visit the camp. He talks long with a Romanian officer under whose guard we are travelling. Only when Mr. Super threatens that he would like to speak by phone with the Defense Minister in Bucharest, does the Colonel give permission, but only Mr. Super and I watch from the barracks under construction and we are not allowed to talk to soldier-prisoners. I am surprised at the Colonel because I thought the Romanians and Romania are friendly, friends of the Poles. The camp in which are housed four hundred officers and more than four thousand soldiers, create one huge swamp. Polish captives are fed with hot water seasoned with cabbage and peppers or hominy with peppers. Underclothes have not been washed for there is no soap and water. The old barracks are nested with vermin. For catering the soldiers, the Romanian government appointed 13 lei per day, about two and a half cents. The camp is guarded by the Romanian army. Despite the warnings of the Colonel, I stop here and there and talk to unfortunate people. The remaining was pulp and blood. I was hidden in the branches of an apple tree. At the farewell the pilot saluted and had flown away. “Reverend”, the soldier said, “when the world will learns about the brutal murders committed against the Poles, only then will come our righteousness.” And how many similar horror stories I’ve heard wherever I went? Still there are people here who have some claim to the poor father Justin that he was overreacting; that he paints and colors too much.

Now come with me to the town of Trgu-Jiu There are two camps there. One for civilians and one for military, officers and soldiers. The civilian population has widened, because a child was born yesterday. Here there are mostly peasants. It is disheartening to look at the poverty. Almost all of Rzeszowa is poor. They cry openly. They complain that no one there in the community has heard from the homeland. These poor peasants, detached from the land and their holdings, without cottages and family: they feel lost. Listen to the voice of an old sixty-year old man: “The soldiers stole all I had, set fire to the cottage and barn! We fled. The wife and five children remained somewhere in Hungary. I walked further, because I wanted to get to France! Soldiers beat villagers with rifle butts. Some, those who wanted to defend their own, were stuck with bayonets. One of the officer said that they would kill the people to the last person; whatever they could carry, they would take with them and the rest they would burn so that there would not be evidence that any Pole lived there!” The old man cried like a baby.

We move on to the army camp. In twenty four barracks live more than four thousand soldiers. There are three army chaplains. Two can hardly stand on their two feet. One who survived a typhus is coming back from his weakness. Another has ulcers. The contingent of soldiers is a group of people who are forgotten. Some had to sell their soldier’s wear, their watches, or wedding rings. Once more, listen to a soldier’s voice, listen, “No use complaining or crying. We all are a bit responsible for the situation. The Germans hit us full force. I understand that a war is a war. The Germans respected no laws. They planned a slaughter in Poland. They had no regard for hospitals, schools, or churches. They bombed villages and villagers. I saw German aircraft firing on evacuation trains. After all, there were only women and children on them. From broken wagons flowed streams of Polish blood.” In the eyes of a soldier there was a strange glow. It was not a sign of grief nor distress but a sign of some emotional stress which would explode. But, better not to talk about it.

We continue our journey to Pucioasa. In addition to miners, chauffeurs, students, postmen, there are also about 70 Polish policemen. They still wear their uniforms. The Romanian government has allowed them to do so. Besides, they do not possess any other clothes. Police officers come from various parts of Poland. Pucioasa residents have shown extraordinary warmth and hospitality to the refugees. Wherever they could they gave them small rooms in their houses. It was the smallest and poorest corner, but it also was a roof over their head and four walls. In some of those little rooms, lived five, six or eight men. Don’t ask how they did that but they did. I started talking to a group of policemen from Cracow and other Polish cities which are damaged, substantial damages but there is no such destruction as there is in Warsaw, Łódź, and Kalisz. Listen to the story of one of the refugee policeman: “Father, I had to run away, because our secret service got us to understand that Germans would be arresting Polish officers, policemen and railway workers. Some of them were shot in order to scare people, and some taken to concentration camps, where they were condemned to extinction. I was running on foot. You could only run away at night. During the day, we had to hide in the woods and fields. Bombers ad aircraft pursued fleeing clusters of people not just to kill them with bombs and guns, but they also threw grenades and fired their revolvers. I saw the wagon with a peasant woman with four small children running away. A German pilot dropped a bomb which tore them, their wagon and horses apart. There were only bits of splinters and blood left. The pilot was not satisfied with his work because he turned back once again to check on the effects of the explosion. Then he flew away with his companions. Another day early in the evening two women walked a dirt path. They carried small children. Suddenly out of my hiding place, I heard the sound of engines. Two bombers were flying on the hunt. The executioners saw their victims from afar as the bombers came near. They were descending. The frightened woman, hugging her baby to her breast, rushed into a ditch. Too late and in vain. Both bombers with a piercing hiss dropped a few bombs. They fell with a crash and a bang. A cloud of dust rose in the air. There was no sight of the children or their babies. In this way, the German pilots showed their courage and heroism, murdering women and their children!” The policeman from Cracow suddenly stopped the story and fell silent. He had tears in his eyes. He could not continue his story! Let these eyewitness stories about the brutality of the Germans be enough for today. Besides you do not have to believe the honesty and truthfulness of my witnesses. Some Swiss correspondent who managed to visit some of the Polish areas occupied by the Germans, wrote in the newspaper “Neue Zurcher Zeitung about what was happening today under German occupation. It is beyond belief. Rape, violence and barbarism, reminiscent of medieval times of Asian tyrants.” The French newspaper “Moment” wrote: “Germans perform mass executions of leading Poles. They are forced to dig their own graves or the graves of their countrymen. Executions are held in public squares. Germans choose an equal number of men and women and a few children.” They murder men, women and children in order to exterminate the Polish nation. It as a sign of German culture, a true characteristic of arrogant people who proclaim to the world that the German nation should have the right to govern the world because it is superior.

# To convince you even more, read the reports of the New York dailies. They wrote of various other well-known Americans. The president of Columbia University, Dr. Butler, sent a letter in which he expresses his regret that he could not attend in person to publicly prove the outrage of the barbaric treatment of the Poles by the Germans and the Soviets. Perhaps a declaration from these people who usually comment in a cold and impartial manner, commenting on world events, will convince some skeptics who dare to say Germans are too cultured and civilized to be able to commit such crimes. We however storm the heavens and address the leadership to stop the inhumanity.