

AN
OPEN LETTER
of a
CHICAGO
WAITER
To
W. CHURCHILL

A Letter "LIFE" Refused To Print

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Winston Churchill



Tadeusz Kwaśniewski

*Let's Face The Truth —
Mister Churchill*



To the Freedom and Liberty loving people of the world, and particularly to all the soldiers, living or dead, of Poland crucified by her perfidious Allies, on the Cross of Betrayal, and to all those who lost their lives during the dark, despairing, bloody and heroic days of the time of "The Battle of Britain", in World War II, fighting not only for their own liberty and freedom,—this protest against man's inhumanity to man . . . is dedicated.

Tadeusz Kwaśniewski

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Author

AN OPEN LETTER OF A CHICAGO WAITER TO WINSTON CHURCHILL

. . . "Thou hypocrite, cast out first the beam out of thine own eye; and then shalt thou see clearly to cast out the mote of thy brother's eye".

Matthew, 7 : 5.

The Right Honorable Winston Churchill,
The House of Parliament,
London, England, Europe

Mister Churchill:



READING your War Memoirs in "Life", I reached the point in your work, which stung me as a red-hot poker in the as yet unhealed wound. The paragraph in question is:

. . . "On September 30, Czechoslovakia bowed to the decision of Munich. The dismemberment of the Czechoslovak State proceeded in accordance with the Agreement. But the Germans were not the only vultures upon the carcass. Immediately after the Munich Agreement on September 30, the Polish

Government sent a 24-hour ultimatum to the Czechs demanding the immediate handing over of the frontier district of Teschen. The heroic characteristics of the Polish race must not blind us to their record of folly and ingratitude which over centuries had led them through measureless suffering. We see them in 1919, a people restored by the victory of the Western Allies after long generations of partition and servitude to be an independent Republic. Now, in 1938, over a question so minor as Teschen, they sundered themselves from all those friends in France,

Britain and the United States who have lifted them once again to a national, coherent life, and whom they were to need so sorely. We see them hurrying, while the might of Germany glowered up against them, to grasp their share of the pillage and ruin of Czechoslovakia. It is a mystery and tragedy of European history that a people capable of every heroic virtue, gifted, valiant, charming as individuals, should repeatedly show such inveterate faults in almost every aspect of their governmental life. Glorious in revolt and ruin, squalid and shameful in triumph. The bravest of the brave, too often led by the vilest of the vile."

IT IS A LIE, MR. CHURCHILL! . . .

SO, in your one-sided and biased opinion Sir, the Poles are — "squalid and shameful in triumph." (!) Well, well . . . But I do think that our opinion does not always parallel exactly the real truth! As long as you kept your thoughts about my Motherland—Poland, as your own private opinion, Sir, well, it was and still is your privilege and undeniable right, but since you put it in print in your memoirs, before the forum of the entire civilized world, — well, then the other fellow has as much right to clash sharply with your grossly one-sided, untruthful and unfair statement so vitally concerning Poland and her people and it is only fair that the busy world, that forgets so easily the historical, tragic events, — should also know the other, the real, truthful side of the very, very bitter story . . .

I was hoping that perhaps some

other, more able person of Polish birth would pick up your offending and provocative challenge and reply to your grossly unfair and rude accusation of the people of Poland of the lack of moral and ethical integrity; but so far, to my knowledge, no one did answer you, Sir,—so the bitter task fell to me.

Therefore, follow me and let me take you on the unforgettable sightseeing trip, through that gory, modern Inferno of the Twentieth Century, which you and your worthy companions, so heartlessly created for the unfortunate people of Poland.

LET US NOT FORGET . . .

SPEAKING about Poland's regained independence in the year of 1919, one could easily assume, according to your version, that the "benevolent" (?) Western Allies handed it free to the people of Poland—*on the silver platter* !!! Well, Sir, in reality you know better and very much more about the bitter, real truth. Yes, the Poles, martyred for over a century and a half, regained their independence with the help of the Western Allies, but the thanks and the credit for this act *must forever go* to President Woodrow Wilson and the liberty-loving people of the United States of America—ONLY!!! But let us not forget, that they also fought hard and bled for it then, just as hard and profusely, as they did so now, for six long years, bloody years in World War II.

And as for being . . . "shameful and squalid in triumph and being led by the vilest of the vile", . . . well, Sir, this is another point of

opinion. Were they . . . "squalid and shameful and led by the vilest of the vile", . . . on those terrible days of July 14 and 15, 1410, on the bloody fields of Grunwald and Tannenberg, when there together with their—*faithful*— (!) Lithuanian Allies, they crushed into the dust the menacing, also "GLOW-ERING" (!) up before them then the much superior might of the arrogant and so sure of their victory and final subjugation of all the people of Europe into their working slaves, — the superior might of the same, pillaging, ruthless Teutons, and postponed the threatening doomsday for over five centuries, — up to the accursed times of . . . "shameless and squalid" and cowardly appeasement of Adolph Schicklgruber ? !!! Or were they . . . "squalid and shameful" . . . at the very gates of Vienna, in the year of 1683, when the entire Christendom of Europe was trembling in its foundations, when they, in their herculean efforts, saved the entire Western Christian World from the horrible fate of the threatening . . . "jasyr", . . . of the crushing all obstacles before them, — the victorious hordes of the Ottoman? Or was King JAN SOBIESKI, the Third of Poland, the victor—"vilest of the vile"?...

Or perhaps they were . . . "squalid and shameful and were led by the vilest of the vile" . . . in their latest uprising of their underground forces in Warsaw, when our cause seemed so hopelessly lost, and our mutual, cruel enemy was riding triumphantly on the high crest of victory to the tune of deadly cries of 250,000 lives lost of our men, women and children of Poland, which they laid down

eagerly, without hesitancy, fighting in our mutual cause? And they performed this supreme sacrifice not only for their own Liberty and Freedom, and at the time, when even our own highest authorities here admitted that: . . . "In those hours Germany and Japan came so close to complete domination of the world, that we do not yet realize how thin the thread of Allied survival had been stretched". . . . And while the Poles were dying by the hundreds of thousands in their unequal, suicidal struggle in that hellish butchery, the armies of our . . . "friend and ally", . . . "the Russian Bear", were leisurely waiting on the opposite bank of the Vistula River, until that hellish, macabre, carnal sabbath will finally subside and they will be ready and able to move in, with *impunity*, (!) on the smoldering and burning ruins, for their—*free share*—of the . . . "dead carcass" . . . of the heroic people of Warsaw (Warszawa)!!!!

Or maybe in your opinion TA-DEUSZ KOŚCIUSZKO or KAZIMIERZ PUŁASKI — WERE . . . "THE VILEST OF THE VILE" . . . in their leadership and supreme efforts together with the struggling people for their Freedom and Liberty from the . . . *oppressive tyranny* . . . on this continent? (!!!) Of course, as a Briton, you have the perfect and undeniable right to feel so. (!!!) And also after the Coffin of Poland again was nailed, you also (according to your ethics) had the . . . "*undeniable right*" . . . to exclaim lustily, together with your worthy companions on her grave, in Yalta, in the year of Our Lord of 1945 . . . "KOŚCIUSZKO, WE ARE HERE" !!!

GRATEFUL? . . . FOR WHAT?!!

AND as for not being grateful enough, well, Sir, this is also another point of opinion and a moral evaluation of ideals. Should the people of Poland be so ruthlessly condemned because they were not strong enough in their mortal struggle for their freedom and independence in the years of 1772, 1793 and in 1795 and fell the vanquished victim of the rapacious greed of the three most autocratic, ruthless and tyrannical governments of that time, the governments of Germany, Austria and Russia? . . .

Of course, Poland is guilty; guilty of that cardinal sin of being militarily weak! But her other, the most important . . . "deadly sin" . . . at that time was, that in her Golden Era, she was the first one in Europe, that *started practicing* the true meaning of freedom and liberty, by liberating all her oppressed classes, equalizing all her people in the face of the LAW OF THE LAND! That was her crime, for which she finally paid with her national life! The second one was that she was militarily weak, designating too big percentage of her national budget for the support of her churches and universities—instead of for armament. (!) And as for not being practical, —well, Sir, you surely scored this point!!! Poland could learn a whole lot in *The British School* of that selfish, so practical, (!) hard bargaining and so convenient (!!!) at times, the so-called — British common sense !!!

However, as for the people of Poland not being grateful enough . . . GRATEFUL FOR WHAT?!!!

Grateful for the cursed . . . "CURZON LINE" . . . in the year of 1920, and in the year of 1948, for — TEHERAN, YALTA, POTSDAM and "THE IRON CURTAIN", behind which she is left alone to bleed white and cruelly nailed to THE CROSS OF TREACHERY, prepared for her by her former *faithless* and *treasonable* so-called . . . "Allies" !!!

Mister Churchill, you so forcefully compare Poland to a vulture and an hyena, who together with Germany was feeding on the dead body of Czechoslovakia. It would be in vain to go into the merits of this sad, historical statement, because in reality you know better and much more about the case. It is not very complimentary to its author, completely out of the "Churchillian class"; it is not worthy of such a great . . . "MASTER OF WORDS . . ." as is the great Winston Churchill . . . It could spring up into its unhealthy existence of only one primal source: the complete ignorance of the elementary history of Poland and the psychology, morality and ethics of the Polish people; or the willful, false camouflage to cover up the unpleasant, bitter truth, or perhaps, to *quiet one's guilty conscience* and possibly, — to satisfy that atavistic, malicious, ill will towards the Polish Nation !!!

WHITE EAGLE AND THE LION

IT is very ignoble to compare THE WHITE EAGLE OF POLAND, whose white feathers also became crimson-red of his own and also of England's enemy's blood, *not only for his own Liberty and Freedom* in those fateful days

during the . . . "BATTLE FOR BRITAIN" . . . — with the hyena and a vulture; but on the other hand, THE LION OF GREAT BRITAIN was anything but great and glorious, when . . . the entire uneasy World was waiting very anxiously for the defying and angry roar of "*The Guardian Lion*" of the British Empire, at that fateful time . . . But, all in vain . . . Instead, he was prostrated and crawling in terror, with that notorious parasol in one paw, at the feet, at the crack of a bullwhip, obeying the humiliating and offending commands of that morbid, glory-mad megalomaniac, in Munich, in the year of Our Lord of 1939 !!! . . . So, let us not so easily forget, that as glorified as he is today, *he also has plenty of . . . "DEAD CARRION" . . . in his full belly!* (!!!) . . . One has to glance only on the map of the World, showing the ruthlessly acquisitioned possessions of England!

THE BLOW BELOW THE BELT LINE

MISTER Churchill, do not add an insult to a mortal injury of the unfortunate people of Poland; you have done already very much more than enough!! *You have struck your vicious . . . "Sunday punch" . . . below the belt line* (!!!) to a gallant and worthy, but presently defenseless, comrade-in-arms, and in the time when the fight was the hardest in the entire existence of both our Nations.(!!!) . . . Poland, even at the height of her greatness, power and glory, would be only a poor piker, if and when she would try to compete with the, never satisfied, . . . cor-

morant's appetite of Great Britain. So, do not go rough-shod through the tragic NATIONAL CEMETERY OF A CRUCIFIED POLAND, desecrating the, as yet, fresh graves of her great, heroic sons and your country's . . . *faithful to the last valiant Allies* !!!

Mister Churchill, it is very painful to see one's former *idol* (!) de-throned from the high pedestal by reason of his later actions, the pedestal, on which one put him there through the sheer admiration as a great man,—A MAN OF DESTINY, during the early days of the war. In my opinion, there are only three tests, by which the greatness of a man's soul can be measured precisely and determined of what stuff the man himself is really made of. They are: the personal physical and spiritual pain, mortal danger, and a joy of a personal success and a victory... It was your own, illustrious countryman, Rudyard Kipling, who gave us all that wonderful sermon about how not to lose that . . . "*Common touch*". (!!!) The first two tests you have passed with your colors flying high and most gloriously, but in the third one, — you have failed, Sir, most ignominiously!!! And here it is, where your soul and your heart has shown itself so tragically, plainly:—so very small.

During the hard struggle for the life or death of your Nation, you gave the entire World the strong impression of a man with a very strong and great soul, but during the third test, according to my moral and ethical standards, the real caliber of your heart and your soul . . . has shown itself so very vividly . . . And that is why it is so painful, when one sees his former

idol as one among — THE NEW UNHOLY THREE and in the role of: . . . The MERCHANTS OF THE SOULS, who also had his hand in — THE CRUCIFIXION OF THE POLISH NATION!!!

It was you, Sir, who expressed your highest tribute of a glowing praise to all the brave and heroic fighting men of the air, in that hard, bloody struggle for life or death, during the . . . "BATTLE FOR BRITAIN", of which the outcome decided the destiny of all the people in this world, in such classical form as . . . "Never in the history of human conflict was so much owed by so many to so few". But, Mister Churchill, is it really possible, that you, as a head of your country's government, at that time, forgot already, (?!!!) that during those dark, nerve-wrecking, frightful days, among your 40 to 50 squadrons of fighter aircraft, . . . you have also (and in the very thick of the battle) a... SQUADRON No. 303? (!!!) . . . They were, so highly praised by your elated entire Nation, the faithful fighters for the same crucial cause and the heroic sons of the same Poland, (!) which you have helped, so lightly and so willingly, to dispose of both in TEHERAN, YALTA and in your . . . "memorable" (!) War Memoirs !!!

THE NUMBERS TALK LOUDEST

AND according to the statement of the British Ministry of the Air, which news was only just another item in the press here, . . . "The Squadron, No. 303, must be credited with every fifth enemy's craft brought down during the

Battle of Britain". It would amount to 20%, which, with 49 other fighting squadrons to compete with, does not look so bad, after all, as any fair-minded, real sportsman will readily and gladly admit, especially, while taking under *sincere* (!) consideration the total proportion of the Poles serving with the Royal Air Force. This feat was repeated many times over in the other branches of the armed forces of Poland on many other different fighting fronts also! I am not well posted on this subject, but well enough to mention here only: . . . NARVIK, TOBRUK, MASS ALBANETTA, SAN ANGELO, or the modern Somo Sierra, the bloody . . . MONTE CASSINO!!!

Mister Churchill, how can a man with your intellect so easily forget, when the cataclysmic, historical storm blew over, the important and tragic role Poland played in it? How can a great man, who for the time held in his hands the destinies of many hundreds of millions of people, so easily forget the tragedy and the material destruction, suffering and mortal agonies to which Poland and her people were and still are subjected by her ruthless, maniacal conquerors? . . . How can a Christian man of high position in this world, be so completely devoid of the ability of showing some due respect and at least Christian Compassion to a fallen, mortally wounded, but a gallant and a . . . "faithful" . . . (!) people in the common struggle for the common cause, when the dangers of war are over and the victory, . . . by the Grace of the Almighty God — is ours? . . . How a man of such brilliant intellect can stand erect under that terrible

weight of his evil deeds and not feel the impact of the horror of it and its impending, menacing consequences, and still be able to look, without remorse and the feeling of guilt, — into God's sunlight? . . .

The betrayal of Poland at the conferences at Teheran and Yalta, will condemn forever the names of its perpetrators to everlasting infamy; brand them with that scarred, repulsive stigma of Iscariotism and will cling to their unholy memory . . . as moral and spiritual, —burning leprosy !!!

THINK, MISTER CHURCHILL!!!

MISTER Churchill, what would have happened to our "glorious" (?) Allies, if Poland had imitated Czechoslovakia? . . . As the record shows, Poland was no match to the superior, "glowering" (!!!) might of Germany in the field, in the year of 1939. *The campaign lasted only about four weeks*, but after its conclusion, it took Adolph Schicklgruber until May,—(or was it June)1940, before he was ready to give the order to his armed forces: . . . "About . . . face!"—and hit the Armies of the *two most powerful Empires on the face of the Earth, at that time*. And how long they *withstood* that blow, Mister Churchill? . . . If I remember well, *the DUNKIRK came after only seven days of fighting, (?) and the "retreat" (?) of the—fleeing Allies was so fast and furious and so "STRATEGIC", (!!!) that even the most important bridges were completely "FORGOTTEN" (!!!) to be blown out in the face of the . . . "PURSUING" enemy !!!*

Think, Mister Churchill, what

would have happened to the Armies of our "glorious" and "benevolent" Allies, if Poland, instead of picking up the gauntlet of challenge of submission of the haughty, and so sure of his "GLOWERING" (!) might, arrogant enemy and instead of stepping into the unequal, suicidal, mortal struggle, would follow in the footsteps of Czechoslovakia and raised her hands high, with that loud . . . *but hide-saving cry of: . . . KAMERAD !!! . . . KAMERADEN !!!?* Poland could very well, at that time, use a very, very large dose of that *famous*, and SO PRACTICAL, the so-called British common sense, (!!!) — you know that very well. And perhaps, you will tell me what would have happened then, Mister Churchill? . . .

Poland by her heroic, SUICIDAL action gave our "glorious" Allies the most precious gift of over NINE MONTHS OF TIME, which later on, turned the tide of the entire campaign in our favor; a nine months of precious time in which to wake-up from that hypnotic, shameless spell of terror, during the period of "the phony war", (?!!!) before the glowering (!) might of the ruthless enemy. If the Allies, after all that granted time, in which to prepare, organize and get ready for the inevitable, final showdown, after a brief contact of only a few days with the German Army (!!!) — landed, HOPELESSLY BEATEN (!!!) in the turbulent waters of DUNKIRK, (!!!) what would have happened to them if Adolph Schicklgruber hit them with everything he had at that time, before the Polish engagement, let us say—about *September first, 1939?* . . .

But Poland, faithful to the once signed agreement of friendship, took that mortal blow in her breast without flinching, in order to deliver her share of the vanguard fighting, to save her "fighting" (!!!) Allies,—her future "deliverers". (!!!) So, . . . while at your leisure, you are writing your "famous" (!!!) war memoirs about stabbing Czechoslovakia in the back,—sometime, think about that, Mister Churchill . . .

LET'S SPEAK BLUNTLY . . .

DO you know why Poland of 1939 picked up the humiliating Teutonic Challenge? Of course, you do remember that Poland was treaty bound, which she had signed in good faith with her Allies,—therefore she honored her treaties and her pledge! The second reason for her action was very much less "practical", but a very, very much more honorable and romantic one . . . Because Poland through the centuries has written on her battle standards, in her own blood: "...ZA NASZĄ WOLNOSC I WASZĄ" ... Of course, the more practical and so-called "civilized" (?) West sees very little "practical" value in such slogans, but, nonetheless, please, Mister Churchill,—find the true and EXACT (!!!) meaning of these words . . .

I am only one of the average, common men of the streets, who, according to the opinion of our own Mr. Henry A. Wallace, supposed to be happy and satisfied when and if he only be able to consume one quart of milk everyday, and all I know is what I read in the papers. I cannot say that I know anything about diplomacy or a military strategy, but in my

opinion, if Hitler was only able to do it sooner (if not for the Polish delay) and his mighty, armored divisions could only reach the banks of the English Channel, and why not in seven or ten days also in *that fateful September*, of the year of 1939? . . . *After all, they reached the Dunkirk banks in seven days only—NINE MONTHS LATER, (!!!) in the year of 1940.* . . . Then there would be an entirely different, very bitter, story to tell . . . There would not be any . . . "friendly, landing bases" anymore, on which to land and concentrate America's might of deliverance later, from which to start the hard, bloody struggle, running into the loss of hundreds of thousands of lives of the flower of America's manhood and the costs of hundreds of billions of dollars, for the *lost cause by the Allies*, to the victorious finish, and (strangely enough) also according to the old motto of the . . . **BATTLE STANDARDS OF OLD POLAND!!!**

I am only an average man, therefore I will abandon the so-called "nice language," the diplomatic pussyfooting, or as it is here sometime spoken of,—the beating around the bush, and with all *due* respect, Sir, will speak bluntly. *So as the record stands, (!!!)* Poland was the only one at first in 1939 *with guts enough (!!!)* who dared to face the grave issue, defy the morbid, glory-mad schizophreniac and spill Adolph Schicklgruber's cart of apples!

TIME MAY COME . . .

SO, AS in those cataclysmic days in 1939, Poland abandoned by

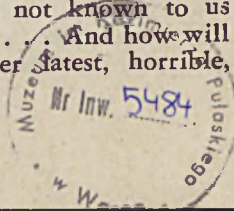
her fair-weather friends, was left alone to bleed, in vain was looking to the skies, for the heart warming sight of only one, single British or French war plane, coming to her rescue, according to the signed, mutually binding treaty, so also at present, the abandoned and *crucified* Poland, with eyes raised to High Heaven, also is crying for help with great, heart-rending voice: . . . "Eli . . . Eli, lama sabachtani?" This pleading voice of her mortal agonies is heard all over the earth, by all the good, righteous, God-fearing, but helpless people, except by her former, responsible for her fate, fickle, faithless and perfidious, so-called—fighting Allies!!!

While Poland is dying behind . . . "THE IRON CURTAIN" . . . on THE CROSS OF TREACHERY, prepared for her by her former Allies, *and at the time*, while her best, faithful and heroic sons stood shoulder to shoulder in the same, very thin, allied ranks, facing the same, mutual, cruel enemy, you Mister Churchill, with light heart and . . . QUIET CONSCIENCE, are writing your "memorable" War Memoirs, in which so lightly, FORGETTING ALL ELSE, without even a trace of . . . Christian compassion, for the tragedy and her mortal agonies, you are speaking so "authoritatively" of stabbing Czechoslovakia in the back.

But, however, hope tells us that the mills of gods even if they are grinding very, very slowly, but, nevertheless, they are grinding out the Eternal Justice just the same and no matter how long it will take. So, let us not forget, even for a single minute, that there is and

always will be . . . "a first time," and a chance, in our personal as well as in a national life, that one may be repaid with his own coin . . . And as a living proof, it came to pass already that old Austria and Germany, the two guilty members of . . . "THE OLD UNHOLY THREE," already paid in full for their share of committed crimes, tasting themselves the same bitter cup, that they so cruelly, with the third one from the East, forced Poland to drink three times in the past. And what an irony? (!) . . . What a strange, historical irony? . . . It took her own flesh and blood; it took the sacrilegious, unclean hand of her own, base, prodigal, renegade and traitorous son,—glory-mad Adolph Schicklgruber, to lift that bitter cup to her lips and commit that . . . **DOUBLE MATRICIDE!!!**

Russia, the third member of the three, even if she is at present under the rule and domination of completely different, but just as guilty and sinful overlords, with all her fanatical preaching of the false gospel of human liberties, bought for the awful price of rivers of spilled blood of her own and by her own cruelly misled people, some thirty years ago, strangely as it may appear, also went lately through the searing, and cleansing fires of the terrible . . . **EARTHLY PURGATORY**, to redeem herself for the same committed criminal thing . . . If this is not . . . the unavoidable, —**THE LAW OF RETRIBUTION**, then what else is it? And how will she fare in the long run? Well . . . it is not known to us all . . . as yet . . . And how will she pay for her latest, horrible,



fratricidal crime and the role of Judas, she played so mercilessly on the defenseless people of Poland, in the year of 1939? Well . . . let us be patient for a while—the future surely will tell the story and will pass the just verdict in the name of the Eternal Justice.

YOUR OWN SINS WILL FIND YOU . . .

MISTER Churchill, Claudius Caesar Drusus NERO also was playing the fiddle while FAITHLESS ROME WAS BURNING and FALLING APART!!! He also was resting on the laurels of glory, *gained by others for him*; he also was blind enough as not to see *in time* the mysterious hand writing on the old walls of "ROMA," again those ominous, but prophetic words: . . . "Mene, Mene, Tekel, Upharsin!!! He also did not want to admit the existence of that eternal truth that: . . . YOUR OWN SINS WILL FIND YOU!!!

This may sound a very hard, ruthless and a cruel speech, but in all human justice is not near strong enough to condemn the guilty ones for the horrible crime of—A MURDER OF A NATION OF 35,000,000 PEOPLE!!! But if these horrible, bestial, (screaming to High Heaven for vengeance) crimes committed on Poland to the tune of over 10,000,000 of her butchered people, during World War II, could pass without due and just punishment of the guilty ones,—then there would be . . . no God in Heaven! And in my mind I already see, that the absolution for these horrific sins will be granted only after the atonement

for them in the searing and purging, awful fires of the by-product of that crime . . . THE WORLD WAR No. 3!!! . . . I only hope and do pray to the Almighty God, that I may be a—false prophet . . .

I can't help it, but in my mind I see very vividly the scene in THE GARDEN OF GETHSEMANE—again. Only in the present times, in the case of Poland, the amount of the burning pieces of blood-silver paid out is very, very much greater; it is in the form of (secured for that price)—THE RICH OIL WELLS of the entire NEAR EAST!!! . . . So . . . in the long run, the truth came out into the light. That is the price, for which Russia was granted a free hand to hang "THE IRON CURTAIN" in Europe, and Poland, for all her pains and the hecatombs of sacrifices, as an only gratitude received in token the burning pain of that treacherous—"KISS OF THE GARDEN OF GETHSEMANE"!!!

YOU SHOULD KNOW, MISTER CHURCHILL . . .

AND YOU, Sir, are speaking about Cieszyn and the stabbing of Czechoslovakia in the back, by taking it away, before it fell into the greedy maw of the ravenous Teuton, back from her by its former, rightful owners—the Poles. Mister Churchill, as a man of your prestige in this world and once A PRIME MINISTER OF THE GREATEST EMPIRE ON THE FACE OF THIS EARTH, surely, you must recollect how our "brothers" Slavs,—the Czechs came into possession of Cieszyn . . . Surely, you re-

member the year of 1920, and particularly the month of August of the same, when the barbaric red hordes from the East, drunk with temporary victory, like an angry, turbulent, corrosive red flood covered that entire part of the very badly shaken Europe—up to the very gates of Warsaw (Warszawa). By the way, Sir, did the fighting then and protecting with their dead bodies the rest of the very uneasy Europe . . . the Poles, even then, in your opinion, were . . . "squalid and shameful and were led by the vilest of the vile" to their victory, when they were trying so hard, against great odds, to protect their own and also the freedom of the rest of threatened Europe? . . .

If it was not for the heroism of the . . . "impractical" . . . (?) Poles, at that time . . . that created the impossible, almost the unbelievable thing, which, ever since, the elated entire civilized World baptized with the name of: . . . "The Miracle of the Vistula River," then the rest of the . . . "busy world" . . . would not have to wait so long until the year of 1948, to see how . . . HANDY (!!!) is THE RUSSIAN BEAR in his very, very much old vocation . . . in HANGING (!!!) as they are proving so "convincingly," all along recently, not only—"THE IRON CURTAINS"!

When Poland was locked in her mortal struggle with the oriental Red Tyranny, that was the very moment, which our "brothers" Slavs . . . the Czechs came to the conclusion, that they cannot possibly live happily without Cieszyn's coal and the iron!!! . . . And as you probably know, even that

historical . . . masquerade and forgery, on their part, by imitating the Representative Commission of the Allies, was not too low to stoop to—in order to get Cieszyn!!! Mister Churchill, you are speaking about stabbing in the back . . . indeed!!! O, *gratitude* . . . where is thy abode?!!

Now, since you started speaking about and condemning so violently the action taken by Poland in dealing with the unhappy problem of Cieszyn, which act, in your opinion, supposedly is responsible for breaking up that cursed, so-called . . . AGREEMENT OF MUNICH, well, Sir, allow me to remind you about the fact, that it is not Poland, who has the dubious distinction bestowed upon, in the circles of the international diplomacy of being called: "THE PERFDIOUS ALBION."

GLASS HOUSES AND THE STONES

BY THE WAY, Sir, by what miracle England became the greatest Empire she is today in this world? . . . People living in glass houses should never start throwing the stones . . . O, heavens, what a short memory we have for the things we do not want to remember !!! It was your own, one of the greatest, countrymen, who wrote: . . . "O, it is excellent to have a giant's strength, but it is tyrannous to use it . . . (for the evil—T.K.) . . . like a giant". Why add an insult to a mortal injury of a defeated and fallen Nation? . . . Sometimes one lacks the properly descriptive words to describe the low regions into which the soul of some vain men will so willingly

descend, who disregarding all the known moral and ethical laws of man and God, count no efforts in order to achieve their only, present, supreme desire, . . . the final, cardinal sin, so common to most of the great men: — THE SPOT-LIGHT. !!! In my own native tongue there is a phrase: . . . Często zbrodni jednego podlego człowieka, — pokolenia cale nie są w stanie naprawić . . . Which in my free translation means: . . . Often for the crime of one *evil man*, many future generations are unable to atone.

As the historical records prove, there is only one civilized Nation in Europe, and not a *Christian Nation at that*, who, to honor her signed treaty of friendship with Poland centuries ago, *later on refused to drive her nail into Poland's coffin*, during her partition in Vienna, in the year of 1815.(!) That Nation is Turkey, who is the living example for others forever how to honor the once signed pledge of friendship . . . By any chance, Sir, would that have any tangible bearing with the people of Poland for being: . . . "squalid and shameful and the vilest of the vile in triumph", in their victory in the year of Our Lord of 1683, at the gates of the same Vienna? . . .

MY RIGHT AND PRIVILEGE . . .

I THINK that you, Sir, by this time may want to know who I may be. Well, Sir, I am an American citizen, but I was born in Poland. One may be expected (!) to say: of what concern of mine Poland may be now . . . Well, does man have to deny his Mother, because later in his life, he found

a wonderful, *broadminded*, liberal and a very tolerant — Mother-in-Law? . . .

Also I will add that I have the honor of being one of the many hundreds of thousands of Poles, who in the year of 1917 came to her rescue, in her hour of dire need, from almost every point of the compass. In a modest way I feel that I also contributed in building her Shrine of Freedom and Liberty for her very unfortunate people. In that hard, but voluntary service, during my youth, I also spilled my own blood, both on the chalky fields of France and on the eastern boundaries . . . *beyond*—"THE CURZON LINE"—of Poland, from the year of 1917 till 1922 inclusive and for my services in the field I am the holder of numerous injuries, the Croix de Guerre, from the Republic of France, and from my Motherland . . . the Congressional Medal of Honor, which the Poles call by its ancient name of: VIRTUTI MILITARI. So, morally I still feel that I have the sacred right to stand up in her defense again, in the hour of her greatest need . . .

Writing this letter to you, Sir, I am almost sure, that it will no more touch your heart, conscience and your soul, as did not touch them the maddening, insane shrieks and screams of the pitiful, emaciated and starved, executed victims of the BLAST FURNACES of Buchenwald, Dachau, Oświęcim and Majdanek . . . It will not touch them any more, than the dead *rare* of the murdered tens of thousands of the flower of manhood of Poland (your country's faithful Allies)—did touch them . . . from that

bloody FOREST OF KATYŃ, at the time of signing her death sentence on the 7-th of February, 1945 in Yalta!!! . . .

Neither the weak moanings of other many hundreds of thousands of persecuted Poles, the guiltless victims of RED TYRANNY, . . . slowly starving and freezing to death in the measureless, snowy spaces of the bleak, frozen tundra of the Arctic Circle of faraway Siberia, could touch your heart and soul, while you were attending, with your kind fellow travelers, the accursed MARDI GRAS of the Judas Iscariots of the Twentieth Century (!!!) . . . in Teheran and Yalta . . . It is too late now . . . The die is cast . . . Only the question remains now: who will be the one, with power enough to stop the torrent of the onrushing, menacing, tragic events? So, be it, until the DAY of JUDGEMENT!!!

I REST MY CASE . . .

AND in conclusion of my Act of Accusation for the transgression and the violation of all the known moral and ethical Laws of Men and God by you, Sir, in company with others, in dealing with the fate of Poland and her people, I will rest my case of vindication before the Tribunal of Divine Justice, the open forum and the conscience of the entire civilized World, and the History, —for the just verdict . . . But will add only that for your evil deeds . . . there is no escape and refuge even in the lowest abyss of Hell,—the Ptolomaea and Caina in Dante's infernal Malebolge, from

where there is no return into the sunlight of true respect and esteem of all the decent human beings in this World !!! . . .

Furthermore, I will add, that against that nocturnal, malevolent, irascible and funereal . . . HISS OF A HOVERING OLD BAT, above the tragic NATIONAL CEMETERY of POLAND, I will pitch, most violently, the cry of defiance of my protesting soul, and to the conscience and the soul of the entire civilized World, . . . will send my most heartfelt pleading for: — JUSTICE FOR POLAND !!! . . . And will hope that the Truth and the Eternal Justice will finally prevail and Poland will once more rise free, and will live her national life, as an equal, among the other free nations again. And together with all her loyal and faithful children, some day with happy heart, will sing the grateful thanks to the Almighty God for that, *granted again*, precious gift of a — NEW RESURRECTION, regardless of all the destructive efforts of all the evil, sinister forces to the contrary . . . And the WHITE EAGLE of Poland will take his rightful place in the sun of his Freedom and Liberty . . . as a symbol of a heroic and faithful NATION with HONOR, which you so *ungratefully*, so scornfully and so *insolently* . . . offended—after the FOUR APOCALYPTIC RIDERS disappeared from our present horizons.

Poland, as before, will rise again and will finally liberate herself from that burning pain and the paralyzing, deadly agonies of that damned for eternity, treacherous,

modern . . . KISS OF THE GAR-
DEN OF GETHSEMANE.

With all *due* respect, Sir,

I remain,

Tadeusz Kwaśniewski

1244 N. Dearborn St.,
Chicago 10, Illinois,
United States of America

Friday, May 28, 1948



P. S.

December 21-st, 1949

Chicago, Illinois, U.S.A.

THE TRAGIC STORY

It may also interest you, Sir, to know the fate and the . . . "cheerful" details of my immediate family from the time of September 1-st, 1939, till the present, which I recently received . . . Well, one of my brothers—fell in battle, during the uprising in Warsaw . . .

My 87 year old mother, one of my sisters, second brother and one nephew . . . died in exile in Siberia, sometime between 1939 and 1946.

Two other of my young nieces, the finest specimens of young womanhood, were conscripted into the so-called—SEX BATTALIONS (!) during the occupation of Warsaw by the (so presently called: . . . "good" . . .) Germans and were forced, with many other

thousands of young women of Poland . . . to render the "SERVICES" to the sexually starved, fighting German Divisions. !!!

Later on, after the defeat of the modern Huns, they finally came back home . . . to the still smoldering ruins of heroic Warsaw; one of them in the normal state of mind, . . . the other one—*insane!!!* . . . But after she received the very "cheerful and happy" news, that her young husband,—a pilot of the Air Forces of Poland—died in the battle over England, in the time of the "BATTLE OF BRITAIN", she too . . . "went over the hill"!!! . . . Presently, they both are in the insane asylum in Warsaw.

So, here is my *painful* story in a "nutshell" . . . and if multiplied by a few millions of other similar families, will give us the exact sum total of the agonies of suffering of that VIA DOLOROSA of a crucified Poland, on the CROSS OF TREACHERY, by her perfidious, so-called Allies and the hope, that whenever you will look at your own, young, feminine members of your own immediate family, that it will remind you, Sir, of my painful story and may help you in your digestion, in your sleep, and in your happiness (!!!) and also remind you of . . . *my promise, that you will receive a copy of this letter on every anniversary of Yalta. !!!* And especially after reading your: "The Gathering Storm", I found on page 30, verse 31, such a unique flower of that typical, Churchillian oratory, when referring to the prevailing postwar conditions in Europe, after the World War No. 1 . . . as: . . . "I did not at any time close my mind to an attempt to give

Germany greater satisfaction on her eastern frontier. But no opportunity arose during these brief years of hope".

Well, "playing God" and passing unjust and harmful judgment upon the entire Nation, regardless of its tragic consequences, may look "great" to some conceited and egotistical individual, but the fate of that evil genius, Adolph Schicklgruber (alias Hitler) proved beyond any doubt that the mills of gods, even if they are grinding very slowly, nevertheless, they are in the end meting out the Eternal Justice just the same—no matter how long it will take. And OUR SINS will find us out . . . and no ANGELS OF EVIL will ever be able to change the course of Destiny, even if they are presently successful in . . . THE CRUCIFIXION

OF THE POLISH NATION on . . . THE CROSS OF THE ABJECT TREACHERY, for the sins committed by others.

So, here ends our dolorous journey together, throughout the bloody regions of that Gehenna of martyrdom and the hacatombs of sacrifices and agonies of suffering of the heroic Poland, in her struggle for our mutual cause:—our Freedom and Liberty... Therefore, at this point, I will leave you to your fate, *alone* with your conscience and . . . your God. But I want to leave with you only one thought . . . that while the bleeding heart of that indomitable Nation still beats,—then "Poland is not yet lost"!!!

(——) Tadeusz Kwaśniewski



