

THE WARSAW WEEKLY

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FRIDAY

JUNE 14

1935

A CALL TO ARMS

In more than one article published in *The Warsaw Weekly*, we have regretted the ever encroaching influence of governments on business. The concomitant system of quotas, permits, restrictions, subsidies, and, above all, red tape administration creates a heavy machinery through which normal business operations trickle but slowly. Quotas directed against a certain country will certainly provoke and have provoked revengeful counter-measures and so the game proceeds with the naïve conviction that the troubles of the world are being solved, assumption as groundless as the statement that onions cause cancer. This point has been so belaboured that the skin is off the horse and bare bones show through.

Even when responsible statesmen suggest something clear and courageous, a short-sighted political policy too often denies a patent merit. Economically, the fusion of Germany and Austria is sound, and the recently expressed opinion of M. Caillaux that there should be no tariff barriers between the Carpathians and the Atlantic is a fresh breeze doomed to die in a certain re-confinement. Bold strokes are evidently not for these days.

Subsidy is frequently the prop of marginal enterprise, and, much worse, makes the one receiving this largesse lazy, kills the initiative. Business acumen is certainly not necessary to sell Polish sugar in England at 12 groszy per kilogramme and coal in Scandinavia at 12 zlotys the ton. The policy, moreover, of providing this subsidy by pegging prices internally seemingly clashes with the theory of deflation now predominant here. The resultant high internal price provokes the additional disadvantage of narrowing an already limited internal market. The per capita consumption of sugar in this country, which is a large producer of this article in Europe, is disgracefully small, but rightly so if the price remains constant at one zloty thirty the kilogramme.

Permits for and restrictions on the importer only serve to make him exercise his wits in an endeavour to avoid in so far as he can the workings of this system which, granted the most sympathetic administration, remains irksome. That the consumer pays the importer for this additional effort is certain. This, again, clashes with the deflation theory.

The above is not too harsh a picture of what is now happening in almost every country in the world.

That this Government are not satisfied with this situation, and that they are earnestly trying to eradicate the more objectionable features of this system is clear. No more than a month ago, Mr.

ODE ON THE DEATH OF MARSHAL JOSEPH PILSUDSKI

By Watson Kirkconnell,
Professor in the University of Winnipeg
Winnipeg, Manitoba, Dominion of Canada

I

Out from the mighty town
That once his valour saved,
No smile or shadowing frown
On his pale face engraved,
Surrounded by a nation's grief and pride
The mighty Marshal goes on his last ride.
Son of the silent North,
He now goes south to sleep
In timeless peace henceforth
With the great dead who keep
Their vigil upon Cracow's storied steep.
Across the Polish plain
He rides a road of steel,
And myriad thousands kneel,
With myriad flaming death fires in the grass
And myriad mournful torches in the rain,
At every league to see their Leader pass
And moan the pain they feel
That he they greet, that way, alas,
Will ride no more again.

II

O Pantheon of Poland, ancient fame
On Wawel's Gothic height,
Enlarge thyself this night
To house the holy dust of one who brings
To thy still reign
More grandeur than the mightiest of thy Kings!
Now let Sobieski and great Stanislaus
Acclaim the cause
That stratifies the dim cloisters where they lie;
Now let Stowacki and Mickiewicz speak
Their sorrowing pride in him
Who joins their company;
And let Kościuszko's long since faded cheek
Flush at this meeting with his mighty peer!
About Pilsudski's Bier
Cluster the noble ghosts
Of all the vanished hosts,
Statesmen and heroes, warriors and bards,
Whose bones Religion guards
Within this sacred place;
And living thousands in mute sorrow walk
By that dark catafalque
Where lies the lordliest patriot of their race.

III

Slowly the bell is toll'd,
Softly the censers sway,
Silence and grief enfold
The kneeling multitude while bishops pray

(A letter from Professor Roman Dymowski regarding this Ode appears on Page 2.)

Floyar-Rajchman, Minister of Commerce and Industry, while speaking in Poznań, forcefully stated that barter, exchange, quotas, and all the attendant train could not be termed "international trade," and expressed the hope that some way could be found to restore the normal flow of goods between countries. This places the whole matter before the business man, and especially the exporter who may come to believe that the bounty he receives is a God-given right, and will continue forever.

Some time ago we suggested that a competent survey of export possibilities be made, and last week we announced in our news columns that the government "Export Institute" was preparing

a volume in the English language which would give full information about every Polish export. This is to be commended, but, at the same time, it should be noticed that again the exporter is expecting the Government to do that which he himself should be doing. Only a few days ago, a school for exporters was held in Warsaw, under the auspices of the Government.

There seems to be a lack of or a complete break-down in the organization of exporters. The Government have certainly given signs that they wish to be freed of the burden, but their challenge is yet to be accepted.

One suggestion, which might be valuable, grows out of Fairs

For that great spirit who for years controll'd
Poland's high destiny in peace and fray,
Hark, 'tis the Church's voice
Hailing her rebel son,
First by a nation's choice
Of those whose hand has won
Freedom for martyr'd millions upon earth.
Some have been born in ancient liberty
And kept it well;
Others have fought like gods to make men free,
Yet fruitless fell;
But this man brought to birth
Out of the prison-grip of hopeless years,
Out of the bloody travail-pangs of war,
A nation to outsoar
The proudest mountings of an earlier age,
A Poland met to mingle with her peers
On history's stage.
Who is the man a land unites to own?
A man of granite he, a corner stone
Quarried by pain from Vilna's valiant stock,
A living rock
On which succeeding centuries may plant
A state of adamant.
No cold self-seeker, he was all a-thirst
In freedom's cause his heart's best blood to give,
One who in all things placed his country first,
Ready to die that Poland's self might live!
Whether in war his legions held in check
The fierce Red Hordes that beat at Warsaw's gate,
Whether in peace he wrung dissension's neck
Nor left embrauld assemblies to their fate,
He claim'd for Poland, amid time's caprice,
That he who gave her birth must give her peace,
Regardless of men's blows and frenzied blame
If, by his act, he saved his country's name.

IV

Then give this man sepulture with the dead
Who sleep in honour upon Wawel's crest;
Carve out of marble tributes to the best
Of all whose blood for Poland has been shed,
Even this uncrown'd King, who sought instead
Of sceptred pomp, a citizen's hebest,
And now at last, when he must take his rest,
Finds a whole nation sorrowing by his bed.
And though their deep affection should upraise
A funerary mound of earth as high
As Cheops' rocky tomb, and mark his praise
With solemn summit pointing to the sky,
Nothing could match its timeless counterpart —
Its vast, unmar'd memorial in the Polish heart.

which are held yearly in various sections of the country. From the nature of the occasion, only a small percentage of samples available can be shown, and the limited time during which they can be seen is a disadvantage rather easy to overcome. We would suggest the building in Warsaw of a representative "Sample Fair" where all the products of Polish Industry would remain on permanent display, where complete information would be disseminated, where the foreign and local buyer would have the opportunity of completing his transaction in a business-like manner.

This suggestion, we heartily recommend to the various Chambers of Commerce.

LONDON LETTER

By Gregory Macdonald

Widespread interest has been aroused by the publication in the *Manchester Guardian* of a series of four articles from the pen of Mr. H. G. Wells. He is always a lively publicist, and because he likes to nose around the world on the lookout for new experiments, or to criticise older modes of living, he brings to his social and political writings considerable data for establishing comparisons.

The recent articles are as interesting as ever, though everybody will disagree with something in them, and his final conclusions are not very definite: this is very much a point in favour of Wells, for he suspends judgment after putting forward various points of view which certainly five years ago would have been considered revolutionary.

In many other directions we have the old Wells of the pre-war periods: the biologist, the mechanist, the believer in material progress — though this last tenet is no longer so confidently held as it used to be. "Invention and scientific knowledge," he says, "have taken our hearts and imagination by surprise." Our social and political ideas, our morals, our ambitions, our courage have had as yet no corresponding expansion. Man discovers himself now an evasive little creature, a monkey alone in a moving motor-car, terrified and imperilled by the disproportion of his opportunity."

In that passage Mr. Wells recalls that most people were surprised by the crash of 1929, though its approach was the most obvious feature of the post war boom period, or rather, the period that was "half boom and half bust." Moreover, when Mr. Wells starts looking about for signs somewhere that man is at last grappling at the controls, he seeks evidence that an order is being built up more or less in harmony with his own ideas.

It is interesting to find in these articles a continuation of his disappointment over the communistic experiment in Russia: "at the death of Lenin it was as if an unseen hand had turned down the light of the Russian imagination. In no sense now is Russia still a revolutionary country; it has become a dogmatic country."

He is disappointed with France for clinging tight-lipped to the old order, he sees in Germany chiefly the danger of an aggressive vitality, and turning from Europe as a whole he looks to the united spirits of Great Britain and America for hope in the future. This opinion reinforces what is undoubtedly a growing doctrine on both sides of the Atlantic, although in general one may call the doctrine suspect at the moment (however desirable in the long run) because it is

circulated for various propagandist ends.

Wells examines the American experiment in the light of the fact that modern immediacy of communication has created a new situation to which man must adapt himself, or else perish in one or all of three overhanging catastrophes: the danger of a chaotic, anti-human war, the danger of consumption not meeting productive efficiency, and the danger inherent in the exaggeration of finance.

It cannot be said that Wells is satisfied with the New Deal because he cannot trace out a coordinated end for its many policies, nor can he see a response from the American mind to the lead that has undoubtedly been given from Washington.

Debit Side

On the debit side of the ledger, also, Wells sets the N. R. A. and the Agricultural Adjustment Administration as evidences of a policy of control rather than of a policy to use all surplus energies; and here perhaps he hits the nail most squarely on the head.

Wells suggests a policy of "collective consumption of the surplus productive energy in the general interest. This means that in a world organized for peace the surplus of energy has to be poured into public housing, into a complete and continuing reconstruction of houses and cities, into a continual increase in the general convenience and an incessant beautifying of our world."

Historians may reflect that what Mr. Wells proposes is exactly what was happening in the Middle Ages. In some of the most beautiful "public works" of the world were raised on the surplus wealth of the community — a cathedral or a Rathaus was unproductive, yet its builders were consumers of the considerable surplus of production — and what is more, the Middle Ages left no public debt behind. Every sign points to the conclusion that Roosevelt has past experience in his mind, but he must first liquidate the debt structure of financial control which is no easy matter.

At all events, the President himself interests Wells most in the American scene. "A very strange and great man," he calls him, "a recipient and resonator of all that is most soundly progressive in Anglo-Saxon thought, there are no strong, clear heads to support him." He notices the enigmatic power of the President's "observant detachment" and in conversation at the White House, the President confessed himself "more and more impressed by the evil of speculation; he dwelt on the way any improvement could be overrun by speculative effort, and from that we passed on to the operators of these international operators who are keeping the dollar, the franc, and the belga in an

Letter

Warsaw, June 9, 1935

The Editor, The Warsaw Weekly, Warsaw.

Dear Sir, The Ode, of which I enclose a transcript, was written for the Commemorative Service held in honour of the late Marshal Pilsudski at Winnipeg (Manitoba, Dominion of Canada) on May 19, and was published in the local paper The Evening Tribune.

The author of the Ode, Professor Watson Kirkconnell, holds the chair of Comparative Literature in the University of Winnipeg, and has made a name for himself as a distinguished Slavonic scholar by essays and studies published in the Slavonic Review of London and elsewhere. His interests, however, range far beyond the Slavonic world: he is the author of a manual of European Literature and of a volume of original poetry entitled "The Eternal Quest" (1934), and his wonderful gift for languages has enabled him to publish a volume of selections from Hungarian, and one from Icelandic poetry, in poetic versions of his own. He is now engaged in preparing an anthology of Polish poetry in his own translations, for which I have had the honour to write an introduction.

Professor Kirkconnell has shown much active sympathy for the Polish element in Western Canada, and has, among other things, promoted the organisation of a Polish Student Circle in his University.

His Ode seems to me to be one of the finest tributes so far paid by foreign pens to the memory of our great Marshal. The grand roll of his verse makes the Ode, in my view, the best of any of Tennyson's masterpieces, namely, his "Ode on the Death of the Duke of Wellington." He has, in fact, the contents of the Ode, it could, in my view, hardly be bettered or surpassed both as an inspired appreciation of the essential qualities of his own, and as, among other things, promoted the organisation of a Polish Student Circle in his University.

Yours very truly, R. Dypkowski

Budapest. — The first statue of Attila has been unveiled in the grounds of the Sopron Grammar School. The statue is the work of Janos Vörös. It is some twenty feet high and shows the great Hun warrior standing on a globe with his hands folded on his sword. On the pedestal are engraved "Attila" in runic letters and the dates 435 and 1935.

Berlin. — The Ministry of Propaganda announces that the German "penny dreadful" has definitely vanished. These lurid stories of passion-cum-crime will never again be delivered at German backdoors for the Reich's "Writing Board" has ensured that new editions, also sold in penny numbers, of well-known works of far higher standard will take their place. Authors of note and publishers are actively co-operating to cater for the same public-minded public, and the non-literary will find their minds and their taste improving in spite of themselves. The institution which advises the low-brow on his reading matter advocates six books every month. Its suggestions, according to latest official information, are proving highly successful.

unwholesome state of see-saw and blighting any hope of a recovery in world trade.

England is interested by Wells' survey of the situation because it is becoming realised that the New Deal has so far been too much regarded as an American excitement. It is, in fact, a world wide affair, for which Chinese silver smugglers are being executed on one continent and for which Cabinets are falling on another. The real difficulty is perhaps the necessary silence of the President, for a tall statement of policy from him would be the "speculator's" greatest boon.

MERCANTILE MARINE.

Parallel with the rapid development of the only Polish seaport, Gdynia, the Polish Mercantile Marine has been making considerable headway. On January 1, 1935 consisted of eighty-six ships representing a gross tonnage of 66,000. Twenty-six passenger and freight ships account for 63,000 tons, the remaining tonnage is made up of small fishing boats and miscellaneous craft.

In the passenger and freight group we must mention, in the first place, the Polish Navigation Company maintaining with seventeen ships regular service on the following lines: Gdynia-Danzig-Tallin-Helsingfors, Gdynia-Rotterdam-Antwerp and in addition an irregular service on the Baltic and North Seas as well as coast-wise traffic. The company's fleet was increased last year by three ships. Next comes the British-Polish Transportation Company operating on the Gdynia-Hull-London line. Then the Gdynia-America Line whose vessels are plying regularly between Gdynia and New York stopping at Copenhagen and Halifax. The Gdynia-America Line also runs a regular service on the line, Gdynia-Constantza-Istanbul-Jaffa-Haifa-Pireus. This company is now building two up-to-date ships of 15,000 tons each for their transatlantic service. In 1934 two new lines were inaugurated, Gdynia-Danzig-Hamburg and Gdynia-Danzig-Norwegian-Stockholm.

Comprehensive Programme

Three years ago a comprehensive programme of naval construction and modernization was worked out by the mercantile authorities. The programme is spread over a period of ten years and takes into consideration the existing crisis as well as the future requirements of Polish ocean traffic. It includes the construction of seventeen ships to take care of the traffic that will be directed through Gdynia. In pursuance of this programme S. S. Silesia and S. S. Cieszyan have been built for the Polish Navigation Company; S. S. Lublin, S. S. Lublin and S. S. Lech for the British Polish Navigation Company, and the two transatlantic steamers mentioned above for the Gdynia-America Line. As a result of this construction it has been possible to withdraw several old ships that could not be operated economically. In addition a great deal has been done in the modernization of existing vessels, providing them with refrigeration equipment and so forth. All of this has been responsible for an increase in Polish ocean traffic in spite of the world crisis, as can be seen from the following figures. The total freight carried by the Polish Mercantile Marine, exclusive of coast-wise traffic, amounted in 1934 to 362,000 tons, or 100,000 tons over and above the 1933 figures. Freight brought to Gdynia amounted to 712,000 and freight taken from Gdynia to 168,000 tons, while that between foreign ports, accounted for 82,000 tons.

An even greater progress has been shown in passenger traffic. The figure for 1934 is 30,427 persons, exclusive of coast-wise traffic, or an increase of 17,830 persons as compared with 1933. Such a considerable increase of nearly 138 per cent. has been occasioned by the success of the new Palestine Line operated by the Gdynia-America Line as well as by increased traffic on the Gdynia-New York run, an average booking on the latter increasing to 275 passengers as compared with 234 in 1933. It is of interest to note in passing, that average bookings on the S. S. Marconi in 1934 were only 264 passengers. The success of the Palestine Line must be ascribed to a steady flow of Jewish emigrants to that country.

Notwithstanding this considerable improvement, the Polish

NEWS IN BRIEF

On June 15, the International Radio Union Congress will open its sessions at the Hotel Europejski in Warsaw. The Union, which has its headquarters at Geneva, is expecting some eighty delegates to attend the Congress, and the matters which will come up for consideration will include: the exchange of programmes; technical matters such as division of wave lengths; international radio-philic relationships.

The Congress will last for ten days, the last few of which will be spent sight-seeing in Poland and those members who can will visit Krakow, Zakopane and other places of interest.

The Department of Studies of the Polish Radio is in charge of the arrangements for the Congress.

Strawberries are blooming for the second time. The snow and frost in May completely ruined the first blooms, but, during the present warm weather, this second blooming makes a crop certain.

It was estimated that more than 15,000 persons visited the Pilsudski Mound near Krakow on June 9. Special excursions from all parts of Poland had been organized by this day.

Latest statistics of the Government Statistical Bureau show that the Ministry of Posts and Telegraphs spent during March, 12,584,000 zlotys. The income, however, was 15,244,000 zlotys.

New postage stamps are now being printed in two values, 15 groszy and one zloty. The design will be a portrait of Marshal Pilsudski within a black frame.

The number of telephones in use in Warsaw in May were 65,952.

The National Museum has recently acquired from a private collection a painting by Bacciarelli depicting the presentation of the Constitution by Napoleon to the Duchy of Warsaw.

London. — There is now on view in Old Bond Street, in Aid of King George's Jubilee Trust Fund, an exhibition of portraits of the Kings and Queens of England from 1066 to the present day. One of the best specimens of early English portraiture is a picture in oils of Richard II, which must ante-date the Van Eyck's so-called discovery of oil painting by many years.

The French Society, "Amis de la Pologne," have organized an excursion to Krakow for the purpose of adding earth taken from the field of Verdun to the

Mercantile Marine is still far behind in tonnage of even small Polish neighbours. Total Polish tonnage of 66,000 compares poorly with 187,000 for Latvia and 536,000 for Finland.

In justice, however, it should be said that, as so much as it is, it has been very efficiently utilized, and more economically than would have been otherwise possible. This is one reason why the Polish Mercantile Marine has been able to survive the depression with fewer scars than elsewhere.

mound now being built in honour of Marshal Pilsudski.

The President of the Spanish Republic signed the Polish-Spanish Trade Treaty on June 8.

The opening of the International Fur Fair scheduled in Wilno for June 12 has been postponed until June 29.

The Jubilee exhibition of Jozef Mehoffer was opened on June 8 at noon with many present from official and diplomatic circles. The exhibition, which is at the Zacheta, comprises over 600 pieces, and will continue through July and August.

The narrow gauge railroad which runs from Warsaw to Konstancin and Skolimow must move its tracks without the city limits according to a decision handed down by the Court of Appeals. Matters of compensation and estimate of damage sustained by the railroad will be determined by a special referee.

Two excursions from Italy will come to Poland during June. The first is being organized by the Milan section of the "Dante Alighieri" and will visit Krakow, Warsaw, and Wilno. The second organized by "Dopolavoro Ferroviario" will visit Krakow and Warsaw.

On Saturday the annual exhibition of the work of the students of the Academy of Fine Arts was opened in the building of the Academy, Wybrzeze Kosciuszkiowskie 37.

The owner of two cinemas in Stanislawow came to Warsaw, purchased three films for five thousand zlotys, and took them with him back to Stanislawow. Within a few days he was back in Warsaw with the complaint that the films in question were of German manufacture and that his clients, chiefly Jewish, had objected so strongly that he had been compelled to withdraw them from his theatre. The firm refused to return the purchase price, maintaining that the fact that many German films were being imported was well known to the trade. Mediation failed, and both parties have turned to the courts.

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PRESS REVIEW

Art, Music & Literature

Wyzwolenie (Liberation)

AIR ROUTE COLONISTS

By Junius B. Wood

XV INTERNATIONAL EASTERN FAIR AT LWÓW

To Many Meetings — Too Little Work

The Kraków paper, *Ilustrowany Kurjer Codzienny*, furiously attacks the veritable mania for societies, unions, associations, circles, chapters and organizations of various seed and breed that have sprouted up in Poland for no understandable reason or purpose.

Every trade is organized and super-organized to the limit; unions, associations and societies have floundered on all of them, in the free professions, the crafts, in industry, even in business there is a plethora of organizations built up to several stories, local, regional, central. All these organizations are working full steam. Shoemakers and tailors have no end of meetings. Instead of making boots and breeches, they make resolutions, deliberate over memoranda to be sent to the state authorities.

In these hard times, it seems that the less work there is to do, the more debates, meetings, manifestations, and ceremonies. It might be said that this is a way of using spare time for the public and state. Unfortunately such work for the public and state, far from being a relief, is only an increasingly burdensome ballast.

This paper believes that such a rank growth of organizations amounts to nothing less than clear blackmail of the population. The ordinary citizen gets so tangled up in them that he can't move, and so dependent on them that he does not dare try to cut loose from their "discipline." His life-time in no small part goes to the numberless "duties" so that this plague of "socialism" really assumes the proportions of an economic disease.

What is worse is that this "socialism" repels the public from social organizations of true value and benefit. It disgusts capable creative individuals to such an extent that they begin to regard all organizations and leagues with the greatest suspicion, accepting them as an inevitable evil.

The pernicious effects of this mania on the development of the country is bound sooner or later to be painfully felt.

Do the West European nations owe their splendid economic development to conferences, convocations, organizations and parades? Did they reach their present level by such fruitless "socialism" that produces only social lambs mechanically repeating generalities and empty words fed to them by numerous organizations? No, it is not societies, circles or chapters that build up culture and husbandry; it is thinking, individual working and developing, improving all the powers of his body and spirit. The individual and not the clique, is the foundation of national power.

Every activity, even the most noble and beautiful, is subject to rank overgrowth and degeneration. Public service is a very necessary and excellent thing, but only within a sane understanding of its limits. A ceaseless overgrowth of it can lead only to degeneration and to the death of its vital sense.

Valuta Problems

The Czys, in the light of currency problems now rife in Europe, reviews briefly the vicissitudes of the zloty and makes a rather encouraging forecast for the future. The rate of exchange for gold specie, in its opinion, is an interesting index of the psychology of the people.

The fall of the United States paper dollar had very favourable results on the financial situation in the country; first in that it eliminated this currency as the medium for all greater financial transactions in Poland; and secondly, in that it contributed materially to a new confidence in the Polish zloty, which in turn precipitated a de-banking movement. This movement reached such proportions that the gold dollar being sold at one time at quite some distance below par. The Czys continues:

But still, every new monetary shock anywhere in Europe always awakens the hoarding instinct here. Sufferers mention that on the news of the

possible devaluation of the franc, the gold dollar jumped to as high as \$60, 7 per cent. above par, soon after, however, to fall to 9.16. Meanwhile, in connection with the continued anxiety in France, it leaped again to 6.30, ever after the definite statement of the Polish Minister of Finance that Poland's monetary policy would in no way be affected by foreign exports or currents.

The Czys then dismisses as a tactical blunder the proposals of certain spheres that the government introduce repressions on speculation of this kind. The Polish public, in its opinion, having passed through the Gehenna of the Polish mark inflation, and the zloty devaluation of 1925, is extremely sensitive to financial manoeuvres, and over-cautious to jump to hasty and sometimes absurd conclusions.

The way to restore confidence, it is shown not only that the zloty is strong enough to remain on its present level even though the rest of the countries now forming the gold bloc should take the course of devaluation, but also to show that the trend of the Polish economic policy is to steer clear of all elements that might jeopardize the stability of the hard won, Polish money.

That Poland will be forced, when faced with devaluation in other countries, to go the same road in order to preserve her favourable balance of trade on which the stability of the zloty depends, is an argument improved by any country but England. In England it was successful due only to the coolness and pliancy of the nation which regarded a pound as a pound in England whatever it might be abroad. Such an attitude in Poland is too much to expect, and devaluation would cause a jump in domestic prices that would render Poland's competitive strength on foreign markets even less than had she held her zloty firm.

The words of the Minister of Treasury must be understood, then, not as government munificence to allay the fears of the public or to distract attention, as certain people think, from the political situation, but as a warning over husbandry, but as a sincere economic creed dictated by concern for the future development of our national prosperity.

Election Bill

The Socialistic *Robotnik* takes its stand regarding the new Election Procedure Bill on the principle that the Sejm, as the representative of all the people in the State, must express the real will of the people and give a true picture of the distribution of socio-political strength.

Only votes, votes free and really cast, should decide the number of candidates to be returned as well as the personal mandate. All election persons, should be protected, for these are criminal acts and not reasons for praise or promotion in the party. We set up this conception as a counter to that of the government party, which seems in all respects to be headed in the opposite direction. The problem of the franchise is for us not a matter of bargaining for seats in Parliament, but a matter of the working masses in Poland having an influence on the course of State affairs.

And we want this fight for universal suffrage to become a factor concentrating all the social forces in Poland, which scorn facism and understand the full depth of capitalism's breakdown. Various half-baked politicians try to persuade the public that the fate of the Election Procedure Bill interests practically no one at all. This is not the truth; feel the growing reaction of the masses. But anyhow, should this speculation on the passivity of the masses turn out to be a speculation carried out successfully, then indeed would we all face a real disaster; for masses, indifferent to the lot of their own rights, are at the same time indifferent to the fate of their country. We have declared war on this speculation on the passivity of the masses.

GET YOUR
Peasant Embroideries

WYROBY LUDOWE
KRESÓW WSCHODNICH
Widok 26

With the presentation of Wypsiński's *Wyzwolenie* the *Teatr Polski* pays a noble tribute to the memory of Marshal Piłsudski and at the same time fulfils one of its highest duties toward the traditions of this stage. The première of this masterpiece of Polish thought was an evening of lofty emotions and un fading impressions. Even the briefest study of *Wyzwolenie* would still require more space than is admissible for a theatrical feuilleton, so I shall speak here only of its mood and experiences of the spectator.

Wypsiński's genius here appealed to our hearts and radiated through our spirits with such intensity that through the whole evening we felt as though we were one with all that is greatest and most beautiful in the Polish nation; throughout *Wyzwolenie* we felt ourselves one with the ideal of Marshal Piłsudski, who first stirred the nation to arms and led it to a triumphant freedom. Wypsiński had ever tried with his art to break the lethargic sleep of Poland so spellbound with the splendour of the past and the poetry of the graves as to forget the sacred duty of creating a new, living motherland; he created Conrad to awake the latent power of the nation and to harness it in the cause of liberation.

Now, in the days of our deep mourning for the Marshal, we listened to *Wyzwolenie* with emotion all the more poignant, as the role of Conrad found its supreme expression in the arduous of Julius Osterwa, who brought out the full emotional and intellectual values inherent in this character, and gave to each thought of the poet its true colour and force. The fervour and religious ecstasy of Conrad's prayer were of such intensity that the whole audience together with the artist experienced a moment of deepest emotion. What talent, work, feeling, and creative intellect, the artist had to put into this character to penetrate so unerringly into the intention of the part. The meaning was clear and intelligible even in the scene of the masks, which is extremely complicated socio-political treatise, and that a dramatic fragment, Osterwa rose to the highest summits of his art, and it would be difficult to imagine Wypsiński's hero in a more gripping, more finished creation than his. The setting of *Wyzwolenie* which intensifies the force of the whole play's impression, was designed by Leon Schiller, who did his work not only as a stage-director but as a true painter-visionary. In his hands all the symbolic figures took plastic form and true expression; and the whole excellently chosen cast gave finished performances. The poetic fragments of the drama were given depth and penetrating significance in the interpretation of Wyrzykowski.

The creative genius of Osterwa, together with the settings of Schiller, the painting of Siwiński, and the work of the whole cast really gave the audience a theatrical evening of very uncommon quality, indeed.

Now the next problem of this theatre will be the performance of Wypsiński's *Akropolis*, a play never yet presented in the capital though it continues and develops the theme of *Wyzwolenie*, and is a triumphal hymn in honour of the new Polish life and new Polish art united in a final victory.

Jerzy Macierakowski.

It is stated in the *Gazeta Polska* that the Bank of Poland and the Government have been supporting the Danzig guilden.

Wake Island. — Like the years that have faded into shadowy memories, men have come to these barren islands, Wake, Wilkes and Peale, tarried awhile and departed, never to return.

Who they were, why they came, whether they were forced ashore by disaster at sea, how they survived without fresh water, whether they unfurled their own canvas and sailed away or whether another wandering schooner spotted their signals of distress and rescued them, only they can tell or — possibly only their children or cronies in distant lands to whom they told the tale.

Such traces as the visitors left behind can answer these questions only vaguely, and this inhospitable ledge of rock and sand, lapped by the broad Pacific, was too insignificant to attract the attention of the teeming world ever before to attract the historian's attention.

Time has all but erased even these traces. Waging their unending battle through the years, torrential downpours and the blazing tropical sun have wiped out the record of even time itself until it is impossible to tell how long such ruins have been here. They are not of imperishable stone but of decaying wood and rusting iron, eaten by the weather, gnawed by rats and ants and tossed by every typhoon.

It seems certain that fishermen once lived on Peale Island, the only one of the three suitable for habitation. When a party of American geologists visited the islands twelve years ago, staying for two weeks, the fishermen's houses were standing and there was also a sign bidding the island goodbye and bearing the date of their departure. They had been gone then fifteen years. Today, after twenty-seven years, the once snug buildings are given up to the fight against the indomitable weather. Fallen scraps of wood and an occasional piece of broken crockery tell that the site was once inhabited.

That they were fishermen is possible, but why should fishermen come to this bleak and ice cessible spot, two thousand miles from the nearest large island, when fish are more plentiful only a few hundred miles from home? More likely they were hunters, collecting the bright plumage of countless thousands of birds.

There is another fallen building on Wilkes Island, plainly of the same construction as those on Peale.

I walked across the shallow, coral strewn channel from Wilkes Island, where the temporary camp of the Pan American Airways Expedition is located, to Wake Island, largest of the group. It was not my first crossing, but this time I was searching for an abandoned boat which visitors in previous years reported seeing.

In the channel a Hawaiian dynamite expert was blasting boulders, and dull booms were followed by rocks and water spouting a hundred feet in the air. A cleaning gang then cleared

(Continued on page 5 col. 1)

HOTEL DIRECTORY

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ST.-GEORGES
Adama Mickiewicza 20
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Poznań
CONTINENTAL
A Home Away From Home.

XV INTERNATIONAL EASTERN FAIR AT LWÓW

We must expect, therefore, that, since the signing of the Trade Treaty, that English industrial concerns will use the medium of the Eastern Fair for increasing their business in Poland.

Information for those wishing to participate in the Eastern Fair at Lwów may receive it by communicating with the Chamber of Commerce and Industry, Lwów, Akademicka 17.

DEATH IS A TORY

By Keats Patrick

(Continued)

"What's there to think about?"

The three of them went on in that crazy fashion, interrupting one another constantly. Homer and Tom, Tom especially, were trying to stave off the moment when some action would have to be taken. Rich himself again took the lead.

"Telephone's in the sun parlor," he said. Call 'em up."

"Call who up?" Tom wanted to know. Not that he didn't suspect.

"Oh, the sheriff or the cops or whoever one calls in a case like this," Rich replied. "Go on, call 'em."

"Who does one call, do you suppose?" Tom asked Homer.

"I don't know," that adviser to Presidents answered. "We—or—we might call up a newspaper office and ask."

"Ask Information," Tom suggested. "You do it I want to talk with Rich. We got to prepare a defense for him."

Homer scuffed his feet a little, and looked around at the lithographs of nudes on the walls, nudes that looked as if they had been whittled out of cheese, with rope for hair. Then he crossed to the sun parlor, and sure enough there was the telephone. It didn't have a dial, so Homer studied the instrument a bit, unconsciously stalling for time, do you see? At last he picked up the gadget and almost instantly the operator spoke.

"—er—I want to report a—an accident," he explained.

"Do you want the traffic police or the sheriff?" Central asked a little sharply. "Or a hospital?"

"Why—er—a couple of people have been shot," Homer said almost in a whisper. In answer to that came a click that might burst his eardrum, a succession of rattles and buzzes, then a man's voice.

"I want to report an accident," Homer repeated.

"A couple of people have been shot."

"Sho? Anybody dead?"

"Two."

"Murder?"

"Er—not that exactly. No, not that. No premeditation."

"Who did it? Where are you? Who are you?"

"I guess you had better come up," Homer said in his pleasantest voice.

"Where're you at?"

"Hold the line, please," and Homer put his hand over the mouthpiece of the telephone. "Where are we, Tom?" he called.

"Nine Sidell Terrace," Tom said, and those were the first words he had spoken since he sent Homer to the telephone because he wanted to "talk to Rich." It's funny how the most intelligent people act when a real unpleasant necessity confronts them.

Homer gave the address to the deputy, and added a few directions just to be helpful. Then he hung up. He stayed on in the sun porch, though. It was dark and cool and the chair was comfortable. Besides, he couldn't see Rich's face. He could see Tom, though, the muscles in his jaws jumping rhythmically.

A long time went by like that, before they all heard a car stop, and then another. Voices and tramping feet and the living-room suddenly full of strange men.

It turned out to be only four men.

"What's going on here?" a short, bald, fattish fellow said, shoving his hat back to prove his baldness, and sticking out a stomach across which a big gold chain stretched tautly, as if to hold the paunch within limits.

"Why, you know," Tom began. "This is Mr. Rich, Mr. Marshall Rich, you know. He's the government's expert on drought—"

"Is somebody dead or not?" the fattish man belted. "I'm the sheriff. This is the—"

Up got Rich and walked toward the sheriff, sticking his hands out in front of himself.

"I'm the man you want," he said. "I did it. I killed 'em. Put the handcuffs on me and take me away."

"Not so fast," snapped the sheriff. "What's all this about. Is somebody sure-enough dead?"

"I shot my wife and her sweetheart," Rich said. "Come on, let's get it over with. Take me away."

"Is this here guy nuts?" the sheriff asked of Tom.

"And who are you, anyhow?"

"No, he did it," Tom gulped. "They—they're out in back. Away out in back. Dead."

Then things started to happen fast, but just what they were Homer couldn't make out. There was a lot of walking around and exclamations and so on. He stepped out of the sun porch, and the sheriff and his companions wheeled on him, bingo, like that.

"Who are you?"

"Why, I'm just a friend. I—in fact, I called you up. You see, I just drove out with Mr. Collins, there."

"Well, sit down," hollered the sheriff. "Clem, I guess you and the doctor better go back to view the bodies, if there are any bodies. You"—pointing at Tom—"show where they're at."

"Oh, you don't need me," Tom said. "Just follow the brick walk all the way to the wall."

"Did you see 'em?" barked the sheriff.

"Yes, I did. And Mr. Huddleston, here. He and I, we saw them."

The sheriff turned to Rich, who had been standing there with his hands stuck out all the time. He gave him a push.

"Sit down, will you? I'll tend to you later. I'm going out there myself. Clem, you better stay here. And you, Mr. Hud—Hudson, or whatever it is, you sit down too. This guy comes with us."

So the sheriff and Tom and two of the sheriff's company walked out of the house, leaving Homer with Clem and Rich. Clem, who wore a badge on his belt, lighted himself a cigarette. He lounged in the doorway, displaying a revolver at his hip and eyeing Homer and Rich as if he expected either one to jump at him any second—and wishing they would, too. But he never said a word.

Pretty soon the sheriff went by outside, and said loud enough for Homer to hear that he was fetching the jack light.

"Any corpses, sure enough?" Clem called.

What the sheriff replied Homer couldn't hear, but Clem grinned and then watched the newspaperman and the botanist more or less over.

Homer took out a pencil and an old hand-out from the Federal Trade Commission, on the blank back of which he started to make word squares, an amusement he had devised for himself whenever debates in the Senate became wearisome and all the couches in the Press Gallery were occupied. Then he saw the first word he had put down was "murder," so he quit.

Then he thought about his wife, and how she would wonder where he was, and he got up from his chair. Clem snapped a big hand on his pistol and said: "Where you think you goin'?"

"I just want to telephone to my wife," Homer explained. "She doesn't know where I am."

"You just sit still, that's all."

Homer subsided. Then he got a little fretful. He spoke up again.

"See here, there are no charges against me. I didn't even see the—er—happening. You can't hold me."

"Can't I?" Clem asked. "Is that so?"

He said it in that irritating way kids have taken up in imitation of some famous radio comedian, and it made Homer sorer than ever.

"See here, I'm a newspaperman," he began.

"Did I ask you? Just wait till the sheriff comes back."

Homer sank back in his seat, madder than hops but afraid to tempt Clem to use that gun he seemed to be itching for. Then pretty soon the sheriff came back with one of the men and Tom.

"Dead, and quite some time," the sheriff said. "Pretty gal. Doc's just here finishing his examination. I'll leave—hm, no. I guess you better come along, Clem. Will you drive me, Mr. Roach?"

Mr. Roach, who had said nothing up to this, continued to say nothing. He just nodded.

"Then I'll take the prisoner with me in your car, Clem can drive these two over in my car, and he can come back for Doc and bring Charlie and Dick with him. They ought to be over there now."

"Excuse me, but I'd like to get home," Homer began to explain. "You see, the only reason I'm here is that I happened to be with Mr. Collins, here, when he heard his friend was in trouble so I drove him over. I'm afraid my wife will be worried."

"It's only ten minutes to my office," said the sheriff. "You can telephone from there. Come on."

This time he did put handcuffs Rich, and everybody went out in a bunch.

"Can't I bring my own car?" Homer pleaded.

"Come with us if you don't mind," said Mr. Roach, thus proving he had a voice, and the sheriff added: "I'll be safe here."

"You can drive the sheriff's," Clem chuckled. "That'll leave my hands free."

So Homer followed the other car, the one carrying Rich, to the jail, which was a fairly decent-looking building from the outside front. There were maybe eleven or twelve people out on the steps and in the hall, but the little group pushed through them into a bare office.

Two of the cops detached themselves and joined the forces of law and order, after talking with the sheriff these two went out with Clem, and presently Homer and Tom heard them all drive off.

"You gentlemen please wait here," said the sheriff, and he tugged Rich into an adjoining room, Mr. Roach following.

"Hey, I want to telephone to my wife!" Homer yelled. The sheriff paused on the threshold.

"Go ahead, use that phone on the desk, there."

Homer dived for it. A male central operator said "Hello"—then the phone clicked and went dead.

"I guess the sheriff's on an extension," Homer said to Tom. "Better be careful what I say, huh?"

"I want to talk to Mildred, too," Tom answered.

Then the operator came on again, and Homer gave his home number. His wife answered in a fitful, and from her voice Homer knew she was in that state of anxiety which took on the aspects of anger.

"Listen, I know all that, honey," Homer said, cutting her short. "I'm over across the river and I won't be home for a while yet... No, you see, I'm a witness in an accident... What?... No, no, no, no, no, no, no, no, I didn't do anything. Just an innocent bystander... Yes, I'm telling you. Don't get nasty... Listen sweet, I can't explain... No, people are listening... No, I can't even explain what I was doing over the river. Well, this much. Cactus Rich and Felix Starbuck are dead. Good night."

Bang, and he slammed down the receiver.

Tom took the telephone, and got his connection without any delay. Homer heard him say this:

"Hello, Mildred, Tom. I won't be home for a while... There is absolutely nothing wrong with me, I haven't seen much, and I'm not drunk, get that?... All right, then brace yourself. Cactus Rich and Felix Starbuck are dead... Cactus... No, no kidding. Dead, shot, done for. I'll tell you all about it when I see you... No, no more. Marsh? He's here with me. I can't say another word. I'll see you soon or call you, Good night."

Bang, and he slammed the receiver.

"Let 'em know out of that what they want."

"The girls?"

"No, the cops. Got a cigarette?"

The two men sat on tilted chairs, smoking. Then they got up and looked at the pictures—mostly group photographs of unknowns.

An hour went by and another. It was well past midnight.

Homer made another speech about how there was no law under God's big bright sun to compel them to remain. He said it was an outrage.

"Sure, just good old-fashioned regimentation," Tom replied. "Well, I don't mind staying. I want to hear the last of this."

"Well I don't care about it," Homer answered. "I have my rights as a private citizen."

"Homer, you begin to talk like you write," Tom said. "You talk in Republic editorials. Go on and quote the Constitution now."

"To hell with the Constitution," hollered Homer and then he had to laugh with Tom at what he had said.

"You know, I always wanted to write a piece about regimentation," Tom said. "Lordy, aren't we all regimented, and isn't that what civilization amounts to? Don't we stand obediently in long lines before theater windows? Don't we stop dead at red traffic lights, even if there isn't another car in sight on the cross road? Aren't we taught from childhood to take our turn and have respect for others? Don't factory workers get up by the bell, go to work by the whistle, punch the clock, quit by the whistle? And all—"

"You talk like Twigwell," yawned Homer.

He must have fallen asleep. He was awakened by the sheriff and the Roach person entering the room, and with them were Clem and one of the two men who had left the jail in the latter's company.

"Gentlemen, I appreciate your co-operation in waiting for us," Mr. Roach said. "It was kind of you."

"Co-operation?" asked Homer.

"Why, yes," Mr. Roach said blandly. "There was no compulsion that you remain."

"There wasn't wasn't there?" Tom muttered, but like the good newspaperman he was, he pretended he knew everything all the time.

"Now, then, I'd like to hear your stories," the sheriff said, pulling up a chair. "Wait a minute."

All hands twiddled their thumbs until a young fellow came into the room with a stenographer's pad and a box of pencils.

"Now then who ought to talk first?" the sheriff asked. Please identify yourselves."

Homer and Tom took out their Gallery Cards. A Gallery Card is like this, here. It's signed by the Speaker of the House and the Senate Chairman of the Committee on Rules, and certifies that the holder is a newspaperman entitled to admission to the Press Galleries of Congress and the anterooms. It also comes in useful persuading bartenders to cash checks and country cops to overlook a little speeding.

Even the sheriff and Mr. Roach seemed impressed.

Well, Homer told his story first, and then, picking up the account from the point where they entered the Rich home, Tom carried through to the end.

The sheriff and Mr. Roach asked questions to bring out the fact that Homer barely knew the Riches at all, and how long and how well Tom had known them.

"I am very much obliged," said Mr. Roach, who turned out to be the state's attorney. "I suppose you will volunteer your services as needed? It won't be necessary to—er—put you under bond as material witnesses?"

Homer and Tom became downright oratorical on that point. They wanted very much to go home.

"It looks like an open and shut case," the sheriff observed. "A lot of routine to go through."

"Manslaughter, of course," Homer said.

"I don't know," Roach replied eagerly. "I think we can build up a pretty good case of first degree murder. It all depends. We have to trace the revolver, first."

"By the living prophet!" exclaimed Tom, with such vehemence that, tired as everybody was, all hands jumped and stared at him. He put his hand in his coat pocket and gingerly drew forth the automatic Marshall Rich surrendered to him.

"What's this?" demanded the sheriff, as Tom put the gun on his desk.

"It's the thing he—he said he shot them with," Tom stammered.

The sheriff stared at the pistol, Roach leaned over it, but most excited of all was the unnamed man, who said: "Where's it at?" and picked the weapon up carefully, covering his fingers with a handkerchief.

"Where'd you get this?" snapped the sheriff.

"I thought I told you Rich gave it to me."

The unidentified man had the thing open. "Three exploded, if the magazine was full to begin with. Three, like the other."

"What other?" Tom asked.

"We found the gun the shooting was done with in the brook behind the wall, and beneath there the woman lay," the sheriff said.

"You found a what where?" Homer demanded.

"This gun couldn't have killed them," the sheriff said. "It's a .25, and the killing was done with 32 bullet's. We found the gun an ivory-stocked six-shooter, in the brook!"

"Can I see it?" Tom asked excitedly.

The sheriff looked at Roach, Roach looked important. Then he said: "Why not?"

The sheriff nodded to the unnamed aide, who went out and presently returned with a cardboard box. In it, resting on cotton, a tag tied to the trigger guard, was a very handsome six-shooter with chased barrel and an ivory grip.

"That's Cactus's gun, Mrs. Rich's," Tom said. "I've seen it a dozen times. So has my wife."

The well-known forces of law and order looked at each other, looked at Tom, looked at the two weapons.

"Well, what do you know about that?" asked the sheriff of no one in particular.

(To be continued)

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Warsaw Stock Exchange Quotations

	1933		1934		1935	
	High	Low	High	Low	May 29	June 12
BONDS (in percentage of par)						
Stabilization 7 1/2, 1927	81.75	47.25	79.75	54.50	63.00	65.00
Conversion 7 1/2, 1924	33.50	41.00	68.50	52.50	66.25	66.00
6 1/2 Dollar Loan, 1920	63.00	46.00	78.00	58.00	73.50	80.75
4 1/2 Dollar Mortgage Bonds (Warsaw Land Credit Association)	52.00	34.75	51.00	31.00	48.50	—
5 1/2 Mortgage Bonds (Warsaw Credit Ass'n)	52.25	36.00	64.25	50.63	58.00	57.43
SHARES (in zlotys per share)						
Bank of Poland	88.50	70.25	97.00	77.00	95.25	87.25
Haberbusch & Schiele	50.50	37.00	40.00	34.00	38.00	41.50
Lilpop, Rau & Loewenstein	13.00	9.13	12.65	9.15	10.10	9.35
Starachowice	11.50	7.25	14.25	9.80	13.00	—
Warsaw Coal Company	13.24	13.25	15.50	9.00	15.00	—

AIR ROUTE COLONISTS

(Continued from page 3 col. 4)

a passage-way through which empty barges can be pulled from the ocean to the quieter lagoon inside when the tide is running high.

Another peculiarity of this freak among islands is that, regardless of whether the tides high or low, the current always runs with the swiftness of a run with the wind from the lagoon outward into the ocean. The barges must first be snagged through the breaking surf outside the lagoon, hitched to a tractor ashore and pulled upstream while men wait deep in water guide the ropes until quiet water is reached.

Around the southwest sides of horseshoe-shaped Wake Island a yellowish white rough coral and sand beach alternates with rocks, whether toward the sea or the lagoon, while on the northeast sides there are loose, sun-blackened coral boulders from which every grain of sand has been washed. Beyond this is an almost impenetrable jungle of interwoven branches of trees, some with trunks three feet in diameter, though not more than ten feet high.

Deceptive Path

A deceptive path leads to the interior from the ankle-twisting, shin-scraping coral boulders, only to end in blind pockets of tangled branches. After cutting a trail with a machete, I at last came to what apparently was once a small clearing made by men. The fertile tropics had started to reclaim it, but on one side was a semi-circular pile of stone, evidently once a fireplace, and nearby a bare, weather-bleached pole, cut by a saw and trimmed by a knife, stood erect in the ground.

Cutting through another tangle of brush, I found what was once a thirty-foot boat, broken and fallen in decay. Whether it was of Japanese, English, German or American construction, the nautical experts who saw it later were unable to agree. The elements through the years had erased any markings.

How and why men came here in this boat is not recorded. No more is known about their leaving, or whether they ever left. Their bones may still be lying among the flotsam carried ashore by stormy waves and bleached by the suns of many years.

On the ocean side of Peale Island we found a pole fifty-five

feet long and three feet square, bored by termites into a Swiss cheese; hundreds of glass balls that had broken loose from Japanese fishing nets and drifted thousands of miles; and bottles and boxes, and the bleached and broken skeleton of a whale scattered over an acre of beach—a graveyard of the Pacific.

Attempts to dynamite a passage through the channel between Wilkes and Peale Islands, to enable launches and barges to reach the lagoon and avoid unloading the steamship North Haven's stores on the unprotected ocean side of Wilkes, have been no more successful than the attempts to find fresh water by blasting holes in the island. Each dynamite blast dislodged only enough to fill a good-sized dishpan, so the efforts were abandoned. Only a dredger equipped with dynamite could cut the granite-like barrier.

Brilliant electric lights now glow nightly from Wake Island, whose abrupt, low-lying reefs have menaced navigation for many years. A pole was erected by the first landing party as a temporary lighthouse to guide the *North Haven* at night when she moved out to sea. Now, with an electric generator running, the pole has been raised higher and more powerful lights installed.

A two-pole radio station has been erected, with its own wooden house, and sent its first message direct to San Francisco Tuesday morning. This message went through the air more than 4,000 miles from the world's newest station, with the call letters *KNBI*.

Tents, each with a board floor and cots for two to eight men, neatly line the company street, with electric lights in the center. Farther along is the mess tent, with oilcloth-covered tables set for fifty men, and nearby is the cook's tent and piles of food supplies under tarpaulins, still farther on are rapidly growing hills of materials being dragged by tractor from the shore.

The unloading of stores does not halt even during a rainstorm, for the men strip to their waists and toil uncomplainingly on the most inhospitable spot of land that human beings ever tried to make habitable. But they know that in a day or two they will enjoy movies and all the comforts of home.

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TENNIS

Three days of rather indifferent tennis last week proved what had been known all along that South Africa was a bit better than Poland, and so Kirby and Farquharson are playing this week in Prague instead of Hebda and Tarłowski.

On the first day Hebda could have won with Farquharson for he was leading 5-4 in the fifth set on his own service, but a double fault at thirty all made the last three games a formality for the South African player.

Kirby, small, retiring, and quiet on the court, playing poor tennis against Tarłowski, but was leading two sets to one when darkness halted play. The following day Tarłowski's steadiness enabled him to win two sets and the first point for Poland.

The doubles were lost by Hebda and Tłoczyński, Tłoczyński's efforts to stem the tide were of no avail beside a partner who played indifferently and even carelessly.

The final day saw Farquharson beating Tarłowski three sets to one, while Kirby lost to Hebda in an excellent match full of sparkling and even brilliant tennis.

The first four matches were played in an almost continuous uproar, the standees being of the opinion that no linesman can be intelligent, and their efforts directly contributed to Tarłowski's poor play on the third day. It will probably be of no use to add our disapproval to that already expressed in the daily press, but we heartily concur.

The Board of Aldermen of the city of Detroit has approved changing the name of Junction Avenue to Piłsudski Avenue. The town of Hamtramck has called one of its public schools, Piłsudski School. This makes the fourth school in this town named after Polish heroes.

For the first time a student excursion from Germany visited Poland when fifteen students from Weimar visited Katowice, Kraków, and Zakopane.

Advice from Moscow states that Karol Radek has gone to Minsk where he will begin the production of the film to be based on the life of Mickiewicz.

The Election Bill, having been unanimously approved in the caucus of the Government Party is now before the Constitutional Commission of the Sejm and the Senate. Hearings on the Bill began on Tuesday morning and are continuing throughout the week.

A special edition of the works of Marshal Piłsudski is being prepared for November 11. Five hundred thousand copies are to be printed, and the whole set will be retailed for two zlotys fifty groszy.

A heat wave brought in its train numerous thunderstorms throughout Poland, causing damage to growing crops. In several sections buildings were unroofed and one railway accident may be traced to the heat causing the rails to expand.

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DIPLOMATIQUE

The Danish Minister, M. Peter Christian Schou, has left Warsaw and during his absence First Secretary M. Paul Friis will act as Chargé d'Affaires.

The Hungarian Colony of Warsaw held its first reception for the new Hungarian Minister, Dr. Andrze de Hory, on Thursday at the Resursa Obywatelska.

Dr. de Hory was chosen honorary President of the Colony and asked to direct its activities.

The Latvian Minister, Dr. Mikelis Valters, has left Warsaw and M. Nicolas Abolins, the First Secretary of the Legation, will act as Chargé d'Affaires during his absence.

The Jugo-Slavian Minister, M. Branko Lazaravitch, has left Warsaw for a holiday; the Counsellor to the Legation, Baron Charles Dragutin Kulmer, will act as Chargé d'Affaires.

M. Alfred de Claparede, Chargé d'Affaires at the Swiss Legation, left Warsaw for a month's holiday.

Mr. and Mrs. R. L. Speaight of the British Embassy entertained the South African Davis Cup Team for tea on Sunday.

ANGLO-AMERICAN COLONY

Mr. and Mrs. Marcel Malige entertained at tea on Thursday in honour of Miss Elizabeth Ballenberg.

Mr. and Mrs. Egerton Sykes gave a garden party on Wednesday in honour of Miss Elizabeth Ballenberg.

Mr. Sven Kagström entertained at tea on Friday.

Mr. and Mrs. Wendell Howard left Warsaw Saturday for holidays in Budapest.

The Polish Lawn Tennis Association entertained at a banquet on Sunday in honour of Messrs. Kirby, Farquharson and Bertram, members of the South African Davis Cup Team.

Miss Madge Smith of London was a visitor in Warsaw this week.

Mr. Glyn Edwards, of London, left Warsaw Wednesday evening after a short visit.

Miss Grace Humphrey delivered a lecture Thursday evening, on "Poland and America" at the All Peoples Association, on Marszałkowska.

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FASHION NOTES

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Marion Marsh wears one of the colourful cotton dancing frocks that are so popular on warm evenings. This gown is of navy blue handkerchief linen, cinched in white. The ruffle outlining the neckline is of organdy. White camellias are fastened at the front of the square décolletage.

Cotton lace, in white and pastel shades, and even black and white striped seersucker are high in favour in Hollywood for evening gowns.

London dress designers are making use of ostrich feathers in decorative detail. Ever since the Duchess of Kent appeared in the Jubilee Procession with ostrich feathers around her enormous hat, that form of decoration has become popular for millinery. Besides decorating large-brimmed, shallow-crowned hats, a single feather is used to encircle a small hat, following the line of the head, and often forming the crown.

When ostrich feathers trim a picture hat, you may wear a feather collar to match, and an ostrich feather cape, sometimes reaching to the waist, is a very attractive addition to an evening frock.

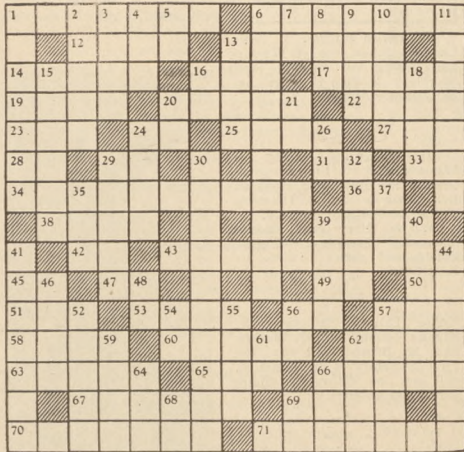
Belts are seen everywhere. Narrow and stiff, they trim woolen crêpe dresses. Soft and wide, they are draped in kid and suede, velvet and satin. They trim all kinds of dresses, but when they appear with an evening frock, they are frequently made in gold and silver, either plain or studded with jewels.

Among the new ideas which come under trimmings is the hood. It is as correct for the evening as for the beach. Schiaparelli makes it in the form of a sunbonnet, Mainbocher has it in sailcloth and fits it to a three-quarter coat. It will appear on velvet coats in the autums. There are so many hoods for evening wear that choice is difficult. There is the Venetian hood, the scarf draped from a small pad of embroidered silk set on the head, the mantilla from Spain and the Sari form from the East as well as the hood modelled on the Arab, headdress.

The 1935 bathing suit is designed for comfort and practicability. You may buy one in smart, crinkled rubber, or you may have a two-piece South Sea Island affair in gaudy printed cotton, consisting of with an extra piece of material which you drape round yourself in the form of a skirt, leaving it open down the front or side.

The newest one-piece woollen costumes show variety in weave and colouring and they are fashioned to give a good line to the figure. Slimness is achieved in various ways, one of the most effective being a costume in pencil stripes of different colours.

CROSS WORD PUZZLE



HORIZONTAL

- 1—Make known
2—Competent
12—Sultry
13—Salty
14—Stumbles
17—Haunch
19—Knots
19—Stratagem
20—A twilled cotton fabric
22—A great river
23—No longer in use (abbr.)
24—Success
25—Short distance
27—Supply with a crew
28—Canadian province (abbr.)
29—Behold
31—Part of "to be"
33—A State (abbr.)
34—Diligently
36—Conjunction
37—Fool
39—Outspoken
42—National Guard (abbr.)
43—Sycophants
45—Proposition
47—For example (abbr.)
49—While
50—Pronoun
51—Litter
53—Wealthy
56—Article
57—Salutation
58—Concept
60—Monster
62—Plant
63—Years of adolescence
65—A letter
66—Cnb
68—Simmered
69—Jangle beast
70—Pat into motion

VERTICAL

- 1—Customers
2—Great felicity
3—Horse's gait
4—Insured (abbr.)
5—Compass point
6—Make terms of surrender
7—Man's nickname
8—Fastener
9—Presently
10—Cloud
11—Intrinsic nature
12—Misdemeanor
15—Eraser
16—Pronoun
18—Arduous
22—Accomplish
21—Pronoun
24—Precious metal
26—Father
29—Plunge forward
30—Gave publicity to
32—Ties up a ship
35—Clamor
37—Repeat
39—Tilt
40—Nonsense
41—Prudent
44—Spire
46—Lose freshness
48—A unit of weight (abbr.)
49—Silly people
54—Provided
55—Pay attention to
56—Paid newspaper notice
57—Sphere of action
59—Stake
61—A State (abbr.)
62—Pronoun
64—Series (abbr.)
66—Cleverness
68—Pronoun
69—Small letter (abbr.)

NEWS IN BRIEF

It is denied that advices appearing in the Polish Press that a compensation agreement had been signed between Amsinck, Sonne & Company of New York and the Polish Government are true.

Messrs. Amsinck, Sonne and Company are acting as bankers for George H. McFaden and Brother, cotton brokers of Philadelphia, for the sale of cotton to the Polish textile industry. This is an entirely different transaction from the undertaking of McFaden and Brother to further Polish exports to South America and the United States.

Contracts for work on the new railway line Sierpc-Toruń have been let, and operations started on June 11. Surveying on the line Sierpc-Brodnica and Zegrze-Pruszcz is almost completed, and work will be started in the near future.

A huge sturgeon has been caught by fishermen in the Vistula near Grudziądz. The fish weighed over three hundred pounds and was nine feet in length.

On Sunday the transmitting station of the Warsaw Radio was silenced when an isolator was damaged by lightning, causing part of the antenna to fall. The damage was soon repaired, and by early afternoon transmission was resumed.

The Naval Department has begun the formulation of plans for a shipyard to be built at Gdynia. Vessels of up to 1500 tons will be built, but the yard is to be so constructed that it may be readily enlarged. The first Polish submarine, to be named the "Marshall Piłsudski," will be constructed there.

Figures for unemployment show a continued decrease, the last release giving the number of those out of work at 413,822. The highest figure recorded was in mid-winter when the number of unemployed was over 500,000.

News that Polish Pavilion at the Brussels Exhibition had collapsed was denied on Tuesday morning by the P. A. T. news agency. It was announced that heavy rains caused a part of the flooring to cave in, but that this damage did not cause the closing of the pavilion for more than a few hours.

London.—There is an Exhibition of Woodcuts by the well known Polish artist, Stefan Mrozewski, at the Ruskin Galleries, London. The exhibition was formally opened on June 5, by Miss Florence M. Barrow, and will remain open until June 19.

The smoked fish industry on the Polish seacoast has shown a large increase during the past few years, the output for this season reaching nearly three thousand tons as against about six hundred tons in 1928.

The new line connecting Gdynia with Egypt, Syria, Palestine and other ports in the Levant will send out its first ship the S. S. Schie, from Gdynia, between June 15 and 20. The next ship is expected to leave about July 10.

President Paets of Estonia, who has been a Truskawiec for several weeks, has returned to Tallin. Before leaving Poland, he spent a day in Warsaw as the personal guest of President Mościcki.

Cinema Programme

First-Run Houses

Table with 3 columns: Address and Performances, Films Currently Showing, and Comment. Lists various cinemas like Atlantic, Apollo, Capitol, Casno, Europa, Filharmonja, Majestic, Pan, Rialto, Stylowy, Świątowski and their respective film programs.

HINTS ON ENGLISH

Answers to Correspondents
I. J. L. — The following is a translation of the passage you sent us.
"Someone behind me handed me something white, a little, white round thin disk so fragile that I hesitated taking it."
This passage is so very easy that you could have translated it yourself.

pointed out that the Present Perfect Tense was a present tense and not a past tense.
A. T. W. — There is, unfortunately, very little English literature that is easy to read. "The Happy Prince" by Oscar Wilde is fairly easy. If you do not object to reading children's books, a letter to any publishing house in London will bring you their catalogue.

The majority of the readers of this column are probably planning to spend their vacations away from the city, and they will thus lose, for a time, contact with spoken English. An excellent method of practising pronunciation is by reading aloud. The danger that you may not be pronouncing absolutely correctly is far outweighed by the advantage of acquainting the vocal chords to English. Original writing in English, no matter how simple the sentences may be, is another exercise recommended.

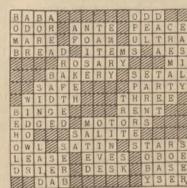
Below is the translation of last week's Polish passage.

A certain amount of confusion in international politics has been created by the recent declaration of Germany. The German note on the Locarno Treaty states that this pact means the cancellation of Locarno negotiations as being equivalent to a military alliance.

Below is this week's Polish passage for translation.

Akt odsłonięcia tablicy był poprowadzony akademją na dziedzińcu Muzeum. Podczas akademji zabierali głos prof. Kalinowski, kierownik pracowni fizycznej Muzeum P. I. R., prof. Dorabińska ze Lwowa, prof. Werstein i prezes Muzeum P. I. R. oraz prezes komitetu uroczystości prof. A. Poniński.

Answer to last week's puzzle



CULBERTSON ON CONTRACT BY ELY CULBERTSON World's Champion Player and Greatest Card Analyst

The necessity for the defending players' timing their trick-taking is just as vital as is the necessity of the declarer's timing his trick-taking. While the defense usually does not have as much room to navigate, as it were, as the principle governing such plays as the hold-up is exactly the same.

The King and led the ten of spades, which was permitted to hold. He continued with the third round of spades. South won, and then proceeded to make contract and an overtrick as well because East did not cash the Ace of clubs.

Comment

It is obvious what a different course the play of the hand would have taken had West played the nine rather than the King of hearts. East should then win the Ace of hearts and return a spade through South's hand. Regardless of what South does, his hope of game has vanished. He can cash at best the spade Ace and five diamonds before surrendering the lead again, and West, with the King of hearts and the established spades, will then be in a position to bring about his defeat. The length of the spade suit and having but a single outside possible entry should have tipped West off to the proper play. An overtrick does not cost very much. The thing that costs at the bridge table is permitting opponents to make games which could be defeated.

"But I had only two hearts, partner, and I was afraid declarer held the Ace and was about to catch my King if I did not play it this time."

This was the excuse given by West in the post-mortem on the hand after South had fulfilled a contract which should have been defeated 2 tricks.

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North, Dealer
North and South vulnerable
3
Q J 10 7 5
A K 9 3 2
5 4
K 10 8 7 6 5 4 3 2 A
K 9 8 7 6 5 4 3 2 A
A Q 9
8 4 2
Q J 5
K Q 7 2

The bidding:
North East South West
1♥ Pass 2NT Pass
3♦ Pass 3NT Pass
Pass Pass

The Play
Against South's contract of three notrumps, West opened the spade seven. East's Jack fell to South's Queen, and then the deuce of hearts was led toward the dummy. West hopped up with

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