

which they struggled later on, but also, in realizing a number of those that other peoples are only just now beginning to foresee.

Considering all these original creations emanating from the political genius of the Polish people, we can now understand, face to face with the appalling reality, what humanity has lost by the disappearance of the Polish *Respublica* and how greatly the absence of Poland's help has been felt in the realization of the common aims toward which civilization tends. ♦

NOTES

1. Karl von Rotteck (1775–1840), a German historian, author of *General History* and other works.

2. Lord Eversley, "Future of Poland: A Great Problem," *New York Times*, 15 June 1915 (<http://query.nytimes.com/gst/abstract.html?res=9E03E0D91631E733A05754C2A9609C946496D6CF>); Lord Eversley, *The Partitions of Poland* (London: T. F. Unwin, 1915).

3. Chołoniewski's knowledge of what the French Revolution did to the people of France was obviously deficient. Perhaps his intention was to emphasize that had Poland helped the people of France, the trail of murders and executions that the Revolution left behind would not have been created.

4. Waław Sobieski (1872–1835) was professor of history at Jagiellonian University and author of numerous works on seventeenth-century Polish history in particular. We were not able to identify the quote.

5. Ms. Arctowska footnotes Max Jähns's *Heeresverfassungen und Völkerleben*, but does not furnish bibliographical details. Max Jähns was a nineteenth-century Prussian writer and a war enthusiast who believed that war regenerates peoples and awakens dormant nations.

6. Here Chołoniewski is referring to institutions such as the United Nations or the prewar League of Nations. He conceived of these institutions before they were actually implemented in Europe.

Cracow

Leo Yankevich

for Meghan

This dawn of fog and lingering dreams, you feel the centuries in your waking body. Cracow lies on a river at the foot of a hill.

Light and bells awaken senses. Black now in shadows, hawkers fill the market square. Pigeons greet your nose and eyes, and flowers.

You give a gnarly woman coins, and stare up at the sky, and see the fairy towers, the malachite-green roofs, above which rooks fly north from Brno, Prague, or Budapest. A fiddler plays his violin, and looks up toward you, knowing you're too soft and green to pass him by. Your senses cannot rest.

The day begins, old, musty and serene.

About the Authors

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Letters

Deportations of Poles to the Gulag in 1939–1941

As I was reading "Deportations from Lithuania" memoirs published in April 1998 issue of *Sarmatian Review* (<http://www.ruf.rice.edu/~sarmatia/498/remembered.html>), I came upon the name of my grandfather, Dr. Andrzej Wierciński of Wilno. Corporal Józef Rodziewicz stated in his account "From Wilejka to Riazan" that Dr. Andrzej Wierciński died. I believe this is not correct. He had survived the ordeal and ended up in England where he served in the Royal Air Force. After the war he returned to Poland and reunited with his wife Olga and daughters Danuta (my mother) and Halina. He lived in Olsztyn and worked in TB sanatorium there. I believe he died in 1967. His younger daughter Halina Iwańska lives in Warsaw.

Lech Slocinski, Ukiah, California

We are happy to hear that one of the victims survived.
Ed.