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VOICE OF SARMATIA

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By special arrangement with the Polish-American Youth Federation, the Editors of the VOICE OF SARMATIA are happy to include a P.A.Y.F. Bulletin as part of this issue.

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A NATION OF SONGS

Poland could not live without her music. In the churches the great chorals include majestic pieces like "From the Smoke of Dead Fires", or "God Preserve Poland". During Polish Revolutions against powers that had conquered her, the Poles were forbidden to sing these songs in their own language. The conquerors thought that this had stopped the singing. But no - the congregations switched their words into Latin, and went on, regardless of the fact that soldiers stood at the door to mark the song leaders with chalk, and then single them out to send to foreign prisons.

And at Christmas! Then Poland gave over the whole country with rejoicing, and much of the rejoicing was in music. On Christmas Eve, four trumpeters mounted the high balcony of the Church of the Trumpeter, in Krakow, and played the little hymn, "Amidst the Silence". High up on the walls the suspended organ pipes carried on the same melody, while in the body of the church and in the Square outside, thousands of people stood, with uplifted heads, and sang;

"Through night's dark shadow
Leaps the gladsome song;
Shepherds acclaiming
Pass the news along.
Haste, oh haste thee, Christ is
living,
Bethlehem his cradle giving
Greet the new-born King."

For a whole week and more, clear up to the festival of the Three Kings, the celebration goes on. City streets are full of children with puppet shows, depicting the scenes at Christ's birth; Halls are full of pageants; all the market places are green with trees and grilliant with lights; in the houses great banquets are spread, and before the Christmas meal each partaker tastes first his neighbor's Christmas wafer. Out in the country, straw is placed beneath the wooden plates, and a vacant place is left at each table, in case the Christ Child should come in.

The Polish spirit is the spirit of song, the song of sorrow, of courage, of the everlasting. And that song which most typifies the Polish spirit is the little hymn called the Heynal, which sounded hourly from the tower of the church of Panna Maria in Krakow. Its sweet notes rise from a trumpet whose brass bell is clearly discernible from the street many hundred of feet below. And at the end of the strain is a sudden breaking off of the melody, in what Poles call the Broken Note.

Now the story of this song and the Broken Note is known to many people throughout the world. It is the story of a youthful watchman who played the trumpet in this tower, when on duty there, when the Tartars were besieging the city, far back in the year 1241, He did not leave when the city was taken and burned, for he had taken an oath to stay on his post of duty, and he was shot through the body by a Tartar arrow which sped from a hostile bow below him. He was playing at the time he was shot, and he tried to finish the Heynal as he had sworn, but as life ebbed slowly away, he sounded a last note, which was broken off when death overtook him. Therefore, from that day to this, the Krakow trumpeters have finished the Heynal on the Broken Note.

This story had a marvelous sequel in the year 1943, exactly seven hundred and two years later. A Polish historian, whose word can not be doubted had been a prisoner in Russia, and was on his way with other soldiers to Palestine, when they happened to stop for the night in Samareand.

There they were approached by a priest from the Mosque of Mahomet that lay on the edge of the city. He was greatly excited.

That which follows is quoted from "Wiadomosci Polskie", a Polish news-

---- A Nation of Songs ----

paper published in London, the article in question being written by Ksawery Pruszynski.

"Are you from Lechistan?" (the old name for Poland) asked the holy man.

"We are".

"And are you soldiers, truly?"

"We are".

"And do you believe in God, your old God?"

"We do. We have priests; we carry the Cross."

"One more question. Have you trumpeters among you?"

"We have."

The priest grew more and more excited. Finally he cried out: "Then will you do us a great favor. Will you have your trumpeters come to our Rynek (market-place) tomorrow evening and play in front of the Mosque, at the place where lies the tomb of the great Khan?"

"What shall they play?"

"The sacred hymn that is played from the balcony of the great church of your land every hour. I do not know its name..."

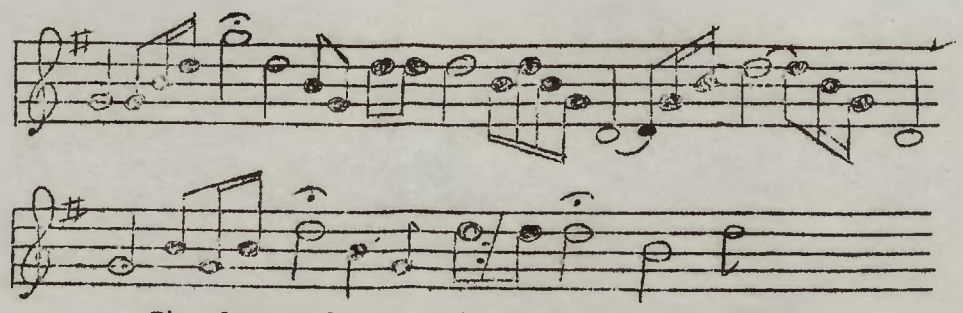
"Oh, that must be the Heynal," said one of the soldiers. "Yes, our trumpeters will gladly play it for you."

The priest burst into tears and hurried away. The next evening the square was crowded with the inhabitants, all of them descendants of Tartars. Excitement was visible everywhere. Young and old fell on their knees before the four Polish trumpeters sent by their commander, kissing their hands and their coats. The trumpeters did not know what it was all about, but they advanced to the tomb of the great Tartar leader, and played the Heynal. After the first playing they were asked to play it again. They complied. Again. They played it for the third time.

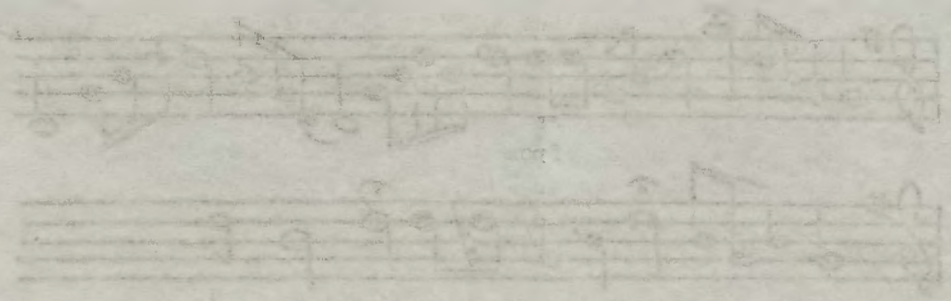
Then the scene became undescribable. The whole city went into a transport of joy. And the old priest, explaining, said to the Poles; "That removes the curse of our race. It happened seven hundred and two years ago that one of the warriors of the Tartars shot with a bow and killed a Lech (Polish) trumpeter while he was playing a sacred song. After that a curse fell upon our land. We were defeated in battle. We were enslaved. And an old prophet of that day said that the curse would never be taken away, until soldiers from Lechistan, believing in the Old God, and bearing trumpeters should play the same tune before the grave of Timur Khan. Thus is the prophesy fulfilled. Samarcand's dark days are over, and a new era comes when the Tartars will become free people, and will live like brothers with all nations ever after."

Eric P. Kelly

BROKEN NOTE

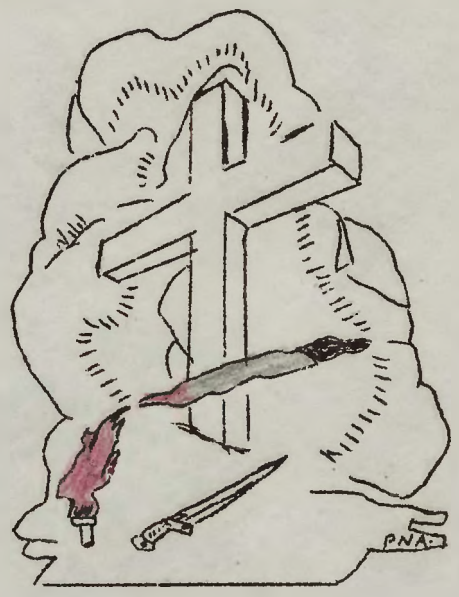


The famous bugle call that for more than seven centuries sounded from the Church of St. Mary in Krakow.



The famous begin still stay for more than
seven centuries-sounds from the church or
harp in mystery.

L O R D ' S P R A Y E R
OF THE POLISH UNDERGROUND



OUR FATHER WHO ART IN HEAVEN, look upon the martyred land of Poland.

HALLOWED BE THY NAME, in the day of our incessant despair, in these days of our powerless silence.

THY KINGDOM COME, We pray every morning, repeating steadfastly: Thy kingdom come throughout Poland, and may in liberty and sunshine, Thy Word of Peace and Love be fulfilled.

THY WILL BE DONE ON EARTH AS IT IS IN HEAVEN, Thy will be done. Yet it cannot be Thy will to have murder and bloody licentiousness rule the world. May it be Thy will that humid prison cells stay empty-- that forest pits cease being filled with corpses-- that the whip of Satan incarnate in man stop its whizz of terror over our heads. Thy will be done in Heaven and in the air, bringing us light and warmth instead of bombs and fear. Let airplanes be messengers of happiness and not of death. Thy will be done on earth. Lord, look upon our land covered with graves, and lighten the path of our sons, brethren, and fathers, of the Polish soldiers fighting their way back to Poland; let the sea return the drowned, the waste spaces of land the buried ones, the sands of the deserts and the snows of Siberia give us back at least the bodies of those we loved.

GIVE US THIS DAY OUR DAILY BREAD. Our daily bread is a toil beyond any endurance-- it is wandering and migrating and death in dungeons, death that comes from the gun of the firing squad, from tortures in camps, death from starvation, and death on the battlefield, It is the torment of silence while our throats are choking with stifled screams of pain; our daily bread is a forced clenching of our fists and setting of our teeth in the hour that cries for bloody revenge. To this daily bread of ours, Oh, Lord, add force of endurance, patience, and will power that we be silent, lest we burst out before the hour of destiny rings.

AND FORGIVE US OUR TRESPASSES. Forgive us, Oh, Lord, should we be too weak to crush the beast. Strengthen our arm lest it tremble in the hour of revenge. They have sinned against Thee, they have trespassed upon Thine eternal laws. Do not let us sin against Thee with weakness as they sin with criminal debauch.

AND LEAD US NOT INTO TEMPTATION. Lead us not into temptation but let traitors and spies among us perish. Do not let money blind the hearts of the rich. Let the replete feed the hungry. Let Poles recognize each other anywhere and at any hour. Let our mouths be silent while the torturer crushes our bones. And lead us not into temptation to forget tomorrow what we are suffering today.

AND DELIVER US FROM EVIL. Deliver us from the evil one, from the foe of our Polish land. Save us, Oh, Lord, from the paths and misery of deportation, from death on land, in air and in the sea, from treason of our own.

AMEN. Let us again be the hosts on our own soil. Let us rest our hearts with the calm of the sea and the beauty of our mountains. Let us feed the starving crowds in Thy sunshine, Oh, Lord, Let us establish justice in a righteous Poland:

AMEN. Give us freedom, Oh, Lord! Amen.

(excerpt from "Secret State" by Jan Karski)

POLAND'S IMMORTALS

JAN KOCHANOWSKI

Jan Kochanowski was the founder of Polish poetry and the greatest of all Polish poets up to the time of Mickiewicz.

The main outlines of Kochanowski's career are known, but the details are often uncertain, so that any brief narrative of his life must needs make positive statements on some disputed points.

He was born in 1530 at Sycyna, a village about a hundred miles northeast of Krakow, to a family of well-to-do gentry of literary tastes. In 1544 he went to the University of Krakow and later, about 1551, went to the University of Krolewiec.

Between 1552 and 1559 Kochanowski made several trips to Italy where he attended the University of Padua and became a leader among Polish students there. These years of foreign travel and study formed Kochanowski's intellect and his tastes and settled the whole character of his literary works.

Poland reached its greatest political power in the fifteenth century. In the following century it retained its former boundaries and advanced immensely in civilization, sharing in the great intellectual movement of the time,- the Reformation and the Renaissance. Kochanowski was through and through a man of the Renaissance.

Kochanowski's earliest known poems are Latin elegies which were published together with later works of the same sort, in 1584. Some of them are addressed to a certain Lydia, apparently the name he gave to an Italian courtesan. It is certain that up to his marriage in 1575, Kochanowski was no escetic. He loved wine and women as well as song and scholarship.

After his return to Poland in 1559 Kochanowski led for many years the life of a courtier and man of society, depending on King August and on various patrons. His wit, his social gifts, and his literary genius assured him success in the highest circles in Poland. His graceful poems, which were circulated in manuscript according to the costom of the day, brought him gifts of money; more important his talents wove for him sinecure positions that yielded a steady income.

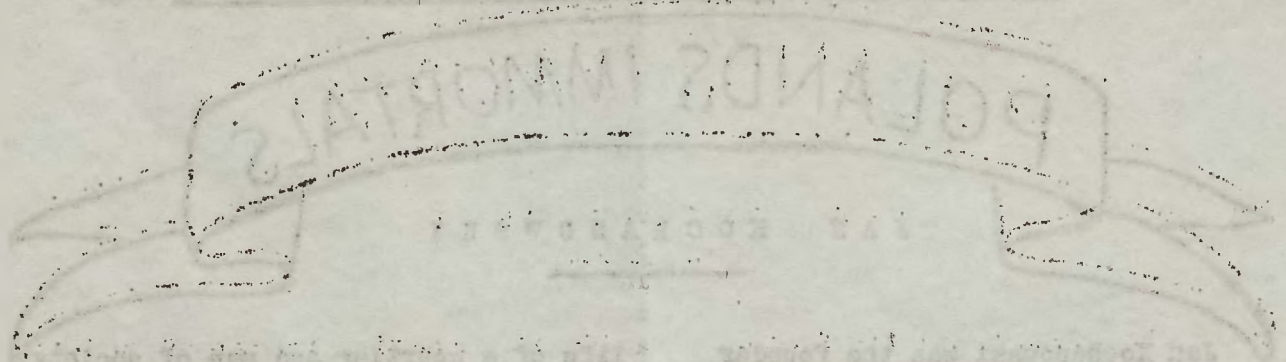
Of Kochanowski's bachelor existence we get a vivid picture in his Polish Trifles (Fraszki) and in his Latin Foricoenia, (Dinners away from Home). The Trifles and Foricoenia are dinner-table verse, intended to add to the mirth over the wine cups. A Trifle must be witty and entertaining, it might be a graceful love song; it might be a noble epitaph on a distinguished man; it might be a homespun anecdote, course and even obscene. Thought he "loved to drink", Kochanowski was not a drunkard.

Two of his works, "Harmony" (158 verses) and "The Satyr" (452 verses) related to internal conditions in Poland.

The finest of Kochanowski's political poems is "The Standard" (296 verses) were inspired by the feudal homage rendered to Zygmunt August on July 19, 1569, by Albert II of Prussia.

Despite his gay life, Kochanowski was a man of sincerely religious temperament. His longest work, begun before 1571 and published in 1578, is a translation of the Psalms into Polish rhymed stanzas. In the sixteenth centuries this "Psalter" had by far the widest circulation of all Kochanowski's works.

In 1575 Kochanowski wearied of court life and its dissipations, married Dorota Podlodowska and retired to Czarnolas to make his permanent home.



---- Jan Kochanowski ----

Kochanowski's true genius was as a lyric poet. And two lyric sequences of his later years are, one the most Polish, the other the most personal of all his works. These are St. John's Eve and the Laments.

Near the close of 1579 Kochanowski lost his second daughter, Ursula, a child of thirty months. To her memory he devoted a series of nineteen Laments that is the Masterpiece of all Polish poetry earlier than Mickiewicz. For readers today Lament VII is the gem of the series.

In religion, Kochanowski was by no means typical of his age and his nation. He was the intimate friend of Catholic prelates, held ecclesiastical benefices, and at least in his later years was always regarded as a true son of the Church. Yet his silences are eloquent. From his specifically religious poems no reader could determine whether he was a Catholic, a Protestant, or a Jew. The words Jesus and Christ do not occur in his works. Not once does he mention the Trinity, the Holy Ghost, the Virgin Mary (unless an allusion to the old Polish hymn in her honor be counted), or any Saint of the Church.

On the other hand, Kochanowski constantly asserts his faith in an almighty, all-wise, all-merciful God, who loves men and is accessible to prayer. Such is the faith of the Psalmist. He also believes in immortality, but is led to his belief in it more by reasoning than by faith; there must be a future life, he argues, in order to correct the injustices of this world.

Kochanowski then, like many pious and thoughtful men in our own times, far fewer in his, was a Catholic, only officially; he remained true to the church of his fathers, but cared little or nothing for its doctrines and ceremonies. Only in the Laments, under the stress of personal sorrow, does he adopt a definitely Christian attitude, finding in faith a solace that philosophy cannot give.

In his last years Kochanowski was a devoted husband and father. Besides Ursula, he lost his daughter Hannah in her childhood. Four daughters grew to maturity, a posthumous son died in infancy. He himself died, stricken by apoplexy during a visit to Lublin, on August 22, 1584.

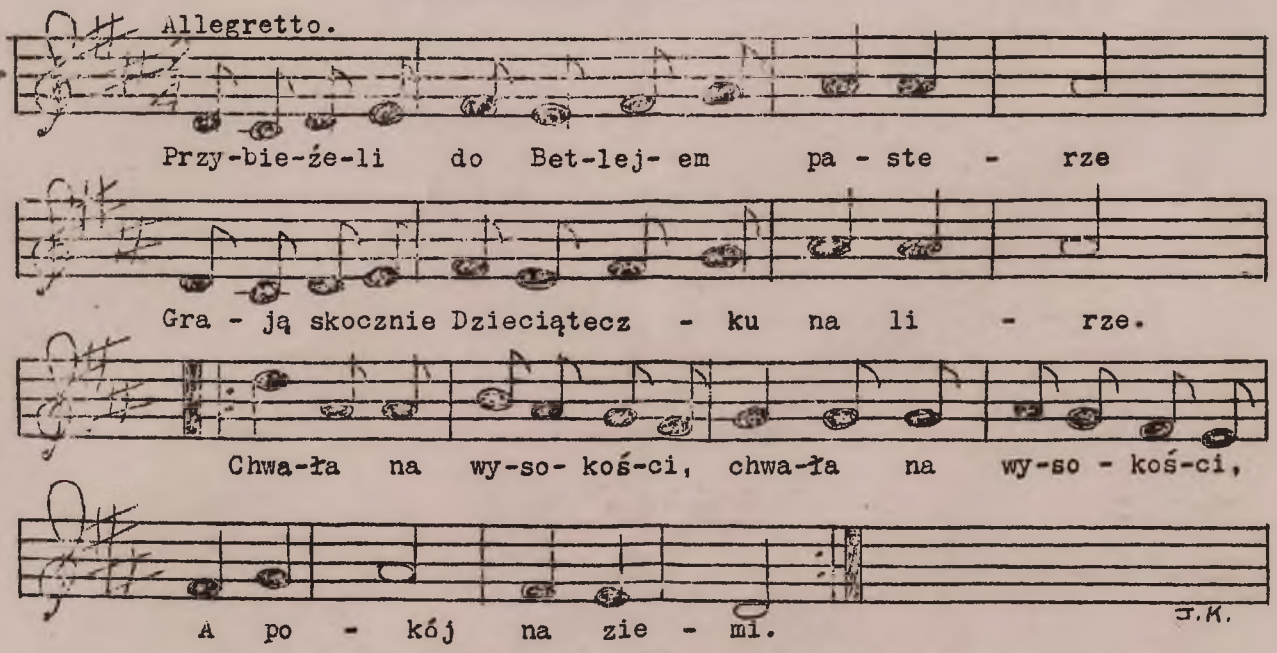
Polish ideals of poetic style have changed since his day; much of what he wrote now seems stiff, mechanical, crude in its rhymes, even prosaic. Yet his best poems, with their reserve, poise, self-mastery, have an enduring charm, a charm that for some readers even of today surpasses that of the exuberantly imaginative work of Mickiewicz and his successors.

His surviving poems include 16,700 verses in Polish and about 7,000 in Latin.

Finally, the personality of Kochanowski will continue to attract every generation of Poles. Through all his life, to use his own words, he "sang for himself and for the Muses." Though deeply indebted to patrons, he was not servile; he had self-respect and the respect of others. He was a student of great literature, a lover of beauty and a creator of it. He passed his last years as the leader of Polish letters, realizing his ideal of cultivated moderation and surrounded by the affection of his family and of his nation.

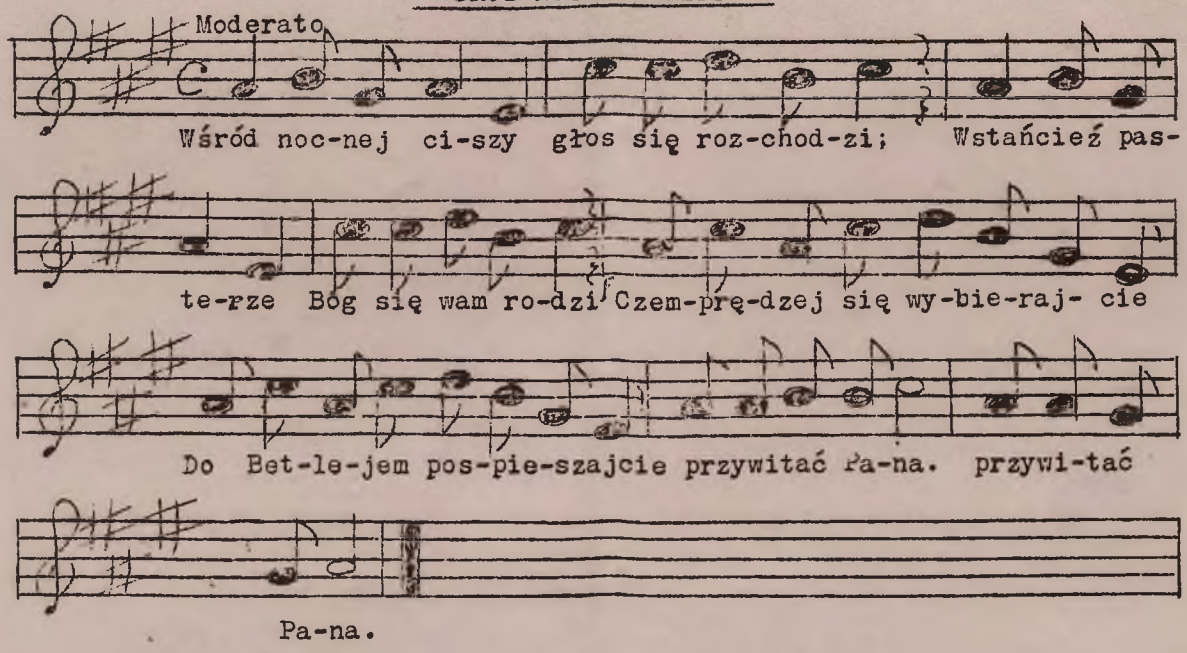
(Read the next issue of the VOICE OF SARMATIA for Lament VII in English and Laments VIII and X in the Polish language.)

PRZYBIEŹELI DO BETLEJEM



2. Oddawali swe ukłony w pokorze,
Tobie z serca ochotnego o Boże!
Chwała na wysokości, chwała na wysokości
A pokój na ziemi.

WŚRÓD NOCNEJ CISZY



2. Poszli, znaleźli Dzieciątko w złobie,
Z wszystkimi znaki danemi sobie;
Jako Bogu Cześć oddali
A witając zawołali
Z wielkiej radości.

DUSZA KOBIETY

Widziałem wiele rzeczy
I przyznać się wam muszę
że znam receptę nawet
na kobiecą duszę.

I jeśli wam nauka
moja pujdzie w smak
to proszę się przekonać
i wszystko robić tak.

Wziąść pare kilo fałszu
prawdy jeden gram
dołożyć też lenistwa
dużo trzeba tam.

Próżności dziesięć kilo
tyleż kokieterii
i sto kilo chciwości
do forsy i biżuterii.

Zazdrości dziesięć kilo
dwadzieścia bezczelności
trochę też obłudy
i leko szlachetności.

Dużo dać chytrości
rozumu dawać mało
zostawcie to do rana
by przez noc postało.

Rano dodać octu
krople dwie słodyczy
do tego trachę soli
i jeden funt gorczycy.

Niech djabeł to wymięsza
z was niech nikt nie rusza
jak tydzień to postoi
kobieca wyjdzie dusza.

L/Cpl. Władysław Karczmarczyk

CZTERY PORY ROKU

Cztery pory roku mamy -
Każdej pory wyglądamy
I choć pora każka krótka -
Pora każda jest milutka.
Każda ma dość piękna w sobie,
Innym jest dość - niedość tobie.

Zima w zimie często grozi -
Bez litości mrozem mrozi
Tak, że człowiek i ptaszyna,
Drzewa, kwiaty i zwierzyna
Musi przywdziać ciepłe szaty,
Albo lecić w ciepłe światy.

Zaś po zimie - miła wiosna
Pożądana i radosna...
Czy to w lesie, czy to w wodzie,
Czy to w polu, czy ogrodzie,
Roślin, zwierząt i u ludzi -
Wszystkich silnie życie budzi.

Ach! Te lato - przecież w lecie
Dojrzałości cud znajdziecie.
Kawalerzy, panny, damy -
Lata wszyscy my czekamy;
Nam tak miłe i cieplutkie
Że naprawde jest za krótkie!

Tak, jesienna pora roku -
Uwidacznia się z widoku,
Gdyż jak drzewa - tak i ziemia,
Rocznie w jesień szaty zmienia,
W złotej szacie - w perłach chodzi...
Dla poezji czary rodzi.

Ani złoto - ni bursztyny,
Ani szmaragd - ni rubiny,
Ani poet - nowelista,
Czy dramaturg - lub artysta -
O "Jesieni" wydać zdanie
Piękności? Mu słów nie stanie.

Alexander N. Pastick.

BUDZĄ KOŚCIOŁY

Zdziwiam się nie raczej
I przyznać się muszę
Że sam rzadkiej nawet
Na kościoły dzwonę.

I jeśli was pomnik
Moja pamięć w mnie
Co gwiazd się przechowa
I nieczęsto rodzi sam.

Wielość pure Kilo łączem
Prawdy jeden grzm
Odczyć też Jonatana
Dużo trzeba tam.

Przełożył dzisiejszy Kilo
Tylko kwiatowi
I nie Kilo ondywości
Do Tory i bliźnowi.

Zawdzięcz dzisiejszy Kilo
Dwadzieścia poczęstunków
Trzeba też obiady
I jako szlachetności.

Dużo dać obywateli
Rozum dawać mało
Zostawione to do ruszu
Ty przez nas poczęto.

Nam dodać ucza
Wzięli dzie przyczyny
Do tego trzeby cił
I jeden tam Boreny w.

Wiem dlaboć to wyniesie
Z u.a. oczeb nikt nie trzeba
Jak wydział to poczęć
Kościoły wydało dzwon.

Ignacy Zadrzyńska Karczmarczyk

OSTATNY PORY ROKU

Ostatny pory roku sny -
Radości pory wyjątkowy
I odeć pora krótki krótka -
Pora kwiecia jest wilgotna.
Kwita na dość piękna w dobie,
Inny jest dość - miodość tonie.

Kiem w ziemie czarto gwoździ -
Bez litości mroczny mrozi
Tak, że czerwień i przyczyna,
Drzewa, kwiaty i zwierzyna
Nad przydziałó ciepła szuty.
Albo łapić w ciepłe łóżka.

Zaś po ziemie - mżą wiosna
Pojedana i radzenia...
Czy to w lesie, czy ta w wodzie,
Czy to w polu, czy przebie,
Rodzin, zwierząt i a ludzi -
Zarzykłób silnie życie budzi.

Ach! To lato - przecież w lesie
Dojrzałość, nad zapłatnie.
Kwiatory, pomy, dmy -
Lata wczoraj ów czekany!
Nam tak mało i ciepłutkie
Ta wszystko jest za krótkie!

Tak, jesienna pora roku -
Uniczenia się z widoku.
Czyż jak drzewa - tak i ziemia,
Rocznie w ledwo szczy zmienia.
U zdołej zaczie - " przyjaciół chodzi...
Dla pomsti szczy rodzi.

Ani zgoto - ni burzyny,
Ani szczęścia - ni rubiny,
Ani poet - nowelisty,
Czy dziewczyny - lub artysta -
O "Kiesieni" wydać zdania
Przyszłości" na niów nie zdania.

Aleksander W. Partick.

CHRISTMAS IN POLAND

Christmas is one of the principal festivals of the year in Poland. Business is usually suspended for two or three days. The old customs still survive, and the Christmas Eve supper starts with the family communion -- the sharing of a wafer, blessed in the church (called in Polish "oplatek"). This wafer is broken by the father or mother and shared with all the members of the household. The Christmas tree in Poland has been known from the 18th Century. The decoration of this tree is usually done by the parents. When the first star appears in the sky (the same star which guided the three kings to the Manger), the room is opened and the Christmas tree with all the lighted candles appears to the delight of the surprised children. The carols are sung, the presents called "little stars", are distributed, and the supper served. The table is covered with a snow-white tablecloth decorated with flowers and greens, the symbol of peace and good will. Under the tablecloth some hay is scattered to remind us that Christ was born in a manger.

The usual traditional menu is a clear soup made from dried mushrooms, served with crisp petitfours, stuffed also with mushrooms. The next course consists of one or more fishes cooked, fried or baked, and of vegetables and a salad. The desert is a compote made of dried fruit and a special cereal pudding with an almond sauce, or a sauce prepared from poppy seeds. The traditional cake ("strucle") is made of a sweet dough into which also poppy seeds have been rolled.

At the end of the supper, hay is drawn from under the tablecloth and the guests amuse themselves by fortune-telling; he who drew the longest stem might live the longest and most prosperous life. The celebration has always been marked by hospitality and charitable gifts. At least one more cover then the number of expected guests is laid, for whoever might come is warmly welcomed.

In the rural districts the boys parade through the streets with an enormous star made by themselves and lighted inside by candles. They stop in front of the houses, sing carols, and are given presents and small coins in return. Often a masquerade follows.

In the churches there is a special Christmas Eve service at night, called "Pasterka". Christmas Eve in Poland is known as the Vigil.

Marie S. Gutowska

IS THERE A SANTA CLAUS?

Dear Editor;-
I am 8 years old.
Some of my little friends say there is no Santa Claus.
Papa says "If you see it in THE SUN it's so.
Please tell me the truth, is there a Santa Claus?
Virginia O'Hanlon.

Virginia;-

Your little friends are wrong. They have been affected by the skepticism of a skeptical age. They do not believe except what they see. They think that nothing can be which is not comprehensible by their little minds. All minds, Virginia, whether they be men's or children's, are little. In this great universe of ours man is a mere insect, an ant, in his intellect, as compared with the boundless world about him, as measured by the intelligence capable of grasping the whole of truth and knowledge.

Yes, Virginia, there is a Santa Claus. He exists as certainly as love and generosity and devotion exist, and you know that they abound and give to your life its highest beauty and joy. Alas! how dreary would be the world if there were no Santa Claus! It would be as dreary as if there were no Virginias. There would be no childlike faith then, no poetry, no romance to make tolerable this existence. We should have no enjoyment, except in sense and sight. The eternal light with which childhood fills the world would be extinguished.

Not believe in Santa Claus! You might as well not believe in fairies! You might get your papa to hire men to watch in all the chimneys on Christmas Eve to catch Santa Claus, but even if they did not see Santa Claus coming down, what would that prove? Nobody sees Santa Claus, but that is no sign that there is no Santa Claus. The most real things in the world are those that neither children nor men can see. Did you ever see fairies dancing on the lawn? Of course not, but that's no proof that they are not there. Nobody can conceive or imagine all the wonders there are unseen and unseeable in the world.

You tear apart the baby's rattle and see what makes the noise inside, but there is a veil covering the unseen world which not the strongest man, nor even the united strength of all the strongest men that ever lived, could tear apart. Only faith, fancy, poetry, love, romance, can push aside that curtain and view and picture the supernal beauty and glory beyond. Is it all real? Ah, Virginia, is all this world there is nothing else real and abiding.

No Santa Claus! Thank God! he lives, and he lives forever. A thousand years from now, Virginia, nay, ten times ten thousand years from now, he will continue to make glad the heart of childhood.

Originally printed in THE SUN, Sept. 21, 1897.

IS THERE A SANTA CLAUS?

Dear Editor:-
I'm a proud old.
Some of my little friends say there is no Santa Claus. Pa says "If you see it in the sun it's so."
Please tell me the truth, is there a Santa Claus?
Virginia O'Hanlon.

Virginia:-
Your little friends are wrong. They have been affected by the skepticism of a doubting age. They do not believe except what they see. They think that nothing can be which is not comprehensible by their little minds. Yes, Virginia, Santa Claus lives. He lives with all the spirit of childhood. In this great universe of ours he is a very intelligent spirit, that could be extinguished by the combined powers of all the malicious spirits in the world. Not only Santa, Virginia, but also Easter, love, generosity, and joy, all those things which make life worthwhile, are the spirit of Santa Claus. Yes, Virginia, there is a Santa Claus. He lives in all the hearts of children, and in the hearts of men who are young in spirit. He lives in the hearts of those who are young in spirit, and who are young in spirit are young in heart. Without him life would be a very dreary place, Virginia, as dreary as if there were no children. There would be no spirit of childhood to make us believe in fairies, no joy, no romance to make tolerable this prosaic existence. We would not care to exist, except for the sake of those who are young in spirit. The eternal light with which childhood fills the world would be extinguished.

Not believe in Santa Claus! You might as well not believe in fairies! You might get your papa to hire men to watch in all the chimneys on Christmas Eve to catch Santa Claus, but even if they did not see Santa Claus coming down what would that prove? Nobody sees Santa Claus, but that is no sign that there is no Santa Claus. The most real things in the world are those that neither children nor men can see. Did you ever see fairies dancing on the lawn? Of course not, but that's no proof that they are not there. Nobody can conceive or imagine all the wonders there are unseen and unseeable in the world.

You may tear apart the baby's rattle and see what makes the noise inside, but there is a veil covering the unseen world which not the strongest man, nor even the united strength of all the strongest men that ever lived, could tear apart. Only faith, fancy, poetry, love, romance, can push aside that veil and view and picture the supernatural beauty and glory beyond. Is it all true? Ah, Virginia, in all this world there is nothing else real and abiding.

No Santa Claus! Thank God he lives, and he lives forever. A thousand years from now, Virginia, nay, ten times ten thousand years from now, he will continue to make glad the heart of childhood.

Originally printed in The Sun, Sept. 21, 1897.

LAUGH, AND THE WORLD LAUGHS WITH YOU

Artist: "Ah, perhaps you, too, are a lover of the beauties of Nature. Have you seen the golden fingers of the dawn spreading across the eastern sky, the red-stained sulphurous islets floating in the lake of fire in the west, ragged clouds at midnight, blotting out the shuddering moon?"
Farmer: "Nope, not lately. I've been on the wagon for over a year."

A dog can go into the woods only half way...when he reaches the half-way mark he starts to come out.

A wise old owl
Lived in an oak,
The more he saw,
The less he spoke
The less he spoke
The more he heard
Why can't we be
Like that old owl

Food always gets scarce during war time because they wake the soldiers up at five in the morning so they can start eating.

It's better to be broke than never to have loved at all.

Here's that story again about the drunk who telephoned a saloon-keeper at 5 am to ask what time his place will open.

"At noon," the saloon-keeper barked, hanging up. At 6 am the phone rang again; it was the drunk, asking the same question. When the drunk called again an hour later, the saloon-keeper exploded.

"Say, listen," he yelled, "this is the third time you've awakened me from a sound sleep. I don't care who you are or what you want. My place doesn't open until noon and you're not getting in there until then."

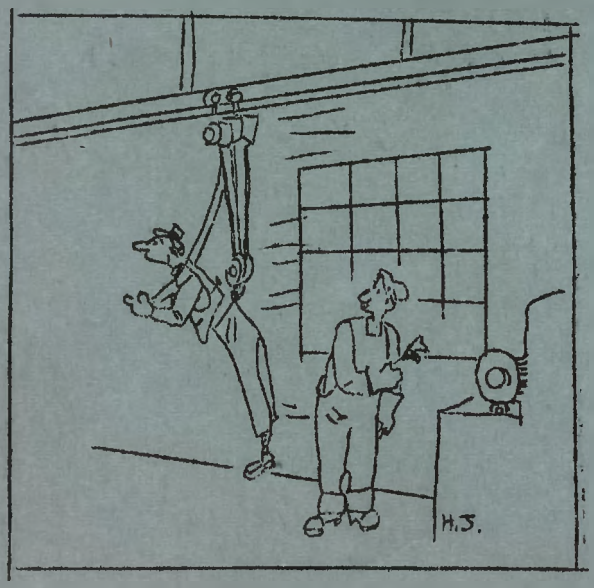
"I don't want to get into your place" said the voice on the other end, "I want to get out of it."

"I don't think you knew who I was when you met me on the street this morning, did you?"
"No, who were you?"

Science is still looking for the reason an ordinary house fly requires two more legs than an elephant.

"Do you believe that tight clothing stops circulation?"
"Certainly not. The tighter a woman's clothing the more she's in circulation."

"John, I am sure I heard a mouse squeak"
"Well, do you want me to get up and oil it?"



WEEP, AND YOU WEEP ALONE,
For this sad old earth
must borrow its mirth,
But has trouble enough
of its own.

....THE EDITOR'S PAGE....

IF YOU ARE NOT A MEMBER OF SARMATIA INTERNATIONAL.....
..YOUR ATTENTION PLEASE!..

Requests for copies of the VOICE OF SARMATIA from friends of Sarmatia have increased during the past few months and each month we have printed additional copies to meet these requests.

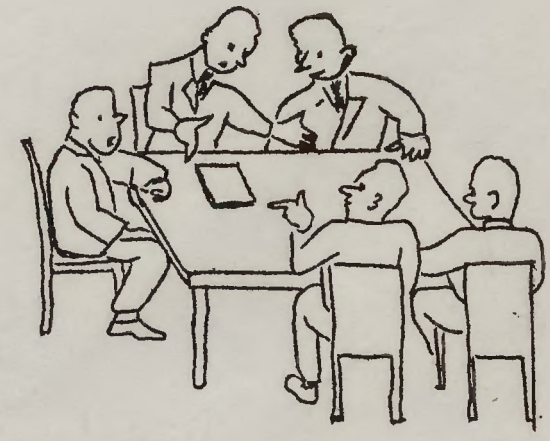
The VOICE OF SARMATIA does not contain advertisements and is not sold to anyone,- it is also obvious that someone must pay for the materials, mailing, etc.

We have now reached a point where we must trim down our mailing list! We do regret this very much but we cannot send copies of this publication to everyone on our mailing list!

IF YOU ARE NOT A MEMBER OF SARMATIA INTERNATIONAL and wish to receive the next issue of the VOICE OF SARMATIA then you MUST write to us for it. Send us your name and address plus a 3¢ stamp for mailing. If you comply with the above request then we will be happy to send you the next issue. Thus we will be able to eliminate those names from our mailing list of people who are not interested in reading the VOICE OF SARMATIA.

Next month we are publishing the SPIEWNIK SARMACJI which will be sent free to members of Sarmatia International only. Friends of Sarmatia can also get a copy of this song book for .35¢ a copy.

The next issue of the VOICE OF SARMATIA will be our February issue which will be mailed to all who request it on January 17th.



FELLOW SARMATIANS....

The next issue of the VOICE OF SARMATIA will come to you in a somewhat different form than usually. It will come to you under the heading of "ŚPIEWNIK SARMACJI".

The ŚPIEWNIK SARMACJI, a mimeographed book of over eighty Polish songs, will be sent free to members of Sarmatia International only. Sarmatians desiring extra copies for themselves or their friends can get them for 35¢ a copy.

The Śpiewnik is your January issue of the VOICE and is scheduled to reach you before Christmas...just in time for a lot of powerful singing.

The gay, lovely melodies of Poland are much too beautiful to be forgotten and therefore Sarmatia International, in order to help keep these songs alive, is selling them for the ridiculous low price of only .35¢ a copy. We are sure that when you see your copy you will want to send several to friends.

The pages of the VOICE OF SARMATIA are open to all Sarmatians who care to contribute articles, poems, songs, and sketches. Articles can be either in Polish or English.

The tenth of the month is the dead-line for articles to appear in the following month's issue.

-- John Krulewski --

HERE'S A PAGE THAT'S FAIRLY BURSTING WITH MUSIC

....because it's going to tell you a little about the "Śpiewnik Sarmacji" which is being published by Sarmatia International!

This mimeographed book of over eighty Polish songs contains the words to many familiar folk, Christmas and popular melodies that we all love to sing.

Here is a partial list of the contents:-

Words to.... "Przybyli Ułani", "Góralu, Czy Ci Nie Zal", "Czerwone Jabłuszko", "Od Krzaczka, Do Krzaczka", "Umarł Maciek Umarł", "Pije Kuba do Jakuba", "My Pierwsza Brygada", "Pierwsza Kadrowa", "Czerwone Maki", "Z Dymen Pozarów", "Karpacka Brygada", "Maki"!

Words AND MUSIC to.... "Wojenko", "Zbójnicki", "Na Zielonej Ukrainie", "Nie chodź Marysiu do lasa"!

Words to.... ten Polish Christmas Carols!

Words to.... "Wszystkie Rybki Spią w Jeziorze", "Jest Jedna Jedyna", "Umówiłem Się Znią na Dziewiątą", "Odrobinę Szczęścia Miłości"!

AND MANY, MANY OTHERS!!

AND HERE IS THE BEST PART OF THIS OFFER -- This large, letter-size mimeographed book sells for only .35¢!! Send for yours today! Sarmatia International; Śpiewnik Sarmacji; Room 412; 105 East 22nd Street; New York 10, New York. Print return name and address.

W.Z

POLISH-AMERICAN YOUTH FEDERATION OF AMERICA

LAURA URBAN, Sec.
2619 West 7 St
Chester, Pa.

JOSEPH CHIMES, Pres.
2 Morris St.
Webster, Mass.

NATALIE BATORY, Treas.
51 Rice Ave.
Edwardsville, Pa.

POLISH-AMERICAN YOUTH FEDERATION

BULLETIN
Vol. 3, No. 1

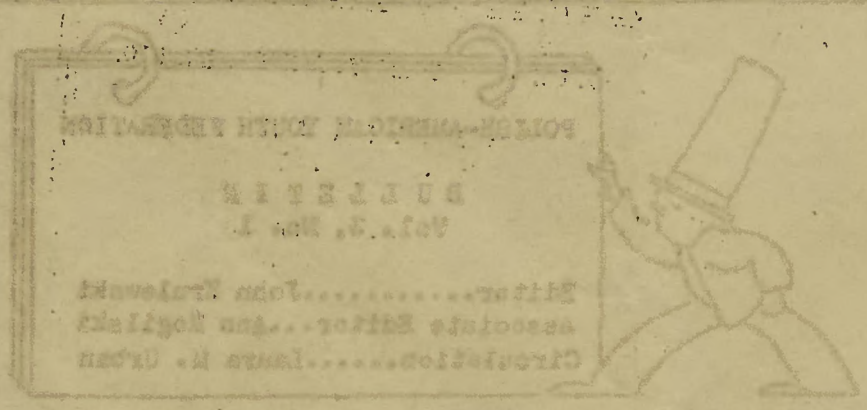
Editor.....John Krulewski
Associate Editor...Ann Mogilski
Circulation.....Laura M. Urban

P. A. Y. F. FALL CONFERENCE

List of Guests and members present at Banquet on October 25th, 1947, Hotel Times Square, New York.

Batory, Natalie...Edwarsdville, Pa.
Belarski, Hermione...Woodside, L.I.
Belarski, Lorraine...Plains, Penna.
Belarski, Veronica...Wyoming, Penna
Boron, Cecelia...New Castle, Penna.
Borys, Ted...Hastings-on-Hudson, NY
Chimes, Joseph...Webster, Mass.
Chitko, Edmund...New York City, N.Y.
Christopher, John...Yonkers, N. Y.
Dec, Joseph...Hempstead, L.I.,N.Y.
Gawronski, Helen...Brooklyn, N. Y.
Gawronski, Stanley...Brooklyn, N. Y.
Grzybowski, Edward...Newark, N. J.
Jackson, Francis...N. Tarrytown,N.Y.
Jaskolski, Alex...Camdem, New Jersey
Karabela, Irene...Maspeth, New York
Kielb, Frank...Yonkers, New York
Kielb, Chester...Yonkers, New York
Kowalski, Agatha...Eddystone, Pa.
Kowalski, Stephen,..Brooklyn, New Y.
Kroczynski, Jane...Elmira Hts., N.Y.
Kroczynski, Rose...Elmira Hts., N.Y.
Krulewski, John...Brooklyn, New York
Kurowski, John...Webster, Mass.
Latos, Catherine,..New Castle, Pa.
Len, Mary...New Castle, Penna.
Lewandowska, Bernice...Baltimore, Md.
Lutinski, Mr. & Mrs. Frank..Alderson.
Magaskow, Mr. & Mrs. George..McAdoo,

(Continued Page 2)



P. A. Y. F. FALL CONFERENCE

List of Delegts and members present at Banquet on October 26th, 1947, Hotel Times Square, New York.

Bates, Natalie...Shenandoah, Pa.
Bulanski, Bernadine...Dunbridge, N.Y.
Dwyer, Lorraine...Phelps, Penna.
Gallagher, Veronica...Tyning, Penna.
Barron, Cecelia...New Castle, Penna.
Boyer, Ted...Hastings-on-Hudson, NY
Chinnes, Joseph...Schuylkill, Penna.
Chiles, Emma...New York City, N.Y.
Christopher, John...Yonkers, N. Y.
Dan, Joseph...Hempstead, L.I., N.Y.
Dunwell, Helen...Brooklyn, N. Y.
Dunwell, Stanley...Brooklyn, N. Y.
Dyszkowski, Edward...Newark, N. J.
Fergson, Francis...N. Tarrytown, N.Y.
Jankolski, Jim...Camden, New Jersey
Kurbiela, Irene...Hampath, New York
Lisky, Frank...Yonkers, New York
Kolly, Charley...Yonkers, New York
Konlski, Martha...Bethlehem, Pa.
Konalski, Stephen...Brooklyn, New Y.
Krocynski, Jane...Glenwa Hts., N.Y.
Krocynski, Rose...Glenwa Hts., N.Y.
Kwiatkowski, John...Brooklyn, New York
Kurczak, John...Worcester, Mass.
Lavoa, Catherine...New Castle, Pa.
Lea, Mary...New Castle, Penna.
Lusnikowska, Eunice...Baltimore, Md.
Martinski, Mr. & Mrs. Frank...Allentown
Magesson, Mr. & Mrs. George...Mexico,
(Continued Page 2)

....Guests at P.A.Y.F. Conference:-

Malek, Stanley...Brooklyn, N.Y.
Marshall, Ceile...Wyoming, Penna.
Matuza, Frances...Hempstead, L.I.
Mazur, Mary... Bronx, New York.
Mejdak, Raymond...Perth Amboy,N.J
Miecznikowska, Phil...Dorchester
Mogilski, Ann... Summit Hill, Pa.
Packer, Edward...N.Tarrytown, N.Y.
Pietruch, John...Lansford, Penna.
Pilecki, Anne...Landhurst, New J.
Rozycki, Henry...Philadelphia, Pa.
Sellinsky, Burt...Woodside, L.I.
Stronski, Edward...N. Tarrytown,
Ujeski, Jo Anne...Staten Island,
Ujeski, Ted...Staten Island, N.Y.
Urban, Laura...Chester, Penna.
Walewski, Victor...Bronx, New Y.
White, Mr. & Mrs. Ted..McAdoo,Pa
Zadruzna, Frances...Stamford, Cn
Zebrowski, Pete...Philadelphia,
Zebrowski, Ed...Philadelphia, Pa

Help build
your organization...
GET NEW MEMBERS!

MERRY CHRISTMAS

ADESTE FIDELES

O come, all ye faithful,
Joyful and triumphant,
O come ye, O come ye,
To Bethlehem!
Come and behold him,
Born the King of Angels,
O come let us adore him,
O come let us adore him,
O come let us adore him,
Christ, the Lord.

CICHA NOC, ŚWIĘTA NOC.

Cicha noc, Święta noc,
Wszystko spi, swiat i my
A u żłóbka Matka Święta,
Czuwa nad nim uśmiechnięta,
Nad dzieciątka snem,
Nad dzieciątka snem.

BÓG SIĘ RODZI

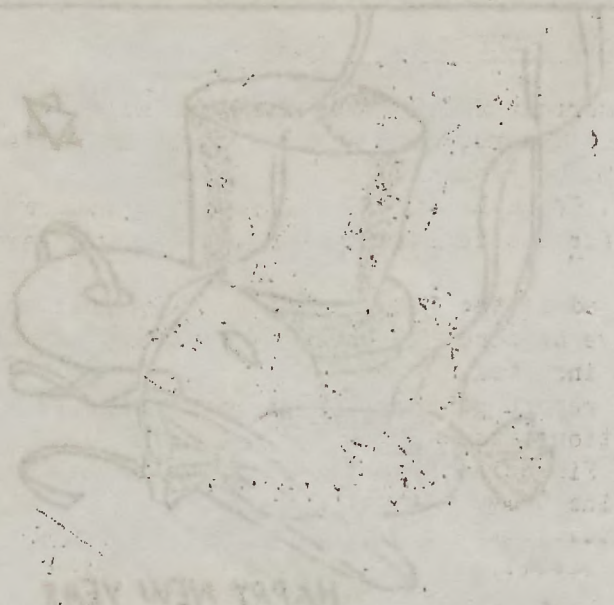
Bóg się rodzi, noc truchleje
Pan niebiosów odnażony,
Ogień krzepnie, blask ciemnieje,
Ma granice nieskończony.
Wzgardzony okryty chwałą,
Smiertelny król nad wiekami,
A słowo ciałem się stało,
I mieszkało między nami.

DZISIAJ W BETLEJEM

Dzisiaj w Betlejem
Dzisiaj w Betlejem,
Wesoła nowina,
Że Panna czysta,
Że Panna czysta,
Porodziła syna.
Chrystus się rodzi
Pan oswobodzi,
Anieli grają,
Króle witają,
Pasterze śpiewają,
Bydlęta klękają,
Cuda, cuda,
Ogłaszają.

The next Conference of the Polish-American Youth Federation will take place in the historical city of Philadelphia around the second or third week-end in April.....Let's all attend....and bring our friends!

By special arrangement with Sarmatia International, copies of this Bulletin are included in the December issue of the VOICE OF SARMATIA. Members of the P.A.Y.F. who wish to receive a free copy of the VOICE OF SARMATIA can do so by sending their name, address and a 3¢ stamp to:- Sarmatia International; Editor, Voice of Sarmatia; Room 412; 105 East 22nd Street; New York 10, N.Y.



MINUTES OF THE P.A.Y.F. FALL CONFERENCE OF 1947

The Fall Conference of the Polish-American Youth Federation was held on Saturday, October 25, 1947, at Hotel Times Square, with approximately 25 members present. The meeting was opened at 5 P.M. by President Joseph Chimes.

The Chairman of the Executive Board, Frank Lutinski, welcomed the members and informed them that all arrangements for the conference banquet and week-end program were satisfactory.

Mr. Lutinski also reported that the ad in the ZGODA was evidently printed, as the copy was sent; however, it may have appeared in the wrong section. Therefore, another ad costing $12.50 would be inserted in the ZGODA.

Ted White moved that the Chairman's report be accepted as presented. This was seconded by Cecelia Boron and the motion passed.

Mr. Chimes presented the Treasurer' Financial Report, which was as follows:

Expenses:-	Summer Conference at Pine Grove -	
	Orchestra	$25.00
	Refreshments	55.50
	Total -	$80.50
	Ad in ZGODA for Summer Conference.....	12.50
	Telegram to ZGODA regarding ad.....	.90
	Cards for Summer Conference.....	3.00
	Cards for Fall Conference	3.00
	Total Expenses -	$99.90
Income:-	44 Paid Membership Dues for 1947-48...	$88.00
	6 Paid Membership Dues credited to Pine Grove Bill.....	12.00
	Balance in Treasury	54.72
	Total Income June 1946 to Oct. 1947	$154.72
	Total Expenses -	99.90
	Balance on hand as of October 1947	$54.82

John Pietruch moved that the Treasurer's Financial Report be accepted as read. Frank Lutinski seconded the motion which was passed accordingly.

The President requested any outstanding reports on old business. None was offered.

Mr. Lutinski introduced new business by proposing a Spring Conference, which met with the whole-hearted approval of the members in attendance.

Natalie Batory suggested that the Spring Conference be held in Philadelphia, which was also received with approbation by the members.

Joe Chimes, Frank Lutinski and Ed Stronski participated in a discussion of the Spring Conference, though no concrete decisions were reached.

A motion was made by Frank Lutinski that the Chairman of the Executive Board appoint a committee to make arrangements for holding the Spring Conference in Philadelphia about the 2nd or 3rd week in April, 1948. Motion was carried.

Ed Stronski urged the members to pay their dues promptly.

Publicity Director John Krulewski reported that several articles were submitted to the ZGODA and **also** to the VOICE OF SARMATIA. He further reported that publication of a club bulletin was being held in abeyance due to the lack of funds at the present time to cover expenses.

John Pietruch and Ted White announced that they would hold a New Year's Eve Party at Hotel Sterling, Wilkes-Barre, Penna., and extended a cordial invitation to all members to attend. Anyone interested in participating therein was asked to contact John Pietruch (44 Water Street, Lansford, Penna.) or Ted White.

The meeting was adjourned at 5:40 P.M.

Respectfully submitted by Laura M. Urban

MINUTES OF THE P.A.Y.M. FALL CONFERENCE OF 1957

The Fall Conference of the Polish-American Youth Federation was held on Saturday, October 26, 1957, at Great Lakes Hall, with [illegible] representing 25 members present. The meeting was opened at 8:00 by President Joseph Ostrom.

The Chairman of the Executive Board, Frank Lutinski, welcomed the members and informed them that arrangements for the conference banquet and work-and program were satisfactory.

Mr. Lutinski also reported that the 2000, was erroneously printed, as the copy was sent, however, it had been corrected in the wrong position. Therefore, another 25 copies, 25.50 would be inserted in the 2000.

Ted Yatto moved that the Chairman's report be adopted as presented. This was seconded by Claudia Zoron and the motion passed.

Mr. Ostrom presented the Treasurer's Financial Report, which was as follows:

Expenses:	
Quarter Conferenced at Lake Grove -	
Programs	$22.00
Refreshments	20.50
Total -	[illegible]
Aid in 2000A for Summer Conference.....	15.50
Telegrams to 2000A for Meeting	.30
Cards for Summer Conference.....	3.00
Cards for Fall Conference	8.00
Total Expenses -	[illegible]
Income:	
45 Fall Conference Dues for 1957-58.....	$90.00
6 Fall Conference Dues Credited	
to Lake Grove Hall.....	36.00
Balance in Treasury.....	84.70
Total Income from Oct. 1957	[illegible]
Total Expenses	69.00
Balance on hand as of October 1957	[illegible]

It was moved that the Treasurer's Financial Report be accepted as read. Frank Lutinski seconded the motion, which was passed accordingly.

The Treasurer reported [illegible] regarding an old business. Dues was [illegible].

Mr. Lutinski introduced new business by proposing a spring "conference, which met with the whole-hearted approval of the members in attendance.

Realize Dutoy suggested that the Spring Conference be held in Philadelphia, which was also received with approbation by the members.

Joe Ostrom, Frank Lutinski and Ed Strzemb participated in a discussion of the Spring Conference, though no concrete decisions were reached.

A motion was made by Frank Lutinski that the President of the Executive Board appoint a committee to make arrangements for holding the Spring Conference in Philadelphia when the Lake or Ted Wats in April [illegible]. Motion was seconded.

Ed Strzemb urged the members to pay their dues promptly.

Publicity Director John Kowalski reported that several articles were submitted to the 2000A and also to the WORLD OF KOSCIUSZKO. He further reported that publicity of a club bulletin was [illegible] due to the lack of funds at the present time to cover expenses.

John Kiernan and Ted Wats announced that they would hold a New Year's Eve party at Hotel Sterling, Wilkes-Barre, Penna. [illegible] extended a cordial invitation to all members to attend. Anyone interested in participating should be [illegible] to contact John Kiernan (44 Water Street, Luzerne, Penna.) or Ted Wats.

The meeting was adjourned at 8:50 P.M.

Respectfully submitted by Laura M. Urban

FROM:

VOICE OF SARMATIA
Sarmatia International
Room 412
105 East 22nd Street
New York 10, New York

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