

Standing Guard

F. A. Brennan '43

Poles bravely weathering the icy blasts stand guard in the deep, white, drifts—silent sentinels of peace. With the traits so characteristic of their kind, they still focus on themselves the attention of a fearing world. Since the day, when the grim hounds of war were unleashed, they have met the sympathies of all men with impassiveness. For they have no emotion. Emotion is for those less hardy.

Voices are heard in the still cold night: "How is it that ambition can lead to such persecution and destruction? Must the lives of thousands of innocent people be sacrificed to satisfy the ambitions of a madman? Surely the voice of conscience of all civilized peoples must cry out, 'A horrible injustice is being done to Poland.' And yet only a few of the Christian nations have offered any support to this little war-torn country. Support means money, arms—and selfishness still fills the hearts of many. But a new Poland shall rise, brighter and more glorious than ever, not ruled by another power, but free to enjoy the liberty it has already gained by the blood of its people."

The voices fade into the night. Poles, silent and grim, unaffected by such talk still stand guard. For they are accustomed to this. For years they have stood guard beneath the scorching summer sun, or, faced with unbent heads the icy blasts of winter, until their once gay spiral stripes of red and white have all but faded out. They have been silent listeners to many a weighty discussion of national and international affairs. They are unmoved by all this. For they know how easy it is to express verbal sympathy for the oppressed, when reclining at ease in a comfortable chair in the cosy atmosphere of a barber shop.



Religion is the best armour in the world; but the worst cloak.
—John Bunyan.

It is necessary that he who commands well should have at some time obeyed.
—Cicero.