

## EPILOGUE

As a child I loved Hollywood movies: the Wild West fights between cowboys and Indians, the high-speed car chases of cops and robbers through the canyons of Chicago skyscrapers, the jazz, and all the glitter. To a child in Poland, America was far away, another planet. During World War II, I was so absorbed by street fighting against the Germans—and by the emotions and worries of being a teenager—that I was only dimly aware of the military efforts of the United States against Germany and Japan. The first time I saw America's might was when more than a hundred Flying Fortress bombers flew glittering in the midday sun over our burning city in a valiant effort to help us. I shall never forget the joy and relief of that moment.

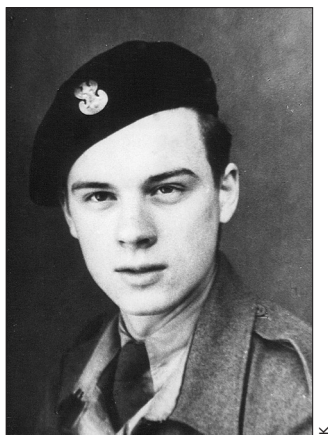
At the end of the war, an opportunity came along that changed my entire life: a one-way ticket to America. I arrived in Boston with five dollars in my pocket and soon discovered that life in America was not as easy as in the movies. For years, I had to work hard, hard, hard: as a short-order cook at Howard Johnson's, as a hotel waiter, as a roofer laying hot pitch. I faced the hardships that millions of immigrants have faced upon landing on these shores. It wasn't the Polish upper-class life I was born into, and I had to develop a work ethic that has served me well for the rest of my life.

I love America and am proud to be a citizen of the United States. I love American democracy, which gives opportunities to

## EPILOGUE

anyone willing to work his head off. I love the freedom in every aspect of American life: from the choice of a job, to where and how to live, how to worship, and how to play. As an architect, I prefer drawing beautiful buildings to writing. Yet I owe so much to America that I felt I had to publish this story.

War is an unimaginable horror, but it is also full of heroic deeds. I have tried to erase the nightmares and evil memories and to draw inspiration from the great sacrifices I witnessed, acts of love seldom encountered during peacetime. Over time, my wartime experiences strengthened my resolve to appreciate the beauty and value of life, and I became determined to pursue a creative—not destructive—life and career. I carried the inspiring legacy of my youth to America, where I enjoyed unique opportunities and became a successful architect. Nowhere else in the world would I have been able to develop my full potential.



The author—November 1945  
(age 16).

There was only one 1944 Warsaw Uprising and yet it encompassed multitudes of events that changed history: brutal suppression by the Germans; total destruction of a beautiful and historic city; the murder of 200,000 civilians in two short months; the devious and evil hypocrisy of Stalin; the ominous silence of Roosevelt and Churchill; the lack of adequate Allied support; the hopeless attempt to prevent Soviet occupation of Poland; and the deadly struggle of young boys and girls against the evils of fascism and communism.

The fight for freedom does not cease with the winning or losing of individual battles, but is timeless. It does not take long

## EPILOGUE

to turn freedom-loving people into slaves under a totalitarian dictatorship. I watched in horror as my countrymen in Poland were turned from being free into slaves—first by the Germans, and five years later, for the next forty-five years, by the Russians. This makes me certain that no amount of effort, no amount of resistance, and no amount of tears is too much in defense of liberty.

*Julian Kulski*

