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VOL. IX

Western Ukrainians Declare Their Independence And Establish Government

NAZIS ARREST AND THEN EXILE ITS LEADERS

INCORPORATE GALICIA INTO POLISH GOVERNMENT GENERAL

A series of important developments in the Ukrainian situation have recently taken place in Western Ukraine, centering in L'viv, according to reports reaching the Ukrainian daily "Svoboda" and the Polish daily "Nowy Swiat" here in this country.

They include the proclamation of Ukrainian independence; establishment of a Ukrainian government; its recognition by Metropolitan Sheptitsky; the arrest of its leaders by the Nazis; and the incorporation by them of Ukrainian Galicia into the Polish Government General.

Yaroslav Stetsko Proclaimed President

The proclamation of Ukrainian independence, the "Svoboda" dispatch from Berne, Switzerland reports, took place in L'viv June 30th,—the date of that city's surrender by the Reds to the Nazis.

In the evening of that day, beginning at 8, reads the dispatch, "at a great meeting of Ukrainians of Western Ukraine, held in the L'viv headquarters of the Prosvita Enlightenment Society [oldest Ukrainian society in Western Ukraine], the resurrection of Ukrainian Statehood was proclaimed and Ukrainian home rule established, headed by Yaroslav Stetsko, vice-president of the Organization of Ukrainian Nationalists."

This regional government under Stetsko, reads the proclamation, portions of which were included in the "Svoboda" dispatch, "will acknowledge the sovereignty of the Ukrainian National Government which will be established by the free will of the Ukrainian people in Kiev, capital of Ukraine."

National-Revolutionary Army Created

The proclamation further announced the creation "on Ukrainian territories" of a "Ukrainian National-Revolutionary Army, to continue the fight against (foreign) occupation and for a Sovereign Independent Ukrainian State, as well as for a new order throughout the world."

The proclamation, according to its text, was made "by the will of the Ukrainian people, by the Organization of Ukrainian Nationalists under the leadership of Stephen Bandera..."

It was announced over the Konovaletz Radio Station in L'viv at 11 o'clock in the morning of July 1st.

Sheptitsky Hails Independence and Government

On the same day, the Berne dispatch to the "Svoboda" reads, the venerable and greatly beloved Metropolitan Sheptitsky, head of the Ukrainian Catholic Church, issued a pastoral letter hailing the newly-proclaimed Ukrainian State and bestowing upon it his blessings, and calling upon the populace to give the new Ukrainian government their loyal support. "By your faith, solidarity, and conscientious execution of duties, prove that you worthy of independent national existence," Metropolitan Sheptitsky urged the people in his pastoral letter.

Similar recognition and blessings were accorded the new Ukrainian government by other Catholic and Orthodox ecclesiastics, including Archbishop Polikarp, head of the Ukrainian Orthodox Church.

Nazis Arrest Stetsko and Bandera

Later, however, sometime during the early part of July, the German authorities, now firmly established in the city, intervened by arresting Yaroslav Stetsko and sending him in

YALE PRESS PUBLISHES HRUSHEVSKY'S HISTORY OF UKRAINE

The Yale University Press announced on August 21 the publication of Michael's Hrushevsky's History of Ukraine, edited by Professor O. J. Frederiksen. The publication is sponsored by the Ukrainian National Association.

The work is translated from Ukrainian. The translation is a fruit of collective work. Wasyl Halich, author of "Ukrainians in America" (Chicago University Press) made the original translation. It was then revised by a committee consisting of

Dr. Luke Myshuha, Emil Revyuk, editors of "Svoboda," and Stephen Shumeyko, editor of The Ukrainian Weekly. It was then finally edited by Prof. O. J. Frederiksen of Miami University, Miami, Ohio.

The preface, containing an outline of Hrushevsky's life and work both as a historian and statesman, is by Professor George Vernadsky of Yale University, author of the "Political and Diplomatic History of Russia" and other historical works.

THREE-DAY YOUTH CONGRESS PROGRAM TO INCLUDE FORUM AND CONCERT

The ninth annual congress of the Ukrainian Youth's League of North America, to be held at the Detroit-Leland Hotel (Cass and Bagley), Detroit, during the coming weekend, August 30, 31, and September 1 will have as its theme "Ukrainian Contributions to the American Way of Life."

The congress program will include periods of registration Friday evening and Saturday morning; business and forum sessions Saturday; a welcome dance Saturday night, at the Ukrainian National Temple, 4655 Martin Avenue; church services Sunday morning; a business session Sunday from 11:30 to 2:30; grand concert Sunday afternoon, beginning at 3; banquet and dance Sunday evening; and forum and business sessions on Monday.

PROFESSIONAL MEETING

The Ukrainian Professional Association of America will hold its annual meeting during the coming weekend in Detroit at the Detroit Leland Hotel, site of the UYL-NA Congress, according to an announcement issued on August 22nd by Waldimir Semenyna, president, and Nicholas Hawrylko, secretary-treasurer of the association. The meeting will be held on Sunday and Monday.

confinement to Berlin. At about the same time they also arrested and placed in "honorary confinement" Stephen Bandera, who in the proclamation of Ukrainian independence is referred to as the head of the Organization of Ukrainian Nationalists. Later this "honorary confinement" of Stetsko and Bandera was changed to outright exile, both being forbidden to enter Ukrainian territories. The Berne correspondent of the "Svoboda" states he received reports of this arrest and deportation of the two Ukrainian leaders from Budapest.

Refuse Recognition

"As yet," he continues, "the German have not recognized the Ukrainian government... or the Ukrainian State." The Germans, he says, consider this attempt to set up an independent Ukrainian state as "premature."

Galicia Incorporated by Government General Poland

Evidently it was more than premature for the Nazis. For on August 1st, according to a London dispatch to the American Polish daily "Nowy Swiat," the German governor of the Polish Government General, Frank, announced in the official organ "Verordnungsblatt" the incorporation of Galicia by the Nazi-occupied Polish territory. This incorporation, Governor Frank declared, was by order of Hitler himself.

Various assurances are given in Frank's proclamation to the Galician Ukrainians that "the terrible times will never return again" but that "if possible all wrongs will be righted, private ownership restored, and freedom in daily life, culture and religion secured." The guarantor of all this, Governor Frank stated, is Hitler himself, "who believes that after their terrible experiences they (populace) will do their utmost to help construct a new Europe." German will be the official language for both the Poles and Ukrainians in the Polish Government General, with the Polish and Ukrainian languages being "admissible." All decrees will be announced in the three languages. Galicia is divided into the L'viv, Ternopil and Stanislaw Districts. Dr. Lash is to be the Galician governor.

The Ukrainian Language

By DR. JOSEPH D. STETKIEWICZ

I

Nationality Defined

PROFESSOR Hayes defines nationality as "a people who speak the same language, or closely related dialects, cherish a common tradition, and constitute, or think they constitute, a distinct cultural society."¹ That Professor Hayes places the language of a people in first place is no wonder, for it is doubtful if the culture of a nation could continue to advance without a common language.

Ukrainian is the language of 40 million people living on the land which has been the object of attack by the Khazars, Pechenegs, Torks, Polovtsi, Tatars, Poles and Russians. "Not only do the Ukrainian provinces cover an area nearly equal to that of France, Italy and England combined: not only do they contain the best part of the Black Earth Zone, the granary of Eastern Europe, most of the coal and iron, nearly all of the oil, all of the salt, 80 per cent of the beet, 70 per cent of the tobacco, one-third of the live-stock of all Russia; but they are the bone of her bone and flesh of her flesh. They are pure Slavs, pure Orthodox; until a very few years ago no one would have hesitated to add, pure Russian. Gogol and Tchaikovsky were Ukrainians: it would have astonished either of them to be told they were not Russians. And even Shevchenko, the eponymous hero of the Nationalist Movement, or Drahomanov, its Mazzini, never advocated separation."²

Our Literary Treasures

Ukrainian is the language which has come down to us with such treasures as Nestor's Chronicle (11th century), Tale of Ihor's Legion (12th century), Chronicle of Halich (13th century), and is the language of the Kozak dumy and the language of Shevchenko and Franko. "By far the most vital and important part of modern (Ukrainian) folklore is the product of the Kozak period. Its most interesting section consists of elegiac poems (dumi) about the Kozaks, their wars, and their misfortunes in Crimean and Turkish captivity. These elegies are still intoned by professional itinerant singers to the accompaniment of a sort of lute (kobza, or lyra). By their side Ukrainian folklore possesses a great wealth of lyrical songs of a very lively and spirited style in which the heroes are the Kozak and his girl. All this Kozak poetry is in rhymed verses, and rhyme (unknown to Old Russian as well as to the older Great Russian popular poetry) seems to have been adopted from the west before the spread of literary rhymed verse."³ "The word Ukraine has become a symbol of all the enchantment which poets have found in the rolling steppe lands of the south."⁴

Independent Character of Ukrainian

The world has been convinced that Ukrainian is distinct from other Slavic language. In many works of history the student may read that Ukrainian is the same as, or a dialect of, the Russian or of the Polish language, or that the Ukrainian language had branched off from the Russian. "The cultural vocabulary of the individual (Slav) languages is entirely divergent, for it has been produced by such different influences, that though the Slav may still pretend to a certain linguistic unity, this is purely formal and in no way cultural."⁵

If the Ukrainian language had been similar to Russian, the Ukase of Emu (1876) would not have been signed by Alexander II, "prohibiting: first, the import to Russia from abroad of books published in the 'Little Russian' language; second, the publishing in Russia of any books

in the Little Russian language except historical documents and belles-lettres; third, the use of the Ukrainian language on the stage."⁶ Russia and Poland have made repeated attempts to destroy our language, knowing well that they could thus win half their battle of Russification or Polonization.⁷

Philology Proves It

There are still some who insist on quoting such sources as Count Vajuyev, Russian Minister of the Interior in 1863, who declared that "there never has existed, there does not exist, and there never can exist, a Little Russian language and nationality."⁸ Slavic philology, however, is definitely opposed to such a view, having proven conclusively, with few exceptions, that the Ukrainian language is more closely related to Serbian than to Russian or Polish, and that it is a recognized language.⁹ According to Professor Smal-Stotsky, "the Ukrainian language, during many centuries, has created its own system of phonology, morphology, lexicology, and syntax, and its norms show its own individual character and differentiate it as the specific work of psychophysical forces of the Ukrainian nation as compared with other Slavic languages."¹⁰ In fact, even the Pole, Bandtke, wrote that "the Ukrainian language, whose seat is Kiev, is at least as old as Russian, and therefore it cannot possibly be a Russian dialect... Kiev flourished long before Moscow, and the Slavic Polyani,¹¹ before Rurik, spoke none but their own Slavic language."¹² The "history of Russia does not begin with the history of the Great Russians, but with the Little Russians."¹³

Equal In Rank With Russian

Among those who have given evidence of the existence of Ukrainian as a distinct language is Bantish-Kamensky, who says that "the Ukrainian language contains a great many Slavic words which cannot even be found in the present Russian language."¹⁴ "Ukrainian has preserved the old Slavonic names of the months, while Great Russian knows only the Roman names. Ukrainian folklore preserves in its poetry and folk-ritual much that can be assigned a pre-Russian origin."¹⁵ Sreznevsky says that "at the present time it is not necessary to prove that Ukrainian is a language and not a dialect of Russian or Polish as some have contended, and many have been convinced that the Ukrainian language is one of the richest of Slavonic languages, that it does not give way to Czech in abundance of words and expressions, to Polish in picturesque description, or to Serbian in pleasantness; that although it is a language not as yet developed, it can already be compared with the refined languages as to flexibility and wealth of syntax,—a language which is poetical, musical, picturesque."¹⁶ Rudaitzky states that "the investigations of Miklosich, Malinovsky, Dahl, Maksimovich, Potebnia, Zhitetsky, Ohonovsky, Shakhmatov, Broch, Baudouin de Courtenay, Fortunatov, Korsh, Kransky, Satolsky, and others, have proved beyond a doubt that the Ukrainian language is not a dialect of the Russian language, but an independent language of equal rank with the Russian."¹⁷

Almost a century ago it was expressed that "the element of Ukrainian poetry has since been transfused into modern Polish literature, to the very great advantage of the latter. Four Polish poets of no ordinary genius have divided amongst them the spiritual domain of Ukraine: Zaleski and Olizarski are singing her beauty and ancient freedom; Goszcynski has pictured her horrors, whilst Malczewski chose the widest

field for himself—that of her sorrow."¹⁸

Its Beauty

"Those only who understand the language of the people of Ukraine can appreciate the richness of its grammatical construction, and the almost countless and delicate gradations of meaning, of which the same word is made susceptible by a slight change in its termination. The sonorous strains of these songs (dumi) can perhaps best be conceived of, by imagining the ancient Greek combined with the modern Italian."¹⁹ Of all the Slavic languages, Ukrainian is said to be the most melodious and "after the Italian language the Ukrainian is best adapted for singing."²⁰

II

Why Should I Learn It?

The majority of our Americans of Ukrainian descent are familiar with the Ukrainian language at least to the extent of understanding the spoken word, and many make a serious effort at becoming proficient in it to the extent of writing in Ukrainian for publication. Nevertheless, one sometimes hears our youth pose such questions as, "Why should I learn the Ukrainian language? I don't need it in America, so why should I waste time in learning it?" "What's the use of learning the Ukrainian language when Ukraine isn't even recognized as a nation?" "Where can I learn the Ukrainian language and how much will it cost?" The first two queries are made without thought for in each case the person soon comes to the realization that it is never a waste of time to learn such a cultural subject as the language of a people, especially of a people from whom he has descended. Besides, there is no cultural undertaking in the world which deserves condemnation.

It is rather unfortunate that in these times a person gifted along certain lines, such as poetry, music, etc., is sometimes forced, in order to make a living, to abandon that field in which he could work with heart and soul, forced by a social or economic system in which he finds himself to bury the inherited talent instead of allowing it to follow its natural course. Our youth is led to look upon his education primarily from the practical point of view. It is true that such a state is deplorable, for were this true throughout Ukrainian history, would we have our Shevchenko or our Franko? Would our literature, our folklore and songs be accepted throughout the world were they only the products of the utilitarian mind? Many are the treasures which have been handed down throughout the ages by means for which no compensation was demanded or expected.

Chief Advantages

Our youth, being of Ukrainian descent, have, with a knowledge of Ukrainian, the opportunity of allowing their natural and inherent talents run in a wider channel, a position envied by many who have command of but one language.

The fact that Ukraine is not recognized as a nation is no reason for saying that there is no advantage in learning the Ukrainian language since, on the one hand, such a language as Latin is taught although no Latin nation exists, and, on the other hand, such languages as White Russian, Georgian, and Armenian are among the official languages used and recognized today, whereas in neither case have these people been recognized as a separate nation. Neglecting to learn Ukrainian certainly is not going to aid in our struggle for recognition as a separate nation. In most cases the true reason for failing to learn the Ukrainian language is sheer human inertia, which is often covered by the age-old excuse of lack of time or facilities. To some of our youth, however, the

FALL OF ODESSA WOULD HIT SOVIET GRAIN TRADE

Capture of Odessa, now reported encircled by German panzer divisions, would strike a crippling blow to southern Russia's grain trade, says a bulletin from the National Geographic Society. While the port has been forced in recent years to share with newer neighbors the virtual monopoly it once held over Ukrainian shipping, it still is an important peacetime market.

"Odessa is so far west in the Ukraine that it is not an ideal center for exporting wheat. Nikolaev, on the Bug River, and Kherson, near the mouth of the Dnieper, are farther east and therefore more centrally situated. Railroad connections from the heart of the vast farming area favor those river ports, too.

"Odessa's sizable harbor, protected by long breakwaters, nevertheless has advantages over the newer ports to the east. It is so open that ice forms in it only during exceptionally cold winters, and then for only a few days. Icebreakers keep the harbor open at such times. Shipping centers along rivers a short distance inland are more subject to ice blockades.

"Moreover, when Odessa held an unchallenged position as head of Russia's Black Sea trade excellent harbor facilities were developed.

"Despite the reduction in its share of grain shipments, Odessa has continued to show progress because of the increase in its industry. The output of its factories is varied, ranging from foodstuffs, airplanes and munitions to footwear, metal products, glass and bricks. Growth of the factories has brought in many workmen from other parts of Russia. This is borne out by the fact that only about a quarter of Odessa's 604,000 residents now are Ukrainians, who by nature are farmers rather than artisans."

NOTICE TO EASTERNERS TRAVELING TO DETROIT YOUTH CONGRESS

All those going from the East to the UYL-NA Congress or Professional Association Meeting in Detroit during the coming weekend, are invited by the Ukrainian Youth Chorus of N. Y. & N. J. to join its party, which will leave this Friday evening, 7 o'clock (Daylight Time), on the New York Central Westverline express out of Grand Central Terminal, New York City (42nd St.). Time of arrival in Detroit: 8:15 Saturday morning. Fare with group discount: \$18.30 round trip. The party will have a special car with reclining seats and other conveniences. Miss Siobodian's group, announced on these pages last week, will also travel with the chorus on the N. Y. Central. Come early and get identification ticket from Antin Shumeyko for party ticket discount. Look for sign at station and on special car: "Ukrainian Youth Chorus." (Adv.)

advantages of knowing Ukrainian have not been made apparent, and thus we cannot say that our youth is blind to the opportunities offered them when we know they have never been shown.

(To be concluded)

¹ Hays, C. J. H., Essay on Nationalism, p. 5.
² Butler, Ralph, The New Eastern Europe, p. 131 (1919).
³ Mirsky, D. S., Russia, a Social History, p. 83 (1931).
⁴ Coleman, Arthur P., Brief Survey of Ukrainian Literature, p. 7.
⁵ Mirsky, D. S., Russia, a Social History, p. 25.
⁶ Vernadsky, George, Political and Diplomatic History of Russia, p. 329.
⁷ Although understanding Ukrainian, the Poles even now deliberately ignore it, responding only when addressed in Polish. See Sheepshanks, Mary, Poland's Reign of Terror, in The Living Age, vol. 339, Feb. 1931, p. 621.
⁸ Order of the Minister of the Interior to the Minister of Public Instruction, No. 394, June 8/21, 1863.
⁹ Reader is referred to St. Petersburg Academy of Science, its famous official decision "Concerning the Removal of the Restriction of Little Russian (Ukrainian) Publications." St. Petersburg, 1905.

We, Canadian-Ukrainians

THERE are over eleven million Canadians. Over three millions of them are the French-Canadians, most of them living in the province of Quebec. They speak French, live according to the French tradition, learn French in their schools, and read all official papers of the Canadian government in French, as Canada is a bilingual country—English-French. But they call themselves always only "les Canadiens," the Canadians. But we, Canadian-Ukrainians, have very little to do with this, the oldest branch of the Canadians. We come with them in contact only in Montreal and in some farming districts in Western Canada, which consists of Manitoba, Saskatchewan, and Alberta, in size about one fourth of the territory of the United States.

Most of us, Canadian-Ukrainians, live in Western Canada, — occupied mainly in farming. There are over eighty eighty-five thousands of us in Manitoba alone, constituting over 12 percent of the population. In Winnipeg, capital of Manitoba, a city of over 250,000 people, at least every eighth person is a Canadian-Ukrainian. In the provincial legislature at Winnipeg out of the fifty-five members seven are of Ukrainian origin. In Saskatchewan there are almost as many Canadian-Ukrainians as in Manitoba. Even the westernmost province of Western Canada, Alberta, has no less than seventy-five thousand Canadian-Ukrainians.

Most of the Canadians of the purely English origin live in Ontario, in Maritime provinces in the east, and in British Columbia in the west. Of course, there is quite a large number of them in Western Canada, but they do not outnumber the Canadians there of other European stocks, unless in combination with the people of Scotch and Irish origin. Still the

dominant speech even in Western Canada is the English, as the second and third generations of European settlers speak now nothing but English. Yet an American would be surprised if he came to Canada ignorant of that country's special affairs to find himself in a farming district somewhere in Manitoba, Alberta, or Saskatchewan where most of the older farmers and their wives speak nothing but Canadian-French, Menomonic-German, Icelandic, or Ukrainian. If he mistook a big three-story building in the Nutana part of Saskatoon for a hotel, he would find himself among more than a hundred Ukrainian students who live there and study Ukrainian subjects while attending the local high schools, technical schools, normal school, and university. He would be surprised to learn that the Markerville district of Alberta produced one of the greatest of the modern Icelandic poets, Stephan G. Stephansson, who wrote five large volumes of poetry in pure Icelandic, and was honored in 1917 by Iceland as its guest of honor.

We, Canadian-Ukrainians, have also something to boast of. We still have a very close touch with all the Ukrainian social and cultural heritage, and each of us is proud that he is able to contribute something to the development of the Canadian culture, a Ukrainian melody, a new stitch in cross-stitching, an apt Ukrainian proverb or merely a house decorated in Ukrainian style. We are proud that we came here not as empty-handed beggars, but as people endowed with cultural values. Hence not only our neighbors of the British origin but even the Canadian government treat us with special consideration.

HONORE EWACH,
Winnipeg, Can.

FRATERNALISM - FELLOWSHIP

Fraternalism—fellowship! what unlimited possibilities and high ideals these words suggest. Fellowship represents the basis of all that we have accomplished, and hope to attain in this life. Fellowship is the very basis of the civilized world as it exists today. It should be fostered by all the nations of the earth. It should be taught to the little children as well as the young men and women who are about to assume their various life duties.

The highest form of fellowship is that with God. When we realize the greatness of all God's creations, it is easy to see why this fellowship is necessary; yet how few people in the world have this fellowship. The Man of Galilee in his life on earth has given us an example of the most perfect fellowship that has ever existed between God and man. We might well try to emulate Him, for only when this fellowship is attained by all the peoples of the earth will there be an elimination of the ravages of ignorance, hatred, immorality and crime.

The most practical and vital type of fellowship is that with our associates in our daily life. The world would be a dreary place without this fellowship to make tolerable its existence. Only as we see ourselves reflected in the praise or blame, the love or hate of others, do we become conscious of ourselves. Since our fellowmen are so essential to us and to them, it is our duty to live in as friendly relationship with them as possible. In our daily lives we should take this attitude: "I shall live but once. Any good, therefore, that I can do for my fellow man, let me do it now, for I shall not pass this way again." The main point, however, is to give the other person a square deal. But don't stand so straight that you can't lean over to help a friend. And who is the friend! Not

just a little circle of Jack, Tom, and Jimmy, so that you give the rest of the world the cold shoulder. It is all right to have your special friends and find pleasure and help in one another's society, but open your hearts and minds to others also. For the more people you know, not just to say "Howdy" to, but to talk with, act with, think about—the more you know of the world and everything that's in it. The square deal has another name—The Golden Rule, laid down by the Man who, better than anyone else that ever lived, gave everyone a square deal. He said: "All things whatsoever ye would that men should do unto you, do ye even so unto them."

Little do we realize how far the little acts of kindness go toward making life happy. A little hint of this is given in a poem entitled, "The Day's Results."

Is anybody happier because you passed his way?

Does anyone remember that you spoke to him today?

This day is almost over, and its toiling time is through;

Is there anyone to utter now a kindly word of you?

Did you give a cheerful greeting to the friend who came along,

Or a cheerful sort of "howdy," and then vanish in the throng?

Were you selfish, pure and simple, as you rushed along your way,

Or is someone very grateful for a deed you did today?

Can you say tonight in parting with a day that's slipping fast,

That you helped a single brother of the many that you passed?

Is a single heart rejoicing over what you did or said?

Does a man whose hopes were fading now with courage, look ahead?

The Command And General Staff School

Fort Leavenworth, Kansas

(Concluded)

(2)

THE art of the military commander is similar, but many times more complicated due to varying factors of strength, fatigue, weather, information, and supply. He uses his infantry, cavalry and artillery, with aviation and many other supporting and auxiliary arms and services, as a football captain uses his guards, tackles, backs and ends. His tactical and strategic maneuvers are similar to the plays through the line and around the end of the football team. On the defensive, he tries to foil his enemy through fire and counterattack; on the offensive, he endeavors to put his opponent off balance, then attack with a force overwhelmingly superior at the point of contact and in a direction where success will be decisive. His objective on the offensive is not merely to gain ground, as in football, but is the total destruction of the opposing force. Destruction in this sense does not mean the killing of every individual enemy; it means that the enemy force shall be so reduced by casualty, capture and dispersion that it is no longer effective.

It is evident that the art of the commander requires thorough study, knowledge and practice in the combined arms. With the increase in the size and intricacy of modern armies, the commander's duties have become too involved for one man to perform without assistance. This condition caused the development of the General Staff.

A high commander, while still retaining responsibility for making decisions and for all the actions of his unit, transfers certain details of work that he used to perform to officers of his general staff. The function of the general staff, then, is to assist the commander in his thinking and planning, to make detailed studies, to furnish information. It might be said that a commander and his general staff together constitute a corporate brain.

A general staff is divided into sections. The Intelligence Section concerns itself with information of the enemy, what capabilities he has, what indications—movement on certain roads, replacement of cavalry by infantry, etc.—show a capability adopted, and what reconnaissance agencies—infantry in contact, cavalry, aviation—should be charged with looking for indications.

The Operations Section keeps informed of the location of the components of the command. It calculates time and space factors, de-

termines how long it will take to start this maneuver or that, studies the road net with reference to troop movement, determines what troops must march and which can be moved by motor transport.

The Supply and Evacuation Section considers what supplies, food, ammunition, weapons, etc., are available, where they are to be procured, the location of railheads and depots, distribution to troops and road circulation, the evacuation and hospitalization of sick and wounded, all in connection with contemplated operations.

There is also in the corps and in larger units an Administrative Section which supervises records and reports inspections, welfare work and replacements of personnel. In the division its duties are combined with those of other sections.

And now that the responsibilities of a commander and his general staff are understood, the method of their training can be told in a few words. The instruction at the Command and General Staff School is essentially applicatory, a study of cases. The minimum of necessary time is placed on theory, principles, and doctrine; the maximum on working out situations in which the mission (objective) is stated and the dispositions of friendly and hostile troops given. The situations may be historical examples, or they may be invented for the occasion.

Troops are imaginary. Their dispositions are indicated on the map or on the ground and the problem studied and solved as though they actually existed. The actions and orders of each commander and each staff officer are carefully worked out in every phase of a changing situation. Frequently the students' solutions are examined and graded. So, by a study of many varying situations, officers are made competent to handle any emergency which may confront them; they learn the responsibilities and limitations of each command and staff position, how to go about doing their work, the necessity for teamwork and how to obtain it.

The Faculty of the School is composed of about sixty officers selected both for knowledge and instructing ability. They are always graduates of the Command and General Staff School and usually of the War College in Washington.

In addition to instructing the classes, the Faculty aids in writing service regulations and manuals for the guidance of troops and in preparation of extension courses (correspondence schools) designed particularly for the advanced military instruction of civilian components.

The necessity for command and general staff training is evident. So far as it is possible to give it at a school, it is believed that best use is being made of the short time available. It must be remembered, however, that book and paper studies do more complete the training of an officer than they do that of an engineer, a physician or a lawyer. Practical work is also a necessity.

It is in this practical work, rather than at the schools, that the Army has until recently been deficient. It has been so scattered among many small posts that the assembling of large bodies of troops for maneuvers has been almost impossible. To use again the football analogy, the command and staff were like a team whose training has been limited to "skull practice" on the blackboard. However, the recent increase in the Army has been utilized to form complete divisions and to assemble them in maneuver areas where the training of large units can proceed. With this feature added, we may be confident that our high command and general staff training will be adequate.

STELLA PALIVODA,
Assembly 358 U.N.A.
Cleveland, Ohio

IN QUEST OF HIS SISTER

A TALE OF OLDEN KOZAK TIMES

(Newly translated by S. S. from Andriy Chaykivsky's story for young people "Za Sestroyn") (1)

The Village of Spasivka

SITUATED on the right bank of the Samara River, about ten miles east of the Dnieper, there once lay a village known as Spasivka. It would be useless to search for it today, for it no longer exists. Nothing remains on its site now except grass, weeds and wild flowers.

At the time of this story, however, it was a typical Ukrainian village of the early Kozak period, consisting of small wooden or clay homes thatched with straw.

They stood in an even row, with their windows facing south, surrounded by gardens and orchards. In the center of the settlement was a great square, the "maydan," in the middle of which stood a small wooden three-domed church and nestling besides it a humble rectory.

There was not the least sign of wealth about the village. The huts were built merely to protect the people from the icy cold of winter and the burning, dry heat of summer. That was all. No one even dreamed of making his home a bit more pretentious, as no one knew what tomorrow would bring. For those were the times of the terrible Tartar invasions.

In those dangerous days the Ukrainians selected those sites for their settlements which seemed most likely to give the best protection against the marauding enemy, and which offered the best means of gaining a livelihood: usually by some river or stream, or near a forest or reed thickets, where one could hide himself and his family during the attack and thus escape Tartar captivity, or death itself.

The site of Spasivka had been picked with that very object in view, near thorny thickets, and not far from the Dnieper, where great forests grew from which could be obtained the necessary lumber for building.

One of the first tasks of the builders of this village was to chop a series of winding pathways through the tickets, and in the most inaccessible places dig deep holes where in times of emergency their valued personal possessions could be quickly and safely buried.

After having laid out the boundaries of their proposed village the settlers then parcelled out the adjoining land amongst themselves. The next task was to erect a strong palisade around their settlement, with gates at either end. And only after the completion of the palisade did they first begin building their abodes. The whole construction job lasted several years before the village was finally set up.

The original settlers had come from the Left Bank (eastern) of the Dnieper, withdrawing gradually before one of the Tartar invasions. And because they had reached this place on "Spas" they had therefore named it Spasivka.

At the time when our story begins, Spasivka was already quite an old village. This was evident from the old, mouldy straw-thatched roofs, the well beaten roads, the weather-beaten church, and the quite sizable cemetery with its time-blackened wooden crosses. Another eloquent reminder of the age of the village were the thickets which by now had grown up to the very palisade itself. They were a particularly welcome sight to the villagers, for they formed a splendid defense against attack, equal to that of the palisade itself.

Here in this thicket and palisade enclosed village the Spasivka dwellers lived like in some fortress. They took all precautions against the Tar-

tar danger. Every night, for example they mounted guards at each one of the two gates.

In addition they had agreed with neighboring villages to warn one another in case the Tartars were sighted, by means of setting afire barrels of tar.

All of these defense measures were the products of the canniness and experience of an old Kozak who had come here with the original settlers. Though dead and buried long ago, old Okhrym, that was his name, continued to exercise a warning influence on the villagers and they always bore in mind his many admonitions on how to protect themselves against the Tartars.

Somehow, however, the Tartars had not molested Spasivka as yet, and its inhabitants lived in peace and quiet, tilled the rich soil, grazed their cattle and horses on the lush fields, tended their apiaries—known throughout the breadth of the Dnieper lands for the very delicious honey they produced—and cultivated their beautiful orchards. And here in Spasivka there lived a famous Kozak clan—the Sudaky.

The Sudaky Clan

The Sudaky gloried in the fact that throughout the generations there had not been even one among their men folk who had not been a member of that famous knightly warrior organization—the Zaporozhial Sich, whose center lay below the rapids of Dnieper. From this fact alone we can easily surmise that by now this clan was not large in number, for service in the Sich took its toll, either in form of death on the battlefield or captivity in the Tartar and Turkish dungeons. The Sudaky who survived the wars, however, waxed richer and richer, by inheriting the properties of their dead or captive kinsmen. Yet they lived as unpretentiously as the humblest villager.

The Sudak family, at the time of the opening of this story, consisted of the following: Grandfather Andrew, 70 years of age, his son Stephen, the latter's wife Paraska, and their three children, Peter, Paul, and Anne.

Peter, the eldest, was not home then; he had gone to the Zaporozhe, and nothing had been heard from him for quite some time. Paul, the younger one, was 15 years old, while sister Anne was 13. Up to now their parents had taken care of all household tasks, while Grandfather Andrew kept an eye on the apiaries and took care of the children. Being a valiant Kozak himself in his younger days, he considered it to be his sacred duty to teach Paul all that he knew of the Kozak occupation, which was a great deal.

He taught Paul how to ride the horse, with and without a saddle, to throw the spear or lance, lassoe with a rope, shoot with a musket or pistol, and to handle that beloved Kozak weapon, the "shablia," sable.

When they were not exercising, he would recount to Paul all about the Zaporozhe, Kozak life, and of the many adventures in his own exciting life.

The three young people hung breathlessly on to these exciting stories. Paul was especially fond of them. They awakened in him dreams of the time when he would be old and able enough to join the Kozaks, and perhaps win fame for himself. Many times he would go into the fields with his sister Anne and indulge with her in sham Kozak battles, raids and expeditions.

All this martial training, playing and story-telling had its effect on Paul, for there grew within him a wild, turbulent Kozak spirit. Many a time this spirit led him to commit a

prank which most certainly deserved punishment. At such times he would run away to his grandfather among the apiaries, or even into the thickets, from whence he would not return for anything in the world, even when he became very hungry, until he was solemnly assured he would not be punished for his misdeed.

Usually this assurance was due to the intercessions of his sister, who would plead with their father so much that finally the latter would relent and promise not to punish him. Anne would then find Paul's hiding place, whistle a signal that all was well, and Paul would come sheepishly out to meet his father, beg his forgiveness, and promise not to repeat his wrongdoing again.

From acts such as this there arose between Paul and Anne such a feeling of attachment and affection that it seemed that neither would live without the other, and that there was nothing that Paul would not do for his sister.

Sunday Afternoon in Kozak Ukraine

It was a quiet Sunday afternoon in June.

The Spasivka villagers had just come home from church. Housewives busied themselves in preparing dinners, while the men and boys attended to the feeding of cattle, sheep and horses.

Soon a hush fell over the entire village, punctuated by the occasional clatter of dishes and spoons heard through the open windows.

After dinner the male members of the family strolled outside, the older seeking a comfortable and cool spot for a quiet afternoon nap or perhaps a chat with the neighbors, while the younger men, the "parubky," directed their steps, as young men do the world over, towards the center of the village, the "maydan." Meanwhile, the women-folk busied themselves in clearing away the tables.

The afternoon passed away rapidly—too rapidly for those who had dozed off. Soon the sound of church bells pealed over the village, calling all to evening services. All bent their steps towards the little old church. Even before the services had started it was filled to the overflowing, so that the late comers had to content themselves with standing outside.

After the evening services most of the villagers went to the "maydan." There the older folks sat on the abutments surrounding the homes, or even on the grass; the children scampered around, getting in every one's way; while the younger men, with their hats cocked over their ear in a most dashing manner, slowly paraded around casting their eyes boldly at the groups of laughing and chattering girls.

Slowly the sun began to set. A slight haze settled over the village. The girls taking themselves around the waist or hand in hand began to perform the various evolutions of the Ukrainian dances, to the accompaniment of singing. One by one the young men joined them. Although the scene was quite a common one, being witnessed every Sunday during the warm months, it never failed to attract a crowd of watchers from among the old folks. The sweet, young voices of the singers rising above the hum of village life added an undecipherable charm to the quiet typical evening in Ukraine. Many an older person sighed, the memory harkening back to younger days.

Even the old women joined in the singing, their thin quavering voices rising distinctly beside the fuller, rounder tones of the younger people. Just before darkness settled, the herdsmen drove in the cattle from the pasturing grounds. Peals of laughter and shrieks rang out as the lowing cattle, their heads swaying, passed straight through the ranks of the dancers, scattering them left and right. The broken ranks quickly reformed, however, and the dancing, singing and laughter continued.

The Ukrainian National Association has more young (as well as old) Ukrainians - Americans within its ranks than any other organization. Sign up with them!

Gradually, as darkness settled the singing and other sounds began slowly to die out. Here and there the bleat of a sheep was heard. From the direction of the steppe could be heard sounds of wild life, astirring now that the sun had set. Old Andrew having supped with his family, sat for quite some time outside, smoking his pipe. Gazing at the brilliant stars above he wondered what the weather for tomorrow was going to be. The hay had to be cut, and clear weather was needed. Taking his hat off he began to pray quietly.

During the prayer he felt within himself a strange, disquieting feeling arising, a premonition of some approaching danger. This strange feeling prompted him to rise and, still continuing his prayers, go to the nearby village gate to see if the guard was awake. The guard, muffled up in his cloak, for the evenings were cool, was pacing before the gate with his musket in hand, and softly singing to himself.

"Are you singing Philemon?" Andrew asked from afar. He knew it was dangerous to approach the guard too closely without identifying himself first.

"Not exactly," replied the guard. "I'm trying to keep awake."

"You haven't heard anything, have you?"

"Why of course not. What could I hear?"

"Oh, I don't know, but for some reason or other I feel rather scary. Perhaps out there," pointing out towards the shadowy darkness beyond the palisade, "some werewolf is prowling."

"Eh, go on! You give me the creeps with your werewolves. You'd best go to sleep."

"Well then, good night Philemon!"

"Good night!"

Old Andrew began to retrace his steps, continuing his interrupted prayers.

He felt rather ashamed of himself for getting frightened without any evident reason. Consequently he gave up the idea of going towards the other gate, and headed straight home.

Just at that moment a bat flew over him and touched him lightly on the head with its wing. Old Andrew jumped violently aside, startled.

"My Lord! what's happened to me?" he asked of himself. "Has death looked into my eyes? Why am I afraid? Why, even in the thickest of battle I never knew what it meant to be afraid, and here a bat frightens me... Tchfoo on you!"

He had reached his home by this time. All were asleep. It was very hot inside. He did not close the door, but stretched out on a bench to sleep. All was quiet.

"The Tartars Are Here!"

He had just begun to doze off, when suddenly the church bells began to toll. The alarm!

Old Andrew quickly jumped off the bench, and ran outside. A sudden brilliant flare lit up the night on the other side of the "maydan." Fire!

"Hey! Everybody get up, there's a fire in the village!" he bellowed, waking up his children and wife.

They ran out into the courtyard. All was noise and tumult. Andrew looked around. The fire had now sprung up in the four corners of the village. The entire village now became as light as day. Flames shot high.

He immediately grasped that this fire was not accidental. The Tartars had attacked!

He jumped back into the house and seized a spear off its rack.

"Stephen! Stephen!" he roared, "take your weapons. The Tartars are here!"

(To be continued)

* "Spas" — meaning "преображеніє" — Transfiguration.



"Podol" (Downtown) Section of Ukraine's Capital Kiev, which the Nazis are now encircling.

Celebrate Golden Jubilee of Ukrainian Settlement in Canada

FAR from their homeland, the Ukraine, where dwell their fellow countrymen, homeless and suffering under restrictions imposed on the rights and liberties of free men, 3,000 Ukrainian-Canadians Sunday knelt in a drizzling rain at Mundare (Alberta, Canada), before the altar in the grotto symbolizing the garden of Gethsemane, and participated in pontifical high mass. The religious ceremony celebrated the golden jubilee of the arrival of the first Ukrainian settlers in Canada.

From all over the province they came. Separated by miles of country, people of every walk of life, of different political beliefs, forgot their differences in a colorful, solemn re-dedication of themselves to one God, and one country, Canada.

Celebration of the 50th anniversary of the settlement of Ukrainians in Canada began Saturday with a program of social events and gatherings which lasted throughout the day. Sunday, high mass was observed in the morning, followed by a program at Ukraina park in which several choruses from various points participated.

His Honor, Lieutenant-Governor J. C. Bowen addressed the huge crowd of celebrants, who stood in a down-pour to hear the address. Other speakers included Dr. Nicholas Strilchuk, mayor of Mundare, Anthony Hlynka, M. P., Vegreville, Dr. John Yakimischak, and William Tomy, M.L.A.

High mass was celebrated before a huge grotto, the platform of which was decorated with yellow and white bunting, the colors of the order of St. Basil the Great. Yellow and blue flags, the national emblem of the Ukraine, flew side by side with the Union Jack. On top of the main chapel in the rock-built grotto, stood a 40-foot steel cross, from which colored lights shone down on the kneeling throng.

The mass was conducted by Bishop Basil Ladyka, Ukrainian Greek Catholic Bishop of Canada, assisted by Father S. Shevchuk, O.S.B.M., Father M. Sconchuk, O.S.B.M., Father Sylvester Kollar, H.S.B.M., and Brother Boniface Sloboda, O.S.B.M.

During the mass, Father Lasuk delivered the gospel address. He told the congregation just as the pioneering Ukrainians gave their lives for

the things which are right, all Ukrainians who have adopted Canada as their home, should be ready to do the same.

"We are resolved," he said, "that those who died did not die in vain. It is up to the Ukrainian people to see that they, under God, shall be given a new birth of freedom, and that this great dominion be God's most blessed country."

Ukrainians stand ready to promote this country's fortunes at the sacrifices of all their resources of human life and earthly possessions, he said.

Approve War Course

"We approve of the course our country has taken in this present crisis and we would have her take no other. With all our strength and mind and heart, we pray for the victory to the arms of our country and her gallant allies," he said.

Dressed in yellow and blue caps and sashes, a choir of 200 children under Father M. Romanowich, participated in the ceremony. His Excellency Bishop Ladyka gave an address in Ukrainian, in which he traced the accomplishments in religious and national fields of the Ukrainians in their 50 years in Canada.

At the end of the ceremony, hundreds of worshippers crowded to the altar to receive the holy sacrament.

Lieutenant-General Pays Tribute to Ukrainians

The lieutenant-governor paid tribute to the contributions which the Ukrainians have made and are making to the citizenship of Canada.

The pioneers who came to this country seeking freedom guaranteed by the constitution, fulfilled their duties as citizens to a great degree of efficiency, Mr. Bowen said. This tradition has been carried on by the younger Ukrainians who have indicated their appreciation of Canada and their loyalty to its sovereign, by their unflinching support in the present conflict.

"In Canada, you have found the right to worship as you please, and you are molested by none," Mr. Bowen said. "Your homeland has been overrun, and we will not rest until despotism and dictatorship have been driven from those countries which have been crushed under the heel of oppression, and the people are

restored to their places as free men and women."

Mr. Hlynka welcomed the lieutenant-governor on behalf of the Ukrainian people, and assured him of their loyal support to bring about victory. Mr. Tomy thanked His Excellency for the words of encouragement and confidence. John Isaiw, of Edmonton, was master of ceremonies.

Choruses from Chipman, Wostok, Edmonton, and Vegreville gave several selections during the program. One chorus dressed in red, white, and blue patriotic colors sang "There'll Always be an England."

A brass band from Hilliard, under direction of John Stefanyk, also was in attendance. A demonstration of physical training, and a may-pole dance were scheduled, but heavy rain forced their postponement.

A closing dance in the town hall ended the two-day celebration.

Original Settler Present

Present at the celebration was 82-year-old Basil Eleniak, of the original party of immigrants to land in Canada in 1891 from the Ukraine.

Through an interpreter, he described how he came through Germany, and from there, across western Europe to Canada. He settled near Winnipeg, but becoming a little lonely, he returned to the old country, married, and came back to Canada with his bride.

He was one of the first settlers at Chipman, where he and his wife took up farming. Mr. Eleniak smiled, a little bewildered by the attention he was receiving, as he told reporters he has 50 grandchildren, and 10 great-grandchildren.

He said he likes Canada very much, preferring its freedom and tolerance to the oppression and suffering which Ukrainians endured under Emperor Franz Josef, of Austria.

Still spry and healthy after 82 years, Mr. Eleniak, said although he could not understand the lieutenant-governor, he felt he had a message for Ukrainians, and considered it a great occasion for him to be able to hear His Majesty's representative.

He stood bareheaded throughout the entire ceremony, pelting rain wetting him to the skin but refusing to take umbrellas which were offered.

(Edmonton Journal, Aug. 4, 1941)

Adaptation of Football Helmet used by Army's Armored Force

An adaptation of a football helmet, toughened and equipped with earphones, is the latest headgear to be worn by tank crews of the Army's Armored Force.

About 80 per cent of the tank elements of the present Armored Force are already supplied with this article of safety equipment and reports from the field show that the new helmet can take it, according to the War Department.

It has been nearly twenty-five years since the first tank helmet was worn. This early model, too, was similar to its contemporary football headgear, and was worn by pioneers in tank warfare who now are guiding the modern Armored Force.

Four or five years ago tank crews wore metal helmets with protective pads of leather and rubber protruding around the outside brim.

The 1941 model is far snappier in appearance and far better able to absorb the shock of impact against the walls and projections of the tank.

Selected by the Armored Force Board from several models submitted in a competition, the new helmet is made of pressed fiber and lined with leather and sponge rubber. It has an adjustable head suspension.

The ear flaps are of leather, sewed to the body of the helmet and lined with soft leather and sponge rubber. A recess in each ear flap is provided for holding ear phones. Pressure of the ear flaps against the ears is maintained by means of springs fastened to the sides of the helmet. The flaps may be raised and held away from the ears by means of leather strips that extend over the top of the helmet.

An adjustable elastic band extending across the back of the helmet secures it to the head. Detachable elastic band straps secure the goggles of tank crews to the helmet.

Main differences between the tank helmet and its football counterpart are the earphone spaces, the extension in the rear to protect the base of the helmet.

FUNNY SIDE UP

WOWS THE WATER?

AFTER spending more than half the Summer at the beaches, we've come to the conclusion that more girls than ever before are wearing bathing suits. If you don't believe it, look at the figures! We've observed that women's bathing suits are very becoming... becoming smaller and smaller... to the men's delight! But there are always some old foggies who claim that these modern bathing girls are simply shocking. We must admit, however, that they sure look like live wires! With the government taking over everything these days, women's bathing suits are no exception, so now the beauties wear government bathing suits... you don't do anything but C C C! And it's the girl whose bathing suit fits like a glove that gets a great big hand!

Which reminds us of the couple named Pearl and Earl whom we met on the beach last Sunday. Pearl is the gal they call "Hardly" Laffare! She ordered a salt and pepper bathing suit from her tailor, but he made a mistake and put mustard on it. Said she to the tailor, "you didn't have to do that, I'd season it myself!" And Earl was a different sort of chap. He was so thin that he could swim out of his bathing suit without touching the sides. Later we found out his bathing suit was just a piece of spaghetti with arm holes cut out! Once we tried to persuade Earl to go into the water. "As sure as my name is Earl, I won't go into the water," said he. "What's your name got to do with going into the water?" we asked. "Haven't you heard?" answered he. "Earl and water don't mix!" Well that was too much for us and we went scampering off into the water. While swimming in the water we met an old acquaintance swimming around in an odd sort of way with his fingers on his nose. "I see you can swim O. K., how come you hold your nose like that?" we asked. "I've been reading your column so long," he replied, "and you ask me a question like that!"

Well, that's one less Christmas card we've got to send out this year!

BUCK PRIVATE MAIL

Dear Bromo:

The first impression of the Army is like the kick of a mule in the seat of the pants; it gets you in the end! Now after two months of Army life, I find it isn't so bad.

When I first came down here eight weeks ago they handed me a khaki suit that fitted like a glove... a catcher's mitt... and the heat was intense (in tents). I've even gained 25 lbs... 5 lbs. in flesh, and 20 lbs. in equipment! And the food isn't bad. If it was up to the General we'd get 6 meals a day. They've got to get rid of the surplus beans somehow!

Our camp is located near the ocean, and right now we've having War Games. Sometimes it gets so foggy you can hardly see the numbers on the dice. After my first week here I began to complain of water on the knee, and then I found out I was sleeping with one foot in the ocean!

You know, they won't let you in the Army if you've got flat feet... and then they march you 10 miles a day until you get them! After my first week of marching, I had so many blisters on my feet, I was five inches taller. Oh, oh, they just blew assembly for the War Games troops and my outfit is leaving, so I have to rush back to the bottle... er, I mean battle!

Private Fortbaker Q. McGinty
NOTE: This column will not appear next week. We're doing our part for glorious Mondays! See you all at the UYL-NA Congress in Detroit. But be certain what you say or do, we'll be there with paper and pencil!

BROMO SELTZER.

Youth and U. N. A.

The Get Acquainted Club

THE 37th person to become a member of the Get Acquainted Club is Irene Barber of Cleveland, Ohio. Irene writes: "If possible, I would like to correspond with someone who intends to attend the Ukrainian Youth's League of North America Convention in Detroit over the Labor Day weekend, so that I can meet him there. All I ask of my prospective correspondent is that he be faithful in answering. Also, if possible, I would like to write to an Easterner, as Easterners need reforming."

We don't know what Irene means by saying Easterners need reforming, but we invite our readers to write to her and find out for themselves. Irene's address, as well as the addresses of the other 36 club members, will be sent on request to members of the Ukrainian National Association who mention their branch numbers.

Jersey City Branches Hold Picnic

On Sunday, August 18th, U.N.A. Branches 70, 170, 270, and 275 of

Jersey City held a picnic at Patrylow's Grove, Kenilworth, N. J., which was attended by approximately 500 people. It is estimated that at least half of the crowd were young people. Although the affair was sponsored by only four Jersey City branches, six others, including two youth groups, were well represented.

Get the U.N.A. Jubilee Book

Copies of the 762-page U.N.A. Jubilee Book are still available at one dollar each. This book, printed by the Svoboda Press, was issued to commemorate the 40th anniversary (1934) of the U.N.A., and presents a complete history of the organization and all of its branches. It contains many actual photographs, gives valuable information about Ukraine and Ukrainians, and has an English section which features Stephen Shumeyko's contribution, "The Ukrainians," and Stephen W. Mamohur's "Ukrainian Culture Change."

The low price of one dollar a copy is offered only to U.N.A. members.

August Fur Sales

And Our Marusia Divulges The Secret Of Her Glamour

MARUSIA SAYS:

I'm a working girl and proud of it. That means I have to be pretty smart about managing my hard earned pennies so that I can look like a "glamour girl." And what, I ask, could make any girl look more glamorous than a mink fur coat? But how to get a mink coat on a working girl's salary?

I brought my problem up to that reliable old establishment, Michael Turansky's. Without a word being said, the lovely coat illustrated here was carried out for me to try on. It was just what I wanted. Then with my voice full of woe, I turned to Mr. Turansky and said, "Mink on my budget?" He replied, "Who said this was Mink? This is Hollander Mink-Blended Muskrat!" And so my fellow working girls, I learned that Hollander Mink-Blended Muskrat is the buy of the year. It has mink-brown tones, mink-soft texture, and mink markings. It's warm, durable, economical, and glamorous. And if I didn't tell you I was wearing a Hollander Mink-Blended Muskrat coat, you'd think I had a real mink. (Of course Turansky's have REAL mink coats too. Or Hollander SABLE-Blended Muskrat coats, if you prefer sable to mink.)

Still keeping an eye on the budget, I add that August is the month to get your furs, for now is the time for lowest prices and best selections. So get "Glamorized by Turansky" today. Here's the address:

MICHAEL TURANSKY

350 Seventh Ave., New York, N. Y.

Between 29th & 30th Sts.
10th Floor

Let's
4-6973



THE CANADIAN ROCKY MOUNTAINS

On September 6th, 1936, I stood on the bridge, Point du Mont-Blanc, in Geneva, Switzerland, admiring the mountains in the direction of Mont-Blanc. A stranger, noticing my unusual interest in the beautiful surroundings, asked me whether I had come from America. I told him I was from Canada, visiting Europe for the first time. He then asked me whether I had ever seen the Canadian Rocky Mountains, to which question I was obliged to give him a negative answer, although I was born in Western Canada (Winnipeg). He thereupon suggested that I see them at my first opportunity, and promised me that when I did, I would find them even more beautiful than the Alps at which I was standing at the time, and a chain of which I saw the previous day on my way from Vienna to Zurich.

This summer I was happy to find an opportunity to travel through the Canadian Rockies, and on to Vancouver and Victoria, B. C. The stranger in Geneva was telling the truth. I have never seen anything in nature surpassing in beauty, grandeur and majesty these Canadian Rocky Mountains. They hold one's gaze as it were in a hypnotic trance. The lower mountains are wooded, the higher ones are rocky, and some of them are, snow-capped. At times one can see clouds enveloping their peaks.

A number of mountains stand out in great prominence: The Three Sisters, (9,733 ft.), Cathedral Mountain (10,464 ft.), Mount Rundle, at Banff, Mount Stephen, Pilot Mountain, Mount Sir Donald, Castle Mountain, and others ending with the Two Bears guarding the City of Vancouver.

The summer resort at Banff is beautifully surrounded by towering mountains. A little further west is the renowned Lake Louise, perhaps the most picturesque lake in the world, with a glacier overlooking it winter and summer.

Man in his ingenuity and control over nature has endeavored to make it possible to approach these beautiful spots of our Dominion. Immediately west of Glacier Station the Connaught Tunnel, running under the mountains for a distance of over five miles, is a wonderful feat of engineering. (Honeymooners and spooners do not seem to mind the darkness while going through the tunnel).

Nor can one conscientiously omit to mention the accommodations which is provided in Western Canada, for those who can afford it, in the luxurious, comfortable hotels, the Banff Springs Hotel at Banff, The Chateau, at Lake Louise, Hotel Vancouver, and the Empress Hotel at Victoria.

I heartily recommend a trip through the Rockies to every lover of natural beauty.

John Yatchew,
Windsor, Canada.

JERSEY CITY, N. J.

Remember the fun at our Oriental Shindig last year? Well—we're Pan-American this year and promise you more fun at our **MEXICAN SHINDIG** that's on Sat. Sept. 13, at the Ukr. Centre, 181 Fleet St., Jersey City. Music at 8 P.M. by Doc Smith & Orch. Adm. 50 c. The Blessed Virgin Mary Sodality will give free souvenirs again.

Read the AMERICAN SLAV

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