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NAZI EFFORTS TO WIN OVER UKRAINE A COMPLETE FAILURE

Even Death Penalties Do Not Intimidate Ukrainians, Says
Author of "Europe In Revolt"

Quite extensive references to the Ukrainian struggle against the Nazis, are found in the recently published and highly readable book "Europe In Revolt" by Rene Kraus (Macmillan, 563 p. \$3.50).

Written by the former press counsellor of the Austrian Federal Government and a Berlin and Vienna editor, the work examines the methods underlying the Nazi system of misrule and oppression, which seeks to enslave or exterminate the European nations; exposes the three pillars of Hitler's power over two million victims—the Gestapo, the concentration camps, and the hostage system; and finally tells about the underground war the oppressed people of Europe are waging against the Nazis.

Nazis Find No Ukrainian Quislings

The references to the Ukrainian role in this struggle are found mainly in the last chapter, which deals with "Russia." Throughout they stress the inability of the Nazis to find any Quislings or supporters among the Ukrainians.

"The remarkable feature..." Mr. Krause writes, "is the absence of a Quisling. With exception of a handful of Ukrainian veterans of the Russian civil war, who have been living in Berlin for twenty-five years, no... Quisling was available. In the many thousands of captured villages—it is a characteristic sidelight—five mayors, all told, showed themselves ready to collaborate with the invaders. All five, according to official Soviet reports, were killed by their own citizens."

Ukraine Ruled by Veteran Nazi Assassin

Chief of Nazi rule in Ukraine is Erich Koch, forty-six years old, square-faced, and plump, and a veteran Nazi assassin. In common with Alfred Rosenberg, he has, the author points out, unbounded hatred and contempt for the Slav peoples.

Before the Nazi attack upon the Soviets, it was Koch's job to prepare a revolution in Ukraine. "He enlisted the veteran hetman... Skoropadsky, a refugee living in Berlin, who had fought the Bolsheviks unsuccessfully during the civil war. An imposing array of other Ukrainians gathered around the two men, attracted by both the Nazi pay roll and by the dream of establishing, as Koch had promised them, an independent Greater Ukraine. However, when the long prepared attack materialized the members of the Ukrainian legion were not even permitted to join the fight. In the heyday of his assault Hitler, obviously, believed that he could do without mercenaries. Koch was instructed to tell them that they had entirely misunderstood him. There was no idea of establishing anything like independence; the Ukrainians

would be treated as a racial minority in occupied Poland and Russia. It is true that Hitler changed his opinion about the fighting value of mercenaries when he frantically tried to enlist the derelicts and professional criminals in all the occupied countries for his 'Christian Crusade.' A group of Ukrainians showed that they could forgive. They even volunteered to fight as the spearhead of the German army. Crossing the Don, they immediately joined the Russian defenders. Herr Koch is now busy ferretting out their relatives in the Ukrainian villages.

"Whole Nation Ferociously Anti-German"

"But the double game the Nazis played with them has entirely alienated even those Ukrainians who considered making common cause with Hitler against the Soviets. Today the whole nation is ferociously anti-German, especially embittered over the "loss" of the main provincial city of Lwów, which under Austrian rule was considered as the spiritual capital of Ukrainian nationalism."

How Kievans "Welcomed" the Nazis

Everywhere the advancing Nazis found trouble. Here is a brief description, furnished by the Soviet government, and quoted by the author, of the city's "welcome" to the German occupation:

—As soon as the Germans entered Kiev they began to look for living quarters. On the Kreschatik, Kiev's main street, they turned a big children's toy shop into the commander's headquarters. In other big houses on the Kreschatik they opened officer's clubs, military headquarters, and offices. A big motion picture theatre on the same street was set aside especially for officers.

—At first everything was quiet, and the German officers enjoyed German films in their theatre. But one evening, a few days after the Germans entered Kiev, the city was shaken by an explosion, which destroyed the headquarters of the German commander. It was followed by another explosion, which blew up the motion picture theatre while it was thronged with German officers.

—More explosions followed, and in less than two minutes most of Kreschatik was a heap of smouldering ruins. Then the explosions began on Nikolayevskaia Street. Here the Hotel Continental, the circus, the Franko Theater, and neighboring houses, all confiscated by the Germans, flew into the air. Powerful mines had been laid beneath the foundations. The walls of the building were ripped clear away from the earth.

—Many buildings are now empty. Their bitter experience on the Kreschatik and the Nikolayevska Street has made the Germans wroth. They

WRITE TO YOUR FRIENDS IN SERVICE

Rarely spoken of or even admitted, yet ever present in our hearts is a feeling of emptiness, left there when the war wrenched away from us so many of our friends and dear ones, and sent them as armed defenders of freedom and right to distant camps and bases, and to still more distant climes and lands.

Those of them who but a year or so ago were with us and part of us, are today scattered throughout this country and world. Some of them are in Australia, others in Hawaii and other South Sea isles, while still others are in Northern Africa, British Isles, Panama, Puerto Rico, Iceland, and in all the other places where today the American flag is flying and where our country is engaged in this greatest of all wars to put an end to aggression and tyranny.

Yes indeed, we miss them all, more than we care to admit, all those friends of ours who are now serving in Uncle Sam's armed forces. The old familiar places where we worked and where we played with them, seem no longer the same. No matter where we go or what we do, that sense of emptiness occasioned by their absence remains ever with us.

Such feelings, however, should never be allowed to depress us. On the contrary they should be buoyed up by the hope that those of us who are fit and able will soon be called to arms too, and together with our friends and comrades-in-arms have the privilege of fighting for our country and our way of life.

But until that call comes, we should do everything on the home front to help and to make things easier for those who are in camps and bases and on the far-flung battle-fronts.

Besides working hard on the production line, buying war bonds and stamps, contributing to the Red Cross, USO, and other such agencies, and supporting all home defense measures, we should also write letters to our comrades in service. For letters from home are among the best morale-builders for them. They look forward to them far more than is generally realized. Therefore write as many of them as possible.

Equally welcome to the service men are snapshots of those left behind. And if you know him well enough—if, for example, he is your brother—send him also a few dollars; unless, of course, he writes you that he really doesn't need any—but we have yet to see such a letter. Cigarettes, if he smokes, are also very welcome. As for gifts of other types, the utmost discretion should be exercised in selecting and sending them. Better write first and find out what he wants and could use, and then see if it is mailable.

All such acts on our part, small as they may appear, will keep strong our bonds of attachment with those of our friends and dear ones who are in service.

keep away from Kiev's big buildings. Herr Koch promised that land would be tax-free and deduction-free, and if the peasants brought in a good harvest, their individual holdings might be doubled. All sorts of other such promises were made. Moreover full freedom of religion was assured in the bargain.

This trouble that the Nazis encountered in trying to build up a Ukrainian administration was not confined to Kiev alone. The countryside, from which they hoped to get plenty of grain, is a big disappointment to them. As a result, today the bulk of the wheat acreage is idle and "not even a fishing smack is navigating out of this once busy Black Sea port (Odessa)." Observers who remained in Ukraine after the German invasion, or who had the courage to return in disguise, said the impression the occupied country left upon them was "a picture of swift destruction and snail-like reconstruction."

To get Ukrainian peasant support,

Herr Koch promised that land would be tax-free and deduction-free, and if the peasants brought in a good harvest, their individual holdings might be doubled. All sorts of other such promises were made. Moreover full freedom of religion was assured in the bargain.

All this, however, served no purpose. Astonishingly enough, the Ukrainian farmers refused to avail themselves of free soil and cattle.

Why Peasants Refuse To Deal With Germans

"Why this unique stubbornness?" the author asks. He sees two reasons. "Every Ukrainian peasant knows the fate that awaits him after the return of the Soviets if his record is marred

(Concluded on page 2)

Nicholas Gogol

Life and Works of a Ukrainian
Who Wrote in Russian

By PROF. CLARENCE A. MANNING
(The Slavonic Review, London, Vol. 4)

(Concluded)

Gogol's Ideal

THE answer must be sought in the personal attitude of Gogol. He was already convinced that it was his mission to act as a prophet to Russia and to show her the path on which she should walk. The first part was to be merely the opening section of a great picture of reformation. Chichikov was to reform; Russia was to be purified; and, at the end, Gogol hoped to present a picture of the autocracy freed from all the corruption of bureaucracy and to show the tsar as the true father of a happy people. Ideals could not be pitched higher, and this ideal was far above the strength of Gogol. He could not secure enough material of the good. As he worked on the second part, his satirical pen again and again started to give us the same inimitable type of negative characters as in the first part; but in only one figure is he able to offer us anything positive and that is Kostanzhoglo, who devotes himself to the serious care of his estates and avoids the extremes of the other characters.

Thus at the very moment when Gogol was receiving almost universal commendation, his personal goal was far removed from that which was being ascribed to him. His admirers were seeking material to show the corruption of Russia and the need of radical reform in the political sphere. Gogol was conscious of the potentialities of Russia, and was seeking a moral reformation which would allow the nation to draw upon the hidden resources of the national character. It was a hard task; and in his desire to collect information, he appealed to his friends to send him examples of positive qualities. Not only this; he went abroad for nearly all the latter part of his life, so that at a distance he might unify and harmonise his impressions of Russia and avoid that over-emphasis of details which thronged upon him during his residence in the capitals.

Burns "Dead Souls" Twice

It was a tragic situation; and when he had finished the second part of *Dead Souls*, he burned it twice for fear that it did not adequately express his ideas. How far all this anxiety was from the mind of his contemporaries, may be seen from the continuation of *Dead Souls* made after his death by Zakharchenko and published in English in one of the latest translations of novel. In this, Chichikov succeeds in retiring with a fortune and becomes a bad old man turned good, never wearying of talking of the great days of his youth, while the world passes on around him and leaves him aside as an isolated conservative.

To Gogol this would have been utter nonsense. He hoped to the end to show Chichikov as the organ, the example of a new and better day which was to rise over Russia. He yearned for a time when all the corruption which had come from abroad in the bureaucracy should be eliminated from it. For this he worked and suffered. His religious instincts came again to the front; the old faith which he had had as a child was restored and magnified. He fell into a dangerous condition of mysticism in which he became more and more convinced that he was called by God to be a teacher and preacher for his country. With this end in view, he grew more and more of an ascetic; he fell under the influence of extremist clergy, and finally he made a pilgrimage to the Holy Land. All this broke down his already weakened health, and he became more and more

unable to work at any definite scheme. He had plans for publishing a complete description of Russia; he kept working on *Dead Souls*, but he felt that the end was approaching.

His Moralising Correspondence

In a last endeavour to accomplish something for his nation he issued, in 1846, *Selected Passages from a Correspondence with Friends*. Here Gogol was terribly sincere, and apparently believed that the tonic which he was providing for his beloved country would be more popular than any of his purely literary works. In these passages he discusses all kinds of moral subjects. He tells society ladies of the opportunities which they have for reforming the world around them. He shows the wives of public officials how they must conduct themselves in all emergencies. He preaches the need of loving Russia. He calls the wealthy to get to know their country. He points out the great needs and the great virtues of the Orthodox Church. In short, it is as it were, a synopsis, a skeleton outline, of Gogol's programme. That programme is the simplest and the most radical that can be devised. He realises that all reforms are useless without a new spirit, and he demands that this new spirit be spirit of Christ and of His Church.

The answer was not what Gogol expected. Belinsky turned on him with a furious attack. "Proclaimer of the Knout, Aider and Abetter of Obscurantism and the Fury of Darkness, Panegyrist of Tartar Customs, what are you doing?" The attack was absolutely unjust, since Gogol was laying bare the weaknesses of the social order not less ruthlessly than Belinsky, though he was seeking for reforms in another sphere. Nevertheless, it cannot be denied that there is an unattractive air about the whole work. It is in many ways strained, and there is an impression of Gogol's sense of superiority that frequently leaves a bad taste in the mind of the reader. In fact, Gogol never succeeded in rendering his preaching attractive to the people for whom he worked. When he did such a piece of work as the *Reflections on the Divine Liturgy*, he reached a very high level of spiritual writing. Such work, if there had been more of it, would have given him an undisputed primacy among the religious writers of Russia. Here he was able to express his aspirations and to show the depth of his religious feeling; but in the *Selected Passages* there is something that is more or less repelling. Probably this comes from his abnormal physical condition at the time when he began to bury himself in his religious work. Partly, too, it is a result of his idea that he was destined and called to be a preacher and a prophet; and this belief contrasted harshly with his overflowing humour and his gift of keen and incisive satire.

Criticism of It Breaks His Heart

The criticisms expressed on the *Selected Passages* broke Gogol's heart, and we can hardly find a more pathetic article in Russian than the *Author's Confession*, in which he presents an apologia for his life and tries to show how this desire to serve his country and uplift his fellow-men had inspired him during his whole career. He pleads that he had not intended his work for all, but that he had hoped that each would use it as a reservoir, and borrow from it those passages from which he could find consolation and help. Then at the end he concludes: "I cannot fail to confess that all this confusion and lack of comprehension have been

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very hard for me, the more so as I thought that in my book there was rather the seed of reconciliation than of conflict. My soul would have fallen from the number of reproaches, many of them so terrible that God grant no one else may receive them! Yet I cannot fail to declare my gratitude to those who might, for many reasons, have overwhelmed me with reproaches, but felt that they would be too much for the weak nature of man, and lifted me in their arms as a suffering brother, and bade me be of good cheer. May God reward them! I know no greater spiritual act than to give one's hand to a man who is fallen in spirit."

Burns "Dead Souls" Third Time, and Dies

The end soon came. Gogol was unable to rally himself to hard and consistent work. He finished the second part of *Dead Souls* again and then, on the night of 11th February, 1852, doubts again assailed him as to the success of his work. He burned it for the third time and also many other unfinished productions. In the morning he repented and declared that he had yielded to a temptation of the devil, but it was too late. The precious manuscripts were consumed. Ten days later, 21 February, Gogol, too, passed to his rest, and on his grave is the inscription: "I will mock them with my bitter word."

There is something strangely tragic in the career of Gogol and in his desire to serve his people. He is but one of those many Russian authors whose moral consciousness of their personal responsibility has taken from them all satisfaction in their artistic achievements. In this he is a forerunner of Tolstoy. Yet, with it all, he was never able to win that position of counsellor and spiritual adviser which was almost forced upon Dostoyevsky. Perhaps it was the skill of his satire, his tendency to create pictures which would arouse laughter, even if he meant to excite tears.

His Literary Achievements Marvelous

We can stand aside, perhaps, from the spiritual pilgrimage of Gogol, but we must marvel at his purely literary achievements. Surely it is something to have written such stories of peasant life as the *Evenings*, such a tale of rough and vigorous manhood as *Taras Bulba*, such a comedy as *The Inspector*, and such a picture of national disintegration as *Dead Souls*. For these works alone Gogol deserves a place among the immortals of Russian literature. It is in these works that we watch the transition from the romantic to the realistic school of literature; and we can see clearly how it was the influence of Gogol that turned the trend of national development in new channels which his successors were able to enlarge and clear. Few of the men who came after him clearly and fully understood him. Only Dostoyevsky followed the spirit and not merely the letter of his works; and so it was not till many years later that we could have that development of the spiritual treatment of Russia that Gogol in his heart sought to bring about. That makes it the more difficult to judge of his influence; but when all has been said, there were few authors who knew how to estimate the value of Russian life more clearly and to express the results of their investigations more attractively. Later criticism has revealed his sincerity, has shown the steps which turned him from a writer to a prophet and has given a truer idea of his capabilities than did the judgement of his contemporaries, who were bitter against him for his religious ideas. At times we may smile at him, as well as with him; but the tragedy of his last years, when he sacrificed to his beliefs much

THEY SAID...

Owen J. Roberts, Associate Justice of the U. S. Supreme Court:

"Once let the tide of nationalistic prejudice and suspicion sweep over us and we are lost to the enemy. That is why the Axis strives always to split our unity asunder.

"That is why those who criticize Britain for her mistakes, without knowing all the facts, are endangering their lives and our lives as well. That is why, whatever some of us may have thought of the Soviet philosophy in the past, we must remember that Russia's fight is our fight, and that we must help her as she is helping us. That is why we must acclaim the emergence of China as a great and enlightened world power, newest and yet oldest in the family of nations.

"The milk for your child, the rubber for your car, your warm clothing for the Winters to come, the money you hope to accumulate in the bank—all these depend upon our success. And success will be achieved only if the United Nations remain united, in war and in peace. They will remain united only if the people in every land are able to work and plan and carry out their tasks with mutual understanding and cooperation."

FIND NO UKRAINIAN QUISLINGS

(Concluded from page 1)

by dealings with the Germans. Furthermore, regardless of punishment, Ukrainians do not want to deal with them."

"The country (Ukraine) remains entirely unresponsive. The people feign not to notice the foreign, hated uniform. Life goes on as well or as bad as possible. For the most part, the collective farming system has been retained to keep the economy going at all. Efforts to install Kulaks, Ukrainian expatriates, and other opponents of the Soviet regime as chiefs of these institutions were soon abandoned. The guerrillas saw to it that no candidates should be found for those jobs."

Berlin Disappointed

On the whole, "the population's reaction is distinctly disappointing to Berlin, which had hoped for widespread demonstrations of sympathy." No amount of propaganda brings forth any such demonstrations. Furthermore, "thousands of the soldiers in the Polish army being formed here (under the Soviets) are from the western Ukraine."

Herr Koch, Commissioner For Ukraine, "Rules A Cemetery"

"Thus," Mr. Krause concludes, "German efforts to win over the Ukraine have completely failed. There is neither contact nor cooperation between the population and the invaders. Nowhere have the peasants surrendered to the German authorities stray Russian soldiers or 'partisans,' although the country teems with them. The death penalty imposed even for petty offenses does not intimidate the Ukrainians. The strength of their resistance lies in their indifference to what may happen to them. They take everything in deadly silence. Herr Koch rules a cemetery."

that was unnecessary, should win him tolerance and forgiveness, even if we cannot follow him throughout his entire course. Perhaps a wiser and a better and fairer judgement may give a verdict which is far less unfavourable to the later ideas of Gogol than this world is apt to give; and perhaps it is this spiritual reformation which he preached that holds the secret which can disentangle the involved and confused skeins of human destiny.

The End

THE UNCONQUERED PEOPLE

ONLY the ignoble, the shameful, and the base can be suppressed—never the heroic truth. Men everywhere, of whatever race, despise themselves when they are ignoble and they do not talk about it. Men everywhere are proud of the heroism of their fellow men and will tell of it, even though they die in the telling.

And so on the winds which never cease to blow, are borne today the stories of heroism in the conquered countries. Conquered? The stories which the winds of freedom bear prove once again that free men cannot be conquered. The treachery and the armed might of tyranny may crush them for a time, but those who live will speak out and speak out again until freedom is restored. Thus come the voices from the countries which the Axis has sought to enslave: They reach the United Nations, which must fight to free them, through smuggled letters.

Men and women who have escaped tell of the fight which does not cease.

Short-wave broadcasts from secret stations, operated under penalty of torture and death, pierce the mysterious ether until they are heard by alert listeners.

Underground newspapers pass from hand to hand until they reach a free border.

Agents of the governments-in-exile obtain confidential reports which they release to an anxiously waiting world.

But these are not only ways in which the world learns that Norway does not falter, that Holland is not crushed, that men still walk erect in Belgium, in Occupied France, in Czechoslovakia, Greece, and Poland among the brave Yugoslavs—that everywhere the "New Order" is scorned and being undermined. The story is revealed, too, by the Quislings and other hirelings of the "New Order." The hirelings, from time to time, publish in their controlled journals new orders against sabotage and new decrees against resistance. They must impose new penalties and new tortures upon the men and women who will not stop their struggle for freedom and who continue, somehow, to tell their brave story.

"We Cannot Do This Job Alone"

Europe is fighting back. From the Continent comes word of resistance to Hitler in occupied countries. But the voices reaching the outside world tell more than stories of heroism. They carry a warning which says: "We cannot do this job alone. We will keep the fires of resistance burning to show you—in the lands still free—that our mutual cause is just, our courage high, our faith unflinching."

Not until the ultimate victory of the United Nations has been achieved can the full story of this heroic resistance be told. The black curtain blows back for an instant and we see a continent struggling in its chains. For an instant we see the streets and shuttered houses of an occupied town. We sense the cold relentless fury that peaceful citizens feel toward those who bombed their homes and destroyed their liberty. We see the dull expressionless faces of the occupying troops—men surrounded by an invisible wall of contempt, forever on guard and forever marching through streets whose very stones are hostile.

We sense, too, the strength of people united in a cause that knows no boundary—the individual Norwegian nodding to the Pole, the Dutchman to the Czech, all the occupied people nodding silently one to the other, and meaning, "The invader must go." We sense, too, that out of the misery that Hitler has inflicted on Europe there has risen a new brotherhood of man, that any act of resistance to Hitler, however feeble, is

part of that new unity. Out of the misery, the united people of Europe are writing a noble page in the history of human freedom.

Hitler's victories came so suddenly that for a time the people in the occupied countries were stunned beyond measure. The main problem was to keep alive, eat, and find a place to sleep. Moreover, the policy of the German Army in countries such as France, Belgium, and Norway was to appear as "correct" as possible. Part of Hitler's strategy of plunder was for his army to seem good-natured and mannerly. The Nazis believed, or pretended to believe, that people whose homes had just been bombed and whose cities had just been destroyed would take the invader to their hearts. But by its very nature the "New Order" could not for long hide its true purpose: wholesale plunder of the occupied countries, scraping of every vestige of personal freedom, complete Nazification. The occupied countries soon realized that they had been defeated not by an honorable military foe but by a savage enemy who intended to enslave them and make them forever subject to his will.

Smoke Signals

Gradually small fires of resistance were lighted on the Continent. Resistance at first took simple forms, expressive of the deep hatred and contempt felt toward the conqueror. Forbidden to boo when Nazi officials appeared on the screen, those Parisians who went to the movies took to clearing their throats and coughing loudly. One theater audience coughed so long and so loudly that the auditorium lights were flashed on, and a Nazi officer strode across the stage. "Who coughed?" he demanded. There was no answer until an old man rose in the rear of the theater and called out, "Nobody here coughed." "Who coughed?" again demanded the Nazi. "The Unknown Soldier," quietly replied the old man.

On Armistice Day last year mimeographed handbills were circulated throughout Brussels signed "Vive le Belgique Independante." Risking their lives, the people of Brussels demonstrated before the tomb of the Unknown Soldier, great crowds swirling through the streets to lay flowers on the tomb. German staff cars had difficulty plowing through the clogged traffic. Feeling that sense of unity and strength of numbers which often sweeps through a crowd, Belgians shouted insults at the Germans, arousing a group of stiff-necked officers to the point where one among them reached for his revolver and shot at the people.

Back in England after a raid over the Continent, a young British bomber sergeant reported that Dutch tulip fields had been planted to resemble huge Dutch flags.

Leading Dutch newspapers were compelled to print obituary notices of Dutch Nazis killed on the Russian front, the notices reading that these men had fallen "in the struggle against Bolshevism, for Leader, People, and Fatherland." Many people cut out these notices and returned them to the newspaper offices labeled, "Splendid," "Heartly congratulations," or "A thousand more like him should be killed."

He Who Laughs-Lasts

Out of the misery of the occupation a new body of humor has arisen—the resistance joke. Like the songs once sung by the troubadours, these stories spread from the top of Norway to the tip of Greece, varying in content but similar in framework, and always reflecting a sense of humor that manages somehow to function under adversity and make a butt of the oppressor. For example, there's the one about the Nazi soldiers who

GLIDER PILOT TRAINING

Army Air Force Offers Course For Flying Soldiers

FROM the bed of an ancient, dry lake in the California desert, the U. S. Army Air Forces operates a glider school for instruction in motorless flying and in the tactics and technique of glider warfare.

The glider is rapidly taking its place in the ever-increasing importance of air power to modern war. Primarily developed for sport, the glider has proven its military worth in several engagements of this war, as a means of swift, silent troop and supply transport.

The acceptance of the glider as an arm of the Army Air Forces opens new opportunities for flying service to men between the ages of eighteen and thirty-five who want to fly but who are unable to qualify as Aviation Cadets. Glider pilot training is now available to men who fall slightly short of the educational and physical requirements for Aviation Cadets, and for men who are above the Aviation cadet age limit of twenty-six years. The training includes instruction in flying a light power plane.

Men with the necessary qualifications will be accepted for training as Aviation students after enlisting as privates in the Army Air Corps. Upon completion of training, all of those who are graduated from the training course will be rated as staff sergeants, with the increased pay of flying status.

A limited number of glider students who show outstanding ability will be selected for commission as second lieutenants in the Army of the United States. When commissioned, these men will be in the same pay status as other flying officers.

Early Attempts At Gliding

Man has always longed to challenge the flight of birds. Earth-bound, he first sought to release himself, so the Grecian mythology tells us, by building cloaks of birds' feathers and, spreading them wide, leaping from high cliffs. Since then, gliding has evolved into a science, and has contributed much to the study of aerodynamics.

Today, glider flights are long, silent, controlled sweeps in which the gliders may be piloted or power-plane-towed to their given destination. Without the roar of a many-thousand-horsepower engine, one can hear the sound of the wind, hissing as it slides over the smooth surfaces of the fuselage and wings. Every curve of the glider is smooth and graceful. A motored craft is driven through the air, but a glider is air-borne. Gliding is a utilization of Nature's force, a sensing of the slightest rise or fall of the eddies and currents of the air.

These are some of the reasons for the glider's popularity as a peacetime sport; in time of war, it is recognized as a weapon of offense. A man in a glider is a silent hawk, directing his machine as he rarely could control a parachute, straight to his destination behind the unwarned enemy lines. The glider may be a transport, part of a troop-carrying train behind a power plane, to be released at the battle point and soar swiftly down with its fighting men and supplies.

There are other plans for the use

of gliders by the Army of United States. Where, and in what manner and for what purpose, cannot be revealed. The enemy will find out for himself, the hard way, when the gliders arrive.

Course in Training

Applicants for glider pilot training are divided into two categories: Class A, men who have had flying experience, and Class B, beginners. Those glider pilot applicants who have had no previous aerial training (Class B) will be given a ten-week course, the first five weeks of which will be spent in learning to fly light airplanes. This will be followed by three weeks of dead-stick landing practice in the same school. The airplane phase of this training will be given in completely equipped civilian schools which operate under Army supervision.

The five-week elementary course will be equivalent to that given by the Civil Aeronautics Administration and will be sufficient to qualify a man for a private airplane license. Upon completion of the eight weeks of training at the airplane school, two weeks of actual glider flying instruction will be given at the glider school.

Applicants who have had aerial experience (Class A) will be given six weeks of instruction. Their training will begin at the airplane school with a four-week dead-stick landing course, one of the most interesting and worthwhile types of aerial training. Upon completion of this training these Class A students will receive two weeks of instruction in glider flying at a glider school.

The two-week glider course will be given to all students. The first week of gliding will be in sailplanes of the type that has broken all national distance and altitude records. These planes can fly hundreds of miles across country and reach altitudes up to 20,000 feet. The second week will be devoted to the use of operative-type gliders, with emphasis on airplane towing, formation and night flying.

All applicants accepted for glider pilot training will be enlisted in the Army Air Corps as privates, with flying pay. They will be rated as aviation students, and will be eligible for \$10,000 Life Insurance policies at Government expense for the period of training. These policies may be continued at the holder's expense after graduation.

Many innovations in glider flying convert this onetime king of sporting thrills into a capable military weapon. The full possibilities of motorless flight are still in the exploratory stage, both for military use now and for future peacetime aviation. Those who will help—and benefit by—this progressing branch of the Army Air Force will be the glider pilots who are training now. The Army Air Forces will be the glider pilots who are training now. The Army Air Forces offers new flying and fighting opportunities as a glider pilot in the Army of the United States.

BOHDAN, HETMAN OF UKRAINE

by
GEORGE VERNADSKY
(\$2.50)

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got drunk in a Norwegian coastal village, commandeered a car, and drove wildly through the streets. Finally they careened down a dark pier and into the sea, promptly sinking. The Gestapo hurried to the scene and questioned an old fisherwoman at the end of the pier. "Did you see the car coming?" they asked her. "Yes" she said. "Well, why didn't you stop it?" they demanded. "Why should I?" said the old lady, shrugging her shoulders. "I thought they were on their way to England!"

The Story of Ukrainian Literature

(Continued)

(14)

Destruction of Lithuanian-Ukrainian Relations

JUST when the Ukrainian-Lithuanian relations seemed to augur a new and better era for both countries there appeared on the scene Poland, which through devious means put sufficient obstacles in the way of these relations as to shatter all the hopes of better times for these countries.

Poland, seeing that expansion westward was not at all possible, began to cast her eyes towards the Ukrainian lands, weakened already by the Tartar invasions and attacks from the north by Muscovite princes. A conflict arose. On one side was Poland, covetous of her neighbors' territories, while on the other side stood Ukraine and Lithuania, defending their time immemorial lands. The outcome of this conflict would have probably turned out in favor of the latter, to the advantage of Ukraine, had it not been for a sudden diplomatic move which threw the scales heavily in favor of Poland. This diplomatic move was the union of Lithuania with Poland.

This union came about in the following way. Upon the death of King Ludwig of Poland, his fifteen-year-old daughter, Yadviga, was declared

Queen of Poland. But a king was also needed. The Polish nobles, therefore, who constituted the real power in the Polish state, thereupon offered the hand of their Queen Yadviga to King Jagello of Lithuania, together with the crown of Poland; on the condition, however, that by this act Lithuania would go under Polish rule. The proposition was tempting, and King Jagello accepted. He married the protesting Yadviga, and moved to Cracow, which now became the capital of Lithuania also.

Treaty of Lublin

By the Treaty of Lublin 1569 Lithuania lost her independence entirely to Poland, and the Lithuanian-Ukrainian lands became incorporated into the Polish State. The Lithuanian-Ukrainian federation as a result ceased to exist. In its place there arose the Polish-Lithuanian state, while the Ukrainian lands now became to be regarded as conquered territory.

The Treaty of Lublin marks the beginning of very trying times for Ukraine. Her contacts with her south-eastern neighbors as well as Byzantium broken, her territories under the stultifying rule of Poland, Ukraine's cultural life touches of low ebb. One

by one the members of her aristocracy began to desert their nationality and religion in order to enjoy to the fullest the advantages of being Poles, rather than to remain dissenters in a foreign state. The Ukrainian middle classes became tyrannized to an unprecedented extent by the Poles, while the lot of the Ukrainian peasants sank to that of a serf. The Ukrainian Orthodox Church had to give way before the official Catholic religion of the Polish state. Needless to say, all these political and religious conditions had their effect upon Ukrainian literature.

Treaty of Brest

When the Constantinople patriarchs began to intrude more and more into the internal affairs of the Ukrainian Church, and when they ordered its bishops to place themselves under the authority of church brotherhoods, and constantly whittled away their fast waning rights, some Ukrainian bishops took steps leading towards the union of the Ukrainian Church with Rome. This ecclesiastical union is known as the Union of Brest, and was concluded in 1596.

Although the Union of Brest loosed upon the Ukrainian people the ravages of factional warfare, yet, in an

indirect way, it had a beneficial effect upon the literary and educational life in Ukraine. Ardent defenders of the national and religious rights of Ukrainian people appeared, who openly and actively fought for these rights. This conflict passed on into literary channels, and served as a basis for them during the entire 16th and 17th centuries. The literature which was a result of this religious controversy is known as "polemic literature."

The conflict against Poland by the Ukrainians took on a two sided aspect. At first it was to protect their religious rights that the Kozaks mostly fought, enlisting in their cause not only the masses of the Ukrainian people, particularly the peasantry, but also the higher classes of Ukrainian society, the nobles and the clergy. In time this religious aspect of the conflict between the Ukrainians and the Polish nobles, the latter who regarded the Ukrainian lands as theirs for exploitation, took on a national tint, which gradually grew until the religious phase was entirely lost and the one dominant principle for which all Ukrainian people fought, both the Kozaks and the civilians, was the national freedom of the Ukrainian people. And out of this turmoil of wars upon wars of the Kozaks against the Poles there arose a distinct branch of Ukrainian literature, the so-called "dumi,"—thoughts, reflections.

(To be continued)

Six Sons Holders of Degrees

WHAT is probably a record for Alberta, Canada, is the one set by Mr. F. Kostash and the late Mr. Frederick Kostash of Vegreville, Alberta. These Ukrainian Canadian parents gave a university and college education to every one of their six sons, five of whom obtained their degrees at the University of Alberta, and one at the College of Engineering in Milwaukee, Wis. Their only daughter, Mrs. Helen Fedchuk, although not a university graduate herself, has followed this splendid example and is proud of her daughters, Marion and Eugenia, both of whom are also graduates of the University of Alberta.

Mr. and Mrs. Kostash never went to university themselves, writes Peter Svarich in a recent issue of the Ukrainian Canadian Review. But like most Ukrainians, he continues, who could get an education in their foreign-oppressed homeland only in the face of the greatest obstacles and discouragements, they knew its value and determined that their sons would enjoy that advantage. In this they succeeded admirably.

It was in 1900 that Mr. and Mrs. Kostash came to Canada from Western Ukraine, and homesteaded in the Vegreville district where Mrs. Kostash still resides. With little else besides their will to work and a determination to carve for themselves a better home and for their children wider educational opportunities than they had had in their homeland, they set to work on the virgin prairies. And they were not disappointed. By 1936 their sons and daughter were on their own, and Mr. Kostash was able to retire from active farming, and before he passed away in 1938 he had the joy and satisfaction of seeing his sons well-established, each in his own profession.

Today, the sons are all married. Harry, the eldest and the only one not born in Canada, is Inspector of Schools at Smoky Lake, Alberta. He graduated with a degree of B.A. in 1921, and until his appointment as inspector he had successfully taught in various schools in Saskatchewan and Alberta.

Elias, born in 1902, has had the most varied career of all the boys. He worked in a bank for one year,

attended University of Alberta for two years, graduated with a B.S. in Electrical Engineering in Milwaukee, U.S.A., and managed a department in a radio-parts factory there until 1930. Ill-health, however, forced him to take three years off from work, and when he recovered he decided that farming would be most conducive to his health. And for the last eight years he has managed the farm, using his scientific expertness on soil tractors and his modern farm machinery.

John, two years younger, chose mining engineering as his vocation and was graduated from university in 1933 with a M.S. degree in Mining Metallurgy. After a number of years with the staff of Noranda Gold Mines, at Noranda, Que., he accepted an appointment as Assay Expert with the Dominion Government at Ottawa.

William, fourth son, born in 1906, just to mix it up a little, took up a commercial course and graduated in 1931 as a B. Com. However, teaching seemed to him a better field, and for a number of years he was principal of the Hairy Hill High School. Two years ago he decided to pursue higher studies and after an additional year at the University of Alberta he received the degree of B. Educ. Today he is Commercial Instructor in the Correspondence School Branch of the Department of Education at Edmonton.

The fifth son, Marshall, born in 1909, specialized in chemistry and graduated with a B.S. degree in 1935. He is now employed as Safety Engineer with the International Nickel Company at its huge plant in Copper Cliff, Ont.

Ladimir, the youngest son, and a B.A. graduate has been principal of the Andrew High School since 1936.

However, this thirst for higher knowledge has not been confined to one generation only. Two granddaughters of Mr. and Mrs. Kostash, Marion and Eugenia Fodchuk, have also followed what is now a definitely established family tradition. Marion, with a degree of B.A., is a high school teacher in the Hairy Hill School; and Eugenia, recently completing her training at the University Hospital, is now on the staff there.

This fine and unusual record of

YOUTH And The UNA

ASK FOR INFORMATION

The Ukrainian National Association no longer sends gratis copies of The Ukrainian Weekly to non-members of the organization due to circumstances beyond its control. Consequently, several hundred young people were taken off the Weekly mailing list as they were not U.N.A. members; members in good standing continue to receive the paper free of charge.

Despite the fact that the Weekly is now being sent only to members of the U.N.A., it is nevertheless realized that a great many non-members read the paper. A member may bring his copy to a club meeting, where it is passed around and read. A parent may give his copy to his non-member children to read. Persons visiting a member at his home may chance upon a copy. Copies are usually found in stores, club rooms, taverns, and other places managed or visited by members. Members who visit hospitals may bring copies for them to read. A member in the armed forces of our country receiving the Weekly may pass it on to his non-member friends who are hungry for news about Ukrainian American activities. No doubt there are many other channels through which the Weekly is circulated and read by non-members of the U.N.A. And we must not overlook the fact that a considerable number of copies are mailed to non-members who have paid the subscription fee.

Occasionally a non-member would write to the U.N.A. for information about the fraternal order, its branches, its insurance certificates, its rates, its benefits, or any one of

this pioneer Alberta family was not attained by an easy method. Like most worthwhile achievements there were sacrifices and hard work entailed on the part of both the parents and the sons. They set their goal and would not be denied no matter how rough the going nor how discouraging the outlook. And this fine example should encourage and hearten other Ukrainians in Canada towards greater efforts to avail themselves of the opportunities in Canada, and towards greater service to Canada which makes possible such signal success as that of the Kostash family.



"We cannot have all we want if our soldiers and sailors are to have all they need."

—Franklin D. Roosevelt



a number of other things, and what he must do to join the organization. Naturally such requests for information are most welcome at the Main Office. Quite a few new members have been gained in this way.

It is our purpose to encourage requests for information from non-members of the U.N.A. The circulation of information not only publicizes and advertises the organization but attracts new members as well. To interest an appreciable number of non-members, however, it is essential that a great many copies of the Weekly get into their hands. We therefore ask our member-readers to give or lend their copies of the Weekly to non-members. By doing this, the reader will be helping his organization and doing his non-member friends a favor.

We urge non-member readers of today's column to write for information about the U.N.A. Even if the reader feels that he cannot become a U.N.A. member at this particular time, we urge him to ask for information just so that he may know all the facts concerning the fraternal order. The reader may rest assured that he will not be obligated in any way whatsoever by requesting information.

Post cards and letters will receive prompt and courteous consideration. Address the Ukrainian National Association, P. O. Box 76, Jersey City, N. J.

For the convenience of the reader we shall print a coupon from time to time, beginning with this issue (see p. 6.) Instead of writing a letter the reader may fill in the coupon and mail it to the U.N.A., if he so prefers.

THEODORE LUTWINIAK

CHILDREN'S PAGE

Why?...

WHY DO WE GO TO SLEEP?

NO one is quite sure why we go to sleep, said Father, when his children asked this question, but I think the real reason is that, while we are awake, we make something in our bodies which the blood carries to the brain, so as to put it to sleep, just as medicine will put you to sleep; and the best kind of medicine is the kind that is most like the stuff that we make in our own bodies for this purpose. This is not the whole of the answer to your question, but I think it is most of it.

WHAT GOOD DO WE GET BY SLEEP?

If you put the question in that way, said Father, the answer is that we go to sleep so as to rest. The whole body rests when asleep, more or less—the brain, the heart, the lungs, the muscles, stomach and all. Children want a lot of sleep because children have to grow, and they do most of their growing during sleep; so if they will not go to bed they will not grow properly. Sleep is more important for children than for anyone else, just for this reason, though no one can get on without it. Many of the people who grow up too small or weak, or poor in their minds, are people who did not sleep enough when they were children. Time was when older people were careless about children's sleep, but one of the happiest and best things for children nowadays is that their sleep is looked after.

WHERE DO WE GO IN OUR SLEEP?

Ah, said Father, that is a question indeed! At any rate, I am quite sure that we do not go anywhere. We are still there, only we are not awake. That means that we are not awake to what is around us; but though we take no notice of what is around us, we are still there; and even while we are fast asleep we are often doing all sorts of things, or, rather, we think we are.

This is so every time we have a dream, and we have far more dreams than we remember when we wake. Long ago savages used to think that men merely went away somewhere when they slept, and dreaming was one of the reasons that made them think so; but I am sure that that was a mistake.

Dreams do people all sorts of harm if they are not sensible about them; but we must be sensible, and then they will not hurt us or make us think that terrible things are going to happen. Dreams show that we have really not gone away, because they are almost always due to something disturbing us, and nothing could disturb us if we were not there, could it?

So slight a thing as the wind in the chimney, or a leaf tapping on the window-pane, may make us dream. But the commonest thing that disturbs us is our stomach. If we eat too much before we go to sleep, and especially if we eat things that do not agree with us, then in the night they disturb the brain, and make part of it wake up, though not so much as to make us know where we are. So, also, noises often make us dream because they disturb the brain. But sounds could not disturb the brain if we were not still there to hear them.

WHY DO I LAUGH WHEN I AM GLAD?

What hard questions you ask, Father said. Will you be content if I answer that you laugh because you are "made that way"?

Yet, though perhaps you do not think much of it, that is the real answer. It depends upon the way in which your brain and body are built. After all, you laugh when you are tickled, even though you may not be pleased, and that is really easier to explain. If a bright light suddenly strikes your eye, you shut it because your brain is made so as to make you reply in that way.

That is a simple way of replying. And laughing when you are tickled is really the same, only that instead of doing just one thing, you do a number of things all at once. You move many muscles of your face instead of merely moving the muscles of your eyelids. You also move the muscles that you breathe with, in an unusual way, and also the muscles that you make sounds with. It is this particular movement of all these muscles together that we call laughter, and it is really a reply to the tickling, just as drawing away your foot is a reply when someone tickles the sole of it.

WHY DO I CRY WHEN I AM HURT?

The best answer I can give to this, said Father, is the answer that I gave to the last question: You cry because your brain is so made as to act that way. We do not know why your brain should be so made, for though there is much use in tears when we are not crying, as I shall tell you in a minute, yet there is no real use in crying when we are hurt.

When people grow older they find this out, and usually they do not cry when they are hurt. The highest part of the brain—where people themselves really live—is the master of the lower part of the brain, and can order it to do things, and forbid it to do things, as it likes.

Now, it is the lower part of the brain that replies by crying when we are hurt, so that even the tiniest baby can cry perfectly. But when we grow older we tell the lower part of the brain that it must not do as it feels inclined to do, and so we stop crying.

WHY DO THE TEARS COME?

There is no good reason why tears should come when you cry, but there is a very good and beautiful reason for the tears which we are really making all the time that we are awake, though we know nothing about it. You know quite well that every few seconds you wink both your eyelids at once. You do not do it on purpose, but you do it all the same. If you purposely stop doing it, as little boys and girls often do when they stare at each other, your eye becomes very uncomfortable, and if you did not wink at all your eye would soon cease to work properly.

Now I will tell you what winking does for the eye. When the eye is open, the front of it is exposed to dust and dirt, and also the front of it is apt to get dry, and if it got dry we could not see properly. Yet how is it that, though we never wash the front of our eyes, they are always clean? It is because we wash them every time we wink. Up above each eye, rather to the outer side, there is a tiny little thing called the tear gland, and all the time we are awake this is slowly making tears. Then, when the front of the eye feels itself becoming rather too dry, and perhaps even a little dusty, it tells the brain, and down comes the eyelid for a second, with a tear inside it, and so washes clean the front of the eye. It is the most gentle and perfect washing in the world.

WHERE DO THE TEARS GO?

Well, if you look at the inner corner of your lower eyelid you will see a tiny little hole. The tear runs down

MURKO and BURKO

By IVAN FRANKO

ONCE upon a time there was a cat Murko and a dog Burko. They lived in adjoining farmhouses. Although, as we know, cats and dogs usually hate the very sight of each other, yet Murko and Burko were the best of friends for a long, long time.

One day, during harvest time, when everyone was out in the fields, Murko was wandering about the yard and yowling most dismally. He was awfully hungry. Early that morning when his mistress left for the fields she had forgotten to leave him something to eat. That meant he had to suffer the pangs of hunger until evening. The forest with its prey was too distant, and from the straw-thatched houses no chirpings of birds came forth; so what was he to do?

"Ah," he thought, "yonder in Burko's yard there is a little storehouse, and on its roof some pigeons have their nests. I remember casting my eye there once before and seeing two nests. In them was a flock of the cutest little dovelings you ever saw, so fat, and smooth like little pillows. My, but one of those dovelings would certainly hit the spot now. Yum, yum! But, as ill luck would have it, Burko keeps watch over that storehouse. Of course we're friends, but I'm sure he won't let me even get near it. There's no use of even talking to him about it. He's too faithful a hound."

But as the day passed by, Murko's hunger grew worse. So he began to think how he could manage to get Burko to leave the yard, for at least a little while. And since, as they say, an empty stomach makes the brain work faster, a few minutes later found Murko speeding toward Burko, as if carrying some very fine tidings.

"Listen, Burko," he called out yet from afar. "I've got some fine news for you. I was just sitting outside the village on the high linden tree—right at the crossroads by the cross, you know where—when suddenly I see a dog running toward me from the village next to ours, and carrying in his mouth the juiciest and longest piece of 'kowbassa' you ever saw, so long that both its ends were trailing behind him in the dust. He dashed

this and finds itself—where do you think? Now, I will give you a hint before I tell you. When you have been crying a great deal, do you not have to blow your nose? The reason is that the tears, as many of them as can, run down into the nose. All the time we are awake and not crying, this goes on, keeping our eyes moist and perfectly clean, and costing us no trouble. But when we cry we make far more tears than we need. Indeed, we make so many that they cannot even all run down into the nose, though many of them do. So, as there is nowhere else for them to go, and the eye itself cannot hold them all as they come pouring into it, they get spilt over the edge of the lower eyelid, and run down our cheeks.

But, as I have said, though the tears, when we are not crying, are so useful that we could not do without them, and though the way they are made and used by the upper eyelid when we wink is one of the most beautiful things in the body, yet it is no use to make too many of them. Indeed, though the real use of tears is to make us see properly, you know very well that when you cry you make so many tears that you cannot see clearly at all.

up to the tree in which I was crouching, looked about carefully to see if anyone was looking, and then quickly dug a hole in the ground, shoved the 'kowbassa' into it, covered it up with earth, pushed a stone over it to mark the spot, and then he loped away. Can you beat such luck! I could barely wait until that dog disappeared from sight, so appetizing a smell did that 'kowbassa' give out. But what of it. I could not get at it, for that stone was too heavy for me to move aside. So maybe, you would, my friend..."

But Murko had not yet finished speaking, when Burko leaped to his feet and like a whirlwind dashed out of the village, after that 'kowbassa' beneath the linden tree. He, too, poor fellow, never had much to eat; while a 'kowbassa' was something that appeared only in his most delirious dreams. And here was a 'kowbassa' right nearby, like a godsend, buried and protected by a stone no less. No wonder the ground fairly flew beneath his flashing feet.

This was just what Murko had hoped for. Without wasting a moment's time, he climbed upon the storehouse, picked out the plumpest doveling he could find in the nest, seized it in his teeth, and then quickly bore it away to his yard. There he climbed upon the straw-thatched roof of the house, gloatingly put the doveling down before him, and began to purr happily.

Meanwhile Burko had heached the linden tree at the crossroads and was frantically searching for the 'kowbassa,' sniffing, scratching and pawing the ground, dashing back and forth—but not even a trace of any freshly-turned earth nor stone, not to mention the 'kowbassa' itself. And so at length the poor hound had to return home, downcast.

Passing Murko's yard he turned into it to reproach his friend for fooling him so. Turning the corner of the house he suddenly saw Murko licking his chops and talking to himself:

"What a fool this Burko! Most likely he's still running around that linden tree, his tongue hanging out, sniffing furiously for the 'kowbassa,' and not knowing what a fine dinner I just had of this luscious little doveling."

A sudden pain clawed at Burko's heart when he heard how false a friend Murko was to him. Then indignation filled his heart. He decided to get his revenge. Setting his chops in a disharming smile he approached the straw-roof on which Murko lay, and said:

"Murko, Murko! You think that you fooled me, that I believed your fairy-tale about that 'kowbassa.' Oh, no! You yourself were fooled, for I was sitting behind that fence all the time and saw how you stole that doveling from the storehouse roof. But why did you have to steal it? Why didn't you tell me that you wanted it? Do I have to watch over the dovelings yet? That's not my job. Really, many a time I felt like tasting some doveling meat myself. In fact, I feel like that right now. So what do you say. Be a good fellow, and get me one also; and you can take another one for yourself too."

Murko became overjoyed when he heard these words, for, as it is well known, an evil one is always happy when he learns that one whom he regarded as honorable is as much a thief as he himself. So off he leaped to greet Burko and get another doveling, when in a flash Burko seized him and tore him to bits.

Translated by S.S.

THE BYWAYS OF PROGRESS

Dr. Samuel Johnson is perhaps best known to us today because he was the first man to compile a dictionary of the English language. It is said that he defined the word *oats* as a grain which was fed to horses in England, and in Scotland it was fed to man. Accordingly, Dr. Johnson received a comment from his Scottish friends that nowhere in the world could such fine horses be found as in England and such fine men as in Scotland.

This is an interesting anecdote in itself. But it has many modern variants some of which will be recounted to provide the readers with some light and at the same time serious reading.

The Case of the Prize Winning Rooster

First there is the true story of a certain progressive farmer who took much pride in the poultry which he raised on his farm. He was a diligent modern poultryman and studied a great deal of what science and research had to say about the care and nutrition of chickens. He found their advice well worth putting into practice. The efforts of our farmer were finally rewarded when one of his favorite birds took the first prize at an important poultry exhibit.

The prize winning rooster became news and was photographed for the local papers. But in order to add human interest to the story the farmer's little boy was asked to hold the rooster in his arms. This picture attracted not only the attention of the local farmers but also of the Medical Association which reprinted the picture. It was obvious from the picture that the bird was indeed worthy of the prize but it showed also just as plainly from the figure of the little boy that the child had rickets. This is a deficiency disease due to improper nutrition—specifically to the lack of calcium and phosphorus and Vitamin D in the diet. While the farmer had learned the importance of the application of scientific knowledge to the nutrition of domestic animals he forgot something that was much closer to him, namely the nutrition of his own children.

This story does not need further comment so that we will proceed with another one.

White Bread

It is common knowledge that many years ago wheat was milled by grinding it between two large flat stones. This gave a nutritious although a somewhat dark and coarse bread. Because of the important place which

bread occupies in the human diet it is often referred to in the older literature as the staff of life. With the technological development, however, a new process of milling was developed using steel rollers. The new method first stripped the wheat of its outer covering, which was discarded, and milled the remaining portion of the wheat kernel into a fine white flour. From the white flour a luxurious looking white loaf could be made. The white bread first found its way to the tables of the rich and later also to those of the ordinary people. The bran, middlings and other rejected fractions were fed to horses, cows, pigs and chickens. These farm animals enjoyed good health and brought pride and satisfaction as well as a good price at the market to their owners. You can probably guess by now that the consumers of white bread enjoyed only mediocre health.

After nearly a hundred years had gone by, the scientists found the reason why this was so. They found that the modern process of milling removes from the flour the wheat germ or embryo which contains much vitamin B¹ or thiamin. We now know that vitamin B is very necessary not only for the health of animals in general but also for the health of the humans. Accordingly the wheat germ is now being put back into the flour and bread. We read in the papers that in England under the present war conditions when the health of the people is more important than ever, only whole wheat bread can be made. In Canada we already see Canada Approved Vitamin B flour and bread. In other words the day is not far off when the bread on our tables will be as good from a nutritional point of view as it was a hundred years ago.

Rice

Our concluding episode of the byways of human progress has its setting in the Far East. What happened with wheat in the western world also happened with rice in the Orient as we know rice is the staple grain. It was decided that a boiled dish of ordinary rice did not look very attractive on the dinner table. It was therefore put through a process of polishing to obtain a white product such as we see in our stores today. The polishing process also removed most of the vitamin B from the rice. As a result there were serious outbreaks of a deficiency disease called polyneuritis. The situation became so serious among the rice consuming population that a scientific expedition headed by Dr. Eijkman was sent out by the Netherland's government to the Dutch East Indies to study this

FRONTIERS OF "TRANSNISTRIA"

Part of Ukraine, about the size of Switzerland, called by Antonescu "Transnistria," with Odessa as its capital, was placed by the Germans under Rumanian administration some time ago. Now, according to a report in a recent issue of the London "Free Europe," the Deutsche Ukraina-Zeitung announces that a preliminary frontier has been drawn between Ukraine and the territory "incorporated" in Rumania. It runs from Nikolaev on the Black Sea, along the river Boh to Bar and thence to Mohilev Podolski on the Dniester (Nistru).

condition. It was found that if unpolished rice, which at that time was fed only to prisoners and to pigeons, both of which enjoyed good health—was fed to the general population, polyneuritis would be cured. On the other hand when polished rice was fed to pigeons they too took sick and died.

Many other interesting stories from the annals of human progress could be recounted but for fear of becoming repetitious these will be left perhaps for another occasion. However, it may be pointed out that the progress of civilization is slow and oftentimes takes strange and devious paths. Scientific knowledge is only the first step of human progress and it must be applied to the daily routine of our lives to become real progress. Our health is probably the most important of all our considerations and it should receive at least the same attention as that of ordinary farm animals.

ISIDORE HLYNKA, Ph. D.
(Ukrainian-Canadian Review)

I Believe

I Believe in America... Its institutions... Its methods... Its way of living.

I Believe in America... In its freedom... Its desire for peace... Its fight for the right.

I Believe in America... because it believes in God... and the things which are clean and good and honest in this world.

I Believe in America because it is the home of free men.

I Believe in America... because it has given me the right to live under fair skies... with the blessings of freedom and love for my fellow man.

Therefore... I pledge myself to defend my country and my flag against all forces of evil and aggression... with every resource at my command.

A HISTORY OF UKRAINE

by

MICHAEL HRUSHEVSEY

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Guest Speaker—Congressman MICHAEL J. BRADLEY

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