



SECTION II

# The Ukrainian Weekly

Dedicated to the needs and interests of young Americans of Ukrainian descent.

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## Influence of English on Ukrainian

RECENTLY we had occasion to discuss a subject which in the course of the discussion grew not only more and more absorbing but quite amusing as well, namely, the influence of English on Ukrainian. It is one which we recommend to our readers as both a pastime and a serious study.

Ukrainian, of course, is not the only immigrant language which is affected by English. We recall a survey of the foreign-language press made about two years ago by the Fortune magazine, wherein an allusion was made to the strange and wonderful things some foreign-language editors do with words. Indeed, according to it, to a newly arrived Yugoslav, many columns of his immigrant paper would have to be translated: they are phrased either in a hair-raising version of native grammar or in pidgin Yugoslav, which might as well be Chinese. Fairly intelligible are coinages such as *koman* (come on), *olrait* (all right), or *noser* (no sir). But they are nothing compared to phrases like *ronafi za mera* (run for mayor). A Scandinavian writes *pa tilkele* for "particular," and a German *beien* for "buy." Very good German-American is "Ich habe einen Kold gekescht (I have caught cold). But the language most hospitable to English is Yiddish-American. *Die boys haben a good time* is said to be perfect Yiddish-American. In a word, no English word is refused admittance to any immigrant language, provided it can stand the treatment.

In the case of Ukrainian, the influence of English on Ukrainian has, to say the least, borne some striking and amusing results. This is not evident, of course, in reading a newspaper such as the "Svoboda," where there is a minimum of Anglicized Ukrainian words, while those that do appear in it usually have good journalistic and linguistic reasons behind them. It is in the field of spoken Ukrainian in this country, however, that the influence of English is most apparent. The following few examples of this influence, have been culled from a brief but succinct outline of it by a "Svoboda" editor, Mr. Emil Revyuk, which appeared in Henry L. Mencken's "The American Language," fourth edition, published in 1936 (Alfred A. Knopf, New York).

The Ukrainian in America, as this outline points out, makes copious use of English loan-words, as they are called. Some of them are the names of things with which he was unfamiliar at home, and others are words that he must use in his daily traffic with Americans. Usually, he tries to bring these loans into harmony with the Ukrainian inflectional system. For instance, he forces most loan-nouns to take on grammatical gender. Those that he feels to be feminine he outfits with the Ukrainian feminine ending, -a, e. g. *dreska* (dress), *vinda* (window) *halia* (hall) *grocernia* (grocery store), *strita* (street), *pichka* (picture). Some nouns are felt to be plural and therefore are outfitted with plurals endings. Thus "furniture" becomes *fornichy*, which is equivalent to "pieces of furniture," *pinatsy* is a Ukrainian adaptation of "peanuts," and *shusy* of "shoes," and *Shkrenty* is the plural form of the name of the city of Scranton. *Kendi* (candy) is declined like a plural noun because its ending is the typical plural ending of Ukrainian nouns, and it reminds the Ukrainian of his name for candy, the plural *tsukorky*.

As for adjectives, they must be recast also to denote by their ending the number and gender. For this reason the Ukrainian does not use many English adjectives, as they are not easy to change in this manner. But he had adopted the following: *faytersky* (of fighting character), *bomersky* (bum-like), *gangstersky* (gangster-like), *sytkovy* (made of silk), *volnatovy* (made of walnut) *bosnyuchy* or *bosivsky* (bossing, domineering). Adopted verbs, too, require a great deal of dressing up to fit them for use in the Ukrainian language, e. g. *bosuvaty* (to boss), *klinuvaty* (to clean), *ponchuvaty* (to punch) etc. *Parkuvaty karu* is common Ukrainian-American for to park the car.

Diminutives are formed by adding -chyk or -syk, e. g. *boysyk* (a little boy), and augmentatives by adding -yshe, e. g. *boysyshe* (a big boy). Abstract nouns are made by adding -stvo, as in *farmerstvo* (farming) and *plumberstvo* (plumbing). He also makes infinitives denoting finish or iterative action, as *zbostvuvaty* (to have busted), *poftksuvaty* (to fix completely) and *jompuvaty* (to be jumping).

It is also interesting to note that American words often expel out of Ukrainian words of German, French, or Italian origin. Thus *parasola* is replaced by *umbrella*, *kelner* by *veyter*, *bylet* by *ticket*, and *umbra* by *sheyd* (shades, especially lamp-shades).

Usually where a Ukrainian adopts an American word and then uses that word in a phrase which reminds him of some standard American phrase, the whole phrase rushes into his speech. Thus, having adopted "train," he cannot refuse the phrases, "to get a train," or "to catch a train," and so he translates them into *braty tren*, *zlovyty tren*, which to a person versed in Ukrainian can mean only to get hold of a train, and to overtake a train, respectively. Other such phrases are *sluzhyty na jury* (to serve on a jury) *distaty herkot* (to get a hair-cut), *pity na relief* (to go relief), and *dopustyty do bary* (to admit to the bar).

On the other hand, many American phrases are translated bodily into Ukrainian, often against the well-established rules of the language. The Ukrainian who knows English is likely to say *kozdy odyu*, when *kozdy* is sufficient and correct, evidently translating the English "every one." Like-

## AWARDED WINGS

Lieutenant John Karpinol, Ukrainian by descent, son of Mr. and Mrs. Harry Karpinol of 47 Maxwell street, Wilkes Barre, Pa. received his wings as a bombardier recently at the Midland Army Flying School, Midland, Texas, after completing his training as an aviation cadet.

Lt. Karpinol was first stationed at Chanute Field from where he was sent to Kelly Field before transferring to Midland for officers' training.

Prior to entering service, Lt. Karpinol attended Fordham University where he played tackle on the football team. He was listed on Dietric Slobogin's mythical 1940 Ukrainian All-American Football Team.

## COMMISSIONED LIEUTENANT

John Nakonechny, Ukrainian by descent, son of Mr. and Mrs. Stephen Nakonechny of 214 Orange Avenue, Irvington, N. J. received his commission as second lieutenant in the Army Medical Corps last Tuesday at Officers' Candidate School at Carlisle, Pa.

Nakonechny entered the Army as a private in October and served as a pharmacist at Gunter Field, Montgomery, Ala. He received formal commendation in February from Colonel Harnsby, commander of the Southeast Air Corps Training Center, for "outstanding efficiency during January."

## YOUTH WITH INVERTED ORGANS ACCEPTED BY ARMY

A Fulton, N. Y. young man of Ukrainian descent, whose heart is on the right side, was recently inducted. He is Edward Potochniak, 20 of 404 South First street, Fulton. The Army doctors found he has a "dextrocardia with complete situs inversus." In simpler language, that means that his heart is on the right side and all other body organs are inverted from left to right and vice versa. He was given a thorough physical examination, and when found to be in perfect health for army service, was accepted for induction.

—FOR VICTORY: BUY BONDS—

wise he replaces *rozsmishyti koho* with *robyty koho smiaty*, which is a word-for-word translation of the phrase "to make one laugh," but a horror in Ukrainian.

Ukrainian idioms are often changed in this country. Under the influence of American, the Ukrainian in this country forgets the phrase *robyty oko do koho* and uses *robyty ochi do koho* (to makes eyes to one). The Ukrainian phrase, *nepuskaty ochey z koho* (not to close one's eyes to) becomes *derzhaty oko na kim* (to keep one's eyes on). The idiomatic expression *spuscheny nis* (the drooping nose) is displaced by the American "long face" (*dovhe lytse*). Speaking of his son's age, the Ukrainian-American translates the American idiomatic sentence, "He is six years old," by "Vin ye shist lit stary," though no Ukrainian in the old country would refer to a child of six as "old." His idiomatic phrase speaks of "having... years."

Finally it is worth noting that the Ukrainian American begins to add possessive pronouns in phrases which do not require them in standard Ukrainian, often with humorous effect. To use, for instance, the possessive *svoyu* in the sentence "Vin kuryt svoyu lalku" (He is smoking his pipe), may suggest a question: "Whose pipe do you expect him to smoke if not his own?"

Such, then, are a few of the many examples of the influence of English on Ukrainian. Our readers are invited to send us for publication other such examples.

## Manchester Club Invites A.E.F. Ukrainians

The Ukrainian Social Club of 188 Cheetam Hill Road, Manchester, 4, England, recently announced in the "Nowy Shliakh" Ukrainian Canadian weekly, that it has some lodging accommodations for American and Canadian soldiers on furlough who are of Ukrainian descent. Ukrainian dishes are served there, at minimum prices. The club is open every night from 7:40 to 12. Its president is Osyp Misnowsky.

## GETS CAPTAIN'S BARS

Andrew Babiak, son of Mr. and Mrs. Semen Babiak of 571 Marwood Road, Philadelphia, and the initial first baseman of the first Philadelphia U.N.A. Baseball Team, recently completed his studies at the officers' training school in Washington, D. C. and was commissioned a captain.

## BECOMES LIEUTENANT

Nineteen-year-old Alex Soroka, son of Mr. and Mrs. John Soroka of Philadelphia, and a member of U.N.A. Br. 339, was recently commissioned a second lieutenant in the U.S. Army after enlisting for officers' training six months ago. On his promotion, Lieutenant Soroka was tendered a reception at his North Philadelphia home where a collection was taken up for the Red Cross. He has been a U.N.A. member since his first year. His father was organizer of U.N.A. Branch 339.

## INCAPACITATED FROM PLAYING ARMY BASEBALL

A rare disease has sidelined Myron Bliszcz, brilliant Philly U.N.A. athlete, into the hospital down in the tropics during his tenure on the mound in khaki for Uncle Sam, reports Dietric Slobogin. He is reported to be on the road to recovery, however, and soon hopes to be pitching against some of the native teams "down there." He is a member of U.N.A. branch 45, and the son of Mr. and Mrs. Theodore Bliszcz of Philadelphia.

# "CHORNA RADA"

(BLACK COUNCIL)

## A Historical Romance of Turbulent Kozak Times After Death of Hetman Bohdan Khmelnytsky

By PANTELEYMON KULISH (1819-97)

(Continued)

(Translated by S. Shumeyko)

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### CHAPTER II

SHRAAM had hardly entered the apiary and breathed a prayer to St. Zosiw, patron of beekeepers, when there came to his ears the sound of music.

"Ah!" he exclaimed. "that's a bandura playing."

"Bandura is right," said Vasile the Captive, "and what a bandura!"

"You don't want to tell me that Cherevan's guest is the Holy Man?" asked Shraam in surprise.

"Well, who else could play a bandura so?" the other answered. "There never was and probably never will be such a kobzar among the Kozaks as he."

They drew closer to the as yet unseen kobzar, and now could hear his voice, as it rose and sank with the poignant melody being played on the instrument. Rounding a clump of trees they finally perceived him, seated beneath a linden tree together with Cherevan.

The Holy Man, as he was known, was an old blind kobzar, who went about the countryside without any guide, his clothes in patches, with no boots on his feet, yet his pockets full of money. What did he do with all this money? He used it to purchase the freedom of Kozaks in captivity. In addition, he also knew how to heal aches and wounds. Perhaps he did this with his prayers, or perhaps with his songs; for his songs had such magic quality about them that one could listen to them forever. Because of all this the Kozaks respected him as they would a father; and even if he asked them to give the shirt off their back to buy the freedom of some captive, they would gladly do it.

Just now he was singing the opening bars of a mournful song telling about the death of Khmelnytsky:

"Sorrow has descended upon our land Ukraine . . ."

It was a song, or дума, so moving as to cause even Kozaks to weep, yet Cherevan with his hanging jowls, only nodded his head to its time, gently massaging his belly, and laughing silently all the while. Such was his habit.

Standing behind a tree, Colonel Shraam scrutinized the two seated men. It was a long time since he had seen his laughing friend. Time had caused hardly any changes in him, except that the gray patch on his head seemed to glisten more. The Holy Man's beard, however, reached down to his very waist now, and it was much grayer than he had seen it last; while about his person some strange light seemed to play. Singing thus, he would every once in a while raise his sightless eyes and appear to stare into space, as if he could see something there.

Shraam remained silent for awhile, listening to him, then at length stepped out from behind the tree. At the sight of him, Cherevan fairly leaped to his feet.

"Bwother!" he cried (he lisped a trifle), "is that really you, or is it your soul that has flown here to hear the Holy Hand?" And seizing Shraam he embraced him as he would a long lost brother.

The Holy Man too stretched out his arms in greeting when he heard Shraam's voice responding to Cherevan's excited welcomes. A happy smile lit up his usually sad features.

"Good health to you, reverend father and pan colonel!" he said. "We have already heard about how God inclined you to become a Kozak again."

Vasile the Captive, surveying this reunion from the side, kept nodding his head happily.

"Lord," he exclaimed. "how good Thou art, how good! to have such people still on this earth."

"What has brought you here to us?" Cherevan asked of Shraam.

The latter replied that he was on his way to Kiev, and then turning to the Holy Man inquired whither he was bound.

"For me," answered the Holy Man, "there is but one road, and it leads to nowhere. Blessed are those . . ."

"Right you are, my dear friend!" interjected Vasile the Captive. "May God look after you as you did after me! Three years I suffered tortures in that cursed captivity, especially in the galleys; I had lost all hope of ever seeing

blessed Ukraine's shore again. But with your singing you raised enough money to buy me, and once more I am among my Christian people, and hear the Kozak tongue again."

"Do not thank me for that, Vasile, but thank God," counseled the Holy Man, "and thank him too who was generous enough to pull out from behind his belt a hundred ducats to buy your freedom."

"Do I not thank him?" protested Vasile the Captive. "Monks have already tried to get me into their monasteries, for I can write quite a bit. The Zaporozhian Kozaks have tried to get me to join them too, for I know the Dnieper delta like the five fingers of my hand. The Otaman of the Kozaks himself asked me to join them when I was passing through their encampment while on my way back home from captivity. To all them I replied: No, brothers! I go to serve him who freed me from the Turkish galleys and dungeons. I will tend even to his pigs, just to show how grateful I am."

To all this Cherevan but smiled, for it was he who had helped to free Vasile.

"Enough of such talk, bwother. A hundred ducats is not much. Why, after the battles of Pilyavtsi and Zharazh we had so much money that we could barely carry it. So let's forget it. Sit down, my dear guests, and we will drink to the health of pan Shraam."

After they had drunk, Shraam turned to the Holy Man.

"Tell me," he asked, "have you heard any news of what is happening among our people beyond the Dnieper?"

"Yes, things are certainly happening there," replied the Holy Man, sighing deeply, "but of such nature as would best be left untold. It is bad enough, people say, here in Ukraine under Tetera's rule, but beyond the Dnieper it is even worse. There is absolutely no order among the Kozaks there."

"Well, what is the high command together with the Hetman for?"

"Ah, there is plenty of high command there, but no one to heed its commands."

"How is that? What about Somko?"

"What about Somko, you ask? The trouble with him is that although he is more wise and more famous than the others, yet they won't let him remain their Hetman."

"How is that?"

"The whole cause if it is Vasuta Nizhensky, who seems to be losing his common sense in his old age. His hair is already as white as mine, and he is a very old man, so it would be enough for him to finish the rest of his life as a colonel. Ah—but no! The old codger has high ambitions. He wants to become a Hetman himself! And what makes it worse is that there are plenty of Kozaks who listen to him. Besides he has influence with the boyars in Moscow too, who do with the Czar what they please. Somko, however, is of a different sort. He is no one to bow and kowtow before anyone. So—as a result of this clash between the two, the Kozaks have been divided into opposing camps. No matter where you meet, whether on the road, or in a tavern, always you hear the question: 'On whose side are you?' and 'On whose side are you?'—'Beat it, you follower of that Pereyaslav storekeeper': For you see, Somko owns several general stores in Pereyaslav, and his opponents ridicule him for that. In this manner frequent clashes involving swordplay occur among the Kozaks."

Hearing such ill tidings Shraam shook his head worriedly.

"Wait a moment," he said, "did they not elect Somko as Hetman in the town of Kozollets?"

"Sure they did, and even the Very Rev. Methodius was there and led the Kozaks in their oath of allegiance. But Somko is such a direct person that it did not even occur to him that the good Father had more in mind to earn himself a hundred or two ducats for his vestments than anything else. Meanwhile Vasuta Nizhensky spent his time profitably among the Poles, and he knows well how to do it, the old scoundrel. He shook his money bag before the Bishop and before you knew it the latter cooked up a scheme against Somko and sent some sort of a letter to Moscow. Immediately rumors went about the country that

the Council that elected Somko was not legal; you've got to, they said, call together a bigger Council, one which would represent the Zaporozhian Kozaks, too, and this Council has to elect a Hetman whom all would obey; for Vasuta wants to be a Hetman himself and will not recognize Somko's authority, while the Zaporozhians want Brukhovetsky as their Hetman."

"What sort of a Brukhovetsky?" colonel Shraam fairly shouted his astonishment. "Who is he?"

"He," continued the other, "is one whom you would never think. Do you remember Ivanets?"

"Of course I do. Who wouldn't remember old Khmelnytsky's servant?"

"Well, did you hear about the insult he suffered from Somko?"

"Yes, I did. What of it?"

"It seems that Somko called Ivanets a pig, wasn't that it?" inquired Cherevan.

"No, not a pig, but a dog, an old dog, and not privately, mind you, or while drunk either, but before the entire high command itself, as its meeting in the Hetman's home."

"Ha-ha-ha!" laughed Cherevan. "He certainly rubbed it in."

"Rubbed it in, yes," continued the Holy Man, "and thereby caused a whole lot of trouble. Ivanets, as you know, was just an ordinary comrade. Yet he served Khmelnytsky so faithfully that the latter came to like him very much and highly respect him. Those of us who had occasion to spend some time in the old Hetman's manor would often hear the Hetman call him, 'Dear Ivanets! Ivanets, my good friend,' when he was in a happy mood or while drinking. 'Hold tightly to him, Yura,' he would counsel his son. 'Hold tightly to the advice of Ivanets when I shall be no longer on this earth; for he won't betray you.' And Somko, as you know, was Yura's uncle, and naturally he disliked the idea of an old servant influencing his nephew so much. Well it so happened that after old Khmelnytsky died and Yura became Hetman, a council was held in his home, attended by all the commanding officers. Ivanets joined them too, and pretty soon blurted out something that was out of place there. And you know Somko, how hot headed he is. He flared up like gunpowder. 'Sir Hetman,' he said, turning to Yura, 'it is not fitting that an old dog should mix in with us . . . That's how it happened, my good friends, if you want to know. I was in that council then, so I heard it all with my own ears. While I was there too, that very same night, a great commotion was heard. It turned out that Somko caught Ivanets by his bed with a dagger in his hand. Ivanets was haled before a military tribunal and sentenced to have his head cut off. It would have happened that way too, if Somko hadn't invented a worse punishment. He had Ivanets tied on a pig's back and ridden thus throughout the entire town."

"Ha-ha-ha!" laughed Cherevan. "He got what he deserved."

Shraam, however, listened to all this frowningly, and muttered: "Yes, we all know that."

"But do you know what Ivanets did afterward?" asked the old kobzar.

"What could he do then, bwother?" asked Cherevan. "If that had happened to me, I really don't know what I could have done after such a dishonor. What do you think, bwother Vasile."

The latter merely shook his head.

"I'll tell you then," continued the Holy Man. "It appears as if the devil got into him after that. For he began to scrape all the money he could together, began to get on good terms with everyone, and finally asked the Hetman to commission him as an officer. The latter made him a standard-bearer. Later, when Yura could no longer retain his hetmanship and went into a monastery, Ivanets, having the Hetman's keys to the cellars and warehouses, absconded with as much silver as he could, and fled to the Zaporozhe. There he used his ill-gotten silver to good advantage, spending it lavishly, so that he became very popular with the Kozaks, to whom he became known as Ivan Martynovich."

"Well, what of all this?" broke in Shraam, still frowning.

"What of it all? Just this. The Zaporozhians got to like him so much that they went and elected him as their Hetman."

"Who? Ivanets?" all them cried in astonishment.

"Yes, him," added the Holy Man. "But now he is known as Ivan Martynovich Brukhovetsky!"

"God Almighty!" cried Shraam, seizing himself by the head, "so it is he whom the Zaporozhians call their Hetman?"

(To be continued)

# To Change Or Not To Change Your Name

(Continued)

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AS we pointed out in our editorial last week, Mr. Louis Adamic's latest book, "What's Your Name?" to be released next week, deals with a question that has been treated on the pages of The Ukrainian Weekly well over six years ago, namely, whether foreign-sounding names should be changed or not. The question is as vital today as it was then, and about the same arguments, pro and con, apply today as then, excepting, of course, those pertaining to our present war effort, wherein possessors of "foreign" names sometimes encounter difficulty in the Army as well as in the war industry, just as Mr. Adamic points out in his book. Since, therefore, most of the arguments of six years ago on this question are applicable as well today, and since it is interesting to recall exactly what our readers had to say on the subject then, we have decided to reproduce some of their letters to the editor then.

These letters to the editor were prompted by our editorial advocating the retention by our young Ukrainian Americans of their "foreign" names, which we reprinted in most part here last week. Typical of such letters are the few following:

The first was received from a young New Yorker:

## HISTORICAL DEVELOPMENT OF THE NAME

I have read the editorial entitled "Changing One's Name" and wish to express my views which are diametrically opposed to yours.

A brief history of the significance of a name is enlightening at this time.

In the early life of all races surnames were unknown. At first, many centuries ago, surnames were used some times for an easy method of identification, and at other times from accident, caprice, taste, and a multitude of other causes. Later, the place of birth or residence, the name of an estate, the business pursued, physical characteristics, mental or moral qualities, and the like, were turned into surnames. The surname in its origin was not as a rule inherited from the father, but was either adopted by the son or bestowed upon him by the people of the community where he lived. Later by custom all males bore the names of their parents; but no law prohibits them from taking another name if they choose.

Rembrandt's father had the surname Gerretz, but the son changed it to Van Ryn on account of its greater dignity. A predecessor of Honore de Balzac was born a Guez, Voltaire, Moliere, Dante, Petrarch, Richelieu, Loyola; Erasmus and Linnaeus were assumed names. John Rowlands would never have become a great explorer unless he had first changed his name to Henry M. Stanley.

This information and the language used was taken from a reported case in the New York courts.

In modern times, instances of persons changing names are too numerous to mention, nor are they limited to any one nationality nor to any class.

The irresistible conclusion, therefore, remains that a name in and of itself ordinality has no real significance. In view of this, one need no excuse for changing his name. His mere desire to do so is sufficient reason.

My opinion, therefore, is that a person who feels that by changing his name he can derive some benefit either artistic or materialistic, or that he can avoid prejudices, either natural or imaginary, is justified in doing so. Actual experience shows that there is no question that such prejudices do exist.

That some names are unpronounceable, are misspelled, and cause one's tongue to twist just a trifle, should

be conceded even by those who argue against the policy of changing a name.

Finally since when has the universe adopted the standard of judging a good Ukrainian by name he bears? Cannot Mr. Jones, formerly Cxyz—ski, be just as good a Ukrainian as one who has not changed his name? For if it is argued that he cannot, then it must be argued that the history of the changing of one's name for many centuries back is incorrect...

The next letter to the editor was from a young man of Hamtramck, Mich.

## QUITE "BURNED UP" ABOUT THE MATTER

So changing one's name is such a deplorable practice. That's what you say! You undoubtedly can see my letterhead. Well, my friend, I am rather proud of my new name. Still I think I'm as much a Ukrainian as you are! So the excuses that we offer for changing are name are flimsy! That's what you think! Oh! the spelling and pronunciation of our names is so simplified if we just follow your unique solution. Try it with... as you wend your way through a reception line, and I hope you won't be embarrassed at its mutilation. I could send you fifty envelopes with excellent exhibits of how my name sounded and should be spelled. You probably didn't experience four years on a small college campus—all other fellows being called "Mister So and So," in class, while "yours truly" was just "Steve." You probably didn't experience a year at post-graduate school, being called to recite just three times in all the classes. Was the professor's and my face red, at that. Such things kept on repeating so much that I called quits. Why even at Chicago—at the First Congress of the U.Y.L.N.A.—the Ukrainian registrar, no less, actually snickered at my monicker. Not surprised I hope.

Pecuniary Values! Bah! Since when were we a money-grabbing nationality—our characteristics are not in that class—we're too easy going and satisfied with comfort. Or do you suppose that by changing our names wealth will just roll into yours and my lap? You may change your name to Roosevelt, but that doesn't make you president—or Ford... After all—you still have to produce for everything that you get.

As for parents—suppose the parents do not object—why should anybody else. As long as the individual realizes and appreciates his family ties and is worthy of his parents, they, no doubt, will be proud of him, when he is sincere in his work, honest with himself and them. My offsprings, if any, shall not go through what I've been through.

Is it a liability to try to help oneself? Don't you realize that a man with a foreign name has to be almost twice as good as the one with the Americanized name. We aren't all geniuses! Maybe I'm only an average individual! Everything helps when you're trying to get a start and when it is every man for himself.

And to detach oneself from family ties and national roots—that's certainly an argument for the books. After all, my wise editor, doesn't the character and make-up of the person mean anything at all? Isn't expression of good faith anything? Write the U. S. Immigration Bureau in Washington, D. C. and ask them how many Ukrainians there were in U. S. at the last Census. They'll pick out the names and tell you about 57,000 in the whole America. The census takers must be mistaken—why there's at least 35,000 in Detroit alone. Mister, your name doesn't mean so much.—It's your actual acknowledgment that you are of Ukrainian de-

scendent. One isn't named Ukrainian—one feels Ukrainian! The problem is to get the majority of Ukrainian youth to get that feeling, why bother with us small minority...

The final example of the number of letters to the editor we published back in 1936 on this subject of name-changing, was from our columnist then, "Burma Capelin," who had this to say:—

## FACING REALISTICALLY A VERY REAL SITUATION

To the Ukrainian immigrant leader whose role lies almost entirely within Ukrainian, as opposed to American, society, the issue of Americanizing his name scarcely comes up. So, too, largely with the first generation as a whole. It is evident that for a Ukrainian immigrant to substitute say, "Mr. Smith," for his Ukrainian name would bring him no real advantage because no mere name can erase, even supposing that was desirable, the Ukrainian-culture distinctiveness of such individual. With the second generation, it is different: the boy or the girl born in America, of Ukrainian parents, is, in varying degrees, "Americanized." That is, the attitudes, and the general ways of behaving of the second generation, dependent on the number and variety of contacts with Americans, become progressively less and less Ukrainian and simultaneously more and more American. It may even be that a second generation individual has become so assimilated that, at least to the casual non-Ukrainian, the only clue to his being of recent immigration stock is his distinctive name (if it is distinctive). In any case, to change his name or adopt some Americanized version of it, does not present the spectacle of incongruity for him—the second, that it does for the first. In other words, for the second generation individual to change his name is not inconsistent with his culture—which has become variously Americanized. That is why the matter of changing one's name becomes a possible issue for this group. We are interested in some of the more specific situations which dictate a change, or inveigh against it.

The reader is familiar with the fact that, for example, the translation, as near as near as possible, of the Ukrainian Christian (or first) name into its English equivalent is a common procedure. This is where the first change occurs; the second generation individual who in Ukrainian is "Petro," "Pavlo," "Olena," "Hritz," etc., circulates as "Peter," "Paul," "Helen," "Harry," etc., respectively. For other Ukrainian Christian names is not so easy to find exact English equivalents, and here those are chosen which are at least suggestive of others. This practice in connection with first names is motivated by the desire to conform; it is partly an adjustment to the fact that "the average American" possesses an inertia to the assimilation of names which do not correspond to those within the realm of his own experience.

Changing one's second name (or surname) is, however, exceptional, rather than commonplace. It may be said at the outset that one does not change his name without grave reason (we are not, incidentally, thinking of Hollywoodians), and the change is almost always an accommodation to the American. Ukrainian names, it is sometimes alleged, are "unpronounceable."

That could not possibly be or Ukrainians would not pronounce them with the facility they do. When someone says Ukrainian names are unpronounceable he is merely stating that he cannot, or will not try to pronounce them, or, in trying is liable to do violence to the name or cast

## IN THE AIR FORCE



PVT. JOHN SZELEST

Serving in the United States Army Air Corps is Pvt. John Szelest, Ukrainian by descent, who is based at Stinson Field, 28th A.R.G., San Antonio, Texas. He writes he would like to receive letters from young Americans of Ukrainian descent.

disgrace upon his own vocalizing training. Still, if the Ukrainian has a name which others think is difficult for them to pronounce, he has to face this fact. He may face it by simplifying his name in one of many ways, or by adopting a name novel altogether. One typical reason, then, why one may be led to perform a minor or a major surgical operation on his surname lies simply in the real or the imaginary difficulties for Americans in pronouncing the name correctly.

A much more potent reason which drives many to Americanize their names is the antipathy which a strange name may evoke. Let us cite a few examples; A Miss Holodivski, an expert steno, called at several offices for a job. In every case she was told "no openings just now." She had a premonition that it was a case of "no openings for that name." The next call she made she gave her name as "Miss Holden." The job was "cinched." In another case: This was a very brilliant and highly qualified graduate of German descent who, through some quirk of "fate," bore the name "Zurowski." His academic qualifications would have suited him for the highest post in high school teaching—in which field he was applying for jobs. Scores of his applications went unheeded. He decided to apply as "Mr. Gerow" and on the first application under the new name, he got the job. In each of these cases (merely a few of scores in the writer's acquaintance) all the facts assure one that getting a job after the change of name was not a matter of mere coincidence. It is not that the American may be prejudiced against the individual. We all carry certain images in our minds which we associate with different things—until we know better. In the cases above cited the prospective employer may have paid no attention to the name had he known the individual well. Not having this knowledge he reacted to the individual simply on the basis of the image which to him the particular name by itself evoked.

There may be many other motives why one may desire to change his surname; we have dealt with the main ones. Generally speaking, there is more than a sentimental attachment to a family name; no one ordinarily would wish to give it up without great cause. Changing one's name involves also all sorts of practical difficulties, such as confusion with relatives, etc. Where change occurs, then, we should like to impress on the minds of some objectors, that is not a case of being "ashamed" (to use their words) of one's own national descent; it is simply facing realistically a very real situation.

# MOVIE THEATER OF WAR

## Old Film Studio Comes to Life as Soldiers Star in Vital Training Films

ONE way to get into the movies is to enlist in the U. S. Army. Many an aspirant to the filmy kingdom will soon find himself framed in celluloid, although the scenes will be far from Hollywood. They will be more important scenes, however, for they are those of training films which are being produced by the Army at its giant Signal Corps Photographic Center in Astoria, Long Island, New York.

While far from Hollywood in setting, the making of these films holds a distinct aura of that glamorous place, for the Photographic Center is located in the old Paramount studios where stars of silent films and early talkie days held forth in cinema splendor. Formerly situated at Fort Monmouth, New Jersey, the school for making training films has been enlarged and reorganized. It now is conducted on a distinctly professional basis with many a famous movie name actively connected with its operations.

The school is devoted entirely to enlisted men of the Signal Corps, half of whom are trained in still picture photography and half in motion picture technique. In fact, officials of the school are now looking for capable enlisted men with photographic experience in civilian life as news or professional photographers or highly advanced amateurs. First, however, these men must obtain their basic military training at one of the Signal Corps Replacement Training Centers at Fort Monmouth or at Camp Crowder, Missouri.

A tour of the studios was like a movie itself. Under the amiable guidance of Lieutenant Lee Mortimer, former movie critic of the New York Daily Mirror, we entered the great, whitish building and were soon lost in its immensity. In fact, if one did not have a guide he would soon be literally lost, for the Center is a veritable labyrinth of rooms, offices and stages. Within its almost cavernous depths are several hundred enlisted men and 100 officers, besides 200 civilian technicians, yet this number makes apparent only a sprinkling of humanity there. Without warning, we came suddenly out into the main stage, an interior area which could easily accommodate a football gridiron and leave room for ample surrounding grandstands. At one end of the tremendous room is an exterior set which represents the terrain of a large Army post. Here, virtually in the middle of New York City, military personnel are making training films with real woods, grass, hills, and a creek for background. Around the rustic scene huge klieg lights glared, making artificial sunlight, while a few feet away, real movie cameras ground and sound booms dipped in the best Hollywood manner. But, to anyone who says the Army has "gone Hollywood," the Signal Corps officers answers that this is a deadly serious business. The courses at the school are designed to adapt the photographers to Army standards of procedure and technique. Subjects are grouped under the classifications of mechanical operations, physical operations, and laboratory work. The movie phase is just one part of the scheme.

### Hound Upsets the Set

Lt. Mortimer volunteered the information that the only trouble they had encountered with the Army post set was caused by a small hound which had been adopted by the soldiers as a mascot, but who in turn had adopted the set as his own outdoor domain, digging into the dirt and using the tree stumps as if they had been placed there for his own canine benefit.

Next, we saw the cutting rooms, nineteen of them, where the films are edited and cut. Many a soldier who either acts in the films or happens to appear in them otherwise, may soon find his own, "the face on the cutting room floor." There is a separate cutting room for each branch of the Service and the selection of the men for each room is made with this in mind. Near these rooms are the script writer's offices and the storerooms where thousands of feet of film repose in the familiar cans until ready for use.

The Photographic Center is not only a film workshop and school; it is home for the men as well. To the rear of the building are the barracks of the enlisted men, with recreation and reading rooms adjoining. A post exchange is also housed in the large building as well as a modern mess hall and dispensary. It is contemplated that a large and comfortable lounge room may be made from one elegant tiled compartment of the structure, although work on this must come after the more vital parts of the school are finished.

### Graduates Get Promotions

Following the regular course of six weeks' training at the Center, the Army photographers are assigned to photographic companies, each consisting of motion picture and still picture units. These units serve in the field or in theaters of operations overseas with corps or divisional organizations of the Army Ground Forces. A large percentage of Army photographers qualify as noncommissioned officers or as technicians in the higher pay brackets. The pictures from this military photography are for the purposes of news and publicity, intelligence information, training and technical illustration, and historical records. Besides these purposes, the Army photographer takes pictures for recording of details in the combat zones and for tactical information, because the latest developments show that photography depicts the factual disposition, conditions, and forces of troops for study by intelligence officers.

A new item now coming into being is the "film bulletin," a kind of small newsreel of latest military and related developments, which will be shown to the men in the field.

Toward the end of the tour, we were told that the making of a training film is something like this: Suppose the Coast Artillery has a new kind of gun they wish to demonstrate. They send the Photographic Center the information on the gun and outline of the kind of picture they want in order to show how it works, also a liaison officer to help with the "shooting." The school gets to work on a script, following the instructions, then sends a crew to a Coast Artillery camp to shoot the actual pictures of the gun. What they can't shoot as pictures, they animate with drawings, using a number of enlisted men who came from the Walt Disney and Dave Fleischer studios in Hollywood. A small crew here does the work of a large one in the film city, because in the Army school a technical man is allowed to do more than one job. The picture is shot, the narration dubbed in and, finally, additional prints are made for the various camps.

### Hollywood Names Among Military Personnel

Among the officers and enlisted men of the Center are names familiar to Hollywood and the American public. There are William Holden and Jeffrey Lynn, actors; Carl Laemmle, Jr., producer; Major Robert Lord, producer; and Second Lieutenant Jesse L. Lasky, Jr., among many others. The last-named officer probably never thought he would be working in uniform and

# ARMY CALLS TO YOUTH

(Concluded)

(3)

The Field Artillery, with its guns and howitzers, its 75-105- and 155-millimeter cannons is the power behind the Infantry and armored attacking forces. Its jobs are to destroy the enemy as he attacks; to blast his tanks into limbo; to reach behind him and destroy his supplies, his trucks and his communications; and if ever he retires behind a fortification or a defense system, to help blow him out of it.

The Infantry is still the "Queen of Battles." It is a modern ruler, changed a great deal from the days of the foot-slogging, trench-fighting doughboy. Today, the infantryman is more highly trained, more versatile, and more dangerous to the enemy than his forebears. He packs a wallop in his Garand rifle which gives him several times the firepower he had with the Springfield in World War times. He operates firepower he had with the Springfield tank guns, and on scouting and patrol missions he can be, if necessary, a one-man Army. Except in actual combat, most of his travel is by truck—not so much pounding the dust for mile after mile. He travels swiftly and he may travel by air. Infantry, air-borne, flying in big transport planes, will play a vital role in the Army's battles. Men who are good at winter sports may find ski or snowshoe troops to their liking, for Mountain Infantry is an important part of the branch.

The tough, expert parachute troops are part of the Infantry. They receive additional pay during and after training and are among the best fighting men in the world.

The Cavalry plays a vital role in today's war of movement. Horse and mechanized, it gets around with alacrity, and don't get the idea that the horse is out of the picture. The ability of mounted troops to get there swiftly over the kind of country that would slow down motor vehicles makes the man in the saddle an important cog in modern reconnaissance and striking tactics. If you like to ride a well trained horse, you'll get your chance.

The mechanized Cavalry is new and modern. Its fast armored cars, motorcycles, scout cars and special trucks, make it a powerful combat team of deadly striking force for scouting, patrolling and raiding. Men who can operate radios, machine guns, light mortars and all kinds of wheeled vehicles are trained in the Cavalry. Cavalrymen learn a great variety of crafts, from horsemanship to motor repair, and they become expert gunners, horsemen, drivers, mechanics, and radio men. They see plenty of action, for they are tough, alert, and active, enjoying the life they love, whether they are mounted or mechanized.

so near the old offices of his famous father.

The Signal Corps Photographic Center is doing a vital and realistic job. It is creating, in its cameramen, training films and pictures, a new and valuable media for war activities in the future.

But here in this time-worn and romantic setting there is still the enveloping enchantment of those film immortals who once haunted these studio halls. As we walked down through the dim-lit corridors by the old dressing rooms, there was a strong feeling that behind us trooped such fashioned figures as Pola Negri, J. Warren Kerrigan, and Ruth Chatterton, readying themselves for a poignant thriller of the early movie days. Then came the thought that what was going on now was much more imperative; the films now made will not be shown in any cinema but in a theater of war.

N. C.

# THEY SAID...

President Roosevelt:

"Great progress has been made in the battle of production, but in terms of what will be required to defeat our enemies we have only just begun to get into our stride. To win this war, an unceasing flood of warships and materials must pour forth from factories, shipyards and mines of our country.

"The men and women of management and labour who provide such material are performing a task without which victory would be impossible. The Army and Navy, united in their efforts today as never before in the history of our country, have established a civilian decoration to be called the Army-Navy production award. This award will be conferred on war facilities in which notable production records are achieved, and on the men and women who work in them.

"An Army-Navy flag flying above a factory or a mine will bear witness that management and labor there are doing their utmost to help their Army and Navy to win this war. Any Army-Navy emblem, worn by a civilian, will evidence outstanding service in the greatest production force in the world today—a united and free army of American workers."

Admiral William D. Leahy, chief-of-staff to the President:

"This war will probably be long. It will be the toughest, hardest, most merciless war we have ever fought. It calls for the united power of every American, in uniform and out of uniform, on the firing line and on the production line. The price we will pay to redeem the future of mankind will be the highest ever paid. I have no doubt of America's decision. We have mighty enemies, but we can beat them. We did it once. We will do it again."

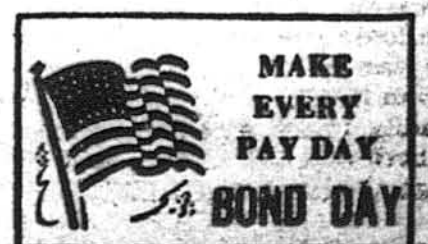
Wayne L. Morse, representative of the public on the War Labor Board:

"Understandable as they be to the workers involved, they (unauthorized strikes) are not understandable to the American people. They are going to become even less understandable in the days to come as our people face unflinchingly the realities of this war. They must stop. The most effective way to stop them is by way of the voluntary action of the individual worker himself. He should remember at all times, even when some justifiable grievance within his plant tries his soul and patience to the point of exasperation, that he must work on and not resort, along with his fellow workers, to a stoppage of war production.

"He must rely upon his government to keep its pledge to him that impartial agencies and tribunals in which labor's representatives have a voice, along with industry, will continue to be available for the adjustment of his grievances in accordance with their merits. The safety of this nation is too much in danger to justify any countenancing of work stoppages, let alone seemingly condoning them by awarding workers pay for time spent during the work stoppage resulting from a dispute with their employer."

William Green, president of the American Federation of Labor:

"As soldiers of production we must not fail the men in the front lines. They must have the guns, tanks, and other materials to do their job, and we must assure them a steady stream."



# The Story of Ukrainian Literature

(19)

## "Litos Abo Kamien"

ONE of the finest examples of the religious works of the 17th century in Ukraine was "Litos Abo Kamien." It was written by that famous Kievian metropolitan, Peter Mohyla (1596-1647), in the Polish language, and was a reply to Casian Sakovich, abbot of the Dubno Monastery in Galicia, and a prominent scholar of that time, known also for the verses he had written for the funeral of Peter Sahaidachny, the great Ukrainian Kozak leader (died 1623). Originally Sakovich had been an Orthodox, and later he became an adherent of the ecclesiastical union with Rome and accepted also the Latin liturgy. In his work entitled "Perspektyva" he had criticized the Orthodox for opposing the Union. In reply Mohyla wrote his "Litos," in which he said: "The Eastern Church does not cease to beg God for the Union (with Rome), but not for a Union such as the present one, which drives the people to itself with rods, jailings, illegal measures and persecutions of various sorts..."

## Some Achievement of Peter Mohyla

Peter Mohyla also wrote for use in schools the Orthodox Creed. His Catechism, both the large and small, written in Kiev, found favor even in the parochial schools of Galicia. And his "Anthology," a collection of wise

teachings, also proved to be popular in the learned circles. One of the highest achievements of this learned and talented metropolitan, who spoke and wrote in many languages, including Greek and Latin, was the founding of the Mohyla School which later became the Petro Mohyla Academy.

## The First Scholarly Theological Work

The first real scholarly theological work written in the Church-Slavonic language appeared in 1618 from under the pen of the Chernihiv abbot Kyrylo Stavrovetsky. It was entitled "Zertsalo Bohoslovia." (Mirror of Theology). This was the first theological textbook for the use of ecclesiastics based upon the theological works of such authorities as Vasile the Great, John Damask and upon the works of lay philosophers as well.

## Polemical Literature

A very rich field of literature during the Middle Period was this so-called "polemical literature."

It had its source in the heated controversy which arose among the Ukrainians over the question of the Orthodox Church joining the Union with Rome.

When the first attempts in furtherance of this Union proved unsuccessful the Jesuit Order was brought into Poland in 1564 in order to help fight Protestantism. In time the Jesuits not only won the support of the Po-

lish rulers but also gained quite a deal of power and influence, particularly during the reign of the Polish monarchs Stephen Batory and Sigismund III. This power they used in their appointed task. Through their influence no "dissident" was able to hold any office or title in Poland, which at that time had under it a goodly size of Ukraine. At first the term "dissidents" was applied only to the Calvinists, but in time it was extended to include the Orthodox as well.

## The Fight For and Against the Church Union with Rome

A movement for this Union arose in certain sections of Ukraine. Benedict Herbest and that famous preacher of that period, Peter Skarha, used all their power and eloquence to persuade all the Ukrainian people to join their brothers who had joined the Union with Rome. But they found a great deal of opposition, particularly since Poland was Catholic, which fact in itself was enough for many Ukrainians to regard the Union very sceptically. The efforts of these two helped to smoothen the road to the Union of Brest.

A great controversy broke out between those Ukrainians who favored the ecclesiastical Union with Rome and those who did not. At first this controversy assumed the form of polemic writings, but later it led to

actual bloody fighting among the Ukrainians.

## Religious Wars Among Ukrainians

Many Orthodox Ukrainian learned men took a bold stand in their writings against the Jesuits and Uniates (the latter being those Ukrainians who had joined the Union), and called upon their countrymen not to enter this Union. During the entire 17th century this battle of words raged throughout the Ukrainian lands. It led to a great deal of persecution of Ukrainians on both sides, and ended when the Orthodox Ukrainians in the so-called Kozaks Wars warred upon the Catholics and also upon their brother Ukrainians—the Uniates. These wars lasted many years.

## Some Polemic Literature

The first important defence of the Orthodox belief appeared in the work of Vasile Surazko under the heading of "The Book of the Sole True Belief."

One of the leading polemic writers was Melity Smotrytsky. He studied in a Jesuit Collegium in Vilna, and later in German universities. In 1610 he wrote in the Polish language "Trenos," wherein in vigorous and poetical language he portrayed the sorrow of the Orthodox Church caused by those of the Orthodox Ukrainian nobility who had gone over to Catholicism. Subsequently Smotrytsky journeyed to the East where he travelled for over three years. Returning from his travels he stopped in Rome, where he accepted the Union and became a Uniate Ukrainian himself.

# MURDER AT A PRICE

THIS is the way it was told to me and this is the way I'm telling it to you. I heard it from a sailor who heard it from the friend of a sea captain who heard it from—but it doesn't matter. Anyway, it's a strange story and I won't blame you a bit if you don't believe it. I didn't.

It all happened at the Green Lobster, one of those places near the London docks where sailors go to spend their meager pay on rotten booze and women. The dive was filled with usual stale tobacco smoke, drunks, and drinkers...not to mention a few cutthroats and thieves of both sexes. Two men in particular stood out above the rest. They were tough-looking, bearded, big fellows...the kind you wouldn't want to meet in a dark alley. They were hairy and dirty and smelled of fish.

"Bring vodka," said one to a passing barmaid. The fiery stuff was brought. "Pay you later," said the other. This, of course, was against the rules of the house, but the girl shrugged and walked away. Unseen by the vodka-drinkers she later tipped off one of the bouncers in the place. The two fishermen knew they were being watched, though, and knew it wouldn't be healthy to leave without paying. They had previous experience in other joints.

"Nikolai," spoke one in Russian, "we better get some money quick. I'm tired of fighting them lousy bouncers. We almost got killed in that saloon in Singapore...and this place looks worse."

"Don't worry, Ivan," said the other. "We'll have money soon. Keep your eyes open for some sucker with cash. Especially Americans...they're so dumb."

They knocked off a drink and looked around. Ivan spied a well-dressed, American-looking chap sitting alone not far away.

"How about him?" Ivan asked. Nikolai studied the man and said, "He looks like the type. Go see what you can do."

Ivan left his chair and walked unsteadily to the stranger's table. He grabbed a chair and, grinning broadly at the American, seated himself

clumsily. "You are from America?" he asked carelessly.

"Yes," was the reply. "Have a drink." To Ivan's relief the guy seemed glad to have company. He drank a generously-filled glass in one gulp.

"Would you be interested in buying some pearls...cheap?" Ivan asked.

"Pearls? No, I'm not in that business," was the suspicious reply. It is common in such dives to have a stranger come up to you and offer hot goods for sale. Outgoing sailors buy the stuff and sell it elsewhere. But a lot of the stuff is fake. A guy with brains would tell the seller to move along...but many young tars get rooked anyway. "I'm a writer. I'm looking for true murder stories for a book I'm going to publish."

"Murder?" It was plain to see that Ivan was caught off his guard. He helped himself to a stiff drink.

"Yes, but I won't use any names in the book, so if you have a story tell it to me. If I can use it I'll pay you for it."

Ivan was interested. "Pay?" he murmured. But suppose the guy was a cop or something? "How do I know you're only a writer and from the police?" Better be careful, he told himself.

The stranger pulled some papers from his coat pocket. "See these?" he said, folding them out. "They're some proofs from my New York publishers. And these," he indicated, "are my credentials. Are you satisfied?"

Ivan was impressed though he couldn't read. He glanced around and saw that Nikolai was working on a young tar and apparently making progress. Nikolai would laugh at him if he returned empty-handed. "All right," he said after thinking about a long time, "I'll tell you about a murder."

So, with the stranger faking notes, Ivan reeled off a yarn. Six or seven years ago he was first mate on an Alaskan salmon craft. It developed that he was bribed by the owner of a Russian fishing outfit to wreck the equipment of the boat, and so give the Russian captain a free hand

in operating a valuable salmon trap. He was caught in the act, however, and found it necessary to bend a metal bar over his captain's head. Ivan chucked him overboard and set fire to the boat to destroy incriminating evidence. The ship's crew, unaware of these events, escaped in a life boat with Ivan.

"A pretty tale," said the writer after taking a stiff drink. "What was the name of the ship?"

"I don't remember," Ivan said, after which he gulped a glassful. "I think it was an English name... maybe American. But I've been on too many ships to remember all their names."

"Then what was the captain's name?" the American persisted.

Ivan got nervous. "What the hell is the difference? Anyway, I don't know."

"Well," the writer said, "it's a good story. Here's five American dollars."

Ivan grabbed the money. Nikolai was right, he thought. These Americans are dumb. Imagine! Five dollars for a bit of a story!

"I'll give you five more for the captain's name," said the writer. "It's just a matter of record and it will help me verify your story."

This was too much for Ivan. Why, this guy must be crazy. But he eyed the second five-spot greedily. "Well," he said, "I really don't remember." Ten dollars! He immediately regretted his answer. Should have thought it over. He opened his mouth to speak.

"Was it Captain Johnson?" the American put in calmly.

"Yes! Yes, that was it. I remember now." Even as Ivan snatched the bill he knew something was wrong. He had slipped up...bad—but it was too late now. He took a long pull at the bottle, completely ignoring his glass. "Curse my big mouth," he muttered.

The American wiped off the top of the bottle with his hand and poured himself a full glass which he downed expertly. Ivan prepared himself for trouble. He reached inside his coat and gripped the knife he always carried everywhere he went. One wrong move and the knife would taste blood again, Ivan told himself, watching the American closely.

"I've been all over the world," said the writer. "Spent six years visiting every port on the globe and getting guys like you to tell me murder stories. Paid out thousands of hard-earned dollars to hundreds of murderers who had good yarns to spill. Why? I've been searching." His tone took on a different quality; it was no longer friendly. Ivan tightened his grip on the knife.

"Searching for what?" Ivan wished Nikolai would come over...he had a gun and knew how to use it. But Ivan didn't dare to take his eyes off this traveler and see where Nikolai was. Silently he cursed the fates that brought him before this stranger.

"For a certain story," replied the American. "You just told to me."

"What the hell do you mean?" Ivan was nervously excited. God, what I would give to be in Dnepropetrovsk right now, he thought.

What happened next is rather vague but it seems that the American jumped up, pushing the table into Ivan and bowling him over, and then covered him with a gun he pulled out of his coat pocket...all in one motion, I understand. Ivan picked himself up quickly, shouting "Wait! Don't shoot!"

Everyone in the place disappeared behind whatever shelter was available, as they always did when someone went target practicing. Nikolai? That gent had managed to get some money from the young tar, and was in an upstairs room carousing with someone. That's the way the story goes, anyway.

The American announced, "I'm Captain Johnson's son."

Ivan made a desperate attempt to throw his knife but young Johnson was too fast for him. The bullet crashed into Ivan's chest. Flourishing his gun threateningly, the American went through the door and disappeared into the London fog.

The story should end here, but it doesn't. Ivan took several minutes to die...you know how tough the Russians are. Here are his last words, but don't blame me for them as I'm telling this yarn the way I heard it: "The story was a lie...every word a lie...just made up for money... curse my big mouth..."

THEODORE LUTWINIAK

# FUNNY SIDE UP

## "A JAUNTING WE WILL GO"

Part II

THE arrival of Saturday meant the end of our "vacation" . . . but not the end of that liquid sunshine . . . rain. So we packed, hopped into the car, and then it dawned upon us that we had no gas. By using a little ingenuity, we got the car moving again, just by filling the tank up with milk. But that didn't work out too well; all the way to Boston the car kept rubbing against Bull Durham signs!

We rode pretty fast through that rain, and then a cop caught up with us. "Pull over to the shore!" he yelled. And that's how we got a summons. Seems our car wasn't properly equipped with pontoons! You know in Boston they give 21 salutes to all famous people who visit the city. For us, two guys came out and busted a paper bag . . . right over our head. We would have felt better if they had taken the cement out first!

Funny thing we noticed. In New York people drive as if they own the street, but in Boston they drive as if they own the sidewalk too! On Boston's Boylston Street one woman driver ran out of gas just before she ran over a pedestrian. So she had to get out and push the car over him. And speaking of women (when aren't we?), those Boston gals are very bold. They all looked back when we whistled at them?

We were going to push on from Boston, but when we heard they were going to have a surprise blackout that same night we decided to stick around for it. Then when the blackout came we got awfully embarrassed. Twice we bumped into men? Boy, was it dark! As a matter of fact, it gets so dark during these blackouts, there's no sense in taking your girl to the movies unless you really want to see the picture!

In Boston we learned that the government put a ceiling on everything except the hotel where we slept. Boy did we get wet! Our bed had the softest mattress we ever slept on the floor next to! And not only that, the rubber shortage is plenty acute there. During the night somebody stole into our hotel room, jacked us up, and stole our hot water bottle!

The next morning we filled the gas tank up with Pepsi Cola, and despite the fact it was still raining, we aimed the car for New London, Conn. New London is in Connecticut, a state which geographically is rather flat and financially it is a bit geographical! The good part about using Pepsi Cola; we didn't have to use the horn. The car just burped people out of the way!

When we arrived at New London, the Chamber of Commerce gave us a big reception. They said, "Bromo, here's mud in your eyes!" . . . and then we spent the next hour trying to get it out! Up at New London they have a big Submarine Base, and there were lots of sailors around town. We wanted to make an impression with them, so we walked up to a group of them and said, "Blow me down!" . . . and darned if they didn't

Well, we didn't spend too much time there. The sailors were too much competition with the local lassies there. Neither could we get any more Pepsi Cola. So we filled up the gas tank with McGinty's Three-Star special whiskey, and all the way back to New York City, the motor sang "Sweet Adeline!"

And wouldn't you believe it, when we went back to work the next day, the sun came out. We were so happy we did some shadow-boxing, and this time we won!

BROMO SELTZER

—FOR VICTORY: BUY BONDS—

# YOUTH And The UNA Sings at Paper Mill Playhouse

## MEMBERS IN UNIFORM

Without doubt, many members of the Ukrainian National Association are in the U. S. Armed Forces now, and many more will be wearing uniforms as time goes by. Although it is a little too early to ascertain the total number of U.N.A. members in uniform, one may get a rough idea from the fact that Branch 204 of New York City, the largest of the 478 branches of the fraternal order, has 82 members in the Armed Forces.

Practically every U.N.A. branch has members in uniform, particularly the youth branches. Branch 287 of Jersey City reports that ten of its 35 adult members, or about one third of the membership, are serving Uncle Sam. Other youth branches will probably report even higher percentages.

Needless to say, U.N.A. branches feel the absence of their members in many different ways. Branch affairs and other activities are not as numerous these days as they were in the past. Youth branches have difficulties, too, especially when officers join the Armed Forces and no one is immediately available to take over their duties.

Instead of letting things take their natural course, however, some branches sustain the interest of their remaining members and even attract new members by stirring up activity intended to aid the war effort. The Ukrainian Youth Club of East Chicago, Ind., Branch 452, recently purchased a \$100 War Bond, and has started plans to sponsor a Fall Dance so that it could make additional investments in War Bonds. Naturally, such activity is to be encouraged.

A branch that decides to curtail all activity "for the duration" because a large percentage of its members have joined the Armed Forces is only endangering its own existence. A branch cannot afford to be inactive for long, for, if too many of its members are lost through suspension, cash surrender, and death, then the branch will have to be disbanded. A branch must get new members continually, and to get new members a branch must be active. Inactive branches do not attract new members.

U.N.A. branches should not forget their members in uniform. Not long ago the Ivan Franko Club of Akron, Ohio, Branch 180, sent packages consisting of cigarettes, cookies, and candies to its uniformed members. Whenever possible, U.N.A. branches should help members and non-members alike by contributing to the U. S. O. In this connection it was recently reported that Branch 275 of Jersey City contributed \$25 to the U.S.O., while its members made personal contributions of an additional \$27.

The U.N.A. and its branches, of course, have done much to aid the war effort. The U.N.A., its branches, and its members have invested heavily in War Bonds and have contributed to the American Red Cross and the U.S.O. We wish, however, to bring home the fact that all efforts should be made to help our boys and girls in the Armed Forces. This means that we must buy more War Bonds and make further contributions to service organizations.

As mentioned elsewhere, practically every U.N.A. branch has members in uniform. Therefore every branch must do its share for its members and the war effort. It is not sufficient merely to buy a War Bond or two, make a few donations, and then remain inactive for the duration. It is necessary to continue branch activity, sponsor affairs and the like, so that the branch could buy more bonds and do more in a direct way for its uniformed members.

The importance of branch activity cannot be over-emphasized.



STEPHANIE TURASH

A former honor graduate of the Juilliard School of Music and a winner last winter of the New York Singing Teachers' Association auditions, Miss Stephanie Turash, Ukrainian by descent, is currently appearing as soloist in the light opera presentations of the Paper Mill Playhouse in Millburn, N. J., mecca of music lovers of Northern New Jersey. In the recent run of the "Chocolate Soldier," Miss Turash had the part of Mascha, which is the second soprano lead in the presentation.

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# Service Flag Dedicated In Passaic

On Sunday, August 23rd, 1942, the Ukrainian National Home of Passaic, New Jersey dedicated a Service Flag to the twenty-four boys who were members of that institution or whose fathers and mothers were members of it. The ceremonies were held on the grounds of the Ukrainian National Home, at Hope Avenue, in that city, before an assemblage of about one hundred and fifty persons.

The program was opened with the singing of the "Star Spangled Banner." Mayor Kennedy of Passaic was the principal speaker. He eulogized the Ukrainian American people of Passaic for their patriotism to the United States, and gave his sincere sympathy and best wishes to the fathers and mothers present.

The next point on the program was the placing of twenty-four stars on the Service Flag and one additional one in honor of all the other Ukrainian boys of Passaic who are not members of the Ukrainian National Home.

The next speaker was John Romanation, Newark attorney, who spoke of the necessity on the part of the younger people who remain at home of cooperating more than ever with the older folks to keep the morale on the home front at a high pitch.

The third speaker was Mr. Nicholas Hryhoroiw, who spoke on the meaning of democracy and the necessity for fighting in its defense.

The chairman of the meeting was Mr. Theodore Wislocky, president of the Ukrainian National Home. The meeting was concluded with the singing of "America."

**EVERYBODY SAVING IN EVERY PAYDAY WAR BONDS**



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