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The Ukrainian Weekly

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

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VOL. X

GOOD WILL AMBASSADORS

Judging by the many press clippings that reach us, Michael Holynsky's present concert tour through several Canadian provinces is being productive of much fine publicity concerning Ukrainian music, the people whose heritage it is, and the land from whence it came.

In cities large and small, in towns and hamlets, in all the hundred or so places where this great Ukrainian tenor has sung, there have appeared in the local press not only flattering comments about his art but also fine comments about the beauty of Ukrainian songs, and about the valiant struggle for Ukrainian national freedom that many of them so vividly reflect.

For that Mr. Holynsky is to be commended; and with him all the other older and younger Ukrainian artists who by their concertal appearances and tours have won many friends for Ukrainian music, and thereby have created a wider interest in Ukraine and Ukrainians themselves.

However, commendation alone for these Ukrainian ambassadors of good will is not enough. Moral and material support should be given them as well. Such support can be best expressed by arranging more concerts for them and by attending them in greater numbers than ever before.

SEND US MORE NEWS REPORTS

At the risk of being monotonous, we repeat again our recent plea to our readers to send us more news reports concerning Ukrainian American contributions to our country's war effort. Within recent weeks, we have received an encouraging number of them. But far more are needed before The Ukrainian Weekly will be able to truly reflect the extent of such contributions.

A true picture of them on these pages is vitally necessary. First, to inspire greater efforts by our people to win the war. Secondly, to give an effective reply to the professional Ukrainian-baiters who by falsehoods and distortions are attempting to discredit the democratically-minded Ukrainian American people, their ideals, and their institutions.

There is plenty of importance to our country's war effort happening in our Ukrainian American communities. Drives for contributions to various service men's relief funds, for the Red Cross, for the U.S.O., and other such agencies, service flag dedications, scrap drives, the sending of gifts by organizations to their members in service, are but few of the many activities in which our people are engaged, and which should be faithfully reported on these pages.

Likewise the achievements of our young Americans of Ukrainian descent in the armed forces of our country should also be fully reported on these pages.

To enable us to do all that, however, the fullest kind of co-operation from our readers is needed.

Bishop Senyshyn Praised by Preacher at Consecration

In fulfilling the tasks of his ministry Bishop Ambrose Senyshyn will prepare his people for the role assigned them by Divine Providence—that of providing a link which will join those millions of Christians of the schismatic Eastern Church once more with Christ's Vicar on earth. That was the declaration—as reported in "The Register," national Catholic weekly—of the Rev. D. A. Schmal, S. J., of St. Mary of the Lake Seminary, Mundelein, Ill., who

preached at the consecration of Bishop Senyshyn as Titular Bishop of Maina and Auxiliary of the Ukrainian Catholic diocese of the United States.

The ceremony, which took place on October 22 in St. Nicholas' Ukrainian Church in Chicago, where the newly consecrated prelate is pastor, was the first Byzantine rite Episcopal consecration ever held in this country. It was reported in the

Receives Wings and Commission

John P. Glaws, son of Mr. and Mrs. Glowatsky of Lewis Street, Amityville, Long Island, N. Y., and a member of U.N.A. Branch 433, received recently his wings and a commission as first lieutenant in the U. S. Army Air Force. He was graduated at Moultrie Field, Ga., in a ceremony attended by his mother.

Lieut. Glaws began his air corps training at Maxwell Field, Ala., took his basic training at Door Field, S. C., and advanced at Spence Field. He was graduated from Amityville High School, and attended Hofstra College for two years from which he transferred to Pratt Institute, where he took an engineering course.

Lieut. Glaws enlisted in the reserve before the war and was called to service before he could complete his college studies. Following a week-long furlough at home, he reported to Marianna, Fla., as an instructor.

U.Y.O.C. GIFTS OF HRUSHEVSKY'S WORK PUBLICIZED

Recent gifts by the Ukrainian Youth Organization of Connecticut of copies of Michael Hrushevsky's History of Ukraine published in its translated form by the Yale University Press, to various Connecticut libraries, publications, and prominent individuals, have been quite widely publicized in the Connecticut press.

Among those who have received this book from the U.Y.O.C. are Governor Robert A. Hurley, Lieutenant Governor Odel Shepard, Professor Shanker, Bishop Maurice F. McAuliffe of the Roman Catholic churches, Bishop F. G. Budlong of the Presbyterian churches, Igor Sikorsky, St. Joseph's College, St. Thomas Seminary, and the Hartford Seminary.

Commenting on the gift to its library of Hrushevsky's work, the Hartford Times wrote: "The book written by Michael Hrushevsky, one of his people's greatest writers, was published for the (Ukrainian National) Association last year by the Yale University Press. The group (U.Y.O.C.) is making the volume available to newspapers and libraries in effort to acquaint the American public with the long history of the fertile land now in the hands of the Germans."

Kalakuka Missing in Action

Wife Gets His Distinguished Service Medal

Lieutenant Colonel Theodore Kalakuka, a second generation American of Ukrainian descent, originally a resident of Scranton, Pa., has been reported missing in action in the Philippines. A press picture accompanying the report last Saturday shows the Distinguished Service Medal awarded him being received by his wife at ceremonies held in Washington, while their daughter, Page, stares in awe at the medal.

BOSTON U.N.A. BRANCH GETS WAR SAVINGS AWARD

"The Boston Traveler" reports in its November 7th issue that U.N.A. branch 238 in Boston, of which Nicholas Dawyskyba is secretary, has received a certificate of award from the state treasury department for the organization's participation in the payroll savings plan. The certificate, signed by Secretary of the Treasury Morgenthau, and state administrator, Daniel J. Doherty, commended members of the association, over 90 per cent of whom are buying U. S. war bonds through a systematic purchase plan.

ANOTHER TIMOSHENKO GOES TO THE WARS

Brazil also has her Timoshenko, and he plans to be in her army soon, an Associated Press dispatch from Sao Paulo reported last Thursday.

Nephew of the Soviet's famed Marshall Timoshenko, the dispatch says, "Anton Timoshenko came to Brazil 14 years ago from Ukraine, settled in Sao Paulo and became a naturalized Brazilian citizen."



St. Basil founded the order to which Bishop Senyshyn belongs; St. Josaphat founded the Bishop's branch of the order; Ambrose is the saint after whom the Bishop was named as a monk.

Father Schmal praised the new Bishop as a "kindly and provident superior of a religious community; the zealous pastor of a large city parish whose temporal prosperity you have greatly enhanced, but whose spiritual welfare has been the center and mainspring of your parochial activities. You have been father and friend of your people, whose confidence you have gained and whose affection you will always retain; you were the organizer and promoter of a great outpouring of love to Our Lord in the Blessed Sacrament—the first Eucharistic congress of the Eastern rites in the U.S."

Ukrainian Weekly in its October 31st issue.

Pointing out that three of God's saints—Basil, Josaphat, and Ambrose—have played a prominent part in the life of Bishop Senyshyn, Father Schmal asserted, as reported in "The Register," "that if all the Bishops of the East had been like Basil, if all the Bishops of the West had been like Ambrose, the unfortunate schism separating the East from the West would never have occurred. "And," he continued, "in St. Josaphat we revere and honor the martyr and patron saint of reunion with the Apostolic See."

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YOUTH AND THE U.N.A.

GOOD INSURANCE AT LOW COST

In last week's column we reviewed briefly the insurance certificates issued by the Juvenile Department of the Ukrainian National Association, and presented some of the low rates of premiums charged for the various types of certificates at different ages; the purpose of this was to give the reader the opportunity to compare U.N.A. rates with those of commercial companies (by ascertaining how much is being paid by his family for its insurance, and then comparing these rates to U.N.A. rates for the same type of insurance). We will complete our review of U.N.A. certificates this week by concerning ourselves with the types of insurance issued by the Adult Department of the Association.

All adult certificates provide for cash surrender, paid up insurance, and extended insurance after three years. Certificates are issued in amounts of \$500, \$1000, \$1500, \$2000, \$2500, and \$3000. Males between the ages of 16 and 35 may be insured for not more than \$3000; between 36 and 40 not more than \$2500; 41 and 45, \$2000; 46 and 50, \$1500; 51 and 55, \$500. Females between 16 and 40 may be insured for not more than \$1500; 41 and 45, \$1000; 46 and 50, \$500.

The U.N.A. issues four classes of adult insurance, which we shall describe below. All rates pertain to \$500 certificates; to get rates for \$1000 certificates, simply double the figures given; for \$1500, triple the figures, and so on. The figures in parenthesis are annual rates.

Class W: Whole Life. Dues are payable throughout the member's life; his beneficiaries receive the benefit upon his death. For a \$500 certificate the monthly dues are \$.68 at age 16 (\$7.60 annually); \$.79 at age 23 (\$8.88); \$.97 at age 31 (\$10.97); \$1.26 at age 39 (\$14.18); \$1.71 at age 47 (\$19.34); \$2.47 at age 55 (\$27.85).

Class O: Whole Life, Premiums Ceasing at Age 70. Dues are payable until the member becomes 70 years old, after which he remains insured; the benefit is payable on death. The monthly dues are \$.74 at age 16 (\$8.34); \$.87 at age 23 (\$9.75); \$1.08

at age 31 (\$12.17); \$1.42 at age 39 (\$16.06); \$2.03 at age 47 (\$22.89); \$2.38 at age 50 (\$26.86). This insurance is not available to persons over 50.

Class P: 20-Payment Life. Dues are payable for 20 years, after which the member remains insured. The monthly dues are \$1.10 at age 16 (\$12.47); \$1.24 at age 23 (\$13.93); \$1.44 at age 31 (\$16.19); \$1.72 at age 39 (\$19.36); \$2.14 at age 47 (\$24.11); \$2.82 at age 55 (\$31.81).

Class E: 20-Year Endowment. Dues are payable for 20 years, after which the face value is paid to the member. The benefit is payable should death occur prior to the maturity of the certificate. The monthly dues are \$2.05 at age 16 (\$23.08); \$2.07 at age 23 (\$23.37); \$2.11 at age 31 (\$23.86); \$2.26 at age 39 (\$24.88); \$2.41 at age 47 (\$27.22); \$2.88 at age 55 (\$32.55).

In addition to monthly and annual rates, the U.N.A. has quarterly and semi-annual rates. Further information regarding the adult forms of life insurance issued by the Ukrainian National Association will be given on request by the main office, 83 Grand Street, Jersey City, N. J.

U.N.A. members have the privilege of subscribing to the Svoboda for only \$.30 a month or \$3.60 a year, less than one cent per day. Male members pay the small fee when they pay their insurance dues, while female members make arrangements directly with the offices of the Svoboda. American-born and illiterate members need not subscribe to the Svoboda unless they desire to do so. The Ukrainian Weekly is sent gratis to American-born members whose parents do not receive the Svoboda.

Every adult member of the Ukrainian National Association pays fifteen cents monthly in addition to his insurance. The rates given above cover the assessment for the insurance alone. Of this monthly contribution of fifteen cents, eight cents goes toward the Indigent Fund, which entitles the member to the right to receive benefits in the event of serious injury or chronic incurable sickness. Five cents goes toward the Convention Fund, with which the

Ukrainian Church Architecture

ONE of the finest cultural achievements of the Ukrainians has been their church architecture. By the middle of the 11th century, Kiev possessed already so many beautiful churches that in the words of Leroy Beaulieu it was "like a small replica of Byzantium itself, or a Ravenna of the North." Though the Ukrainian adopted the Byzantine models, he soon dropped the slavish imitation of the models. He took up also Oriental and Greek elements, and blended them with striking originality into a style of his own. In distinction from the Russian, he safeguarded himself from the grotesque so often typified in Lombardo-Russian edifices. The church of St. Sophia in Kiev, the holy church fortress of Ukraine built in the 11th century by Prince Yaroslav, was one of the marvels of the time. The Kozak hetmans left behind several interesting monuments in adoption of the western-European styles, primarily rococo and baroque. In L'viv, the capital of Western Ukraine, the two outstanding monuments of church architecture are the Ukrainian churches, the cathedral of St. George and the church of the Stavropigian Brotherhood.

David Roden Buxton, in his "Russian Medieval Architecture" (Cambridge, at the University Press, 1934), emphasized the Ukrainian wooden church as an original contribution of the Ukrainians to the world's architectural treasure. He wrote, "The Russians quickly rejected the more complex plan seen in the cathedrals of St. Sophia at Kiev and Novgorod. Having made this simpler form their own, they never altered it in any essential particular. The only considerable exceptions to the rule are the wooden churches of the north and in the Ukraine, together with those in brick which take after them most directly, and are therefore almost independent of the Byzantine tradition."

In his opinion, "the wooden architecture of the Ukraine has a long history, and the surviving churches, late though they be, are the descendants of primitive wooden buildings of the pre-Christian period." Though he dislikes the Ukrainian baroque, still he considers the annexation of Ukraine by Russia, as the result of the friendly treaty between Russia and Ukraine in 1654, an event of epochal significance for the history of architecture in Russia: Moscow was subjected to active West-European influences.

The Ukrainian wooden church is an original architectural form. In its simplest silhouette it shows the development from the Ukrainian peasant cottage. It has a characteristic plan of three chambers, a particular method of roofing, and the most characteristic feature—a number of domes. These wooden churches are so typical Ukrainian that the Holy Synod of the Russian Orthodox Church made a special campaign against them as an earmark of Ukrainian nationalism.

U.N.A. meets the expenses incurred in holding its quadrennial convention; the member is entitled to represent his branch at a convention if the members of the branch elect him as their delegate; a delegate may try for a U.N.A. office at the convention. Two cents goes toward the National Fund, which is used for the cultural, moral, and civic development of the U.N.A. members, and also to aid suffering Ukrainians wherever they may be.

U.N.A. members receive dividends after two years of membership. Members attending colleges and universities may apply for aid from the Student Fund if they need such aid. The U.N.A. encourages and subsidizes athletic teams consisting of young members.

Franklin D. Roosevelt

IN an age which has produced more than its share of great rogues it is reassuring to remind ourselves that ranged against them are leaders no less vigorous and outstanding. The democratic and Christian world owes a special debt of gratitude to Franklin D. Roosevelt. Of him, Professor Harold Laski has with justice written: "In a profound sense the inspiration of his policy is religion."

The President is of Dutch descent. When Claes Martensen landed at New Amsterdam in 1650, he took the name of van Roosevelt, after his native village, and set to work as a farmer. Love of the soil has remained in the Roosevelt family ever since, and it was as champion of the farmers in his native New York State that Franklin Roosevelt first rose to political distinction. But he has inherited more than love of the soil and love of the sea from his Dutch ancestors. He has inherited, too, their vigorous independence of spirit and their simple honesty, born of an unquestioning faith in the spirit of the Sermon on the Mount.

All these things have found rich expression in his political career. Wherever he has found evil he has combated it with uncompromising vigor. At the very beginning of his career he risked political extinction by fighting the nomination for the Senate of a man of his own party whom he considered unsuitable. It was in tackling evils in the social institutions of New York State during the 1929 slump that he won the support of the American people as a whole: bewildered by the chaos and corruption of those days they saw in Roosevelt a solid rock on which they could rebuild. That fundamental confidence in his honesty of purpose has carried him through the inevitable vicissitudes to a third term as President.

The persistent fight he has waged against the evils implicit in Nazism needs no recapitulation here, but it is worth while to recall what was his virtual declaration of faith in the historic speech he made to Congress in the spring of 1939. He then declared that three institutions indispensable to Americans were being challenged from abroad. Of those institutions the first was religion, and religion was in turn the source of the other two—democracy and international good faith.

"Where democracy has been overthrown, freedom of worship has disappeared," he declared, "and where religion and democracy have vanished, good faith and reason in international affairs have given way to strident ambitions and brute force."

This, then, is the man in whom the American people have placed so much faith and for whom the British people have so much admiration. With men like Roosevelt and Churchill at their head the democratic peoples can march forward, proud and unafraid.

Jack—"So you think that love is like a photographic plate. Why?"
Daisy—"Because it needs a dark room to develop it."

In view of the low rates charged for U.N.A. insurance and the many advantages of U.N.A. membership (most of which are not available in commercial insurance companies), it would profit interested persons to give serious consideration to the Ukrainian National Association where good insurance is concerned. For all the facts about this six-and-one-half million-dollar Ukrainian-American fraternal order, with over 40,000 members enjoying the benefits of fraternalization in 475 branches located in 21 States and two Canadian provinces, write a few lines requesting information on a post card.

THEODORE LUTWINIAK

—FOR VICTORY: BUY BONDS—

A Case of Perjury and Libel

By M. HYKAWY

IN 1932 I was teaching in a two-room school in a small town north of Winnipeg, between the lakes. Mine was the Junior Room, with forty-two pupils in grades one, two and three. It was there that I had one of the most interesting experiences of my short teaching career.

The whole class looked up to Olga, who was the biggest, the oldest and most intelligent pupil. If a child's personality means anything in such cases, it was certainly true of her. She had a round face, fair hair, blue eyes and a very pleasing smile.

We had become very good friends. After school was dismissed she would always help me with washing the blackboards, cleaning the erasers, putting the library in good order and doing odds and ends about the classroom.

The Complaint

One day she came to me and told me that the previous day, as they were going home from school Billy, an eight year old boy in Grade One, had been calling her some very bad names.

This was a surprise to me because Billy was a very quiet sort of chap, and it was hard to imagine him doing anything like using bad language, and thus defiling the fine reputation that he had built up for himself. Yet here was the report, and it came from one of my best and most trusted pupils—Olga. This had to be thoroughly investigated.

"Are you sure, Olga, that it was Billy who had called you names?" I asked.

"Yes, I'm sure," she said quietly and politely, "because I heard him."

Billy was called up to the front of the class and cross-examined. He pleaded not guilty. His face did not reveal, as it does in most cases, the least bit of mental disturbance or anxiety; he was as cool as a cucumber. His conscience seemed to be clear. But then Olga would not make a false report about him if he were not guilty to at least some extent. Not Olga whom I trusted so much. The problem was a very perplexing one, but it had had to be solved. I turned to the class.

"How many of you heard Billy calling Olga bad names on the way home yesterday?"

Seven hands went up. They had all heard him, so he must have done it; he was guilty. The evidence against him was overwhelming; too overwhelming to leave in my mind any doubt of his guilt.

Yet, in spite of that I doubted that he was guilty. His good reputation, his fine behaviour, his record and the simple, innocent way in which he had answered my questions made me stop and think. But then the seven witnesses. They had unanimously proclaimed that they had heard Billy say the bad words.

My knowledge of child psychology was taxed to the limit. But considering the evidence of the witnesses it was only reasonable to assume that Billy was guilty.

So he was found guilty of the crime, a punishment of one strap was administered, and the case was considered closed.

On the following day, as we sat eating the noon lunch, and when my fellow teacher was in the middle of a funny story, someone knocked at the door. It was a middle-aged lady whom I had not seen before. Very soon after she entered our cottage she began to cry. In between her sobs she told us that Billy is their only son, and that he is always so quiet and obedient that he would never call anyone names. He had never done that, she said, and never would.

Punished For Something He Had Not Done

"Oh, my poor boy," she sobbed, holding a handkerchief over her eyes, "yesterday when he came home he cried almost the whole evening that he had been punished for something that he had not done. He did not call Olga any names. She didn't tell the truth. She told him so that he would get straps. That's the kind of a child she is, I know her. Her whole family is like that. They always make trouble for us."

This put a wet blanket over our good humour in which we had started to eat our lunch. Before this I did not know that a woman's tears could influence one so strongly.

A re-investigation of the whole matter was necessary. All of the witnesses would have to be cross-examined again, and the whole case re-tried. But before I did that I decided to gather all the information I could on this case from sources other than the children themselves. I did that, and found some very interesting material for a psychological study.

Relations Between Olga's and Billy's Families

Upon asking some people who knew Olga's and Billy's families I was told that they were close neighbors, and lived across the road from one another. Between the two families there existed a sort of a deep-rooted feud dating back to when they first settled in the community. They had often quarreled about cows, horses and poultry trespassing one another's farms and yards. The mothers sometimes quarreled and called one another names from behind the fences of their yards. Here, then, lay the fundamental cause of the trouble I had in school. Now I viewed the entire situation from a different angle.

Two days later the case was before the "court" for a re-trial. This time I had no difficulties in getting from the witnesses and the plaintiff the truth, and nothing but the truth.

"Look here, children," I said quite seriously, "you remember what you told me a few days ago about Billy. Now, I have found out a few things about this that I did not know at first. Billy was punished for something that he perhaps did not do. How would you like to be punished for something that you did not do?"

The witnesses hung down their heads. They could not look into my eyes.

"Did you really hear Billy calling Olga names?"

Slowly one of the boys raised his head, and in a somewhat trembling, uncertain voice said, "No, I didn't hear him." Then his head drooped again.

Each one of the other six was asked the same question, and each one gave the same reply. No, none of them had heard Billy call Olga names.

"Well, why did you tell me that you did hear him when you didn't?"

It took a little time for one of them to gather enough courage to answer the question, for this was perhaps the hardest one to answer. I was patient, however, confident that the truth would come forth eventually. And it did.

"Olga was angry at Billy, and she told us to say that he was calling her names so that he would get a strap. She promised to give us some candy for that," said one of them. The other six made the same confession. They all had committed perjury motivated by bribery.

At this sudden emergence of the truth Olga's head drooped. Billy smiled triumphantly.

This was a serious offence, and in order this sort of thing should not be repeated I reprimanded the witnesses

for the breath of law and order, with a warning to them and others that another such act would bring painful consequences.

Olga's Confession

That same day, after school, Olga and I were alone in the classroom to have a private heart to heart talk.

"Olga," I said, "you have done something that I never expected you to do. I'm ashamed of you. You told me that Billy called you names, and you got other children to say they had heard him. He got punished for that. Now what you and they told me was not true, was it? I always trusted you and thought that you were a very good little girl, but now I am beginning to think differently about you. Did Billy call you names or did he not?"

Olga was struggling with herself. I could have seen that very plainly. She was unable to say anything. As I waited patiently for the triumph of the good over the evil I saw tears rolling down her cheeks and fall to the floor. I was moved, and moved more than I ever expected to be by this simple yet intensely dramatic incident in the life of this child. I am not sure that there were no tears in my eyes too.

After what seemed to be hours of waiting, the reply came. It was of course, "No."

Having uttered this word more tears came down her cheeks because the struggle within her soul had reached the climax, and the good finally prevailed over the evil. I did not try to stop her tears, however, for I knew that they were washing off the stains of her guilt from her conscience, and that after this she would feel much relieved and free.

"Are you sorry that you did all that, Olga?"

"Ye-s."

I brought her closer to me, put my hand lightly over her shoulder and asked, "What punishment do you think you deserve for this?"

"Ten straps," she said, after a moment's hesitation.

"No, I shall not punish you with a strap, Olga," I said, "I think that you already understand what a wrong thing you have done. Perhaps it was not altogether your fault. I won't tell you why; some day you may understand yourself. But what about Billy now? I think he feels pretty bad about you, don't you think so? Perhaps you better apologize to him and promise that you will never do such a thing again."

The next day Olga apologized to Billy. He forgave her with a smile, and said, "Oh, that's all right."

During the balance of that year Olga was even a better pupil than she had been before. Billy was still the same quiet, industrious little fellow. The hatchet had been buried deeply, and the place where it was buried was completely forgotten.

Eight Years Later

In 1940 I met Olga in Winnipeg. I hardly recognized her for she was already a grown-up girl of eighteen. She had completed her high school, and was attending a business college.

"Do you remember," she said, "the time when I was involved in that perjury and libel case with Billy?"

"Yes," I replied, "I think I can recall that very easily. What about it?"

"Well," she said, "I can never forget how understanding you were to me that time. I think I should have gotten those ten straps. But yet," she continued, with sudden seriousness, "it seems too me that in some way I would have been a different person."

"A better person?" I asked, humorously.

"No," she replied, "not exactly that, but it would have left a sort of

OUR CULTURE

By HONORE EWACH

WHICH is more important: to be civilized or to be cultured? To possess civilization or culture? Or, are culture and civilization synonymous? Very few people ask themselves such questions, and still fewer of them have any clear-cut opinion about such matters. This in spite of the fact that it is really very important for all of us to be deeply imbued with culture and at the same time to be able to make good use of the mechanical inventions of the so-called civilized peoples and nations of the world.

Ukrainians proudly claim that they possess great cultural values, such as thousands of beautiful folk songs, very apt and profound proverbs, oral stories and legends of great educational value, many fine national traditions, such as kind-hearted hospitality, predisposition to help the needy and oppressed, etc. They are proud to possess such qualities as noble men, make them gentle in their manners, kind to other people, and enable them to enjoy the beautiful things of Nature.

Ukrainian culture is not something that has been acquired during the last two or three hundred years. Its roots reach into the life of Ukrainians who lived at the time of Volodimir the Great (979-1015), of those who lived at the time of Christ, and go even deeper, to the time when Scythians and Sarmatians roamed with their herds on the steppes between the Dniester and Don. They still sing in their ancient Christmas carols of the times when their young men served as volunteers in the armies of the Greek emperors of Constantinople. They still mention in their folk songs the blue waters of the Dunay (Danube), that is they still reach back to that hoary past, through their folk songs, when most of Ukrainian tribes lived somewhere in the proximity of the Adriatic sea and along the Danube. Such Ukrainian words as "rakhmanny" and "shudra" remind them of their ancient contact with India. And such words as "skytalets" (wanderer) and "skytatsya" (to wander here and there) remind them of the ancient nomadic Scythians who some 2,500 years ago lived north of the Black Sea, on the Ukrainian steppes.

Ukrainian culture, furthermore, contains some of the tunes brought to Ukraine from India, Persia, Central Asia, ancient Greece, Ireland, Scotland, and Gallia. Some of Ukrainian folk songs are composed in the same kind of four-beat rhythms that are used by poets in India.

Yet Ukrainian culture is not just a conglomeration, a hodge-podge, consisting of many elements but lacking cohesion. No, it is a close unity. In fact, it is the synthesis of all the historic events that took place in the last few thousand years. It is that valuable social heritage that is passed orally from generation to generation, from age to age, by father and mother to their children. It is that something that keeps the Ukrainians nothing else but Ukrainians in spite of all the calamities that their country has endured.

As a profoundly cultured people the Ukrainians find no difficulty at all in making a very good use of such instruments and machines that symbolize the very essence of our modern civilization.

a mark on me, you know. I understand now what somebody's sympathy means when one is in trouble. I'll never forget that incident and your sympathy. Thank you very, very much."

"Thank you very, very much," had never before meant as much to me as it did then.

(Ukrainian Canadian Review)

"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)

(13)

CHAPTER IX

Poor Petro and Lesya

CHORNOHOR immediately leaped off his horse and ran to his comrade's aid. Lesya fell to her knees beside Petro and applied her kerchief to the deep wound in his side to staunch the flow of blood.

"Petro, my dear, Petro!" she screamed, all her maidenly reserve gone now, in anguish at the thought that he who had fought so valiantly for her might now be dying. Despite her efforts, however, the blood kept on flowing, through the kerchief and over her hands. At the sight of it, the poor girl lost control of herself completely. Sobbing and crying loudly she threw her arms around the inert Petro as if by that very act she hoped to keep him from leaving this earth. When Somko, Shraam and the others thundered up to her, after they had encircled the ravine, she paid no attention to them.

"There, there, girl!" said Shraam, dismounting. "You won't heal the wound with tears. We'll tie it up with a belt. Maybe it's not so bad after all."

But Somko, instead of helping Shraam or showing any anger towards the two miscreants who had attempted to kidnap Lesya, began to busy himself trying to bring Kyrylo back to life.

"You poor fellow!" he spoke to the motionless form. "All the while I thought you were joking with me when you threatened to kidnap Lesya. Now I know that evil spirits got you in their grasp. I'd rather not marry at all than see you thus before me."

The fact that his fiancée was grieving over the body of another, calling all sorts of endearing names to it, did not seem to impress him in the least.

"I don't know what kind of a heart you have, sire Hetman," protested Shraam to him, "for you to waste your time on such a dog as the one at your feet."

"Well, what do you expect me to do, sir? Leave him here to rot?"

"Of course. Let him perish just as he deserves!"

"No, sir, Kyrylo never did that to me when I was in a tight spot. He always went ahead and saved me."

"Saved you! and now he nearly took your fiancée away."

"A fiancée I can have whenever I want one, sir, but there's only one Kyrylo Tur."

Lesya overheard these last words. "So, that's the way he loves me," she thought, and there and then she lost forever any affection she may have had for him before.

Shraam was also hurt by this. So Somko can feel sorry for such a bandit like Kyrylo, he thought, while the fact that my Petro is lying here unconscious is of no matter to him.

But Somko had not forgotten Petro. No sooner had he tied up Kyrylo's wound, then he hurried over to Petro.

"How is he?" he asked solicitously of Shraam. "Here take my cloak and rig up a stretcher for him between two horses."

"Take care of your Zaporozhian, sire Hetman," growled Shraam in reply. "Petro has a father to take care of him."

With this he took off his own cloak and making fast both sides of it to the saddle pommel of each horse, lifted Petro up and placed him on it. Holding on to him carefully he moved off.

"In such fashion, my son," he sadly ruminated, striding behind the horses, "has it come for me to rock you in the Kozak cradle. It looks like God has fated you to suffer death wounds not in the cause of mother Ukraine, but for a maiden belonging to someone else."

Somko began to take care of Kyrylo in a similar manner, and had begun to make a similar stretcher with his own expensive cloak, when all of a sudden two mounted Zaporozhians dashed up, apparently from nowhere. Taking the situation in a glance, they wasted no time.

"What do you think you are going to do with our comrade?" they demanded. "Is he such an orphan that if it were not for your

settlement Kozaks, he would be left to rot here on the steppe, with his carcass pecked away by birds? No, sir! Never do we Zaporozhians forsake one another. Give him up to us. We have our own ways of curing him—ways that will set him on his feet in a jiffy!"

Without waiting for any consent, and winking to Chornohor, both of them seized Kyrylo Tur, one by the shoulders, the other by his legs, and throwing him across their mounts in front of them, they galloped off, with Chornohor close behind.

In the opposite direction, Petro was borne tenderly and carefully, in the direction of Somko's home.

Somko joined Leska and taking her by the arm inquired solicitously how she felt after her terrible experience. He was met, however, with silence, and even when he pressed her hand warmly, she remained unresponsive. The memory of what he had just said about her worth as his fiancée compared with that of his boon comrade Kyrylo Tur, still rankled in her mind.

They had not gone far when they encountered Mrs. Cherevan, in a carriage that was being driven furiously towards them by Vasile Nevolnyk. When she saw her daughter, a cry of gladness broke out from her.

Her happiness at having Lesya back with her safe and sound, however, was met with a glowering look on the part of old Shraam.

"Look," he said, pointing at the recumbent figure of his son in the improvised stretcher suspended between the two horses, "just look what your daughter has done! It never fails, every time any of you women mix into anything, very little good is bound to come out of it."

At the sight of Petro in this state, Mrs. Cherevan saddened visibly, and when in response to her questions Lesya explained all that had happened, she turned to Shraam and said: "Since all this has happened on account of my Lesya, then both of us will do all we can to make amends. Therefore I beg you to take your son to my home. Both of us shall take very good care of him, and we won't sleep even a wink until we set him up on his feet again. In my time I have tied up the wounds of plenty of Kozaks; and my Lesya knows how too. So with God's help I think we will make him well again."

Shraam agreed to this; while Cherevan invited the Hetman together with some of his officers to his home as well.

Lesya got into the carriage with her mother, and both hurried ahead of the others in order to get home first and prepare it for the coming of Petro and the guests Cherevan had invited. Throughout the entire ride, Lesya retold to her mother over a dozen times about how Petro had saved her from Kyrylo Tur and Chornohor, and how bravely he had fought for her.

Arriving home, Lesya paid no attention what preparations her mother was going to make for the others that were coming; she herself went ahead and prepared her own bedroom for Petro, made her bed afresh for him, covered it with cross-beam up on the ceiling with freshly-cut flowers, and hung her finest embroidered shawl over the window. When the guests arrived, her mother took charge of them, serving them food and drink, while Lesya remained to take care of Petro who was carried in and placed in her bed by his father. She went outside and dug out some roots, and then picked certain flowers. These she cooked carefully, and administered the potion to her patient. Throughout it all, Vasile Nevolnyk hovered around, assisting her.

When Petro recovered consciousness, it seemed to him as if he were in another world. What did it matter to him now that Lesya was not his fiancée, when it was clear as daylight that she loved him—that was enough for him! Throughout his semi-consciousness into which he soon relapsed, there were lucid moments when he was aware of her, bending over him and watching whether his health was going up or down. Most aware was he, however, of her eyes, looking into his own. Although his body had become so weakened that he did not even feel that he had one, although he could raise neither hand nor foot, yet under the spell of those eyes his heart began to beat as strongly as ever. It mattered little to him now whether he

DO YOU KNOW

the name of the people who for 500 years defended western civilization from annihilation by savage hordes of nomads; who were the first to carry the torch of Christianity into the heart of Eastern Europe; who, like the American frontiersmen, established the supremacy of the white race over territories larger than France; who now number over 45 million; whose capital the first geographer of the Middle Ages, Adam of Bremen, called the "competitor of Constantinople"? Do you know the name of the people called by Charles XII of Sweden "the famous race"; the people described by one French traveler in the 17th century as active, strong and dexterous; great lovers of liberty who cannot suffer any yoke? The people who, according to Voltaire, always aspire to freedom, and who are still dragging the irons of subjugation? These people are the Ukrainians.

Read about them in

Spirit of Ukraine,

which tells of Ukrainian Contributions to World's Culture. It is beautifully illustrated. (152 pages. price \$1.00)

SVOBODA BOOKSTORE

recovered his health again; he was content to die in this manner, looking deep into her eyes, that were clear as spring water. Outside in the orchard he could hear the nightingale singing; a warm flower-scented breeze stirs the embroidered shawl over the window; shadows of the setting sun flicker through the room; while by him sits Lesya, holding his hand, with her other hand resting softly on his fevered brow... yes, it matters not, whether he have life and health, just let him swoon, fall asleep like this, and never wake up again... Nevertheless, his strength began to return to him, filling his body like water does a well; his lips regained some of their color and his eyes their sparkle.

Happy grew Shraam at the sight of this, happy grew the Hetman himself, yet no one was so happy as Lesya herself. Her happiness, however, was very much like the moon breaking through the clouds: one moment it would be free of them and shine in all its brightness and glory over villages, fields, rivers and streams; the next moment it would go behind a cloud, and then it would seem as if the whole world went in mourning, as all would become black and sombre. And so with Lesya, one moment she would be very happy at the thought that Petro was growing well again, and next moment gloom would settle on her as she contemplated that she was engaged to marry Somko. True, he was a Hetman, of fine and noble appearance, yet he never even deigned to utter to her all those sweet things that she knew Petro would tell her if only he felt free to do it. Marriage with the Hetman, she realized, would be a very dull and loveless affair, and her home would be naught else than a meeting place for military councils and the like. Such was her fate, she sadly ruminated, and of what use for her to struggle against it. In fact, she decided, it was of no use to disclose her feelings even to her father or mother. For that matter, it would be best if even Petro knew nothing of it.

And so, as Petro grew better, she began to avoid him. No longer would she sit by him as long as she used to before.

"Why do you avoid me so, Lesya?" he asked her once pointblank, seizing her hand.

She did not reply to him; but he found his answer in her eyes that glistened with tears.

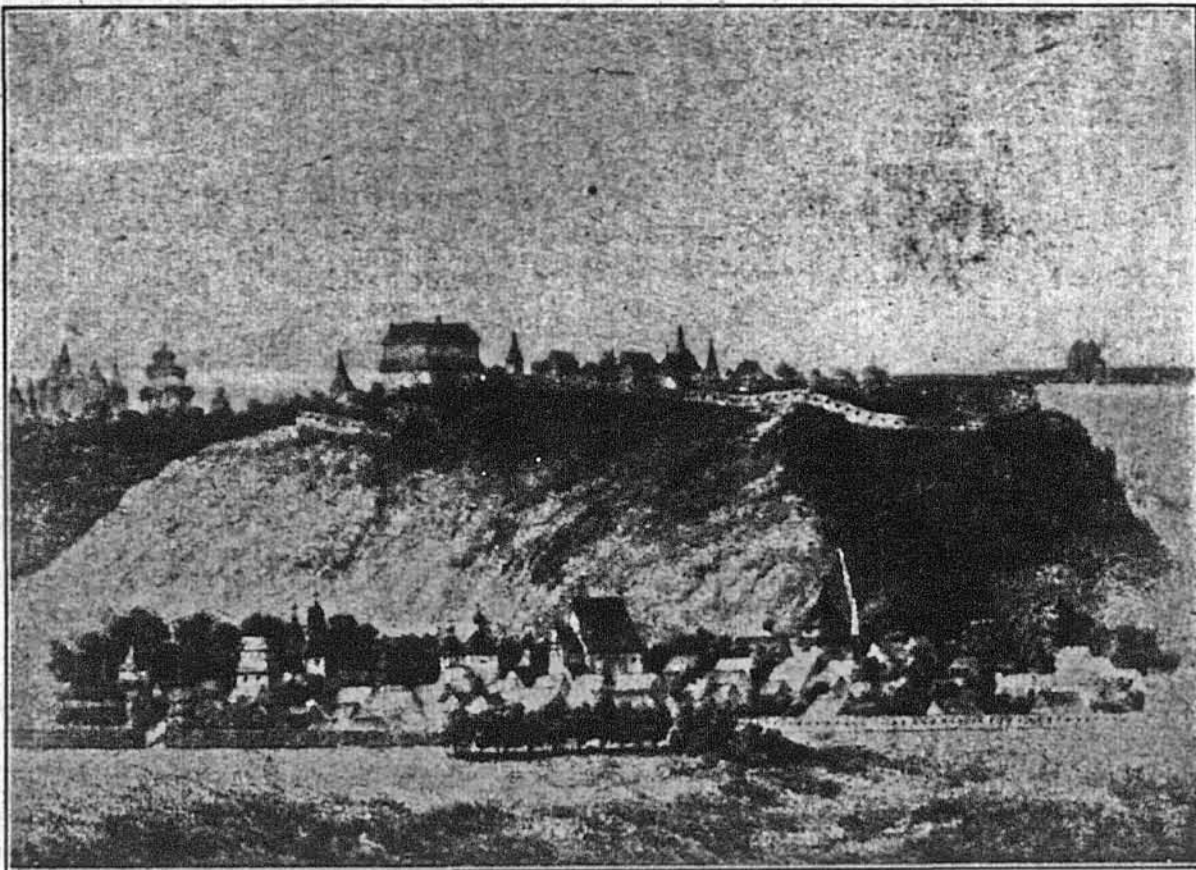
"Do not hide from me, my dearest," he said. "Although God has not fated for us to live as man and wife, yet I shall never stop loving you. Let us, at least, be to each other like brother and sister."

"No, better for us to separate now and never meet again!" she cried, and breaking loose from him ran weeping out into the garden.

Nevertheless, she still continued to come and sit by his bedside, although not as often as before, and sing him sad songs that clearly revealed the sorrow within her. But aside from this and the long looks they exchanged from time to time, that was all that passed between them now; there was no need for any conversation, for each one knew what lay in the other's heart.

And as for the others, her parents, her fiancée, and his father, what passed between them two concerned them not in the least. In those days when a girl became engaged she thereby became practically married to the man; and the breaking of the engagement was unthinkable. For that reason they did not bother their heads at all about poor Petro and Lesya.

(To be continued)



KIEV IN THE 17TH CENTURY—TIME OF "CHORNA RADA" STORY
(From a contemporary etching)

THE UNITED NATIONS

VII. COSTA RICA

UNITED STATES ARMY officers stationed in the Canal Zone know Costa Rica well. Before the war many of them had learned to escape to the little Republic just north of Panama for a few days in the cool air of its volcano-ringed highlands.

But here in North America you don't hear much about Costa Rica. It is a quiet, God-fearing neighbor. It doesn't get its name in the papers. It is a nation of small farmers who take pride in its stability and progress. And it is one of the purest democracies on earth.

The Name

It was Columbus who christened it "Rich Coast" when, on his last voyage to the New World, he landed at what is now Puerto Limon and saw the Indians decked out with gold discs. He thought that they must have rich stores of metal and that the river sands must be thick with gold. But the gold seekers who followed Columbus were disappointed; Costa Rica had little readily accessible gold. The gold seekers went elsewhere, and only the farmers stayed. Costa Rica has mines, but its real riches are in coffee—and in the bananas planted nearly four centuries after Columbus by a tough jungle-busting New Yorker named Minor C. Keith, who also built Central America's first railroad between Puerto Limon and Costa Rican capital.

The Country

Mr. Keith's railroad, which took 19 years to build and cost the lives of 4,000 men, starts out among the palm trees and banana and cacao plantations of the hot, wet Caribbean coast. It makes its way through a dense tropical jungle, hung with moss, vines, orchids, shimmering with birds and butterflies, treacherous with swamps. Then it climbs, suddenly and precipitously, 5,000 feet up through cedars, past mountain torrents, across dizzying gulches, to the cool central plain.

Costa Rica is about the size of West Virginia—23,000 square miles—with only a little over a third of West Virginia's population. This small territory is divided into three separate areas by boundaries of altitude. In the sultry Caribbean lowland, where it may rain 300 days a year, live mainly United Fruit Company managers and the West Indian Negroes who work on the banana plantations. The Pacific plain is a cattle country. The real Costa Rica is the

lovely meseta—the central tableland at an altitude of 3,000 to 4,000 feet, with higher mountains towering over it. It is a country of tall green grasses, winds, and perpetual spring. Here live three-quarters of the population. Here are the four largest towns, within a few miles of each other: San Jose, the capital; Cartago, the old Spanish colonial capital, clinging to the foot of a volcano; Elajuela and Heredia, set down in the midst of sugar-cane fields and coffee orchards. Here are hundreds of small proprietary farms, from 10 to 100 acres each; 80 percent of Costa Rica's cultivated land is owned in such small holdings. Here grows Costa Rica's famous coffee—which all used to go to the London market—its white-flowered, red-berried trees clinging to mountainsides so steep you would think the orchardist would have to use ladders to tend them. The farms are neat and well-cared for; their low adobe houses have painted windows, filled with masses of bright flowers; their porches are heaped with drying ears of corn, beans, onions. The cities are small, low-lying, unpretentious. Even in San Jose, for all the impressive public buildings and elaborate, sophisticated National Theatre, and formal parks, the wide streets lead straight away into hills and fields.

For Costa Rica is still a pioneer country, like the United States Northwest. Although two-thirds of its land is suitable for cultivation, only about one-sixth of it is now cultivated. Much of the rest is still virgin forest—cedar, mahogany, cypress, guayacan. Each year the forest is pushed back a little farther; each year there are more miles of new roads. But outside of the few cities, away from the few railroads and the air lines, Costa Rican life has all the simplicity of the frontier. A gaily painted two-wheeled oxcart is still part of the Costa Rican farmer's standard equipment. He travels from village to village in it—unless he travels on horseback; in it he carts his harvested coffee berries from his own "orchard" to the neighboring beneficio or plant for treatment and shipment abroad; it may even be seen, pulled by a pair of leisurely oxen, in the streets of the capital.

The People

There are some 639,000 Cost Ricans. Only about 3,500 of them are Indians; the rest, except for the West Indian Negroes in the coastal banana plantations, are white. Their ancestors were hardy, energetic peasants

from Galicia and the Basque Provinces of rocky northwestern Spain who set a pattern of hard work on small farms. The men are solid, sober citizens of dignity and pure Spanish speech; their graceful women still wear, in the country, long braids, flounced printed cotton skirts, and embroidered shawls, the heritage of Spain. For gayety, the provincial towns have concerts in their shaded parks, and towns have concerts in their shaded parks, and they still have bullfights: neither the bull nor the torero is ever hurt and anyone may try his hand. But the national sport is soccer, which the young men play in the park in the late afternoons. The Costa Ricans have set up under these tropical skies, in the shadow of these Central American volcanoes, a way of life as sober and deliberate as that of a New England village, and as free in its expression of opinion. It is not a way of life they would willingly part with. In the 1850's under President Juan Rafael Mora, they fought to keep foreign control and slavery out of Central America. They would do it again. They have one of the freest presses left in this world, and one of the most enlightened school systems. Twenty percent of the national budget goes into the schools: the schools are free and every child must attend. Costa Rica's greatest hero is no man-on-horseback, but President Jesus Jimenez Zamora, who back in the 1860's laid the foundations of the school system, including public institutions for girls at a time when many more advanced and wealthier nations had never dreamed of such a thing.

Every Costa Rican citizen is required by law to vote in the presidential elections held every 4 years and in the elections to the one-chamber legislature. The President is responsible to the Congress which may and often does override his authority. The President lives like an ordinary citizen, he walks about the streets unguarded; his house is open to any citizen of the Republic.

... and the War

This is the country which was one of the first of the American nations after Pearl Harbor to declare war on the Axis. Months before December 7, the Costa Rican Congress passed a law providing for deportation of any person circulating Nazi opinions, and the law has been applied more than once. Since the War, Costa Rica has firmly put her German citizens of Nazi sympathies into concentration camps.

Costa Rica has a standing army of only 500; she has always been proud of having many more teachers than soldiers. But she has large reserves (150,000) in proportion to her population. She has a highly strategic

Mechanics For The U. S. Army Ordnance And Signal Corps

This is a war of mechanization. Tanks, radios, planes and mechanized artillery are the key factors in every engagement.

The prodigious achievements of our factories in turning out thousands of planes, tanks and guns—all the training of men to fly these planes, drive these tanks, and fire these guns—will have been to no avail unless this equipment can be kept in top-notch running order. For every artillery officer and every gun crew, there are dozens of men behind the lines and at the bases who must play a vital part in the operation—radio mechanics, armorers, welders, metal workers and many other skilled technicians.

It is obvious that if we are to continue and increase offensive operations—"to strike and strike again," as the President recently said—we must be thoroughly equipped, trained, and perfectly synchronized. Yet, at the moment, we are below quotas insofar as skilled mechanics are concerned. Actually, the Signal Corps and Ordnance Department urgently need over 50,000 skilled mechanics and technicians. And without the necessary mechanics, our equipment and our synchronization will necessarily be handicapped.

These needed men are basically men who are handy with mechanical instruments. They are telephone and telegraph men, radio operators, engine mechanics, electricians, sheet metal workers, garage mechanics, watch makers and those whose hobbies are of a mechanical bent. They can, therefore, be taught in a minimum time how to repair arms, check bomb racks, test gun sights and firing mechanism, keep precision instruments and communications systems in working order.

They are men 18 to 44 years of age, single or married, who can pass an aptitude test and the Army Physical exam for field service.

They are the men who must enlist now to keep our war machine in action.

O.W.I.

NOVEMBER

By THEODOSIA BORESKY

Sunny skies, silver-lined clouds
A choppy sea, sighing and heaving
Trembling foam upon the shore
That looks like Christmas snow
Yellowish and orange grasses
Brown trees bared of leaves
And the wind howling, over all.

Take a brisk walk
Fill your lungs with air
Or gather some driftwood
And build a cozy fire
Against some protecting rock
Then let the wind howl
And the sea roll
Your heart will be lifted upward
To the smiling sky.

position, as the nearest Central American nation to Panama, and her people realize it. President Calderon Guardia warned them recently that the country might "become a field of operations for powers trying to commit aggression against the Panama Canal." Costa Rica owns a strategic island—the Isle de Cocos—southwest of her own coast in the Pacific.

Meanwhile, besides her coffee and her bananas, and the cacao from which are made some 10,000,000 pounds a year of fine chocolates for the United States' sweet tooth—besides these staples of her economy, and sugar, and hardwoods like mahogany—Costa Rica has rubber which grows wild in her jungles. The Good-year Company has a Costa Rican plantation which is beginning to produce excellent commercial rubber.

BENEFIT CONCERT IN TORONTO FOR SERVICE MEN

Federal, City and Military Representatives in Audience of 1,000 at Open House

It was open house at the Ukrainian People's Home on Lippincott street (Toronto), yesterday (Nov. 1) when an audience of nearly 1,000 people, headed by federal, city and military representatives, heard a brilliant program of music and song.

In the audience were uniformed men of the three services, a large number of them being young Ukrainians from Ontario and other parts of the Dominion, enjoying the warm hospitality of Toronto Ukrainians.

The concert was the first of a series of monthly Sunday concerts, the proceeds of which will send comforts to the large number of Ukrainian young men in the armed forces.

Lt.Col. James Roberts, M.C., E.D., officer commanding "D" Wing at Military District No. 2 Depot, and many men in uniform were present at the house warming, and congratulated the officials of the Ukrainian People's Home on the splendid and beautiful manner in which the building had been decorated, "achieved by their own hard work."

"I am happy to join you in paying thanks and sincere gratitude to the members of the active forces, who, with their fellow Canadians, have turned their backs upon fine opportunities to fight a common enemy," said Mayor Fred J. Conboy. "I know how willing your young men are to fight for liberty that is to be found in Canada, and I join in welcoming those who have come from outside Toronto.

Mayor Praises Choir

Mayor Conboy praised the glorious choir, and brought hearty laughs when he said he was going to learn a folk song that had just been sung by the choir. Mayor Conboy said he could hear all the way through something that sounded like "Shush-Shush."

"It would be very appropriate at meetings of the City Council," he said. "I am going to learn that song."

Colonel Roberts said that he was very much pleased to represent the army and spoke of the pride Canadian-born citizens felt in the way in which the Ukrainian people had joined whole-heartedly in the struggle to perpetuate the life they sought when they came to this country, a country where all were free to earn their living, and where minorities were not hounded.

"Speaking as a soldier," Colonel Roberts said, "no people deserve more respect, as fighting men, than Ukrainians and Russians."

Arthur Roebuck, M.P., said that he was delighted to see so many army men in the audience. He told how the Ukrainian people had been the first to resist the German army, and compared the city of Kiev, where thousands were shot as hostages, with Toronto.

"That sort of thing is not going to happen in Toronto, because we are not going to let it happen," he said.

Tells of Armed Forces

Mr. Roebuck gave his listeners some interesting figures of Canada's three services, and spoke of the immense sums needed to care for their expansion. In conclusion, he said how happy he and his wife were to be with the Ukrainian people in their newly-decorated home. Controller Robert Saunders was also present.

The choir gave four numbers, each one different style, and each was equally effective in bringing out the fine tone of the singers. An accordion and violin duet by brilliant artists was particularly delightful, and the

Again Class President

Stephen J. Magura, who reports Ukrainian activities for the Jersey City Journal by day, for the second successive year was elected president of his class at the John Marshall Law School College of Law in Jersey City, N. J. Last year he was president of the freshman law class.



STEPHEN J. MAGURA

Also last year he was the winner of the Dean Alexander F. Ormsby Medal for the highest scholastic average and is historian of the Phi Delta Pi Legal Fraternity. He is the editor of the John Marshall College Notes column.

In Ukrainian American life, Mr. Magura is the president of the SS. Peter and Paul Holy Name Society and chairman of the Jersey City Ukrainian War Bond Committee.

PHILLY TRIUMPHS IN FIRST TWO STARTS

The Philadelphia U. N. A. Basketball Team opened their 1942-43 season with a 36-34 victory over the U.S. Marine Corps Depot at Delaware and Snyder Avenues on Monday, November 9, and then followed up this auspicious start with a 24-23 conquest of the Zephyr A. C. five two days later. Although weakened by the loss of several men to the U.S. Armed Forces, the Philly quint has replaced the draftees and enlistees with high school youngsters, and the latter are doing very well under Coach Jerry Juzwiak. The score by periods below will testify to the thrills gained by the spectators.

Marines	5	12	7	10-34
Philadelphia	13	3	10	10-36
Zephyr A.C.	4	2	12	5-23
Philadelphia	9	0	3	12-24
				D. S.

Teacher—"Where is the Dead Sea?"
Tommie—"Don't know, ma'am."
"Don't know where the Dead Sea is?"
"No, ma'am, I didn't even know any of them was sick."

Young Mother—"The doctor says people shouldn't kiss the baby; it isn't sanitary."
Caller—"Poor little fellow; why don't you wash him."

singing of Miss Olga Smolyk brought rounds of applause.

The concert ended with a Cossack sword dance by Peter Kril and Johann Sawych, and a folk dance by the Misses Olga Swora, Janette Plane, Millie Wodana, Katherine Kushnir and Anna Morose.

Dieppe Veteran Introduced

The real get-together was when supper was served in the dance hall. The visiting men in uniform and the men and women of the Ukrainian Peoples' Home met and talked with each other. Pvt. John Hryciuk, of Saskatoon, who was in the Battle of Dieppe, was introduced to the audience during the concert, and every one rose in tribute. The young soldier spoke during supper.

"The Evening Telegram,"

Becomes Lieutenant

Michael Randall Rogowsky, son of Mr. and Mrs. John Rogowsky of 17 Charlton street, Newark, N. J. was recently commissioned as second lieutenant in the Corps of Engineers at Fort Belvoir, Va.



LIEUT. MICHAEL R. ROGOWSKY

Inducted into service in May, 1941 Lieutenant Rogowsky was then assigned to an Armored Division as battalion draftsman, and later became the unit's reconnaissance tank sergeant. Prior to his appointment to the Officers' Training School, he spent some time in Washington pursuing certain studies.

In civilian life, Lieut. Rogowsky was active in young Ukrainian American organizational life in Newark. He was a member of the Boyan Choir of St. John's Ukrainian Catholic Church, directed by Mr. Theodosius Kaskiw. He was also a scout master.

Following a furlough which he spent at home, Lieut. Rogowsky left last week as engineer officer attached to an Air Force unit.

Trains Officer Candidates

Lieutenant Stephen Gula, son Mr. and Mrs. Theodore Gula, 219 West street, Wilmington, Del., all members of U.N.A. branch of U.N.A. branch 247, is at present engaged in training officer candidates at the Engineer School at Fort Belvoir.



LIEUT. STEPHEN GULA

Lt. Gula is a former student of the University of Delaware, where he studied chemical engineering. All members of his family are members of the Ukrainian National Association.

JERSEY CITY and VICINITY MASQUERADE BALL
— sponsored by —
Branches 70, 170, 270 and 275 of the U. N. Ass'n
Thursday, November 26, '42
(Thanksgiving Day)
at UKRAINIAN NATIONAL HOME, 181-183 Fleet St., Jersey City, N. J.
Commencement at 7 P. M.
Admission 50 cents.
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ALL ARE INVITED!

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