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STARS IN OFFENBACH'S OPERA

Playing the leading part of Valentin, the love-sick lad in Offenbach's one-act opera "Fortunio's Love Song," Miss Luba U. Kowalska, young Ukrainian American soprano, and daughter of Rev. Kowalsky of Pennsylvania won much applause by her acting and vocal interpretation of the role from a highly appreciative audience that packed the Hunter College Theatre in New York City where the opera was presented Friday evening, March 5th, by a cast of professional singers, also vocal students of Prof. Fuchs and a some students of Hunter College.

LEHIGH VALLEY RALLY HELD

The Ukrainian people have always been more or less oppressed because various countries have lusted for their rich soil, Judge Frank McCluskey, of Northampton (Pa.) county courts, told a large gathering at the rally of the American-Ukrainian Youth League of the Lehigh Valley, held Sunday afternoon, February 28, in Easton, Pa., the Allentown Morning Call and other newspapers report.

The rally and the ball, the latter held the preceding evening, was held under the sponsorship of the Ukrainian Youth Club of West Easton. John Dashe, president of the league, also head of the West Easton unit, presided.

Besides Judge McCluskey, Rev. Michael Koltutsky of West Easton, and Alexander Yaremko of Philadelphia spoke. The entertainment program included selections sung by the girl choir of Holy Ghost Church.

A SOLDIER'S HOPE FOR UKRAINE

A non-Ukrainian reader of the Ukrainian Weekly, J. Basil Calhan of Herkimer, N. Y. forwarded to us a letter from an American soldier friend of Ukrainian parentage, Pvt. William Poszynok. "While serving America faithfully," Mr. Calhan writes "he (Poszynok) can't help but concern himself with the country of his parents and the country which was his home for several years."

Pvt. Poszynok's letter follows:
"...I was very glad to receive the postcard and your letter..."

"The postcard! On it a picture of a Ukrainian soldier sitting, deep in thought, and those few lines expressing what they are fighting for. Their purpose is clear, as it says; you can not find a seed of falsehood behind us. It makes it so hard to understand why the 50 million Ukrainian nation is not free. All the peoples of the world know there is a Ukraine. The only answer I finally thought of is that the neighbors of Ukraine know her too well and benefit by her too greatly, to let her become free.

"So when I look at that picture, I know we must win this war, if Ukraine is to become free. I am quite sure that President Roosevelt knows that Ukraine was free in 1918, after the last World War. I believe if Ukraine had remained a free country, there would not have been this war..."

Needed: National Coordination

Although our Ukrainian American war effort is already of appreciable proportions and steadily increasing in tempo, we think it could be much greater now and later if it were planned and coordinated on a national scale, by some nationally representative council established for just such a purpose.

As the situation stands now, throughout the land our people are engaged in all sorts of war activities. They are buying War Bonds and Defense Stamps, contributing to the Red Cross, the United Service Organization, the Army Emergency Relief and other kindred agencies, making fine records in war industries, engaging in various civilian defense activities, arranging morale-building affairs such as service flag dedications, and finally, and most important of all, giving the flower of their young generation to the armed forces of our country.

All this and other activities and sacrifices together constitute the Ukrainian American war effort. It shows that our people are well aware of the stakes in this world conflict and that they are determined to do everything in their power to secure victory for their country and its cause. It shows, too, that in the war effort they are, in proportion to their numbers, way up in front among the various foreign nationality groups, Americans all, which help comprise this great country of ours.

Still the fact remains that our Ukrainian American war effort could be much greater if it were nationally planned and coordinated. As it is now, it consists solely of local, isolated, and haphazard war activities of the communities engaged in it. Thus it is entirely dependent upon the initiative and resources of such communities.

That is not as it should be. Imagine the results if the U.S.O. or the Army Emergency Relief or some similar agency were conducted in that manner, local units acting entirely independent of each other, and with no central authority over them.

What, for example, is the total amount of War Bonds purchased by Ukrainian Americans throughout the country? The figure is high, no doubt; but how much? No one knows, for there is no record of it, such as could be kept by the national coordinating council we recommend. And if such a record were kept, would it not inspire even greater bond purchases? And the same applies to the Red Cross, whose local Ukrainian women's units are daily becoming more active, but which are not as effective as they could be, simply because they also lead a haphazard and isolated existence, with no contact through a Ukrainian national council with similar units in other communities.

A further example: how many of our young men of Ukrainian descent are in service? How many of them are already casualties, or missing? And how many of them have made the supreme sacrifice for their country? No one knows. Yet a national council such as we recommend would have the facilities, with the proper cooperation of our press and communities, to keep such a honor roll.

These few examples alone, we think, should make clear the need of a Ukrainian American War Effort National Council, as it may be aptly called; established on a broad representative basis, and charged with the duty of increasing the tempo and proportions of the Ukrainian American war activities by planning and coordinating them on a national scale, and also with the duty of keeping a record of these activities.

Such a record—need we point out?—will be most valuable, not only to inspire all of us to even greater endeavors in the service of our country, not only to demonstrate that we of Ukrainian descent are doing our share and perhaps even more, but also to show how palpably ridiculous, how criminal, are the lies and calumny that certain un-American and sinister forces have spread about Ukrainian Americans and their democratic institutions.

FOREIGN LANGUAGE PRESS AND THE WAR

Observing the signs of serious home-front tensions in the foreign-language press, a writer in the Spring issue of "Common Ground," calls for clarification and implementation of war aims, in order to derive maximum benefit from the participation of our large foreign-born populations in the war effort.

The article in the quarterly magazine of the Common Council for American Unity (formerly FLIS), was written by Yaroslav J. Chyz, a former Ukrainian American editor, and now manager of the Council's Foreign-Language Press Department.

In "The War and the Foreign-Language Press," Mr. Chyz asserts that the great majority of the thousand or more newspapers in this country that are published in 38 foreign languages, including the Ukrainian, are "clearly united on the vigorous prosecution of the war, realizing what an Axis victory would mean to all they stand for. Where they differ is in the realm of post-war settlement." These differences, the writer continues, constitute the "fuses" that may "set off a series of explosions, one way or another," among 30 million persons of foreign birth or parentage in the United States.

Mr. Chyz takes up one nationality group after another, including the Ukrainian, and reviews the political problems of the foreign-language newspaper editor. "In the present world conflict," says Mr. Chyz, "he is often torn between his convictions and what happens to be the adopted policy of the United Nations at the moment. From inside knowledge of a particular country or situation he may feel that the United Nations policy is questionable or sometimes even dangerous to a lasting peace in the postwar period. Is he to speak? Is he to keep silent?"

REV. STRUTYNSKY DIES

A pioneer in Ukrainian American life, an active figure in religious and secular organizations, and also a writer and pedagogue, Rev. Nicholas Strutinsky, a Ukrainian Catholic priest lately of Minersville, Pa., died last Thursday morning, March 11, at the age of 73, leaving behind a son somewhere in Europe, and a daughter, Mary Strutinsky Gambal of Brooklyn, N. Y., a journalist. The funeral will be held this Monday.

Since 1902, the time of his arrival in this country, Rev. Strutinsky was an active member of the Ukrainian National Association. In the early 1920's he served as chairman of the U.N.A. Editorial Commission. In 1925 he helped to found a "Ukrainian School Committee" under the aegis of the "Obyednanye."

Among his literary works in Ukrainian can be listed the play "On Strike," also a novel "Pry Bitiy Dorozhi" (Along the Beaten Road) and the book "Zoria Novoho Zhitia" (The Star of New Life); the latter two works were published by the U.N.A.

Failure of Nazi Order In Ukraine Typified In Kharkiv

THE complete failure of the Germans to fit the conquered areas of Ukraine into the Nazi New Order is emphasized in a CDN report from Kharkiv which appeared last Sunday, March 7, in "The Providence Sunday Journal" and likewise in the "Chicago Daily News." The report is written by David M. Nichol, an American correspondent, who was one of the first foreigners permitted to enter the city after its recapture recently by the Soviet troops.

Kharkiv was one of the largest cities of the Soviet Union to fall to the Germans. Its population before the war (833,000) was slightly larger than that of Boston.

One of the most significant features appearing from a brief visit to this shattered city, Nichol notes, is the apparent failure of Hitler's vast colonizing and exploiting program on which the Nazis depended greatly for the support of their new order economy.

Kharkiv's streets and buildings, he says, are filled with evidence that the Germans planned to remain permanently. In fact, it has been known a long time that the Nazis hoped to make this great Ukrainian city into a center of what they termed in official documents as "our new eastern colonial possessions."

The American correspondent found plenty of evidence that the Germans attempted to re-establish those portions of Ukrainian industry and agriculture which could be useful to Nazi purposes. There is also evidence that the German program was making no headway even a year ago.

The net result of it all seems to have been a spur to shipments of forced labor not only to solve the Reich's shortage but also to stem the rising number of Ukrainian jobless, a condition which captured German documents admit was "fraught with danger to the tranquility of occupied regions and wholly unpermissible in the rear of combatant troops."

Robbery and Terrorization

Kharkiv's factory wheels continued to move, but so slowly as to be almost useless. Scientific looting which was applied with considerable success in some other portions of conquered Europe apparently collapsed here in favor of out-and-out robbery and terrorization. "Exploitation" became a matter of grabbing everything on which they could lay their hands.

These generalities Nichol reduces, in his press dispatch to the "Providence Sunday Journal," to several specific examples. He relates how a man he met walking in the middle of ruined Dzerzhfa Square said that the Nazis halted him on the street and took his leather boots.

"If you were seen with boots like these," he said, pointing to a pair of German field boots that he apparently acquired during the German withdrawal, "you were shot immediately."

On a somewhat larger scale the Nazi occupants of Kharkiv undertook to turn over business establishments to sympathizers, Nichol says. General Hesse, who was made plenipotentiary for the production and repair of tractors, opened the Kharkiv tractor plant with much fanfare and only twelve machines, according to one report, to replace those the Red Army evacuated.

People refer to the Nazi owners of those businesses, which are state-operated under the Soviet, with the same deep feeling as Americans once referred to "profiteers." They apparently had little for sale except commodities looted, in turn, from the populace. What little trade occurred was centered chiefly in markets which the Nazis, for their part, tried to limit as much as possible as potential leaks for goods which otherwise

might be rounded up for Germany.

One doctor told Nichol that the Nazis had taken scientific instruments constructed of platinum weighing 6.7 pounds, following Reichmarshal Herman Goering's orders as chief of the four-year-plan that this was one of the metals which must be especially sought.

Hostility of Populace

Like other correspondents and commentators, Nichol finds the chief reason for the collapse of the new order of the Nazis in occupied Ukraine in their failure to win support of the Ukrainian populace. Nichol's phrasing of his finding in this respect, however, is incorrect in the sense that he seems to regard that lack of support as an indication of the weakness of Ukrainian nationalism, which statement no doubt was pleasing to the eye of the Soviet censor, but which to any fair-minded and uncensored observer is not true. As has been already noted on these pages numerous times, the fact that the Ukrainians have made common cause with their former oppressors, the Reds, in the fight against the common enemy, Nazis, does not mean that they have abandoned their fight for freedom or their antipathy to Communism. Perhaps Nichol himself is aware of this fact, but the well known censorship restrictions prevented him from bringing it out in his dispatch. In a sense, however, Nichol touches upon that fact when he quotes from an order issued by Field Marshal Walter von Reichenau four months after the invasion to the 6th Army, since destroyed at Stalingrad. Wrote Reichenau with the approval of Hitler:

"The indifference of numerous elements who claim to be anti-Soviet but are maintaining a policy of watchful waiting must yield to the unequivocal determination to cooperate actively against Bolshevism. Otherwise, let no one complain if he is held to be an adherent of the Soviet system and treated as such."

The Nazis' first step in Kharkiv, Nichol says, was the appointment of Prof. Alexei Kramarenko, described as "anational nationalist," as burgomaster. A district council was then established by appointment of German military authorities. This elaborate set-up, however, failed to achieve any semblance of a civil government, according to the stories of the inhabitants.

The CDN dispatch then continues as follows:—

One of the next steps, which continued during the period of occupation, was an effort to recruit Ukrainians for service in the German army. One young man we met said it was unsafe during the Nazis' stay for youths to be seen on the streets as they would be taken away immediately.

Another described the meeting to which 500 youths were called. A German officer read, first in German, then in Ukrainian, a document declaring that the Nazis had "liberated" the Ukraine and that Ukrainians now must join in its defense.

The officer asked for volunteers. Those who refused, according to the account, had their passports removed and were not seen again. The others were given German uniforms and attached to German regiments. But desertions began immediately, the narrators said. One man in the crowd said he knew 16 who recently escaped as the army fell back through the Kharkiv region.

Local Police Force Set Up

Because of pressing police problems, the Germans also undertook to form "Ukrainian police" which drilled first with sticks and were given

rifles only after a thorough preliminary investigation. Those still in the service evacuated with the Nazis. From the stories of the inhabitants, they never achieved any standing among the populace.

The Ukrainian language was taught in the schools, but the term of schooling extended only for four years. German was taught at the same time. Signs were posted in Ukrainian but always with the German version first.

Economically, the Germans provided a currency which could not do other than crystallize the opposition to the Nazis. The ruble has an official exchange value of about 19 cents, the mark about 40, yet the Nazis introduced a rate of 10 to one, paid in occupation marks, which the citizens were required to exchange at this greatly debased rate.

The equivalent of two loaves of bread, for example, cost more than three times as much as the Russian grain measure equivalent of 36 pounds.

Nazi Dynamite City

Such was the new order's fate in the largest city in the occupied western areas of the Soviet Union. The exploits of guerrillas in surrounding territory are too well known to be repeated here. Hitler has not only suffered military defeat in the Ukraine. His political theories equally have been set back.

At 5 o'clock one afternoon the Nazis set off heavy charges of explosives in Kharkiv's vast railroad station and fired the tumbling ruins.

Twelve hours later, they brought crashing down across the tracks and platforms the concrete and steel overpass, where it lies and will lie for some time like a tangled dam across these important lines.

The Nazis had failed to make Kharkiv the great outpost they had planned for their new order empire. They had failed even to hold the city as a military bastion against the advancing Red Army. Now they were putting it to the torch and dynamite.

At the lower end of Sums kaya street, Kharkiv's principal north-south thoroughfare, stores and several large apartment and office buildings were afire.

Farther north, in Sumskaya square the colonnaded palace of pioneers, dedicated to the children's organization directed by the Communist party, had collapsed in flames except for its facade. Eight days later, when our party of American and British correspondents first saw it, wisps of gray blue smoke still curled upward from its jumbled interior. Across the street, the scorched stone walls were all that remained of the once-comfortable hotel Krasnaya.

At the northern end of Sumskaya street is huge Dzerzhinsky Square, pride of Kharkiv's extensive building in the years since the Revolution. Here, on the low height between the Kharkiv and Lopan rivers, were the International hotel, the graystone Obcom, or regional party centre, 14-story house projects where as many as 7,000 technicians and experts were employed in more peaceful times, the huge house industry, and the red brick house corporations.

Each was somehow connected with the savage, vicious experience of Kharkiv during the almost 16 months of Nazi occupation. From the Obcom balcony were hanged those of Kharkiv's people for whom the Germans planned special distinction. Others found places of lesser prominence in almost any tree or house. The Gestapo was lodged in the hotel.

The red, white and black sentry box still stood before the House of Corporations which had been made

barracks. All are now fire-gutted ruins.

Apartment buildings, factories and shops that might have even slightly eased the life of Kharkiv's people, suffered similarly. Bridges sag wearily into rivers. The treads of overturned tanks already beginning to rust protrude from icy waters.

The catalogue of Kharkiv's wounds and scars might be indefinitely continued.

Many Managed to Survive

But Kharkiv's story is more, far more than that of broken buildings. Three hundred and fifty thousand people somehow survived this ordeal. They were as much a target of Nazi venom as the homes in which they lived, or the factories where they worked.

Stalingrad was Hitler's mightiest effort to break the Red Army. As all the world is more and more beginning to appreciate, it failed. Kharkiv might properly be called the Stalingrad of the Soviet people.

The Soviet authorities estimate that 70,000 persons died of starvation.

In mid-December of 1941 Kharkiv's Jews were rounded up and taken away. Inhabitants tell ghastly stories of the mass execution of 14,000 and in a world where fact is often more horrible than invention, these cannot be dismissed lightly. There do not seem to be any survivors of this mid-winter trek to the suburban factory barracks which subsequently were burned.

Health conditions must have been incredible. The water system was smashed before the Red Army left and the Germans never succeeded in restoring it. The water came from two wells and with a sign of summer came typhoid. The sewers ceased operation completely.

Curfew from 5 to 5

For children, for grownups, for housewives, for those who tried to work, there were special problems. But for everyone there was the 5 to 5 curfew and terror—denunciation, brutal beatings, arbitrary shooting, or hanging, which the Nazis seem to have favored here.

Obtaining accurate figures still is almost impossible. The Soviet authorities are trying themselves to piece together all that happened in Kharkiv. There was, for example, the final roundup of skilled workers, particularly railroad men, in the vicinity of the station by S. S. (Elite Guard) troops in the last days of the German control. How many were killed, taken away or escaped, at the moment is not known. It may never accurately be established.

The best available estimates indicate that Kharkiv's pre-war population of 833,000 had expanded considerably as refugees streamed east from the Nazi invaders, then fell to about 600,000 during the weeks the Red Army fought on the city's approaches, while much industry was evacuated with workers to distant Kazakhstan and Kirghizia.

Since then, according to Soviet estimates, about 110,000, forcibly and otherwise, were shipped to Germany as laborers. Starvation accounted for 70,000 more. The rest presumably were either killed or escaped to the surrounding country. A few at a time, these are making their way back already. Inhabitants are beginning to suggest, with eager hopefulness, that the number may run into "many thousands." So will the dead.

Kharkiv's people show strain. It could not be otherwise. The miracle is that they do not show more. Some of the essential services are already being restored. Thirty-two schools have been reopened. Teachers are being located as rapidly as possible. Many German signs, grim reminders of the very near past, have been torn down. Six hundred orphans

Sprightly Times For Red Cross On Tunisia Front

Algiers... From his office tent somewhere in North Africa, tall, Lincoln-esque John King, American Red Cross assistant field director from Clinton, Mississippi, plays the role of father and pal to a bunch of eager American bomber crews.

To his tent come the men who are dealing in death, and they find King a great fellow to talk with, or play a game of checkers and forget about the war during their moments of relaxation. They like his country-store brand of humor and sage advice.

King has been with them from the time they helped put Rommel on the run, and like the men he serves, enemy bombings are an old story to him.

"I've dived for my slit trench many times, but I haven't been hit yet," King said, "and the chances I take are so small in comparison to the ones the bomber crews face daily that I'm ashamed to talk about my own experiences.

"But I would like the folks at home to know that their sons who are here in the desert are really doing the job up brown. They are razor-keen, and each crew is a team that fights as a unit.

"When the men are off-duty, they like games of skill to sharpen their eyes and hands and brain. There's one thing about the bomber crews, they never feel satisfied with their work and so they are trying to improve their efficiency all the time.

"When they get time to relax, you'll find them at a game of checkers or chess, rather than playing team athletics.

"They shoot a lot of darts too. It helps to steady their hands and improve the eye."

As the Red Cross man with the unit, King goes along whenever the base is moved, and as soon as a new one is reached he starts in again helping to arrange for the recreation of the men.

Sometimes the going is pretty tough, especially when a desert sand storm sweeps across the barren land. Then King may find his tent blown away and all his records buried beneath tons of sand. It has happened several times.

King is the former head of the WPA recreational program in Mississippi. He is a veteran of the last war and a former assistant football coach at Mercer University, Macon, Georgia.

Right now he feels he is doing the most important job of his life, and to the men of his bomber unit, his six-feet-three slightly stooped figure is a welcome sight when the target has been reached successfully and the crew return for a period of relaxation.

EVERYBODY SAVING IN EVERY PAYDAY WAR BONDS

have been placed in home. Three bakeries are operating.

People Go Back to Work

More important, the people are going back to work and, equally important, cheerfully. The largest immediate projects are to widen the railroads which the Germans had assiduously narrowed to fit their equipment, and re-establish the water, sewer and power systems.

Groups of women are chipping away the snow and ice banks lining the streets which the Germans never undertook to clean.

The Germans succeeded in inflicting unbelievable suffering on Kharkiv's people. This seems to have been the only successful feature of their Eastern program.

SHEVCHENKO'S POETICS

By HONORE EWACH

OPEN Shevchenko's "Kobzar" at random, read a few lines of his poetry and make an attempt to scan them. Well? Can you do it easily? I doubt it. Even if you won honors at college in Latin, Greek, German, French, and English, and know all the rules of verse-making, you are bound to run into difficulty in scanning Shevchenko's poetry. You will discover, for one thing, that the Hellenic-Latin poetic measures do not apply to Shevchenko's verses. Does that mean that Shevchenko wrote his poetry in a slipshod manner? By no means! He wrote his poetry strictly in accordance with the native poetic rules of Ukraine, and his verses strictly conform to the poetic rules of Ukrainian folk songs. Is that surprising? Not at all. Robert Burns also wrote some of his finest lyric verses in the rhythms of the folk songs of Scotland. In fact, all the ancient poets wrote their verses as songs—while humming some native tunes. When one hears no inner music within his heart while writing a verse, he is not a poet by God's grace. Only petty rhymsters count their poetic beats on their fingers, calling verse-making a five-finger game.

It was but natural for Homer to compose his epics in hexameters, as such poetic measures were native to the ancient Greeks. In fact, all the ancient Greek poets, especially the early ones, employed poetic rhythms that were native to the ancient Greek folk songs. But it was otherwise with the ancient Latin poets. They tried their best to imitate the Greek poets in all respects, paying very slight attention to the poetics of the Latin folk songs; hence there is so much imitative poetry in Latin. In short, every race of people expresses best its own genius not only through its own language, but also through its own poetic rules. For instance, only some of the Hellenic-Latin poetic measures can be used to the best advantage in English. Since only the iambic measure can be used to the best advantage in English, at least 90% of the English poetry is written in iambs. Chaucer and Shakespeare, two great English poets, seemed to know this intuitively and wrote all their works in iambs. Due to the shortness of the English words, which are most often used in poetry, it is very hard to write verse in English in the Greek dactyls, amphibrachs, and anapests.

On the other hand, if Ukrainian poets used the iambic measure rhythm as often as the English, Ukrainian poetry would sound very flat and monotonous. Why? Because Ukrainian is a language mostly of long words, like Greek, and can employ with great ease not only such Greek poetic rhythms as iambic, trochaic, dactylic, amphibrach, and anapestic, but also its own native poetic measures. In fact, the Hellenic-Latin poetics in Ukraine are a modern innovation. Formerly all the creators of Ukrainian oral poetry, that is, native folk songs, composed their verses only according to the native Ukrainian poetics. So did also some of the modern Ukrainian poets, the greatest among them being Shevchenko and Rudansky. Almost all the poetry of these two is written purely according to the native Ukrainian prosody. Other great Ukrainian poets, such as Ivan Franko and Lesya Ukrainka, used both the Greek and the Ukrainian poetic rhythms in their poetry; hence it is more easy to translate their verses into other languages.

Since Ukrainian prosody is very rich, no attempt will be made here to describe all of it. Its main feature, however, should be noted here, and that is that its poetic measures are most closely allied with the musical

value of words. No man who is devoid of musical sense can employ it. It is not the already mentioned five-finger game, as some modern rhymsters like to call their own way of verse-making. Ukrainian prosody is basically the music of the heart and soul expressed in words.

If you open your "Kobzar" right at the beginning, you will find there Shevchenko's first poem, "Prychynna" (The Enchanted Girl), a ballad. Read the first line: "Reve ta stohne Dnipr shyrokiy." Try to scan it. It looks like an iambic line, but it is not. The first foot—"reve ta"—has three syllables, while the other three are of two syllables each. It is a synco-pated rhythm of the ancient Ukrainian Christmas carols. In the first measure the accent may fall on any of the three syllables, but only on the first syllable of the three other measures, hence these three remaining poetic measures are identical with iambic measures. But as you finish reading the introduction, in the first three stanzas, you come to an entirely different poetic rhythm in the fourth stanza which runs thus: "V taku dobu pid horoyu, Bilya toho hayu, Sheho chorniye nad vodoyu, Sheho bile-blukaye."

The first two lines constitute a rhythmic unit of four poetic measures, divided thus: V taku dobu—pid horoyu—Bilya toho—Hayu—, the single dash marking the short pauses and the two double dash marking the long ones (cesuras), with HA marking the main stress of the whole rhythmic unit. That means that the first three poetic measures contain four syllables each, and each one is capable of receiving an accent on any of its four syllables. The fourth foot contains only two syllables but has, on account of the main stress on the first syllable, the value of the ordinary four-syllable foot. This kind of rhythm is the basic Ukrainian rhythm. It is very much like the sloka rhythm of the Hindu system of poetics. It is known as the kolomyika rhythm.

In the thirteenth stanza of "Prychynna," Shevchenko passes into a different rhythm to denote contemplation. The first line runs thus: "Taka yiyi dolya... O, Bozhe miy myliy!" That line could be scanned as a simple line of amphibrach, but it is not. Shevchenko knew nothing about the amphibrach when he wrote his first poems. Many of the Ukrainian folk songs are composed thus. It also consists of four poetic measures and is scanned thus: "Taka yiyi—Dolya—O, Bozhe miy—MYliy." In the next line, "Za shcho ty karayesh yiyi molodu?" the main stress falls on the last syllable—DU. Shevchenko was also very fond of using the regular rhythm of the ancient Ukrainian Christmas carols. For instance, his lyric "Sontse zakhodyt', hory chorniyut'" is composed in that rhythm. It can be scanned thus: Sontse za—KHodyt'—hory chor—NIyut'—. That means that it also is a rhythmic unit of four poetic measures, with special stresses on the second and fourth measures, as indicated. It was only on rare occasions that Shevchenko used the trochaic-like kozachkoviy (or shumkoviy) rhythm which runs thus: "U Kyievi—es PoDoli—Bulo koly's i niKoly—".

Of course Shevchenko used many more of Ukrainian poetic measures in his poetry; the above examples of his poetic rhythms being the main ones. It was the only prosody that he knew well from his very boyhood. He knew it without being conscious of such knowledge, as it was contained in the many Ukrainian folk songs that he knew by heart. He also composed his verses without being actually conscious of their in-

VICTORY GARDEN

The rationing of most canned foods has increased the importance of Victory Gardens in which fresh vegetables may be raised for family use. War demands for food and metal make it impossible to meet the military and lend-lease needs and still supply the normal amount to civilians. For this reason, a Victory Garden this year becomes a war project, and with spring just around the corner it's time to give some thought to planting such a garden.

The Victory Garden program for 1943 calls for four types of gardens: farm gardens, city home gardens, school gardens, and community gardens. Every farm, where climate and water supply permit, should produce the family's entire needs in vegetables, both fresh and processed, and as much fruit as possible. Farm gardens can be enlarged and their crops carefully planned so as to extend the months in which fresh foods can be eaten directly or preserved and stored. Every farm family that can possibly do so should begin planning to produce more of the needed fruits, by planting strawberries, bush fruits, and suitable fruit trees.

Small city and suburban dwellers who have sufficient open, sunny, fertile ground, should grow as many vegetables as possible for home consumption. Suburban home dwellers should also plant fruit, especially small fruits, wherever space permits.

Usually, people living in cities and in metropolitan areas will not have enough fertile ground to grow any appreciable quantity of vegetables. They are encouraged to join with their neighbors and fellow citizens in cultivation of "community-plot" and "allotment-gardens" on vacant industrial property or on the outskirts of town easily accessible by bus and street car. In some instances arrangements may be made with nearby farmers to plant, cultivate, and harvest a community garden with the cooperating city people furnishing labor and sharing in the produce.

Rural and town schools are developing school gardens, planned and managed on a scale that will provide large supplies of fresh and processed vegetables for school lunches.

After the Victory Gardens have been planted, it will be important to maintain interest and enthusiasm throughout the season to get the greatest returns from the investment in seeds, fertilizers, and work involved in planting.

The size of the garden and the variety of produce grown will, of course, depend upon climate, soil conditions, space, the amount of time available, and the size of the family. Green leafy vegetables such as cabbage, lettuce, turnips and beet tops, mustard greens, and collards, can be grown so easily and yield so bountifully that each gardener can aim at supplying his family's complete needs.

Detailed information on how to plant a Victory Garden, suggestions on the kind of vegetables to plant, how to arrange a garden, how to prepare the soil, etc., may be secured by writing to the State Extension Services, or State Agricultural Colleges. The following publications are also available from the U. S. Department of Agriculture, Washington: Victory Gardens, City Home Garden, The Home Fruit Garden, Disease-Resistant Varieties of Vegetables for the Home Garden.

By growing a Victory Garden, every American can help win the battle on the food production front.

tricate poetic rhythms, like the ancient bards, or like Robert Burns. He simply sang out his poetry. That is the whole secret of how Shevchenko wrote his great poetry. He was a bard—a genuine Kobzar.

Winnipeg, Canada.

The Story of The Red Cross

(2)

The American National Red Cross

Beginning Its Work

IN our own country the care of the sick and wounded had been no more advanced than in Europe; much waited to be done and beginnings had to be made. The first American society of the Red Cross was formed in Washington in 1881. Not until the government of the United States ratified the treaty of Geneva in 1882, eighteen years after the conference, did it become a part of the International Red Cross—the thirty-second nation to sign the covenant. About a quarter of a century later the American Red Cross attained national scope and standing.

In 1905 the importance of the work demanded a repeal of the congressional charter of 1900 and a reincorporation, by Act of Congress, of the society under government supervision. From that time forward the American National Red Cross was obligated by the new congressional charter to serve the armed forces in time of war; to give voluntary relief, and to act in accord with military and naval authorities as a medium of communication between the people of the United States and their Army and Navy, or between the national societies of other governments; and to carry on a system of national and international relief in time of peace and to apply it in mitigating the sufferings caused by disasters, and to devise and carry on measures for preventing these. This Act, amended in 1917, provided that all accounts be audited by the War Department and an annual report be submitted to Congress. The by-laws made provision that the President of the United States be, upon his acceptance, ex-officio President of the organization.

Proving Its Worth

While it was still new the American Red Cross found much to be done at home as well as abroad. It helped to fight the great forest fires of Michigan in 1881; worked for five months repairing the destruction caused by the Johnstown flood; fed, clothed, and sheltered the people made homeless by the Mississippi and Ohio river floods of 1884; sent boatloads of wheat and clothing to Russia during a time of famine; sent a relief expedition with grain and farm implements to the starving Armenians after the Turkish massacre; aided the injured aboard the battleship *Maine* and gave relief among Cuban and American soldiers; received contributions, sent staff and supplies, and helped with reconstruction in 1906 after the San Francisco earthquake and fire. Year after year brought similar calls to the American Red Cross.

Finding New Horizons

During World War I, the American Red Cross found its hardest international test. Before the beginning of hostilities, the American organization was small as compared to the Red Cross of today. But the war was to show its benefits in the growth and strengthening of our organization. During that period, the American Red Cross grew in chapters from 562 to 3,724, and in branches to 17,186; increased in members from 486,000 to 20,000,000; and raised approximately \$400,000,000 for relief and service expenditures.

Funds and Supplies for Europe

From the first, the American Red Cross worked to collect funds and supplies for those who suffered from the warring nations of Europe, and to enlist workers under the flag of mercy. In 1915 it was able to send overseas to Belgium, France, Italy,

and other countries shiploads of food and clothing. It provided help in ports, railway stations, camps, and hospitals. Medical units of the Army and Navy, lacking nurses and surgeons, turned to the Red Cross, which offered hospital units with all their equipment, and enrolled graduate nurses to serve. The Red Cross supplied ambulance companies with men, ambulances, and trucks. Upon our own entrance into the war, all of America's plans grew.

Work Overseas

While our troops were still in training camps at home, a Red Cross Commission went to Paris to make plans for receiving American soldiers and to provide for their welfare in the fighting lines. At the same time, during the twenty months following our entrance into the war, we were able to extend our help broadly to many countries. The help given in France suggests what was done in other countries.

In France twenty-four Red Cross hospitals were operated jointly with the United States Army, the Red Cross supplying management and equipment and the Army furnishing scientific personnel. The Red Cross also operated convalescent homes, dispensaries, and infirmaries, and gave hospital supply service for American and French emergency depots and hospitals. It furnished the AEF with a complete supply of splints and nitrous oxide, an improved anesthetic. It set up efficient canteen service near the front lines operating under shell fire, on connecting railroad lines, in aviation camps, in metropolitan centers, and in evacuation hospitals.

Representatives of the Red Cross were attached to every United States division and naval station in France. Their task was to do everything that could be done to aid the troops through recreational and welfare service: in easing financial or family troubles; in giving personal services of many kinds; in writing thousands of letters; in distributing newspapers, periodicals, and comfort supplies made by Red Cross workers in America. Confined to sick, wounded, and convalescent soldiers was a program including recreation, personal comfort, and a communication service which kept relatives at home informed regarding the welfare of their boys. Part of this work was carried on by trained personnel who gathered information about sick, wounded, dead, or missing men.

Among the most important branches of American Red Cross work in France were the welfare of children and the re-education of crippled and disabled soldiers and sailors. The French Government asked the Red Cross to assist in caring for millions of refugees. Working through French agencies when available, the Red Cross provided food, clothing, shelter, medical attendance, and employment to almost two million refugees, repatriates, and prisoners of war. Through the neutral Geneva Committee the Red Cross societies of the different warring countries were able to send food and clothing to prisoners of war in seventy-two camps, and to exchange badly wounded prisoners. In other similar ways, for France and for twenty-four other countries, the Red Cross made war relief far different from what was possible at Solferino, less than sixty years earlier.

Work on the Home Front

Back of all of this overseas activity was the Red Cross work at home, and that rose like a tide. It followed three main lines—personnel, production, and resources. Over eight million Red Cross workers supported the war effort, making 371,500,000 relief articles. Voluntary contributions to-

talling \$400,000,000 poured in during the twenty months after we entered the war, a vast fund for a big work.

The services were many and far-reaching. For families of soldiers and sailors, the Red Cross organized a department called Home Service, which gave help to 500,000 families. Sometimes there was illness, and a doctor or nurse to be called; a business tangle needing the advice of a lawyer; a soldier to be located in a camp; or an allotment check to be traced. Whatever it was, every call was answered. Through its camp service the Red Cross was in a position to serve practically every soldier, sailor, or marine in the United States. Nursing service, always important in the work of the organization, found a greater importance. Through the war period 23,822 Red Cross nurses were assigned, most of them for active duty overseas and the rest for defense work and public health nursing at home. The demand for public health nurses grew with the Spanish influenza epidemic, during which the entire national organization worked as an auxiliary of the United States Public Health Service. For our moving troops, seven hundred canteens, staffed by 55,000 workers, gave supplementary meals, refreshments, and supplies to relieve tedium of travel. Refreshments were served forty million times. The motor corps helped the Army and Navy transport troops and supplies, and assisted in other relief activities, 12,000 workers covering more than 3,572,000 miles. The largest single work of medical and health service in the United States was the organizing of 58 base hospitals and the supplying of 564 ambulances and 141 trucks, with 4,760 men trained in first aid.

A Junior Red Cross

For the first time children were able to do their part, when President Wilson during World War I created by proclamation the American Junior Red Cross in the schools; and eleven million boys and girls soon became members. They made 15,700,000 articles, value at more than ten million dollars, for soldiers and sailors in hospitals; simple furnishings for Red Cross recreation huts; and clothing for children in far-away lands. In 1919 the National Children's Fund was organized for the relief of children in Europe, through rehabilitation projects including summer camps, scholarships, playgrounds, school gardens, art schools, and child welfare centers. The European children wrote their thanks, and out of these an international school correspondence grew. With junior societies starting all over Europe, the League in Paris became the international control for sharing and developing ideals and methods. At home the juniors started services to the blind and to ex-service men in government hospitals; sponsored health programs and community welfare projects; studied first aid, life saving, safety-first, and home nursing aiming to serve wherever possible and to learn through serving.

Following the War

After the Armistice the work of the American Red Cross went on. It cooperated closely with the government in caring for the disabled and in aiding others who were trying to adjust themselves to peacetime. The people of the country, having seen its services in war, were not willing to have them end there.

As rapidly as possible, the organization was converted to a peacetime basis. Medical and recreational activities for veterans, inaugurated by the Red Cross, were transferred to the federal government as they were successfully demonstrated. The Red Cross became increasingly active in disaster preparedness and relief. There was the hurricane in Florida in 1926; the Mississippi valley flood of 1927; then, following the financial collapse

PHILLY TRIUMPHS IN SEVENTH STRAIGHT AGAIN

Following up their glorious victory over St. Basil' College, the Philadelphia U.N.A. Youth Club's basketball team started off a new month on the right track by romping to a 46-25 win over the Tioga A.C. on March 1 and then annexed their seventh consecutive triumph (for the second time this season) on March 3rd by virtue of a 48-20 victory over the Westinghouse Electric Company's quint. In the latter game, the jayvees scored 23 of the 48 counters. These "kids" who up until several months ago never handled a basketball are now playing as a unit under the watchful eyes of Coach Jerry Juzwiak. The varsity, consisting of 6 men, alternate with the juniors by quarters, unless a so-called tough game comes up. Philadelphia's remarkable record for the season is now 18 victories out of 21 games for a percentage of .857.

Tioga A. C.	4	7	6	8—25
Philadelphia	10	10	14	12—46
Westinghouse	3	10	4	3—20
Philadelphia	12	10	9	17—48

D. S.

CLEOPATRA WAS ONE GORGEOUS GAL . . . BUT SHE HAD HER TROUBLES

Cleopatra and Mark Anthony didn't need to worry about gas rationing, but they may have worried about how they were going to pay their insurance premiums. Yes, insurance is older than the famous flicker of "Cleo's" tantalizing eyelashes.

Joseph invented insurance. That's the statement made by Mildred F. Stone, author of "A Short History of Life Insurance."

When Joseph dreamed of the seven fat cows and the seven lean cows, he conceived the idea of the first policy.

When he interpreted his dream as seven years of prosperity and seven years of famine, that was the beginning. When the Pharaoh ordered the granaries filled and great stores of food to be put away, he was spreading the risk. In other words, Pharaoh took less chance of the food spoiling and the people going hungry by storing food.

of 1929, the great droughts of 1930-1931 and 1931-1932, when millions of dollars were spent for relief; and then the economic depression, which brought new tasks to the Red Cross. In 1932, by Act of Congress, the Red Cross was given the task of transforming 85,000,000 bushels of wheat into flour for the consumption of 5,800,000 families and for feeding livestock; and 844,063 bales of cotton garments for distribution to 5,800,000 families in want. This marked the beginning of the distribution of surplus commodities. As unemployment grew, the nursing services were able to do a greater good than ever. Then in 1937 came the peak of disasters, the flood which swept the Ohio and Mississippi valleys.

For sixty-one years the American Red Cross has been the official relief agency of the government and of the people to provide relief in disaster. How demanding and significant this work was, reports on disasters show. But the work of the American Red Cross was broader still. The Red Cross staff and chapters made their experience available to agencies working in the field of unemployment relief and public health nursing. Throughout this period the American Red Cross carried on several broad educational programs, teaching first aid, training for home nursing, and expanding nutrition education. The last few years have again redirected the efforts of the American Red Cross toward service in time of war.

(To be continued)

YOUTH AND THE U.N.A.

AUDITORS AND ADVISORS MEET

The Supreme Auditors of the Ukrainian National Association, consisting of Dmytro Kapitula of McAdoo, Pa., Dr. Ambrose T. Kibzey of Detroit, Roman I. Smook of Chicago, Stephen Kuropas of Chicago, and Dr. Walter Gallan of Philadelphia, began the semi-annual auditing of the Association's books and records last Monday, March 8th. The auditors will complete their work today and next Monday, March 15th, will exchange greetings with the Supreme Advisors

of the U.N.A. arriving to attend the Annual Session of the entire Supreme Assembly.

The officers of the Supreme Assembly are Nicholas Muraszko of Jersey City, president; Gregory Herman of Wilkes-Barre, Pa., vice president; Maria Malevich of Pittsburgh, vice presidentess; Dmytro Halychyn of Forest Hills, N. Y., secretary; Roman Slobodian of Elizabeth, N. J., treasurer.

The board of advisors consist of Paul Duda of Windsor, Ont., John Romanion of Irvington, N. J., Gene-

vieve Zepko of Akron, Ohio, Eugene Lachowitch of Forest Hills, N. Y., Dmytro Szmagala of Cleveland, Stephen Slobodian of Philadelphia, Taras Shpikufa of Chicago, Walter Didyk of Detroit, Nicholas Dawyskyba of Mattapan, Mass., Anthony Shumeyko of Union, N. J., and Julia Bavalack of McAdoo, Pa.

During the Annual Session the reports of the Supreme officers will be heard, and the auditors and advisors will present their reports. The reports are expected to show gains where U.N.A. membership and assets are concerned. The members of the Supreme Assembly will pass on important matters regarding the future business of the U.N.A., and will decide on important issues that have arisen since the previous session.



A full report on the Annual Session, which will include the reports of the members of the Supreme Assembly, will appear in the Svoboda, and a digest of it in the Ukrainian Weekly. The readers of the Ukrainian Weekly are urged to read the report so that they can see for themselves what the U.N.A. has done and plans to do. No member of the Ukrainian National Association should miss this report as it will concern all the members, young and old.

"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)

(21)

WHILE Kyrylo Tur and his companions, together with old Puhach,—who was doing them the signal honor of eating with them rather than with the other Zaporozhian elders—were thus refreshing themselves with food, drink and dancing beneath wide-spreading branches of the old oak tree, Petro was being shown around the encampment by Kyrylo's bosom friend Chornohor. Glancing around Kyrylo espied them.

"Listen, brothers!" he called out to the Kozaks around him. "No doubt the beating I just took at the punishment post has dulled my senses, and no doubt your senses are always dull. Still that does not excuse us for being inhospitable to our guest."

"Otaman Tur, what guest are you talking about?" his auditors exclaimed in surprise.

"There's my guest!" replied Kyrylo, pointing to Petro. "In case you don't know, he is the son of that priest-Kozak, Colonel Shraam. He's the one who crossed swords with me near Kiev, and such a fine duel did we have there that the very fields smiled in happiness at the brave sight!"

The Zaporozhians greeted Petro warmly. They had long already heard about his courage and fighting prowess. Some stood up to embrace him like a brother, others moved over on the ground to make room for him to sit down and join them in supping.

"Come and sit down by me, lad," old Puhach beckoned to Petro. "You are a good Kozak. And your father is a good Kozak too, only I'm afraid that in his old age he's getting feeble-minded. I hope no worse fate than that befalls him at the coming Rada, where trouble is bound to occur."

"What's to happen, will happen," replied Petro, "for it will be God's will."

"What? Do you have any doubts about our side winning?" Puhach exclaimed angrily. "The devil it won't. Not for nothing did we, together with Brukhovetsky, meet the Czar's envoys yesterday, and we did not come to them with empty hands either! Just watch and see, we'll soon turn your leaders upside down."

"You know, sir," Petro replied calmly to Puhach, "it's a pity that it's not proper for youngsters to give any advice to their elders, but if it were I would simply say to you: don't brag but pray more to God."

"We have prayed plenty, my young Kozak," Puhach rejoined, "and the good Lord has heeded our prayers and swelled our ranks. All your colonels and hetmans will have to give in to us. We shall bring about a new order for all Ukraine. In it there'll no longer be any masters or servants, no rich or poor, but all shall be equal." His voice took on a kindlier tone as he continued. "Ah, young Kozak, I see you have no spoon to eat with. That's quite typical of you Kozak gentry; you eat from silver plates, but forget about the spoons. Make him a spoon, boys, even from a piece of wood or a piece of bread, otherwise he's liable to tell his father that 'those confounded Zaporozhians starved me.' His old man is sore enough against us already."

Very little meat was eaten by the Kozaks, mostly fish. The good lads, like monks, did

not like meat. Dishes, spoons, goblets and bottles—were all of wood. Feasting, the Kozaks took long draughts upon brandy, mead, and beer. But no one got drunk, for they knew how to hold their liquor.

Kyrylo drank more than any of them. No doubt the poor fellow was trying to forget his paining and bloody back, but apparently this did not help. He grew lighthearted and animated, and when at the conclusion of the meal they all arose and began to the throbbing strains of the kobza he leaped up with a wild yell and broke into a furious dance, the likes of it never seen before, turning, twisting, whirling, leaping high into the air. One would never have imagined that but a short time ago he had been so terribly beaten at the punishment post.

After he had finished eating, Petro made motion to start homewards. But Kyrylo Tur stopped him, saying, "Wait, brother, I'll go along with you. One doesn't feel very strong after what I've gone through. Yet it would shameful to admit that before the others, especially the fact that I may be laid up for awhile."

And thus, after lingering around for awhile, Kyrylo ordered two horses saddled, and he and Petro rode out of the camp, not before, however, the former had whispered something to his friend Chornohor. Riding along Kyrylo rambled endlessly about inconsequential things, and then quite abruptly turned to Petro and said: "Why don't you join the Zaporozhe. Why in the devil should you waste your life away among the landed Kozak gentry?"

"Don't you think that I've thought of that many a time?" replied Petro.

"Now you're talking!" exclaimed Kyrylo. "Why should you stick around those manors and estates of the gentry, especially when soon there'll be naught left of them."

"Why do you always harp on that, Kyrylo? I know well enough myself that trouble is brewing on all sides. But come, be frank, and tell me why you, of all people, are opposing Hetman Somko?"

"What a head you've got!" retorted Kyrylo Tur. "Who's going against him? That I kidnapped his girl is nothing so terrible. He needs no bride at all, as a wedding different from what he expects awaits him, and others as well! Your Kozak gentry officers will yet dance to the Zaporozhian tune, so much that they'll never want to dance again. Once our comrades decide upon something, good or bad, you can easier stop the Dnieper from flowing than them. Neither by words nor force can you stop our Zaporozhians. Better go along with current... We'll see what will happen to your Ukraine at the hands of such nursemaids as she has now."

"I can't make head or tail of what you're saying," said Petro. "Why do you mystify me so much. You pretend to be frank when actually you're evasive. I believe in being frank, so be frank with me."

The Zaporozhian guffawed. "Oh, you Kozak! Kozak! As there was such a thing as a straight road on this earth. Even if you attempt to follow one, you're bound to end up the devil knows where. Sometimes a man is ready to give up

his very life for Christianity, when along comes the devil and enmeshes him in his schemings. A mortal man prefers not to follow the way of sinners, or the counsel of the evil ones, or sit in the seats of oppressors, but what of it? After all, he is not a holy man. The latter lives and thinks and acts the way God ordained. But a good-for-nothing fellow like me, well, though his thoughts may go this way or that way, still his heart strives towards..." and here he lapsed into silence.

"Towards where?" asked Petro. "Don't tell that the cat is going after the fat again, even though just a while ago it had a good beating!"

The Zaporozhian spat in disgust. "Talk to him about one thing and he has in mind another! The heck with women! They just bring trouble for a man, that's all!"

"Well, then, to what does your heart strive?"

"You'd be surprised," replied the Zaporozhian, and sighed so heavily that Petro had to smile, thinking that Kyrylo was again in an evasively mocking mood.

Kyrylo did not seem to notice Petro's smile at all. In fact for the moment he seemed to have forgotten his presence. Lowering his head in sudden fit of sadness he began to recite from memory, half to himself, a passage from Jeremiah.

A slight shudder seemed to pass over him. "Petro," he said, "I've just had a strange vision... But no doubt I'm getting a bit feverish from the beating I took back in camp. Ah, but here is my house. A good sleep will probably do me a lot of good."

Approaching Kyrylo's home they were met by his mother and sister, running to him with happy cries. The mother took hold of his horse's bridle while the sister in her happiness seized hold of him and tried to pull him down, while he laughingly remonstrated.

"You see," he said, "it is just as I told you—not to worry and I'll come back safe and sound. However I suppose it's your women's lot, to pickle in your foolish worries."

When he dismounted, they tried to embrace him, but he held them off at arm's length. "None of that," he smiled. "I don't want my comrades down in the Sich to drive me out for consorting with women, as they nearly did for the little time I spent here with you." Aside, however, he added in an undertone to Petro: "I'm in no mood for embracing, what with my back aching so much."

Petro wanted to leave for home immediately, but Kyrylo asked him to remain for a moment and have a drink with him. To his urgings his mother and sister added their pleas that he should step into the house, so that Petro finally acceded.

"Mother, give us some brandy, so strong as to make the very devil himself enter our heads," Kyrylo said. "And give us a keg of it, too, for a mere bottle is not enough for such warriors as us."

When the latter brought out the keg, Kyrylo, instead of treating his guest first, fell to it himself and began to drink the liquor as if it were water. Alarmed, his mother attempted to take the keg away from him. "Let me alone, mother, let me alone," he said, pushing her away. "A man is no animal, and won't drink more than his fill."

He continued to swallow the brandy in gulps, until he could drink no more, whereupon he fell to the ground completely out. Mother and sister gazed upon him in consternation. Only Petro remained calm, for he knew what lay behind Kyrylo's action in drinking so much. He helped the two women to put Kyrylo to bed; and then bidding them good-bye he mounted his horse and left, absorbed in his thoughts about what he had seen and heard during that eventful day. (End of Chapter XII)

War Worker Wins Praise

THE "Bridgeport Sunday Post" of Bridgeport, Conn., contained the following laudatory account, in its February 21st issue, of the war work activities of Mrs. Charnosky of that city:—

If there are still women in this community, who can't be bothered to do volunteer war work because it might interfere with their fun, let them read the story of Mrs. Demetri Charnosky, of 490 North Summerfield avenue. Mrs. Charnosky is so busy with the block plan and other civilian defense activities that she has little time for the lighter side of life—and, as far as she's concerned, that's all to the good.

In this quiet, unassuming woman of Ukrainian birth there is a pattern of patriotism for all Americans—a deep, unswerving devotion to the American ideal, expressed in service.

In the block plan organization, Mrs. Charnosky is leader of sector 24, zone 2—a sector composed of numerous nationalities—Ukrainian, Polish, Russian, Jewish, Slovak, Italian. When Miss Elsie McCormick of the Reader's Digest, visited Bridgeport recently to study the block plan and attended one of Mrs. Charnosky's meetings, she declared she had never, in any part of the country, seen a group of so many diverse foreign elements working together in such harmony.

The credit, it must be added, is all Mrs. Charnosky's, for it was she who first brought these women together in her home.

Came Here 30 Years Ago

Mrs. Charnosky came to this country 30 years ago. She and her husband, also a native of Ukraine, met here shortly after World War I, in which he had served for two years in the American army, attaining the rank of sergeant. They were married in 1919 and have one daughter, Virginia Anne, 13. Mr. Charnosky, who is employed by the Connecticut Window Cleaning company, is doing his part in this war by serving as a plane spotter for American Legion Post 42 of Stratford.

Mrs. Charnosky tells of her relatives in Ukraine—her brother, a priest of the Greek Catholic church, his children and her sister.

"I haven't heard from them for so long," she said, "that I'm afraid what may have happened to them. I wish so much that they could have everything that we have here." And then she added, brightening: "But, perhaps they will, some day. That's why we must all work so hard—so that all those people can have the kind of good things America gives us."

Other Activities

One wonders how she has the time and strength for so much accomplishment, for besides the block plan there are several other volunteer projects to which she is as faithfully dedicated. Every Wednesday evening she attends a Red Cross home nursing class and every Tuesday afternoon she goes with a group of women to sew articles for the wards at Bridgeport hospital.

Both these groups were signed up at her block plan meetings. Then there is the committee of Ukrainian women of the International Institute, of which she is a member, who knit, sew and raise funds for the Red Cross.

She has been connected with the International Institute for 10 years and is on its board of directors and house committee. She is one of the moving spirits of the Cosmopolitan club, a branch of the institute consisting of women of 13 nationalities who meet once a month to discuss subjects of general interest. Of late, she said, they have been learning about South America as their part in the "Good Neighbor" policy.

As a sector leader Mrs. Charnosky

A Diesel Engine Instructor



Ensign Wm. J. Bomba, U. S. N. R.

Ensign William J. Bomba, Ukrainian by descent, and the son of Mr. and Mrs. Charles K. Bomba of Hawley, Pa., is a Diesel engine instructor, and also in command of a group of Diesel engineers working on the Pacific coast aboard a ship, the "Hawley Times" recently reported.

The young Hawley officer gave evidence of his qualities as a leader in his activities in his home community. He was graduated from Hawley High School with high honors.

He then attended Fordham university where he received his degree in 1940. At college he was a member of the Chemistry, Physics and German clubs and played on the Freshman baseball team.

Managed Baseball Team

His prowess as an athlete was recognized in Hawley as a hard-hitting member of the Hawley baseball club of the Wayne County league. In 1941 he managed the local nine.

With the outbreak of the war Ensign Bomba applied for enlistment in the Air Force as a Flying Cadet, and was sorely disappointed to be rejected because of a minor physical defect.

He thereupon applied for enlistment in the U. S. Navy and was accepted. In the Spring he was called up for training and was graduated from Annapolis last September commissioned as an ensign.

Ensign Bomba was chosen to continue his war studies and was assigned to a Diesel engineering school at the University of Illinois. He completed this course November 21, and was assigned to his present duties.

has a good deal to do—and does it. Whenever a new project is adopted, she calls a meeting of her block leaders and other neighbors and the new communique is read and explained and common problems worked out. Mrs. Charnosky enjoys these meetings as some women enjoy bridge or the movies.

Praises Block Leaders

Of her block leaders she said: "They are so good and helpful, it gives me courage to see how hard they work and how willing they are."

The block leaders are Mrs. Fred Schmidt, Mrs. John Brown, Mrs. Harry Brown, Miss Ollie Kuian, Miss Katherine Duzmati, Mrs. F. W. Wittmer and Mrs. Robert Connell. Mrs. John Baldwin will serve as a block mother in case of an air raid.

Mrs. Charnosky told of Mrs. John Brown, who goes her rounds for the block plan leading her three-year-old son by the hand and caring for the children of the women who work at the hospital, and of the amazing Miss Duzmati, who has 52 families in her block but refuses to have an assistant appointed.

"RELAXING" AT A MOVIE

The other day we figured we'd go see a much-advertised war picture at one of the local theatres. So we left our nice steam-heated apartment and walked in freezing weather over to the nearest bus stop. Two loaded busses passed us up, but the third stopped and we managed to squeeze in with a mob of other people. Eventually we arrived at our stop and signaled the driver. "At we wanted to get off. Before we could struggle through the standees to the front of the bus we were three blocks past our stop. Getting off we gave the driver our reasonably exact facsimile of a "kill 'im dead" look; only he didn't notice it.

Walking carefully so as not to slip on the icy pavement we reached the theatre. There was a long line extending from the box office to clear around the corner. We asked the barker how long it would be before seats were available. "Oh, in ten minutes or so," was the answer. So we hiked over to the end of the line and began waiting for further developments. After twenty minutes we moved exactly two feet nearer to the box office. It was a good hour before we finally got tickets, and we were practically frozen. We leered at the barker as we passed him, but he was busy telling some poor saps that seats would be available in ten minutes and didn't notice our leer.

We handed our tickets to the doorman and walked smack into a huge mob of people in the lobby, all waiting for seats. "How long do we have to wait for seats?" we asked an usher who was busy squeezing people into the mob as soon as they entered. "Not long... maybe fifty minutes," he replied mechanically. Well, at least he didn't give us false hopes like the barker we leered at outside. Little by little we moved up toward the front and, after three-quarters of an hour, we found ourselves out of the lobby and in the orchestra... but behind tapes with hundreds of other people, where we waited for seats. After waiting something like half-an hour we were ushered to seats located at the extreme left of the orchestra, but we were grateful anyway because we were tired and even a stone bench would have been welcome.

We turned our attention to the film. It was a mystery-thriller, co-feature to the war film, and we got seats just in time to learn who the murderer was! The picture ended within five minutes after we were seated, and almost the entire audience left the theatre. We grabbed choice seats in the center quickly so as to beat the mob that the ushers would let scramble for seats. During this rush, which lasted fifteen minutes, the lights were on and the show was held up.

The war picture flashed on the screen and we watched and listened interestedly. At one point, when the hero was fighting a battle for his life with a Nazi spy, two people in our row decided to leave and we had to stand up to let them pass, missing some of the action. We had hardly reseated ourselves when the usher escorted two newcomers to the vacated seats; so we stood up again and missed more action. The fight was over and the hero was still alive, but we didn't understand what had happened to the spy.

Two men in the seats in front of us left and their seats were taken by two women wearing blackout hats... hats, that is, that obscured the film. They made no motion to doff the offending headgear, so we tapped them gently on the head... pardon!... we mean shoulder, and asked them politely to take the blasted things off. Giving us withering looks of utter disdain they began the process of removing the lids. The feat was finally accomplished after much fuss with pins, hair, and stuff like that there.

We sighed heavily as the hero once again came into view.

Everything was tranquil for a while until we got hit on the head from behind. We jerked our heads around to see who was trying to beat our brains out and saw that a big blob of a man was simply trying to get through his row to an exit, and in so doing had given us swipe on the dome with his elbow. "I'm frightfully sorry," he said, smiling apologetically. We smiled back politely with every appreciation for his size. Had it been some runt we may have been inclined to be nasty. But we turned our attention back to the neglected hero, and were relieved to note that he was still busy giving the Nazis trouble in occupied territory.

There was a big battle with machine guns and artillery spewing lead and shells in all directions. The hero was machine-gunning the enemy, stopping occasionally to throw hand-grenades. It was very exciting and many Nazis bit the dust. The hero hollered "Charge!" and his men rushed the enemy. At the height of this terrific battle we had to get up to let people out of our row and to let others in (why people decide to leave in the middle of the action scene is one for the Quiz Kids to answer), and we missed seeing the hero stop a bullet. Anyway, the scene flashed to a hospital and there was our hero, all bandaged up, lying in a bed with a nurse looking after him. He was trying to say something, but he was weak and his voice was a mere whisper. We strained our ears to hear what he had to say, but someone picked that moment to unwrap a cellophane candy bar and before the racket subsided we missed the whole thing.

Well, we saw the show or as much of it as we could, and went through the bus routine again to get home. We were very tired and couldn't understand it as we had gone to the movie to relax and shouldn't feel tired at all.

Oh, by the way, a swell picture is coming next week and we're going to see it. There's nothing like relaxing at a movie theater watching a good show. THEODORE LUTWINIAK

NEWARK TO HAVE RED CROSS UKRAINIAN PROGRAM

A program of Ukrainian choral, solo and instrumental music, together with folk dances, will be presented at Military Park in the heart of Newark (N.J.) Sunday afternoon, at 3 o'clock as part of the present Red Cross war fund drive. The program will be held under the auspices of the Newark Chapter of the American Red Cross in conjunction with the Newark Ukrainian Women's Unit of the Red Cross.

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