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The Ukrainian Weekly

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

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VOL. XI

An Appeal To Relatives and Friends of Our Service Men

Judging by press reports alone a steadily increasing number of our service men of Ukrainian descent are distinguishing themselves in both training and actual fighting, or being wounded, taken prisoner and even making the supreme sacrifice for their country in this great war against the Axis powers. More and more Ukrainian-sounding names appear on the various official lists in this connection. Yet only a bare dribble of such names appears on these pages. Why? Simply because very few of our readers trouble themselves to send to us at least a bare report concerning such Ukrainian American servicemen whom they personally know.

Such a situation, to say the least, is very deplorable. The least we can do for our friends or relatives in service who distinguish themselves in one way or another is to publicize them on these pages. Thereby we give them their just due. Likewise we inspire others in service who read this weekly—and there are many of them—to greater efforts in defense of their country and its ideals. Finally, we also create an imperishable record of the Ukrainian American contribution to the war effort of our country. Such a record, needless to say, is vital to the further development of Ukrainian American life. It will be of especial importance at the close of the war and the period of peace making, when we Americans of Ukrainian descent shall urge our government to use its influence to the end that our kinsmen in their native and long oppressed and war-torn Ukraine be permitted by the powers that be to take advantage of the principles and benefits of the Atlantic Charter.

Therefore we appeal to all our readers who have relatives, sweethearts, friends and acquaintances in service to keep us constantly posted concerning anything about them that is noteworthy. When, for example, your local paper carries an item about some young Ukrainian American service man, cut it out immediately and mail it to us, together with any additional information you deem suitable. If no such press item appears but you personally know of someone who has distinguished himself in service, then make it your duty to send us a report of it. If the service man is home, then interview him for the Ukrainian Weekly. Finally, if you learn of any Ukrainian American war casualty, send us a report of it at once, so that the many thousands of our readers in this country, Canada and in the many war zones may know that one of their kinsmen has given his all for his country and its cause.

In this connection we desire at this time to draw attention to the fact that among our readers there are some who do take the trouble from time to time to send us such reports, including those dealing with Ukrainian American activities in general. One person to whom we are particularly indebted for this is Andrew Melnyk of New Britain, Conn. Quietly and unostentatiously he has been contributing press clippings and news items to the Weekly as far back as we can remember. We only wish we had more Andrew Melnyks. Perhaps following this appeal we will.

WEEKLY WELCOME READING IN SICILY

The latest war front where The Ukrainian Weekly is read by American soldiers is Sicily, according to a letter received by Pvt. Theodore Lutwiniak, former "Youth and U.N.A." columnist now at Camp Grant, from Pfc. George Slobogin, formerly of Philadelphia, now somewhere in Sicily. George is a member of U.N.A. Branch 324, and a brother of Dietric, Weekly sports commentator.

"Thanks very much for your copy of The Ukrainian Weekly," the letter reads, "and I always look forward to receiving it. Although it comes pretty far apart in time, it sure is a treat."

"I want to call your attention to the fact that I have been getting two copies. I don't know if that is a mistake on your part, or whether you send two of the same copies overseas. However it's just as well, for there are two Ukrainian boys in my company, so I pass it on to them."

"As for myself I am doing O.K. I took part in the invasion of Sicily and have been in a couple of battles. I came out of them without a scratch. Thank God. At the present time I

TYPHUS IN WESTERN UKRAINE

The presence of a typhus epidemic last spring in Western Ukraine under German occupation is indicated in the following item which appeared in the July 31st issue of the Journal of American Medical Association, mailed to us by Helen Lubach of Boston.

"According to Wiesci Polkie, Budapest, April 2, from April 1 the so-called state-medical courses for students of 'Aryan' origin of non-German nationality will be opened in Lwow. Persons who have had six months' labor service, will be admitted. Instead of labor service, sanitary work in hospitals, work in Reich, or services rendered in combating the typhus epidemic [our bold type. Ed.] may also be recognized."

am resting, taking things easy, and catching up on my swimming in the Mediterranean Sea. What a relief.

"I would appreciate hearing from our young Ukrainian Americans back in the States, especially from girls, and I promise to answer all letters."

The address is: Pfc. George Slobogin, 33140827-179 Infantry, Co. E, APO 45, Care of Postmaster, New York, N. Y.

Columbia Broadcasts Ukrainian Religious Program

The regular Sunday afternoon program "Church of the Air," broadcast by the Columbia System on a coast-to-coast hook-up, consisted last Sunday, August 15, of several Ukrainian church hymns sung by the 70-voice Choir of St. George's Ukrainian Catholic Church of New York City under the direction of Mr. Theodore Onufryk, and an address delivered in English on the Oriental Rites of the Catholic Church by Auxiliary Bishop Ambrose Senyshyn.

The choir selections, broadcast from New York, station WABC, from 1 to 1:30, consisted of "Prechysta Divo Matir Ridnoho Krayu" (Virgin Mary, Mother of Our Native Land) arranged by Koshetz, "Pokayaniye" (Repentance) by A. Vedel

(1767-1806), and "Da Ispolniatsia" (May Our Lips Sing Praises of Thee).

The choir did more than ample justice to all the three songs. Especially stirring, however, was its rendition of the beautiful "Pokayaniye."

In his address, Bishop Senyshyn gave a colorful account of the various Oriental Rites of the Catholic Church, including the Byzantine-Slavic of the Ukrainian Greek Catholics, whom he described in considerable detail. Concluding he called on the Roman Catholics to become better acquainted with the Byzantine rite, whose importance and beauty has been recognized on numerous occasions by the Holy See itself.

Ukrainian Canadians Observe Mother's Day In Manchester

As already reported on these pages in the past, the Ukrainian Social Club in Manchester, England, consisting of about fourteen Ukrainian families that live in that industrial center, has become the focal point for a large number of Ukrainian Canadian fliers and soldiers based in that area. From time to time they meet, in private homes in groups of four or five, or in some hall in larger groups. Especially popular with them are the Ukrainian dishes, particularly "borsch," "holubtsi," and "pyrohy," which their hosts serve them, that is to the extent the latter's ration cards allow. One Canadian Ukrainian soldier who enjoyed such a dinner wrote home that it was "a historical event, for just think, this is the first time in three and half years that I have had 'pyrohy' and 'borsch.'"

On Sunday, March 7th, the Ukrainian Club was the scene of a Shevchenko Anniversary Celebration, the first of its kind in Manchester. It was arranged by several soldiers. Musical program consisted of Ukrainian songs sung by children of Manchester Ukrainians. The program was arranged by Corporal Bohdan Panchuk of the Canadian Royal Air Force. Talks were delivered by J. Lisnowsky, secretary of the Ukrainian Social Club, Pvt. M. Turansky, Flight Lieutenant Zhuk, Flight Captain S. Nahnibida, also Mr. Soloviy and Mr. Strotsky.

The second gathering of note was a combined Ukrainian Easter celebration and Mother's Day program held Sunday, May 2, at St. Chadd's Church on Cheetam Hill Road. Over seventy Ukrainian Canadian airmen and soldiers attended it. As reported in the Manchester press, it was held under the auspices of the Ukrainian Canadian Servicemen's Association.

In the morning of that Sunday the fliers and soldiers had the traditional Ukrainian Easter "sviacheny"

at the homes of their hosts. After it all congregated at the Ukrainian Club from where they proceeded to the church where the day before the "paska" had been blessed. Special pews had been set aside for them at the church, whose pastor announced at the beginning of his sermon that the service on that day was especially dedicated to the Ukrainians. Later in response to his invitation, the Ukrainians sang some of their Easter hymns, including "Khrystos Voskres."

Following church services, the service men and their hosts returned back to the Ukrainian club where they had their Easter dinner. It consisted of whatever the hosts could provide, principally of Ukrainian dishes, plus the contents of the gift boxes received from home by the service men.

Principal speaker at the dinner was Mr. Rhys Davies, Member of Parliament. Present also were Mrs. Davies, and Major and Mrs. Peer Groves.

Mr. Davies' address dealt with the "Liberation of Enslaved Nationalities," and in the course of it he spoke extensively about the Ukrainian struggle for national freedom.

Following the dinner a Mother's Day program was held, at which Mrs. Davies extended her greetings as a mother to "the Mothers of the Dominion of Canada of Ukrainian descent." The program also included Ukrainian songs sung by the children and daughters of Manchester Ukrainians, assisted by the service men, and selections played by a mandolin ensemble (the mandolins were especially purchased for the occasion by Bohdan Panchuk and Stephen Kalyn.). It was concluded by the presentation of flower bouquets to the mothers present.

"The Manchester News" and the "Sunday Express," contained detailed reports of the program.

The Babylonian Captivity

By LESYA UKRAINKA

(1870-1913)

Translated by S. Volska and C. E. Bechhofer

CHARACTERS:

| | |
|---------|-----------|
| ELEAZAR | CAPTIVES |
| LEVITES | PROPHETS |
| | OVERSEERS |

(A wide plain. The red sunset turns the waters of the Euphrates to blood. Scattered on the plain are seen the tents of the Hebrew captives. Naked children seek shells in the mud and gather brushwood for the fires. Weary women, mostly old, in rags, are busied preparing supper, each at her own hearth, for the men that have just returned from the town after their toil and are sitting silently under the willows near the water. A little farther off, also under the willows, stand two groups, the Levites and the prophets. On the willows, over the prophets' heads, harps hang; quivering from time to time, they jingle in the evening wind. Far away are seen the walls and towers of Babylon and sometimes there comes the noise of the city.)

A WOMAN (at her fire): Husband, come to supper. (A man, still young, leaves a group and silently sits down.)

WOMAN: Why dost not eat bread? (The man is silent.) Is it bitter? There is naught to be done, poor thing, thou must eat.

THE MAN (mumbling like an old man): I cannot eat.

WOMAN: Misery! Hast no teeth? Where—

MAN: There! (Points to Babylon.)

WOMAN: Misery, misery, misery!

AN OLD MAN (approaches an old woman sitting by the extinguished fire of another hearth, motionless, her head bowed down): Give me supper! (The woman is silent and motionless.) Why hast not prepared it? (The woman is silent.) Why hast ashes on thy hair? (The woman is silent, and bows still lower.) Where is our daughter?

THE OLD WOMAN: There! (Points to Babylon and pours ashes upon her head.)

OLD MAN: Adonai! (Tears his garments and falls down. At a third fire sit only men, mostly old. A woman approaches timidly; ragged children hang at her garments.)

THE WOMAN: My fathers, pardon that I ask you: have ye not seen my husband?

AN OLD MAN: How is he called?

THE WOMAN: Ebenezer of Ossia.

ANOTHER OLD MAN: Was he so called before thou wert a widow?

THE WOMAN: What sayest thou?

A THIRD OLD MAN: Do not kill thyself! Foës do not torment the dead.

THE WOMAN: What shall I do, miserable, with my little children?

THE CHILDREN: Mother, mother, mother!

A MAD WOMAN (wandering among the fires): Happy the womb that did not bear; happy the breast that gave not suck. Hey! rejoice not, Babylonian woman! Hey! be not glad, mother of vipers' sons!

A GIRL (whispers to her companion, pointing at the mad woman): 'Tis from the time her child was killed in Jerusalem.

COMPANION: How terrible!

GIRL: And I saw it with my own eyes, how the soldier seized her boy by his feet and struck at—

COMPANION: Be silent!

THE LEVITES (under the willows): For our fathers' sin the Lord took from us the temple; for our ancestors' dishonor He took away His church. And now, as a spendthrift's children, innocent we expiate our father's debt.

THE PROPHETS: Jerusalem smote us with stones, and for it the wrath of the Lord smote her. The daughter of Zion despised us, and for it the son of Baal subdued her.

FIRST LEVITE (to another): Why hast not been at prayers?

SECOND LEVITE: The master sent me to the reckonings. The workmen from Haram are being paid for their labor at the king's palace.

FIRST LEVITE: Couldst not find one of the scribes to take thy place?

SECOND LEVITE: Service, brother! The master says no men are so skilled at reckonings as the Hebrews.

FIRST LEVITE: True.

SECOND LEVITE (aside to him): For my good help the chief gave me this ring.

FIRST LEVITE: Glory to the Lord, that He hath distinguished His people by wisdom above the nations of all the world. (Aside.) Is there no need of another to help? (They whisper.)

A SAMARIAN PROPHET: Thus spake the Lord: On Garisim I have builded an abode, on its summit I made Mine altar, but ye forsook it and knew not the house of My glory, as the foolish bibbing son knoweth not his father's abode and wandereth in outer darkness, a butt for strangers' children.

A JEWISH PROPHET: Thus spake the Lord: In Jerusalem I made Mine abode among the people, that, as bees come together to one hive, to one queen, so would ye come together unto Me, to the only Temple; but, as a wild swarm, ye flew away, and for it I sent evil hornets against you.

SAMARIAN PROPHET: The lion of Judah ravished Israel and dispersed his sheep.

JEWISH PROPHET: Saul's descendants are fit to be keepers of flocks, but not of the people.

SAMARIAN PROPHET: The Lord of Israel shall reach thee, and through me. (Raises his staff against the Jewish Prophet.)

JEWISH PROPHET: Lord, remember Thy servant David. (Raises a stone to cast at the Samarian Prophet. ELEAZAR, a young prophet and singer, just come from Babylon, throws himself between the two.)

ELEAZAR: Refrain! Cover not with shame the names of Israel and Judah.

SAMARIAN PROPHET: Ah! is it thou, prophet of shame? And how hast thou glorified Israel and Judah?

JEWISH PROPHET: Vile serpent, why camest from that nest? There is thy God and thy people: Begone and glorify them!

FIRST LEVITE: May the Lord vomit thee out of His mouth, may thy name disappear as spittle! (The people gather round.)

SECOND LEVITE (catching a harp from the willows): I will break this cursed vessel.

ELEAZAR (catching his hand): Touch not my harp, for it is innocent of my sins! Curse me, if thou thinkest I am worthy, but curse not the holy harp.

THIRD LEVITE: And how has it sanctified itself?

ELEAZAR: That never from the first rang a string insincerely.

A BOY: Aha! Therefore thou didst hang it there.

ELEAZAR (to the Boy, sadly): Why, youth, sayest thou so?

BOY: Pretend not thou dost not understand!

AN OLD MAN: This youth told thee, Eleazar, what thy conscience would have told thee—but a mute cannot speak.

A MAN: And it is a vanity to talk to the deaf. (A child stretches out its arms to the harp.)

THE CHILD: Uncle, give me the toy.

FIRST MOTHER: I told thee, dare not to come to this man.

AN OLD WOMAN (to a girl standing near): I see there is no more shame in Israel, when a girl stands uncovered and looks upon a traitor.

THE GIRL: But I—

FIRST WOMAN: See, poor thing, it is a great woe when one cursed by God steals a girl's heart.

THE GIRL: If he be cursed, I also curse him. (Veils herself and goes away.)

ELEAZAR (to all): Fathers and brothers, mothers and sisters, since when is it a custom among us to condemn without judging? Truly, clearly tell me, why am I become as a leper among you?

THE OLD MAN: Thou becamest leprous in Babylon, singing for money in the courts to the sons of Baal.

ELEAZAR: Are you not all gathered here in Babylon for labor?

FIRST MAN: Laborers do not serve Moloch.

ELEAZAR: Whom then do their arms and vessels serve? Have they not built such an abode for Moloch, as never had our Lord in Jerusalem?

FIRST PROPHET: Taunt not captives with their slavery!

ELEAZAR: Am I not a captive? Why curse ye me for my forced labor?

SECOND PROPHET: The eord, the spade, the plough and axe in men's hands are men's slaves; but the word in a prophet's mouth must serve God only, and none other.

THE OLD MAN: Yet wilt thou ask for judgement, Eleazar?

ELEAZAR: I will, though the judgement end with stones. The Lord liveth! Ye must judge by truth; an unjust curse shall turn against you.

THE OLD MAN: Let us hear him. Let it not be said we forsook truth on the ruins of Jerusalem. Tell us what constrained thee to sell the word.

ELEAZAR: That none bought my hands. My father did not teach me to labor, and weak my mother bred me. Though the harp obeys my hands, nor plough nor axe obeys them. I fell under a burden, and the overseer drove me from the labor.

THE OLD MAN: Let then thy father and mother feed thee, who have not taught thee to earn bread.

ELEAZAR: In Jerusalem I earned honorably by the means they taught me, and here too—but the bread burns that my father brings from Babylon; hard it is to eat from a father's slavery.

FIRST LEVITE: Not only bread thy father brings, but also golden rings.

ELEAZAR (to all): Teach this Levite that gold burns, and not only shines.

FIRST LEVITE (slyly): Why does thy father's work burn so?

ELEAZAR: Am I judged or my father? Bring then all fathers to judgement, who for their family lose their souls.

FIRST LEVITE: Why didst not cry to the nation to feed thee with the bread wherewith it feeds Levites and cripples?

ELEAZAR: I am not Levite nor cripple.

A LITTLE BOY (to his father): Daddy, give me bread!

THE FATHER: I have none, my son.

A MAN: Dost see? He heard talk of bread and eating, and says too, "Give me bread."

ELEAZAR: Rightly says the boy. He answered for me better than I could know. Ye all heard. While in Israel they speak thus, Eleazar will not share bread with Levites and cripples. He that has bread, let him give to the child; I will take stones from the captives. He that has fish, let him feed the children, and give me a viper that drinks blood from the heart. I shall take it and bear it with me into the courts; it will give sting to my words and its hissing they will hear in Babylon.

A YOUTH: Much wilt thou earn for such songs in Babylon! Surely less than thou hast earned for the hymns of Zion.

ELEAZAR: Unwisely, boy, hast spoken. I sang them not hymns of Zion. The hymn of Zion, of all songs the ornament, was as a bride in Jerusalem, as a wife in the holy city; here it were as a concubine, for who taketh a captive as lawful wife? (The people sigh, ELEAZAR holds his peace and bows his head.)

A MAN: Why didst not sing the songs of captivity? Why hast not poured the bitter tears of slavery? The cold drop pierces the stone, why would not hot tears touch even the wicked heart?

ELEAZAR: The Lord set pride in my soul. Never have I wept before strangers.

A MAN: Pride befits not slaves.

FIRST PROPHET: The horn of pride in thee rose above grief and holy love!

ELEAZAR: Measure not the measureless with the endless, for thou wilt not see what will come of it.

A YOUTH: Eloquent is Eleazar among the captives. Why in the Babylonian courts do his love and grief and pride hold their peace? Surely the place is too small?

ELEAZAR: And didst thou think it were enough? O youth, I have measured all those Babylonian courts and know their size. It happened I crossed that court where our people is building a tower for Moloch. I stopped and gazed at it. The marble is white as bones in the field, the porphyry grey as shed blood, the gold shines as a bright fire. It stands unfinished, like ruins; the cries of our conquerors are heard, and the groans of our people. I know not how, with a great voice I shouted over the whole place, "Jerusalem!" With a cry answered the captives from the wall, and with laughter answered the guards. "Is that ruin called in any wise, has that desert still a name?" I went away to the market where they sell captives into slavery. There a rich merchant was choosing the most lovely captives.

WOMEN: Misery, misery, misery!

(To be concluded)

"CHORNA RADA"

(BLACK COUNCIL)

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

By PANTELEYMON KULISH (1819-97)

(Continued)

(Translated by S. Shumeyko)

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"LET it be your way, if you feel that way about it," said Kyrylo Tur to the chained Somko, "but I think that you still have enough sense left in your head to realize your predicament. There's no sense of splitting hairs at a time like this when you can get out of this guardhouse. Here, put on this cowed cloak and just to make sure you get past the sentries outside put on this ring, too. With it you'll pass through fire and water."

"And what about these shackles?" Somko asked.

"They're nothing at all to worry about. I've got some magic roots with me and when I apply them to the chains, why, they'll fall apart. Here, stretch your legs out and in a moment they won't be shackled."

"Just a moment, brother," Somko interrupted Kyrylo. "First of all I want to know how you intend getting out of here yourself?"

"What business is that of yours? You just get out of here and I'll find a way out too."

"Oh, no, my friend, it won't be that way. Let him perish whom God has singled out and not someone else. I won't have my life saved at the sacrifice of another man's life."

"Do you even for a moment think that when you get out of here I shall perish in your place?" Kyrylo laughed, scoffingly. "What do you think I am, a fool? Don't be silly. I'll be out of here even before the sun rises."

"How?"

"How? Don't worry about that. God will show me the way. After all, haven't you ever heard about some of the wizards we have down in the Sitch. All they got to do is to draw a boat on the wall with a piece of charred wood, and away they go sailing in it down the Dnieper delta. Well, Kyrylo Tur is certainly no laggard when it comes to wizardry."

"It's a wonder to me," said Somko, "how you can joke in the face of death."

"Well now, dear sir," Kyrylo retorted, "is not our whole life a joke? Is it not all a deception? Just when you think you've found happiness and good fortune, you soon find out, when you look closer at it, that it's really not, that you've been deceived. So why not laugh at it all. But what's the use of wasting time talking about such things now. Come, hurry, let's change our clothes."

"No, my dear friend, I shall not do that."

"But you've got to. Otherwise old Shraam will take me for a liar. I had promised him that I would free you, didn't I? Here was my big chance to show that old codger that a Zaporozhian is not such a bad fellow after all, and here you're denying me that chance."

"Don't tell me you're doing all this to vindicate the Zaporozhe in Shraam's eyes?" Somko asked.

"And why the devil not? After all, don't you realize that I may be doing it for the sake of my fatherland Ukraine? Don't you think that I realize that your life is worth more to our country than mine? Perhaps I am a fool to think in this manner. Who knows. After all, it's different when a man has to lay down his life for his children, for they're his children. But to lay one's life for a chimera! Ah, well, such is life."

"Thank you so much for those words," Somko responded, fervently. Now it will be easier for me to suffer for the sake of truth and justice, for now I know that these ideals are dear to more than one, and that they will never perish in our Ukraine. So let's bid farewell to each other, while we're still on this earth."

Kyrylo's countenance fell. "Do you mean to say that you really intend to remain in this jail?" he asked.

"I've already told you that I won't save my life at the cost of another man's life. And when Somko says something he really means it."

"Is that really so?" Kyrylo asked, looking in Somko's eyes.

"That is really so," Somko replied proudly. "Then may the God's curse descend upon this hour!" the Zaporozhian exclaimed in sorrow. "May anyone who's born on that hour, may anyone who starts action on it, never know any good fortune and happiness. May the boats sink in the sea. May horses trip over the gate. And if death visits one, may his soul return to his body to ever plague it. Cursed, cursed be this hour forever! Farewell, brother dear. I shan't tarry on this earth very long either."

The two embraced and wept.

Kyrylo strode out of the cell and taking off his cowed cloak threw it at the feet of the guards. "Here, you Herod's sons," he said, "take this in payment for letting me in and out of here. And know you this, that it was not Brukhovetsky's executioner that was here but Kyrylo Tur himself, who came to visit a fine and honorable man."

Once outside he took out the pillow which he had on his back beneath the shirt to simulate a hump, and threw it to the guard standing by the outside door. "Here, dog, use it instead of straw for your head when you lie down here on guard over an innocent man."

Striding swiftly he was soon outside the grounds of Brukhovetsky's headquarters. Anyone who tried to step him immediately let him through when shown Brukhovetsky's ring.

In a few moments Kyrylo found his comrade, Chornohor, waiting with the horses by an old bell tower. Chornohor had been waiting there with horses all the while without the slightest idea concerning Kyrylo's mission. All that the latter had told him was: "When a man comes to you here and says, 'Look for the wind in the fields,' just give him my horse and lead him to the Bull Oak. As for me I know where I'll meet you later."

Sadly Kyrylo mounted his horse, and even more sadly he contemplated how he could break the news to that old priest-warrior Shraam of the failure of his mission to free Somko, and that the latter would never return to his Kozaks again.

(To be continued)

GREEK ELEMENTS IN UKRAINIAN CULTURE

By HONORE EWACH

IT was only natural for the pre-Christian Ukrainian tribes to come into contact with the Greek civilization. At that time Greek colonies were already well scattered along the northern shore of the Black Sea. We know definitely that they carried on trade with the Scythians and Sarmatians who lorded over the steppes for many centuries in the pre-Christian eras. During the time of Socrates and Plato even Athens was policed by mercenary Sarmatians. The latter may have noticed from time to time that among the slaves sold to the Greeks as spoils of war there were some fine Ukrainian boys and girls. It was not a set rule, however, for the Scythians and Sarmatians to fight continually against their northern neighbors, the Ukrainians. Sometimes they would make raids through the Caucasus into Asia Minor. At other times they would raid the Balkans. For such expeditions they would invite some Ukrainian tribes, and make military alliances with them. Through such alliances, trade and other forms of cooperation there were many Iranian elements left in the Ukrainian culture by the Scythians and Sarmatians. For instance, the pre-Christian religion of the Ukrainians was very similar to the religion of the ancient Persians, Scythians, and Sarmatians who were all of Iranian origin. Also, like the Iranians, the ancient Ukrainians regarded the sun as the symbol of the supreme deity. Besides, in some parts of Ukraine, as in the Carpathian regions, Ukrainians today resemble the ancient

Scythians in that they wear white hemp costumes, like the ones the Scythians are pictured wearing on the ancient Greek vases. Many such vases have been found in Ukraine. They were evidently objects of trade in those ancient times in Ukraine.

Interesting facts about ancient Ukraine and her neighbors can be found also in her pre-Christian folk songs. From them, for example, we learn that in the hoary past western Ukrainian tribes lived along the Danube. It was there that they came into direct contact with the Greek traders.

During the ninth and tenth centuries Greek Christian missionaries began to infiltrate into the western and southeastern Ukrainian lands. It was not until in 988 A. D., however, that the grand duke of Kiev, Volodimir the Great, formally brought Christianity into Ukraine from Byzantium, the Greek state of the period, and from the Christianized Bulgaria which was akin to Ukraine in language. The Greeks made good use of the Bulgarian missionaries who brought Christ's Gospel to the Ukrainians, as the Bulgarians had already translated all the necessary church service books from Greek into their own language which, as a Slavonic language, was very similar to Ukrainian.

Rome Too Far Away

It so happened that it was the Greek Christianity, not the Latin, that was transplanted to Ukraine, not by means of the Greek but Bulgarian language of that period. And

for a long time afterwards it was Greece that supplied Ukraine with all kinds of books, mainly of religious and semi-religious character, also with architects, painters, and artisans. Rome was too far away to have any lasting influence on Ukraine. Rome could reach to the east only as far as Poland, hence the Roman form of Christianity never spread to any considerable extent even in the western parts of Ukraine. In fact, when this form of Christianity finally came to the western lands of Ukraine in the second half of the 14th century, with the coming of the Hungarians and the Poles into Galicia, it was too late for any missionary work among the Ukrainians. The latter treated it as a religion peculiar to the Poles.

No wonder, then, that in the span of three centuries, from 988 to 1349, the Greek form of Christianity became thoroughly Ukrainized. The Greek church ritual underwent in Ukraine many regional modifications. Ukrainian clergymen were soon chanting their church service in accord with the tonal possibilities of the Ukrainian language and pronouncing the Bulgarian words in a way peculiar to the Ukrainian language. In short, the Christian Church in Ukraine of the middle of the 14th century was already a Ukrainian form of Christianity, with all the cultural elements of Ukraine clustered about it. It was this fact, that Ukraine produced a special form of Christianity of its own, based on the Greek ritual, that enabled the Ukrainian Church to remain for a long time as the bulwark not only of Ukrainian religious feeling but also of Ukrainian culture and even nationality. This is also true of that branch of the Ukrainian Church that recognized in 1596 the Pope as its spiritual head, for it retained its

Please Don't Sing

By LESYA UKRAINKA
(Melody by D. Sichinsky)

Please don't sing to me this song,
I beg you.
Don't perturb my heart so painfully.
In my heart my sorrow sleeps so lightly
Why do you wake it with this melody.
You don't know right now of what
I'm thinking
When I'm sitting, pallid and alone,
For it's then that down deep in my bosom
This sad song is weeping all unknown.

Translated by Waldimir Semenyna

peculiar and national Ukraino-Greek ritual and character in spite of the pressure from the Polish authorities.

Thus as we can see, for about one thousand years Greek culture has helped to enrich Ukrainian culture in various ways, mainly through the church and school. Moreover, it has left deep and lasting mark even on the modern Ukrainian literature. In this connection it is worth noting that whereas the Latin form of culture in the western and central Europe has created a strong desire for organization, the Greek form of culture in eastern Europe, on the other hand, especially in Ukraine, has instilled into the people a humane feeling for their fellowmen; hence one of the main characteristics of the modern Ukrainian literature is its spirit of humaneness—of neighborly love for one's fellowmen. We find this spirit in Skovoroda, in Kotlyarevsky's "Natalka-Poltavka," in all of Shevchenko's poems, in Marko Vovchok, in Panas Mirnyy, and especially in Kotsiubynsky.

War Sets Pattern For Importance of Tin Can Salvage

WASHINGTON. — Operating under war conditions, the airtransport services created by the Army and Navy are now averaging several hundred transatlantic flights weekly and are sketching the pattern of a world-wide development of airways that will be available for civilian airtransport needs after the war, the Office of War Information said in making public a report on all phases of American air transport.

Bombers and various types of commercial passenger planes have been remodeled or adapted for airtransport work and, with a coat of war paint, put into active service of the Army Air Force Air Transport Command and the Naval Air Transport Service. These planes, operated either by former airline pilots or men trained in Army or Navy flying schools, wing their way to every theatre of war where the United Nations fight the Axis.

The Army Air Transport Command alone is now larger than all air transport organizations, civilian and military, in existence all over the world before the war, according to the OWI. This great wartime expansion of air transport, the report said, is being accompanied by a vast, world-wide development of airways, communications, and airports which will be available to serve civilian air transport needs after the war.

The broad scope of air transport today, OWI said, is best illustrated by Transport Command pilot who recently exclaimed: "My laundry's in India—I can't get it until next week."

Together the army and navy air transport services are now averaging several hundred trans-Atlantic flights a week, and the number is steadily increasing. Speed is the keynote of the air transport command as proven recently when a plane flew from Australia to California in the record flying time of 33 hours and 27 minutes, OWI reported.

Medical supplies and blood plasma, things that are needed urgently, are flown to their destination as fast as they can be carried there by plane. A complete hospital recently was flown to Alaska. Planes of the transport command carry any types of cargo that is essential to the war effort. At times they have been called upon to transport across great bodies of water such objects as tanks and jeeps.

Recently a certain type of Fiji Islands beetle was flown to Honduras to check a root weevil attacking hemp, a valuable war commodity. Planes returning from combat zones bring back human cargo; in some instances they are converted into flying hospitals for the wounded. More recently planes returning from cargo-carrying flights have brought back much needed agricultural workers from the Bahamas.

Approximately 2,500,000 trained workers are now turning out planes. OWI said almost all the airplane plants are capable of total conversion to the production of civil aircraft.

The Civil Aeronautics Administration, according to the report, "soberly contemplates that before 1950 the United States may well have 500,000 private, commercial and military planes in active service."

By 1945, OWI said, it is expected that transport planes in the 100,000-120,000-lb. class will be flying in quantity, carrying loads of 15 tons at a speed of 250 miles per hour over distances such as from New York to Chicago.

By 1946, it is expected that 70 per cent of the passenger travel, now relying on railroad pullmans, will go by air—about 20,000,000 passengers a year.

Exclusive of certain military air-

The United States at war needs the metal that is in used tin cans, and has set the goal of its tin can salvage program at 480,000 gross tons—or approximately 4.8 billion tin cans—per year. This goal has been established after taking into consideration the actual capacity of existing detinning and shredding plants. Yet, according to conservative estimates, two out of every three salvageable tin cans in the U. S. are being thrown away.

Used tin cans are needed because they provide tin and scrap steel, and shredded steel to precipitate copper. All these metals are essential to war production.

Collections

Because of the many problems inherent in the tin can salvage program, a uniform national collection method is impossible. Collection methods have had to be organized according to the facilities of the community. Each plan for collecting tin cans revolves around the housewife, who is to save and prepare tin cans as local committees recommend. In some cities municipal trucks pick up tin cans along with other refuse, and deliver them to a central collection point. In other communities a tin-can-exchange system has been set up, the housewife turning in to her grocer a prepared tin can every time she buys canned foods. Sometimes the local school or other depot is the collection center, and sometimes organizations, such as the Boy or Girl Scouts, collect tin cans on a door-to-door pick-up basis.

It is now mandatory for collectors (including municipal garbage collectors) in all municipalities of a population of 25,000 or over in 15 northeastern States to pick up, and keep separate, used tin cans that have been prepared by housewives for salvage.

Over five times as many prepared tin cans (washed, labels removed, ends removed, can flattened) as unprepared tin cans can be shipped in a given space.

There are at present 8 detinning plants and 6 shredding plants in the United States within economical shipping distance of every portion of every State. Detinning plants receive about 75 percent of all salvaged tin cans and put them through a chemical process whereby the 1 percent of tin is removed and the remaining steel pressed into bales and sent to steel mills to be used as scrap or sent to copper mines for copper precipitation.

Tin

The United States has virtually no native tin ore. In conquering Malaya and the Dutch East Indies, the Japanese captured about seven-tenths of the tin courses of the anti-Axis nations. Today only a limited amount of tin is available to the United States from Bolivia, Australia, Wales, Alaska and a few remote areas. A dangerous shortage of tin has been averted only by strict control of its use, building up of reserve stockpiles, substitution of other materials, and salvaging of secondary tin. Failure of salvage would precipitate a crisis in tin supply.

Tin Fights. Every submarine contains 3 tons of tin; every destroyer, for its electrical system, gun mounts and engine bushings, must

dromes, there will be about 865 major airports in the United States by the end of this year, all with paved runways of 3,500 feet or more capable of handling the largest planes, where fewer than 100 existed in 1940. In addition to these, there are well over 2,000 smaller fields. have 13,000 pounds of tin; every

THE HOME FRONT

OFFICE OF WAR INFORMATION, WASHINGTON, D. C.

Non-discrimination Labor Policy In Housing Work

The Federal Public Housing authority, in adhering strictly to President Roosevelt's executive order on fair employment practice, has issued a directive ordering the following clause to be carried in all direct contracts for construction of publicly-financed war housing projects; "There shall be no discrimination by reason of race, creed, color, national origin or political affiliations, against any employe or application for employment, qualified by training and experience, for work in the development of war housing."

"The contractor shall include the foregoing provision in all subcontracts for any part of the work in this contract."

Policy On Re-employment and Placement of Veterans

A program for full and effective utilization of returned American veterans, honorably discharged from the armed forces because of combat disabilities or for other reasons, has been adopted by the War Manpower Commission and approved by the management-labor policy committee.

Plans to see that every returning soldier gets a job, or is properly trained for re-employment, it was announced, will be carried out through WMT's Veterans' Employment Service Division of the Bureau of Placement and the Bureau of Selective Service.

Hot Weather Health Tips

1. Have between-meal snacks of milk, citrus fruit, fruit juices or tomato juice and sandwiches.
2. Eat a raw vegetable salad every day.
3. Start the day with a good breakfast including citrus fruit, cereal—wholegrain or restored—toast and coffee, cocoa or milk.
4. Use plenty of salt on food.
5. Drink water frequently.

America's Kitchens Have Gone To War

America's kitchens have gone to war. Every housewife is in the line of battle against the Axis. Her weapons are waste cooking fats. With these she can stop tanks, sink ships, demolish bridges.

medium tank must have 30 pounds tin. Every army motor, every cannon, machine gun, field radio, telephone, telegraph instrument, hand grenade, contains tin. There are about 76 tons of tin in each battleship we build, 55 pounds in each torpedo. And in all these cases no substitute will serve as well.

Tin Heals. A few of the many unique and indispensable medical services contributed by tin are: the individual morphine hypodermic syringe, or syrette, used on the battlefield to alleviate pain; the casing for emergency sulphur ointments, the casing for precious blood plasma. Tin is the perfect protective covering, and tin containers are invaluable to every ambulance corps, field hospital, nurse and doctor.

Tin Protect Food. A third essential service of tin, for which no adequate substitute can be found, is in the packing of food. Almost all food for our forces abroad arrives in tin-coated steel containers; at sea every sailor, marine or Coast Guardsman eats food protected by tin. Our military forces will soon be consuming about 60,000,000 pounds of food per day, most of it packed and shipped in tin cans. By the end of 1943 about 8 million cans of food a day will be used by our overseas army alone.

The waste fats which the nation's housewives are daily delivering to their meat markets within three weeks are converted to glycerine, and soon after that, are on their way to the far flung battle fields in the form of shells, gas mask bags, camouflage, dynamite and gun powder.

Because of the all-important role that waste fats are playing in this war, your government is asking every American housewife to continue to save all her used fats. The housewife, as a home front soldier, must keep her columns moving by making regular trips with waste cooking fats to her butcher. Her contributions of waste cooking fats will help speed up victory!

Wanted: Women with Spare Time

Unless American women in communities where there is a critical shortage of cannery workers come to the rescue of the canning industry by volunteering to work in their spare time, the country's food supply—a mighty weapon in our fight against the enemy—will suffer.

The War Manpower Commission is asking women in labor shortage areas—particularly in canning communities—to sign up for work, even if the work they take is only in their spare time. There is a danger that if enough persons do not volunteer immediately, there may be a great loss of the food aimed for our troops and domestic consumption.

It is essential, therefore, officials urge, that citizens realize the seriousness of this critical problem and do what they can to help. This year's crops—the biggest in our history—must be canned and dehydrated immediately.

War Bonds—Your Best Investment

For those of you who are earning higher wages than before, and have more members of your family working than ever before, it shouldn't much of a problem to buy more Victory War Bonds.

For others, the buying of additional bonds may be a sacrifice but no sacrifice that we make at home can compare with those being made by our fighting men—who are daily risking their lives for us!

Your Government urges every American at home to invest every dollar above his actual cost of living in Victory War Bonds. Surplus income that goes into black markets and wasted luxuries only helps to prolong the war.

So, start today putting your surplus dollars where they will do the most good, in War Bonds. Increase the amount of money you spend on War Bonds, through payroll savings or direct personal purchases. Make your contribution to the war effort greater...

Rationing of Home Canned Foods

Each person in your family may give away as much as 50 quarts of homecanned food during any calendar year without collecting ration stamps. Any food which is sold does not qualify as a gift, however, and points must be collected for all sales at the rate of eight points per quart, or four points per pound.

Home-canned food contributed to school lunch programs and similar services is included in the 50 quarts. More than 50 quarts may be given away provided ration stamps are collected for all gifts exceeding that number. The stamps should be turned to your local ration board.

U. S. war expenditures for the fiscal year 1943 were 11 times as much as those for 1941.

During the past year Nicaragua has exported 2½ million pounds of raw rubber to the U. S.

BEAUTIFUL TSIOTSIA!

By OLGA LESIK

"OLD Mother Witch, fell in the ditch!" I heard the children shriek at her in their shrill, strident, wirelike voices. "Old Mother Witch!" I turned round to make sure. Yes, it was she, it was Tsiotsia, the same Tsiotsia, yet somehow different—older, ugly, tattered and torn; but I recognized her for all that.

Who and what was she? Let me hasten to explain from the outset, that amongst the Slav peoples, and more particularly amongst the Ukrainians, a neighbor is a relative, if not always in fact, then to all intents and purposes. A woman, if she be on good terms with you, is "Tsiotsia" or "Auntie" to your children. A man is "Vooyko" or "Uncle." Thus Tsiotsia was Auntie to us as far back as I can remember.

Tsiotsia lived with her husband, Vooyko, across the lane from us, in a queer little, dreary little house, whose color you could not guess at—it might have been green, or it might have been blue. But if the house itself was drab, the yard surrounding it was not, for it was full of flowers and shrubs plants, the like of which you had never seen in your life before.

Let me describe Tsiotsia to you, as I recall her, years ago when I was a very small child.

The most striking thing about her was her regal figure, her beautiful coloring, and patrician features.

Tsiotsia was not tall. She was only medium in height, but she held herself as though she had been in the company of fine people all her life. Her hair which was long and glossy was coiled around and pyramided on her elegant little head in jet-black, silky braids. Her eyes matched her hair in color, but they were full of fire, and seemed to contain bright sparks. Her complexion reminded you of things like roses and apples, and fresh air and sunshine. Her nose was thin and long but rather classic in contour.

Oh, Tsiotsia was an elegant woman, especially when she was all dressed up. And as she often did dress up, she nearly always awed and impressed us, for Tsiotsia knew how to wear clothes. She would sometimes appear in a gown as black as her hair and eyes, with jewels on her bosom and fingers, and long ear drops in her tiny ears. Over her hair she would place a black hat with an irresistible veil, which she would tie up behind. A beautiful yellow shawl or scarf was usually fastened round her throat, and a coat of rich black fur covered her dainty figure. Oh Tsiotsia knew how to dress!

But one of the most interesting things about her was her voice. How should I describe it? It could be soft and sweet, low and cajoling, loud and fierce, shrill and bitter. It could sing. It could weep. It all depended on Tsiotsia's moods.

Now I must tell you about Vooyko, who was her husband, because he had something to do with these moods.

Vooyko was a thin, lanky man with a stooped figure, though he was not at all an old man at the time. The thing you noticed first about him was his smile, and his moustache, for they seemed to belong to each other. His brown moustache was extremely long, with tapering ends which drooped, but did not hide his smiling mouth. As for the rest of his face, it was nothing out of the ordinary. The top of his head was bald, and resembled a small pink marble rink, hedged about with straggly brown hair. As for his eyes, I can't seem to remember their color, but I do recall that they, like his mouth, also smiled. Vooyko did have something remarkable about him though—his hands. They were

always holding something, and were such clever, patient hands, that could do almost anything—for Vooyko, besides being a mechanic by trade, was an inventor, a genius, as I now realize. Poor Vooyko! I remember my mother telling me afterward that Vooyko had invented some strange flying machine, but that someone had stolen the plans for it just before his death.

Vooyko, by the way, was not Tsiotsia's only husband. She had had one before she came to this country, but he had died over in Europe. Nor was Vooyko her last. She acquired another, her third, after his death. But I see I am getting ahead of myself.

I liked visiting Tsiotsia, when I was a child, because her house was so interesting. I can recall how, when I was about five years old or so, tapping timidly at her blue door and hearing her voice answer, "Come in, little apple, come in." I would step in. A peculiar aroma would strike my nostrils. It was a jumble of green growing plants, dried apples, and a fusty musty smell. The latter smell was easily explained, for Tsiotsia belonged to that old fashioned school which held that fresh air was poisonous. The apples also can be easily explained. Tsiotsia had an apple tree, a rare thing with us on the prairies, and it grew apples which she dried for winter use. The smell of plants needs more explaining. Tsiotsia had no children, no pet dogs, no house cats, no little canaries, so she had plants. It was easy for her to grow them, because she had green fingers. Whatever she touched, grew. Her plants filled her whole house. They sat on all her window sills, on her tables and benches, and even reposed on the floor. Wherever you looked there were plants—north, south, east west. Tsiotsia was indeed a plant wizard, a sort of female Luther Burbank.

How well I remember her telling my mother one day about a prize cactus plant which she had brought up "by hand" as it were. One day she showed me the plant in full bloom. I shall never forget it—with its long, slender, glossy leaves, surrounding a glorious sea of long, coral-colored blossoms. Tsiotsia's plants were something to dream about.

But there were other interesting things to see in her house—the pictures for instance—they repelled and attracted me at the same time. And what manner of pictures they were? Pictures of devils and angels and saints, mostly. One I can remember as vividly as though I had seen it but yesterday. It was a picture of a devil, a most monstrous sort of devil, with horns, and a long tail, and leering eyes and gnashing teeth. But the thing that fascinated me was the creature's complexion—a ghastly, livid, greeny-bluish sort of color. I would take a peep at his face and then turn away, but no, something invariably drew me back—it was the complexion and his eyes, which seemed to say—"Ho, ho, there, little girl. Look out! I'm ready for you." I would do my best to become interested in the other pictures. These were mostly of boy angels, dressed in long white robes with golden girdles around their waists, and huge white wings growing from out their shoulders. They always seemed to be ready to fly out of the pictures, but apparently never did, for I often visited Tsiotsia and the angels were always there. Then too, there were pictures of pale saints with haloes around their heads. I always felt sorry for them, for their eyes looked heavenward so piteously.

There were other objects of interest

in Tsiotsia's house. One was her dresser, on which stood many little jewel boxes, and containers, filled with trinkets, with which Tsiotsia loved to adorn herself—rings of gold, a bracelet made of odd-looking links, great blobs of ear-rings, pendants with amethyst and amber stones, necklaces of coral. But the most fascinating thing to me, was a small bridge of teeth. How surprised I was one day to see Tsiotsia take it and fit it into her mouth.

And in one corner of the room stood a sewing machine. In another were bolts of cloth of various hues and shades. When Tsiotsia wanted she could run up the sewing machine clothes fit for a queen, but she rarely was thus inclined, so the bolts grew faded and gathered dust.

One day I noticed in the corner something I had not seen before. It was a mirror with a white frame. At the top, right on the glass itself were painted, very artistically these words: "Good Morning!" That was the day I discovered Tsiotsia could paint—was an artist. But better than this she could sing. The whole neighborhood knew this fact. They knew she should cry too, and shriek. Early in the morning Tsiotsia's voice would go flying to the skies; her thin high voice could be heard for a block around, singing a love song. Then we knew Tsiotsia was happy. Other times we would hear that same voice shriek and wail for all its worth.

Then we would know she was unhappy. And sure enough she would invariably come running to our house to tell my mother all her troubles. My young and pretty mother would listen, but never offer a word of either blame or otherwise, for she knew Tsiotsia was a very temperamental person and Vooyko was so good to her.

Well time passed on, and soon there was no Vooyko. And oh, how we missed him, for it was he who used to bounce us high up in the air and sing to us, in the traditional manner of fond parents and relatives:

"He-da-da, Ho-pa-pa!
He-da-da, Ho-pa-pa!"

We missed the gay balloons he used to give us, the visits to his little workshop, in which iron and other metal filings fell to the floor in curls. There was no one fasten them now to our own ringlets in play. Everything was dusty and forlorn after Vooyko died.

And how Tsiotsia lamented and cried for him, called him her dear Basil, the best husband in the world. No longer did she remember the unkind things she said about him.

Well a few years passed by, and one day Tsiotsia came to tell us she was planning to marry again. We were invited to the wedding festivities, but I remembered that I was the only representative of the family to go.

The bridegroom was a man a number of years her junior, a quiet, rather decent-appearing chap. We all wondered how the marriage would work. It did not take long to find out. It was the same thing all over again. Tsiotsia would come scurrying and hurrying to tell Mother her tale of woe—the man was cruel to her, he was mean, she could not live with him, he was a miser. To make a long story short, after several attempts, her husband managed to run away. She was left alone at last.

From then on her life was one of dissension and quarrels with her neighbors. As time passed on the children forgot her pet name of "Tsiotsia" and began calling her "Witch." Boys insisted on robbing her now large tree of its numerous apples, girls picked flowers from between the fence pickets. No one respected or liked her any more.

We did not see her for years,

CANADIAN FLYER DECORATED

Among the six flyers of the Canadian Royal Air Force decorated overseas late in July was Sergeant-Pilot M. Chepil, a Ukrainian Canadian from Edwin, Manitoba.

Sgt. Chepil distinguished himself during the bombardment of factories in the Paris district early in June. Just as his plane—of which he was commanding officer—reached enemy occupied territory its water cooling system ceased to function. Undeterred he continued to pilot the bomber on its way to the objective. Later one of his motors caught on fire. With considerable difficulty he finally managed to have it extinguished. Finally the bomber reached its objective and dropped its load of bombs over it. The job done Sgt. Chepil turned homeward and reached his base in England in safety.

Sgt. Chepil's mother resides in Edwin. A brother, Dr. W. Chepil, and a sister, Mrs. Hannah Danilchuk, live in Swift Current, Sask. Another brother, Paul, serves in the artillery.

INVITATION TO DEATH

Fuel shortages are compelling people to convert heating systems to the use of coal or wood. In many cases, conversions are being made to replace the use of gas. Unless these change-overs are made properly, fire and explosion hazards are created. The National Board of Fire Underwriters, in an attempt to help prevent disasters from this source in homes next winter, has issued a bulletin warning against the most common dangers involved.

If gas has been used and it is desired to switch to a solid fuel such as wood, the change should never be made without making certain that the chimney is built for the purpose. Some houses are constructed on the basis of using gas, and no regular chimney was installed. The one might be of masonry, yet too small. It might also have a metal lining instead of a tile lining. In other cases, it may not even be of masonry, but asbestos cement or similar material not suitable for other fuels than gas.

When automatic burners or stokers are used, it should be remembered that even automatic equipment needs attention. Failing to maintain the prescribed water level can result in cracked or distorted boilers. Under certain conditions this will lead to an explosion. It should be borne in mind that even with all necessary safety devices, boilers and furnaces need to be checked occasionally to see that everything is in safe working order. Carelessness is an invitation to property destruction, if not death.

then one day she arrived at our new home. She was getting old, her looks were gone, and her figure too. Her clothes were ragged, her teeth missing.

Why did she come? It was election day and she was still, as she used to be, interested in politics. She sat and sat, and talked and talked. My poor mother, out of sheer politeness sat with her. The next day I found out what she talked about—her neighbors, how wicked they were, how naughty their children were to call her Witch.

Poor creature! in desperation she had decided to call on us, the only ones who still called her Tsiotsia, to unburden herself.

Some day, when election time comes you may see a queer little bent figure, with a wrinkled face, in which are two black eyes, and a mouth which babbles soundlessly to itself. The children may call her Witch, but we, now grown up, can still see in her the woman who used to give us pennies and cakes, and handfuls of fragrant flowers to take home—beautiful Tsiotsia.

—Ukrainian Canadian Review

Does Poland Have Real Claim to Eastern Borderlands?—Critic Asks

From DIMITRI HORBAYCHUK

To the Editor [of the New Leader]:

In Socialist circles it is a well known fact that Polish progressives, as a group (excluding a few individuals and those of Jewish blood), are just as chauvinistic and imperialistic in their nationalism as are the most reactionary of their Polish contemporaries.

Prof. Waclaw Lednicki's article on the Polish-Soviet Russian frontier differences [The New Leader, July 3, 1943] only serves to emphasize this truism, for in his defense of the Polish claim to the territories of Western Ukraine, Western White Russia, and a part of Lithuania, he expounds, word for word, the chauvinist stratagems first employed by the fascist Pilsudski government, by the later, even more intensely fascist Polish government ruled by the "Colonels" with Beck at the head, and which are at present shouted from the housetops by the very elite of the reactionary and imperialist Poles.

To Prof. Lednicki, the territorial differences under discussion are strictly a Polish-Russian affair. Apparently, they are to be of no concern to the Ukrainian, White Russian and Lithuanian peoples who are in the majority on these non-Polish and non-Russian lands. As if in an effort to prove that this is solely a matter for Polish and Russian minds to deal with, and that Russia has no justifiable claim to these lands, he asserts the paramount reason for Soviet Russian annexation of Western Ukraine and Western White Russia was that of "strategic necessity," and rightly discounts this argument.

But history is too recent for us to have forgotten the facts surrounding it. Soviet Russia did not annex the

territories in question under the pretext of "strategic necessity."

Rather, it annexed these territories under the pretext of "liberating" their Ukrainian and White Russian populations, and then uniting them to the already existent Soviet Ukrainian and Soviet White Russian member republics of the Soviet Union.

Naturally, this was a Hitlerian "liberation," and the Ukrainian and White Russian people do not deny its character. Nevertheless, they want to preserve the fact that this was the basic claim advanced by Soviet Russia in her effort to justify this annexation. For in the historical perspective, preservation of the above truth is just as important to Ukrainians and White Russians as, let us say, would be preservation of the pretext under which Poland in 1938 carried out the annexation of Teschen. Because if history were to record this latter annexation as being accompanied by Polish claims of "strategic necessity," it would show that Teschen is strictly Czech territory.

When Prof. Lednicki writes, "This war has shown that a separate, small Poland cannot play the peaceful role that was for centuries the glory of the Polish-Lithuanian-Ruthenian Commonwealth," he lays himself suspect of being a supporter of the Polish extremist claims for a Poland "From the Baltic to the Black Sea." He is in favor of Poland being reconstituted in her pre-1939 limits, including Western Ukraine, Western White Russia, and some Lithuania territory. Further, he repeats the Polish reactionary contention that Poland has a "historical" right to these lands.

It will be remembered that Poland's

claim of a "historic right" to Ukrainian and White Russian territories did not impress Lloyd George, who in 1920 heaped abuse on the Poles for invading these nations' lands, and ordered them to retreat to their "legitimate frontier," which he then defined, and which since has been known as "the Curzon line."

In view of the democratic, non-imperialistic stand taken by many of his fellow-countrymen, regarding Polish pretensions to territories in Eastern Europe, it is a bit disheartening to see Prof. Lednicki, apparently himself of liberal stamp, employ the most ingenious and fragile claims to back Poland's continued domination in these areas which renowned historians, and unimpeachable educational sources, designate as being ethnographic components of the Ukrainian, White Russian and Lithuanian nationals.

Although this large area which Soviet Russia absorbed in 1939 is more than half the size of pre-1939 Poland, Prof. Lednicki refers to it as the "borderland" of Poland—thus painting a preposterous picture of an animal whose tail is larger than its torso. Listed below are some of the reasons advanced by him why this "borderland" should remain in Polish hands.

Because the Jagellonian dynasty came from this borderland (from Lithuania).

But if this be logic, then we must resign ourselves to also seeing Hungary become a part of future Poland, for Stefan Batory, one of Poland's kings, came from Hungary. Similarly, if we recognize this as a legal claim of one nation to another, we no longer need worry as to what to do with Germany after this war, for as the German Emperor Sigismund also came to be King of Hungary, Bohemia, and Italy, we can grant the German nation to one of these three, or divide it among them equally. But why go on?

Because many of the "great Poles of history" came from this borderland.

Yet we know that the "great Poles" who came from these territories were but the off-spring of Polish colonists, and of native stock which accepted Polonization strictly out of consideration for the profit and privilege which characterizes quishing co-operation with invader. It is just as illogical for Prof. Lednicki to say these territories belong to Poland because certain Polish great men came from them, as it would be to say that Ukraine belongs to Russia because Tschekovskiy, Gogol and Trotsky came from Ukraine.

His assertion that in cities like Vilna and Lwiv "every building was put there by Polish hands," may be discounted as being grossly incorrect, especially when in this statement he includes, besides every Catholic church, all "Protestant and Orthodox" churches, and "every synagogue."

Raymond Leslie Buell, in his Poland: Key to Europe, states: "In the summer of 1938 the Polish government, following a convention of June 20, 1938, with the Vatican, destroyed 112 Orthodox churches belonging to Ukrainians in Volhynia." Many Ukrainian schools, libraries and co-operatives also were destroyed by this same Polish government. This is quite in contrast with what Professor Lednicki would have us believe.

There is only one point in Prof. Lednicki's article on which Ukrainians, White Russians and Lithuanians are in accord with him, this being his statement that their lands "are not and never have been" really Russian. But they would like to add that these home lands, to which Prof. Lednicki so cleverly lays Poland's imperialistic claim, "are not and never have been" rightfully Polish.

"New Leader" Official Organ of the Social Democratic Federation Devoted to the Interests of the Labor Movement New York City, August 7, 1943.

UKRANDOMS

ALEXANDER YAREMKO

(Note:—This is the second semi-monthly roundup of random notes on things of interest to Ukrainian-Americans—the Randoms—to which contributions may be made by writing to the writer at 208 Locust Street, Philadelphia 4, Pa.)

Ukrainians in Canada number 305,000, and the total population of Canada is well over 11 millions. The distribution among provinces is: Manitoba, 90,000; Saskatchewan, 80,000; Alberta, 72,000; Ontario, 48,000; Quebec, 8,000; British Columbia, 7,000. Only the English and French outnumber the Ukrainians in Canada. Winnipeg, Sask. is recognized as the center of Ukrainian influence and hub of activity. One of the six major parachute manufacturing concerns in America is in Trenton, N. J. and is owned by Ukrainians—the Switliks. Most of the 2500 employees are Ukrainians and the Switlik-made Quick Attachable Chest type chutes are extensively used by our armed forces throughout the world. The Switlik Co. also makes aviator's and gunner's safety belts. "S. Hurok presents"—a phrase which has appeared in the past over such names as Zimbalist, Pavlova (Chaliapin), Schumann-Heink, the Ballet Russe, and today over Marian Anderson, Carmel Amaya, the Ballet Theatre, the Phila. Opera Co., Lily Pons, Andre Kostalanez, Oscar Levant and others, was born near Kharkiv in Ukraine 55 years ago. He came to America from Ukraine in 1905 almost penniless. Today he has millions. Sam Goldwyn has built the first communist community in Hollywood for his picture "North

Star." It is called Severnaya Zvezda, has thatched huts and presumably is located in Ukraine. Dimitri Kessel of LIFE, is rated as one of America's leading industrial photographers, using color extensively to make machines dramatic and beautiful. He was born in Kiev, Ukraine, became a Cossack at 18 and had a narrow escape from the Tsar's firing squad before finally arriving in America. The No. 1 Female Sniper of the Red Army, Lyudmila Pavlichenko, was born near Kiev, Ukraine, in 1915. This Ukrainian girl is credited with knocking off over 200 Nazis. She was in America early this year but is now back on the firing line. Lt. Peter Fiek, assistant coach at the North Carolina Pre-Flight naval base and holder of world speed swimming records, predicts a new aquatic era for America after the war when records will be broken repeatedly due chiefly to the excellent swimming instructions our armed forces are getting everywhere today. His brother Bill Fiek (both Philadelphia Ukrainians), is still the world's underwater swimming champion for speed and duration. In the book world "One World" and "The Robe" continue to be the two best sellers in America. Read them both! "The Human Comedy" and "On Being A Real Person" are runner-ups. Get the July issue of Reader's Digest and read Eastman's article on Russia. Most recent developments in the war and diplomatic fields substantiate his arguments that Russia is for Russia, is ungrateful for our aid to her while demanding a "second front" yet doing nothing to help us lick Japan, and has its own pattern for a post-war Europe of which she suspiciously keeps silent. The 300 billion war debt of America boils down to \$2,278.00 per capita.

AMERICAN HEROES

BY LEFF



For extraordinary courage Boatman's Mate Harold F. Smith, First Class, has been awarded the Distinguished Service Cross. After orders to abandon the U.S.S. Arizona at Pearl Harbor, he took his motor launch out to the stricken battle wagon repeatedly—in spite of fierce enemy bombing and strafing—in spite of flaming oil on the water surface—and brought ashore burned and wounded personnel, saving many lives. Your Payroll Savings MUST back such men as this.

This means that Pennsylvania's 11 million people would have to pay off 22 billion and 600 million dollars as their share of the war cost, while New York State's 13½ million inhabitants would contribute in taxes 30 billion and 750 million. A town of 10,000 would be assessed about 23 million. Halting Hitler and Hirohito will cost us a lot of dough. Correction: Linotypist in previous column had Indiana as place where Cpl. Wallace Sheshka of Northampton is stationed. The correct locale is India!

