



SECTION II.

The Ukrainian Weekly

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

No. 36 JERSEY CITY, N. J., SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 18, 1943 VOL. XI

Fifty Years of Service

WE highly recommend to our readers last Wednesday's 50th anniversary issue of the Svoboda. For within its 10 pages there is a wealth of interesting material on pertinent subjects which if read by our young Ukrainian Americans is bound to edify and entertain them a great deal.

Undoubtedly for many of our younger generation, this 50th anniversary of Svoboda is of no particular significance. True, the Svoboda is a newspaper they have been accustomed to seeing from their early childhood.

Whether they realize it or not, however, the fact remains that the Svoboda has definitely moulded their lives—mainly through the older generation, their parents. Many of the latter came from foreign-ruled and oppressed Ukraine with comparatively little clear consciousness of their Ukrainian cultural heritage and nationality.

Another outstanding service the Svoboda has performed for our people has been in the field of their organization. The Ukrainian National Association, for example, owes its unchallenged leading position in Ukrainian American life largely to the Svoboda.

Still another outstanding service of the Svoboda has been the very influential role it has played in aiding our people to become adjusted to their American environment and in becoming loyal and worthy American citizens.

Today, of course, the Svoboda is devoted well-nigh entirely to advancing our country's war effort among its readers. One has merely to peruse any of its daily issues to see what fine work it is doing in this respect.

Aside from such crusading, organizational, Americanizing, and war effort action, the Svoboda has also been the foremost Ukrainian news agency in America. Its pages have constantly mirrored leading events in Ukraine, here in America, and elsewhere throughout the world.

These cited services of the Svoboda, it should be borne in mind, are but few of the many it has performed for the benefit of both the old and young among us during the 50 years of its active and often turbulent, yet constructive, existence.

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jubilee book, which is to be supplemented next year by a 50th jubilee book of the Ukrainian National Association.

But especially revealing in this connection are the pages of the Svoboda itself. Fifty thick and well bound yearbooks of it repose in its editorial offices, open to any serious-minded student.

Bridgeport Flyer Receives Award

Lieutenant Charles Sarabun, 21, son of Mr. and Mrs. Luke Sarabun of 123 Third Street, Bridgeport, Pa., and a member of U.N.A. Branch 383, was recently awarded the Oak Leaf Cluster, according to word received by his parents.



LIEUT. CHARLES SARABUN

The citation accompanying the present award said it was for exceptionally meritorious achievement while participating in five separate bomber combat missions over enemy occupied continental Europe.

Lt. Sarabun is a navigator on a Flying Portress. At present he is stationed at any army air base in England. He enlisted in January 1941. In April 1942 he resigned and entered the U. S. Army Air

Navigation School at Maxwell Field, Ala. In November 1942 he graduated from the Army Air Force Navigation School in Monroe, La.

SERHEY VASYLKIVSKY, A GREAT UKRAINIAN LANDSCAPE PAINTER

AMONG the losses which Ukraine suffered during the Russian Revolution one of the most poignant ones was the death of the great Ukrainian landscape painter, Serhey Vasylykivsky.

Serhey Vasylykivsky was born, on October 7, 1854, in the city of Izyum, in the province of Kharkiv, in eastern Ukraine, where his father was a petty clerk in the local district treasury. Here Serhey attended the public schools. When father was transferred to Kharkiv, Serhey entered the "gymnasium" of Kharkiv. Evidently he did not like the school, as instead of studying Latin and Greek, he drew caricatures of his teachers. They did not like that, and he left the "gymnasium" for the Veterinarian Institute of Kharkiv. Soon he left that school, too, and tried to clerk in a government office in Kiev, but painting attracted him so much that he served only to save money to go to the Academy of Arts in Moscow or St. Petersburg.

In 1876, Serhey Vasylykivsky left his clerkship and, against the will of his father and uncle, joined the Academy of Arts at St. Petersburg. He made good progress there, as already in 1879 he is listed among the medalists of the Academy. In 1883, he was working in Ukraine, painting sketches a picture to be entered in a

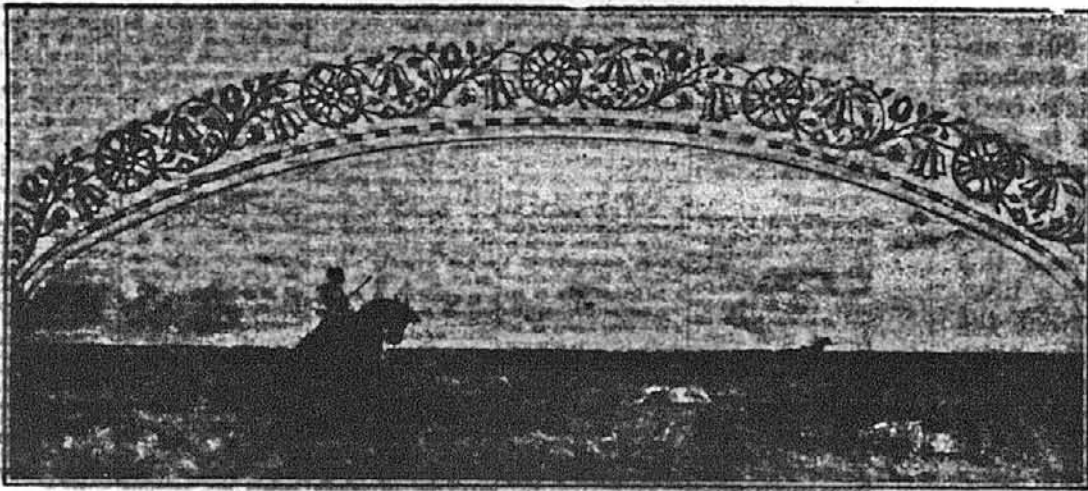
monumental album "Out of the Past of Ukraine," which contained besides paintings and sketches also a good text in the French and Russian languages, by D. Yavornytsky. Marks, the well-known Russian publisher, was to publish it, but he demanded from the artists a promise to pay a fine of 20,000 rubles in case they should take the second printing to another publisher. Vasylykivsky asked Mr. Marks to make the fine 2 million rubles.

"Why two millions?" Mr. Marks demanded. "I find 20,000 sufficient."

"I said two millions," Vasylykivsky explained, "because we can pay neither 20,000 nor 2,000,000, and two millions always looks better for the sake of appearances."

Mr. Marks at once agreed to strike out this clause. The publication enjoyed a wide reputation.

In 1901, Vasylykivsky wrote a textbook on sculpture and pottery, which was published by the "zemstvo" (the autonomous government) of the province of Poltava for the use of home-industry. Vasylykivsky secured the award of the jury for V. Kryczewsky, who decided to erect the building in the Ukrainian style. Vasylykivsky later furnished for the auditorium of the building three large pictures, illustrating the history of Ukraine: "The Election of the Colonel Push-



Serhey Vasylykivsky's "DUEL OF THE KOZAK HOLOTA WITH A TARTAR" (A picture in the Session Chamber of pre-World War I "Zemstvo" of the Poltava province in Ukraine).

kar." depicting the Kozaks delivering the newly elected Colonel his insignia, which served to the Ukrainians under the tsars as a powerful reminder that all the political power in their country from the times immemorial had come from the will of the people. "The Highway of Chumaks," is a landscape, depicting the beauty of Ukraine, while the picture "The Duel of the Kozak Holota with a Tartar," takes us back to the dangerous period of Ukrainian history, when Ukraine was overridden by nomadic marauders.

His pictures became widely known for their realistic portrayal of the Ukrainian landscape. They excelled by the beauty of their color, and won for him such epithets as "the airy Vasylykivsky." He was offered the professorship at the Academy of Arts, but he refused, saying, "Why should I go into that bog?"

He was considered a miser because he never cared much for his dress. When they called his attention to his boots, he said, "Why, I wear my boots and my suit for myself, and not for others." When they sneered at him for traveling on railroad third-class, he would

say, "And just imagine: I have been traveling third-class these 30 years, and yet in those 30 years not even once have those from the first class arrived at the station before me."

DO YOU KNOW

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

Read about them in

Spirit of Ukraine

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

SVOBODA BOOKSTORE

A Sound Knowledge of Your Old-World Background is Indispensable to Good Americanism, Especially Now in War-Time

To Gain Such Knowledge

READ THE UKRAINIAN WEEKLY

He was not stingy for those whom he thought deserving help, but he would send away many who came to him with various fantastic schemes. A friend, a painter, came to him to ask him to contribute 5,000 rubles for the construction of the model of the machine, which, the inventor claimed, could set the type, print and bind the book. "No, nothing doing," Serhey said, "I'll give you money only after you have invented also machine that can write books and make the people buy them. In the meantime take your palette and brushes and paint whatever you know."

Vasylykivsky always had a warm word of welcome for every new movement in art. Only he asked of the innovators first to know thoroughly the old ways.

In the summer of 1917, Vasylykivsky began to repeat to his friends that his death was approaching. To M. S. Samokysh, who tried to console him, he said, "I begin to dream of my family. It is sure a sign of approaching death as when ravens begin to circle over an old hag." And having "decided to die," he began to sell out all his pictures. What was the use to keep them?—he said. It is better to get money for them than let them later on hang useless in some museum. The money he received from this sale, he distributed among his friends, saying, "Just look, how that accursed money is hard to make and how still harder it is to spend."

"To spend it—seems easy," objected his friend, O. Nikolaev, who later wrote a biography of Vasylykivsky.

"No, don't say that," retorted the artist, "to spend money sensibly is not such an easy matter as it might seem."

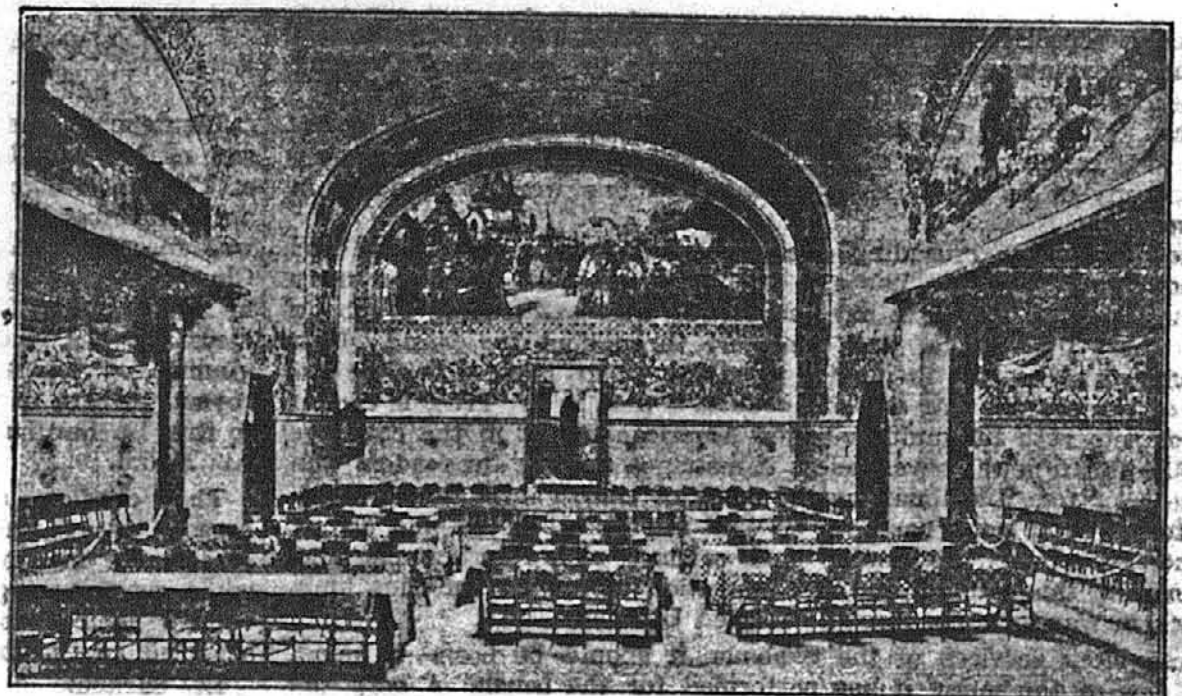
He was buried, on October 9, 1917. A group of friends, representatives of the Ukrainian government and army, and flags of the city of Kharkiv and of Ukraine followed him to the grave.

As he was painting there one day, a tall, husky, swarthy man accosted him. "You thought I would not recognize you," the man said, smiling. "Why, I can tell a Ukrainian at a glance. Allow me to introduce myself: I am a painter, and my name is Pokhitonov."

Vasylykivsky was very glad to meet his native countryman. Pokhitonov was not only a painter, but a good one, and had splendid connections. In the latter's home he ate the Ukrainian "borshch," and through him he joined the studio of the famous French war-painter Detaille. He also made artistic excursions to Brittany, Provence, Spain, England, Italy and Africa. He was admitted to the "Salon," and his landscapes enjoyed good reputation in France and Russia.

On his return to his native country, he soon became interested in the archeology of Ukraine and started to travel widely through Ukraine in search of the monuments of old Ukrainian architecture. He traveled especially extensively in Galicia, where he found great interest in her wooden churches. He was the first to realize that the peculiarities of those churches constitute a style of its own, the Ukrainian church style. He collected widely historic and ethnographic material, took part in various Ukrainian congresses, organized Ukrainian societies, artistic and scientific, arranged exhibitions of Ukrainian art, architecture and painting, in Ukraine and abroad, in Kiev, St. Petersburg, Vienna, Prague, Kursk. He projected many monumental buildings in Ukraine style, as well as mausoleums, tombs, gates, and the like.

In 1902, Vasylykivsky and Prof. M. S. Samokysh, another Ukrainian painter, published a



SESSION CHAMBER OF THE "ZEMSTVO" AT POLTAVA Decorated in Ukrainian style by Serhey Vasylykivsky

THE FIRST TEN DAYS ARE THE HARDEST IN WHICH A SOLDIER RECOUNTS HIS EXPERIENCES AND IMPRESSIONS IN HIS FIRST CAMP

CAMP Utopia is a Reception Center... a Reception Center is where you start your Army career. It's a place you hate to be at... but a place you're glad you've been to!

I was part of a large shipment of men the day we arrived at the camp and it was the rainiest, sloppiest day of the spring. We marched off the train and into a large warehouse to the tune of canned martial music. No one seemed to mind that some music-loving noncommissioned officer had slipped William Tell's Overture between America and the Battle Hymn of the Republic. Anyhow, it wasn't the music that mattered, it was the tempo—and the tempo was fast! In fact, everything we did from that moment on was fast. Within twenty minutes we were filing out of the warehouse, all wearing shipping tags on which we had been made to write a bewildering number of letters and serial numbers. In the ten days I spent at this camp, I was able to account for most of these hieroglyphics.

We met a line of men outside who were "shipping" on the same train

we had come in on. These morale-building buddies kept shouting at us to, "Watch the hook! Watch the hook!" It developed that they were referring to the medical "shots" we were to receive later. Of course, this "hook" business did little to cheer us up. Eventually we learned that the doctors don't use hooks to inoculate you with—they use needles. But we'll get to that a little later.

Someone had forgotten to tell someone that we were staying for dinner that first night, so we had to wait for "chow." While we were waiting, the corporal in charge decided we were getting a little too enthusiastic, so he let out with:

"Youse guys don't get feeded, youse don't, if youse don't shuddup!"

I was anxious not to miss anything, so I asked the corporal to repeat. I shouldn't have! By the time they opened the doors for "chow," I had picked up 327 burnt matches and 29 cigarette butts from the surrounding grounds.

Chow at Camp Utopia is good. Sometimes it's better than that. Most of the time it is also plentiful. When you enter the mess hall, you pick up

a tray, a knife, a fork, and a spoon... a large spoon. You civilian teaspoon becomes a memory. The tray is divided into compartments of varying sizes and the next thing you know, you're holding it out to a battery of very determined soldiers, all wielding ladles and vieing with one another to reach your tray compartments with their offerings. Some of them need a lot of target practice. These "K.P.'s" are imbued with one ambition... to make you take their particular product. It took me three days to learn to dodge the ladders that didn't appeal to me. Those first three days I gained six pounds!

Chow lines are long... sometimes two hundred men long. One Sunday, word was passed along the line that we were having duck for dinner. I still don't know how that mess sergeant figured it out, but he made it come out even. I was at the tail end of the line and I got the corresponding part of the duck! After "chow," we were led to a group of low, flat buildings where we were to receive our much-dreaded "I. Q." tests. The tests didn't bother me nearly as much as the cold did. By eleven-thirty we were finished and were escorted, in formation, to our respective barracks. At Camp Utopia there is no such thing as a "dim-out." It's a perpetual "black-out." We marched

for hours, it seemed, before reaching the barracks. The next morning my suspicions were confirmed... the barracks were right across the street from where we had taken our tests. The shortest distance between two points is not a straight line in Camp Utopia.

Nothing in this world ever looked as good to me as the iron cot to which I was assigned at the barracks. I had plenty of warm blankets, the mattress was comfortable and the sheets were fresh and clean. I had no sooner closed my eyes than the loudspeaker of the public address system over my head bawled forth the cheerful announcement that reveille had arrived. The days at Camp Utopia are mighty long and the nights are mighty, mighty short!

It was then I learned that fifteen minutes is hardly time enough in which to make a bed, if you want to wash and shave as well. Well-meaning friends had given me a beautifully equipped toilet kit. It had hundreds of compartments and gadgets. I took it down to the washroom with me that first morning. I searched frantically for the razor but couldn't find it. It took me three days to find that instrument. From that time on, I kept the razor in my pocket and sent the rest of the kit back home.

(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)

(Concluded)

(Translated by S. Shumeyko)

(41)

"NOW that you've heard my story, tell me yours," said Petro to Cherevan, his wife and daughter. "How did you manage to get away from the clutches of that Zaporozhian and make your way here to your home?"

"We did not have to get away from that Kyrylo Tur, at all," Mrs. Cherevan replied. "It was he himself who helped us to get here. That one night when we were virtual prisoners of Brukhovetsky's men and steps were being taken to make my Lesya marry that rotten Vuyakhevich, there suddenly appeared in the courtyard a mounted party of about ten Zaporozhians, headed by the burly Kyrylo Tur himself. Exhibiting an imposing looking ring on his finger he demanded our immediate release. 'Why? and what for?' he was asked. 'That's my order,' Kyrylo retorted. 'I was ordered to take these three people to Hadiach. And who knows,' he added, smiling mockingly, 'perhaps Lesya will become a Hetman's wife after all, but Brukhovetsky's this time.'"

"Yes sir, son," Cherevan interrupted, "it looked to me then that I would become the father-in-law of a dog."

"We began to plead," his wife resumed the tale, "yet our entreaties left Kyrylo unmoved; he didn't even look in our direction. His men harnessed a team of horses to our carriage, told our Vasile Nevolnyk to get up on the driver's seat, and off we started, our carriage surrounded by the Zaporozhians. Lesya and I started to weep. When Tur noticed that he said: 'Stop bawling, you chicken-heads. I'm not taking you to Hadiach but to your home—stead Khmarische.' We started to thank him, but he interrupted us with 'Stop thanking me. I'll be thanked enough when I take your daughter as my wife.' His words dashed our newly-risen hopes. Out of the frying pan into the fire, we thought. We felt sure that that was his intention, to make good his long-standing boast that he would marry Lesya. Yet when we arrived here at Khmarische, much to our surprise he made no effort to detain us or force his attentions upon Lesya. Noting the look of bewilderment on our faces, he merely guffawed and said: 'Did you think for a moment that I'm a sap like that Shraam's cub, Petro? If you did, you're crazy. May the devil take all women anyway, for they're the root of all troubles. It's best to keep far away from you all. Just cook us a dinner, and we'll consider everything quits. But feed us well, as we've got a long road before us.'"

"Where did that long road lead them?" asked Petro.

"To the Black Mountain," Cherevan replied. "He always praised it, and it's quite evident he always wanted to return to it. Before he left we had quite a talk and he told me a lot about the Black Mountain. After they had been fed, the Zaporozhians fell to drinking late into the night. When time came to go to sleep they just threw themselves on the grass and soon were snoring away. Figuring that they would sleep late the next day, my wife and I got up very early the next morning in order to prepare for them a snack. But can you imagine, they had already left, leaving not even a trace that they had been here. What men! Well, at any rate, that night, Kyrylo revealed to me that, 'From the very start I tried to steer my brother Zaporozhians on the right road, by attempting to persuade them not to help remove Somko from the Hetman's office. But it seems that the devil himself was helping Brukhovetsky, for all my attempts were of no use. Seeing that, I said to hell with it and prepared to leave Ukraine so that I would not be on hand to witness all that trouble that took place. I was just about to leave when the devil made me run across your daughter. It was on account of her that I hung around.' Here Kyrylo paused and then added: 'You might as well sing Vichnaya Pamiat' now for Somko, for if not today then surely tomorrow his noble head is going to roll to the ground...' And could you believe, Petro, when Kyrylo was saying that with that always-present half-mocking smile on his face, a tear rolled down his cheek!"

"That's all very fine, but don't you realize that Kyrylo left behind his mother and sister when he rode off for the Black Mountain?" Petro said.

"Yes, I realize it. In fact we even asked Kyrylo how he could possibly leave his mother and sister behind. And do you know what he said in reply: 'Who do you think a Kozak's mother is? Our mother—is our war with the infidels. Our sister—is our sword. I left enough money with mother and sister to take care of them as long as they live. After all, the good Lord did not create a Zaporozhian to have him hang around the house!'"

Thus the four of them discoursed on the various happenings that had befallen them. Just before dinner Vasile Nevolnyk appeared, bringing with him the Holy Man. Vasile had been Kiev marketing, and there had run across the old man and brought him home because he knew Cherevan loved to listen to his songs and 'dumi' accompanied on the 'bandura.'

Catching sight of Petro, Vasile for a moment did not know what to say, so great was his joy. Standing with his arms akimbo set, looking at Petro from this side and that side, shrugging his shoulders in wonderment that here was Petro in the flesh before him, Vasile at last gave him a hearty hug. The Holy Man was also obviously glad to see Petro, but he showed it in a less demonstrative fashion.

The group now became even more animated. Lesya chattered as happy as a lark. After dinner they all quieted down a little, as the Holy Man sang them songs of God, of war and of love. When later he prepared to leave, Petro gave him, in memory of his father, a bag of money with which to buy some poor Ukrainian slave's freedom from his Turkish captor.

"It is truly a pity," Petro said in parting, "that evils rules so much of this world, and that fine deeds and sufferings go unrewarded."

"Do not say such things, son," the Holy Man responded, gravely. "Eventually everyone will get from God his just desserts as well as his just reward."

"Yes, but what about the fact that Brukhovetsky has emerged on the top now, while Somko and my father are in their graves?"

"Don't worry, the Lord has punished Brukhovetsky well enough with the sins he has committed. And as for good men, what sort of a real reward could they possibly have or want on this earth. Hetmancy, riches, or the defeat of their enemies? Only children run after such mirages. Anyone, however, who has looked deeper into the meaning of life, desires more worthy things... We complain sometimes that we have not been justly rewarded. Rewarded because of what? Because my spirit is nobler than that of my neighbor? Isn't that a godly reward in itself? Isn't it enough to know that my spirit is capable of deeds which the ordinary person does not even dream of?"

Having thus uttered these words of wisdom, the Holy Man lapsed into silence. For a moment all remained preoccupied with what he had said. The spell was finally broken when the Holy Man rose and bowing low to them left, his 'bandura' slung over his shoulder.

Petro, of course, remained, for now he was part of the Cherevan family, a family that was destined to live long and happily after.

Needless to say, before a half a year had elapsed preparations began to be made for a wedding. The snows had just melted and nature's song of spring was just beginning to be heard, and flowers to bud in Lesya's garden, when Petro and Lesya became betrothed.

And thus peaceful and happy times came to them again; the troubled past seemed like some bad dream. They were thankful that God had allowed them to survive it all. And yet, it has always been like that. A terrible storm arises, full of sound and fury, uprooting and breaking down old trees; but that which God had ordained to survive it escapes its fury and lives on in all its color and beauty, as if there never had been a storm.

The End

AN INSTITUTE OF ETHNIC DEMOCRACY

By JOHN COLLIER and SAUL K. PADOVER

WE are impressed by the tragic failure of the democracies to face the "race" issue domestically and internationally. The democracies, perhaps owing to a guilty conscience, are trying to blink the fact that Hitler, the arch-enemy of mankind, has started a race war on this globe. The arch-enemy began the war with the assertion of the superiority of one so-called race and the inferiority of the rest of mankind. In Europe he has been systematically exterminating whole peoples whom he considers "inferior"—Poles, Jews, Slovenes, Greeks, Russians—and is hoping to enslave the rest. In the Orient, the Japanese are imitating the Nazis with a vengeance: they are preaching race hatred against the whites. In this country millions of American citizens of dark pigment are sometimes abused, generally despised, and frequently discriminated against. In South America, darker-skinned peoples, especially Indians, are stirring with resentment against the stigma of inferiority. In Africa, colonial peoples hate their white masters and will throw off the yoke when the opportunity arises. Everywhere race prejudice is endemic.

We are convinced that race and "minority" questions are one of the basic issues of our time. We believe if this problem is not solved it will wreck our democracy. As Congresswoman Frances P. Bolton said: "If we cannot change our attitude about race, we are going to bring upon the heads of our children... a cataclysm." We know that without the establishment of a genuine equality of opportunity for all peoples there can be no lasting peace in the world. Upon this rock of race prejudice and race arrogance, Pearl Buck warned, "all peoples may divide into the ultimate enmity." We fear she may be right.

Although the race question is global, we are, in this instance, concerned with the United States. Here the problem is difficult and dangerous. For, with the exception of the Soviet Union and India, we are the only major country in the world that contains large bodies of diverse peoples and races.

America Built By Immigrants

It should be stressed that our national origins have been mixed and that this country was built by immigrants, as President Roosevelt reminded the D.A.R. in April 1938. The first United States Census, that of 1790, showed the population to consist of about 89 per cent Anglo-Scottish, 5.6 per cent German, 2.5 per cent Dutch, nearly 2 per cent Irish. But these proportions have undergone a drastic change. Throughout the 19th century and the early part of the 20th, there came to this country tens of millions of immigrants who were not English or Scottish. They came, and continued to be absorbed, from Austria and Russia and Italy and Poland and Bulgaria and Greece and Serbia and Hungary and Lithuania. In other words, except linguistically, the United States cannot be considered an Anglo-Saxon country. It is truly a new world—America—a mosaic of ethnic strains and peoples. Our daily military casualty list contains such names as Kwiatkowski, O'Brien, Papadopoulos, Goldberg, Mueller, Di Angelo—names descriptive of the diverse origin of their fathers.

To be specific, there are in the United States today 32,000,000 white Americans of foreign birth or descent (one or both foreign-born parents). These include 7,000,000 of Slavic and 4,500,000 of Italian descent, to list but two major groups. Sixteen per cent of our total population speaks a foreign mother tongue (about 4,000,000 Italian, around 2,400,000 Polish, nearly 2,000,000 Spanish, and 1,750

Yiddish). We have also some 12,000,000 Negroes and 600,000 Indians and Asiatics.

These millions of new Americans are not fully accepted in American life. Their status varies considerably, with Negroes everywhere at the bottom of the scale. Regardless of our political democracy, we must admit that in practice, therefore, tens of millions of Americans enjoy—if one can use that term—second- or third-class citizenship. These disadvantaged Americans do not like their status. In view of the promise of American life, and the democratic idealism upon which it is built, they will probably not remain passive, being Americans.

The Negro Problem

If a wise democratic solution is not found, one may expect that trouble will pile up on our heads. Quiet discrimination breeds quiet resentment, which for all its covertness runs deep. But overt action is not uncommon. There is trouble almost every day, although it is not always publicized. Negro workers are attacked in Alabama. Negro homes are wrecked in Texas. Mexicans are beaten up in California. In Detroit the recent race rioting reached such proportions as to constitute a humiliating national defeat. What many of our people do not seem to realize is that an attack upon any one group of Americans is an attack upon the unity and integrity of the whole United States.

If things are permitted to drift this way, then Hitler has won the war, at least within the United States. Nazi propaganda has fanned, and is continuing to fan, all the latent racial and religious animosities that prevail in this country—hatred of Negroes, of Mexicans, of the British, of liberals, of Jews, and of Catholics. And the question is: what are we going to do about it? Are we countering the Nazi poison (which works upon a body politic that is strongly susceptible to it) with the proper anti-toxins? Are we building up resistance? Are we creating a positive democratic program?

President Roosevelt, although busy with the conduct of the war, has done some things. He has issued frequent protests against discrimination. He has formed the Committee on Fair Employment Practice. He has requested the insertion of anti-discrimination clauses in government contracts. These are important steps, and deserve praise. But more, much more, needs to be done.

II

A Clear Policy Needed

First of all, we need a policy. The government must have a clearly formulated, far-sighted, courageous "minorities" and race policy. It must have democratic goals and pursue democratic ends. Hush-hush techniques, within a situation so grave, can only be insulting to Americans and to the democratic traditions of our country. Besides, experience has shown that lukewarm action is not going to do any good, anyhow. Negroes, for one, are tired of "gradualism."

There is another reason why such a policy is needed. At present the United States administers a number of overseas possessions—Alaska, Hawaii, Puerto Rico, the Virgin Islands, and some lesser islands. In all of these possessions there are non-white peoples. About half the resident population of Alaska consists of Indians and Aleuts. In Puerto Rico, about one-quarter of the population is classed as Negro. In the Virgin Islands, it is nearly all Negro. In Hawaii, there is an interesting (and harmonious) mixture of races, native Hawaiians, Chinese, Japanese, Filipino, etc. Nor should

we forget the Philippine Islands, with their 16,000,000 non-white inhabitants. After the war, the Philippine Commonwealth, although independent, will still have important ties—with the United States, and a definite policy will be called for.

Hitherto we have had no "colonial" policy. Just as the acquisition of our overseas possessions was casual and unpremeditated, so our administration was haphazard and unplanned. Like Topsy, our "colonial" policy just grew, without plan or purpose. Although generally negative, it was fair, as a rule, because our administrators were decent people. But basic problems remained unsolved, even unenvisioned, and they are still crying for formulation and solution.

One other consideration. There is a real possibility that when the present war is over, the United States will find itself having custody over new islands and territories. Willy-nilly, our government may be called upon to administer overseas areas in the form of mandates or leases or treaty defined possessions. In any case, the Stars and Stripes will probably be flying over alien, primitive, and colored peoples. To speak bluntly, except for general good intentions, we are not prepared for any such administration, because we have neither clear policy nor skilled administrators. For all of these reasons we therefore believe that it would be desirable for the United States government to set up an

Institute of Ethnic Democracy

(We use the term "ethnic" because it is more colorless, less weighted with emotion, than "racial," "minority," or "colonial.") Such an institute should serve as a clearing house, a research body, and a stimulating and co-ordinating agency on all matters relating to "minorities" and race problems. It need not concern itself with administration. The program, in part, would be as follows:

1. The Institute shall set up information and research agency relating to ethnic affairs. Its library shall include books, articles, reports, special studies on interracial relations, ethnic problems, "minorities" problems, "Colonial" policies and administration, and similar subjects. Works dealing with American experience are to be stressed, but relevant foreign works shall be given importance. Its staff of investigators shall be composed of men and women skilled and experienced in the various phases of the work.

2. The Institute shall establish a working relationship, by consultation and correspondence with governmental and non-governmental agencies and institutions, for the exchange of data and information, as well as the interchange of ideas and suggestions.

3. The Institute shall publish and procure the publication of results of its work. A weekly, or monthly, digest of all that is being done and thought and planned in the ethnic field—both by governmental and non-governmental agencies—might be undertaken as a beginning. Releases may be given out to the press through the usual channels. Methods of dramatic and graphic communication shall be favored.

4. The Institute shall, whenever advantageous, arrange educational and planning conferences with persons and groups working in the field of ethnic affairs, and help organize community programs.

5. The Institute shall draw up plans for the training of civilian administrators in democratic administration. The training shall be an enterprise of research and experimentation at the same time.

6. The Institute shall organize a pool of specialists (with experience in ethnic and overseas administration and problems) to be available for consultation with or lectures to other agencies and communities that may need them.

In general, the Institute shall

HAMTRAMCK LAD PLAYS OPPOSITE TALLULAH BANKHEAD

Writing from Hollywood, in his column in the Detroit News, Harold Heffernan, its motion picture editor, reported on September 4 last that among the new leading men of Hollywood who are in the movies because the Army has classified them as 4-F, is a young Ukrainian American, John Hodiak, of Hamtramck, Mich., John Panchuk informs us.

"In 'Lifeboat' (picture) it's John Hodiak," Heffernan wrote, "a handsome young Ukrainian from Hamtramck, Mich., who is under contract to MGM. John's also a 4-F and not boasting about it. He looks a great deal like Gable and is so promising that Tallulah Bankhead, his leading lady, wants him for her next stage play."

A LETTER TO THE EDITOR

Dear Sir:

In reading a recent issue of *The Ukrainian Weekly*, I realized how much we Ukrainian American fellows in service are shirking our duty in not informing the Weekly of our activities.

Here at Syracuse University, studying Russian under the Army's specialized training program are five boys of Ukrainian descent. They are—Sgt. Horace Orest Kulyk of Philadelphia; Cpl. William B. Fraynack of Flint, Mich.; Pfc. John Huzar of Detroit, Mich.; Pfc. William Rudy of New York City; and Pfc. John Natco of Cleveland, Ohio.

In studying Russian we find that on the whole our knowledge of Ukrainian helps us considerably, but we all agree that Ukrainian is less complicated.

Sgt. Horace O. Kulyk

serve as a reservoir of information and as a stimulating and advisory agency on all matters relating to ethnic affairs. It shall seek to focus for the exploration of the ethnic problems, and for public and specialist information concerning them, all of the thought and energy which can be assembled.

Such an Institute might well be placed within the Department of the Interior. That Department already administers, democratically, one important minority—Indians—as well as our Islands and Territories. Secretary Ickes is known as a fighting liberal of vision and courage, and this is a job that will require both vision and courage.

III

Possibilities of Such an Institute

Specifically, what would such an Institute accomplish? Its importance is long-range, rather than immediate. Unless it had been in existence for some time previous to June 1943, it could have made no difference in the Detroit race riots, since tensions had been accumulating there for years, and, in the absence of a program of democratic social engineering, an explosion was bound to occur. One of the functions of the Institute would be precisely this—to survey tension areas and to prevent explosions. This means long-range planning and thinking.

Moreover, the Institute would have close contact with groups, agencies, and individuals working on race and ethnic problems in various communities. In case of trouble, actual or expected, it would send skilled investigators to report and then work out—in cooperation with the local groups and agencies—a program for harmonious relations.

Essentially, however, the long-run aim of the Institute would be preventive, that is it would develop such programs of action—educational and institutional—that disgraceful race clashes and humiliating race discriminations would not occur in the future.

(Released by "Common Ground")

FOR YOU, MADAM

Ladies' Hairdressing Strictly
Battledress in England

An American woman who recently arrived in Britain was asked by the American published "Outpost" in London how the general appearance of women over there compares with that of women over here. In response she wrote the following:—

Leaving the question of clothes aside, I find conditions in England are not so bad as I expected. I had been led to believe when I left America that beauty parlors had practically ceased to exist in Britain due to lack of supplies and operators. The picture painted for me was so gloomy that I came armed with shampoos and rinses, a fresh "permanent," which I was assured would be the last I would get for the duration, and I had taken the precaution to arrange a simple hair-do that I could set myself. While the beauty parlors here might be considered somewhat primitive compared to what Americans are used to, the situation certainly was not so desperate as it had been described. The transition was made a bit easier for me by a bout with a beauty shop at Lisbon on the way over.

Styles There Way Behind Ours

One thing I notice here is that hair styles are way behind ours. The American fashion magazines are three or four months late in arriving here and the natural conservatism of the British adds another few months. The return to the upswept hair-do last year in America is just now apparent here, and one sees only a few "feather-cuts." It is probable that these styles will become more popular because of the danger of long hair to women in factory work.

As soon as I got settled in my neighborhood I paid a visit to the local beauty parlor, or "hairdresser," as they are always called here. It is typical of thousands of neighborhood beauty parlors all over Britain, but the conditions naturally are not those you would find in the swank West End. Even in the small shops you must book your appointment far in advance. In some neighborhoods the shops refuse to take new customers as they have all they can do take care of their regular clientele. I followed the line which I would have used at home and explained that I had just moved into the neighborhood and would like to become a regular customer with a definite appointment always booked in advance from visit to visit. This seemed to find approval and I was given a time for the following week.

On the door of the shop was a sign asking for apprentices from 14-16 years of age. As the labor draft covers all women from 18 to 45, except those with small children, the women found in non-essential occupation such as this are either very young, quite old, or have children under fourteen years of age. Some of the women, however, are drawn from the group, which were not able to pass the intelligence tests for factory work; they are not known as operators, but as "assistants."

A "Platinum" Rinse

On my first visit to the beauty parlor I had my hair shampooed. After the shampoo I told the assistant that I wanted a platinum rinse. She did not understand what that meant, so I told her it was a purple rinse. She still seemed a little vague but came back shortly with a cup full of something, which she proceeded to put on my hair. I could not see exactly what was going on until she said, "Oh, Madam, I am afraid your hair is a little bit blue." She had put on the straight purple rinse without diluting it, so once again I leaned over the basin and she scrubbed away trying to wash it out. My hair is now described by a friend as being "a bit on the luminous side."

ADVOCATES SEPARATE STATE OF UKRAINE

Editor of The Vindicator, Sir:

In The Vindicator of August 7th appeared an article by Walter Lippman titled, "Preparation of Peace Plans Has Become Urgent Business."

Mr. Lippman writes that "Allies should agree on Poland and France," and that "Poland Stands Between Russia and Germany," and "Poland Should be Made a Strong State."

Mr. Lippman forgot about Ukraine, more than twice larger than Poland. Ukraine stands between Russia and Poland. Poland is not between Russia and Germany but between Ukraine and Germany.

Peace in Europe depends not upon Poland but upon Ukraine, because Ukraine is the breadbasket of Europe and all the neighbors have been striving for this country for centuries.

The Atlantic Charter promises freedom for all nations including the Ukrainians. The Ukrainian state should consist of the largest part of Ukraine now under Soviet Russia, Western Ukraine, Bukovina, and Carpatho-Ukraine.

There's much talking about Ukraine now. For instance, "The Register," Catholic weekly, published in Denver, Colo., writes editorially May 30, 1943: "But there's another alternative, the Ukraine, a land of... certainly big enough to function as an independent nation."

"The history of the people" (Register further writes) "begins with the ancient kingdom of Kiev called 'Old Russia.' The Ukrainians came under the rule of Poland, and revolted in 1654 only to fall under Russia. The Ukraine declared itself an independent state in 1917-19. Fighting with the Bolsheviks followed. The Ukrainians were absorbed by Russia... Western Ukraine fell under Poland, Roumania and Czechoslovakia. But Ukrainians are not really Russians."—Yes, the Ukrainians never want to be under Russia, Poland, Roumania, Germany or others. It's time to think about establishing a strong state of Ukraine that will prevent the wars in Europe.

Rev. Stephen Musiychuk
("Vindicator," Youngstown, Ohio)

Setting the waves went along easily enough after we had determined that when I referred to "bobby-pins" I really meant "kirby-grips."

Manicure Hard To Get

In most small shops it is impossible to get a manicure. My assistant explained that as they had not enough help to cope with all the shampoo-sets they could give and a manicure takes about half-an-hour it is not worth while to have a girl just for that. Most women here buy their varnish and do their own nails, although the choice of colors is limited and the polish is not of pre-war quality. Supplies of all kinds are limited; for instance, there is just one towel to a customer and this towel is used first to cushion her forehead and shield her eyes as she leans forward over the wash basin to have her hair washed; then the same towel is used to dry her hair and finally put over her shoulders under the drier. There are no brushes left, and combs are scarce and are made of a very inferior plastic, which breaks very easily. The one used on me had such fine teeth that I was literally in torture when the assistant combed out my hair. Many customers bring their own towels, comb and pins.

Permanent waves are still plentiful here and are mostly of the machineless variety. This type became popular during the blitz when even the most nonchalant women hesitated to be strung up by the hair in the middle of an air raid.

Although my first experience at an English hairdresser left me feeling

How Fathers Stand In The Draft Explained

How calls for men to be inducted into the armed forces are made and filled under the Selective Service System, with particular reference to the induction of fathers, is explained in the following series of questions and answers issued by the War Manpower Commission this week.

Q. Will any fathers be drafted in October?

A. If fathers are needed to fill the October call made upon Selective Service by the armed forces, the number required will be drafted.

Q. Could the War Manpower Commission or the Selective Service System reduce the proposed net war strength of the armed forces and thereby postpone the drafting of fathers?

A. No. The total net strength for the Army, Navy, Marine Corps and Coast Guard is determined by the Commander-in-Chief and authorized by Congress on the plans and specifications presented by the War Department and the Navy Department.

Q. Why does not Selective Service decrease the monthly quotas of men sent to the armed forces so as to postpone drafting fathers?

A. Selective Service, under the law, acts merely as a procurement agency for the armed forces to fill their calls for men in the numbers they demand at any one time and according to their specifications as to physical mental and moral standards.

Q. But, do not the Army and Navy base their monthly calls on advice from Selective Service as to how many Class 1-A men are ready for delivery?

A. No. Just the reverse. The Army and the Navy tell Selective Service how many men they will need each month and it is Selective Service's job to fill the requisition.

Why Not All Single Men First

Q. Why can't all single men be taken before any fathers are drafted?

A. All available physically fit single men are being called first except those who are deferred in vital war activities. The latter can not be taken without disrupting the entire war program until they are replaced in their civilian work by fathers or other persons not eligible for military service.

Q. Why not lower the physical standards for full military service or call larger numbers of substandard single men for limited service?

A. Each branch of the armed forces sets its own physical standards and may and does reject men called for induction who do not conform to them. The Army is accepting men qualified for limited service up to 5 percent of the Army call. The Navy does not accept limited service men.

Q. Why does not Selective Service call single men between 38 and 45 years old before calling fathers?

A. The Army and Navy will not accept men between 38 and 45 years of age. While men between 18 and 45 are liable for military service under the law, requisitions from the armed forces at present specify men between 18 and 38. However, the percentage of men 38 years old and over who are physically qualified for military service is negligible while the percentage of those who are fathers, or who would be deferred in vital war employment, is high.

a bit frayed about the edges, I was filled with admiration for the way the people in the shops still managed to carry on with such good humor in spite of the shortage of both labor and supplies. I was glad, too, that the Government has allowed the continued manufacture of a minimum of the necessary materials so that the women of Britain can have a well groomed appearance even in total war.

YOUNGSTOWN GIRL AWARDED ALUMNI SCHOLARSHIP

Miss Helen Mohnacki, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Michael Mohnacki, 1703 McGuffey Road,

Youngstown, Ohio, and an active member of U.N.A. Br. 348 is the second Mahoning County student to be awarded a scholarship to Ohio State University by the Mahoning County Alumni Association of Ohio State, the



Youngstown Vindicator recently reported.

Miss Mohnacki was graduated from East High School in June, where she was an honor student and active in school affairs.

This is the second time that the Mahoning County Alumni Association has taken first place in the alumni development fund drive by raising a greater percentage above its quota than any other county of the state. This entitles the association to give a scholarship to a deserving student.

Q. Why not lower the draft age to 17 years old?

A. The minimum age for military service under the Selective Service Act is 18 years. Only Congress can change it.

Q. How are national calls for the armed forces made and allocated?

A. Each month Selective Service receives from the War Department and the Navy Department requisitions for a definite number of men to be inducted during a given month. These requisitions are usually received approximately two months in advance. The total of these requisitions for a month is allocated by Selective Service National Headquarters to the various States on the basis of the number of registrants between 18 and 38 years of age who are available for induction in each state.

How Calls Are Allocated

Q. How are calls for inductees allocated in the individual States?

A. The Selective Service State Director allocates a monthly call among the local boards of his State on the same basis the allocation by States is made. Each local board receives a call proportioned on the number of registrants it has available for induction.

Q. How does a local board fill a call?

A. The local board first selects and orders to report for induction eligible men who have volunteered for induction. The balance of the call is filled by calling Class 1-A men from the following groups of registrants, insofar as possible in the order in which the groups are listed and in accordance with the sequence of each man's order number within his group:

1. Men with no dependents;
2. Men with dependents provided such status was acquired prior to December 8, 1941. (Collateral dependents include dependents other than wives or children).
3. Men who have wives only with whom they maintain a bona fide family relationship in their homes, provided such status was acquired prior to December 8, 1941, and including fathers of children born on or after September 15, 1942;
4. Fathers of children born before September 15, 1942, who have left an essential agricultural occupation without permission of their local boards, or who are in non-deferrable activities or occupations;
5. Fathers of children born before September 15, 1942, with whom they maintain bona fide family relationship in their homes.

—FOR VICTORY: BUY BONDS—

Claims For ULFTA Schools Refuted By Investigation

By WATSON KIRKCONNELL

In The Globe and Mail of July 12, Mr. P. Lysets, a former teacher of the ULFTA (Ukrainian Labor-Farmer Temple Associations) "school" at Parkdale, Manitoba, challenges my indictment of the ULFTA "schools" and asserts that "not a single child from the ULFTA schools appeared in juvenile court in any city where those schools existed." He then prints, as typical of ULFTA patriotism, a letter from the dead Ukrainian-Canadian air hero, Mike Fedirchuk. Mr. Lysets also defends the cultural program of the ULFTA stage.

Plenty of Offenders

I have communicated with the juvenile court authorities of Winnipeg, and they have had plenty of ULFTA offenders. Full names cannot legally be given to the press, but Mr. Lysets may recognize some of his old pupils as J. M-k, J. M-s, A. K-k, P. B-n, M. C-r, W. O-k and M. S-k. Mr. Lysets claims that "in the ULFTA schools the children were taught to respect the law and institutions, to love this country and its people." The official curriculum of ULFTA training that I analyzed in your issue of June 21 came from his own Parkdale "school." It contains specific details as to how to train young children as revolutionaries, to grow up to destroy the laws and institutions of Canada. Surely Mr. Lysets remembers the "Kalendar Pratsi Uchniv URD-Shkoly" by which his school was run!

Case of Gallant Airman

The ULFTA cannot claim much of the credit to Sgt. Mike Fedirchuk, and that for two reasons:

1. Fedirchuk enlisted in 1939, at a time when the ULFTA was denouncing the war and telling its members not to enlist. This may be verified from the files of its official newspaper, Narodna Gazeta, which was published in the main ULFTA building in Winnipeg. I have a detailed record of anti-war editorials in this paper in its issues of Sept. 26, Oct. 6, Nov. 25, and Dec. 5, 16, 19, 21, 23, 29, and 30, 1939.

The ULFTA, like all other Communist organizations, was against the war until Russia was attacked. Since then it has been fighting, obviously, not for Canada but for Russia. Fedirchuk's enlistment in 1939 must have been in defiance of ULFTA orders.

Attitude Toward Religion

Fedirchuk's letter is full of deep religious piety. The ULFTA, on the contrary, taught atheism and attacked

religion. Explicit instructions for the ULFTA to do so are to be found on page 50 of the Resolutions of the Enlarged Plenum of the Communist Party of Canada, 1931. I also have on file a number of anti-religious posters secured from the walls of ULFTA halls in Canada. In one of these, a boy, carrying a red flag, is shown coming out of a Communist hall and kicking a church to pieces. Another shows Jesus Christ being dumped out of a wheelbarrow into a garbage pit.

One Dramatic Production

As for the ULFTA drama, a good example is its most popular playwright, Miroslav Irchan, whose plays have been put on for packed and enthusiastic audiences in the 108 ULFTA halls across Canada. In a typical play, "The Awakening of the Workers," the scene is laid in Canada. The drama has been summarized thus by Charles Roslin (Saturday Night, Feb. 1929): "In the first act, a Bolshevik leader exhorts a group of gamblers, gamblers and unemployed, to arise and break their chains; the second act purports to exhibit the vicious luxury in which capitalists live; and the third act, the awakening of the workers, shows the insurgents killing the capitalists by knife, gun and bomb, and seizing power." All this in Canada.

Such are the "educational and cultural activities" of the ULFTA. As recently pointed out in the House of Commons by the Minister of Justice (Hansard, p. 4972), it and the Finnish organization were primarily "holding companies for all property acquired for the purposes of the Communist Party." A resumption of their "culture and education" means simply a resumption of their wide-open campaign to destroy religion and British institutions in Canada.

Non-Communists Strong

The true representatives of the Ukrainian-Canadians are not to be found in the ULFTA, whose maximum strength (men, women and children) is given by the Communist journalist Mr. Raymond Arthur Davies at 20,000, but in the Ukrainian Canadian Committee, with a membership of over 300,000 comprising all of the non-Communist Ukrainian groups in Canada, organized since 1940 in support of the British cause. Its constituent groups have been in the war from the beginning in defense not of Russia but of Canada.

Hamilton.

(The Globe and Mail, Toronto, September 7, 1943)

Ukraine's Wealth a Nazi Mirage; Hitler Cheated of Huge Resources

In a London dispatch dated September 8th, the New York Times correspondent notes that the Soviet armies advancing through the Donets Basin in the direction of the Ukraine are crossing country no better than a desert and one that has yielded or nothing in the way of food to the enemy, according to an estimate of the Ministry of Economic Warfare. It is a myth that the Ukraine is a rich province, for by no means can it become other than a liability to whoever holds it, Germans of Russians, London observers say.

Now that Adolf Hitler is withdrawing those of his forces that are not being driven out of the Donbas, it is time to wonder what he obtained from the area, the Times correspondent says. This line of thought applies even more closely to the Ukraine, for the occupation of the province a couple of years ago seemed a brilliant move to German eyes.

Normally, he continues, the Donets Basin provided the Soviet Union with 60 per cent of its coal. Germany proper never obtained any of it. Thorough destruction of plants and equipment cut production down to one-tenth of its pre-war level, and of the coal mined it is figured that 5,000,000 tons were needed to operate the railroads on the Eastern Front and the remaining 2,000,000 tons were absorbed by the Wehrmacht. Polish and Silesian coal had to be drawn on to meet the requirements of the Reich.

Grand Strategy a Fiasco

Germany embarked on her invasion of the Ukraine at the same time she struck hard at Britain in the Battle of the Atlantic—the two dovetailed in the grand strategy of the Wilhelmstrasse, the U-boats theoretically cutting off bread from England while the Ukraine provided bread for Germany. The British are

now free to say that Hitler met defeat in both undertakings.

So scorched was the earth of the Ukraine that no machinery survived intact for the conqueror's use, very little remained of the region's farm implements and no electric power responded to the touch of the German hand.

The usually methodical Germans were in for another surprise. The Ukraine is no longer a surplus area for agriculture; actually it is not much more than self sufficient, owing to the high rate of industrialization in recent years. Enemy propaganda that Premier Joseph Stalin is fighting desperately to regain the wheat fields of the Ukraine is ridiculed by the British, who say he won the battle for food last year in the Kuban, where a surplus of 1,000,000 tons is produced annually.

The Nazis have managed to victual 3,000,000 to 4,000,000 troops on the Eastern Front, but only by exacting sacrifices from the population of 12,700,000 persons. The presence of these undernourished masses has made the Ukraine a liability.

Mineral Yield Moderate

German economy benefited to the extent of 30,000 tons of oil seeds, an unimportant item, the Economic Warfare Ministry reports. The enemy likewise drew a substantial tonnage of manganese from Knihopol mines, but failed to cash it on the iron of Krivoi Rog and Kerch, between them accounting for three-fifths of the Russian pre-war supply.

High hopes once were entertained in Berlin over the cotton harvest of Ukraine—the Germans finally collected 117,000 tons, less than half of the 1939 crop. The flax yield runs around 30,000 tons, of which there is no evidence that the Germans got any at all. Two-thirds of the Ukrainian sheep were driven off by the Russians, leaving the enemy that much shorter on wool.

Honor Service Men of Rochester

Ukrainian Americans of Rochester, N. Y. paid homage to their sons who are serving in the armed forces with "Ukrainian Day" exercises, Sunday, August 29th at the local Ukrainian picnic grounds. A field service for their safe return, with Rev. B. Turula officiating, assisted by Rev. J. Schmonduik, was held before a beautifully decorated altar with a large cross overhead, and two service flags on each side of it, with flags of America and Ukraine massed around it, and decorated with branches, greenery and flowers. Long after the service people clustered around the beautifully decorated altar, admiring it. Among them were members of the St. Josaphat's Church Choir, which had taken part in the services.

This was followed by a concert. In opening it, Michael Melnick bugled the "Call to the Colors," while visiting service men bore the American and Ukrainian flags to their respective places on the platform. The opening address by the chairman of the program, William Popowych, stressed the fact that now more than ever Ukrainians must unite and be prepared to demand a free sovereign state of Ukraine at the post-war peace conference. While the war is still in progress two common enemies are now disputing as to who will have complete access to the Ukraine after the war, he said. He also emphasized that no peace will prevail in Europe as long as Ukraine is not free. A poem by Miss Olga Sweryda, entitled "Stand Up Ukraine" had as its message that like Americans the

Ukrainian people too aspire to "Life, Liberty and the Pursuit of Happiness." President Michael Wasilyshyn of the Ukrainians of Rochester Organization, outlined in his talk the aims and ideals of the organization, especially of its newly established Ukrainian Aid Fund. He called upon all Ukrainian Americans and Ukrainian Canadians to unite into one solid group and be prepared to send able delegates to the peace conference, there to espouse the cause of a free and independent Ukraine. The choir then sang three very appropriate songs, under the direction of Mr. Peter Dowhiw. After that Mr. William Hussar read off the names of the boys and girls who are serving in the armed forces of our country, a total of 353 boys and 2 girls from Rochester. In conclusion the choir sang a hymn, "Bozhe Velikiy." The rest of the day was devoted to picnicking.

The organized Ukrainian Americans of Rochester have been doing a tremendous amount of work to help hasten the day of victory, and they call upon their fellow kinsmen to redouble their efforts in that direction, and the same time to unite themselves in order to be of even greater service to America and to Ukraine. And let us all bear in mind that a victory won for us here in America and Canada but not for our brothers and sisters in Ukraine will only be a victory half won.

A SPECTATOR

"CHRISTMAS DAY AND STILL NO PACKAGES FOR US."

DON'T LET THIS BE THE CRY OF OUR BOYS OVERSEAS THIS YEAR!

How can you help? The Sitch Girls Service Club is running a

BENEFIT DANCE

SEPTEMBER 25, 1943

at the UKRAINIAN SITCH HOME, 12th Street and 18th Avenue, Newark, New Jersey, the proceeds of which will go towards making up packages for the boys in service. Admission 60¢, service men free.

FALL FESTIVAL and RADIO BALL

sponsored by

SURMA RADIO PROGRAM

SUNDAY, SEPT. 26, 1943

WEBSTER HALL, 119 E. 11th Street, NEW YORK CITY

Miss POLYNISK and Mme HREBENECKA will take part in the program. Also, BERT SPENCER of "This is the Army Show"; TUCK and TRIX the Comedy Sailor; and Ukrainian Folk Dancers. — Special—Choral Recordings by Prof. Koshetz will be heard during the program.

DEXTER HALL Master of Ceremonies.

Commencing 5 P. M. To 12 P. M.

Everybody Welcome.

EVERYBODY SAVING IN
EVERY PAYDAY WAR BONDS