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A BEACON OF HOPE

When the Aircraft Warning Service was in existence, many of us served as airplane spotters. Perhaps you were one. Perched on the mountain top or some other high observation post you were enveloped in blackness except for the stars overhead. You were often cold up there, uncertain, and somewhat fearful of the destruction which might come tearing through the blackness. You were lonely, and the night seemed so long! What relieved the tension was the beacon whose fitful shafts of light probed the sky. It warmed you inside and gave you a sense of security.

Through the darkness which has fallen upon our land, the American Red Cross shines out like that beacon. In every city, town and village American homes have been touched with sorrow. Walk down any street and you will sense this by the number of stars in windows. Little blue stars on a field of white. Some windows have one star, some two, three or more. Each star represents a beloved member of the family who is off to war. He may be in some camp preparing for combat; or overseas poised for battles "greater than Waterloo or Gettysburg," or miles and miles from civilization keeping the supply lines open; or actually facing the enemy under fire in the midst of all the horrors of a battle at sea or land. He may be a casualty in an evacuation or base hospital, or he may be a prisoner of war. Or he may be dead.

For each star there are many aching hearts at home. Is there a soldier's mother who does not pray for an opportunity to be at her boy's side to advise him, cheer him, comfort him, and with her tender hands smooth his furrowed brow? For these anxious mothers there is a source of great comfort in the thought that though they cannot go to their boys, the Red Cross can. Red Cross work overseas is mother's work,

In other hands,
And done for her.

The American Red Cross goes to every service man wherever he may be on duty, for its long arm of mercy embraces the globe. With it go the affection, sympathy and help of the American people to all those in the Army and Navy who are bearing for us the real burdens of this war. Thousands of Red Cross workers—men and women—are now serving our armed forces at home and abroad. They are not trained to fight and kill. Yet they live thelives of our soldiers. Theirs is a mission of mercy to help maintain morale in the armed forces.

A chance to talk it out with someone when worried; a cigarette lighted by a friendly hand when one is lying wounded in an evacuation hospital; a Red Cross kitbag when all of one's personal possessions have been lost on the battlefield; a hot cup of coffee and doughnuts in the cold gray morning when one has returned from a nerve-wracking bombing mission. Little things? Yes, but how important to the fighting men! The Red Cross performs these services and many more in overseas clubs, on the battlefields, and in the military and naval hospitals.

As the late John Finley expressed it in his poem, "The Red Cross Spirit Speaks"—

The cross which on my arm I wear,
The flag which o'er my breast I bear,
Is but the sign
Of what you'd sacrifice for him
Who suffers on the hellish rim
Of war's red line.

To those of us who watch and wait, the Red Cross indeed is a beacon of hope and relief. Your evidence of faith in this work is necessary for the morale of our fighting men. The best evidence of your faith is the little Red Cross in your window marked "1944 War Fund" as a companion piece to the little blue star on the field of white.

U.N.A. AUDITORS MEET

Supreme Assembly Meeting Next Week

The regular semi-annual audit of the books, accounts and records of the U.N.A., as provided for in its by-laws, was held during the past week ending today by the members of the Supreme Auditing Committee.

The committee is composed of Mr. Dmytro Kapitula of McAdoo, Pa. chairman, Dr. Walter Gallan of Philadelphia, vice-chairman, Dr. Ambrose Kibzey of Detroit, secretary, and Mr. Stephen Kuropas and Mr. Roman Smook of Chicago, members.

Next week there will be held at the U.N.A. Offices in Jersey City a regular annual meeting of the Supreme Assembly of the U.N.A., consisting of the Executive Board, Auditing Committee, and Board of Advisors.

MISSING IN ACTION

Pfc. Theodore Beley, Ukrainian by descent, of Ambridge, Pa. has been missing in action in Italy since January 26, according to a telegram received February 25 from the War Department by his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Martin Beley, 265 Glenwood drive, according to a local press report sent to the Weekly by Mr. T. Hrycyk.

He was in a chemical warfare unit.

Philadelphians Observe U.N.A. Golden Jubilee

The golden jubilee of the Ukrainian National Association was observed by Philadelphian Ukrainians last Sunday with church services in the morning, a basketball game in the afternoon and a concert in the evening. All three events, held under the auspices of the local U.N.A. branches, were very well attended by members of the U.N.A. and their friends.

The memorial services for those U.N.A. members who had died were conducted by Rev. Wolansky at the Ukrainian Catholic Cathedral, by Rev. Sawchuk at the Ukrainian Orthodox Church, and by Rev. Ulianitsky at the Ukrainian Catholic Church in Frankford.

The basketball game in the afternoon at the Ukrainian Hall on North Franklin street was between the Philadelphia U.N.A. team and St. Basil's College of Stamford Conn. The hometowners emerged victorious: 62—55. Score by periods: St. Basil's —15, 17, 9, 14; Philadelphia U.N.A. —18, 9, 19, 16. The hall was packed by cheering spectators. Among the most enthusiastic of them were the children of St. Basil's Orphanage in Philadelphia, who followed the game with rapt attention. Mr. Gregory Herman, vice president of the Ukrainian National Association, started the game by tossing up the ball.

The concert in the evening at the Ukrainian Hall was given entirely by children from St. Basil's Orphanage. The talented youngsters, about fifty in all, appeared as a mixed chorus, as folk dancers, declamators, and also as an orchestra, the latter led by Prof. Kelechava. Miss Anne Matkowsky, guest soloist, ably sang several Ukrainian melodies.

The happy faces and fine performances of the orphanage children testied to the fine care and training they are receiving from the Sisters of St. Basil under the inspiring leadership Mother Superior Zenovia.

The principal speaker of the evening was Mr. Gregory Herman. In his talk he outlined the initial difficulties encountered in establishing the U. N. A. upon a sound and lasting basis and then traced the course of its development from fifty years ago to the present time. He concluded by urging all those present to redouble their efforts during this year to get new members for the U.N.A.

The opening address was delivered by Dr. Walter Gallan, a member of the Auditing Committee of the U. N. A. Dwelling upon the necessity of making the present jubilee year the most progressive in the organization's history, the speaker pointed that the presentation of the concert entirely by children was symbolical of the association's interest in youth.

The concert was brought to a close by Mr. Stephen Slobodian, member of the U.N.A. Board of Advisors, who thanked those present for attending the affair, and the orphanage children for their fine performance.

A letter from U. S. Senator James J. Davis congratulating the U.N.A. on its record was read by Dr. Gallan, to whom it was addressed as chairman of the jubilee committee. In the letter Senator Davis congratulated the organization and its members for the "contribution which you have made to American unity and progress over the years. You have helped many to understand the full meaning of significance of America... And you have made your full contribution in men, in effort, and in courage to the advancement of this great nation." Concluding his message, the Senator stated he commends "most heartily your past fifty years of constructive human endeavor," and he urged the U.N.A. members to "always labor in the cause of constitutional government — that America shall remain a Republic united, a land where the oppressed and the harried may always find... freedom, security and hope."

417 DETROITERS DONATE BLOOD

"One of the largest individual groups in the history of the Detroit Red Cross Blood Donor Center, 450 Fort street west, appeared Thursday (Feb. 17), 'Ukrainian Blood Donor Day,' when 417 persons donated their blood," the Detroit News reported last Saturday.

The committee sponsoring the collection of blood plasma among the Detroit Ukrainians was headed by Rev. Stephen Chehansky of the Ukrainian Catholic Church of Hamtramck, Rev. Stephen Pobutsky of the Ukrainian Catholic Church of Detroit, and Mr. Nicholas Shustakewich of Detroit.

As reported on these pages last week, the Ukrainian Congress Committee of America is now conducting a blood donor drive and it recommends that other Ukrainian American communities emulate the example of Detroit.

ANSONIA SERGEANT REPORTED DEAD

Sgt. Andrew Maiko, 21, son of Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Maiko of 83 Broad street, Ansonia, Conn. and a member of U.N.A. Branch 67, reported missing in action Feb. 16, 1943, has been pronounced by the War Department officially dead in a letter to his parents, the Ansonia Evening Sentinel reported last Monday (clipping sent to the Weekly by Mr. John Perih, Branch 67 secretary).

According to the letter, Sgt. Maiko, air corps, was officially reported missing in action last February 16 while on an operational flight in the European area. His plane was last seen south of Selseyville, Toll, England.

Sgt. Maiko's brother is in the U. S. Navy and he has a brother, Walter, honorably discharged from the merchant marine service. Another brother, William, is serving in the Coast Guard.

"DEATH WAS PART OF OUR LIFE"

Lt. Col. Mellnik's Story of How 5,200 Americans Died in Jap Prison Camps

SEVERAL weeks ago there appeared on these pages the report that Lieutenant Colonel S. M. Mellnik, a senior officer of the group of ten Americans who escaped recently from the Philippines, is a Ukrainian American, born of Ukrainian parents in Volhynia, and that upon his arrival in this country, as a child he grew up inaround Scranton, Pa., and that in 1932 he entered West Point from which he graduated. Our report of this fact elicited from our readers a number of requests for details of Lt. Col. Mellnik's story of his experience in an escape from the Jap prison camp. The story originally appeared in the Feb. 7th issue of "Life." Since back numbers of that magazine are not easily obtainable, we print below a condensed version of the story as it appeared in "Life." In reading it, one should bear in mind that among the American and Canadian prisoners that the Japs have are quite a number of those who are of Ukrainian descent, some of whom have been reported on these pages.

The Fall of Corregidor

Corregidor, as we know, surrendered at 12.00 noon May 6, 1942. In that final hour a radio operator tapped out the last broken messages: "We are waiting for God knows what. Damage terrible. Too much for guys to take. Going off air now. Goodbye and good luck." Then there was silence.

Late last January that silence was finally broken. In the third year of war censorship finally lifted the curtain on what happened at Corregidor and Bataan after the American surrender. The story was horrible. It was a tale of atrocity, murder and starvation inflicted by the Japanese on their American prisoners.

As Lt. Col. Mellnik together with Commander M. H. McCoy expressed it, it is a custom and tradition of war that, when men fight honorably and are forced to lay down their arms in surrender, the war for them has reached an end. As helpless prisoners of war, such men do not expect to be pampered. But they do expect enough food, shelter, clothing and medical care to keep them alive. But for the 65,000 who were forced to lower the American flag on Bataan and Corregidor, in the Philippines, the enemy provided new rules. Briefly, the actual war he had experienced in 11 months as a military prisoner of a nation which had heretofore received the rank on an equal footing with the leading powers of a civilized world.

What Mellnik Saw

During those 11 months, he was to see thousands of Americans die from the wilful neglect of their captors. He was see American prisoners slapped and beaten without provocation as a commonplace occurrence. He was to see Americans so crazed by thirst that they were forced to drink from muddy and polluted caraboa wallows, although separated from the clean water of a running stream only by the menace of Japanese bayonets. He was to see Americans by the hundreds suffering in various declining stages of scurvy, malaria, beriberi and other afflictions, because the Japs would not give them their medicines, which they had confiscated. He was to see Americans slowly going blind from vitamin deficiency; and not one of them escaped without having suffered from one or more of the diseases and deficiencies which at one time were causing the deaths of more than 50 Americans each day. He was to see unconscious Americans, exhausted on the march, tossed into shallow graves and buried while still alive. He was to see American prisoners' bodies litter their prison camps while waiting for the Japanese to get around to giving the prisoners permission to bury their dead. He was to see Americans tied and tortured in full view of the prison camp, beaten and battered until they were no longer recognizable as human, before they were finally removed for execution without trial.

As a professional military man, Lt. Col. Mellnik notes, he is fully aware that atrocity stories, as such, can be dangerous in wartime. Yet he and the other escaped officers feel most emphatically that this story must be told. They feel that all our people should be given a clearer picture of the enemy we face in the Pacific. Most important of all, they feel that the Japanese treatment of American military prisoners should become a matter of record now, with the hope that this treatment will improve.

As it appeared in "Life," Lt. Col. Melnik's story was interspersed with that of Commander McCoy, and both, as told to Lt. W. Kelly, USNR, complement each other. In retelling the story here, however, we limit ourselves to that of Lt. Col. Mellnik:

His Story

About the last week in April it became evident from the volume and distribution of enemy fire that a landing would be attempted on Corregidor. Our heavy artillery was being knocked out more rapidly than we could repair it.

The headquarters of General Wainwright and General Moore were in Malinta Tunnel. In this tunnel were the hospital, machine shops, food and ammunition reserves, radio station and administration units. I was directed to form and take charge of the Malinta Tunnel guard to prevent a Jap raiding unit from getting in and capturing the headquarters units.

On the night of May 5, about 8:00 p.m., the guard was alerted—an enemy landing appeared very likely. Enemy 240-mm. shells were falling all over the place. The tunnel system literally rocked from the impact of 240-mm. salvos. Hospital beds jumped all around, medicine cases had to be lashed down. About 4:00 a.m. on May 6 I made a routine visit to the hospital tunnel. Everything was normal. Breakfast was being served. One blonde nurse winked at me and sang out, "If you fellows can't chase those Nips away, we nurses will have to get out there and do it ourselves."

About dawn of the morning of May 6, we received a report of three Jap tanks having landed in the fighting area. Our antitank guns were of World War I vintage.

By 9:00 a.m. on the day of the surrender, Jap snipers had infiltrated our beach defense lines in some force.

At 10:00 a.m., orders were sent to all artillery units to destroy their guns and installations by 12:00 noon.

At noon on May 6, 1942, a gloomy pall feel over the Rock. Months of constant strain began to do their work. Some men cried quietly, others became hysterical. Exactly on the stroke of 12 a hospital corpsman came into General Moore's office, General Wainwright having left the tunnel to arrange the surrender. The corpsman was sobbing, tears were streaming down his face. He sat down and sobbed out what we all knew: "There's white flag waving at the hospital tunnel entrance."

To most, the surrender came as a relief. But silence following the surrender was worse than the shelling. It was uncanny, awful. The sudden opening of a door, a falling chair, would make us jump and flinch. In the moment of surrender none of us thought of tomorrow, for there was no tomorrow. For us, the end had come.

Seven Days Without Food

Two days after the surrender the 7,000 Americans and 5,000 Filipinos, were awakened at night and ordered out of the tunnels on the Rock. We did not know where we were going, but were prodded along in the darkness at the point of Jap baponets.

We soon saw that we were being concentrated in Kindley Field garage area. This was now only a square of concrete, about 100 yards to the side, with one side extending into the water of the bay. The 12,000 of us were crowded into this area. All the wounded who could walk also were ordered to join us, many with broken bones or serious injuries.

For seven days we were kept on this concrete square without food. There was only one water spigot for the 12,000. A 12-hour wait to fill one canteen was the usual rule.

The heat was at its worst. Men fainted by the score and were passed from hand to hand down to the waters of the bay. Each morning a hundred or more unconscious were taken out of the area back into the tunnel. I do not know what happened to them. We were covered by clouds of black flies, and dysentery had already begun to spread among us. Our dead, their bodies bloating, lay on the Rock for several days.

After seven days we were given our first foods—one mess kit of rice and a tin of sardines.

On the afternoon of May 22 the Japs loaded us onto three merchant ships of about 7,000 tons each. There were approximately 4,000 of us on each ship. The next morning we got under way and dropped anchor off Paranaque, a suburb south of Manila. Here we waited until the heat of the day had almost reached its peak. Then we were jammed into barges. After an hour in the sun we were taken to within a hundred yards of the beach. Although the barges could easily have run right up to the beach, we were ordered to jump overboard in water up to our armpits and march to the beach, where we formed four abreast. Then we knew we were to be marched through Manila presenting the worst appearance possible—wet, bedraggled, hungry, thirsty and many so weak from illness they could hardly stand.

This was our captors' subtle method of convincing the subject peoples of the Philippines that only the Japanese were members of the Master Race.

"The Death March From Bataan"

It did not take us long to learn that the hardships we had faced in battle were, if anything, much less severe than those awaiting us as military prisoners of the conquering Nipponese.

Few of the prisoners captured on Corregidor were to remain long in Manila. Although many civilian internees were to be quartered in the Manila area, the Japs had other plans for American prisoners of war.

McCoy was still at Pasay when I learned, on May 27, 1942, that I was to be transferred from Old Bilibid to the prisoner-of-war camp at Cabanatuan, about 75 miles north of Manila in the province of Luzon.

As was their custom when American military prisoners were to be moved, the Japanese waited until the heat had reached its peak before loading some 1,500 of us into iron boxcars, a hundred men to each car, with no room to sit or lie down. The cars were tightly closed so that there was no ventilation. With the sun beating down on the metal roof, the inside of the car was like an oven, with no water or sanitary facilities available. Although several men fainted, there were no deaths on the rail trip.

The next day when the sun had reached its zenith, we began our march of 12 miles to our prison camp. Not one of us was fit for marching. During more than three weeks of captivity the Japanese had not provided us with a single decent meal. Many of us were ill.

After we had gone about eight miles, I began to suffer intolerably. The heat was unbearable. My heart was pounding and my pack grew heavier by the minute.

Occasionally I would pass a man who had fallen out, gasping for air, or white and still in unconsciousness. As the Jap guards came along they would encourage these men to keep moving, using the point of their bayonets. Some men managed to get up and stagger farther. Others had reached the point when an inch of bayonet point brought no response. These men were later picked up by trucks—those who were still alive.

After a brief stay at a temporary camp, we reached the Cabanatuan prison on May 29, 1942. This camp had been built originally as training quarters for Filipino detachments of the United States Far East Forces, and no preparation had been made for our coming. But the lack of food did not bother most of us. We were glad to drag our weary bodies into the barracks and throw ourselves down on the bare floors.

Barbed wire was hastily thrown about the camp, and sentry towers were built at short intervals. Then the Japs went through the camp and formed us into groups of 10. If any one member of any group escaped, we were told, the other nine would be shot. These squads quickly became known among ourselves as "shooting squads."

We had barely settled into the prison at Cabanatuan when, on June 2, the first detachments of prisoners from Bataan began to arrive at our camp. We were appalled at their condition, and even more appalled when we learned what had happened to them on what they all called "the death march from Bataan."

These prisoners arrived at Cabanatuan in trucks for the simple reason that only a very few among them were physically able to stand up and walk a hundred yards. In the first truck to arrive was a young enlisted man who at one time had served as my orderly. He staggered to my side and holding himself up by feebly grasping at my shoulders, he sobbed out, "Sir, it is different here—will they treat us like humans?" I tried to comfort the boy by telling him that everything would be all right, and he staggered away, still sobbing.

The Bataan prisoners who had been prisoners a month longer than we had, were the most woebegone objects I have ever seen. They were wild-eyed, gaunt, their clothes in tatters. Many had no equipment of any kind, and some clutched at rusty tin cans which they used as mess kits. These men had their own doctors with them—the medical detachments from Bataan—but the doctors had no medicines and they were as sick as the men.

One of these prisoners was a Quartermaster lieutenant who was in the last stages of what was called "wet beriberi." He was horribly swollen from his hips down, was in frightful pain, and constantly expressed the fear that if the swelling rose above his hips to his heart he would die. We finally got a Japanese doctor to examine him. The doctor said that if the lieutenant's condition had not improved "in a day or two" he would return with some medicine. The next day, however, the man was dead. In death he was not alone, for soon the first chore of our day was the removal from our barracks of the

(Continued on page 4)

Shevchenko: "I Was Born the Son of a Serf"

DURING his stay in St. Petersburg, in 1860, Taras Shevchenko, the national poet of Ukraine who suffered many years of imprisonment and persecution for raising his voice on behalf of his people, was asked by the editor of "Narodnoye Chtenye" ('Reading for the People') to write him a short autobiography. Shevchenko did as was requested of him, and his work was published. Since then it has been translated into several languages. The translation below is by Percy Paul Selver, an Englishman who in 1914 also translated several of Shevchenko's poems. Since this month Ukrainian-American communities will be observing the 130th anniversary of Taras Shevchenko's birth, we are publishing Shevchenko's autobiography at this time in order that our readers may better understand the nature of these observances. More material on Shevchenko will appear in subsequent issues.

It will be noticed that though the brief autobiography was written February 18, 1860, it deals mainly with Shevchenko's younger days and makes no mention of his terrible experience as a political prisoner from 1847 to 1857 and of his other experiences as a victim of Russian persecution. This is undoubtedly because of the severe Russian censorship, which would not have permitted the publication of facts dealing with the persecution that Shevchenko had to undergo at the hand of the Czarist authorities.

Shevchenko's Story

I fully appreciate your wish to acquaint the readers of the N. C. with the biographies of those men who through their capabilities and achievements have worked their way upwards from the obscure and inarticulate ranks of the common people. Narratives of this kind—so it seems to me—might rouse many to a realization of their human dignity, without which all chances of a general development among the lower classes in Russia appear to me impossible. My own destiny, presented in the light of truth, may lead to deeper contemplation, not only on the part of the common man, but also those upon whom the masses are so completely dependent; and this should be of profit to both sides. Such, then, is the reason why I propose to reveal in public a few sad facts concerning my life. I should have desired to present them with the same completeness as that shown by the late S. T. Aksanov in his account of his childhood and youth—all the more so, since the history of my life forms, in part, the history of my native place. But I lack the enterprise to go into all the details. That could be accomplished only by a man who is in possession of inner calm and, as is usual with such men, has become reconciled with the external conditions of his life. All, however, that I can do now to fulfill your wish is to give a concise account of the actual course of my life. When you read these lines, then, I hope you will realize those feelings which oppress my heart and afflict my spirit.

An Orphan

I am the son of Grigor Shevchenko, village and serf. I was born on February 25, 1814 [Julian Calendar], at Kerelivka, a village in the district of Zvenigorod, government of Kiev, upon the estate of a landed proprietor. In my eighth year I lost father and mother, and found shelter with the parish sacristan as a servant-pupil. Such pupils bear the same relationship to the sacristan as the lads who have been apprenticed to craftsmen by their parents or some other authority to their masters. The master's power over them has no definite limits — they are actually his slaves. They have to perform unmurmuringly all domestic duties, and fulfill every possible caprice on the part of the master himself and the members of his household. I leave it to your imagination to conjecture what a sacristan—a sorry drunkard, pray consider—could demand of me, and the things that with slavish humility I had to do, not possessing a single being in the world who troubled or could be expected to trouble about my condition. In spite of all this, in the course of two hard years in a so-called school, I had been through the grammar (spelling primer), the sum-book, and, finally, the psalter. Towards the end of my school course, the sacristan used to send me in his stead to read the psalter for the souls of the departed serfs, and was so gracious as to reward me, by way of encouragement, with every tenth kopeck. My help made it possible for my harsh teacher to devote himself, in a higher degree than before, to his favorite occupation, in the company of his friend Jonas Limar, so that on my return from my exploits as precentor I nearly always found the pair dead-drunk. My sacristan treated not only me, but also the rest of the pupils, with harshness, and we all hated him terribly. His senseless truculence caused us to be crafty and revengeful towards him. We used to deceive him on every occasion that offered, and did him all possible mischief. This was the first despot I ever met, and my whole life long he filled me with loathing and contempt for every kind of coercion practiced by one man upon another. My childish heart was injured a thousand times by the products of such a despotical schooling, and I concluded, even as defenseless people are wont to conclude, when their patience is finally broken —with revenge and flight. When I came upon him one day in a state of complete drunkeness I turned upon him his own weapon, the rod, and as far as my childish strength permitted I got even with him for his cruelty. Among all the chattels of this drunken sacristan, the most precious thing always seemed to me a certain little book with pictures, that is, engravings, truly of wretched workmanship. Whether it was that I could not reckon it a sin, or whether I could not resist the temptation to purloin this rarity, I took it, and fled away by night to the township of Lesyanka.

"No Aptitude For Even Cobbling Or Coopering"

There I found a new teacher in the person of a painter-deacon, who, as I very soon discovered, differed in principles and habits very little from my own former master. Three days I patiently dragged buckets uphill from the river Teketch, and crunched copper dye on an iron disc. On the fourth day I lost patience and ran away to the village of Taraskova to a sacristan painter who had gained renown in the locality by his effigies of the great martyrs Mikita and Ivan Voyin. To this Appeles I now turned with the firm resolution to overcome all the trials of destiny which at that time seemed to me inseparable from study. I fervently wished to acquire his skill, if only in a tiny degree. But alas! Apelles observed my left hand attentively and refused my request point-blank. He informed me, to my bitter sorrow, that I had no aptitude for anything, not even for cobbling or coopering.

So I lost all hope of ever becoming even a medium painter, and with a saddened heart I returned to my native village. I had in view a modest destiny, which, however, my imagination endowed with a certain artless bliss. I wished to become, as Homer puts it, the herdsman of stainless flocks, intending, as I roamed on behind the assembled drove, to read at leisure my beloved stolen picture-book. But in this, too, I was unlucky. My estate-owner, who had just come into his parental heritage, needed a smart lad and so the ragged scholar-vagrant, having donned just a twill jacket with trousers to match, became a full-blown page-boy.

A Page-Boy

The discovery of such page-boys is due to the Poles... The landed proprietors of other nationalities adopted, and still do adopt, from them these page-boys — undeniably an ingenious device. To train up a handy lackey from very childhood means as much in this whilom Kozak region as the subjugation to man's will of the swift-footed reindeer in Lapland. The Polish estate-owners of a former age kept these so-called "Kozatchki" not only as lackeys, but they made use of them also as musicians and dancers'. The modern representatives of the illustrious szlachta (Polish nobility), proudly conscious that they are thus enhancing culture, call this their patronage of the Ukrainian national spirit—a proceeding in which, so they allege, their ancestors always distinguished themselves. My master, being a Russianized German, looked at the affair in a more practical way, and patronized my national spirit in his own manner, assigning me a post i the corner of the ante-chamber and enjoining me to motionless silence, until he should lift his voice and order me to hand him his pipe which stood quite close to him, or to fill a glass with water before his nose. Owing to my innate unruliness I transgressed my master's order by singing melancholy "haydamaki" songs in a barely audible voice, or on the sly copying the pictures in the old Russian style, with which my master's rooms were embellished.

Travels

My master was a restless man. He was continually traveling, now to Kiev, now to Wilno or St. Petersburg, and he always dragged me in his train, so that I might sit in the ante-chamber to hand him his pipe and other necessaries. I cannot say that I then felt my position in life as burdensome to me; only now does it fill me with horror and appears to me like some wild, incoherent dream. Probably many of those who belonged to the Russian people will be disposed some day to regard my past life with my eyes. As I roved with my master from one house of call to another, I took advantage of every opportunity to filch a woodcut from the wall, and in this way I brought together a valuable collection. To my particular favourites belong the historical heroes such as Solovey Rozboynik, Kulnev, Platov the Kozak, and others. I should add it was not the craze for collecting which led me to this, but the invincible desire to produce the most faithful copies possible of these drawings.

Caught Painting

One day, at the time of our sojourn in Wilno, December 6, 1829, my master and his wife had gone to a ball at the so-called Resource (gathering of the szlachta) to celebrate the name-day of His Majesty Nikolai Pavlovich, now resting in God. The house was completely wrapped in slumber. I lit a candle in my solitary room, spread my stolen treasures, and, selected Platov the Kozak, began to copy with devotion. The time passed by unnoticed. I had just got to the Kozak offspring who romped about the mightly hoofs of the general's horse, when behind me the door opened, and my master, returning from the ball, entered. He seized me by the ears and gave me a few cuffs—not because of my artistic endeavours (no! to art he paid no attention), but because I might have set fire not only to the building, but to the whole town. On the next day he ordered the coachman Sidor to give me a sound hiding, and this was carried out with all due zeal.

Meets Friends

In the spring of 1832 I completed my eighteenth year. As the hopes which my master had placed in my ability as a lackey had not been justified, he gave in to my unceasing requests and hired me by contract for a period of four years to the guildmaster of painting, a certain Shiryayev in St. Petersburg. This Shirayev united within himself the qualities of the Spartan sacristan, the painter-deacon, and the other sacristan, the chiromant. Regardless of the pressure which proceeded from his threefold genius, I spent the clear spring nights in the Summer Garden (Lyetny Sad) at St. Petersburg, and made drawings of the statues which embellish that rectilinear structure of Peter the Great. At one of these seances I made the acquaintance of the artist Ivan Maximovich Soshenko, with whom I still maintain the most sincerely fraternal relations. On the advice of Soshenko, I began to try my hand at water-colour studies from Nature. During my numerous early and smudgy attempts I had a model in the person of Ivan Netchyporenko, a Kozak, another fellow-countryman and friend of mine, and one of our estate-owner's farm-servants. One day the estate-owner noticed my work in Netchyporenko's possession, and it pleased him so much that he employed me to paint portraits of his mistresses, for which he now and then rewarded me with a whole silver rouble.

Freedom At Last

In 1837 Soshenko introduced me to V. I. Grigorovich, secretary of the Academy of Fine Arts, begging him to liberate me from my unhappy lot. Grigorovich conveyed this request to V. A. Zhukovsky, and the latter made provisional overtures to my master and commissioned K. P. Brulov to paint his portrait, with the object of making it the stakes in a private lottery. The great Brulov immediately expressed his readiness, and in no great length of time he had Zhukovsky's portrait ready. Zhukovsky, with the help of Count Velehorsky, organized a lottery to the amount of 2,500 roubles in coupons, and at this price my liberty was purchased on April 22, 1838.

From that day on, I began to attend the sessions at the Academy of Fine Arts, and soon became one of Brulov's favourite pupils and comrades. In 1844 I attained the dignity of a free artist.

Turns To Literature

Concerning my first literary attempts, I will merely say that they had their beginning on those clear moonlit nights in the Summer Garden. The stern Ukrainian muse long shunned my fancy, which had gone astray in the life at school, in my master's ante-chamber, in houses of call, and in town-lodgings. But when the breath of freedom restored to my sentiments the purity of my childhood spent beneath my father's humble roof, she embraced and fondled me—all thanks to her!—in a foreign clime.

Of my early attempts, written in the Summer Garden, only the ballad "Prichina" has been printed. When and how I wrote the subsequent verses I would now rather not discuss. The short history of my life which I have indited as a favour to you in the present disjointed narration has cost me more, I must con-

(Concluded on page 5)

PLAIN-TALKING AMERICAN

Recently there has come to our notice some of the speeches and writings of a man who is certainly a plain-talking American. He is Dr. Gus Dyer, economic advisor to the Southern Industrial Council, who has been an educator all of his life. He has been talking in Southern States.

In discussing life insurance as a social force, Dr. Dyer announces that he is not in the insurance business and has never been in the insurance business, yet he believes in the social security of life insurance.

What is the goal of American citizenship? Dr. Dyer answers: "It is not freedom from want and fear that independent American citizens desire, but freedom from a condition of dependence. The goal of American citizenship is independence. The American citizenship is independence. The American citizen regards dependence on the government as antagonistic to his sovereign citizenship and as degrading to his character. Independence is the essential source of freedom. When the citizen becomes dependent on the government for his living, he surrenders his freedom and becomes a serf. Economic independence is the source and protection of all of the fundamental freedoms."

What is independence? He says: "American independence means that the citizen assumes the responsibility and obligation of taking care of himself, and neither demands nor accepts any special aid from the government. He looks to the government only for the protection of his constitutional rights on the open markets, and for the protection of his property rights under the Constitution."

How many American citizens hold up their heads as independent citizens? Dr. Dyer states: "Any movement or policy that promises to take care of American citizens is un-American. The insurance companies do not promise to take care of anybody. They are American organizations. Their great purpose is not to take care of people, but to provide a plan by which American citizens in all walks of life may take care of themselves, and hold up their heads as independent sovereign citizens."

What is the strength of a nation? He explains: "The strength of a nation is not in its material resources, nor in its industrial efficiency, nor in the luxuries and conveniences that the people enjoy, nor in its educational system. The strength of a nation is in the moral stamina, the moral character of its citizens—the capacity to work and to struggle and give up the pleasures of the present for higher values in the future of moral and spiritual character. These characteristics are not gifts from without they must be developed through struggle within. They come only as the result of hard training. The foundation of these constructive characteristics is the moral capacity to give up the things that would give you great pleasure in the present for things of higher value in the future.

"The insurance business stands out as one of the greatest character building institutions of the nation. Its contribution here is of far greater value to human society and social progress than any value that can be measured in dollars."

Should the government protect this great institution? Should it interfere with it? Here is Dr. Dyers answer: "This greatest of all social security achievement in human history deserves the enthusiastic support and protection of the government. For the government to interfere in any way, directly or indirectly, with continued progress of this movement would be little lett than a calamity to general welfare.

"The engineers and directors of this great movement deserve a place in the hall of fame, side by side with the greatest, constructive, economic and humanitarian statesmen of all time."

The Army Nurse Feels Pulse of War

Stronger, greater, more compelling than any oath she may take, is the pledge that is in the heart of every Army nurse...her unspoken and unshatterable pledge to the mothers, wives and sweethearts of our fighting men. Were she to put it into words, it might read like this:

"I pledge to the women of America that, insofar as it is within my strength to give, their boys will have the care that only a woman understands. I pledge that if kindness, care, skill and devotion will do it, the day of victory will find no woman's heart scarred by secret sorrow."

The Army nurse is a soldier. She is not apt to admit that she carries this pledge with her but her record belies her casualness. The fifty-eight nurses imprisoned like moles in the rock tunnels of Corregidor worked endlessly to save one thousand patients imprisoned with them. Fifty-eight to care for a thousand! Where, if not from within, did they find their lowed them...it could not have been from the two meager meals a day allower them...it could not have been from the brackish water they had to drink...nor could it have been from the rays of a sun they never saw. No. They had in mind the thoughts of other women...the women to whom these men belonged.

Approaching the African coast during the African invasion, an enemy torpedo slithered through the black water at two in the morning and plowed into one of the troop ships carrying soldiers and Army nurses. The stricken ship settled quickly. Lifeboats carried scores of wounded men and the Army nurses worked as calmly to help them and care for them as though they were in a white-walled hospital! Exposure to the cold whipping sea, the threat of attack and the broiling sun of the following day impeded but never halted their work. They were rescued that afternoon.

"A Woman!"

Illustrating the moral value of the Army nurse is the story of the air nurse who was landed on Guadalcanal to prepare soldiers for air-evacuation. As she stepped from the plane, soldiers, open-mouthed, bearded and begrimed, stared at her and could only whisper the words, "a woman!" A short time later, after she had prepared her patients, the transformation which her appearance on the island had caused was nothing short of miraculous. As her plane left, she looked down on clean-shaven and pink-scrubbed faces and those faces wore genuine, 100 percent American grins of appreciation. Those boys had a new perspective on their job. The nurse had brought a touch of their homes to mud-filled slit-trenches!

The Army nurse is sworn into service with the relative rank of a second lieutenant, a rank which was authorized deservedly for her by amendment of the National Defense Act in 1920. Before becoming a member of the Corps she must be a registered nurse between the ages of 21 and 45, a citizen of this country or of an allied country, and she must meet specified mental and physical standards. Upon appointment she receives a four-week course which directs her past training and skill into military lines. Her courses include military courtesy, infantry drill, defense against chemical attack, military courtesy, infantry drill, defense against chemical attack, military law and letters, safeguarding military information, ward management, Army organization, control of insect-borne diseases and oxygen therapy. She may take part in the optional infiltration course in which she is prepared for the rigors of overseas duty by hiking with packs, scrambling under barbed wire beneath live machine-gun fire and gas-mask drill.

Following her training, the Army nurse may be assigned to duty either in this country or overseas.

Lt. Col. Mellnik's Story

(Continued from page 2)

bodies of men who had died during the night.

* * *

When the Bataan prisoners, or what was left of them, arrived at Cabanatuan from O'Donnell, the American leaders in our group did their best to compile a list of those who had died previously. This list was kept up to date. As far as I know, the list is still at Cabanatuan, and it contains many hundreds of names which have not yet been announced by the Japanese.

The death rate at O'Donnel, we learned, had been frightful. After the death march there was hardly a man who was not clearly a hospital case by the time he reached O'Donnell. Officers who survived place the number of Americans who died there in April and May at 2,200. The problem of burial of these bodies became extremely acute. The Japs would not help with this work. The Filipinos and Americans were so weak that there were not enough healthy men to dig the graves. As a result, the camp became so littered with bodies that it was sometimes hard to tell the living from the dead.

This death rate at O'Donnell finally became so alarming that the Japanese began to discharge the Filipinos as soon as they became ill, hoping that they would die in the bosom of their families and thus free the Japs of responsibility. American officers say that, of the 45,000 Filipinos who started out from Bataan on April 9, fully 27,000 had died by the end of May, when the surviving Americans were transferred to Cabanatuan.

"Death at Cabanatuan"

The American prisoner-of-war camp at Cabanatuan was a long rectangle of about 500 by 700 yards, bounded on one of the shorter sides by the road from Cabanatuan city and on the other three sides by once-cultivated fields. The prison stockade was split crosswise into three groups of about 230 yards with each. Both of us were in group 1, the section nearest the road. Each group contained barracks for approximately 2,000 American prisoners, mostly officers.

At the north end of our rectangle was a moat which occasionally filled with water during heavy rains, and which we used for drainage for our latrines and urinals. Nearly always in this section were to be found a number of prisoners dead or dying of dysentery and starvation, men who had made it this far and could go no farther.

At the opposite end from the moat was the enclosure used by the Japanese soldiery for their barracks, mess halls, drill field and parade ground, with a road running between the Japanese area and the prison stockade. Beyond this was the hospital for prisoners, staffed by American doctors but almost wholly without medicines or equipment. There were usually about 2,500 patients in this hospital, but they fared little better than those who were ill in the prison proper.

Each of these three divisions of divisions of Cabanatuan Camp No. 1 was a separate entity, partitioned from the other. A high barbed-wire fence enclosed the entire area in which the prisoners were contained. At regular intervals around the prison stockade were elevated sentry platforms, always manned by Japanese guards with rifles or submachine guns. Foot soldiers also patrolled the stockade at all times.

Escape was in the minds of nearly all the prisoners at Cabanatuan. One enlisted man from the 200th Coast Artillery escaped from the hospital in late July or early August. This man, a Mexican, went to Cabanatuan and, passing as a Filipino, worked for the Japs. Our grapevine soon informed him that the other nine men of his squad had been marked for execution, so he voluntarily returned and gave himself up.

This man was first beaten by the guards, then shackled loosely so he could walk. Then he was put on permanent latrine duty and was always followed by a guard who held a rope which was tied around the prisoner. He was beaten often, and at night he was locked up.

The "Shooting Squads"

There was another flurry in early August when the Japs reported that two prisoners had escaped from the hospital. The "shooting squads" of these men were immediately isolated for execution, and the execution date was set, when the bodies of the men who had supposedly escaped were fortunately discovered. One had fallen into a latrine, and the body of the other was found behind a barracks. Both apparently had been delirious when they died.

On another occasion five enlisted men were arrested by the Japs on the charge that they had been dealing through the fence with friendly Filipinos. Two of these Filipinos were also caught, and all seven of the men freely admitted their guilt, pointing out that their only crime was an attempt to get more food.

I happened to be present when these men were questioned by Mr. Niimura, the civilian Japanese interpreter. He showed no concern over the question of food, pointing out that he was concerned only with the propaganda aspect of the situation. He wanted to know if the Filipinas had given the Americans news about the progress of the war, and whether the Americans had encouraged he Filipinos to revolt against the Japanese. He got nowhere, for the simple reason that the prisoners had been interested only in acquiring food.

The five Americans and two Filipinos, as punishment, were tied up to stakes just outside the camp and allowed no food or water for 48 hours. In tying one of the Americans, the Japanese guards had done a bungling job, and this man finally found that he could wriggle out of his bonds. The midday heat was almost unbearable. At about noon of the second day, this enlisted man apparently became crazed by the combination of heat, hunger and thirst. He jerked out of his bonds and ran to the stockade gate and let himself in. Once inside his own barracks he got some water and then went to his own bunk and lay down.

Despite the fact that this prisoner voluntarily ran back inside the prison stockade, the Japs made a great commotion over their charge of attempted escape. At about 5 o'clock that afternoon all of us were herded into our barracks under guard. The barracks were so flimsily constructed, however, that it was impossible to prevent the prisiners from seeing what went on outside. Those prisoners who were near enough thus could look through the chinks in their barracks as the Japanese lined up the five Americans and two Filipinos and executed them by rifle fire. There was no trial.

(To be concluded)

Story of the Disc On a Soldier's Cap

ON the wall of the oldest church edifice in New York City, St. Paul's Chapel, and above the very pew where Washington worshipped for almost two years, hangs the picture of an emblem familiar to every soldier. It depicts the Great Seal of the United States which forms the medallion worn above the visor of the soldier's service cap.

As an accouterment to his uniform, this device represents a survival of the days when armor-clad knights wore characteristic markings so that friend and foe could be differentiated. But the fact that today's soldier wears this particular emblem goes back to a hot summer's day in Philadelphia, when the Continental Congress, having declared the independence of the United States of America, entertained a resolution "That Dr. Franklin, Mr. Thomas Jefferson, and Mr. John Adams be a committee to prepare a device for a seal of the United States of America."

The resolution was carried, and the three named went to work, enlisting the aid of a French artist of West Indian birth, du Simitiere, an ardent friend of American liberty. The committee functioned harmoniously, and when they met to discuss the designs they had prepared independently, there were no forebodings of the difficulties which lay ahead of them. Du Simitiere's proposal included a shield, divided, on which should appear a rose, a thistle, a harp, a fleur-de-lis, an imperial eagle, and the Belgic crowned lion, representing England, Scotland, Ireland, France, Germany and Holland respectively, and symbolic of the multiple origins of the United States.

Although working quite independently, Franklin and Jefferson had hit on the identical theme for the reverse of the seal: Moses leading the Israelites out of bondage into the promised land, suggestive, of course, of the aspirations of our own brave new land. John Adams had some idea of representing the infant Nation as Hercules, but this conception met with no great favor.

Jefferson Prepares a Design

It was agreed by the committee that Jefferson then prepare a final design embodying the best features of all the proposals, and six weeks after the creation of the committee their work was laid before Congress. The multiple shield of du Simitiere was included, also the figures of the Goddesses of Liberty and Justice, and the motto "E Pluribus Unum." The Franklin-Jefferson delivery of the Israelites was on the reverse side, with the motto "Rebellion to Tyrants is Obedience to God."

Contrary to expectation, considerable discussion ensued. Tom Paine, who liked it on the whole, had some reservations about including a purely biblical subject. Another delegate suggested that a more fitting time for consideration of such a matter would be when the Nation's independence had been "established other than on paper." A wrangle about the "elaborate yet unsatisfactory device" followed, and the matter was finally shelved and the committee dissolved, rather to its own surprise and chagrin.

Subsequent committees fared no better. Finally, apparently as a last resort, the whole matter was entrusted to the genial and universally liked Charles Thomson, secretary of the Congress. Thomson made a selection from some designs of William Barton, a young lawyer, known otherwise in history chiefly as the father of a nineteenth century stormy petrel of Navy medicine and surgery, William P. C. Barton. The Thomson-Barton design was approved by Congress on June 20, 1782.

The accompanying report explains the now familiar device. "The escutcheon is composed of the Chief and pale, the two most honorable ordinaries. The pieces, paly, represent the several States all joined in one solid compact entire, supporting a Chief which unites the whole and represents Congress... The Olive Branch and arrows denote the power of peace and war which is exclusively vested in Congress. The Constellation denotes a new State taking its place and rank among other sovereign powers. The escutcheon is borne on the breast of an American Eagle without any other supporters, to denote that the United States of America ought to rely on their own virtue."

Philly Ukrainians Play Hosts to Their Fellow-Americans

Sunday, February 13th was "Ukrainian Day" to approximately eighty members and friends of the International Institute who visited the "Ukrainian Community" along Franklin Street in Philadelphia.

The program included a tour through the Ukrainian Catholic Cathedral, and other nearby Ukrainian institutions, and concluded with a varied program of songs, dances, a forum and luncheon at the Ukrainian Hall.

Tour

At the Cathedral Father Fedish explained the ritual, ecclesiastical objects and customs of the Ukrainians. He proved highly interesting and answered all questions with a pinch of humor. Next in line was a visit to the national headquarters of the Ukrainian Women's League of America where Ukrainian embroidery, costumes, woodwork, knick-knacks and folk-craft were on display. Here the guests were obviously fascinated by the fine folk art of the Ukrainians. Guides pointed out the Ukrainian Orphanage, the Ukrainian Old People's Home, the Ukrainian Catholic Bishop's Office, home of the Ukrainian newspapers "America" and "The Way", the Ukrainian Orphanage Book Store, the Ukrainian Library, the Ukrainian War Bond Office and the Ukrainian National Home.

Concert

At the Ukrainian National Home our American guests were joined by 200 Ukrainians to hear and see a fine program of songs and dances. The Ukrainian Catholic Cathedral Chorus sang a few of the many beautiful Ukrainian songs. Director Marusevich explained the meaning of each song. The audience was then given a treat deluxe when the tots from the Ukrainian Orphanage presented ten different Ukrainian folk dance introduced into this country 14 years ago by Vasile Avramenko. Garbed in Ukrainian apparel appropriate for the particular dance, the little boys and girls executed the variable and intricate steps expertly! Rounds of applause from the thrilled assembly thanked the dancers for their performances. But this was not all. The kiddies followed their folk dancing with some delightful Colonial American ballroom dances in elaborately garbed "George Washington" costumes, with cotton hair, hoop skirts et al. It is a tribute to the Sisters of the Orphanage!

Forum

After this program of songs and dances Mrs. Vladimir Lototska, who was chiefly instrumental in arranging this entire affair, introduced Major Michael Darmopray, the re-elected president of the Ukrainian Hall-Club, who acted as chairman of the forum that followed. Dr. Walter Gallan told the attentive audience that the post-war plans and hopes of the Ukrainians everywhere envisage the establishment of a truly free and totally independent Ukrainian National Republic. He read the resolutions from the Ukrainian Weekly adopted by the Second National Ukrainian Congress which assembled in Philadelphia's Benjamin Franklin Hotel on January 22-23. Mr. Alexander Yaremko then cited some facts and statistics on Ukrainians and their organized life in Philadelphia. Prof. Wells of Bryan Mawr College and Miss Marian Lantz, Executive Secretary of the International Institute, who sat on the stage, spoke a few words. The former thanked Dr. Gallan for the illuminating facts on Ukraine, a country, as he put it, "which was unknown to most of us a few years ago, but about which today all of us read so much." Among the American guests were some college students and leaders of other nationality groups. Miss Farabegoli of the New York International Institute was among those present.

Eats

After the forum the guests remained to indulge in Ukrainian holubtsi, pyrohy and khrustiaky with coffee, served by the Soyuz Ukrainok. members. The eats, as well as the concert-forum, were of course free. The Ukrainian spirit of sincere hospitality and cordiality was vividly apparent throughout the day. The Ukranians and their fellow Americans learned to know each other better and good-will was manifested everywhere. They came, saw, heard things a la Ukraine and departed with a clearer picture of Ukraine and the Ukrainians.

ANNE YARR
2081 E. Venango St.
Philadelphia, Pa.

A DREAM

By OSYP MAKOWEY

Peaceful dream o'er mountains stalking,
Leading fortune by hand, walking.

Forests now more calmly swaying,
Dream wee flowers gently swinging.

Sleep, my bluebells, in night's shadows,
Ye, wild roses, in the meadows!

Verdant forests, cease ye rustling,
Chilly winds, depart to slumb'ring!

Leave the flow'rs in vigor sleeping,
Wondrous dreams over them creeping!

Until skies show signs of dawning,
Sun the tiny flowers warming;

Warming them, and, too, caressing,
O'er distant worlds continue passing.

Peaceful dream o'er mountains stalking,
Leading fortune by hand, walking.

Trans. by **John Yatchew**

WHAT THEY SAY

President Roosevelt—proclamation of Washington's birthday week as Brotherhood Week:

"The annual observance of Brotherhood Week is a time both of reminder and dedication. It reminds us of the basic religious faith from which democracy has grown—that all men are children of one Father and brothers in the human family. It dedicates us to the practice of understanding and justice through which freedom and equality flourish in human society.

"While we are engaged in a mighty struggle to preserve our free institutions and to extend the boundaries of liberty in the earth, it is good for us to pledge renewed devotion to the fundamentals upon which this nation has been built. Brotherhood must prevail. Our inescapable choice is brotherhood or chaos.

"On land and sea and in the air, the sons of the United States fight as one though they come from every racial and cultural strain and though they worship at different altars. They are brothers in arms now; soon, pray God, they shall be brothers in peace. We on the home front must see that history shall not repeat itself in postwar hatred and intolerance. It is for us to make the homeland more nearly a land of brotherhood, worthy of the victory our gallant sons and daughters shall surely win."

Wendell Berge, Assistant Attorney General of the U.S.A. of the Conference of the People's Lobby in Washington, D. C., February 12, 1944:

"It is the determination of our people not only to gain victory over the military power of aggressors, but to establish securely the lasting conditions of peace. We know that beyond victory we shall have to face a multitude of perplexing economic problems. We must also realize that we shall meet new dangers to those free institutions on which our national economy is based. If the problems of peace are to be solved, we shall have to come to grips with these difficulties in the same spirit of resolution with which the war has been waged.

"It seems abundantly clear that America can never have a foreign policy based on the principles of democracy and international good will as long as international trade is dominated by cartels. It does not seem possible that the Atlantic Charter, the Good Neighbor Policy, and the reciprocal trade pacts can effectively prevail if the special privileges of cartels dominate trade and politics in the postwar world."

General Douglas MacArthur:

"Decisive results in modern war can only be achieved through the combined efforts of all three forces—ground, naval and air.

"No one or no two of them can obtain victory. The strongest military element of Japan is the army, which must be defeated before our success is assured. This can only be done by the use of large ground forces. It is useless and misleading to talk of short cuts. They do not exist. It is the teamwork of a united and well-balanced command, used as a unit, not the preponderance of any one element, that is essential to victory.

EVERYBODY EVERY PAYDAY 10% SAVING IN WAR BONDS

ANNUAL CELEBRATION
in Memory of the Ukrainian Poet TARAS SHEVCHENKO
— sponsored by
Ukrainian Center of Newark, Inc.
Featuring:
MARIA SOKIL—M. HOLYNSKY
A. RUDNICKY
at the UKRAINIAN CENTER
180 William St., Newark, N. J.
Saturday, March 11, 1944
7:30 o'clock. Admission $1.00

SHEVCHENKO

(Concluded from page 3)

fess, that I would have expected. What a succession of wasted years! And what have I, through my endeavors, redeemed from destiny? To survive with my bare life! Or, at the most this terrible insight into my past. It is terrible, all the more terrible for me, since my own brothers and sisters—whom I could not bring it upon myself to mention in my narrative—have remained serfs to the present day. Yes, they are serfs to the present day. I remain, etc."

T. SHEVCHENKO.
February 18, 1860.

TORONTO UKRAINIAN CONCERT WINS HIGH PRAISE

Concert Held to Raise Funds for Servicemen

National dances by young men and women dressed in the beautiful costumes of Ukraine, glorious singing by an all-girl choir from Detroit, and superb selections by a string ensemble, were seen and heard by a capacity audience in the auditorium of Harbord Collegiate in Toronto, Canada, Saturday night, February 19, the "Toronto Evening Telegram" reported (clipping mailed to Weekly by Dr. Elias Wachna of Toronto.)

The Evening Telegram laudatory account of the concert continues as follows:—

The concert was sponsored by the Ukrainian committee in Toronto, and was arranged for the purpose of raising funds to send cheer and comfort to the more than 300 Ukrainian lads serving in Canada's armed forces.

One of the highlights of the evening was the singing of the Ukrainian Girls' A Capella choir of 20 girls from Detroit, under the leadership of Miss Stephania Andrusewich.

Their purity of tone was something to be remembered, and the perfect balance and precision of their work marks them as a choir much above the ordinary. Miss Andrusewich explained that the girls come from all over Detroit, and two from Windsor, and they meet once a week to rehearse. The leader is a teacher of music and a graduate from Detroit University, as are the pianist and organist.

On one occasion the choir sang with two violins accompanying. The violinsts were Marshall Romaniuk and Dan Stokalo, students of the University of Toronto.

The talented Shklar sisters, two violins, a viola and piano, masters of their instruments, delighted the audience with three numbers. These ladies are no newcomers to Toronto audiences, and they were at their best. There is only one way to describe their first number. "Old Refrain." It was simply beautiful. A gypsy dance, "Two Guitars," in which the strings were plucked to resemble a guitar, gave their nimble fingers a chance to show their dexterity, and their last number, "Blue Danube," was so delightful in power and tone that the audience gave a thunderous encore when it was ended.

Effective Grouping of Dancers

Victor Moshuk's troupe of 50 dancers occupied the stage for the best part of the program. It was something new in stage management. Instead of the dancers coming on the stage from the wings and leaving when their dance was completed, the performers grouped on the stage and remained there after their dance was finished.

The Hutzulian highland dances, Hutzul being one of the provinces of the Ukraine, consisted of six numbers, the "Whirlwind" being one of them. This dance was so full of movement and speed that it was a tribute itself to the staying powers of the boys and girls.

Getting back to the choir from Detroit, it was something different to the excellent choirs of the local Ukrainian organizations in that the local choirs are mixed voices. The girl choir sounded light and fanciful compared to the big tonal qualities of the Toronto mixed choirs. Like their Toronto counterparts, the Detroit choir does much benefit work. The choir of the Ukrainian People's Home, Lippincott street, has delighted audiences all over the province, particularly at the Canadian National Exhibition.

A Singing People

The Ukrainian Orthodox Church choir at 404 Bathurst street is an excellent musical organization, as is that of the Ukrainian National Association, 300 Bathurst street, and that of St. Josaphat's Church, West Toronto. Singing is in the heart of the Ukrainians, and their choirs bear this fact out.

A very short but intensely interesting item on the program was Dr. E. Wachna's "Fashion Show."

It depicted the national dress of the different provinces of the Ukraine, and was put on during the finale.

Then a curtain was drawn at the back of the stage and "Mother Ukraine" was seen standing on a pedestal. As all the dancers turned toward their "mother," the curtain dropped and a grand evening's entertainment was finished.

Much praise must go to the orchestra of Harbord Collegiate, which played for all the folk dances.

Let Us Cherish Historical Legends

By HONORE EWACH

All great historical events and figures are clothed in legends. Legends represent events and great historical figures as seen by the masses of common people. The Chinese, for example, have created hundreds of legends about their great Confucius. The Greeks have made many legends about Socrates. There are also hundreds of legends in various countries about Zarathustra, Buddha, Mahomet, Charles the Great, Volidimir the Great, Alfred the Great, Joan of Arc, Robin Hood, Cromwell, Bohdan Khmelnitsky, Goethe, Lincoln, Shevchenko, Sun-Yat-Sen, Mahatma Gandhi and many other historical figures.

The more legends any nation possesses the better for that nation. Its history is dressed up in imperishable armor of the popular beliefs.

So let us not frown on stories that misrepresent historical facts. The legends to not misrepresent history, but illustrate it in a popular way, so that historical events could be easily understood and knowledge of them handed down from generation to generation. How vividly, for example, one of the Ukrainian legends illustrates how Christianity was introduced into Ukraine. It tells that as the great Prince Volodimir was undecided which religion would suit him best he sent his ambassadors to all the religious centres of the world to study the different religions and make a report about them. After a few years went by the ambassadors returned to Kiev and presented all the good points about the religions they studied. After giving a report on the religion of the Mohamedans, the ambassadors discoursed on the religion of the Jews. They told of Christianity, and they all agreed that they knew no other religion as beautiful as Christianity. The brilliant and colorful rituals of Christianity won their hearts.

Without the above legend about the way Christianity was introduced to Ukrainians how bald and drab would the event look if told by a historian limiting himself to the bare facts.

Let us also remember that legends enrich religions, and endear them to the people. All religions of the world made their founders easily understood and cherished by the people through the medium of colorful legends. No religion could survive for any length of time without adequate legends about its founder, disciples and saints.

The only trouble that religious legends cause is that even clergymen, through loss of historical sequence, in time began to treat the ancient religious legends not as legends anymore, but as facts. Such is one of the difficulties of the church of our own day. Nowadays many of the stories, legends, proverbs, and similes that are found in the sacred books are either rejected or accepted literally as facts. There would be more religious people at present if legends were treated as legends and facts as facts. Yet we have to remember that it is not the legends that cause this kind of misunderstanding. The cause lies in the improper education of the people. We have to remember that there must be legends, that is, popular interpretation of history, science, education, and religion, for otherwise the world would be too dull-minded to care about such higher advancements as are seen in religion, science, and education.

AERIAL GUNNER AWARDED SILVER WINGS

CORP. JOHN PROCKO

Another class of aerial triggermen to guard Army Air Forces bombers was graduated this week from the Harlingen ((Texas) Army Air Field, aerial gunnery school of the AAF Training Command, and among the qualified "Sharpshooters of the Sky" was Corp. John Procko, son of Mr. and Mrs. Leon Procko of Manchester, N. Y. John and his parents are members of U.N.A. 340, reports Mr. Peter Olynyk, secretary of that branch.

Along with his diploma, John received a pair of Aerial Gunner's wings and a promotion in grade, at the brief graduation exercises. After a delay en route to visit relatives, he will join an aerial combat team, unless retained at Harlingen to serve as a gunnery instructor.

Procko was prepared for his place in America's stepped-up air offensive by a comprehensive six weeks' course in every phase of aerial gunnery warfare. Besides learning to fire every type of weapon from camera guns to the deadly .50 calibre Brownings, he studied turret manipulation, aircraft identification and learned to tear down and assemble machine guns while blindfolded. He climaxed the course by firing on towed targets from Texas training planes, medium bombers and Liberators.

Trans-Atlantic Forum

What do you want to know about Britain? Americans working over there don't know all the answers but what they don't know, they will try to find out. Send your questions to the Outpost, Aldwych House, Aldwych, London, W.C.2.

U.S. correspondents have already asked the following questions:

(1) Do English people use slang as much as Americans do, particularly the younger generation?

Ans. On the whole the English probably use less slang than Americans, and most of it is less colorful. But young people here like a "snappy come-back," and wise-cracks are one of the characterestics of Cockney speech. Cockney rhyming slang is reminiscent of Bronx double talk—"Let's have a cup of you and me" (tea), "Don't fall down the tables and chairs" (stairs), "Lift up those plates of meat" (feet), etc.

American slang is picked up from the movies, and phrases like "So what?", "O.K.", are in frequent use. However, children writing themes in school composition classes must be very careful to express their ideas in literary English as the use of not only slang but informal speech forms is forbidden.

(2) Is London really as foggy as most people think?

Ans. No. London has a farly damp climate and a frequent haze, but the "pea-souper"—a dirty choking combination of smoke and and fog (like Pittsburgh's smog) comes rarely nowadays. So far there have been two or three this winter.

(3) How many pairs of shoes can you get per year in Britain?

Ans. Shoes come under the ordinary clothes ration, which gives each person 48 points per year to spend on clothes, shoes, towels and curtain materials. Few people can buy more than one pair per year. A typical example of the use of a year's copons by a young woman:

1 tailored suit	18
1 blouse	5
1 pair shoes	7
3 pairs full-fashioned chiffon isle stockings	9
1 silk dress	7
1 pair gloves	2
	48

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WEEKLY GETS HONOLULU SUBSCRIBER

In a letter to the U.N.A. home office William Suchorsky, formerly of Elizabeth, N. J., a member of U.N.A. Branch 3, now engaged in government work in Honolulu, Hawaii, writes that he had read in the Ukrainian Weekly the editorial urging U.N.A. members to voluntarily subscribe to the Weekly even though they are entitled to it gratis, on account of the increased publishing costs, and that therefore he encloses "two dollars for a year's subscription to the Weekly."

He writes also that, "I've been enjoying the issues of the Weekly very much."

As reported here previously, a number of other young Ukrainian Americans in Hawaii get the Weekly.

Sunday Evening
March 5, at 7:30
CARNEGIE HALL
57th St. & 7th Ave., New York
GOLDEN JUBILEE PROGRAM
of the
UKRAINIAN NATIONAL ASS'N
a fraternal benefit order, founded 1894, with lodges throughout the country and Canada.
Featuring LUBKA KOLESSA
internationally noted Ukrainian pianist
WILLIAM HENRY CHAMBERLIN,
Foreign correspondent and author of "Russian Enigma"
ANTHONY HLYNKA,
member of Canadian Parliament.
Also—Michael Holynsky, Leading Ukrainian tenor; Prof. Clarence A. Manning of Columbia University; Ukrainian Chorus directed by Prof. George Kirichenko; Dmytro Halychyn, secretary of the U. N. A., and Stephen Shumeyko, editor of "Ukrainian Weekly."
Tickets: $2.20, $1.65, $1.10, 83¢