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U.N.A.—Product of the American Way of Life

At this time when our country is engaged in a great world war for the preservation of our "American way of life," Ukrainian Americans throughout the country have begun to celebrate the golden jubilee of an organization that is a typical product, a veritable incarnation of this "American way of life." That organization is the Ukrainian National Association, a fraternal benefit order founded in 1894, which today has over 42,000 members, and publishes the "Svoboda" and "The Ukrainian Weekly."

Primarily, of course, the U.N.A. devotes itself to furnishing modern life insurance protection to its members. In the course of its steady development, however, it has become the very foundation of Ukrainian American organized life. In order to properly appreciate this fact, we must bear in mind that the story of the U.N.A. is the story of Ukrainian American life. It begins when the first Ukrainian immigrants were arriving in this country. Like earlier immigrant groups the Ukrainians came to this promised land in search of freedom and opportunity. And theirs was not an easy quest. For they came here as poor but sturdy peasant folk. They had to adjust themselves not only to a strange country, but also to smelly, teeming tenement districts, or the smoke-begrimed coal and industrial regions in which they suddenly found themselves—so vastly different from the beautiful Ukrainian countryside in which they had grown up.

It is to their great credit, therefore, that despite the many difficulties and in a comparatively short space of time, the Ukrainian immigrants have managed to make such fine progress, have adjusted themselves so well to the American environment, have built many churches, schools, and various other institutions, and thereby have placed themselves on the level of other ethnic groups that had come to these shores much earlier.

Especially are they to be credited for creating the Ukrainian National Association. No doubt, alongside the tremendously big corporations that our country can boast of, the U.N.A. with its 42,000 members and 7½ million dollars in assets may appear quite modest. But there is one big difference here. And that difference lies in the fact that the U.N.A. is not a purely business concern, created by private financial interests and operated for private profit. On the contrary, the U.N.A. is a genuinely cooperative enterprise, mutual and cooperative in every respect. It was started on the proverbial shoe-string, and into its development went the toil and self-sacrifice of poor and inexperienced but idealistic immigrants. As such it is indeed a very democratic institution, especially since it is so constructed that everyone of its members has through his or her particular lodge an equal voice in its policies and management.

Today, of course, after 50 years of service to its members the U.N.A. is devoting its main energies to the war effort of our country. The U.N.A. and its members, for example, have purchased war bonds totalling well over 10 million dollars. Thus far, too, over one-tenth of the entire U.N.A. membership (which is predominately of the older generation) are in the American armed services, and some of them have distinguished themselves very notably. When they come back, incidentally, the younger generation will resume where it left off at the outbreak of the war in gradually taking over the U.N.A. from their parents. Finally, the U.N.A. and its members have contributed heavily to the various agencies of the National War Fund, particularly the Red Cross.

In thus striving to help America win this war, the U.N.A. members do so because it is their country, and as such it should evoke the last full measure of devotion. They help also because they realize that an American victory is the victory of the American way of life, to which they owe everything, including the U.N.A.

U.N.A. Growth Accented at Supreme Assembly Meeting

Having assessed the striking progress made by the U.N.A. during the past year in membership, assets, and cultural work, the Supreme Assembly meeting last week at the U. N. A. main office in Jersey City in its regular annual meeting adopted a number of measures designed to further the progress of the association and to make it even more useful to its members and to Ukrainian American organized life as a whole.

Among the measures adopted at the meeting was one providing that the forthcoming twenty-first regular quadrennial convention will be held in Cleveland, Ohio, some time in May, 1945.

Reports of officers revealed that during 1943 the U.N.A. gained 1,558 new members, bringing the total over 42,000. Growth in assets during the year amounted to \$472,794, raising the total assets to close to 7½ million dollars, which is approximately 2 million dollars over and above statutory standards. Returns from lodges, incomplete as yet, reveal that 3,697 U.N.A. members are already in service.

By express resolution of the meeting, the U.N.A. donated \$1,300 to the American Red Cross and \$200 to the Canadian Red Cross. Various Ukrainian humanitarian and cultural institutions received \$1,250. The U.N.A. fund for the publication of works in English concerning Ukraine and Ukrainians, received \$5,000. The Ukrainian Congress Committee of America received \$1,000. A considerable sum was also donated in

form of tuition aid to needy students who are members of the U.N.A. Finally, funds were also provided at the meeting to build up the "Svoboda" library, and also to sponsor a Ukrainian literary contest.

The annual session was attended by the following members of the U.N.A. Supreme Assembly: Nicholas Murashko, president; Gregory Herman and Maria Malevich, vice-presidents; Dmytro Halychyn, secretary; Roman Slobodian, treasurer; Auditing Committee—Dmytro Kapitula, Dr. Walter Gallan, Dr. Ambrose T. Kibzey, Roman Smook, Stephen Kurovas; Board of Advisors—Paul Duda, Stephen Slobodian, Taras Spikula, Walter Didyk, Genevieve Zepko, Nicholas Dawyskyba, Dmytro Shmagala, and Julia Bavoliak. Three advisors were absent: Eugene Lachowitch on account of war work; and John Romanition and Anthony Shumeyko, who are serving in the armed forces.

The annual session also increased the membership of the U.N.A. Cultural Committee, created at the 1943 meeting, from four to seven members. It now consists of Dmytro Halychyn, chairman, Roman Smook, vice-chairman, Dr. Luke Myshuha and Stephen Shumeyko, secretaries, and Dr. Walter Gallan, Dr. Ambrose T. Kibzey, and Genevieve Zepko, members. The committee will continue the work it began last year in arranging for the publication of works in English on Ukraine and Ukrainians and also arranging university lectures on the same subject.

CONGRESS COMMITTEE BOND DRIVE PASSES 4 MILLION MARK

The 5 million dollar war bond drive of the Ukrainian Congress Committee of America has already passed the 4 million dollar mark, it was announced last week by Dr. Walter Gallan, national chairman of the drive. The drive began last January 18 and will last through April 15.

Mounting returns from Ukrainian American communities throughout the country indicate that the drive will pass its 5 million dollar goal.

The Congress Committee bond committee and the Treasury Department have mailed out tens of thousands of special applications for the purchase of war bonds bearing the following notation on the top: "Ukrainian American War Bond Drive

under the auspices of The Ukrainian Congress Committee of America." These applications may be obtained from any Ukrainian American organization or church. They should be used by Ukrainian Americans when purchasing the bonds in order that the proper credit be given to the drive.

Bonds may be purchased at any government issuing agency, but the application used should be that of the Congress Committee. There are, however, several Ukrainian American issuing agencies through which bonds may be purchased. They are: Ukrainian Building & Loan Ass'n, 847 North Franklin street, Philadelphia, Pa.; Ukrainian Savings Company, 2190 West Tenth street, Cleveland, Ohio; and the American Ukrainian Building & Loan Ass'n, 31 Morton Street, Newark, N. J.

In helping America win this war, the U.N.A. members and all other democratically-minded Ukrainian Americans find inspiration, too, in the cherished hope that when victory is won and tyranny dethroned, their blood kinsmen in their native but war-torn and occupied Ukraine will be given an equal right with other enslaved peoples to establish their own free and independent Ukrainian state. That is their inalienable right. And to the upholding of that right the U.N.A. has been dedicated from the very first days of its existence.

Clem's Next Goal Is To Fight Japs Missing In Air Raid Over Germany The Ukrainian Question

Tail-Gunner Who Went on 50 Flying Missions in Mediterranean Area Reviews Exploits

THIS is a tale of a Ukrainian American tail gunner hailing from New Britain, Conn. who has successfully completed 50 flying missions over enemy territory in the Mediterranean and has but a single hope now, as his rest period in this country nears an end, the hope he will be permitted to complete another 50 missions over Japanese areas.

As reported in the "Hartford Daily Courant" of March 6 (clipping sent to the Weekly by Andrew Melnyk of New Britain), the tale is based on sketchy entries in the tattered brown notebook of Staff Sergeant Andrew Clem of New Britain. "The best darn tail-gunner in the whole outfit," as his commanding officer wrote in a farewell autograph, a couple of months ago.

The date is June-5, 1943, the time 7:20 a. m., the place a North African airfield. The four-motor bomber taking off is the El Ahmo and in its tail is a green gunner named Andrew Clem. The target is the naval port of La Spezia, Italy. That day, over that port, Gunner Clem got his first taste of heavy flak, on his first bombing mission. Back home that evening he wrote succinctly: "Results first mission: kind of nervous but too anxious to shoot one down; I kept away from tail and I liked the idea."

The target of Mission Two, and of missions three to eight, six missions in the next five days, was Pantellaria, the Italian area that made history by putting out the sign of surrender after no other attack than that from the air. Notes the Clem book: "Mission 7, Pantellaria, flak light, enemy planes none; results, white cross, surrendered." But there was no rest for the tail gunner who was no longer green, his next missions taking him into plenty of opposition.

"Damaged Two, No Claims"

It was on Mission 10 that he made his first hits, and he wrote, after returning from the target, Messina: "Results, damaged two 109 Mess. but not too sure of really destroying one. No claims."

Those were days of action. Mission 11 was an attack on an ammunition dump near Naples. "Flak, heavy, 52 holes in plane." On Mission 13 the target was an airdrome at Gerbini. "Flak heavy, 17 holes, enemy pursuits 150 or so. Results lucky to get back; crippled three enemy ships and almost bagged one." Again, however, he made no claims. Mission 14 brought him again to Gerbini: "Flak heavy, 22 holes. Results, enemy planes kept away this time."

Mission 15 was timed with the invasion of Sicily and the heavy bomber flew at only 500 feet. Mission 20 was the first one to Rome, where the target was railroad yards and where the flak was heavy. Mission 23 took Gunner Clem to "Target Grattaglio; flak fair; results, pretty sure I damaged a Focke-Wulf 190 about 600 yards as we were making target run. Didn't mention it."

Then, Mission 24, one long to be remembered. The target was an air base at Naples. "Flak was very heavy. The bombs accompanied by P-38 fighters ran into 50 or more enemy pursuits. Results, bagged a 109 Mess. as we were leaving target. Perhaps lucky, 75 to 100 yards." That's all. But in this case it was not a matter of "no-claims" or "didn't mention it," because a P-38 pilot saw to it that the tail gunner got proper credit. This pilot watched the enemy 109 Mess., mortally wounded by Clem's guns, crash into the Naples docks, then flew beside Clem's pilot to notify him by sign language that his tail gunner had made the kill.

So the missions piled up, trips over

Marseilles, France, where grounded planes were taken by surprise, over the railroad yards at Rome, over Foggia, over Naples, over Capua, over many other enemy positions. Mission 34 was an unfortunate one for the crew of the American plane, for the Germans showing healthy respect for the tail guns, had adopted new tactics, attacking from above and front and dropping bombs from above. The plane's radio man and its photographer were badly wounded.

"But Target Hit Perfect"

Mission 35 was more satisfactory, however, for the notebook remarks: "Results, bombed military headquarters of high ranking officials and left it looking like hell."

Mission 41 had as its target the Bologna railroad yards. Flak was heavy there, for the gunner wrote that night: "Received hole in stabilizer before we hit target, but target hit perfect."

It was on the next mission that Gunner Clem learned of a gentleman's understanding among flyers in the Mediterranean area. The target was an airport near historic Athens in Greece. An American plane was damaged and Clem watched as one of its crew leaped out for miles above the ground, and started floating downward. Suddenly an enemy pursuit plane began circling about the parachuting American. Clem turned his guns on the enemy and sent a stream of lead, but the German turned his plane's belly so the shots struck its armored underside, and continued circling about the American until the latter had landed, never attempting to injure him. It was then that the amazed gunner learned there is a sort of implied understanding among men of the air, that the German had actually escorted the American to earth, where it is supposed, however, he became a German prisoner.

So the flights piled up toward 50 as the year 1943 went into the late fall. Of a mission to Turin, Italy, the gunner noted: "Layer of heavy clouds; didn't drop bombs, cost money." But the next day they did drop bombs over a ball bearing plant in Turin and the note was: "Target hit heavy. Enemy planes afraid to come in."

Mission 45 marked the end of Sergeant Clem's flying in the plane in which he had made a great number of his sorties, the Sirrocco. Italian railroad yards were the target but after a trip of more than 700 miles it was impossible to drop bombs because the freezing weather five miles up had affected some of the apparatus. Flak was fair and of a dozen enemy planes which appeared Clem wrote, he "hit a few."

But there were more important things to write, for death was stalking the Sirrocco's crew that day. "We left target with four engine froze, also Number three cylinder block cracked and losing oil. Couldn't even salvo bombs. Dropping lots of altitude and couldn't hold ship up. We were given orders by pilot to throw out guns. Threw out radio gun and two waist guns, also 3,000 rounds of ammunition, besides other equipment. Were ready to make a water landing. Were all told to get in the radio room and sit down for the worst. The pilot finally kept her up as our bombardier released the bombs in the water as the apparatus finally warmed up, at 1000 feet altitude. Pilot made a wonderful landing in Corsica field."

So being Americans and being in Corsica, they spent the next day visiting the house in which Napoleon Bonaparte was born.

Stalked by Tragedy

It seemed that tragedy was trying to prevent the Connecticut gunner from completing the fiftieth mission that would result in a trip home.

Mr. and Mrs. Andrew S. Wapensky, Ukrainian Americans, of 25 East Kline Avenue, Lansford, Pa., were notified recently that their son, Sergeant Russell A. Wapensky, is missing in action after a bombing mission over Germany on February 20.

The usual telegram came from the War Department, expressing sympathy to the family and promising them further advices as they are received. Sgt. Wapensky, in service since February 25, 1942, was a tail gunner and bombardier. He went overseas shortly before Christmas and was operating out of an English base.

Warned Sister

As though he had some premonition of misfortune, he wrote to his sister on February 19 and warned her that something might happen to him. "Dear Betty," his letter read, "What I'm about to write may not sound any too pleasant, and for that reason I don't want you to show it to mother or dad. But in this business we're in over here, we play for keeps, so there is no telling what may happen. In case anything does happen to me (let's hope nothing does) I want you to write to Irene..."

The girl referred to is Miss Irene Pikush, of Winnipeg, Canada, to whom Sergeant Wapensky became engaged while studying at the Ukrainian School of Music in that city.

Excellent Student

Sgt. Wapensky graduated at Lansford High School in 1939, following a scholastic career that won him diversified honors. He was a high-ranking student and became particularly known because of his musical and dramatic ability. He furthered his ambitions along the latter lines at the Canadian school, then enlisted after completing that course. He also attended West Chester State Teachers College.

It is a matter of record that, while still in this country, he was offered a chance to join a military troupe of entertainers, for whom a tour of camps had been arranged but stated his preference for combat duty. Friends testified today that he is that type and that he would feel he was shirking his duty unless he got into the fight.

He is familiarly known locally, as "Red" because of the brilliant hue of his hair.

Choral Society Vocalist

As a member of the Panther Valley Choral Society he took solo parts in productions of that organization prior to the war. His dramatic talent leaned toward the humorous.

Following his induction he trained at Keesler Field, Miss., and took advanced instruction at Drew Field, Fla., and Myrtle Beach, S. C., before he was sent overseas. His bother, Cpl. Vladimir, is stationed at Fort Ord, California.

The young man's countless friends are today expressing the hope that there will be early news of his safety.

Mission 46 saw one of the planes in the same formation crash into an Italian mountainside, with the loss of all on board. Mission 47 found Clem in the plane Stardust as it attempted to bomb the submarine base at Toulon, but being forced back and almost into a midair collision by foul weather, so the flight counted as "no mission." Mission 47 then was tried the next day but death again was close as flak drilled two holes near the tail window, one piece striking Clem's chest protector. Mission 48 ended with "a hole near the left tail gun and near the window, a close one," and in landing the plane crashed causing an injury to Clem's side.

Mission 49 was made without mis-

To the Editor:

Let me comment on your editorial of Jan. 11: "The question of Poland's eastern boundary has stood out as the biggest immediate source of potential postwar controversy in Europe." The question of Poland's or Russia's boundary is not the biggest source of potential trouble; it is something much more important and greater on which, as you rightly stated, "The whole prospect of the Russo-British-American cooperation for world stability and future" hinges. It is the first test of the Atlantic charter on the Ukrainian question, which is the most important in Europe because it involves the freedom of more than 45,000,000 people, eager to regain their independence.

Ukraine always has aspired for liberty. Through centuries the Ukrainians fought the Poles, Muscovites, Tartars, and Turks who invaded their lands. They made alliances, but were betrayed by their allies at the most important moments of their national life. After World War I the Allies made a mistake by supporting the Polish and Russian imperialists and not paying attention to the plight of the Ukrainians, who were bleeding in their fight for freedom.

Given a chance, the Ukrainians always asserted their right for an independence. After the Russian revolution, the Ukrainian national republic was established in 1917. In 1918 the Ukrainians of western Ukraine, formerly under Austria, proclaimed their independence and united with eastern Ukraine. After Slovakia proclaimed independence and the Czechs accepted the German protectorate, the Ukrainian parliament of the Subcarpathian region of Czech-Slovakia proclaimed the independence of Carpatho-Ukraine, and the Ukrainians, though poorly equipped, began to defend their homeland against the invading Hungarian mechanized army.

Thus the Ukrainians were the first nation in Europe who started to fight against the Axis aggression. In 1941 when the war between Germany and the Soviet Union started, the Western Ukrainians reestablished their independence and elected a government. The latter was arrested by the Germans and most of its members were killed later.

At the present time not many nations in the world put as much effort in the fight against the Germans as the Ukrainians. Their country is utterly devastated and ruined. The Ukrainians in the past and in the present conflict showed that they do not care to have any aggressor on their necks. They will continue to fight against any nation encroaching on their land, as they are fighting the Germans now, and there will be neither peace nor justice in Europe until they are granted what they want: a complete independence of Ukraine, where they can rule themselves according to their democratic ideals.

MYKOLA H. HAYDAK,

St. Paul, Minn.

"Minneapolis Star Journal"

hap, the plane dropping down at Foggia for gasoline and there the flyers saw the ruins they had created in some of their early bombing, before Italy had capitulated, and there they saw some of the civilian tragedy which results from bombing and war. Mission 50 was almost an anti-climax of the dangers of the earlier missions for there was no flak, few pursuit planes, and the gunners had a chance to try out their skill from low altitude against ships in a harbor.

And so, to home, to a few weeks of rest in Connecticut. Then, hopes Gunner Clem, he'll have a chance to fly in other Sirroccos, other Reluctant Dragons, other Stardusts, against other enemies from the yellow race,

"DEATH WAS PART OF OUR LIFE"

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

(Reprinted from "Life" Magazine)

(Concluded)

"The Crown Prince of Swat"

NONE of us will ever forget how good these prisoners looked when they first arrived—they were all in good physical condition, by comparison making us look like scarecrows. These prisoners had not been exposed to pollution, disease and hunger as we had, most of them having surrendered or been captured some time after the fall of Corregidor. But it did not take them long to join our ranks. And when I escaped from Davao some five months later, only 1,100 of our 2,000 were working. The other 900 were too sick to work. American doctors in the prison hospital told me that almost no medicines were available, very few of these 900 had a chance to leave the hospital alive. They would go steadily downhill to the end.

Discipline at Davao was strict, and we soon found that one of our chief tormentors was First Lieut. Hosume. Among ourselves, we very quickly named him "The Crown Prince of Swat."

According to a Jap guard at the prison, Hosume had distinguished himself in a couple of actions by doing his fighting at the rear. As a punishment he was assigned to the prison detail at Davao, and he seemed bent on proving his bravery by smacking around every American prisoner in reach. I am only one of several hundreds who quickly learned to cherish a fond hope of meeting up with Lieut. Hosume after this war. God, what a treat! As a matter of fact, Lieut. Hosume delayed our final escape by one week, and caused us to fear that it would miscarry altogether.

In some ways the prison at Davao was far superior to the one at Cabanatuan. The food was still rice, but with each meal we received some vegetables such as camotes, green papayas, cassavas or cooking bananas. Also, once each day we were usually given a small portion of mungo beans, which are very nourishing. At least the food was better until January, when the Japanese took away everything but our three daily portions of white rice.

A number of the prisoners from Cabanatuan were already suffering from beriberi, and even the improved diet at first given us at Davao was not enough to keep them from sliding backward. Advanced cases of beriberi were sent to the hospital. It was a pathetic sight to visit the hospital and watch the people sitting all day massaging their aching toes and fingers. No narcotics or sedatives, of course, were available.

Getting Set to Escape

McCoy, as senior officer, was to lead our escape group and to do the navigating, when and if we reached the coast, and were able to steal a boat. Meanwhile, I was responsible for most of the preparatory detail.

The first step decided upon was to put ourselves in as good physical condition as possible. Sgt. Spielman had earned a reputation as a food thief de luxe, so he and McCoy and I now turned our combined talents and attention to the chicken farm kept by the Japanese for their own exclusive use—they thought. There were some 1,500 of these chickens, and we made it a point of honor never to take less than two on a single raid, and including as many eggs as could be safely carried. By an elaborate system of watchers, McCoy and Spielman and I relieved the Japs of a total of 133 of their plumpest fowls over a period of three months.

After we had stolen 75 of these chickens the Japanese noted their

losses. Thereafter we had to work with infinitely more guile. Some of these chickens we ate at the noon meal we cooked for ourselves while working in the coffee plantation, dividing them with the older officers in our work party. Others we traded for almost non-existent quinine, sulfa drugs and any other article which we considered might be useful on our trip through the jungle and onward to Australia.

We now selected March 28 as the date for our escape. This was a Sunday, and we figured that once clear we would have as much as eight hours start before the Japs discovered our absence.

Things were steadily getting worse in the prison camp, particularly among those prisoners who were too weak to go on work details and thus were unable to steal any food. The problem of smuggling in food to these prisoners was also becoming harder, as the Jap guards had begun to search most of us when we returned from the prison farm at the end of each day's work.

Conditions in the camp only spurred our determination to make a break. Of the working prisoners, very few had footgear of any kind. It is still a nightmarish memory to think of American prisoners, their bodies weakened by malaria and beriberi, working in rice paddies with mud and water up to their waists. Eight hundred of the prisoners were in a separate compound as unfit for work. These were the prisoners partially or totally blind due to diet deficiencies, those whose beriberi kept them from walking, those with severe hernias, and others with various illnesses. Two hundred others had already been removed to the hospital as totally unable to care for themselves, and this number was increasing daily. Almost no medicines were available for any of these prisoners.

On March 14, we rehearsed our carefully-planned escape route but without taking any of our equipment. We were overjoyed to find that we apparently had not been spotted from any of the watch towers or observation posts. Then, on March 26, we began to sneak our equipment into the jungles. (The Japanese, incidentally, will not voluntarily go into the Philippine jungles unless they are armed and in force.) We continued to sneak our equipment into the jungles on the next day, which was Saturday.

Sneaking Out Supplies

One of our worst danger points was a guardhouse, which had to be passed if we were to get our equipment out safely. Captain Dyess remembered that the sentries at this guardhouse were very partial to the fruit which was gathered for use by the Japanese, and which usually was brought by this spot. On the day before we planned to escape, we placed our equipment in the bottom of a bull cart driven by Dyess and Mellnik. The equipment was then hidden by covering it with a load of small logs. On the back of the cart was placed a burlap bag of star apples, such as was often delivered in this manner to the Japanese quartermaster.

The plan worked without a hitch. The Jap sentry took his usual rake-off of the star apples and waved the cart on. The equipment was safely hidden in the jungle.

But we had reckoned without Lieut. Hosume, the Crown Prince of Swat.

At noon that day, the day before we were to make our break, Hosume made an inspection to see if any of the work parties were using forbidden food, such as fruits or vegetables, each man's noon portion of rice being doled out before the work parties left in the morning. In Captain

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Shofner's musette bag was a bottle containing the entire quinine supply for our escape.

Hosume opened the bag and looked in. The quinine was in plain view. Captain Shofner said later that he established a new world's record for holding the breath.

Fortunately for us all, the Crown Prince of Swat had a one-track mind: he was looking for forbidden food and there was none in the bag. After slapping around the men in Shofner's party, he continued on his honorable and exalted way.

All our plans were made. Our equipment was in the jungle and, if we got away on the following day, there was little danger that it would be found meantime and betray us.

That night we received very disturbing news. Lieut. Hosume had found forbidden food in possession of one of the work parties. As general punishment, all hands were ordered to work in the rice fields the next day—the Sunday on which we were to have made our escape. Our equipment was hidden in the edge of the jungle, where it might be discovered at any moment by the Japanese and thus give us away.

But we had no choice. Our escape attempt would have to be postponed for at least a week. We were plenty scared.

The week following the Sunday on which we had planned to escape was one in which all of us lived in the state of constant alarm. Each time a Jap guard approached any member of our intended escape party, that member was certain that the Japanese had stumbled onto the equipment we had hidden in the jungle the week before, and that the end had come. We had not been able to take our escape equipment far into the jungle—our presence would have been missed—and there was always the off-chance that a wandering Japanese soldier would find it.

As each day passed without discovery, each of us sent a prayer of thanks. And each of us prayed that, on the coming Sunday we would not be punished by an order to work.

Their Luck Holds

Sunday, April 4, 1943, was now the date set for our escape, either to freedom or to a fate none of us cared to dwell upon in our thoughts. As I was returning to the barracks with the work detail from the coffee plantation on Thursday of that week, we noticed a new alertness on the part of the prison guards. We thought the worst had come, that our hidden escape gear had been discovered and that we were walking to our doom.

Once at the barracks, nothing immediately happened. We stowed our work gear—used in picking the coffee beans, and in pruning the trees of parasitic and non-productive branches—and I assigned Sgts. Spielman and Marshall to scout for news. Marshall was the first to return.

"We've got to watch our step," said Marshall. "There was some trouble today. The Japs may be on to something."

"What happened?"

"Jap sentry shot down a hospital orderly. Said he was trying to escape."

"Was he trying to escape?"

"No, sir. We can't figure it out, unless maybe the damn' Jap just had trigger itch."

The facts, when they came out, proved that the hospital orderly had not been attempting to escape. He was an Army enlisted man, and he had been digging camotes just outside the hospital stockade and almost directly underneath a Jap sentry tower. The camotes were to be added to the sparse diet of rice and thin soup rationed to the hospital patients. (Prisoners not in hospital were allowed no vegetables at all.)

As it was an extremely hot day, this hospital orderly—whom I will call Bunkley—called inside the stockade and asked a buddy to toss over a canteen of water. His buddy complied.

Bunkley was about to drink from the canteen when the Jap guard in the sentry tower suddenly yelled at him. Wondering at the commotion, and not understanding the Japanese words being shouted at him, Bunkley tilted the canteen and spilled some of the liquid to show the Japanese that it was nothing more than water. That was Bunkley's mistake, although we were never able to find out just why.

The Jap guard shouted again and then flung up his rifle and pulled the trigger. The bullet entered at the junction of the neck and shoulder and came out through the hip.

Bunkley yelled out, as he staggered, "My God—don't shoot me again."

The sentry poured two more bullets into Bunkley's body, and then fired the remaining shots in his clip at his buddy inside the hospital compound, who by this time was running for dear life for the safety of the barracks. This second man was not hit.

The next day the Japanese commander informed our own prison headquarters that Bunkley had been shot while trying to escape, and that they were sorry that the incident had occurred. That closed the entire matter.

Bunkley was murdered in cold blood. There was no evidence to support the statement that he had been trying to escape. We examined his effects in the hospital after the shooting. He was carrying no food or equipment of any kind. No sane person would have attempted to brave the jungle in such a manner.

But there was no thought of turning back among our little escape party of 10, although this event served to increase our caution.

The Escape

There was a fearful and impatient wait for more than an hour due to the absence of one of the Filipino prisoners who were to guide us, (both convicted and sentenced for murder prior to the outbreak of war, and both kept on at the prison to aid in supervising the farm work after the other civilian felons had been sent away to make room for the American prisoners of war. These men, Benigno de la Cruz and Victorio Jumarung, helped us without any thought of gain for themselves).

The jungle heat was oppressive, the noise broken only by our own careful progress, the squawk of startled birds, or the chatter of occasional beady-eyed and elusive monkeys. Soon we were in swamp, with water up to our knees and in sharp-edged grass that grew over our heads. We had to hack our way every step.

At night we finally found a place to camp—here the water was only ankle deep. By cutting off boughs from trees we managed to build crude structures which would keep our blankets above water. When we turned in, all of us were near the point of exhaustion, and all of us slept the sleep of the dead. As a result, none of us was aroused when the water rose during the night, and we awoke to find ourselves half-floating in our beds.

As an example of the hard going of the Philippine jungle, at the end of the fourth day we had not progressed more than 12 miles from our escape point. And we soon found obvious evidence that the Japs had been on the hunt for us—evidence in the shape of an empty .303-ammunition clip, and the remains of food which the Jap search party had eaten.

But the natives gave us news. In some manner they had learned that the Japs believed we had escaped in an effort to round up a raiding party and attack the prison to avenge the murder of Bunkley. As a result, 200 Japanese reinforcements had

(Concluded on page 4)

Naimchka or The Servant

By TARAS SHEVCHENKO

Translated by Dr. A. J. Hunter

(Continued)

III

Their joys do now such numbers reach
God fathers and mothers
Mid lots of others
Behold they have gathered
Three pairs of each.
At even they christen him,
And Mark is the name of him.

So Mark grows,
And so it goes.

For the dear old folk it is no joke,
For they don't know where to go.
Where to set him, when to pet him,
But the year goes and still Mark grows.

Yet they care for him, you'd scarce tell how,
Just as he were a good milk-cow.

And now a woman young and bright,
With eyebrows dark and skin so white,
Comes into this blessed place,
For servant's task she asks with grace.

"What, what—
say we'll take her 'Stasia."

"We'll take her, Trophimus.
We are old and little wearies us;
He's almost grown within a year,
But yet he'll need more care, I fear."

"Truly he'll need care,
And now, praise God, I've done my share.

My knees are failing, so now
You poor thing, tell us your wage,
It is by the year or how?"

"What ever you like to give."

"No, no, it's needful to know,
It's needful, my daughter,
to count one's wage.
This you must learn, count what you earn.

This is the proverb—
Who counts not his money
Hasn't got any.
But, child, how will this do?
You don't know us,

We don't know you.
You'll stay with us a few days,
Get acquainted with our ways;
We'll see you day by day,
Bye and bye we'll talk of pay.
Is it so, daughter?"

"Very good, uncle."

"We invite you into the house."
And so they to agreement came.
The young woman seemed always the same,

Cheerful and happy as she'd married a lord
Who'd buy up villages just at her word.
She in the house and out doth work
From morning light to evening's mirk.

And yet the child is her special care;
Whatever befalls, she's the mother there.

Nor Monday nor Sunday this mother misses

To give its bath and its white dresses.
She plays and sings, makes waggons and things,

And on a holiday, plays with it all the day.

Wondering, the old folks gaze,
But to God they give the praise.

So the servant never rests,
But the night her spirit tests.
In her chamber then, I ween,
Many a tear she sheds unseen.
Yet none knows nor sees it all
But the little Mark so small.

Nor knows he why in hours of night
His tossings break her slumbers light.
So from her couch she quickly leaps,
The coverings o'er his limbs she keeps.

With sign of cross the child she blesses,
Her gentle care her love confesses.

Each morning Mark spreads out his hands

To the Servant as she stands;
Accepts, unknowing, a mother's care.
Only to grow is his affair.

IV

Meantime many a year has rolled,
Many waters to the sea have flowed,
Trouble to the home has come,
Many a tear down the cheek has run.
Poor old 'Stasia in earth they laid.
Hardly old Trophim' from death they saved.

The cursed trouble roared so loud,
And then it went to sleep, I trow,
From the dark woods where she frightened lay

Peace came back in the home to stay.

The little Mark is farmer now,
With ox-teams great in the fall must go

To far Crimea to barter there
Skins for salt and goods more rare.

The Servant and Trophimus
in counsel wise
Plans for his marriage
now devise.

Dared she her thoughts utter
For the Czar's daughter
She'd send in a trice.
But the most she could say
While thinking this way
Was, "Ask Mark's advice."

"My daughter, we'll ask him,
And then we'll affianc him."
So they gave him sage advice,
And they made decision nice.

Soon his grave friends about him stand.

He sends them to woo, a stately band,
Back they come with towels on shoulder

Ere the day is many hours older.
The sacred bread they have exchanged,

The bargain now is all arranged,
They've found a maiden in noble dress,

A princess true, you well may guess.
Such a queen is in this affianc
As with a general might make alliance.

"Hail, and well done," the old man says,

And now let's have no more delays.
When the marriage, where the priest,
What about the wedding feast?
Who shall take the mother's place?
How we'll miss my 'Stasia's face."
The tears along his cheeks do fall,
Yet a word does the Servant's heart appall.

Hastily rushing from the room,
In chamber near she falls in swoon.
The house is silent, the light is dim,
The sorrowing Servant thinks of him
And whispers: "Mother, mother,
mother."

V

All the week at the wedding cake
Young women in crowds both mix and bake.

The old man is in wondrous glee,
With all the young women dances he.
At sweeping the yard
He labors hard.

All passers-by on foot and horse-back
He hales to the count where is no lack

Of good home-brew.

All comers he asks to the marriage
And yet 'tis true
He runs around so
You'd not guess from his carriage
Though his joy is such a wonderful gift.

His old legs are 'most too heavy to lift.

Everywhere is disorder and laughter
Within the house and in the yard.
From store-room keg upon keg follows after,

Workers' voices everywhere heard.
They bake, they bo'l,
At sweeping toil.

Tables and floors they wash them all.

And where is the Servant
who cares not for wage?
To Kiev she is gone
on pilgrimage.

Yes, Anna went. The old man pled,
Mark almost wept for her to stay,
As mother sit, to see him wed.
Her call of duty elsewhere lay.

"No, Mark, such honor must I not take

To sit while you your homage make
To parents dear.
My mind is clear.

A servant must not thy mother be
Lest wealthy guests may laugh at thee.

Now may God's mercy with thee stay,
To the saints at Kiev I go to pray.
But yet again shall I return
Unto your house, if you do not spurn
My strength and toil."

With pure heart
she blessed her Mark
And weeping, passed
beyond the gate.

Then the wedding blossomed out;
Work for musicians and the joyous rout

Of dancing feet;
While mead so sweet
Of fermented honey with spices dashed

Over the benches and tables splashed,

Meanwhile the Servant limps along
Hastening on the weary road to Kiev.
To the city come, she does not rest,
Hires to a woman of the town;
For wages carries water.

You see she money, money needs
For prayers to Holy Barbara.
She water carries, never carries,
And mighty store of pennies saves,
Then in the Lavra's awesome caves
She seeks the blessed wealth she craves.

From St. John she buys a magic cap,
For Mark she bears it;

And when he wears it,
For never a headache need he give
e'er a rap.

And then St. Barbara gives her a ring,

To her new daughter back to bring.

'Fore all the saints
she makes prostrations,
Then home returns
having paid her oblations.

She has come back.
Fair Kate with Mark makes haste to meet her,

Far beyond the gate they greet her,
Then into the house they bring her,
Draw her to the table there
Quickly spread with choicest fare.
Her news of Kiev they now request,
While Kate arranges her couch for rest.

"Why do they love me,
Why this respect?
Dear God above me,
Do they suspect?
Nay, that's not so,
'Tis just goodness, I know."

And still the Servant her secret kept,
Yet from the hurt of her penance wept.

(To be continued)

"DEATH WAS PART OF OUR LIFE"

(Concluded from page 3)

been hastily added to the Jap garrison at the prison.

By this time it must be obvious that there has been no attempt to detail even an approximation of the route we took through the Island of Mindanao in our escape; the reasons for these omissions should need no explanation. In addition, however, we have been careful to withhold the information of military value brought out by those of us who escaped, and which has already been placed in the proper hands.

As for the final escape itself, this is still an unfinished story as these lines are being written. At this time, not every member of our party has actually reached the States. Every

Shevchenko's Love

By HONORE EWACH

The only power that raises man to a higher plane of life is love. Love inspires you, uplifts you, puts you in a creative mood. When you read Shevchenko's "Kobzar" you are put into an inspired and creative mood, too. Why?

Shevchenko loved his fatherland, his beloved Ukraine, with all his heart, with all his soul, and with all his mind. If his love for Ukraine had been less intense, he could have renounced it. His love for Ukraine was so great that it gave him a clear insight into everything connected with Ukraine. Love for Ukraine throbs in all what Shevchenko wrote. He inspires all his readers with the same kind of love. Even the most lukewarm readers now and then, as they read Shevchenko's poems, thrill with love and admiration for Ukraine and Ukrainian people.

All real poets are lovers of the beautiful, hence they create lovely verses out of their love. But who can compare with Shevchenko in respect of love? Shevchenko was not only a lover of the beautiful in Nature; he was also a great lover of all that is beautiful in man's heart and soul. His love for Ukraine was not only an intense admiration for Ukraine's beautiful landscapes; Ukraine to him stood also as a symbol for his countrymen. In loving Ukraine he really loved his own people. He knew their good and bad qualities. He knew that the good qualities in Ukrainians predominate. He knew how humane they are, how intensely they love all that is beautiful in nature and men, and how ardently they love the Truth.

Ukraine is enslaved and oppressed. Shevchenko points out her oppressors in his "Dream" and "The Epistle to Ukrainians." In his "Dream" he stigmatizes the Russian tsars, nobles and their henchmen for Ukraine's sad plight. But he knows that there were also many ignoble Ukrainian leaders who cared more for their personal matters than for Ukraine's good. He points out such Ukrainians in his "Epistle." At its end he urges such selfish sons of Ukraine to purge themselves of their selfishness and with loving hearts to help their oppressed people.

Others dreamed of a New Jerusalem, that is, of a regenerated world. Shevchenko dreamed all his life of a regenerated Ukraine. He spoke of Ukraine of the future as a free nation, consisting of people bound by mutual love. Thus in dreaming of a regenerated Ukraine he also dreamed of a regenerated world. Looking at Shevchenko from this angle we see him also as a world's poet, one who wished a new world order, based on love.

Out of intense and sincere love all Shevchenko's poems were born. Hence they inspire us with love. Indirectly Shevchenko's poems teach us also to love all that is beautiful and noble over here, in the United States and Canada.

EVERYBODY  SAVING IN EVERY PAYDAY  WAR BONDS

one of the 10 of us, however, is free of the Japs. Naturally we do not intend even to hint at the manner in which we finally got clear of the Philippines. It is a great pleasure to leave the Japs an entirely free field in which to guess.

We received a right royal welcome by our Army and Navy colleagues in Australia. We are, in fact, willing to admit that on the morning following the day of our arrival, we were not quite as chipper as we had been on the night before. It was—a great celebration.

National Costumes of Ukraine Displayed at Toronto Concert



Diane Kwas
(Kiev)

Mrs. Carl Cunningham
(Poltava)

Kay Kushner
(Pokutia)

(Picture, courtesy of "Toronto Evening Telegram")
Paul Ochitwa
(Hutzul)

Mary Martin
(Hutzul)

One of the outstanding feature attractions at a concert sponsored by the Toronto Ukrainian Committee and held recently in the auditorium at Harbord Collegiate (see Ukrainian Weekly—March 4) was a Peasant Fashion Costume Show, directed by Dr. Elias Wachna, in which the national dress of peasants of the various provinces of the Ukraine, now in the limelight in the war news, was displayed. Some of the costumed participants are pictured above.

The concert was arranged to provide funds with which to send comforts to Ukrainian members of the armed forces. Included in the program were an all-girl choir from Detroit; the Shklar sisters of Toronto; a string and piano ensemble; a dancing group under the direction of V. Moshuk, and a vocal duet by Olga Hawryliuk, soprano, and Jack Dale, tenor.

RECORDS OF 60 MILLION BONDS SAFE

Watching over the accumulation of 60,000,000 records and accounts of War Bond purchasers the Treasury Department now employs more than 7,500 workers, 90 percent of whom are stationed in Chicago. When this activity began in 1935 with the "Baby Bond" program, there were 71 employees in this section of the Bureau of the Public Debt.

Since March 1, 1935 when the Savings Bonds first went on sale American citizens purchased 432,093,973,000 Bonds up to December 1, 1943. These Bonds were worth \$28,518,500,000 at purchase value.

More than half of these Bonds, 224,844,668 were sold during the fiscal year of 1943. Their value aggregated \$11,788,600,000. During the first five months of the 1944 fiscal year 123,803,157 War Bonds of all series were sold, with an aggregate value of \$6,124,300,000.

Defense Bonds, the link between the "Baby Bonds," and the present War Bonds, experienced a wide popularity and the Treasury was required to employ 2,715 workers in this activity during the fiscal year of 1942, the period that found our country actually at war. Headquarters in the Bureau of Engraving and Printing Annex and in the old Liberty Loan Building were found to be so cramped that practically the entire War Bond recording and accounting staff was moved to Chicago when space was found in the Merchandise Mart Building.

With the moving, modern methods were introduced and the ordinary card system was replaced by the photo recording method. Punch cards were also introduced to inscribe and address interest checks to holders of Series "G" Bonds.

Red Cross First Aid Sprang From Doctor's Crusade In Coal Mines

MILLIONS of Americans have taken Red Cross First Aid, but how many know its origin? Few indeed have heard of Dr. Mathew J. Shields considered the "Father of First Aid." One summer morning in 1899, soon after he had settled in Jermyn, a little mine town in Pennsylvania, Dr. Shields was startled by three long blasts of a siren. It was a signal to mine barn boss a half mile from the mine shaft to send the horse-drawn ambulance for injured miners, but the whole village was upset and "thrown into agonized suspense."

It was Dr. Shields' belief that there should be first aid at the shaft to give prompt treatment to the injured. In December, 1899, he organized a first aid association with twenty-five Cornish and Welsh miners who had received some training in first aid from the St. John's Ambulance Society of Great Britain. First aid books were imported from London. Dr. Shields used them in 1900 in a course of lectures and demonstrations on "how to handle accidents before the doctor comes."

First Aid Boxes in Mines

Subsequently, funds were raised by volunteer subscription to purchase first aid supplies. The mine company showed no enthusiasm for Dr. Shields' work, but did permit installation of first aid boxes in its mine. This was considered a victory!

Thus started the first aid movement in the United States. Assisted by Thomas Boundy, editor of the Jermyn Press, Dr. Shields compiled a first air textbook more adapter to the emergency treatment of inquiries in the United States than the St. John's Ambulance Society textbook. Not until five years later when Dr.

Shields had moved to Scranton, did he succeed in his efforts to interest coal mining companies in the first aid movement. The passage, about that time, of a law by the Pennsylvania Legislature requiring the anthracite companies to maintain properly equipped first aid rooms helped.

To further stimulate interest, Dr. Shields conceived the idea of first aid contests, patterned after the St. John's Ambulance Society competitions in Great Britain. In October, 1906, the initial first aid contest was held in the armory at Scranton. From this beginning first aid contests spread until they are now carried on by nearly every industry.

Dr. Shields then set out to obtain the cooperation of the Army's Hospital Corps which sent medical officers to act as judges in the first aid contest. As a result of the favorable report by the medical officers, the Army became interested in first aid as a good method of training a reserve for the Army field hospital service.

Red Cross Became Interested

In 1909 Miss Mabel T. Boardman, then engaged in building up the Red Cross which received its Congressional Charter 1905, became interested in the movement. She met Dr. Shields that year and invited him to submit a plan to the Red Cross whereby first aid could be extended to industries over the country under the leadership of the Red Cross.

His plan adopted, Dr. Shields was called to National Headquarters to take charge, on January 1, 1910. Meanwhile Congress had passed a bill authorizing the Army to detail a medical officer to the Red Cross. The assignment went to Colonel Charles Lynch, who had the honor

of writing the first Red Cross textbook on first aid.

The year 1910 was an important one in the history of first aid. In that year the Pullman Car Company refitted one of its sleepers as a first aid instruction car and shipped it over trunk lines instructing railway employees; later two other cars were added.

In the same year, Dr. Joseph A. Holmes, first director of the United States Bureau of Mines, introduced first aid into the local mining industry, with Dr. Shields assisting in the preparation of its original first aid manual.

Trained Nine Million

Since those pioneer days, the Red Cross has trained 9 million persons and the Bureau of Mines 2 million, while additional thousands have received this training from the Boy Scouts, Girl Scouts and other organizations.

Dr. Shields retired from active field work for the Red Cross in September, 1928, but remained as a consultant in first aid up to July, 1936, when he retired to his home in Scranton. There, at 76, he died on January 23, 1939.

On May 29, 1943, a memorial to Dr. Shields and his first class in first aid was unveiled at Jermyn with appropriate ceremonies. Eight of the original class of twenty-five men were present. The monument shows a miner giving first aid to an injured comrade in the mine shaft.

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Funny Side Up

"ORDER IN THE COURT"

Having nothing better to do, we decided to drop into the courthouse the other A.M. The fact that we had to answer a summons for overtime parking had nothing to do with it? (Who are we kidding, anyhow?)

Just as we entered the courtroom a stew was brought before the judge. "What, you here again?" intoned the judge to the stew. "Yes sir," hiccupped the drunk. "Aren't you ashamed to be seen here?" questioned the judge. "No sir, judge. What's good enough for you is good, enough for me!"

"Your honor," stated the arresting officer, "this man is the drunkest I've encountered in my 13 years on the force. Not only did he turn in 3 false alarms and attempt to ride a milk horse, but he wound up at 6 this morning trying to climb the Empire State Building." The judge eyed the drunk. "You heard the charge," he droned. "Are you guilty or not guilty?" "I don't know!" hicked the stew, "I haven't heard all the evidence yet!"

"Guilty or not guilty?" droned the judge again. The drunk looked up blearily. "Guilty," he hiccupped, "with an explanashun." The judge glared at him impatiently. "Very well," he said. "What is your explanation for being drunk this time?" The stew moved closer. "Jus'thish, your honor," he confided. "I drank too much!"

The judge stared down at the bum who was swaying unsteadily. And then he shook his head in wonderment. "It doesn't seem possible!" he ejaculated. Reason for that remark was that the prisoner was just about the worst drunk the learned jurist had ever set eyes upon. The stew's eyes were bleary, and his face was bloated from an excess of cheap bathtub gin. His right ear looked like a mushroom. A heavy growth of beard practically cried for a barber, and his clothes were all but falling from his frame. He looked for all the world as though the shock of a bath would very possibly kill him.

The judge rapped his gavel in disgust. "I've been sitting on this bench for more than 20 years and in all these long years, I've never seen a tramp as low as you." The bum shrugged. "It's your own fault, judge," he returned. "If you sit in one spot all the time how do you expect to see anything?"

"I can't understand this," roared the judge. "Why are you always brought before me? Twelve times you've been arrested and twelve times I've been forced to sentence you. Why must I be picked as a target? Does it have to be that way? Why must I always be burdened with you in my court?" The stew sighed. "No use bawling me out, judge," he hiccupped. "Is it my fault you can't get promoted!"

"What more can I say to you?" the judge went on. "You have been sentenced time and time again. Your record shows that you've served from 10 days to six months year after year. Yet you now stand again before the bar of justice! What have you to say? What can you say for yourself?" The drunk shifted uneasily. "Gee, your honor," he shrugged. "Nobody's perfect!"

"What am I to do with you?" the judge shrugged helplessly. "I wish I were wise enough to suggest a suitable punishment. But I admit that I am stumped. Nothing seems to do you any good. Don't you want to help yourself? Can you suggest a punishment to make you realize how bad you're been?"

The bum looked up coyly. "Well, I'll tell you judge," he said bashfully. "When I wuz a kid, it used to

Stamford Lad May Be Prisoner

Pvt. Peter Choma, jr. 19, Ukrainian American, formerly of Stamford, Conn., reported missing in action after a Fifth Army attempt to force the Rapido river on the Italian front had been repulsed, was not found among the dead or wounded during a two-hour armistice following the battle, and is therefore presumed to be a prisoner of war, the "Stamford Advocate" of March 15 reported.

His parents, Mr. and Mrs. Peter Choma of 80 Greyrock Pl., informed by the War Department that their son had been missing in action since Jan. 22, received a letter today from Cpl. Russel Choma, an older son with the Air Corps in Italy, saying he had seen Peter on Jan. 16 and had visited his unit on Feb. 22 searching for information.

Believed Prisoner

Russell wrote: "My outfit was good enough to give me a pass to go to see him or get some news about him. I got to his company and they told me that he is missing in action."

"They called an armistice of two hours to pick up the dead and wounded, so naturally they cleared the whole field. Pete was not one of them, so I believe he is a prisoner of war."

"One of the fellows that came back wounded saw Pete's sergeant give up and I think Pete was with him."

"Try not to worry too much and I will try and get more details later. The sergeant told me he'd take care of Pete. The sergeant was a prisoner once before with his men and got away so we can hope that he does the same again. He is a very good soldier."

Peter attended St. Basil's Preparatory and Stamford State Trade School. He was drafted in May, 1943, trained in the South, and went to North Africa and later to Italy in the Fall of the same year.

He is a member of St. Vladimir's Catholic Church and of the SS. Peter and Paul Society.

A third brother, Sergt. Andrew, is with the Army in the South-west Pacific.

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hoit me somethin' terrible when they made me wear a dunce cap!"

The judge turned to the attendant. "I'll pronounce sentence on this man when I've examined his record," he said. "Lock him up for the time being." The prisoner struggled to break loose. "Just a minnit, your honor," he objected. "You can't do thish to me." The judge eyed him sharply. "What are you talking about?" he cried. "Didn't you plead guilty to being intoxicated?" The stew nodded. "Thas right," he admitted heatedly. "But are you gonna sit there and take the word of a drunk!"

"All right," said the judge. "In order to promote the public welfare, I hereby sentence you to 10 years at hard labor in the State penitentiary." The stew paled. "I don't quite understand, your honor," he mumbled. "What has all this business about 'promoting the public welfare' got to do with me?" The judge looked down at the prisoner. "It's very simple," he explained. "It means that you're a definite menace to 130,000,000 Americans. Now have you anything to say before you're taken away?" The prisoner nodded emphatically. "You bet I have," he cried. "I demand a recount!"

BROMO SELTZER

Meet John Hodiak, New Hollywood Heart-Throb

By ROSALIND SHAFFER

HOLLYWOOD, March 11 (A.P.).—Two kids on a treasure hunt rang John Hodiak's doorbell one night, looking for a blue and white polka-dotted necktie. John gave them the tie, and didn't remember till afterwards that it was brand new, and he had spent a day shopping to find it. That's Hodiak for you.

It took Tallulah Bankhead to get him a break in films; she picked him for the role of Kovac, the oiler, in "Lifeboat." "Watch Hodiak; he's going to be terrific," she told me, after their first few scenes together.

Now Lana Turner has pulled him out from behind that facial persiflage he's worn on the screen so far. He's playing his good-looking, smooth-shaven self with her in "Marriage is a Private Affair."

What's this big guy like? He's only 27, powerful physically, emotionally simply oh-my, he has a gift for friendship, loves gaiety, music and having dinner with friends, and they're usually at his house.

He's No Smoothie

There's nothing of the sophisticate about him. He's so unwordly, it's hard to believe till you talk to other people, and they confirm your impression.

He's lonely, though, for he doesn't feel at home in Hollywood yet. He hasn't had any dates except one his agent fixed up for him to escort another film player to a premiere. He confessed to me that he's afraid of women, that he has had two heart-breaks and he isn't looking for any more. He'd like to marry, when he finds the right girl, because to him happiness stems from and goes back to a happy family life.

His own home was in a Ukrainian neighborhood on the borders of Detroit. His father and mother, working people by day, were leaders in a group of Ukrainian players.

Change Name? No Sale!

When Hodiak tried for a radio job, he was told he had no voice. What he did is typical of his earnestness of purpose. He took a job as an accountant, and for two hours daily, he read figures aloud to the book-keeper.

After two years he went back. He got the job that time, and was on the radio in Chicago when a film scout signed him.

When studio aides tactfully suggest a change of name to something romantic, he said "no."

"When my mother and father take their friends to the movies to see their son, I don't want them to have explain that their boy has changed his name."

Since "Lifeboat" has opened, John has been getting the rush from a lot of people who didn't notice him before. At first he was a little resentful and bitter; but now he figures that in this town, every one is in such a hurry about his own fish-fry that he hasn't time to notice the other guy until he begins coming up the ladder, too.

Well, these days Hodiak is certainly coming up. The only outfit ignoring him is his draft board; they don't look interested when he calls around to see if they've reconsidered his classification. It's the same indifference he used to get from casting directors, which passed with the wind and waves of "Lifeboat."

(Above column sent to the Weekly by Dr. Walter Gallan of Philadelphia)

WOULD YOU GIVE \$100 TO BRING VICTORY NEARER?—YOUR PURCHASE OF A \$100 WAR BOND MAY TURN THE TRICK!

ORGANIZE SOCIAL CLUB IN PERTH AMBOY

The Ukrainian youth of Perth Amboy organized a Ukrainian Social Club recently and are doing a fine job for themselves. The club has its own basketball team and its own Ukrainian coach. He is Charles Stetzak, a well known athlete in the Perth Amboy area, who has given his time to the club for the training in athletic events.

The primary purpose of this club, however, is to give the youth an understanding of the land, customs, and religion of their parents who came from Ukraine.

Members of the club will always remember the kindness of the parishioners of the Ukrainian Catholic church and also of their pastor Rev. John Shuehovsky, for it was they who gave them their start by providing for them clubrooms for meetings and a court for the games.

The Ukrainian Social Club of Perth Amboy has been just organized and has only 25 members thus far, but the spirit and cooperation its members have already displayed augurs well for the club's future.

W. F. Lehman.

A PROMINENT MILITARY WEDDING

Not long ago a prominent military wedding took place at New Bern, Cherry Point, N. C., where the WAVE, Gloria E. Ulané, daughter of Rev. and Mrs. Antonine A. Ulanitsky of Philadelphia, Pa., was married to Major James W. Merritt. The marriage ceremony was performed by the bride's father Rev. A. Ulanitsky, Ukrainian Catholic priest, assisted by the Rt. Rev. Monsignor Michael Q. Irwin, pastor of St. Paul's Church, the Philadelphia "Way" reported this week.

The bride was given away by her brother Lt. Roman V. Ulané, Flight Surgeon, while her sister Miss Daria Ulanitsky a medical student at New York University was the maid of honor. Her other sister Miss Lydia Ulanitsky a student of Teachers' College, Millersville, Pa., was unable to attend. The bridesmaids were the Misses Cornelia and Gertrude Connolly.

Among the guests present were Lt. Commander and Mrs. Howard M. Day, Lt. Commander Charles R. Forrester, Flight Surgeon, Major and Mrs. John J. Canney, Jr. Major and Mrs. A. H. De Lallo, and Captain and Mrs. Robert W. Van Horn.

Following the marriage ceremony a reception was held at the Oak Club—one of the beautiful officers' clubs at the U. S. Marine Corps Air Station at Cherry Point, N. C. There were many toasts in honor of the distinguished couple.

Previously to joining the WAVES the bride was a special scholarship student of the Chicago Art Institute and also a pre-law student of Columbia University.

The bridegroom is a graduate of Santa Ana Junior College and the University of California. In 1942 he joined the U. S. Marine Corps Reserves attaining the rank of Major and is probably one of the youngest commanding officers of the Marine Unit, succeeding Lt. Col. Karl E. Voelter.

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by

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