



SECTION II.

The Ukrainian Weekly

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

No. 13

NEW YORK and JERSEY CITY, SATURDAY, APRIL 1, 1944

VOL. XII

UKRAINIAN SERVICEMEN OPEN LONDON QUARTERS

According to a Newsletter published by the Ukrainian Canadian Servicemen's Association, Active Service O/S, the association opened up in London a club for servicemen of Ukrainian descent. The announcement contained an appeal "to all those who are near London, and particularly the painters, the cabinet makers, the interior decorators and all those who are willing to come in on a day off or on a week-end, and put in a few hours of work" to make the club quarters suitable and convenient for those who will use them. "When you do come in," the appeal continues, "get in touch with these two committee members who are in London and are attending to the details: (1) Pte. Helen Kozicky, W130020 (C.W.A.C.), 43 Coy, Canadian Army, England, Telephone — (evening) PAD 1871; (2) Cpl. Anne Crapleve, W10061 (C.W.A.C.) 41 Coy, Canadian Army, England, Telephone GRO. 3283."

"Your Correspondence with the U.C.S.A."

Under the above caption the Newsletter says to the servicemen of Ukrainian extraction in England:

"There seems some doubt where to write or how to send letters, fees, etc. This is all you need to know or do:

"(a) If it's relative to your spending some leave with the Ukrainian people in Manchester, then write your letter and address it to: Secretary, Ukrainian Social Club, 188, Cheetam Hill Road, Manchester.

"(b) If it's fees, subscriptions, requests for Newsletter or other materials, in fact, all service and association matters address to Ukrainian-Canadian Servicemen's Association, 218 Sussex Gardens, Paddington, London, W. 2.

"(c) If it's something on the matter of policy or something immediate, write direct to the members of the Executive: (1) — P/O B. Panchuk, Can. C-18825, RCAF, c/o Base Post Office; (2) Secretary — LAC. A. W. Kreptul, Can. R120760, RCAF, c/o Base Post Office; (3) Vice-president and Historian — Cpl. S. Kalin, Can. R107141, RCAF, 423 Sqdn., c/o Base Post Office."

AMBRIDGE FLYER HOME FROM ITALY; ON 51 MISSIONS

T/Sgt. Stephen Shymonak, Ukrainian American radio operator and gunner on a medium bomber, B-25, with the Army Air Force, arrived at the home of his father (Metro Shymonak, 2204 Duss Ave., Ambridge, Pa. March 19th, direct from Italy, having completed 51 missions in 14 months of overseas service in that sector, the Ambridge press reports, (clipping sent to the Weekly by Theodore Hrycyk.

T/Sgt. Shymonek has been awarded four Oak Leaf clusters, one for every five missions lasting three or more hours each. He also is the bearer of four battle stars received for participating in four major battles.

In the two years of his service, he has received two injuries, one when

CLEVELAND UKRAINIANS GIVE AMBULANCE TO RED CROSS

A little over three months ago in Cleveland, a plan to purchase an ambulance for the Red Cross was presented by the delegates of the Ukrainian Unit of the Red Cross and the Ukrainian Women's League to the United Ukrainian Organization of Cleveland, writes Mrs. Stella Palivoda, vice-president of the organization.

On Sunday, March 26, 1944, the fruition of those plans was witnessed by a capacity crowd at the Ukrainian National Home at 2253 West 14th St., when the standard field ambulance was presented to the Red Cross.

The ambulance, to be used by the Red Cross overseas, was presented to Colonel Frederick Starr Wright, commanding officer of the Army training unit at Western Reserve University. The presentation was made by Municipal Judge Louis Petrash who represented the Ukrainian organizations.

"You Americans of Ukrainian descent are to be congratulated for the work you have been doing in the war effort and for purchasing this ambulance which will do a big job near the front lines abroad," Col. Wright said in accepting the ambulance for the surgeon general of the United States Army.

He said the ambulance would be used, in addition to carrying the wounded, in transporting dressings, blood plasma, sulfa drugs and other supplies so vital in hospital work.

Among the speakers were Common Pleas Judge Samuel H. Silbert, Charles J. McNamee and Frank J. Merrick, Municipal Judge Perry A. Frey, Councilman Paul T. Betley, E. W. Clark, a representative of the Red Cross War Fund, Walter Trytiak, president of the United Ukrainian Organization, and John Tarnavsky, local representative of the national war bond campaign of the Ukrainian Congress Committee of America.

Music for the affair was furnished by the Chansonette Ladies Chorus under the direction of Mrs. Florence T. Bevin and accompanied by Mrs. Eileen Goodnight. After the delightful program a dinner was served to the guests by the members of the Ukrainian Red Cross and the Ukrainian Gold Cross.

Concluding her report to the Weekly Mrs. Palivoda expresses on behalf of the committee in charge special thanks to Father Greshko and Father Bilon for their splendid cooperation; to the Ukrainians of Lakewood for their generous contributions and their fine attendance at our dedication; and to all the other Ukrainian fraternal lodges and social clubs which helped us gain our goal in such a short time.

a bomber crashed near him and exploded and he received a broken leg, and the second in a motorcycle accident in which a foot injury was suffered.

T/Sgt. Shymonak is here on a twenty-two day furlough, the first he has had since entering service, and will return to Atlantic City for further assignment.

LOSSES IN UKRAINE GRIEVE NAZIS

"From the Eastern areas hundreds of thousands of Germans are returning home," the German Home Service admitted in a broadcast on March 26, as reported to the OWI, and then added: "Their strength now belongs to the Reich."

Most of these returning Germans, actually fleeing from Ukraine and the Black Sea Region of the Soviet Union, were not permitted to enter Germany proper, but were temporarily settled in Western Poland, now incorporated into the Reich as the "Warthegau." The number of German settlers in this region was tremendously increased by these "returning Volksdeutsche," many of whom were lured to Ukraine by the promise of enormous profits as landowners under the protection of the Wehrmacht.

Their vitality sapped by the exhausting trek, the returning settlers actually have scant strength left to offer to the Reich which does not even admit them within her boundaries, fearing them as carriers of war-time epidemics, and more so as eye-witnesses and victims of the Wehrmacht's disastrous campaign for turning Ukraine into a breadbasket for the Reich.

As a typical case of the exhaustive journey the Volksdeutsche were forced to undergo upon orders from the Wehrmacht, the German Home Service radio, as reported to the OWI, broadcast the experience of a 39-year-old farmer, "who came to the Warthegau from the Black Sea region, bringing his wife and children with him, and went all the way by horse and cart, taking six months and ten days for the journey."

In contrast to the shabby treatment afforded the returning settlers, their supervisors, posing as "agricultural experts" were ordered by the Nazis to Western Europe, and charged with the task of organizing the agricultural resources of France, Belgium and Holland as compensation for lost Ukraine.

To Grow Ukrainian Plants in Western Europe

Concerning these moves the Stockholm Aftonbladet of March 12 said,

CARPATHO-UKRAINIANS RESIST MAGYARIZATION

The OWI reports that Moscow papers for March 20 published a Tass dispatch from Istanbul describing measures taken by the Hungarian regime in Magyarizing the population of Carpatho-Ukraine.

In spite of all efforts of the occupiers, the Moscow papers add, increasing groups of partisans are actively engaged against the Hungarian invaders, sabotaging railroads, industrial enterprises and attacking the Hungarian police. In retaliation, and in view of the increasing importance of the Carpathian terrain, large Hungarian military formations are now stationed in Carpatho-Ukraine,

as reported to the OWI: "In order to exploit the inactive western armies for agricultural labor and regain at least part of the economic resources lost in the Ukraine venture, a comprehensive program of agricultural intensification has been started in areas beyond the "Atlantic wall." Several hundred farm foremen and organizers, formerly employed in the Ukraine, were sent to Northern France, Belgium and Holland to organize agriculture in the "Invasion area." Farmers and craftsmen of certain categories in the German Western Army were detailed to these organizers and will carry out comprehensive experiments in investigating the possibilities of growing useful Ukrainian plants in Western Europe."

As late as January 5 of this year, Erich Koch, Nazi Commissioner for the Ukraine, boasted in the *Deutsche Ukraine Zeitung*, according to reports reaching the OWI, of the "supplies to the front and the surpluses shipped to the Reich" from the Ukraine. According to Koch's article in this Nazi paper, the Volksdeutsche settled in the Ukraine and the Ukrainian people impressed into agricultural labor have, by June 1943, "produced 11,000,000 tons of crops, mostly grain, oleogenous crops, root crops, sugar, potatoes and cotton, for the Reich." In addition, the article stated "3,450,000 slaughter animals, 16,000,000 fowl, 680,000,000 eggs and other products of animal husbandry were made available for the front and the home industry."

But the Nazis went further. "Millions of tons of ore, metals, and scrap metals have been sent to the Reich armament plants," Koch admitted in his article. It is the loss of these enormous resources of the Ukraine which induced the Wehrmacht to order the intensified economic exploitation of Western Europe, Western Poland, and most recently the satellite countries. The hundreds of thousands of returning Volksdeutsche, now in the "Warthegau," are held in reserve for the hoped-for exploitation of Western Europe and the Balkans, following the disastrous results of the Ukraine venture.

WINS CITATION

Sgt. Wasyl "Charlie" Kredensor, a former active figure in Ukrainian youth league affairs, of 2417 Brown street, Philadelphia, now stationed at a bomber base in England, recently received a citation for meritorious achievement in aircraft maintenance.

Early last February Sgt. Kredensor enjoyed a nine day furlough, an enjoyable part of which he spent at the Ukrainian Social Club in Manchester, 188, Cheetam Hill Road. The Ukrainian group there made him feel "almost" at home.

A brother of "Charlie," Pvt. Eugene Kredensor, of the same address, is with the Army Air Forces and has been in Alaska for the past 11 months.

THE UKRAINIANS OF BUKOVINA

BUKOVINA, into which the Soviet advance penetrated early this week, has a greater proportion of Ukrainians living in it than in Bessarabia—the latter which was described on this page last week. The Ukrainian element in Bukovina is estimated from 33% to 40% (close to half a million) of the entire population. Rumanians, Germans and Jews form the preponderant majority of the remainder. The Ukrainians are settled largely in the northern and western stretches of the province. They are mostly an agricultural people,

Bukovina Once Part of Galician Kingdom

Like Bessarabia Bukovina was also originally a part of the Ukrainian Kingdom of Galicia (12th-14th centuries), the successor of the Ukrainian Kingdom of Kiev. Following the collapse of the Galician state, with Poland seizing Galicia while Volhynia temporarily became the province of Lithuania, Bukovina together with Bessarabia fell under the rule of Moldavia, which had arisen just about then (middle of 14th century) and which was closely related to Ukraine by ties of religion and culture. When early in the 16th century Moldavia became a tributary to the Porte, Bukovina became a Turkish province. Austria annexed it in 1775. From 1786 to 1849 it was part of Galicia under Austrian rule. From 1849 it was a separate province.

National Revival at Close of 19th Century

At the close of the 19th century a strong Ukrainian national revival appeared in Bukovina. Although connected with Galicia by the Austrian administration, Bukovina was cut off from its neighbor politically, religiously, and culturally, and was for a long time hardly touched by the stirring events in Galicia which characterized the Ukrainian renaissance there. But the Galician literary nationalism of the 1860's found an echo in Bukovina, where several highly gifted writers appeared, including the Vorobkevich brothers, especially Isidore, who was a popular poet, and Osip Fedkovich, the most distinguished Ukrainian poet who had yet appeared under Austrian rule.

In his poems and legends, Fedkovich revealed to the Ukrainian people in Galicia and Bukovina the magic beauty of the Carpathian region and the mountaineer life of the Hutsuls. Because they could not publish their works at home, as there were no literary magazines, the young authors of Bukovina had them printed in Galicia.

The national political movement, however, did not begin in Bukovina

until a later time. The local organization which acted as its vehicle, "The Ruthenian Society" (founded 1869) was long pro-Russian, and it was not until the 1880's that the Ukrainian nationalists gained control of it. From then on Ukrainian progress in Bukovina became quite noticeable.

Proclaim Right of National Self-Determination

And so, when in 1918 the Austro-Hungarian empire dissolved, the Bukovinian Ukrainians seized the opportunity to proclaim their right to national self-determination. On November 3, they held a huge demonstration at the local capital, Chernivtsi (Cernauti—in Rumanian; Czernowitz in German) to demand union with Ukraine. Three days later Ukrainian armed detachments occupied government buildings in the capital and other cities in Ukrainian northern Bukovina, and a Ukrainian Regional Committee was organized which proclaimed Omelian Popovich President of that region. On Armistice Day, however, Rumanian troops pressed in. General Zadik captured Chernivtsi, and Bukovina was declared under official Rumanian occupation.

Neither the Ukrainians of Bukovina nor those of Bessarabia recognized these occupations, and boycotted the Rumanian elections held in the spring of 1919. But their efforts were of no avail. In the end, like the Bessarabian Ukrainians, they found the Rumanian occupation of their land formally recognized by the Allies. Although by virtue of the Minorities Treaty (December 9, 1919) Rumania bound herself to respect Ukrainian national rights, those rights were honored far more in the breach than in the observance; and as the Ukrainian population was less concentrated there than elsewhere, it was quite unable to protest effectively or to resist the ruthless Rumanian efforts at denationalization.

Under Rumanian Misrule

Thus every Ukrainian conscious of his nationality was liable to arrest and ill-treatment at the hands of the Rumanian police at any hour of the day or night. Many were arrested, kept in the police-posts for hours, often beaten up—and released without any charge being made against them only after their representatives had sent frantic telegrams to the Rumanian government in Bucharest.

By way of another example of Rumanian misrule in pre-war Bukovina: Under Austria there were 199 Ukrainian-language schools in Bukovina, and, in addition, 5 Ukrainian high schools, 5 Ukrainian "Chairs" at the Chernivtsi University, 2 train-

ing schools for Ukrainian teachers, and 1 school for Ukrainian agricultural students.

Under Rumanian rule not a single Ukrainian school remained in the whole Bukovina province; the Ukrainian "Chairs" at the University disappeared; the training colleges were compulsory "Rumanized." And it was only in the autumn of 1933, after a fight which lasted for ten years, that the minority members of parliament secured permission for the Ukrainian language to be taught to Ukrainian children for four hours in each week.

The Church fared little better, for the order went forth that the God of Bukovina must have King Carol as his prophet. The Bukovinian Ukrainian Greek Catholic Church, for example, which formerly was under a Ukrainian bishop at Stanislaviw, passed under the control of the bishop of Baia Mare, who is a Rumanian Church official. All important church posts became occupied by Rumanians, while patriotic Ukrainian priests were relegated to minor parishes, without any hope for advancement.

Despite the severe repression, the Ukrainian national movement in Bukovina continued to grow, particularly from 1928, when the Ukrainian National party there took the lead in the struggle for Ukrainian national rights. Ukrainians began to participate in national elections, and Ukrainian newspapers, hitherto banned, began to appear.

Soviet 1940 Annexation of Northern Bukovina and Bessarabia

The Munich Agreement had an immediate reaction upon the Rumanian Ukrainians. The publication of Ukrainian newspapers was again forbidden. Nevertheless it was not until 1940 that a change of boundaries took place, when on June 27 the Soviet government demanded the surrender of both Bessarabia and northern Bukovina, and on the next day Soviet troops occupied both provinces. Only northern Bukovina and northern Bessarabia, however, were formally attached to the Ukrainian Soviet Republic; this was done on August 2, 1940. The rest of Bessarabia was made into a Moldavian Soviet Socialist Republic.

Following the breaking of the Hitler-Stalin pact and the outbreak of the war between the Nazis and the Soviets, the latter were forced to give up Bukovina and Bessarabia and these two provinces became again occupied by Rumania. That occupation, however, appears a thing of the past, as mentioned at the beginning of this article. Latest reports have it that the Nazis have already evacuated Chernivtsi.

WHAT THEY SAY

Lieutenant General Brehon B. Somervell, in an address at the first anniversary of the Army Service, Fort Belvoir, Va.

"We are fighting for liberty, the most expensive luxury known to man. We fight for the simple things; for the little things that are all-important. We fight for the right to lock our house doors and be sure that no bully with official sanction will break the lock. We fight for town meetings, for the soapbox in the public square, for the high school debating team, for open doors to cathedral and church and synagogue. We fight for schools built on a foundation of books, not bayonets. We fight for the country editor and for the metropolitan daily and for the editor's right to say the wrong thing if he thinks it's right. We fight for the right to organize for any decent purpose; for labor; for employers; for the Grange and Legion and the ladies' literary club, and for the lodge meetings in full regalia on Tuesday nights. We fight for our candidate for sheriff and for the other fellow's candidate, and for right to be sorry we elected him and to say so. We fight for free radio, for the right to listen to what we want and to turn off what we don't want. We fight for the right to work at jobs of our own choosing; to read the books we want to read; to listen to music that pleases us, without regard to the race or nationality of the composer. We fight for the high privilege of throwing pop bottles at the umpire. These rights, these privileges, these traditions are precious enough to fight for, precious enough to die for. They cannot be acquired by half-measures or on half-time... Victory is never cheaply bought."

Donald M. Nelson, chairman of the War Production Board, in an address before a meeting of advertising and business executives, Washington, D. C.

"I would not attempt to prophesy when the day of Germany's surrender will come but it is obvious that regardless of when it comes, we will not be able to relax our economic controls overnight. A sharp and sudden return to large-scale civilian production would throw the economy off balance. The public interest demands that the return be programmed to safeguard employment and living standards. From the time of the Nazi collapse to the resumption of large-scale civilian production a period of months is bound to elapse—it may be as much as six or eight months. Every concern that has a readjustment problem, like every worker who has an employment problem, will have time to act to insure its position in peacetime industry."

Secretary of State Cordell Hull, in a statement on the bombing of Rome, Washington, D. C.

"I think we all understand that the Allied military authorities in Italy are dealing primarily with considerations of military necessity forced on them by the activities and attitude of the German military forces. Naturally we are as much interested as any Government or any individual in the preservation of religious shrines, historic structures and human lives. I am sure that our military people have that same view. It is my understanding that the Allied military authorities are pursuing a policy of avoiding damage to such shrines and monuments to the extent humanly possible in modern warfare and in the circumstances that face them. If the Germans were not entrenched in these places or were they as interested as we are in protecting religious shrines and monuments and in preserving the lives of innocent civilians and refugees no question would arise."

—FOR VICTORY: BUY BONDS—



UKRAINIAN PEASANTS OF BUKOVINA

A Ukrainian G. I. Describes Africa

(1)

An interesting letter describing North Africa written by a Ukrainian American soldier stationed there to his brother, also in the Army but still in this country, was forwarded to the Weekly for publication. The brothers prefer to remain anonymous. Both were active in Ukrainian American life. The letter, which has passed the censor, follows:—

Hi-ya, Mike!

I haven't received any letters from you for such a long time that I really don't know what to write about. So, I guess I'll start chewing your ear off with a description of things in general here. Here we go.

Ladies, Gentlemen, Friends and Relatives, we are gathered together this beautiful (?) December evening for the first lecture on the wonders and curious customs of that strange, vivid, faraway land known as French North Africa (frequently and appropriately called a "hell of a country" by various and sundry members of the American military). As I sit here before my sturdy (?) little portable, gathering together the threads of the tale I am about to relate, the gentle pattering of hailstones can be heard thundering upon the red tile roof of our lodging. This is one of the wonders of this land of beauty and sunshine. Rain, snow or hail can be expected from three to four times a day. It is just as regular as the writer is in being the first in chow line three times a day. (Sometimes we brew coffee in the evening too).

His Conception of Africa, Different Now

Before going any farther allow me to state that my whole conception of Africa has been changed. I was always of the opinion that it was hot and dusty, full of sand storms and sand fleas, camels shuffling to and fro in caravans bearing rich cargoes of dates and silks from the distant east, thinly veiled (and, thinly dressed) native dancers, tropical moon in a tropical sky and all the glamorous details of a glamorous country, including gorgeously dressed Arabs. To the contrary, I've found mud instead of sand, lice rather than fleas; rain, snow and hail storms taking the place of sand storms; exactly three very mangy looking camels bearing nothing but humps on their backs, Arabs that probably haven't had a bath since the day they were born (water is only used for rain in this country), wearing tattered, torn and patched rags that wouldn't be worn by a scarecrow at home. As to the native dancers, I haven't seen any, so cannot comment. As to the moon, we are not really anxious to see that shine as brightly, as the "Wabash Moon," as that is the time when Jerry takes great delight in flying over to pay his respects (!).

Well, enough of that. I don't wish to create the impression that I am not satisfied with my present mode of living (at least I'm alive and that's about all). If I were ordered to prepare a list of places I might live in you can bet your bottom dollar North Africa would be on the list. Yes indeed, it would be there, just underneath "hell" which would be on the bottom. As I recall, in the last lesson I concentrated rather strongly on food, food and more food. Although that is still a very interesting subject to me, I will try and drag myself away from the table and talk of other things. (I don't know whether or not you received my last letter, so you might not understand the reference to food.) To get to the meat of today's subject (or should I say liquid) I will start with the local bars. They were really very interesting and became more so as we began to understand and absorb the customs and atmosphere. (Not to speak of the beverages we absorbed).

The Brasserie Bar

First I'll tell you about the Brasserie Bar. The bartender in the Brasserie was a quaint character. Promptly at 8 o'clock each evening he would buy us all a drink and then start knocking down the boss for his cut of the evening trade. A conservative estimate would be three out of every five francs went down in the old sock while the cash drawer came out second best with the other two francs. I rather imagine the old boy did right well by himself. His name was Ahmen and he looked it. One thing about him, he took an interest in his job. When a glass was empty he was right on the spot asking in his slightly broken American slang whether or not a refill was wanted. (When he spoke English it sounded like an old Ford sputtering when the gas ran out.) The tradesmen here are very gentle in their hints to the American soldiers about local customs such as tipping, etc., in every bar restaurant, cafe, barber shop of what have you. Delicate little signs are found such as the following:

"Waiters are not paid. They depend on tips. Don't forget them."

It's rather odd that they should all be printed in English when very few of the local population are versed in that language. Another annoying thing that has to be put up with are the little shoeshine boys. There are thousands of them. I think all native children start shining shoes. They are clever little beggars, too. By day and by night they haunt the bars and the barber shops, plucking at your sleeve or trousers, saying "Shoo-shine, goot, shoo-shine, goot," until finally you give in and let them shine your shoes in self defense. After you have paid them, they start plucking at you again and want to shine them all over again for another fee. To get rid of them a gentle boot in the tail propels them toward door, but their clothes are so dirty you thereby ruin the shine and then the acts starts all over again. Sometimes an evening is just one shoe shine after another. I don't know what we'll do when by shining and shining they wear out the tops of our shoes.

The Drinks They Serve

With all this dribbling I haven't yet mentioned what they serve in the way of beverages. I'll name them and you can try and guess what they are. That's what we do. First is muscat, my favorite. Haven't the faintest idea what it's made of or where, but it is O.K. It's not muscatel as I first thought. Comparing the two, the former is much better. Vermouth, of course, is a best-seller. Personally, I don't care much for it outside a dry Martini, but they never heard of that, so usually I skipped it. Then comes Vin Blanc, or White Wine. That's not bad but tastes too much like water. Vin Rouge, or red wine is a little thicker. The bartender didn't water that as much as the other. They also serve some stuff they call beer. I don't know where they got that name for it. Possibly it's because it looks like beer and sometimes it has a little foam on the top. One, thing is certain, it doesn't taste like beer. I won't say what it tastes like. The coffee is something to marvel at. Don't know whether they make it out of hickory nuts, pine knots or lumps of coal. It has a blackish color and that's about the only similarity to coffee as we know it. For sugar they have a little bottle of saccharine and for cream you use your imagination. I've tried it a couple of times. They tell me it's good so I guess it is.

The prize of it all is something called "marc." Don't know whether to call it a whiskey, gin, wine, tea or coffee. When you take the first drink, you must keep your hair from jumping out of your scalp and doing

hand springs on the ceiling,—you also hold onto both ears. The second drink is another corker. The bouncer helps you hold onto your hat and ears. As you prepare for the third drink, the innocent bystanders begin to look for fox-holes and air-raid shelters, as anything can happen after that. One Frenchman even went home to his wife, so you can see it's pretty powerful stuff. It's hard to compare it with anything. Actually it's in a class by itself. During prohibition those who drank sometimes bought the so-called whiskey that was popularly known as rot-gut. Well, the worst rot-gut during that era was like nectar of the gods compared to "Marc."

Incidentally, while pausing in the port of Oran a few weeks ago, I found a cafe that had an orchestra every day from 3 to 6. They played all the new popular numbers such as "Yes, we have no bananas," and "Yes Sir, That's My Baby." They put signs up so we would know the titles of the songs. One sounded faintly like the "Saint Louis Blues," but I couldn't see the sign, so wasn't sure. It also went to the so-called "Follies Bergere." It was lousy!

The "40 or 8" Still Around

During the last war we heard of French box cars called the 40 or 8. (capacity: 40 men or 8 horses). Well, they still have them. I know I rode in one from here, a distance of approximately three to four hundred miles. That is one trip I will never forget. When we arrived at our destination I could hardly walk. Fortunately, we didn't have the "8" riding with us. Our location is a lovely spot. Like most African towns it's built on a series of hills and most of your time is spent climbing. They have steps that seem to run for blocks and blocks and to get where you're going you have to climb those steps. We were quartered in a school on the top of a high hill that overlooked the entire harbor and most of the city. The view was wonderful.

Today I have one of those very rare things known as a "day off." So, after sleeping until noon, I'm devoting the afternoon to correspondence or whatever you may wish to call it. Had in mind a letter telling you of my travels in this lovely country but it's rather hard to write a letter of that sort because of censorship. When we move from one place to another it's a military secret and remains a secret until the end of the war (whatever that may be); still, I shall try.

The "Roads"

I discovered a short time ago that we were allowed to mention three cities in Africa, Casablanca, Oran and Algiers. Now that privilege has been rescinded so I can't even mention the names of those three towns. I can't even say that I have been in French Morocco (or is it Marocco?—the signs all say "Maroc," so you see how difficult this type of a letter can be). Anyway, in a general sort of a way I shall try and tell you of the scenery and other things not of a military nature. (Haven't the faintest idea what's going on from a military standpoint anyway. The war could be over for all we know). I shall start with the roads. (One must start somewhere and when traveling, a road is a good place to start.) Lovely things, these French-African roads. Have you ever driven down White Horse Pike? Well, these roads are similar to it. Anyway, the White Horse Pike is a road and so are these (that's what they are called) but that's where the similarity stops. On the former, you can see for miles ahead; on the latter, sometimes you can see 20 yards before there is another very sharp curve. On the

former there are six or maybe ten lanes for traffic; on the latter, if two GI trucks meet it takes masters at the art of driving to prevent side-swiping of the one on the outside and causing it to go over the edge down about 500 feet into a mountain gorge.

The "Secret" of Driving

It's really great sport when you find out how to drive on them. After all the sweating, groaning and fright when passing other trucks, I finally discovered the secret. You merely close your eyes and step on the gas. And what do you know—nothing happens (yet)! There must have been a Virginian traveling through these parts for some of those delicate, delightful signs, hinting that there may be danger lurking nearby, are to be found along some stretches (remember those down ole Virginny?). You worked long enough in ole Virginny to know what I mean. Signs such as "this one didn't make it" are found next to a big hole in the protective wall around one very sharp curve. Another was "Five died here, are you next?", and "You've had your warning." They make the traveler feel so safe as he speeds along the mountain trails. There is very little in the way of forest and foliage in these mountains and you can see for miles when on the top of the higher ones. The small cities, built on the side of a mountain, can be seen long before they are reached. They shine and gleam in the Sun like a cluster of jewels in a rough setting. It's not until you actually enter them that the squalor and dirt can be seen. Some of the cities are walled in completely. A hangover, I suppose, from the old days. They are really a novelty to see. The first I saw was in Maroc and is one of the most "walled cities" in the world. The second wasn't very far from the first. Since then, I've seen quite a number.

Liked French Cooking

One little town in Maroc is called, in the travel folder, "The Place in Africa most like France." And it is a very lovely place. It's small, a college town, very clean and populated mostly by French, rather than Arabs or natives. That's where we made so many French friends and ate so much French cooking. Haven't had a good meal since we left there. Another city we have visited and have been stationed in was once the "Second wealthiest city" in Africa. Ancient Carthage was the first and this little city ran it a close second. We were not even allowed to drive through the gates because the streets were too narrow for auto traffic. Close by are some very famous Roman baths that are still in pretty good shape, as far as the buildings go, but no longer in use. Also a race track. The track reminds me a little of the one in Seward Park.

There is an old Roman ruin directly across the road from where I am now living. (We have a two room apartment, no kitchen, no bath, no lavatory, no heat, no front door, no elevator, no glass in the windows, no locks on the door, no running water, no lights, no chairs to sit on, no desks to write on, and no inner spring mattresses, nor the bed to put them on. Nevertheless guess we are lucky to have the two rooms). This old ruin is so large that Griffith Stadium could be placed in the center and still leave room for the News building. It is immense. Have no idea what it could have been used for. It looks like an old arena but there are no gladiators laying around, so am not sure. Of course, I've already told you about the seashore, swimming, beautiful beach, hot, hot days (always a breeze from the sea, though) and the lovely cool evenings and nights. Also that we worked in spurts. Well now even those spurts of working have ceased and for the past three weeks we've done practically nothing.

(To be concluded)

THE KINGLET AND THE BEAR

By IVAN FRANKO

ONCE upon a time a Bear was walking with a Wolf through a forest. Suddenly they heard a strange twittering in the bushes. Drawing closer to see what it was they noticed it was a small birdling with a perky tail as it jumped from twig to twig and twittered.

"Brother Wolf," said the Bear, "who is that birdling that sings so nicely?"

"Hush, brother Bear. It's the Kinglet," whispered the Wolf.

"A Kinglet?" whispered the Bear in awe. "Then we better bow to him."

"Certainly," said the Wolf, and both bowed down to the very ground. The Kinglet, however, did not even give them a single glance, but went on twittering and leaping from one twig to another.

"Look, so small and yet so haughty," the Bear grumbled. "He wouldn't even give us a glance! Wouldn't it be worth while to see what his palace looks like?"

"I don't know," the Wolf said. "I know where his palace is but somehow I have never thought of looking into it."

"It is really so terrible to look at it?"

"No, it is not so terrible as improper to look into it."

"Then let us go! I simply must look into it," the Bear said.

They came to the tree hole where the Kinglet had his nest. The Bear had hardly peeped in when the Wolf jerked him by the elbow.

"Bear!" he whispered. "Stop!"

"What is it?"

"Don't you see? The Kinglet has come flying. And here is the Queenlet herself! It is not proper to look into their nest in their presence."

The Bear and the Wolf hurried off into the bushes and the Kinglet and his mate flew down to their nest to feed their fledglings. A few moments after they had flown away, the Bear came nearer to the tree hole and looked inside. What he saw was just the usual thing one can see inside of tree hole: the tree had rotted inside, some feathers had been spread on the bottom of the hole, and on that nest there sat five young Kinglets.

"Bah, and this is the royal palace?" the Bear exclaimed. "Why, that's a beggar's den! And those naked fledglings, are they a king's children? Pshaw! what ugly changelings!"

As the Bear said this, he spit into the tree hole. He was about to leave, when the young Kinglets twittered with indignation in the nest, "So Mr. Bear? You spit on us? Aren't we children of honest parents? Why do you call us changelings? For this insult you must answer to us."

The Bear was so frightened by their cries that he shook with fear. He rushed with all his might away from the nasty tree hole, ran to his lair, and hid there. In the meantime the young Kinglets kept on making a racket in their nest until their mother and father came flying to them. "What happened here?" the parents asked, giving their young ones worms and flies.

"We don't care for flies! We don't want any worms. We won't eat, even if we were to die of hunger, until you show them we really are not changelings but children of an honest father."

"What has happened?" the parents asked.

"The Bear came here, called us changelings and spat into our nest." "Is that so?" the Kinglet cried out, and, without thinking long, flew to the Bear's den.

"Hey, old Bruin," he said, perching on a twig above the Bears's head. "For what reason have you called my children changelings and spat into my nest? You must answer me for that insult. Tomorrow the first thing in

the morning you will have to come out for a war against me."

What could the Bear do? If he was challenged to war, it had to be war. So he went about calling all the animals to help him: the Wolf, Boar, Fox, Badger, Deer, Rabbit, in short, every animal that walked on four feet.

Meanwhile the Kinglet flew about calling all the birds and all the insects, Flies, Bumble-bees, Hornets, Mosquitoes, in short every creature that flew on wings. The Kinglet told them to get ready for a great war on the following day. That evening they gathered to hold a council. "Listen," the Kinglet said, "we must send somebody to reconnoiter into the enemy's camp so that we may know who is their general and what is their pass-word."

After some counsel, they sent out the Mosquito, who was the smallest and the shrewdest. The Mosquito came to the Bear's camp just as the animals were starting their counsel. "What shall we do?" the Bear began his speech. "You, Fox, being the most cunning of all the animals, you will be our general."

"All right," the Fox said. "You see, if we had a trouble with animals, it would be best to make the Bear our general, but this being a conflict with those winged mites, I might be to you of greater service. The main thing here is quick eye and a keen mind. Well, listen then to me. Here is my plan. The enemy's army will fly in the air, that's true. But what do we care! Let us go straight to the Kinglet's nest and take his children prisoners of war. As soon as we have them in our hands we will force the old Kinglet to put an end to the war and surrender to us. Thus we will win."

"Hurrah! Hurrah!" all the animals cried with enthusiasm, visions of quick victory before their eyes.

"That means," the Fox went on, "we have to march in close order as the enemy has Eagles and Hawks who might gouge out our eyes should we scatter. It is always safer to be close to each other."

"That's true, that's true!" called the Rabbit, who at the very thought of Eagles felt his legs begin to shake.

"I will go at the head," the Fox went on, "and you shall follow me. Do you see my tail? Well, it will be our battle banner. All of you will look attentively at my tail. As long as I shall hold it straight up, there will be no danger, and you may march bravely on. Should I catch wind of an ambush, I will at once lower my tail: this will be a signal to you that you should proceed more slowly and with greater caution. And should there be real trouble, then I will press my tail between my hind legs, and then you shall run fast as your legs will carry you."

"Hurrah! Bravo!" all the animals called and all praised the Fox's smartness. The Mosquito, having overheard the whole clever plan, flew to the Kinglet and told him the plan in every detail.

On the morning, with the very day-break, the animals gathered for the Campaign. Twigs and branches crunched as they pushed through the thickets, the earth resounded and groaned under the weight of their heavy paws and hoofs. The air was filled with cries, howlings, barkings, and roars. Leaves trembled from the noise.

Hearing the noise, the birds began flying together. The air whirred from the motion of their wings, leaves fell from the trees: Cries, calls, hoots, pipings filled the air and well-nigh split the ears.

The animals marched on in a close formation in the direction of the Kinglet's nest. The birds flew above them in a thick cloud, but could not stop them. The old Kinglet, however,

More Than Million Prisoner of War Parcels Packed for Shipment Overseas Monthly

Letters From Camps Speed Volunteers In Packing Centers

From a German "Stalag Luft," Lieutenant Paul Hartman wrote his mother in Great Falls, Mont.:

"I am well-treated, and very well fed by the Red Cross. Contribute generously, Mom. They are keeping us alive".

Across the world, another prisoner of war in Shanghai wrote:

"The Red Cross has furnished us with several boxes of food—very welcome and comfort kits in addition to warm clothes, shoes and medical supplies. They have really come through, as far as we are concerned, in a big way."

Hundreds of letters like those above have lent speed to the fingers of volunteers working in the Red Cross Prisoner of War Packing Centers in Philadelphia, Chicago, New York, and St. Louis.

From these Centers, more than a million food packages go out each month to American fighting men held behind Axis barbed wire.

Recently the New York Center packed 30,000 medicine kits for war prisoners on an assembly line, developed to enable Red Cross to ready such special parcels with great speed and economy.

Build Up Reserves

Reserves of food packages for both able-bodied and hospitalized war prisoners, plus clothing and comfort supplies are being built up weekly in Switzerland, as well as at established German prison camps, against the possibility that military operations may interrupt the flow of supplies.

In the first eleven months of 1943, over 75 million pounds of prisoner of war relief freight was shipped, more than half of this during July, August, and September. The pace now has been stepped up and the main problem has become one of finding shipping to move the goods.

For prisoners of war and civilian internees held in camps of the Far

East, the entire cargo of the exchange ship, "The Gripsholm," was loaded on the Japanese vessel, "Teia Maru" which sailed from Mormogoa, Portuguese Indies on October 21. This cargo included 1,350 tons of American supplies, 160 tons from the Canadian Red Cross, 13 tons from the YMCA, two tons from the National Catholic Welfare and 80 tons of next-of-kin parcels and letter mail. Also loaded for Singapore were 891 cases of British medical supplies.

The "Teia Maru" stopped at Singapore November 1, presumably unloading about 180 tons of Red Cross supplies, of which 14,000 food parcels were for Malaya and other food parcels, medicines and a small amount of clothing for Java. The ship unloaded the remainder of its cargo at Manila and Yokahama.

Because exchange ships offer entirely inadequate space for the enormous amount of relief supplies needed by prisoners of war in the Far East, every effort is being made to find other ways of shipping, satisfactory to the Japanese.

More than 2,750 tons of supplies had been moved to Vladivostok by the end of 1943 for reshipment to Allied prisoners of war in the Far East.

Some cash relief has been permitted, chiefly for civilian internees. Funds totaling \$50,000 have already been sent to Santo Tomas in the Philippines, and arrangements have been made to forward \$25,000 monthly on regular basis to this camp. In addition \$7,410 has been distributed to smaller camps.

Newest developments on the Prisoner of War program, intricate and ever-changing, are reported in the "American Red Cross Prisoner of War Bulletin" of which 100,000 copies are issued each month by the Red Cross to relatives of war prisoners.

Another publication "The Red Cross News" printed in small type on onion skin paper, is sent by air through the International Red Cross Committee to Americans in prison camps in Europe.

did not worry much. Seeing how the Fox was marching at the head of his army with his tail straight in the air, he called to the Hornet, "Listen, Friend. That's the enemy's general, Fly as fast as you can to him, alight on his stomach and sting him with all your might."

The Hornet flew away straight to the Fox and took a seat on his paunch. Feeling that something was rummaging in the fur on his stomach, the Fox wanted to lower his tail and to drive it away. But he could not do that: his tail was a battle banner. Just then the Hornet stung him with his sting in the most painful place on his stomach.

"Ouch!" the Fox called and lowered his tail.

"What is it? What is it?" the animals exclaimed.

"Perhaps, some ambush?" the Fox mumbled, and bit his lips from pain.

"An ambush, and ambush!" a whisper passed through the lines. "Look out, brothers, there is an ambush!"

At this moment the Hornet stung the Fox with all his might. The Fox howled from pain, leaped a yard into the air, and then pressed the tail between his legs and ran! The animals did not know what had happened but ran in panic as fast as they could, trampling each other. And the Birds, Wasps, Mosquitoes, Hornets pursued them, fell upon them from above, stinging them, biting and tearing. There was a terrible slaughter. The animals who were saved from it ran in all directions and hid in their bowers, dens, lairs, and caves.

Having won a great victory, the Kinglet flew to his nest and said to

his young ones, "Well, children, now you may eat. We have won the war."

"No, we won't eat," the young ones said, "until the Bear comes here and asks our pardon."

What could the Kinglet do? He flew to the Bear's den, perched on the branch above his head and said, "Well, Bruin, how did you like to war against the Kinglet?"

And the Bear, who had marched in the rear of his army, had his flanks torn by the Boars and had his ribs trampled upon by the Deer and Stags, lay sick in bed, hardly able to groan. "Go away, leave me in peace," he grumbled. "I'll forbid my family to the tenth generation to start any trouble with you."

"No, Brother, that won't do," the Kinglet said. "You must come to my tree hole and apologize to my children, or else you will come to a still greater trouble."

The Bear could not argue. He had to come to the tree hole and ask pardon of the young Kinglets and to assure them that they were no changelings, but decent children of decent parents. And only then were the young ones contented and began again to eat and to drink.

Notice to the Subscribers OF "SVOBODA" AND "UKRAINIAN WEEKLY"

When changing your place of residence, be sure to notify the home office of "Svoboda" immediately thereby avoiding any delay in delivery of newspaper to new address. Also, be sure to enclose ten (10) cents in coin or stamps to cover the cost of making a new stencil. Canadian subscribers will please remit COIN ONLY, as stamps cannot be redeemed.

ARMY LIFE

The platoon sergeant blew his whistle shrilly.

"Hit the road!" he bellowed. "I'll give you ten seconds to get out of this barrack!"

The men made a mad dash for field jackets and caps, tore through the doors of the building, and ran toward the road where they took their respective place in platoon formation.

"At ease!" ordered the sergeant, as he eyed each individual trainee. "Taylor, where's your field jacket? What's that? Oh yeah? Well, you don't forget things when you're in the Army. Go back and get it—you have five seconds! Williams, don't tell me you forgot your cap! What? You lost it? Well, now isn't that lovely? Report to the supply room and get another one; it'll be deducted out of your pay. That should teach you not to lose Army property."

As the sergeant's gaze shifted from one man to another, the trainees speculated as to the reason for the formation. Something important, no doubt.

The sergeant stared hard and long at Baker's shoes. "Baker!" he growled, "when the heck did you shine those shoes last? I want them so that I can see myself in them. Remember that!" From Baker he turned to Henderson. "You!" he bellowed. "This isn't the House of David! Get that beard off your silly face, or I'll pluck out the hairs one by one myself!" His attention then went to Hotchkiss. "Do you want a violin to go with that head of hair? Get a G.I. haircut after retreat or you'll get night K.P. for a week!" Pohranyczny was the next victim. "Praneeznee, you're missing a button on your jacket! Have it replaced as soon as possible, and I don't mean tomorrow!"

The sergeant considered the group as a whole.

"A fine looking bunch of men!" he said, as if attempting to convince himself. "I can see where the Japs are licked as soon as they meet you guys," he added, his voice tinged with sarcasm. "But don't worry—before I'm through, you'll all be real soldiers, or else!"

He spied the platoon leader, a second lieutenant, approaching.

"Tenshun!" he cried.

The men snapped to attention, convinced that something important was about to happen. The sergeant about-faced to face the officer, and saluted smartly. The officer returned the salute and gave him his orders. They saluted again, and the officer walked away. The sergeant about-faced. The men waited expectantly.

"Police the area!" the sergeant ordered. "Pick up everything that doesn't grow!"

The platoon was busily engaged in mastering the art of digging fox holes with entrenchment tools. The ground was hard and rocky and the trainees' progress was very slow. An hour passed, and there was still much to be done.

"All right!" an officer announced. "Take a ten-minute break, Smoke if you got 'em."

The men quit digging and lit cigarettes. Three minutes later came another announcement.

"Put 'em out! Get back to digging!"

And so another hour passed—another "ten-minute break." A third hour followed. Some foxholes really began to look like fox holes. But the men were tired and dirty and hoped it all would end soon. Still they dug diligently, striving for good looking fox holes for the officer to inspect.

The fourth hour found the G.I.'s busily engaged in camouflaging their foxholes.

Finally the officer called a halt to the proceedings, and briefly inspected each man's handicraft. He made no

comment; instead he issued an order:

"All right, men—fill in the holes! It's time for chow."

The sergeant rushed into the barrack, greatly excited.

"Hit the road!" he bellowed. "On the double! Get a move on! The last man out gets K.P.! Hurry up! Move! Shake it up!"

The trainees made a mad scramble for exits. They had hardly formed into columns when the order to march was given. Immediately, this was followed by "Double time, march!"

The G.I.'s ran a long distance before the order to halt was given. They were told to file into a classroom building and seat themselves. This was done in record time. Panting and perspiring as a result of the double timing, the rookies waited expectantly for further developments. And they waited—and waited—and waited some more.

Finally a non-com yelled "Tenshun!" The soldiers leaped to their feet and stood at attention while an officer walked down the aisle, climbed the few steps to the platform, faced the men, and said, "At ease." The men promptly resumed their seats, and waited again.

The officer then announced that the man who was to address them at this time had not, as yet, arrived, but that he was expected momentarily.

And so the trainees, who had been rushed to the classroom in record time, waited some more.

Friday night. A G.I. party was going full blast. The barrack was getting a thorough going-over. Windows were polished, floors scrubbed, window sills, frames and all wood work dusted, latrines cleaned up, ventilators dusted inside and out, doors and bulletin board frames sandpapered, furnace room cleaned up, day room overhauled, and cigarette butt cans cleaned out. Also, bed-frames were dusted, the sergeant's, corporal's, and cooks' rooms cleaned, refuse receptacles cleaned, wooden walls washed down, equipment, shoe, and clothing racks dusted, mop and broom racks rearranged, and even the fire extinguisher was dusted off.

Saturday morning. The men were preparing for inspection. And what an inspection! Foot lockers were to be in G.I. order and open, a display of equipment was to be laid out on each man's bed; the men were to stand personal inspection. The barrack itself was to be inspected.

As can be imagined, there was furious activity in the barrack. Men were shaving, shining shoes, combing hair, making beds, laying out displays, arranging their footlockers' contents, putting on clothes, and otherwise engaged in activities essential to successful inspections.

Finally, everything was done and the men were ready. They took positions beside their bunks and waited for the arrival of the inspecting officers.

The officers arrived. The men snapped to attention at the sergeant's command. The officers walked through the barrack, looked at everything and everybody briefly, and walked out. Inspection was over!

It was very cold outdoors and the men, lying in bed, appreciated the warm air ventilation system that made them so comfortable. Soon all were sleeping peacefully and contentedly.

Equipped with a flash light, the Officer of the Day entered the barrack to take bed check. He noticed the windows were closed and, this being against health rules, proceeded to open them.

Morning arrived.

The water in the cigarette butt cans, located on poles in the middle of the barrack, had frozen solid.

PVT. THEODORE LUTWINIAK

CONGRESS COMMITTEE COMMUNIQUE

SINCE the Second Congress of Americans of Ukrainian descent, held in Philadelphia, Pa. on January 22 of this year, the executive board of the Ukrainian Congress Committee of America has held three meetings, and several sub-committee meetings. At these meetings the various tasks facing the Congress Committee were discussed and plans laid for their execution. Particular attention was paid to the Congress Committee's war bond drive, its Red Cross drive, and its efforts to propagate knowledge among the American public concerning the Ukrainian national cause.

The degree of progress made thus far in these and allied undertakings was revealed at the last meeting, held Thursday evening, March 16, at Hotel Pennsylvania, New York City.

The War Bond Drive

Concerning the war bond drive, Dr. Walter Gallan, its chairman, revealed that of the 5 million dollar quota which must be attained by April 15, over 4 million dollars worth of bonds have already been sold. On the whole the drive has been proceeding quite satisfactorily, he said, although some communities have been rather slow in making their returns. Discussion then centered upon means of speeding up the drive so that by April 15th the quota will have been attained, and perhaps passed.

Blood Donor Campaign

In regards the blood donor campaign being now conducted by the Red Cross Coordinating Division of the Congress Committee, Mrs. Claudia Olesnitsky, chairman of that division, and Mr. Bohdan Katamay, secretary of that division, reported that since a specific blood donor week or day for all Ukrainian American communities was not practical and therefore not desired by the Red Cross, each such community is at liberty to select its own week or day during the course of which blood plasma would be collected among the local Ukrainian Americans. This would have to be done, of course, in complete understanding and cooperation with the local Red Cross blood donor banks. During the discussion that then ensued, it was decided to extend the blood donor campaign by another month, in order to give greater opportunity for all communities to lend themselves to this patriotic action. It was recommended that more direct contact be established between the Red Cross Coordinating Committee and the various local Ukrainian American Red Cross units, committees and agencies, and that to that end the services and cooperation of the delegates to the Philadelphia congress be fully utilized.

Linking Communities With Committee

The purely organizational aspect of the Congress Committee was also thoroughly explored at the meeting. It was decided to issue an invitation to local Ukrainian American central committees as well as local individual societies to become affiliated with the Ukrainian Congress Committee and to cooperate fully with it in its work. By resolution of the Philadelphia congress itself, chairmen of local central committees which affiliate themselves with the Congress Committee, automatically become members of the committee.

War Relief

The possibilities of establishing a Ukrainian war relief agency were then surveyed at the meeting. Such an agency would endeavor to aid Ukrainian emigres, whose numbers is bound to greatly increase following the present war, and also the many destitute war victims in Ukraine. The matter was tabled, pending a special report to be prepared by a specially appointed committee of three, name-

Shevchenko and Whitman

By HONORE EWACH

Walt Whitman is the most representative poet of the New World of America. In his "Leaves of Grass" he uses purely American terms and word-pictures. And as a genuine representative of a gigantic new country, where everything is of gigantic dimensions—the sky reaching Rocky Mountains, the limitless prairies, the titanic Mississippi, the Great Lakes—he uses poetic images and rhythms that remind one not of the gentle ripples on a lake, but of the surging sea-waves during a storm. Adequately America is expressed in everything he wrote.

Taras Shevchenko is not only the most representative of the poets of Ukraine, he is also the greatest Ukrainian that ever lived. All Shevchenko's poems throb with the past and contemporary life of the Ukrainian people. With a vision of a seer and genius he views all the past of Ukraine, contemplates her present life and previsions her great future. The germinal ideas that are just striving to awake to full light in every genuine Ukrainian came to full fruition in Shevchenko. That is why all that Shevchenko expressed in his simple, terse and melodious Ukrainian is so dear to all Ukrainians. As we read Shevchenko's poems it seems that the poet expresses that which we would have liked to express ourselves. And even the rhythms of Shevchenko's poems are essentially Ukrainian. He uses the same rhythms that the Ukrainian folk songs are based on. All in all Shevchenko is the most re-tescence of Ukrainian poetry and his "Kobzar" contains the quintessence of Ukrainian poetry and spiritual heritage.

Thus Walt Whitman and Taras Shevchenko are the greatest interpreters of their own countries, of America and of Ukraine. They are the men that began great epochs in the life of their respective countries, of the United States and of Ukraine. What they have expressed in their poems will remain for ages and ages as an inspiration to humanity.

ly, Mrs. Helen Stogryn, Dr. Luke Myshuha and Dr. Longin Chelsky. The report is to be given at the next meeting, at which some definite action is expected to be taken.

Publications

The final subject discussed at the March 16 meeting was the matter of Congress Committee publications. At a prior meeting, a committee of four had been appointed to thoroughly investigate the possibilities in this field. Following its report, it was decided at the March 16 meeting that the Congress Committee will begin to publish beginning some time this summer a quarterly magazine of a popular and yet scholarly character which would strive to enlighten American public opinion concerning Ukrainian American life as a whole, especially in respect to America's war effort, and also concerning the history, culture, and the struggle for freedom of the Ukrainian people in their native but war-torn and foreign occupied Ukraine. Pending the appearance of that quarterly, the Congress Committee bulletin will continue to appear. Mr. Shumeyko and Prof. Chubaty were selected at the meeting as an initiatory editorial committee for the quarterly. They will make a thorough survey of the matter and present their findings at a general meeting of the entire Ukrainian Congress Committee, which will be held in New York City on April 22, and at which the committee's By-Laws will be accepted.

UKRAINIAN CONGRESS COMMITTEE OF AMERICA

Stephen Shumeyko, Pres.
Stephen Kurlak, Secretary

Funny Side Up

"MARCH DIARY"
or
"OUT LIKE A LAMB"

- 15th: Income Tax day Man who has big fat wife pins her picture to Income Tax Return and claims her as two dependents!
- 16th: Rollo Twerp seen at Blood Donor Center. Ten minutes after the doctor sticks him with the needle, Rollo gets a pint of blood out of the needle!
- 17th: St. Patrick's Day. Thousands of people unable to wear or wave green. All the green they had went to Uncle Sam two days ago!
- 18th: Fight manager claims his fighter hits hard for a guy his weight. He was right! That night the fighter dented the canvas 3 times!
- 19th: Husband gets in jail. Costs his wife \$10 and 68 points to get him out the can!
- 20th: Spring is here! Icicles, snowflakes and all! Hi diddle diddle, the cat and the fiddle, the cow jumped over the moon... Some Spring!
- 21st: War Manpower Commission issues another ultimatum. All men must work or fight. Next day 300 men get married at City Hall. Now they can do both!
- 22nd: Mayor gives Commissioner a hotfoot so he can have an excuse to go to a fire!
- 23rd: Girl sues doctor. Claims he ruined her health causing her to get a nervous breakdown. He claims it was her own fault. She misunderstood his orders. She thought he recommended three hearty males a day!
- 24th: Miracle Pictures announce that on top of three successive flops they will produce Webster's Unabridged Dictionary in Technicolor!
- 25th: Joe McNutt gets divorce and marries sister of his former wife. Claims it would be too much trouble to break in another mother-in-law.
- 26th: Hedy LaMarr and Rita Hayworth visit Camp Uton, N. Y. to entertain soldiers. Earthquake tremors felt in San Francisco!
- 27th: Dull Day. Nothing happens except that it rains, which at this time of year is to be expected. Half the world wishes it were yesterday and the other half wishes it were tomorrow!
- 28th: Willie Nillie gets small part in a show on Broadway. That same afternoon he was home doing some house cleaning and had on an apron and a dust cap. When the doorbell rang a woman handed him a piece of paper. He thought she wanted his autograph. Now he's having a heck of a time trying to resign from the WACS!
- 29th: Steam Roller runs over Mrs. Murphy's cat. Now she's got a long puss!
- 30th: Radio comedian tells a new joke, to wit: Have you heard about the cannibal who, upon tasting a new dish prepared by his wife, said: "This is swell, honey. Who was it?" Joe Miller turns over in his grave.
- 31st: Rain... rain... rain... and more rain. A good thing too, because we were running out of ideas!

BROMO SELTZER

A SMALL POCKET SIZE DICTIONARY

is quite valuable. We have a few on hand in the English-Ukrainian languages. Price \$1.50.

"SVOBODA"

81-83 Grand St., Jersey City 3, N. J.

BECOMES LIEUTENANT

Michael Kozulak, husband of Mrs. Michael Kozulak of 1225 Stratford avenue, Bronx, New York, and a member of U.N.A. Branch 130 successfully completed on March 15th the officer candidate course of the Transportation Corps Schools, and was commissioned a second lieutenant in the Army of the United States. Having successfully completed the four months' training course at the only Transportation Corps OCS in the country, he has now been assigned to active duty in this, the newest branch of the Army Service Forces.

Prior to his induction into the Army, May 5, 1943, at New York City, Lieutenant Kozulak was employed by the U.S. Civil Aeronautical Administration at La Guardia Field, New York. He is a graduate of the Academy of Advanced Traffic, New York City.

A CHEESY STORY, AND THE ORIGIN OF THE UKRAINIAN PANCAKE

The debut of cheese is lost in antiquity, but we do find mention here and there of cheese as far back as 1400 B. C. Many stories are told about its discovery; the most plausible is the one about the wanderer who carried milk in a leather pouch. He traveled all day under a burning sun, and when at dusk he paused to partake of food, he found the milk had separated into curd and whey. Curious and hungry, he tasted it, and found the milk slightly soured and quite pleasant to the taste. Later he related his experience in his native village, and soon the good wives learned how to separate the solid constituents from whey. So came into use the highly nutritive and delicious cottage cheese.

Cottage cheese to many of us brings memories of childhood home and the kitchen stove with large pans of milk setting at the back. Sometimes mother would let us hold the big wooden spoon and stir the thickened milk... and then we'd hold open the small white sack into which she poured the warm curd to drain.

In Ukraine, during those turbulent days when grand dukes and foreign rogues fought for supremacy over its vast fertile lands, with the loser paying tribute in horses and cattle, milk cows were constantly demanded. The wife and mother of the Ukrainian Kozak, in preparing him for battle against Muscovy and the Turks and Tartars, always strove to cook something new and hearty before departure. They created platsky, or what America today knows as pancakes. Their method of making this delicacy was to fill large containers with freshly drained cheese, add cream, eggs, salt, soaked rye bread, and coarse white flour. The ingredients were thoroughly mixed and kneaded, then rolled out and allowed to rise, and hearth-baked to a lovely brown. Gradually, the rye-bread method of raising the dough was substituted by set-over white batter, then the commercial yeasts, and finally by baking soda.

The Modern Recipe

The best method for preparing the cheese pancakes is to sift one cup of flour with half teaspoon baking soda and dash of salt. In a separate dish beat one egg and blend with one-third cup fresh cottage cheese or one package tinfoil-wrapped cream cheese; then add three-fourths cup sour cream and mix thoroughly. Stir the dry ingredients into the wet mixture, beat thoroughly and allow to stand a few minutes. Use a moderately hot frying pan, and turn only once. Watch the bubbles; if they form at once on the top, your pan is too hot. These pancakes are light and flaky, and doubly delicious if served with syrup, sour cream, or strips of crisp bacon.

KIEVANA COOK

BODNAR STAR OF TORONTO MAPLE LEAFS

The Toronto Maple Leafs of the National Hockey League have as their star center a young Ukrainian Canadian who bears considerable watching. He is Gus Bodnar, who was recently awarded the Calder trophy as the best rookie of the league this season.

Bodnar, whose real name is Bodnarchuk, hails from Fort William, Ontario. He weighs 150, and is on the tall side.

Before joining the Maple Leafs, Bodnar played with the Fort William Hurricanes, Jr. He did not play any senior hockey before jumping into professional hockey.

Throughout the season Bodnar has played all of the 50 games scheduled. His point record is 22 goals and 40 assists, making a total of 62 points. This is the highest total achieved by any rookie award winner. In fact, this total is the highest mark set by any Toronto Leaf centre player. Previous record was set by Billy Taylor with a total of 60 points.

In the voting which resulted in Bodnar winning the Calder Trophy, he received 583 points out of a possible 756.

JEAN HARASYM
Toronto, Canada

TORONTONIANS CLOSE BOWLING SEASON

The Ukrainian Bowling League of Toronto wound up its season recently with a Presentation Banquet. With the loss of most of the boys to the armed services, the league was nevertheless able to carry on another successful season. Eight teams made up the league. Bowling was held once a week. The Wolves with captain Jean Harasym won the league championship.

Bombers with Mary Dorros as captain finished second.

Oshawa with Mrs. Tickett as captain finished third.

Royce with Steve Werbicki as captain finished fourth.

Zaporoztsi with Jerry Kassyan as captain finished fifth.

Victory with Dr. Elias Wachna as captain finished sixth.

Haydamaki with Mr. Kwas as captain finished seventh.

Roughriders with Rose Faryna as captain finished eighth.

Competition

Friend of Famous Runner: "I'll race you and beat you if you will give me a yard's start and let me choose my course."

Runner: "All right, I'll give you five dollars if you beat me. Where do you want to run?"

Friend: "Up a ladder."

Wisdom

And then there was the absent-minded professor who made the students write the questions while he answered them.

HOLD MEMORIAL SERVICES FOR WAR CASUALTY



T/5 GRADE WALTER LYKOSH

Memorial services were held Sunday, March 19, for Technician Fifth Grade Walter Lykosh of Perth Amboy, N. J., Miss Rose Lishak reports. The fifth casualty that the Perth Amboy parish has suffered thus far, Walter was killed in action in Italy on February 16th last. The services were offered after both Masses at the Holy Virgin Ukrainian Catholic Church, of which Rev. Shuchowsky is pastor.

Technician Fifth Grade Lykosh is the son of Mrs. Paraska Lykosh of Hlushkiw, Western Ukraine. He was born in Perth Amboy on July 28th, 1915 and resided in Western Ukraine until 1939 when he came to Perth Amboy. Here he was a member of the Holy Name Society, Dramatic Amboy who is a member of U.N.A. Hrabar.

The deceased soldier was inducted into the army on February 12th, 1942 and was sent overseas in April, 1943. He was connected with the Field Artillery.

Besides his mother, he is survived by a brother, Michael, and a sister, Stella, both still living in Europe, and a brother Stephen living in Perth Amboy who is a member of U.N.A. Branch 155.

Explanation

A young man went to get married, and on being asked his name said that it was either Mickey or Paddy. "Explain yourself," said the clergyman.

"Well, your reverence, myself and my twin brother were christened together, and on the way home from church one of us died. If Mickey died, I am Paddy; and if Paddy died, I am Mickey."

Enough Reason

A wife asked her husband why he went to the woman dentist.

He replied: "It's so nice to hear a woman tell me to open my mouth instead of to shut it."

ZAKHAR BERKUT

by IVAN FRANKO

FIRST ENGLISH LANGUAGE EDITION Translated by THEODOSIA BORESKY

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