



SECTION II.

The Ukrainian Weekly

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

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THE WAR BOND DRIVE

The successful conclusion on April 15 of the Ukrainian Congress Committee's three-month national war bond drive clearly indicates the fine potentialities of the Ukrainian American war effort. Naturally that war effort had been of admirable proportions from the very outset. But lacking central planning and coordination it had been largely diffused. Consequently its true proportions have not been readily discernible, with the further result that the Ukrainian American contribution to our country's war effort has not been receiving the recognition that it deserves. The recently completed coordinated war bond drive, however, has given us some idea of the extent of our group war effort and may help us to gain that recognition.

The five million dollar quota of the drive, of course, was not a particularly high one. But for a start it was good. How many more bonds were bought by Ukrainian Americans in the course of the drive but which were not reported to the Congress Committee, is anybody's guess; the amount was probably a considerable one, running into several more millions. And yet, it is interesting to note, the total bond purchases of our people during the current drive, reported and unreported, was undoubtedly less than the total purchases made during the earlier days of the war. The reason behind this fact is that then the bond purchasing power of our people was much greater than it is now.

By way of example, we cite the case of a certain community here in the East. Its bond selling rally held during the recent Ukrainian American drive was productive of sales amounting to only one-third of the sales made at its bond rally held earlier in the war. Upon inquiry, we learned the reason for this. It was simply that the people of this community had used up their savings on early war bond purchases, so that at the recent rally they had but little savings left to invest in bonds. As for their current earnings, very little portion of them were available for this purpose, on account of the regular bond deductions made at their place of employment. Such then was the reason in this one particular community, and no doubt the same situation exists in the other communities, large and small. Thus, had a Ukrainian American war bond drive been held on a national scale earlier in the war, it would have been able to attain a much higher quota than the recent one.

Needless to say, the success of the recent drive would have hardly been possible without the fine cooperation given to the Congress Committee by our national and local organizations, church parishes, building and loan associations, and the like. Most valuable, however, was the publicity given to the drive by the newspapers, "Svoboda" and the "Weekly," "America," and "Narodne Slovo," and the fraternal organizations that publish them, the U.N.A., Providence, and National Aid.

In this connection it is interesting to note that the bi-monthly "Hromadsky Holos" ("Voice of the Commonwealth") has once again demonstrated that it is mis-named. For not only has it been constantly assailing the widely representative Congress Committee and its efforts to coordinate Ukrainian American war activities, but, what is more, in its April 15 issue it even published an anonymously signed article deriding in effect the Ukrainian American war bond drive and inferentially urging its not-so-numerous readers not to support the drive. That's certainly not the voice of the Ukrainian commonwealth speaking; otherwise the bond drive would never have been crowned with success. Consider it as you may, it is indeed a sad commentary upon what some people will do in an attempt to hinder united and coordinated action by Ukrainian Americans.

All in all, however, the success of the bond drive is an encouraging indication of what Americans of Ukrainian descent can accomplish through united and coordinated action. Before the war is over, such action will be indispensable

U.N.A. SPONSORS BEST-NOVEL CONTEST

Novel to be Based on Ukrainian American Life; 1st Prize \$600

In accordance with a unanimously passed resolution of the recently-held annual meeting of the Supreme Assembly of the Ukrainian National Association, the U.N.A. executive board in conjunction with the "Svoboda" editorial staff announced early this week a "Best Ukrainian American Novel Contest" to be held beginning now and ending December 31, of this year.

The novel is to be written in Ukrainian and is to be based on Ukrainian American life. First prize will be \$600, second prize \$300, honorable mention prizes \$150 in all.

Here are the rules:

1. The novel is to be written in the Ukrainian language, and, if possible, the manuscript is to be typed.
2. Its length should be from 80,000 to 100,000 words.
3. The manuscript must be mailed in by December 31, 1944. It should be unsigned, but the author's signature and address should be enclosed in a sealed envelope and mailed together with the manuscript.
4. The novels winning first or sec-

ond prize automatically become the property of "Svoboda," in the sense that the paper will have the exclusive right to publish them within two years on its pages in serial form or in book form or both. If within that two-year period "Svoboda" does not publish them in book form and the authors then desire to publish their works as such, the "Svoboda" shall receive first preference as publisher.

5. The contest judging committee will consist of three members, one from the U.N.A. executive board, one from the "Svoboda" editorial staff, and one who belongs to neither of the above mentioned board nor staff.

In judging the manuscripts submitted in the contest, the judges will take into consideration the novel's originality, style, actuality of the problems or issues involved in the story, and reality of the characters depicted in it.

All manuscripts as well as correspondence, concerning them should be addressed to "Svoboda," 83 Grand Street, Jersey City, N. J.

PROFESSOR TIMOSHENKO GETS FRANKLIN INSTITUTE MEDAL

Professor Stephen P. Timoshenko, well known American engineer of Ukrainian extraction, recently received from the Franklin Institute in Philadelphia the Louis E. Levy Medal for his paper on "The Theory of Suspension Bridges." The award was made by Charles S. Redding, president of the Institute at the annual Medal Day dinner in Franklin Hall. Among the other medal recipients was Peter Kapitza, director of the Institute for Physical Problems, Academy of Sciences, Moscow, whose award was accepted by Soviet Ambassador Andrei Gromyko.

Prof. Timoshenko teaches in the Department of Theoretical and Applied Mechanics, Stanford University, Palo Alto, Calif.

PROVIDENCE CATHEDRAL FEATURES KOSHETZ MUSIC

As part of its Passion Week program, the Cathedral of Saint John in Providence, R. I., featured Sunday evening, April 2, Alexander Koshetz' "Passion Trilogy," a set of 18th century Ukrainian spiritual songs.

Sung by an a capella chorus of the Cathedral under the direction of Willard E. Retallick, organist and choir-master, the three canticles arranged by Koshetz consisted of "The Trial Before Pilate," "The Crucifixion," and "The Resurrection."

Notice of the concert appeared in the "Providence Journal."

MARINE DOWNS JAP PLANE

Cpl. John Levitsky of Utica, N. Y., Ukrainian by descent, a U.S. Marine, shot down a Jap plane in the Solomon Islands recently with his machine gun. Observing a flight of four Jap planes flying low, he pointed his gun up at one of them and in one burst brought it down. He then proceeded to paint a Jap plane on his gun.

"CUE" FEATURES STORY OF HERMAN'S DANCE CENTER

"Cue," New York City's leading entertainment weekly magazine, featured an illustrated article in its last March 25th number about the Community Folk Dancing Center, 19 St. Marks Place, conducted by Mary Ann Herman, "fresh-cheeked, pretty, Ukrainian-descended wife of Michael Herman [now in service] who started the Community Center" and which has been attracting persons from all walks of life.

The Cue reporter watched "Gjon Mili, Albanian photographer for Life magazine, slapping the floor with a skill rivalled only by the staccato stamps of the Assistant Dean of Columbia [University] and the sedate leg-kicking of a lieutenant commander in the Navy."

Among the 4,000 persons who have patronized the center in the past three years, ranging in age from 16 to 70 years, Cue reports, there were "college professors, truckdrivers, housewives, lawyers, doctors, artists, servicemen, waitresses, and radio people."

if they are to exert their maximum effort to help America and her allies win this war and to help Ukraine attain her national freedom.

A Cross The Devil Can Wear

By Arojas Vitkauskas

It was one of those hot afternoons in the office of Hell. Mr. Satan had just finished reading *Mein Kampf*, and was now waving it wearily in front of his face, using the end of his tail (one advantage the author of the book did not have). On the smoky wall, flashes of soul-burning fire played with the mustache of an unkempt man who was pictured on a new calendar from a paint and wall paper company. The mustache itself looked as if Mr. Satan had just brushed his inky fingernails under the man's nose immediately after helping that same man to sign another treaty. In Hell nothing is left but to inhale, so Mr. Satan took a deep breath of sweet memories once again.

Ever since Nero, Mr. Satan had wanted to have another friend "outside," and now he had one at last. This copy of *Mein Kampf* was signed "with love to my best friend. Yours, Adolph." Heinrich Heydrich, in person, had brought that book from the Fuehrer.

But now it was time to tune in on that "little imp from Berlin," as Mr. Satan had called him once, lovingly, in one of those happy, Goebbels-ish dreams. "The little imp" was always so very amusingly interesting. The radio blared something about "the United Nations." He had certainly no desire to hear that. Ah, there it was. Right after the Great Germany Peanut Company identification, a familiar voice came to Hell. "The Fuehrer has instructed me to say that he will not leave the country as the Kaiser once did." This was mildly disappointing to Mr. Satan, because with the experienced Kaiser working on Hell's wood supply, Mr. Satan had hoped that some day the Fuehrer would have a chance to learn this new trade, and thus be able to bow rhythmically at the other end of a cross cut saw. But satin feelings came back to Satan when the announcer assured his listeners that every single plan designated for Europe and the rest of the world would be followed to the letter.

The buzzer on the desk sounded. Then a voice from the receiver said, "A party to see you."

"Yes, darling." (Mr. Satan always called Cleopatra of Egypt "darling." And she made an excellent receptionist for Hell.) "Let him in."

A pair of heavy boots trampled tempestuously in, and a voice boomed, "Hell! It'll wear!" And a bloody hand held out a cross!

At this moment a secret door at the back of the office burst open, and a special guard bounded hotly into the room.

"Evaporate!" motioned Hell's lord. "It's all right."

With this, His Satanical Majesty snatched the cross from the extended hand and put it about his neck himself. Now flashes from the shining metal flew into the mustache on the calendar. Mr. Satan smiled back.

It was a perfect afternoon now in unconquerable Hell. In Mr. Satan's ears still echoed the words of the messenger: "In appreciation of your warmest co-operation in establishing a New Order."

A cross for the Devil? you ask. And the Devil accepts it? Yes, we answer. First, because all dictators, including him of the Great Hotspot, scorn all traditions. Second, this was a perfect swastika cross. And the lawbooks of Hell hold nothing against such a cross.

(Jersey City, N. J.)

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

A Raid on Berlin

A RECENT recipient of an Air Medal, Lieutenant Theodore Zaborsky, Ukrainian by descent, son of Gregory and Tekla Zaborsky, 233 5th avenue, Brooklyn, N. Y., is the navigator on Fortress "Passion Flower" which has taken part in a score of bombing missions over Nazi-held Europe.

One of these missions, the eighteenth, up to then the toughest of the all, was described by gunner Dick Litherland. It appeared in the *Time*, the weekly newsmagazine (Chicago), for March 20 last. The raid was the first big one of the U.S. air force on Berlin. Sixty-eight Fortresses and Liberators failed to return, but "Passion Flower" dragged home on three engines. Gunner Litherland's story in *Time* magazine was accompanied by a picture showing the fortress' crew in the briefing hut, just after they had been informed that the raid would be over Berlin. "Berlin! Wow!" describes the expressions on the crew members' faces. The biggest "wow!" comes from Zaborsky, seated at the extreme right.

Here is Litherland's vivid story of the Berlin raid in which Zaborsky took part:

It took about an hour in the briefing hut to get all the dope. Then the chaplains came in. A Protestant guy and a Catholic guy. Each had a service at the same time in opposite corners. Just said a little prayer for us; and then wished us luck. Most everybody goes to one or the other. Some went on to Confession, too.

By 6:30 we were wandering down to the ship. The ground crew was just finishing up. It was getting light—grey dawn.

Before the Take-off

Everything was ready so there was nothing to do but horse around, wrestling with Theodore Zaborsky, our navigator, and shooting the bull with the ground crew. It was so warm that morning we were hot in flying clothes. And so still the wind sock was hanging limp.

When we taxied out about 8:15 it was broad daylight. We circled up and up over the field until we were above the clouds. While we were getting into formation we could see hundreds of other Forts coming up at other places to make other formations. Berlin! Wow!

A Little Trouble

Over Europe, just as we saw the first flak, we had a little trouble. The skipper said "Number Four engine is actin' up, but I'm gonna take her on, anyway." He feathered it awhile, then unfeathered just before we hit the German border.

Lot of flak around Hanover but not a fighter until we got near the IP (Initial Point). That first baby came in dead ahead—zingity dow. Then there were about 25 of them—110s, 190s and 410s—the 190s are the worst.

Those 110s were rocket-firing. First they made a pass through our formation with machine guns blinking, then they came up behind and threw their rockets our way.

Friday Gets His First

A little past noon, Friday Weitzel, our right waist gunner, got his first German fighter. First the left waist, Curly Carroll, fired a few bursts into him as he came boring down through the high formation.

I shot him some from my ball turret. Then Friday let him have it as he came through the other side. It just tore his tail off as though a big fist had twisted it. One guy baled out and we saw his chute open.

That first pass hurt our formation a lot. Forts were going down off our left wing—bing, bing. Guys came baling out of all but one. That one blew up—no pieces, even as big as

a wheel, just tiny junk flying through the air.

Another went into a funny flat loop with a full bomb load. Then it pulled out. Chutes came popping out just as one wing cracked off.

That's when you begin to sweat. Our fighters were dog-fighting all around with their fighters—so many things you couldn't watch 'em all at once.

Before I knew it the bombardier was saying "Bombs away" into the interphone. Everybody was a little relieved.

Smart—in Some Ways

Even with all the fighters you could see Berlin plain. The prettiest city I ever seen from the air, prettier than Paris, laid out so perfectly. Those krauts are smart Joes in some ways.

Way down below there was a formation of B-24s crossing direct over Berlin through flak as thick as wheat. Every time there was a hole in the flak some gunner would fill the gap with another burst. There was such heavy air traffic our bombers were practically lining up to get a chance over the target. Our fighters were tearing around everywhere.

Here Come the Poles

Just about that time a gang of Polish R.A.F. guys, flying Mustangs, came in. They were outnumbered five-to-one but they sure put on a show. I saw one take on five krauts and knock down two of them. Our P-38s were out to the sides, trying to break up the fighters that hung out there. The krauts were breaking through and attacking us about eight or ten at a time.

By 1:20 we were beyond the target. Then things got worse. The skipper said, "We're out of formation. Keep your eyes open." He had feathered that Number Four engine and we went down easy to about 5,000 ft.

Four P-38s picked us up there and stuck around while we headed due west toward the blimy shore. There were broken clouds and we dodged into them when the P-38s left us.

Strictly Down

Three 109s were after us, but Skipper put our nose strictly down—until she was indicating 300—and we lost them in a big cloud. As we came out a 190-H belly-tank job like our P-47s came boring in.

Friday got him at 300 yards, but he kept coming until he burst into flames and disappeared below.

I saw another coming. I hollered to Skipper to kick our tail around so we headed right into him. This kraut was plugging our wings—and good—but Curly got him—a black ME-109E, the old type with square wings that look like a Mustang. He was so close we could see oil streaks on his belly and that old white cross with a black one in its middle.

For a couple of minutes nothing happened and Skipper said "Everybody okay, boys? We got three good engines and this is better than playing for fun."

Then flak started comin' up around us again. We did evasive action like you've never seen, turning from side to side, corkscrewing, all with one of our main spars shot away. It's a miracle we didn't lose a wing.

Last Cast

As we came through the flak Jim Arden, the tail gunner, saw a fighter so close he could have thrown a rock at him; but Jim was too hoarse to call her out on the interphone. He just gave her a short burst and the 190 blew up. I think the German had come up on us in a cloud and didn't even know we were there until too late.

Near the Zuider Zee we had P-47s with us a while. You could hear the sighs of relief over the intercom and

UKRAINKA'S MASTERPIECE

By HONORE EWACH

The hero of Lesya Ukrainka's fairy play "Lisova Pisnya" is Lukash, a young man endowed with a gift of interpreting beauty in music. He is just a peasant boy, who grew up in the northern woods of Ukraine, close to Nature. He expresses his poetic soul in music, by playing on a self-made wooden flute.

Lukash is happy as long as he remains true to himself and his wonderful gift. His talent is beneficially influenced when he falls in love with a beautiful wood dryad. But he betrays his love when his mother tempts him with a rosy-cheeked widow Kilina, who lives in the neighborhood. Lukash marries Kilina, and soon is beset with all the petty worries of a prosperous husbandman and a family man. His soul becomes a place for worries. He has no time to moon in the woods and play for the dryads. But he becomes so fed up with his petty daily worries that he becomes partly insane and wanders aimlessly through the woods.

As he comes home he notices a brand new willow-tree in front of his house which was not there when he went away a few days ago. His wife asks him to cut it down, but somehow his arms refuse to obey him. He makes a little flute out of one of the branches of the willow for his stepson. His wife snatches the axe from her husband, swings it around her head, and just as the axe is about to descend and cut down the willow-tree a sheet of flame flashes from the sky and consumes the willow-tree. As the tree burns the sparks set afire the house and all the rest of the farm buildings. But Lukash is indifferent to everything else except to the realization that the willow was his forgotten love, the dryad, in disguise. And as he starts playing on the flute that he had made from the branch of the willow the flute starts to sing in words, telling him that the pain he caused to the dryad by betraying his love for her, gave her the soul, that which never dies but makes the poets sing.

Such is more or less the main theme of the play "Lisova Pisnya." It is a beautiful allegory. It tells what happens to a man born with a creative soul who is tempted by worldly pleasures which in time clutter up the Holy of Holies of his soul and bring him much suffering and unhappiness. Yet it is suffering that purges us of all the daily dross of life. But how often the great self-realization comes to men and women through suffering not until they stand on the brink of the grave!

(Winnipeg, Can.)

BOND DRIVE NETTED \$4,150 FROM 18 FAMILIES

The St. Joseph (Missouri) Ukrainian American community, although remote from other such communities and consisting of only 18 to 20 families, managed nevertheless to buy war bonds amounting to \$4,150 as its contribution to the Ukrainian Congress Committee of America, reports Rev. John Lazar of the Ukrainian Catholic church there. Rev. Lazar was formerly connected with the Newark parish.

everybody started singing and jabbering. One P-47 flying on our wing said, "We've had a field day." You know 176 Germans were shot down that day.

Well, it was another kind of field day for us, flying back from Berlin alone through flak and fighters. As we got near the blimy coast I went forward, put my arm around the skipper and said, "You're the biggest, ugliest sonuvabitch in the world but I love you."

The Problems of Modern Ukrainian Historiography

By PROF. MYKOLA CZUBATYJ

(Paper read at the Conference on the History of East Central Europe in New York City, October 30, 1943)

Why Does Ukrainian Historiography Fall Into The Category of East-Central European Rather Than Eastern European Historiography?

It was with great pleasure that I learned of the plan to renew the activity of the Federation of Eastern European Historical Societies in this hospitable country. This Federation is not unknown to us Ukrainian historians. At the second conference of our Federation in Warsaw during the 7th International Conference of Historians in 1933, I had the honor of representing the Ukrainian Scientific Shevchenko Society of L'viv, and until this day I can see before my eyes the sympathetic figure of the leader of this second conference, Prof. Bidlo, a Czech famous for his research in Slavonic History, and a great friend of Ukrainian Culture.

My address today on "The Problems of Ukrainian Historiography" will deal with one specialized phase of this subject: the main trends in Modern Ukrainian Historiography. I will limit my use of the word "modern" to the period from the First World War until the present day. The question will perhaps arise in the minds of some of those present whether Ukrainian historiography belongs to the East-Central European branch or to the Eastern European. Regarding this problem from the purely geographic standpoint, the Ukrainian people settled largely in Eastern Europe along the North shores of the Black Sea, and only the western settlements extend into Central-Eastern Europe. This problem, however, cannot just be treated in a mechanical manner according to geographic colonization; it must also take into consideration the spiritual inclinations of modern Ukrainianism.

An understanding of Eastern European culture gives rise to the suggestion that we are there dealing with a Eurasian culture, which in comparison with Ukrainian culture, is totally different and strange. The entire modern Ukrainian culture, and not only its historiography, is oriented to Western Europe, and, as a matter of fact, it is this orientation in western European culture that the main characteristics of modern Ukrainianism lie. This orientation toward Western Europe is the backbone of Ukrainian spiritual individualism. When speaking particularly of modern Ukrainian historiography, the new popular historical school is called by some the "School of Europeanists." Therefore, in spite of the fact that the greater part of the Ukrainian people settled in Eastern Europe, modern Ukrainian historiography must, because of its spiritual sentiments, be included in the Central-Eastern Branch.

Prof. Michael Hrushevsky's Scheme of the History of Eastern Europe

Modern Ukrainian historiography begins with the work of its patriarch Michael Hrushevsky, a world famous scholar, and author of a nine-volume "History of Ukraine," which was left unfinished due to his sudden death in exile. His most important ideas as to the position of the history of the Ukrainian people among the histories of other Slavonic people were set forth by Prof. Hrushevsky in a small 18-page dissertation entitled: "The Traditional Scheme of Russian History and the Problem of the Rational Partition of the History of Eastern European Slavs," which had a decisive influence upon all modern Ukrainian historians, and even a certain influence upon the historians of the neigh-

boring peoples, such as the Russians Lubavsky and Presniakoff, the White-Ruthenian Picheta.

Prof. M. Hrushevsky made a clear distinction between the historiography of Ukraine, Russia, White Ruthenia, Poland and the other neighbors of the Ukrainian people, and, in his opinion, the history of Ukraine is that of the ethnographic Ukrainian territory, without taking into consideration the various native or foreign governments under which the people lived for the past 1000 years. In accordance with this principle, Prof. Hrushevsky does not include in Ukrainian history the history of Russian (Muscovite) and White-Ruthenian territory, even though these territories were at one time under the rule of Ukrainian Kiev, which during the period of the Old Ukrainian State, was known by the name of "Rous." On the other hand, the history of the territorial settlements of the Ukrainian people of today belongs to Ukrainian history even though they were under the foreign rule of Lithuania, Poland, Hungary or Russia. From the time of M. Hrushevsky, Ukrainian history became a study clearly separated from the history of the Russians, Poles, White-Ruthenians, as well as of the other neighboring peoples.

The point of view of M. Hrushevsky is followed today without exception by the historians of the Ukrainian people wherever Ukrainian historical research can be pursued without hindrance. His thoughts were accepted not only in the studies of the general history of Ukraine, but also in research work connected with the history of Ukrainian law, economy, philosophy, church and the arts. Prof. Hrushevsky held many views with which even some of his best students did not agree, especially concerning cultural ecclesiastical matters and the problem "What was the most moving and constructive force in the history of the Ukrainian people?" But his historical scheme is accepted by the historians of his nation while opposition to his views greatly stimulated historical thought among his contemporaries and was the cause of the great development of Ukrainian historical research in the last twenty-five years.

M. Hrushevsky, during the 21 years (1893-1914) before the First World War, was professor of the history of Ukraine at the University of L'viv and was the unquestioned authority at this time among all Ukrainian historians living in Austria and Russia. After the World War he was director of the Historical Department of the All-Ukrainian Academy of Sciences in Kiev, until 1930, during which period he educated an entire generation of historians. Every second Ukrainian historian of that period is a former student of Hrushevsky, either of his L'viv or Kiev period, and all retained his historical scheme. I also had the honor of being one of his students.

The thesis of M. Hrushevsky was accepted also by his contemporary Eastern Ukrainian historians who had received their education in Russian institutions, such as Prof. Dmytro Bahaly of Kharkiv University, who was the outstanding specialist of the history of the most Eastern Part of Ukraine (Slobidska Ukraina); Mykola Slabchenko and Alexander Hrushevsky, historians of the economic and social life in Ukraine; Evartnytsky, the historian of the Zaporozhian Sitch; and lastly Orest Levytsky and Alexandra Efymenko, the historians of Ukrainian culture.

From a purely academic standpoint, the immense and very valuable work of M. Hrushevsky—writes the

Ukrainian historian Dmytro Doroshenko, a monarchist and political adversary of M. Hrushevsky—was the last word and conclusion of a long period in the development of Ukrainian historical thought based upon the realization of the practical service which historical knowledge could render to the national ideals of the time. Ukrainian historical knowledge in the period of M. Hrushevsky faithfully fulfilled this duty. But due to the new demands of life and great historical events, this work proved to be insufficient.

The Opposition to the Viewpoints of Prof. Hrushevsky Concerning the Constructive Forces in Ukrainian History

Prof. Michael Hrushevsky was the pupil of the Ukrainian historian Volodymyr Antonovich, who belonged to the ideological group of so-called "Ukrainian Khlopomani" who idealized the Ukrainian masses. Antonovich was the last authoritative representative of the older ethnographical school in Ukrainian historiography, and exercised some influence upon Hrushevsky. On the other hand, Hrushevsky, a Ukrainian Socialist and revolutionist, was also partly influenced by Russian "Narodniki," the predecessors of the Russian Socialist Revolutionary Party. For these reasons, Hrushevsky had a strong feeling for the popular masses, which he considered the main moving power and constructive force of Ukrainian history.

Hrushevsky believed that the Ukrainian masses, not only embodied the true spirit of Ukraine, that is, democracy and love of freedom, but that from these masses there emanated all constructive elements which helped to restore Ukrainian independence and saved Ukrainian culture for posterity. As an example he used the Ukrainian Cossacks, who were the product of the Ukrainian masses, and who brought about the rebirth of the Ukrainian State.

He also held that other achievements of the masses were the Church brotherhoods which helped to restore Ukrainian culture in the 16th and 17th centuries and protected the Orthodox church. He held the opinion that apart from the clergy, all the intelligentsia, and especially the nobility, abandoned the Ukrainian people for opportunist reasons and became camp followers of foreign overlords.

These views of M. Hrushevsky were severely criticized by the talented Ukrainian historian Viacheslav Lypynsky, who emphasized the great role of the intellectual class, and especially of the nobility, during the entire Ukrainian history. Even during popular movements such as the insurrection of Bohdan Khmelnytsky against Poland, the main constructive part in the building of the Ukrainian government was played by the nobility; the masses were able to destroy the foreign regime, but not able to reconstruct the national government. In the opinion of Lypynsky, the major part of the constructive work in Ukrainian history was achieved through the efforts of the intellectual class.

Viacheslav Lypynsky elaborated his theoretical views about the constructive and destructive forces in Ukrainian history, and especially regarding the restoration of independence in past and future, in his work entitled "Letters to my Brother-Husbandmen," which is considered the best historico-sociological book in post-war Ukrainian literature. Viacheslav Lypynsky is the Ukrainian "Maurras"; he is the ideologist and the father of Ukrainian monarchism.

V. Lypynsky was not a student of

PHILA. U.N.A. BRANCH 324 REPORTS:

1. Treasury purchase of \$700.00 in War Bonds.
2. \$25.00 Donation to the Red Cross Drive.
3. \$25.00 Donation to the United War Chest Drive.
4. A total of 113 adult and 22 juvenile U.N.A. members.
5. A total of 17 members in the armed forces. Their names follow: W. J. Burak, J. Burak, Jos. Maksymovich, M. Sambor, R. Slobogin, J. Buchko, John Maksymovich, M. Buchko, P. Buchko, H. Hryhorchuk, G. Slobogin, J. Yacyshyn, Y. Fostyk, H. Marcynyszyn, D. Olienick, J. Phillips, J. Zeniuk.

Ukrainian National Association Br. No. 324—Society "Peace"—was organized in Philadelphia in 1912. Its organizational initiative resulted in the official incorporation of the Ukrainian League of Philadelphia located at 23rd and Brown Streets. The League is the second largest of its kind in the Quaker City and serves the largest consolidated Ukrainian American community in that city. Here again is a shining example of where the Ukrainian National Association's fraternalism is the very backbone of Ukrainian American life!

Present officers of Branch 324 are Messrs. Alex Horohiwsky, President, Peter Maksymovich, Treasurer, and Michael Turkot, Secretary.

Meetings are held the second Saturday of each month at the Ukrainian League, 23rd and Brown Streets, and the secretary's address is 851 North 24th Street.

Members are strongly urged to attend these monthly meetings or, at least pay their dues before the deadline. While the officers realize the many obligations members have, the branch officers likewise must meet certain obligations, and it would be doubly difficult for the secretary to see 135 members each month at their homes. The U.N.A. is not a commercial insurance company. As you should know—it is a fraternal organization, and fraternalism can only prevail when all brothers lend equal cooperation. Other U.N.A. members: kindly take mental note of this before you decide to skip a meeting because of the weather.

DIETRIC SLOBOGIN

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83 GRAND STREET,
JERSEY CITY, N. J.

Professor Hrushevsky in the real sense. As a matter of fact, many students of Hrushevsky became followers of Lypynsky because of his critical views about the constructive value of the Ukrainian masses; among these were Ivan Krypiakovich, Omelian Terletsky, Ivan Kryvetsky, Stephan Tomashivsky, and Myron Koruba, among others, as well as Dmytro Doroshenko who was not a student of Hrushevsky. These historical views were held also by a large number of the younger generation historians—M. Andrusiak, A. Krupnytsky, Y. Lypa and others. Although perhaps not always in agreement with the monarchist convictions of Lypynsky, his followers criticized the opinions of Hrushevsky because he devoted too much attention to the history of the Ukrainian masses and not enough to the history of Ukrainian State organization.

(To be continued)

FLIGHT NURSE

AIR EVACUATION NURSES SPEED WOUNDED HOME

ACTING as a stretcher bearer on a tortuous jungle trail deep in the wilds of New Guinea, a young American soldier fell wounded, victim of a Jap sniper. He managed to hurl a grenade which killed the Jap and to take the sulfa tablets which every soldier carries, then lapsed into a coma.

Corpsmen picked up the critically hurt man. The bullet was removed from his back at a surgery just behind the front lines and he was rushed by ambulance to an advanced air base hacked out of the jungle. Four days later he was in a hospital in southern California.

In Sicily, an American fighter pilot, forced to bail out of a disabled plane, landed in a narrow ditch with a broken leg. Within an hour he had been transported by jeep to an Allied airfield, where he was placed aboard a plane of the Troop Carrier Command which only a few hours before had landed with ammunition and supplies. The flier was flown first to a base hospital in North Africa. Another plane transported him to a hospital in Florida, having brought him back to the United States in forty-five hours.

Almost daily, wounded men requiring specialized medical care or long convalescence are returned to this country from the far-flung fighting fronts of the world abroad planes of the Air Transport Command. Casualties from India and China who would otherwise be subjected to as much as two months of tiring passage in an ocean convoy are flown home in a week.

Caring for the wounded on these air trips of thousands of miles are flight nurses of the Army Nurse Corps, especially trained to handle patients at altitudes of three to four miles because surgeons usually cannot go on such flights.

In the air and lonely outposts from the wind-swept Aleutians to the sun-baked deserts of Africa the flight nurses administer medications and hypodermics to ease pain, reinforce bandages, administer oxygen and blood plasma, and supervise the feeding of their patients. Most of their charges are seriously wounded and many are suffering from the first few hours of shock. They have not yet had time to adjust themselves to their injuries and handicaps. Often the flight nurses are first women with whom the wounded men have come in contact for months and the tact and understanding with which they are treated has an important psychological effect on their recovery.

"Gosh!" many of the men exclaim when they are loaded aboard one of the big four-motored transports and get their first glimpse of an American girl, "A nurse! And on an airplane!"

The air ambulances are the same camouflaged planes that bring troops, supplies and equipment forward. Instead of returning empty, they carry back casualties, using fighter escorts when necessary.

Flight nurses, who wear the distinctive winged insignia, are trained in a six-week course at the AAF School for Air Evacuation at Bowman Field, Kentucky. The Army nurses chosen for this work must pass the physical examination required of all flying personnel, and must be recommended by the senior flight surgeon as particularly adapted for air evacuation duties.

The course is a strenuous one. It includes, besides aerial medicine, aeronautics, tropical medicine, intravenous therapy, field sanitation, compass, map and aerial photography orientation, defense against air and gas attacks and other military and medical subjects.

Medical Air Transport Squadrons today serve wherever American troops are fighting and along the Air

Getting Married in Ukraine

LAST week we described how in Ukraine a young couple went about getting engaged, and this week we tell of the other preliminary steps leading to the wedding ceremony itself. In reading the account below it must be borne in mind that it is based on studies made by the prominent Ukrainian ethnographer, anthropologist and archeologist, Khvedir Vovk, during the early part of this century, and that some of these customs vary in different sections of the country.

"Smereka"

Because of the agricultural cycle, a wedding in Ukraine usually takes place in the autumn or even in winter, after all harvesting has been done.

A day or two before the wedding day, usually on Friday, the bridegroom together with his best man goes out into the forest and chops down a small fir tree (known as "smereka" in Western Ukraine and "hytse" in Eastern Ukraine), usually not more than three feet in height. In order that this act be fortunate, it must be performed in the morning, the "blessed time." The fir is then set into the center of a large loaf of bread, and decorated with goose feathers, flowers, oats, guelder-roses, stalks of rue, nuts, apples (symbols of fertility), and lighted candles. It is then placed on a table fronting the holy pictures, where it stands throughout the entire wedding ceremony. In many parts of Galicia (part of Western Ukraine), the "smereka" is carried before the wedding couple during the marriage ceremony.

"Barvinok"

The preparation of the "smereka" is accompanied by the weaving of the "barvinok" (wreath) for the bride. It is made of a certain species of periwinkle flowers, which in Ukraine are symbolical of first love and marriage. A bit of honey is smeared over it, a head or two of garlic fastened to it to safeguard the bride against evil spells, and a few coins attached in order to bring good luck for the bride and protect her against the "evil eye." The weaving of the "barvinok" is a cooperative task, in which all the women present take part. When it has been completed the tops of its leaves are painted in gold. Then it is taken and given to the bride's father in order that he may bless her with it. This act consists of touching her forehead with the wreath three times, and then placing it on her head with his blessings.

Inviting Guests for the Wedding

When the "smereka" and the "bar-

vinok" have been completed, the bride gathers her party and they leave her home to invite relatives and friends to the wedding. In leaving the house she must take care to walk in the direction of the sun, even though later she may have to change to the direction in which she really has to go. Singing, laughing, and joking, the party slowly wends its way through the village streets. Their songs recount the purpose of their journey. Usually their first stop is at the home of the priest and then at the home of the village squire or mayor. In both places the bride, after extending them an invitation to come to her wedding, leaves with them a specially prepared and decorated loaf of bread. This custom of leaving the bread at the home of the squire or mayor is believed to have descended from the old custom of the bride having to go to the castle of the overlord before consummating her marriage with her husband—the so-called "seigniorial right," generally believed to have been abolished during the reign of Queen Olga (10th century) but in fact existing in some sections of Eastern Ukraine up to the abolishment of serfdom in 1861.

While the bride with her party is going through the village inviting guest to her wedding, the bridegroom with his party is doing likewise. His party, however, is not at all as colorful and ceremonious as that of his wife-to-be. Very often both parties meet, whereupon ensues much bantering and gayety, and custom requires that the bride and the groom kiss then.

Where the village is small, it usually so happens that its entire population is invited to the wedding. The inviting is done as follows: the party remains outside the home while the bride goes to meet the master and mistress of the household. Before them she bows low, and if there be any children, then before them too. She then gives them a small loaf of bread shaped like a pine cone ("shyshka"), and begins her invitation as follows: "My father, my mother, and I take pleasure in inviting you to come to my wedding," etc. In reply she is thanked graciously and given gifts consisting of embroidered towels or shawls, a chicken, a loaf of bread, or anything similar the household can afford, which she gives to her bridesmaids to carry. If among those whom she has invited there is maiden, she also joins the party, unless, of course, she is not invited.

But more important are the courage and skilled hands of the Army flight nurse!

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When everyone has been invited, the bride and her party return home, where her family and friends are awaiting them. Entering the yard the girls begin a new cycle of songs, which tell those inside that their mission is done and ask whether everything is ready to receive the bride. In reply those inside sing that all is ready and thank them for their trouble. At this juncture the "starosta" (matchmaker) appears in the doorway. The girls ask him for his blessing without which they dare not enter. He thrice blesses them and thrice makes the sign of the cross over the doorway with his cane. That is the signal for them to enter. The bride enters first, and bows low before her parents. The "starosta" then gives her one end of the specially-embroidered towel he holds and with it leads her thrice around the table, finally seating her in the "posada"—the place of honor. When all have been seated, a new cycle of songs is begun. Among them is one which is sung in case the bride's father is dead. It is one of the best examples of a wedding song, comparing favorably with some of the finest passages of the immortal "Song of Ihor's Legion":

When this series of songs has been completed, the bridegroom with his party makes his appearance. He is greeted with songs depicting him as a great warrior who has come to take his bride by force. He is preceded by his sister, who steps forward holding in her hand a small bouquet of flowers with three lighted candles in its center. She is met at the doorstep by the bride's mother, also holding a candle. Both place their right foot on the doorstep and greet each other with a kiss. Then the mother bids her, her brother and his party to enter. The newcomers enter, the men folk among them being careful to keep their hats on. Each of them is greeted personally by the bride's mother, and to the bridegroom's parents she gives each an embroidered towel. The chief bridesmaid then asks the "starosta" for permission to sew a flower on the bridegroom's hat. When that is granted she takes the hat and sews to it a little wreath which the bride has given her specially for this purpose. In the meanwhile, because it is improper for him to be hatless at this time, he puts on the hat of one of his friends. All this is done while the chorus of girls sing their songs.

The Reception

When the feasting is done, the bride arises and is led around the table in the same manner as before, pausing at each corner to bow and kiss the loaf of bread that is lying there. If the weather is warm, the whole party goes out into the orchard, where they dance late into the night. Everyone, beginning with her father, takes a turn in dancing with her. The bridegroom, however, is not even permitted to linger about. The poor soul is left alone to himself.

Знати Марисейку,
Знати сиротойку,

Що на посаг засідає;
А ей віночок
Все з фіялочок
Порошком перепадає.
А ей батейко
Перед милим богом служити.
Яснов свічечков горить,
Моломуся богу молити:
Пустий мене, боженьку,
З чорнов хмаров на село,
З дрібним дощем на землю,
З ясним сонцем віконцем:
Най я ся подивлю
На своє дитятко,
Хто му справить весіллячко,
Справляють йому люде,
Жаль батейкові буде.

When the chief bridesmaid has finished with sewing the little wreath unto the bridegroom's hat, she then dons it herself and singing vows her intention of not giving it back to him until he has paid tribute to her. Singing in reply the best man offers her a drink as a bribe to return the hat. She refuses. Then those present divide themselves into two choruses and both sing to one another in the manner of two traders bargaining. Finally, they come to terms. The best man pays the tribute in some form or other in return for which she gives up the hat, which the best man places on the bridegroom's head. Thereupon the girls turn to the bride's father with a new song, which tells that they are hungry and that he should give them something to eat. Supper then is served, and the completion of each course is followed by songs.

When the feasting is done, the bride arises and is led around the table in the same manner as before, pausing at each corner to bow and kiss the loaf of bread that is lying there. If the weather is warm, the whole party goes out into the orchard, where they dance late into the night. Everyone, beginning with her father, takes a turn in dancing with her. The bridegroom, however, is not even permitted to linger about. The poor soul is left alone to himself.

S. S.

A HISTORY OF UKRAINE

by MICHAEL HRUSHEVSKY

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Know Your Army!

Just between you and me, it seems that many people do not know their Army ratings. I have heard civilians refer to corporals as second lieutenants, probably thinking that that's what two stripes represent. Privates have been mistaken for just about everything, as uninformed persons, in many instances, jump to the conclusion that shiny emblems, ribbons, insignia, decorations, and the like, means the soldier is a colonel or something. Even soldiers themselves, particularly the newly-inducted rookies, make the mistake of saluting non-commissioned officers (corporals and sergeants) for one reason or another; worse yet, they sometimes fail to salute an officer who is entitled to a salute and this, naturally, could lead to trouble. But the boys learn fast, sometimes the hard way.

The main thing to remember about Army grades is that there are non-commissioned officers and commissioned officers. Only the commissioned officers rate a salute. The non-coms wear their ratings on their sleeves, and the officers wear their grades on their shirt collars, and on the shoulders of their coats and jackets. The latter also wear their insignia on their overseas caps; on their garrison hats they wear large spread-eagle emblems.

Starting at the beginning, then, a soldier with no chevrons on his sleeves and no bars, oak leaf, eagle, or stars on his shoulders and shirt collar, is a Private—and take my private word for it, the Army's full of privates. Private is abbreviated Pvt. A man wearing one stripe is a Private First Class (P.F.C.); but he is not a non-commissioned officer. Two stripes is worn by a Corporal (Cpl.) and three stripes by a Sergeant (Sgt.) and both are non-coms. A Staff Sergeant (S/Sgt.) wears three stripes and one arc; a Technical Sergeant (T/Sgt.)—not to be confused with technician—wears three stripes and two arcs; a Master Sergeant (M/Sgt.) wears three stripes and three arcs. The chevrons of a First Sergeant (1st Sgt.) are similar to those of Master Sergeant except that there is a lozenge or diamond between the stripes and arcs. All the sergeants are non-coms.

There are three grades of technicians. A Technician Fifth Grade (T/5) wears two stripes over the letter T; his rank is equivalent to that of corporal. A Technician Fourth Grade (T/4) wears three stripes over the letter T; this grade is equivalent to that of sergeant. A Technician Third Grade (T/3) wears three stripes over T and one arc; it is equivalent to staff sergeant. These technicians are considered non-coms.

Now we come to the commissioned officers, who wear their insignia of rank on their shoulders, shirts and collars. A Second Lieutenant (2nd Lt.) wears one gold bar. A First Lieutenant (1st Lt.) wears one silver bar. Two silver bars are worn by a Captain (Capt.) A Major (Maj.) wears gold oak leaf, while a Lieutenant Colonel (Lt. Col.) wears a silver oak leaf. We have reached the big guns now as the next rank is that of Colonel (Col.), represented by a silver eagle. But even heavier artillery follows in the form of Brigadier General (Brig Gen.), represented by one star; Major General (Maj. Gen.), two stars; Lieutenant General (Lt. Gen.), three stars. The biggest gun is, of course, the four-star General (Gen.).

There are two other ranks in the Army and they are Chief Warrant Officer (CWO) and Warrant Officer Junior Grade (WOJG). Their insignia consists of a brown bar, rounded at the corners; the CWO's bar contains a gold stripe, while the junior's has a gold bar. Both are officers by warrant and rate a salute from all enlisted men (privates and non-coms); they

SERVICEMEN ARE RELIGIOUS

That faith plays an important role in the lives of service men is confirmed in a letter recently received from Corporal Theodore Shumeyko, 21, somewhere in England. He wrote it on Ukrainian Easter, April 16. Excerpts of it follow:—

"Today is Easter, our Easter, and since I have some spare time I have decided to write this letter, especially since by writing it I feel closer to home and to the times—remember?—when our whole clan sat down to the table for the "sviachene," when all seven of us "kids," not mention the "vuyky" and "tsoiky" received Easter greetings from Pa and Ma, and then fell to eating the "kobassy" and the "shynky" (yum, yum. I wish I had some here now—gulp!) with such gusto that when we got to church and started to sing in the choir, our voices were just so many strange choked sounds forcing their way through the layers upon layers of food. Well, it wasn't as bad as all that, still no one can deny that on Easter the choirs always sound rather strained.

But to come back to reality. Precisely—to where I am now. My Easter here was hardly different from other days except that since it was Sunday I had an extra hour of sleep. And believe you me, that extra hour makes a word of difference. Anyway, later that morning, about ten-thirty, I went to church with a group of men. The building was packed. In fact they are talking of moving the church into a larger hut in order to accommodate the ever increasing crowd of worshippers.

Jews and Chinese In Church

"In this connection I noticed one very interesting fact. And that is that although the men try as much as possible to attend their own church yet none of them hesitate even a moment to attend a church of another faith. During mass today I noticed quite a few Jewish boys and a few Chinese lads present. They like to go in and listen to the sermon and pray in their own language and way. Some of the men who attend church services certainly look as if they believe in nothing else but themselves, but on Sunday they go to church just like the rest of us. I cannot explain exactly what prompts us to go to church, but one thing is certain, and that is that it strengthens our faith and makes us realize that there is a lot more in this world than just this army."

A New Use for a Helmet

Further on, Cpl. Shumeyko dwells on the difficulties involved in writing a letter.

"In case you are having difficulty in reading this, then please bear in mind that we have no chairs or tables here, so I'm forced to improvise. No doubt you have heard of the many uses to which our steel helmets are put. Today I discovered another one, and if no patent is pending I shall patent it myself. Please advise my Washington attorneys of this and let them file the necessary papers. Well, the new use of the helmet is that of an excellent seat. Thus when you write a letter and

are outranked by the commissioned officers.

So there's your Army ratings. Where the WAC (Women's Army Corps) and ANC (Army Nurse Corps) are concerned, the insignia is the same as that of the regular Army.

If you have trouble identifying Army insignia, this information should be of some help to you.

Any questions?

PVT. THEODORE LUTWINIAK,
A. S. N. 42004311

209th Hospital Ship Complement
Sec. B, Staging Area, C.P.E.
Charleston, South Carolina.

use your bunk as a writing table (not very graceful, but quite effective, especially since it's pretty hard), you just squat down on your helmet. Indeed it's very comfortable seat. To give you an idea how comfortable... well, just use your imagination. I have now become quite adept in this method of writing, and have a good mind to recommend it to our C.O. when out on maneuvers.

"Well, I see, brother, that you have been promoted to the head of the class and now you are in 1A. Just as I expected. I always knew you were a bright lad, even if you are the oldest. Still it seems that three brothers already in service are enough for awhile. But then perhaps they want you, too, in order to organize a good Ukrainian singing quartet. But if they have to take you in, I do hope you can get yourself a commission. Believe me, brother, just because an officer can't get into the Stage Door Canteen and a private can, does not make a private's life one to be desired.

About the Second Front

"I suppose you have been following the news of the war much more closely than I have, but I want to tell you about the sentiment here. Recently I heard an extremely interesting "theory" expounded by one G.I. who had just finished reading about the Soviet advance into Crimea. And this is what he said: "Listen, fellows, why should we start a second front and go through so much bother turmoil. Why not just wait here and let the Russians ("don't forget the Ukrainians"—I said) march right down to the Channel, cross it, and then we'll have a real shindig in London." Most of us agreed it would be a good idea. But all kidding aside, Steve, those Soviet Russian and Ukrainian armies are doing a superb job, and they're certainly to be admired for it, even if one can't stomach communism—which I don't think has anything at all to do with the fighting strength of the Soviet forces.

"By the way, I read that there's some very bloody fighting around our parent home town near Ternopil. I wonder if "stryko" is still alive. I wonder if anyone from the family there is still alive...

"Please keep on sending me the Weekly and the Sunday N. Y. Times."

"Your kid brudder,

"Theodor"

WHAT THEY SAY

Professor Edgar F. Robinson, chairman of the Institute of American History, Leland Stanford University:

"The sweep of events, and our new participation in them, have carried us into a new day in every social, economic and political relationship on American soil. But the new world situation has also carried us into every part of the globe as Americans, and our history subject matter now takes new shape. We give new places to geography, language, customs and ideas. But first of all... we give first place to Americans as they advance, work, live and die in the new habitat of America. We must, of course, know other peoples, but, if we are to be effective in teaching Americans their place in the world, it is to be done not so much by teaching them the history of other peoples as it is by teaching them the history of their fellow Americans in this new world. It is Americans in action in this new setting and American ideas in the new world that the American people must understand first of all if those of us who stay at home are going to follow an honest, effective and constructive road to international action."

UKRAN D O M S

By ALEXANDER YAREMKO

Frankly, this writer is fed up in hearing and reading so much about the "Polish Question" over the air and in the press. The Poles have stirred up more smoke about the future boundaries of Poland than all other nationalities combined. Fanatical Polish patriots are constantly chirping and yelping about "Poor Poland." The Congressional Record is cluttered with resolutions, speeches and letters from Polish Societies in America which continue to flood our busy congressmen with solicitations for sympathetic support. Professional Polish lobbyists in Washington and "influential Poles" are spending a fortune in their determined drive to see that America will exert sufficient pressure on the Soviets to guarantee a big and mighty Poland. Newspaper columnists occasionally play up the Polish propaganda by overemphasizing the importance of the "problem." Others express concern over the Soviet-Polish diplomatic rift as though it bore symptoms of some impending major calamity. It's high time our congressmen and journalists wised up and ignored the issue so effectively promoted by Poles who seem more concerned about Poland than about America! It is indeed disturbing to find Polish-American politicians such as Representatives Lesinski of Michigan and Monkiewicz of Connecticut proclaim in Detroit recently to the effect that although they are on opposite political fences (Dem. and Rep.), that nevertheless they "are first of all, Polish Patriots." Is not this treason? Or is it mere "free speech"? Yet, if a group of Ukrainian Americans convene to discuss the possibilities of a free and independent Ukrainian Republic, the Ukrainians are promptly branded as "fascists." Do the Poles have a license in America to speak for Poland whereas the Ukrainians cannot exercise such right? The Poles should realize that no amount of clamoring, influence or pressure in Washington and London will change the mind of Stalin in Moscow. The Poles know but will not admit that the so-called Eastern Poland has always been inhabited overwhelmingly by Ukrainians who had bitter experiences of deprivations and persecutions while under Polish rule. Stalin and his boys have made it clear months ago that this disputed territory will be made part of the Soviet Union. This matter is closed. And if the Poles continue to raise protests, true Polish territory (Warsaw, Krakow, Lodz, Gdynia, etc.) may also be made a Soviet State. And as for the non-cooperative threat of the Polish Underground, it is over-emphasized. The French Underground is by far more important as there are twice as many Frenchmen as there are Poles. The war will be won in France, not Poland. Let us concentrate our interests on France, not Poland. . . . "Poles in Iran Have Abused Aid Given by Allies" is the heading of a sensational report by Correspondent James Aldridge from Moscow recently. Prefacing the list of Polish misdemeanors he writes: "I have been trying to tell these facts for a year. Until now no censorship would pass them. . . . I have heard many Americans say they would like to tell the real story about the Poles but that it was useless because the Poles have such a powerful lobbying bloc in Washington." Your correspondent can confidentially confide that many of the Poles comprising the Polish Army in England and Scotland are very very unpopular because their attitude, antics and conduct. At last the "noble virtues" of Poles are being exposed.

EVERYBODY SAVING IN
EVERY PAYDAY.  WAR BONDS

G. I. LIFE IN THE JUNGLE

Recently a news item in The Ukrainian Weekly told of the promotion of Stephen Dmytriw, of Jersey City, to Staff Sergeant in the Army Air Force, somewhere in the Pacific war theatre.

It is not surprising that he turned out to be a good soldier. Think of any boy you know in the Service, whose Ukrainian parents etched in a similar background for his youth, and you will find a good American soldier, who knows what he is fighting for and what he wants to preserve.

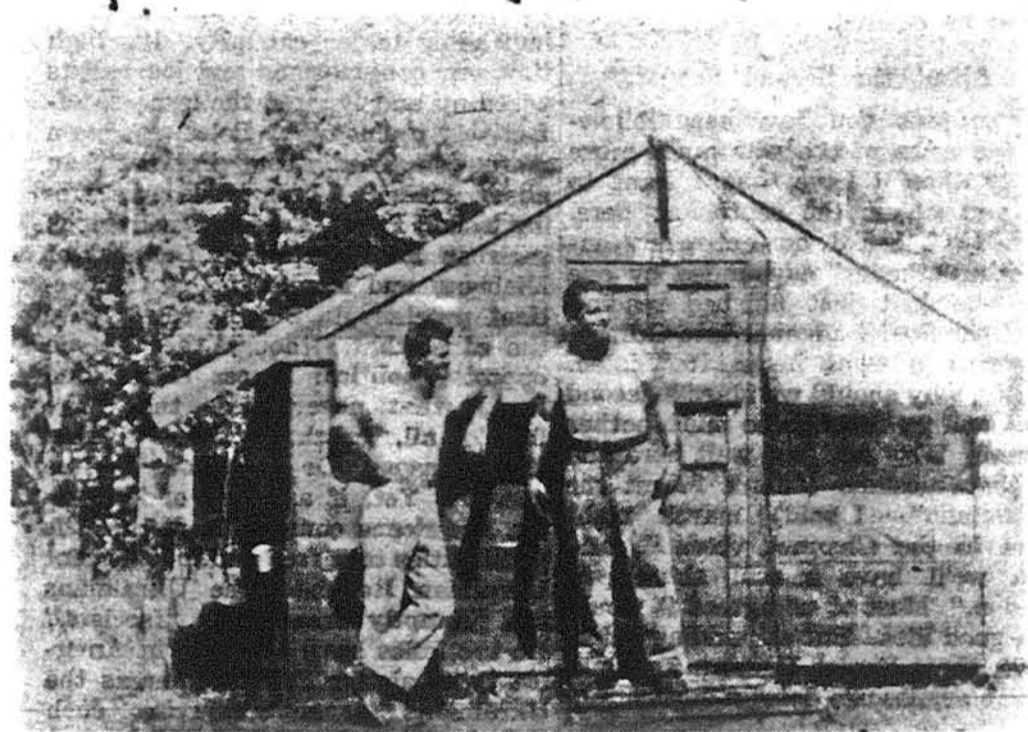
Mr. and Mrs. Peter Dmytriw saw that their son had the proper Ukrainian upbringing. Merely by contrasting his own way of life with the history of his oppressed forebears, he learned to value his American freedom.

In his young life, Steve, like many of his Ukrainian contemporaries in

Then a brief respite from fighting, only because of a needed operation, performed at the front. Dark days followed, when past memories brought no comfort, when the faces of his loved ones were hard to recall. Finally his old American sense of humor pulled him out of his blue funk and he went back to "Keeping them flying."

After two years of actual fighting and three away from home, the stoutest heart will yearn for a little rest and a chance to catch up on his dreams, so Steve's old friends can understand his latest letter, which follows:

"It has been nice and peaceful around here lately. We were tired of 'working,' so managed to enjoy a nice, lonesome and boring holiday. The "stuff" came from New Zealand and by midnight we were all 'shwing-



THE "HOUSE" THAT STEVE BUILT
(Somewhere in the Solomon Islands)

the N. Y. Metropolitan area, has stored up many precious memories: Of singing beautiful church music with Mr. Gela; of traveling to different cities and World's Fairs to sing, or dance or play in performances that always "wowed" the American audiences; the unforgettable concerts of the massed choirs at Carnegie and Town Halls, singing under Koshetz; the fun during and after those rehearsals; the bowling matches after Stephen Marusevich's chorus rehearsals; playing the lovely music of Hayvoronaky in the latter's orchestra; the community picnics each summer; the parish dances through the winters; the debates at the forums and the fun at the banquets and dances of the Youth Conventions; and most of all the choir outings, where he met and fell in love with Anne Adamchak.

With such a full and interesting life, it is no wonder that Steve enlisted in 1940 to help to preserve his American way of life.

Was at Pearl Harbor

In the three years since his enlistment, Steve has said goodbye forever to the carefree days of his youth. He, like many of our boys, grew old all of a sudden. It may have been on December 7, 1941, when with outraged fury he helped repulse the attack on Pearl Harbor. The fury lasted for months when he was sent, a battle-hardened veteran now, to newer fighting fronts, in the South Pacific. It mounted when his American sense of fair play was ridiculed by the Japs and he had to learn their sneaky fighting tactics. It sustained him when he was forced to crouch in foxholes, eat dehydrated food, live in the steamy, smelly jungle, always plagued with fever, till the inevitable days of despair came. His letters then kept asking: "When will you Americans wake up? Don't you know what's happening here?"

ing and shwying,' Japs or no Japs. "Yeah, we get shows here. We sit on a log to enjoy the picture, 3rd rates mostly, and the rain always knows when to let us have it.

"Say, do you get much of that dehydrated stuff called food back home? Wonder if they could dehydrate some soldiers to relieve us?

"Wild Life" in Jungle

"We have birds in this tropical paradise of ours, cockatoos, parakeets. They look pretty in daylight, but at night you figure they're in cahoots with the enemy. They make the weirdest and most unholy noises. Lots of 'wild life' in these jungles. Take that any way you please! In the early days, the 'wild life' would not let us sleep—not that we could sleep in the steaming heat, even though we all stripped for coolness. One night I remember trying to get some needed sleep—lots of work to do next day—and something made me look up. Silhouetted in the opening of my tent was one of those 'little monkeys.' I got so mad that I reached for my bayonet, jumped up and chased that Nip right into a Marine camp, where he was nicely taken care of. All in all, this is a nice place to make Tarzan feel at home.

"Women, girls, all over the place—pinned up on ceilings, painted on planes, trucks, etc. Oh no, no live ones, but oh, those painted ones!

"Chow is not so bad. At least it is fresh—fresh out of a can, box or whatever they can pack it in, to last a heck of a long time. Even milk comes in powdered form. Mix it with water, try it a little at a time and before you know it, in two year's time, you will swear it tastes just like milk. The eggs—

"Want to know how I feel now? Well, a little jumpy after three years. It is a funny thing, give a guy a little action, oh he will get nervous, sure, but if men are needed to go up

Coast Guard To Hold Tests For Academy

Nation-wide examinations for candidates applying for admission to the United States Coast Guard Academy will be held on May 10 and 11 this year, the Commandant of the Coast Guard, Rear Admiral Russell R. Waesche, announced recently.

Appointments to cadetships in the Coast Guard Academy are made through competitive examinations open to candidates who are not less than 17 years of age nor more than 22 on May 1, 1944. They must have fulfilled the requirements as to character and standing in the community, be physically sound; and have an educational background that would justify their designation for taking the examinations.

While the minimum educational requirement for a candidate is graduation from high school, a good proportion of the annual applicants are young men from preparatory schools and colleges.

In determining the final mark of candidates, three subjects are given equal weight—Mathematics, English, and General Adaptability.

The adaptability grade is made on the basis of a personal interview during which the examiner appraises the candidates general fitness and adaptability for the service, taking into consideration his previous school record in such matters as scholastic and athletic attainments, leadership and personality.

Queries regarding places of examination and other information should be addressed to the Commandant, U. S. Coast Guard, Washington, D. C.

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Essential Workers need Statement of Availability. If transferring to less essential need U. S. Employment Service consent in addition. Critical workers also need both.

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ПОТРІБНО досвідчених людей чистити вікна. Голосіться до: Union Window Cleaning Co., 308 Monroe St., Passaic, N. J.

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—FOR VICTORY: BUY BONDS—

A GAY SPRING FROLIC
— sponsored by the —
U. N. A. YOUTH CLUB
Saturday, April 29, 1944
at **UKRAINIAN HALL**
849 N. Franklin St., Philadelphia, Pa.
CONTINUOUS DANCING WITH
NICK BOLEY and his Casa Del Rey
Orchestra—**WALTER CHERKAS**
Ukrainian Band
8:00 P. M.

FIRST ANNUAL BALL

— sponsored by —
THE UKRAINIAN AMERICAN PARENTS' ASS'N OF ARMED FORCES
SATURDAY MAY 6th, 1944
— to be held at the —
UKRAINIAN SITCH HALL, 506-508 Eighteenth Avenue, NEWARK, N. J.
Music by **JOSEPH SNIHUR'S** Orchestra
Tickets, 60 cents (including tax) **SERVICEMEN FREE**
Commencing 8:00 P. M. till late.

SPRING FESTIVAL and RADIO BALL

— sponsored by —
SURMA RADIO PROGRAM
SUNDAY, MAY 7th, 1944
at **WEBSTER HALL, 119 EAST 11th STREET, NEW YORK, N. Y.**
ENTERTAINERS: Mary Polyniak, Capt. J. D. D. Powers, Natalka Drozdjak, Ukrainian Dancing Society, Margaret Savicka, Lesia Honchar, Taras Batiuk, Olga Redchuk, Michael Pankiw, Olga Dmytriw.
ORCHESTRA by **JOSEPH SNIHUR** and **SEVEN HONEYES**.
Dancing starts 5 P. M. Concert 8 P. M. Admission 75¢ incl. tax
EVERYONE CORDIALLY INVITED.

forward, why he is right up in front, the first to go. Kinda grows on you.

A Typical Day

How does the day go? Well, you get up anytime—between 4 and 5 A. M. do your job, sorry, can't say what—get relieved, eat chow, and then get ready to relieve the guy who relieved you. That goes on day in and day out, that same old stuff. Now that it is a little quiet, we get a day off, every now and then, but that's worse, 'cause there is nothing to do, no place to go. Very uninteresting. I must say. Enclosed is a picture of the shack my buddy and I built on our days off. All you need to build one is a G.I. saw, a hammer, some nails and something to trade for the lumber. We have all the comforts of home now: A cot, sans mattress or pillow, two wooden boxes for wall lockers, a good-sized bomb-crate for a desk. Even a kerosene lantern, which gives us light, draw mosquitoes and smokes them out again. No music, I miss that—we sing, though.

"You asked what I thought of the Japs at Pearl Harbor. It would not be polite to say. I have seen P.H.

get hit, and I shall never forget it. I have seen a lot more after it, and now I know that the tide has turned.

"When I come back to my folks and my Annie, I would like to finish aeronautical school. I am getting all my practical experience out here on the planes, getting paid for it, too. It is hard work, but worth it. Hell, I am in the best squadron out here, no maybes about it. I would kinda hate to leave it; we have been through so much. We are all buddies who know the score: we moan, we groan, ride the mess and everything, but we can do it. We drink, laugh, sometimes shake together, heck—we even know we're good. When these new chaps come in, you often hear "The 12th is a crack outfit." Boy, that makes you feel proud. Yes, we're all homesick, tired, lonesome, but mention moving up on the Japs—hell—we're ready and that is no flag-waving—we just know the score.

"Well, I shall close now. Write often. Send my regards and best wishes to all and here's hoping to see you all soon, Your G.I. Friend, Steve."

M. M.