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THE YOUNGEST GENERATION

III

To resume again our discussion of the past two weeks concerning some of the means of arousing in the children who constitute our youngest Ukrainian American generation (i. e. the second American-born generation) a sense of awareness and appreciation of their Ukrainian cultural heritage, we would like to point out still another way in which the home can influence such children in that direction.

Previously, as our readers recall, we had explained that by taking their children to church and various Ukrainian community affairs, and by giving them at home at least some knowledge of the Ukrainian language, the children's parents (i. e. those of the first American born generation), would be truly taking a sizeable step forward toward giving their children that interest in their Ukrainian cultural heritage, which would enable them to cultivate its finest elements,— at least for the purpose of introducing its most adaptable elements into the pattern of American life.

Now we propose to deal with the role Ukrainian historical stories can play at home in this connection.

It is generally realized that the stories a child hears either at home or in school exert a great influence on its character and inclinations. The proper type of historical stories, for example, can awaken in the child a sense of patriotism that remains thereafter well nigh indestructible. Thus a child that hears or reads stories about the American frontiersmen, like Daniel Boone, George Rogers Clark, or Dave Crockett, and the adventures that befell them while they were hewing a nation out of the wilderness, will forever remember them and be inspired by their heroic deeds, even when maturity brings in its wake newer and broader conceptions of what constitutes a nation's development and history.

This fact should be borne in mind by the parents of our youngest generation who strive to inculcate into their children some sense of appreciation of their Ukrainian cultural heritage. And so in telling their children colorful stories drawn from American history, they should likewise tell them the equally colorful stories of Ukrainian historical life. Kozak stories, for instance, find an immediate response in the children's imagination.

What Ukrainian immigrant today does not recall "Za Sestroyiu" or "Sahaydachny"—children's stories which are replete with adventurous Kozak characters, their constant border warfare with the Turks and Tartars, their naval expeditions over the stormy Black Sea to Kaffa or Constantinople, and their valiant defense of their faith and nationality? Well, the same two stories and others like them can serve our second American-born generation equally well, even in their English translation, such as those that have already appeared on these pages. We do know of several cases where these stories were read to the children directly from the Weekly, with excellent results; every evening the children wanted to hear more, for example, about the adventures of Petrush "In Quest of His Sister" (Za Sestroyiu), and about the Kozaks and about Ukraine as well (one five-year-old girl whom we know has become so interested in the life of Kozaks that she has already evolved her own theory why the Zaporozhian Kozaks allowed no women in their Sitch garrison; it was—as she told another little girl—simple because "women makes men noivous!")

For older children, of course, worth reading, too, are Kulish's novel "Black Council" (Chorna Rada), which ran serially in English on these pages, and Gogol's classic "Taras Bulba."

Through hearing such stories, from their parents and other elders, the child soon creates in its mind images of Ukraine's historic past that gradually arouse in it a growing interest in things Ukrainian. It is then that the child begins to ask

Newark Ukrainian Unit Gives \$1,000 to Red Cross "Geographic" Features Story On "Liberated Ukraine"

The Ukrainian Unit of the Newark Red Cross celebrated its third anniversary early this month by presenting a check for \$1,000 to the chapter's war fund, the "Newark Sunday Call" reported. The presentation was made by Mrs. Anna J. Nastuk, chairman of the Ukrainian unit, to Mrs. R. C. Bentley, Newark treasurer.

The Ukrainian group does its sewing and Red Cross production work in rooms donated by the Ukrainian Center on William street in Newark. Members have donated 850 hours annually to sewing work and have gathered \$5,200 in contributions to the war fund and other Red Cross agencies. The unit includes a Junior Red Cross.

BECOMES FIRST LIEUTENANT

Mrs. Josephine Katulka of Wilkes Barre, Pa. received word recently that her son, Joseph Katulka, was promoted from second lieutenant to first lieutenant at Camp Cooke, Cal., according to a clipping sent to the Weekly by John Zwarycz of Orange, N. J. Joseph is a former Wilkes Barre U.N.A. Baseball team short-stop.

Three other sons of Mrs. Katulka in the service are: Corp. Thomas, former U.N.A. ball player, now overseas; Sgt. Daniel, also a former U. N. A. ball player, now at San Luis Obispo, Calif.; and Theodore, fireman first class, U. S. Navy, New London, Conn. A fifth son will enter service this month.

HELPS KILL TWO NAZIS

Pfc. John Chudoba, member of U.N.A. Branch 223 in Wilkes Barre, was recently a member of a small infantry patrol on the Fifth Army front in Italy which barged into a heavily fortified position, killed two Germans and withdrew before the enemy could organize resistance.

As reported by a correspondent of a Wilkes Barre paper (clipping sent by John Zwarycz, secretary of U.N.A. Branch 157), the patrol had been sent to kill or capture the crew at a German machinegun emplacement about 900 yards in front of American lines, Chudoba related. It was daylight and every inch they advanced endangered them to being spotted by enemy observers. Suddenly one German appeared in front of them, Chudoba related. A shot disposed of him. Another jumped up a few seconds later and he was

The feature article, written by Ed-die Gilmore and accompanied by pictures in this month's "National Geographic Magazine," deals with Ukraine liberated from the Nazis. Most of the pictures show the terrible devastation caused by the retreating Nazis, especially in the industrial city of Kharkiv, where two-thirds of the dwellings were left uninhabitable and only a quarter of the peacetime's 830,000 population remained. Among the other pictures there is a fine shot of a Ukrainian style church described as part of the Petcherska Lavra Monastery in Kiev. Quite typical of "The National Geographic Magazine" in this respect, there is in its current article on Ukraine a distinct tendency to regard the Ukrainians as but a branch of the Russian people. Thus we read: "Ukrainians above all other Russians... love song and dance."

Describing ruined Kharkiv, Gilmore writes that the city was one of the worst messes he has ever seen.

On every street in the city electric wires and telephone wires hang limply from poles like giant strings of spaghetti. The Nazis sent out squads equipped with special shears atop long poles, and they systematically cut the wires between every two poles.

Outside Kiev, Gilmore continues, especially to the north where power lines ran into rich agricultural lands, they repeated this operation. Although much order has been restored in these public utilities, Gilmore says it will take months, perhaps even years, for the Soviets to electrify Ukraine as thoroughly as they did before Hitler's invasion.

killed too. Three other Germans fled down the hill, followed by a hail of bullets from the patrol. The patrol members then heard movement on the flanks indicating that the Germans were trying to pocket them. By throwing grenades and withdrawing carefully, the patrol made it safely back to their lines without losing a man.

Pfc. Chudoba is the son of Mr. and Mrs. Louis Chudoba of Wilkes Barre. His father is treasurer of U.N.A. Branch 223.

EVERYBODY SAVING IN EVERY PAYDAY 10 WAR BONDS

questions. And it is then that the parents and grandparents of the child should begin to carefully nurture that interest. They could, for example, tell the child simple stories about certain Ukrainian national customs, such as the manner of observing Christmas or Easter. If they do not find themselves particularly articulate in this respect, they can easily read the descriptions of these holidays that have appeared in the Ukrainian Weekly.

(To be continued)

The Ukrainian Case Against Pre-War Poland

As seen before the war by OTTO D. TOLISCHUS

ANYONE who is the least bit acquainted with the sufferings of the Ukrainians before the war under Soviet Russian and Polish misrule, cannot help but rub his eyes in amazement when he now reads in the Communist or Polish press very rosy accounts of Soviet and Polish treatment of the Ukrainians then. Judging by these press reports of today, the pre-war lot of the Ukrainians in their native but foreign-occupied Ukraine was very fine indeed.

The Polish-American press, including its various bulletins and "scholarly" reviews and journals, offers an especially good example of this latest propaganda trick, purposely designed to lull to sleep any ideas the general American public may have that the Ukrainians in their native land want to be free of all foreign rule, be it Nazi, Soviet or Polish, and that they want to establish their own free and independent Ukrainian republic.

On the whole, of course, Polish propaganda in America attempts to steer clear of any mention whatsoever concerning the Ukrainians under pre-war Polish rule. It is most always "Eastern Poland" instead of Western Ukraine, and "Poles" instead of Western Ukrainians.

Paranetically it may be noted here that in the latter respect Soviet propaganda here is different. It now stresses Ukrainian national identity to a considerable degree. At the same time, however, it attempts to depict the Ukrainians as a member of the one big and happy family of various nationalities living under the beneficent Red rule (sic!).

When Polish propaganda does find itself obliged to refer to the Ukrainians (and this is especially noticeable in anything that is written in English—for obvious reasons) it usually vastly underestimates their number within the boundaries of pre-war Poland, and paints a very rosy picture of how well the Polish government treated the Western Ukrainians then, and how contented the latter were as a result.

Indeed the picture Polish propaganda paints of pre-war Polish rule in Western Ukraine is so artistic at times that one dislikes to smear it. But facts are facts. And the facts in this case give lie to Polish propaganda. Our American friends of a descent other than Ukrainian, need not take our word for it, but consult, for example, such authoritative sources as Raymond Leslie Buell's book on "Poland, Key to Europe" (1939, Knopf), or the various American press reports which dealt extensively with the brutal Polish "pacification" in Western Ukraine in the early 1930's.

If they have not the time or the patience to go looking for the above mentioned sources, however, we suggest they read what we print below. It is a dispatch written by the distinguished New York Times foreign correspondent, Otto D. Tolischus. Wirelessly from Lwiv (Lwow) on June 10, 1937, it appeared on the following day in the Times.

Dwelling on the methods the Polish authorities were then using in an effort to Polonize the minorities within Poland's artificial borders, Mr. Tolischus wrote about the Ukrainians as follows:—

The Ukrainians' Attitude

The policy [Polonization] is least effective, among the Ukrainians, who with a total strength put at 4,870,000 by the Poles and at 6,188,000 by the Ukrainians, are not only the biggest minority in Poland but also "the forgotten nation" of Europe.

Rich in a tradition, history and culture of which the West in its pride knows little but which do not allow them to forget that they were the first of the East Slavic peoples to

attain Statehood back in the ninth and tenth centuries, the Ukrainians again look forward to the re-creation of their own State much as the Poles did before 1914—so much so that they are already pursuing as far as possible the same policy and tactics that brought the Poles success, even to the extent of basing all their hopes on the next war.

It is not only a coincidence that this town, which under Austrian rule was the Piedmont for Polish reunification, is now the Piedmont for a Ukrainian national movement that envisages a greater Ukraine stretching from the Carpathians to the Caspian Sea. It would contain a wealth of natural resources and a population of more than 50,000,000, of which the Ukrainians would form about 37,000,000.

Because this movement is too developed to be suppressed and also because of its usefulness in immunizing the Ukrainian population against the Communist virus and its possible usefulness in case of war, the Polish Government tolerates it.

But because the Ukrainians are also in the minority in Poland and Poland is by no means willing to surrender Ukrainian territory or court the fate of Austria-Hungary, the government also feels compelled to keep the movement within bounds so that it will not endanger the Polish State or threaten peace.

For that reason the Ukrainian national movement is confined in practice to Galicia, where it is kept under strict supervision and exposed to many handicaps that irk the Ukrainian leaders, while the rest of the Ukrainian population, whose national consciousness is perhaps less developed, is subjected to a Polonization policy that rouses the Ukrainians to the point of passive resistance, but that to Polish Nationalists does not go far enough.

Ukrainian Charges Against Poland

Even in Galicia the Ukrainians charge:

That they, like the Jews, are barred from all State employment, including extensive State monopolies, excepting, perhaps, the judicial system.

That they are likewise barred from all higher government offices above the status of village Mayor.

That Ukrainian schools have been reduced from 3,000 at the end of the war to 500 officially but 100 actually, with the result that Ukrainian children are forced to attend the so-called bilingual schools, where only a few subjects are taught in the Ukrainian language, often by Polish teachers with an insufficient knowledge of that language, so that the Ukrainians threaten to fall back to virtual illiteracy.

That Ukrainian youth tutored in private schools is barred from higher education by means of an unofficial "numerus clausus" based on "intelligence tests," so that even according to Polish figures the number of Ukrainian students is only 4 to 5 per cent of the total number of students.

That Ukrainian professional men who have studied at foreign universities are barred from exercising their profession.

That land made available by the division of big estates is allotted mostly to Poles, with the result that Ukrainian peasant youth is left landless.

That even licenses for trade and commerce are reserved almost exclusively for Roman Catholics, which bars the Greek Catholic or Orthodox Ukrainians.

Purpose of Polish Policy

The purpose of all this, the Ukrainians charge, is to prevent the creation of a Ukrainian middle class and intelligentsia, to keep them from gaining the experience in State ad-

ministration which the Poles acquired under Austrian rule, and in general to keep the Ukrainians in the position of a lower peasant and servant class to be ruled by the Poles as masters.

But the Ukrainians, unlike the Jews, are settled in solid blocs on the land, whence it is impossible to dislodge them, and like the Jews, they are also organizationally and economically more efficient than the Poles.

Mindful of the failure of the first attempt to establish a Ukrainian State following the World War, and mindful also of the terrible punishment the late Marshal Josef Pilsudski inflicted on them in 1930 they no longer oppose the Poles actively, and the terroristic activities of their extreme nationalists, who had maintained headquarters in Berlin, likewise have been abating since the Polish-German settlement.

But the Ukrainians, none the less, are getting ready for "Der Tag" of their national resurgence, and since they have been unable to create a governmental nucleus of their own, they have built up with the most meager means and at much self-sacrifice powerful private organizations as vehicles of their national movement.

The most important of these are the consumers' and producers' co-operative societies, the private school system run by the *Ridna Shkola* and the *Prosvita* Association for Adult Education.

The Ukrainian cooperative movement, which in Galicia alone comprises 3,500 societies with 15,000 employes, embraces half the population and has become such a strong economic factor that it heavily affects the Jews and is beginning to alarm the Poles.

Big Institutions Included

The societies, some of which started as village cooperatives with a capital of \$20, now range from peasant buying and marketing organizations to big banking institutions and large industrial enterprises. They are so efficient because much of their staff consists of Ukrainian intelligentsia unable to find employment elsewhere, and it is by no means unusual to find a doctor of philosophy counting eggs with philosophic resignation but burning with national enthusiasm.

The *Ridna Shkola* maintains on a budget of little more than \$200,000 a year, raised by private subscriptions and collections, no fewer than fifty elementary schools, twelve high schools and ten professional schools with a total of 1,050 teachers, while the *Prosvita*, the parent organization of them all, now specializes in issuing popular educational literature and maintaining reading rooms, libraries, singing and theatrical societies and self-educational centers for adults in as many villages as possible, all designed to keep the national fires burning.

The work of all these Ukrainian organizations, however, is confined to Galicia and is forbidden in the rest of "Polish Ukraine," where the Poles are trying to take it into their own hands. But Ukrainian leaders note with satisfaction that the native Ukrainian population, which sees in every Pole the government official, boycotts it even at considerable cost to itself.

The most interesting and potentially the most powerful Ukrainian organization, however, is the "Luh." It is merely one of a number of Ukrainian sport and gymnastic organizations, but is permitted to put Ukrainian youth through military training under the supervision of the Polish civil and military authorities.

According to Colonel Roman Dashkewytch, its commander, it consists of 800 groups of fifty men each, or a total of 40,000. Though it is still without arms, the Ukrainians do not

WHAT THEY SAY

Secretary of State Cordell Hull:

"As I look at the map of Europe, certain things seem clear to me. As the Nazis go down to defeat, they will inevitably leave behind them in Germany and the satellite states of southeastern Europe a legacy of confusion. It is essential that we and our Allies establish the controls necessary to bring order out of this chaos as rapidly as possible and do everything possible to prevent its spread to the German-occupied countries of eastern and western Europe while they are in the throes of reestablishing government and repairing the most brutal ravages of the war. If confusion should spread throughout Europe, it is difficult to overemphasize the seriousness of the disaster that may follow. Therefore, for us, for the world and for the countries concerned a stable Europe should be an immediate objective of Allied policy. Stability and order do not and cannot mean reaction. Order there must be to avoid chaos. But it must be achieved in a manner which will give full scope to men and women who look forward, men and women who will end fascism and all its works and create the institutions of a free and democratic way of life. . . . It is important to our national interest to encourage the establishment in Europe of strong and progressive popular governments, dedicated like our own to improving the social welfare of the people as a whole—governments which will join the common effort of nations in creating the conditions of lasting peace, and in promoting the expansion of production, employment and the exchange and consumption of goods which are the material foundations of the liberty and welfare of all peoples."

Paul Robeson, Negro singer and actor, in an interview:

"The problem of the Negro in this country is a very serious one. We in America criticize many nations. We know that international conscience has great influence in spite of war. One important part of the Negro problem here will be the pressure of other countries on America from the outside. There are 100,000 Negroes now in the Army in the English theatre of operations. Americans wanted their segregation, as at home. The English, however, insisted on their being mixed in, without segregation. This shows the possibility of action within the Anglo-Saxon world, and it shows the power of foreign opinion. The United States will have much to say about North Africa, and the Government is responsible to the American people. So we should know clearly what the Government plans, and we should take President Roosevelt's interpretation and not Mr. Churchill's. We shall have a tremendous lot to say about what happens in Africa. Mr. Churchill can fall as quickly as Mr. Chamberlain did, if he does not see eye to eye with the British people. This is obviously not a race war—it turns rather on the idea of peoples that are free and those who are not free. The American Negro has changed his temper. Now he wants his freedom. Whether he is smiling at you or not, he wants his freedom. The old exploitation of peoples is definitely past."

make a secret of their hope that some day the Luh will be able to play the same role that Marshal Pilsudski's riflemen, likewise organized in Galicia before the war, did—it is to be the Ukrainian legion that is to liberate and unify the Ukrainian nation.

15th ANNIVERSARY DANCE

Ukrainian Social Club of Carteret, N. J.
Saturday, June 10, 1944
UKRAINIAN PAVILION
60¢ Incl. Tax
Come & Meet Your Old Friends.

IDYLL

Ідилія

Long years ago this was. Two children small
Were trudging bravely, hand in hand, along
The path that from their village led across
The lowland meadows, gay with flowers under
The summer sun.

The elder was a boy
With ruddy cheeks, blond hair, and deep-blue
eyes.

A stick he carried in one hand, and 'neath
His arm, close hugged, a loaf of bread.
His ragged hat with flowers was adorned.
But 'twas the girl that by the hand him led,
Though younger far. Her eyes, like thornbuds
black,
Glowed like two red-hot coals, and glances
swift

Darted at all around. Her plaited hair
Swayed like a mouse's tail. A tiny strand
Of ribbon red was twisted in the plait.
Some cooked potatoes in a kerchief tied
She swung, and underneath her arm she bore
Some sprays of green pea vine, with pods
thereon still hanging.

The boy somewhat unwilling
Seemed, and timid looks cast all about.
The little maid with ne'er a pause talked on,
And strove her comrade's courage to maintain.
"Aren't you ashamed! So big a boy as you,
And yet you want to cry! A boy, afraid!
Why should we be afraid? When I tell you
It's so, it must be true. Our grandmama
Would never tell us anything untrue.
Come see, it cannot be so very far!
Just to that hill, and then Dil is quite close,
Then up and up Mount Dil until we reach
The very top. And then we'll rest awhile,—
But maybe not. Why should we rest at all,
When we're as close as that! we'll shout
"Hurrah!"

And with a rush we'll race right up to where
Those iron pillars are, which hold aloft
The sky, and hide ourselves so quietly
Behind them till the evening shadows come.
And don't you dare to grumble or to sulk
Or shed a single tear! Give heed, or else,
I'll make you howl! And then, when evening
comes,

And Father Sun comes home to spend the night,
And at the great gate knocks,—as quietly
As mice, behind him we'll just tiptoe in.
And you remember what our grandma said?
He has a daughter, oh, so beautiful,
One never saw the like! She keeps the gate,
And lets her father in and out each day.
And she loves children, just like us, more than
The whole wide world! But stern old Father
Sun

Will ne'er let any in, for fear that she
With them might run away from him. But we
Will creep in after him as still as mice,
And snatch her by the hand, and run so fast,
He'll soon be left behind. Don't be afraid,
And don't you dare to cry! It's not so far,
And we are well provided for the way.
I'm sure that when we see her, the princess
Will give us anything we care to ask.
Say, what will you ask for?"

The little chap
Laid finger to his lip, then looked at her,
And said: "Maybe a splendid hobby-horse."
"Ha, ha!" the maiden laughed in silvery tones.
"Well, then, I'll ask her for a nice new hat."
"All right, you ask for what you like, but I
I know what I shall ask!"

"What is it, tell!"
"Oh no, I shall not tell."
"Tell me, or else,
I'll start to cry!"

"All right, cry-baby, cry!
I'll go myself, and leave you here alone."
"Why can't tell me?"

"Stupid, don't you know,
What grandmama told us. The sun princess
Has golden apples that she gives away.
And those who from her such a gift receive,
Their whole life long shall happy be and strong,
And marvellously beautiful besides.
But only girls can get these golden gifts."
"I want one too!" the boy burst into tears.
"Don't cry, you silly! Ask, and I will try
To manage it, somehow, to get you one.
And when each one of us has got a gift,
We'll go straight home, and never says a word
To anyone. You won't tell?"

"No, I won't tell."
"Remember, if you do, she'll take it back.
Agreed?"

"Yes," said the boy.
So on they went.

PARABLE CONCERNING LIFE

Притча про життя.

In India 'twas. Across a lonely plain
A traveller toiled. Sudden, to his dismay,
A hungry lion he descried. At once,
Hearing its savage roar, though yet far off,
With terror-winged feet, he 'gins to flee.
But ah, before him yawns a deep ravine
And stays his headlong flight. No time to choose
Other escape, and hiding place is none.
The beast is at his heels. The poor wretch sees
That from the granite cliff, that falls down sheer,
A slender birch had footing found within
A narrow cleft, and thrusting its green crown
Up toward the sun, high o'er the abyss it grew.
Delaying not, in haste he sprang, and clutched
The friendly tree; with desperate clasp he clung,
And swayed suspended o'er the awesome gulf.
Straightway, with dangling, searching feet he
sought

Some foothold, that he might his weight sustain,
This found, he easier breathed; his deathly fear
Began somewhat to pass. The hunted man
Then strove to look around, and take account
Of where he was.

His first glance fell
Upon the spot where rooted stood the tree,
Which was to him the only hope of life.
What grim mischance! There he beholds two
mice,

One white, the other black; untiringly,
Unceasingly, labouriously they gnaw,
And cut the birch's clinging roots in twain.
With frantic paws they scratch the earth away,
And toil as though possessed, to undermine
The saving tree, and with it him destroy.
Another stab of anguish pierced his heart,
For now upon the brink, the lion stood.
With ravening jaws, he glared upon his prey;
His roaring made the echoing chasm ring.
Though he his prey could not attain, he glared
At him below, and ramped and tore the earth,
Waiting until he should climb up again.

The man looked down into the cavernous
depths

Of the abyss, and at the bottom sees
A fearful dragon, writhing expectantly,
Its awful maw stretched wide, waiting until
The pilgrim shall fall down into its lair.

A dimming mist came down, and veiled his
sight,
Fear gripped him at the heart his limbs were
bathed

In icy sweat profuse. And then he felt
That something, whereupon his feet were stayed,
Did move. He craned his neck to look, and lo!
It was a serpent, coiled in sleep, that lay
Upon the ledge. Fain would he have cried out,
But horror choked the sound within his throat.
He would have prayed, but ere he could, terror
The pious intent slew. Like rigid corpse,
He hung in space, certain alone that soon
The mice would gnaw the last root through,
the snake

Would strike him in the feet, his strength
would fail,
And he fall into the dragon's maw.

Since that day, many years have passed, and far
Beyond all that their childish minds that day
Conceived, the path more and more longdrawn
seems

That to the Sun's home leads. The earth, the
sky,

The sun, in many an alternative change,
The boy has seen. Yet in his comrade dear,
No change, no alteration can he trace.
Her same heart-lifting speech and merry song,
Her hopefulness unquenchable, her smile,
Flow as a living stream, that in the heart
Links yesterday, tomorrow, with today.
Nor has her goal changed with the passing
years,

But only larger grown, more glorious.
So on they fare, along the great highway,
That humankind still traces, meeting pain
And disillusion harsh, yet in their breasts,
They guard their chiefest treasure, childlike
hearts.

The fool with pride inflated, rushes by,
And mocks at them. The haughty magnate
deigns

Them not a glance. But when some humble
soul
Meets them, he slakes their thirst with water
cool,

Or points them out some easier path, or else,
Beneath his roof, bids them to spend the night.
And so, still clasping each the other's hand,
Without nor care nor fear they onward march
In quiet joy towards the setting sun.

Translated by Percival Cundy



IVAN FRANKO

The great Ukrainian writer, patriot, and scholar
(Born 1856. Died May 28, 1916)

But then, O marvel! On a branch of that
Same tree, the persecuted man perceived
A wild bees' hive. There, in the tiny comb,
Were still some drops of honey, and the bees
Were far afield, seeking new store of sweets.
A keen desire awoke in him to taste
That honey sweet. Exerting all his strength,
He raised himself still higher, till his lips
Could touch the comb, and suck the precious
drops.

At once it seemed some hand had rolled away
The burden from his heart. That sovereign
sweet

Brought him forgetfulness of all his care.
The lion that o'erhead still raged and roared,
The mice that gnawed as ever at the roots,
The dragon that below still menaced him,
The serpent that was hissing at his feet,
All else, with these, were by the man forgot,
Filled by those drops of honey rare, with joy
Unspeaking, like that of Paradise.

The pilgrim, brethren, pictures all of us.
Our lives are hard, nature against us wars,
A thousand perils and mischances fell
Are round us, menacing from every hand;
Like him we are, who hung o'er the abyss.
The ravening lion overhead is death;
The dragon down below, oblivion is,
Which ever ready stands to swallow us;
The mice, one black, one white, are night and
day,

That alternating, eat away our lives;
And that coiled serpent at the feet, is that
Fragile mortal body of ours, uncertain,
Sickly, and weak, that sometimes, in the hour
Of need, may fail us in its service due;
The slender tree, in desperation clutched,
Through which is hoped self-rescue to effect,
Is humankind's remembrance, real but brief.
Escape there is none from this woeful plight,
And no deliverance. One thing remains,
And that alone, which neither direful fate,
Nor fell mischance, can ever snatch away;
It is fraternal love and brotherhood,
That honey rare, whose taste brings joy and
light

To human life in measureless extent,
Lifts and exalts the soul o'er every fear,
O'er all the heritage of evils past
Into the realms where light and freedom
reign.

Translated by Percival Cundy

HAVE YOU READ IT YET?

Modern Ukraine was born in the throes of
the Kozak Revolution of 1648, which was led
by the famous Hetman Bohdan Khmelnytsky,
"the Cromwell of Eastern Europe." Bohdan's
life and political career were both dramatic and
colorful, a strange story of blood and thunder
and diplomatic maneuver. Professor George
Vernadsky of Yale University gives a striking
picture of the rise of the Ukrainian people
under this powerful leader, in his **BOHDAN,
HETMAN OF UKRAINE**, published for the
Ukrainian National Association by the Yale
University Press (1941. Pp. 150. illus. \$2.50)
SVOBODA BOOKSTORE, 81-83 Grand Street,
Jersey City, N. J.

UKRANDOMS

By ALEXANDER YAREMKO

The Soviet announced the seizure of documents from Gestapo headquarters during the Nazi occupation of Kiev which give "extermination orders" effecting certain groups of people. Execution, liquidation and purging orders were issued confidentially from time to time on suspects and "undesirables." We quote from the Soviet Embassy Information Bulletin:

"The Hitlerites effected bloody massacres also of those Ukrainian nationalists whom Hitler at first used for the struggle against the Soviet Union, and then disposed of in the basest and most perfidious manner, under the pretext that the 'Banderites' were 'uprising.' For example, the instructions to operational squad Z-5 of the Security Police and SD No. 12-41 of Nov. 25, 1941, stamped 'Confidential, of State Importance,' say with reference to the Ukrainian nationalists headed by Bandera: 'All active participants in the Bandera movement must be immediately arrested and liquidated quietly after thorough questioning, ostensibly as robbers... This document after it has been read must be destroyed at once by the command of the squad.'" (The last sentence was underscored in the original). The Soviets estimate that over one million Ukrainian civilians were systematically killed during the German occupation.

Proud indeed and justifiably so is the gallant Red Army which has finally cleared Soviet Ukraine from Nazi Army rule and is now on the borders of Romania and Poland proper. The recapture of almost 200,000 square miles of Ukrainian territory embracing 40 million Ukrainians inhabiting the fertile soil from beyond the Don, past the Dnieper and unto the Dniester and with its great cities of Kiev, Kharkiv, Odessa, Rostov, Sevastopol, Poltava, Kherson, Zhitomir, Zaporozhe and Ternopil, constitutes a great military feat. And it was the First, Second, Third and Fourth Ukrainian Armies of Vatutin-Zhukov, Konev, Malinovsky and Tolbukhin as well as Yeremenko's Marines and Timoshenko's staff work which spelled brilliant success.

Valentina Kachura, a Ukrainian peasant girl who fled from Germany after seven months' captivity, had this to relate: "One can hardly imagine a greater humiliation than being sold in a slave market in Germany. The Germans, men and women, scrutinized us for a long time as we stood in a row. They marched around us, halted in front of a selected victim and examined her eyes, mouth and teeth, like horse-dealers buying horses... Many of the girls of our groups, who had been forcibly brought from Ukraine, were purchased by Landsdorf Germans; the rest, including myself, were taken to the town of Auspitz, where we were confined in a camp fenced with two rows of barbed wire. We were poorly fed and forced to work in the fields all day."

Academician Alexander Bohomolets, a Ukrainian, born near Kiev in 1881, has developed a new serum in the fight against cancer, against high blood pressure and premature old age.

Sidor Kovpak, top-notch Ukrainian guerilla chief, whose business is sniping, ambushing, and derailing trains, had a 500,000 marks prize posted by the Nazis for his capture. Sidor, 62, is still on the loose.

Next to Kiev, Poltava is heralded as the most beautiful city in all Ukraine. Poltava, population 140,000, founded in the 12th century, occupies an important place in Ukrainian history. It was the scene of the famous Battle of Poltava of 1709 when Ukrainian Kozak Hetman Ivan Mazep-

Ivan Franko's "Moses"

By WALDIMIR SEMENYNA

WHEN we think of a poet we should think of the man that is reflected among his own words as if he was writing them on an indestructible mirror. But every man is part of a social group and therefore the genius of a poet lies in his art of portraying on that mirror-like background as much as possible of the society of which he is a part: of the people's problems and their aspirations.

Since we are human we follow the natural law of least resistance: we always enjoy the thoughts that are pleasant—pleasant dreams, pleasant times, pleasant lyrics and music, in short: "all's well that ends well"—than thoughts of struggle, thoughts of "stark reality" which discomfort us. In settled nations where peace prevails that is very true of poets who have produced masterpieces supplying the needs of those human cravings for pleasure. But all in life is not peace, however, and there are those who must battle for the fulfillment of their dreams, who although loving peace, have to fight for it. And, so, it is inevitable that in the outstanding representatives of an unsettled nation we get portrayals of physical and spiritual struggles.

Ivan Franko is such a representative figure of the Ukrainian nation.

His Faith in Youth

Forty years of hard unappreciated work devoted to his people left Franko broke down in health, at times almost broken in spirit, but never in his faith in the young people and the future of his nation. It seems, therefore, most befitting that he should have taken the theme of that biblical figure, Moses, as the medium through which to portray his own life-long struggle for the betterment of his people. That is the background of his poem "Moses."

Outside of the stirring "Prologue" or rather dedication, the poem could well be divided into two sections: the physical and the spiritual. The material obstacles that he fought all his life are depicted in the first half and the spiritual struggles that encountered him are beautifully portrayed in the second half of the poem. Although a thorough review of "Moses" would entail a great deal of biographical comment, it may be advisable to point out some salient features of the poem.

After the first three chapters devoted to the setting of the stage we begin to feel the atmosphere of a father scolding his children. The children are Franko's contemporaries who constantly were placing obstacles in his way—who constantly grumbled when he attempted to wake them up from their lethargy which permeated his era. But like Dathan and Abiram, the leaders of the opposition were crushed and the people eventually were led on by Joshua,

pa linked up with the Swedish forces of Charles 12th and waged war against the ruling Moscovites of Peter the Great. Unfortunately Peter beat Ivan and Charles, and thus dwindled the chances of a free Ukraine at that time. The world-famous Nikolai Gogol lived studied and wrote in Poltava, as did Ivan Kotlyarevsky, founder of Ukrainian literature. Panas Mirny, another famous Ukrainian writer, lived in Poltava too, and why not? Poltava is a garden city, a city of culture, beauty and history. Beautiful museums, schools and theatres dot the city only to be drowned in the dense verdure of gardens, groves and parks, and lanes of chestnut, poplar and acacia trees. On summer nights nightingales sing everywhere; the air is heavy with fragrance. Ah, Poltava! Poltava is a "must" on our planned post-war trip to Ukraine.

the followers of Franko, in the direction pointed out by their teacher.

The scolding begun in the fourth chapter grows to a sharp reprimand in the ninth. The transition between the ninth and tenth chapter is a very touching scene. It shows the man behind the pen; it shows the outstanding characteristic of the writer—the power which enabled him to sacrifice his life for a cause, and that power was his love for his people. Knowing all their faults, but understanding all their virtues in the darkest moments of his life—he has a trust in his people, believing that their common sense will prevail at the end.

It is certain that Franko was the guiding hand at a crossroad in Ukrainian history. Whereas the elder opposition refused to be guided by him, to listen to him—the youth flocked to him for guidance. So we hear him advising the youth in the eleventh chapter.

It is from the twelfth chapter on that we get to understand and appreciate the man in all his misery and glory.

Devoting all his life to his people who, dormant under the spell of foreign propaganda, resist all his efforts to be led in the right direction, Franko begins to question himself—begins to doubt as to whether he, himself, was following the right road. Could it be that his opponents were right? If only he were certain. At time he felt so depressed in spirit that he was ready to accept the opposition's views veneered with logic. He almost gave up struggling—in fact, admitted defeat.

Thus we find him at the end of chapter eighteen.

His Idealism and Love of His People

Yes, he felt defeated—but only for a while. He realizes that what appeared to be logic was nothing but alibis for self-satisfaction coming from those who are willing to sacrifice everything and everyone for their own gain. And so he picks up in spirit and carries on the banner of a cause which drew the youth in his footsteps bearing the imprint of his spirit; his idealism and love for his people.

Accused of impiety (to say it mildly) we see here a man of such strong devotion to his Master, the inner guiding hand, that religion, as practiced and propagated by some, pales in the light of his creed. If love and understanding is not the basis of our religion then it is time that we discard whatever poses as such.

It is said that when the original manuscript was submitted to the publishers it was without a prologue. At the suggestion of the publishers that some kind of an introduction would be appropriate, Franko brought back, the next morning, the "Prologue." If there ever was anything written with the sincerity that Franko poured into this dedication, I have yet to see it. It is worth one's while to read it in the original.

If we would draw a lesson from "Moses" it could be—that true conviction is worth all sacrifice if it is founded on love, understanding and sincere devotion.

(Preface to "Moses" in English translation by W. Semenyina. Svoboda Bookstore. 75¢).

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Franko's Social Service

By HONORE EWACH

EACH year when the 28th of May arrives—the anniversary of Ivan Franko's death on May 28th, 1916—it evokes new thoughts on one of Ukraine's greatest sons. No wonder, for Ivan Franko did so much within the space of forty years for the advancement of his Ukrainian compatriots that deep imprints of his work were left almost on every phase of Ukraine's modern national rebirth. His literary works alone cannot be contained in forty bulky volumes. If all his articles, essays, critical notes, translations, etc., were republished in book form, they certainly would require even more volumes.

Day in and day out, for over forty years, Ivan Franko kept on writing poems, stories, novels, articles, essays, critical reviews, etc. Franko's first poems appeared in print in 1873, when he was seventeen. From then on he kept on writing, even during the years when he was ill, until his last days in 1916.

On the whole Franko had no difficulty in having his works published, for they were vibrant with the life of his time. There was nothing artificial about them. They were made of such stuff as the air without which we could not live even for a few minutes, of such stuff as is the sunshine without which nothing would grow. No, he never wrote on some dream-like themes, for he knew that there were millions of hungry hearts waiting for words of cheer, encouragement, and enlightenment.

Three times he was arrested and thrown into prison for daring to write in defense of his enslaved and down-trodden Ukrainian countrymen. There were times when he was shunned by almost all the so-called pillars of society.

It would be a gross lie for anyone to say that the Western Ukrainians who found themselves within the fold of Austria were treated any worse than the bulk of Ukrainians who lived under the heel of the Russian tsars. The tsar's censors and ministers took great care not to let any Ukrainian book be published in Russia. At one time Ukrainians were not allowed even to sing their native songs on the stage. Yet they kept on singing, even in French if necessary. So it would be a gross lie for anyone to say that the Austrian regime persecuted its Ukrainian citizens in a like manner. At least the Ukrainians who lived within the boundaries of the Austrian empire could study Ukrainian at schools, publish their papers and books in their own language; and they were free to write all their complaints to the judicial courts in their own speech. Nevertheless their lot was quite bad, in spite of the little freedom that they were getting in the Austrian part of Ukraine. They were abandoned by the crafty and polite Austrian officials to the "tender" mercies of the Polish squires, landlords, and officials, as the Austrian emperors ruled their heterogeneous empire by allowing Poles to oppress the Ukrainians, the Czechs to be at loggerheads with the Sudetan Germans, the Croats to bicker with their racial brothers the Serbs, etc. In short, the lot of the Austrian Ukrainians was far from envious.

Most of the land in the province of Galicia still belonged to the Polish squires. The average Ukrainian villager could hardly make ends meet on his two or three acres of land. He was badly underpaid when he went to work on the land of the Polish squire, his taxes were not light, and he rarely saw justice done to him in the corrupt Austrian courts

(Concluded on page 5)

The Medical Soldier's Job

By PVT. THEODORE LUTWINIAK

When I was inducted into the United States Army and put on a troop train bound for an undisclosed basic training center, my impression was that I would be trained to fight—to kill. I pictured myself becoming skilled with a rifle and bayonet, learning grenade-throwing technique, becoming adept in hand to hand combat, and even imagined myself handling machine guns and demolitions. This naturally led to thoughts of medals and decorations. Long before the train reached its destination I had imagined myself in several heroic roles and had promoted myself to colonel. Of course I knew that this was only wishful thinking, but it pleased me to imagine such things. Upon arriving at the basic training camp, however, I soon learned that I was to become a Medical Department soldier. All the rookies on the train, including myself, were keenly disappointed. We associated the Medical Department with unpleasant hospital duties such as bed pans and like. There was a great deal of dissatisfaction and griping during the first week of training. The men made it plainly known that they were very much disinterested in becoming male nurses or "bed pan commandos."

It's an Important Job

One day one of the instructing officers spoke to us and stressed that our part in the war was a very important one. He said we would make sick and wounded men well so that they could fight again. He pointed out that by doing this we were really fighting. He said that a medical man who saves the lives of ten aviators is in the fight because through him they are able to fight again. All of us saw what he meant. Our job was to conserve manpower for the war effort. We began to take interest. We were shown pictures of medical men in action on the battlefield, in the jungle, in the air, on the sea; we saw that there was much more to it than hospitals and bed pans. We realized we were to save lives at the risk of our own, and that the men whose lives we saved would fight again.

Instead of rifle practice we received litter or stretcher-bearing practice. Instead of hand to hand combat we concentrated on first aid treatment to battle casualties. Instead of demolitions we handled splints, bandages, medications, and dressings. We went on long hikes; we went through the infiltration and

FRANKO'S SOCIAL SERVICE

(Concluded from page 4)

which constantly catered to the rich local squires and landlords. So Franko had much to say about the Austrian misrule and the corrupt ways of the Austrian courts and Polish landlords. That was why he was arrested on three occasions and kept in jail for months.

When Franko got his Ph. D. from the University of Vienna the Austrian and Polish officials did all that was in their power to prevent him from entering the University of Lviv as professor of Ukrainian literature, and in the end they succeeded.

There were times when Franko and his family were actually starving. Franko could earn very little by his journalism. Yet he never tried to change his mode of life. A man of his literary talent could have had a brilliant career as a university professor, lawyer or politician, if he toed the mark set for him by his country's misrulers. But never, never could Franko lower himself thus. He was always a champion of his down-trodden countrymen and a man who sacrificed his entire life for the advancement of the human race in general.

obstacle courses; we learned about fox holes. The medical man was expected to know how to bring in casualties under fire despite obstacles and distance, and also how to keep himself from getting killed while performing his duties. We participated in field exercises where everything we learned was used under simulated battle conditions. We lived in pup tents and ate field rations.

But we did not mind any of this for the idea of being trained to save the lives of fighting men now appealed to most of us. Long before training ended we had become proud of being medical men.

When we finished our basic training we were sent to various units as attached medical men. Many of my buddies are now overseas with their infantry, artillery, tank, and other outfits, aiding their fallen comrades and evacuating them from the front lines to field hospitals. The casualties are transported by litter, sometimes improvised, ambulance, jeep, and by any other available means; in many instances they are carried, bodily. While on these missions of mercy, medical men are themselves sometimes killed or wounded. From the field hospitals, the seriously wounded are evacuated further to the rear, while slightly wounded are restored to duty. The casualties who require prolonged treatment or who are unable to serve their country any longer are evacuated to hospital ships.

Removing Casualties from Hospital Ship

I had occasion to assist in the transportation of casualties from hospital ships to general hospitals. The ships would dock at the port near which I was based and every available medical man would be on hand to help unload the ships. All the ambulances in the vicinity were brought to the scene. The medical men formed litter-bearer groups, picked up litters, boarded the ship, placed the casualties in the litters, carried them off the ship, and loaded them into the waiting ambulances. Ambulatory or walking patients were escorted to busses and taken to the general hospital.

From the general hospital the casualties are sent to hospitals closer to their respective homes.

It was quite an experience when I assisted in the evacuation, from ship to ambulance, of my first casualty after so many weeks of training and preparation. I felt very useful. The patient in question was very young—barely twenty—and was wounded in eight places by shrapnel; his mid-section and right leg were in casts. He told us he owed his life to a medical soldier who saw him get hit and risked his own life getting to him to administer first aid; not long after that a litter-bearer group came and took him to a field hospital. Blood plasma and good doctors did the rest, he said. It was good to know that I was one of many medical men who had served this brave, terribly hurt lad, even if all I did for him was help carry him from the ship to the ambulance.

All types of casualties come into port via hospital ships. Mental cases, termed "psycho-neurosis," are numerous. Despite their wounds these patients are happy to get back to America. The medical men removing them from the ships did not find the task a gloomy or sombre one, for the patients' gay attitude was contagious and the job proved to be a cheerful one.

I am now assigned to a hospital ship and will work and live with wounded heroes returning home. I will be happy to serve them and do everything I can for them for I know that I will never be able to do enough.

CHESTER ATHLETES IN SERVICE

Bill Burk, sports columnist for the Chester (Pa.) Times, writes every week a special letter in his paper to the boys and girls in service, which his readers clip and mail to them. His latest (May 16) tells about the doings of former young Ukrainian athletes of Chester who are now serving Uncle Sam on the various fronts. Mailed to the Weekly by James T. Matkowski, Burk's sports letter runs as follows:—

One of the most impressive events coming up in the near future will be the fifteenth anniversary and mortgage burning banquet of the Ukrainian-American National Home on June 4. This center for Americans of Ukrainian descent has been an important contributor to civic life in this community and today most of its young men are serving Uncle Sam in all branches of our fighting forces.

One of the finest young Ukrainian athletes in the history of the organization was Pete Melnick, who used his athletic training received at the hall to become a star and captain of the Chester High team. Just last week we received word that Peter had been wounded in Italy and was shipping his "Purple Heart" medal home to his parents. Pete was also one of the most courageous high school athletes we have ever watched. In his senior year at Chester High Pete suffered with a stomach condition that would have removed many a hardier youngster from all sports. But Peter not only kept up his athletics but played just as hard a game as ever. Many a game that year found Melnick doubled up in agony on the floor, and still Coach Johnny Abrams had to forcibly remove him from the game.

Steve Edynak, former Sun A. C. basketball, is another member of the club hospitalized in Italy. Harry Nureya, who with John Peculich, became the first Ukrainian boys to enlist prior to Pearl Harbor, has been in Denver, Col., for nearly a year, recuperating from malaria fever caught while in Panama. John Momat, who received the "Purple Heart" at Guadalcanal and has since been discharged, was in the news recently after having a narrow escape at the recent explosion in a local rubber factory. Myron Sawicki, one of the best young catchers in local baseball and a sturdy member of the basketball team for years, is another who was wounded overseas—having been shot at Salerno, and is still in an African hospital.

Only one "gold star" is on the Ukrainian service flag. That is for Nick Shegda, who was killed in an airplane crash at Florida. Nick's brother, Steve, is a gunnery mate aboard President Roosevelt's private yacht. A third from the family is John, now stationed in Norfolk.

Several families have three boys in service, but the leader in this department goes to the Wereszchak family, whose mother was honored by the Home on Mother's Day for having four sons fighting with Uncle Sam. Joe and Peter are in the Navy, while Bill and Mike are in the Army.

Lieut. Al Lucyk is a newlywed who may get down to the celebration on June 4, with his recent bride. The former Chester High and Ursinus athlete is now stationed at Schenectady, N. Y. Mike Bartish, former president and also a Chester policeman at the time of his induction, is an instructor at Camp Tyson, Tenn. The three Hylwiaks, well-known Chester High athletes, are all under arms. Lieut. Miron is at Bougainville in the S. W. Pacific. Joe is an instructor with the Seabees at Camp Perry, Va. Walt is overseas somewhere with the fleet. There are two John Wolonicks (spelled Wolowniak officially) from the club, and one of them is the former Chester High

CONDUCTS SPRING MUSICALE



MR. JOHN LEFCHIK

The annual Spring Musicale given May 17 last by the band, orchestra and glee clubs of Hamilton High School in Elizabeth, N. J. was under the direction of John Lefchik, the first of Ukrainian descent in Elizabeth to teach music in its public schools.

Mr. Lefchik is a lifelong member of the U.N.A. Branch 65, to which belong also his wife and two children. He is a former member of the local Boyan Ukrainian Catholic Choir directed by Mr. Michael Yadowsky. At one time he directed a Ukrainian male chorus of his own in Elizabeth. His father, the late Wasyl Lefchik, was a supreme treasurer of the U.N.A.

court co-captain who was recently home on an Army furlough.

Bill Miller, one of the best all-around athletes at Chester High, is representing the local Ukrainians in the Marshall Islands. Mike Peculich, probably the best basketball player produced at the Fourth and Ward streets court and a former Chester High captain, is in New Guinea. Lieut. Bill Kostiak is a pilot in England. Charley Kovel, erstwhile financial secretary, is an aerial photographer in the Southwest Pacific. The most travelled member is probably John Thurstlik, who has been all over the world with the maritime service. Lieut. Walter Melko is in the Southwest Pacific. Miron Fidyk, another Chester High basketballer, is in the maritime overseas. Ray Pasternak, an all-around Chester High sports ace, is on a PT boat in the Southwest Pacific. Andy Panko is on Bougainville and oddly enough is a top sergeant under Lieut. Miron Hylwiak. His brother, Mike Panko, is in advanced school at San Diego. John Parasink is with the Navy overseas and his brother, Ed, is stationed at Florida. Both were former Chester High court standouts.

There are plenty of others, too—a few being, Miron Bakalec, who used to play basketball at the Y; John Degnan, former driver for the Franklin rescue wagon, and now an instructor in the Marines; Lieut. Steve and Mike Gera, former Ridley Township High stars; Myron Lebschak, former Eddystone High grid manager and editor of the school paper, now at advanced engineers' school, Camp Garrison, Col.—his brother Pete is also in service; John Fedyna (one of the original Speedboys—standout kid team in basketball), now acting with the military guard for the prisoners of war at Casa Grande, Ariz.; Joe Haschak, Nick Zabytko and Kureya, Steve Cayach, are other ex-Speedboys under arms; Pete Yacek is in England and Pete Yagel in Italy; John F. and Leon Pholeric, former Eddystone High athletes, are with the Army overseas; Marslan "Pinky" Pinkowicz, Engle's highly rated pitching find, is in the Army; Mike Luzak, of Chester Jayvees, is at Bainbridge; Mike Momat is in the Army after starring on the grid for Rosemont,

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Funny Side Up

"SPORT OF KINGS"

The weather has been so wonderful the past few weeks that we decided to go out to Belmont Park and watch the horses race. This year the Long Island Railroad is running to and from Belmont. Nevertheless, many of the patrons wind up walking home! Out at Belmont they have parimutuels. That's French for, "Give it away before Morgenthau takes it!" The man behind the \$2 window works without a shirt to his back. That's so the bettors won't feel so bad! Everything there works like a clock, except the horses... they forget to wind up! Incidentally, Belmont is the only track in the country where horses are equipped with crutches instead of blinkers. One nag was barred there last week for having four legs! (If any of the track officials read this, I'm only kidding.)

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BROMO SELTZER

We went out there the other day and sat on top of the grandstand. The seat was so high that some guy with a harp tapped us on the shoulder and said, "Sit down, Bud!" While we were deciding what horse to pick in the 1st Race, a tout came over. You know what a tout is. He's a guy that wears loud clothes and should drop dead! Well, after a short time, this tout asks us we had any money to bet. We hesitated and that apparently meant "Yes" to the tout. So he steers us to the paddock for a look at his "sure thing." It was kind of skinny, and if not for its varicose veins, the horse wouldn't have any legs! The way its ribs stuck out, the nag looked like Venetian blinds with four twigs hanging. We don't know how old the horse was, but he kept muttering to himself, "One if by land, and two if by sea!"

Suddenly the horse winked at us, so we put a deuce on its nose and a deuce on its tail, figuring that no matter which way it ran, it would win! Well, as things turned out, it was a dark horse. It came in away after dark! As a matter of fact the nag came in so late it had to tip-toe in when it got to the stable!

We got hold of the tout later. "What's the idea of the horse winking at us," said we, "if it didn't intend to win?" To which the tout replied: "It wasn't winking at nobody; it was just squinting at the odds on the board!"

Just before the 4th Race we went down to the paddock to give a certain pony the "once-over." The guy next to us started up a conversation. He said the horse reminded him of his mother-in-law, they're both nags! He was so gracious he gave us a tip on a "sure-thing." Before accepting his expert opinion we put him through a test to see what he knew about ponies. We asked him whether a race track was uphill or down, and he said that all he knows is that it isn't on the level! A few minutes later his tip proved real hot... it burned us up! The horse we had bet on was leading in the stretch and then, believe-it-or-not, someone yelled, "Conga" and horse got on the end of the line!

The horse we bet on in the 7th Race was pretty sure of himself. He was wearing braces on his teeth, so he'd have a nice smile when he took a photo finish! Well, he never made that finish. The nag took so long coming home, the owner had to pay the jockey for overtime!

To sum it all up, some folks put all their money on a horse's nose only to make the other end of the horse out of themselves. We usually bet \$2.00 on a nag, but anyone who bets more than two berries on the beetles should hire an accountant to balance his mind! Now let's see, where would we have gone for a vacation if those horses we had bet on had won?

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