

СВОБОДА

Український Щоденник

PIK LII. Ч. 112.



SVOBODA

Ukrainian Daily

VOL. LII. No. 112.

SECTION II.

The Ukrainian Weekly

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

No. 23

NEW YORK and JERSEY CITY. SATURDAY, JUNE 10, 1944

VOL. XII

Mikolajczyk's Visit Here Prompts Proposal Of Plebiscite For Western Ukraine

Proposal Made by Ukrainian Congress Committee in Telegram to Secretary Hull

Following press reports last Tuesday that the Polish premier, Stanislaw Mikolajczyk, had arrived in Washington to discuss with State Department officials the Soviet-Polish border dispute, the Ukrainian Congress Committee of America immediately sent a telegram to Secretary Hull urging a plebiscite for Western Ukraine and stressing that if allowed to express their wishes freely and without coercion the Ukrainians would declare for a union of Ukrainian lands in a free independent Ukrainian republic. Text of telegram—which the N. Y. Times reported yesterday—follows:

The Honorable Cordell Hull
Secretary of State,
Washington, D. C.

Dear Sir:

On this historic D-Day of the mighty Allied liberation invasion of Nazi-enslaved Europe, when together with other valiant Americans thousands of our young men of Ukrainian descent are fighting heroically to establish bases for a victorious drive on to Berlin and to free enslaved people of the Nazi-occupied countries, it has been reported in the press that conversations have been commenced in Washington between our government officials and the newly arrived Prime Minister Stanislaw Mikolajczyk of Poland in reference to the Soviet-Polish border dispute which our government has been striving to mediate.

These conversations are of concern to us, Americans of Ukrainian descent, for in the Soviet-Polish border dispute is involved the post-war fate of Western Ukraine, a territory occupied by some 7½ million of our Ukrainian kinsmen, who form a greatly preponderant majority there, and many of whom are our relatives. Denied as they are any opportunity to freely express their sentiments in the dispute, they do now, as they always did in the past, instinctively look to us, their American kinsmen, removed from them at most by one generation, to take advantage of the freedom and democracy that are ours here and to speak in their behalf.

Accordingly we Americans of Ukrainian descent, represented in the Ukrainian Congress Committee of America, which was organized at a national congress in Washington in May, 1940 and reorganized at the second national congress last January, do respectfully petition you, Sir, to recommend during the course of the current American-Polish conversations that, for the purpose of alleviating the tension in Eastern Europe and promoting peace and security there after victory is won, an earnest endeavor should be made then to apply the spirit and principles of the Atlantic Charter to the Western Ukrainian situation, by means of holding a plebiscite in Western Ukraine for the purpose of determining the true wishes of the population therein on the question of their future national allegiance: whether the Western Ukrainians would prefer association with the Soviet or with the Poles, or, whether they would prefer to reassert their centuries-old freedom-loving traditions by invoking the Act of November 1, 1918 establishing the Western Ukrainian Republic, and the Act of Union of Ukraine of January 22, 1919 uniting their republic with the Ukrainian National Republic of Eastern Ukraine, and proceed as then, 25 years ago, to unite themselves with their fellow kinsmen of Eastern Ukraine and establish, within Ukrainian ethnographic boundaries and embodying the entire 40 million Ukrainian nation, a free and independent and sovereign Ukrainian national state, founded on the traditionally Ukrainian democratic principles, and living in peace, security, and close economic collaboration with their neighboring states.

In order, however, that the proposed plebiscite in Western Ukraine be fair and convincing, that in the words of the Atlantic Charter it constitute "the freely expressed wishes of the peoples concerned," it should be held as recently recommended by such an impartial and authoritative American observer as William Henry Chamberlin, "without the presence of either Soviet or Polish troops or police. Local order could be maintained by a United Nations police force, recruited from nationals of countries that had no interest in the outcome of the vote."

It is our deep conviction that the unbreakable and centuries-old will to control their own national destinies and live their own national life would be again clearly demonstrated by our Ukrainian kinsmen in their native but foreign occupied land if they would get the opportunity to express their will and wishes in the matter freely and without alien coercion and interference.

Any clarification you may need of our above expressed views may be found in our Memorandum on the Ukrainian situation of October 9, 1943 and kindly acknowledged October 21, 1943 in your name, Sir, by Mr. John D. Hickerson, Assistant Chief, Division of European affairs.

UKRAINIAN CONGRESS COMMITTEE OF AMERICA

P. O. Box 721, Church St. annex, New York 8, N. Y.

Stephen Shumeyko, president

"They will need Thy blessings"

Only yesterday, it seems, they were with us, at home, at work or play, in church, at the U.N.A. or youth league conventions, young Americans of Ukrainian descent, our brothers, cousins and friends, with all the cares and all the pleasures of youthful years. Only yesteryear they were with us on the beach, wrestling, playing ball, and plunging into the surf.

Today they are on a beach again, but without us, and one that is thousands of miles away from home, one that is bloodied and strewn with dead and dying men, friend and foe like, one which is the scene of history's greatest holocaust—the mighty Allied liberation invasion of the Nazi-occupied continent.

Today they little resemble their former selves. Their former boyish faces and gangling figures are no longer there. Today they are grim-visaged, sinewy, tough fighting men, battle-scarred veterans, who have witnessed incredible scenes, endured terrific hardships, and who have faced death every step of the way as they fought their way out of the landing barges, through the surf, and over the sands.

Be as they may today, however, they still are our kid brothers and friends, and the memory of them as such will not leave us. And the thought of what may be happening to them right now on the bloody invasion coast simply cannot be borne for long. Automatically, as in all great crises of life, we turn to the Almighty God for help. In the words of our President's invasion prayer:

Almighty God: Our sons, pride of our nation, this day have set upon a mighty endeavor, a struggle to preserve our republic, our religion, and our civilization, and to set free a suffering humanity.

Lead them straight and true; give strength to their arms, stoutness to their hearts, steadfastness to their faith.

They will need Thy blessings. Their road will be long and hard. The enemy is strong. He may hurl back our forces. Success may not come with rushing speed, but we shall return again and again; and we know that by Thy grace, and by the righteousness of our cause our sons will triumph.

They will be sore tried, by night and by day, without rest—till, the victory is won. The darkness will be rent by noise and flame. Men's souls will be shaken with the violences of war.

These are men lately drawn from the ways of peace. They fight not for the lust of conquest. They fight to end conquest. They fight to liberate. They fight to let justice arise, and tolerance and good will among all Thy people. They yearn but for the end of battle, for their return to the haven of home.

Some will never return. Embrace these, Father, and receive them, Thy heroic servants, into Thy kingdom.

And for us at home—fathers, mothers, children, wives, sisters and brothers of brave men overseas, whose thoughts and prayers are ever with them—help us, Almighty God, to rededicate ourselves in renewed faith in Thee in this hour of great sacrifice.

Hysa Shoots Down Nazi Plane

Staff Sergeant Paul M. Hysa of New York City, an active figure before the war in Ukrainian Catholic youth circles, and now a radio operator on a B-24 in the Mediterranean area, recently shot down a German M.E. 109 during a raid on an aircraft factory in Austria.

As released by Lt. Gen. Ira C. Baker, commander-in-chief of the Mediterranean Allied Forces, Hq. the report of Hysa's exploit follows:

15th Army Air Force—"It was like the fourth of July back in the States," said Staff Sergeant Paul M. Hysa, radio operator on the B-24, "Madame La Zonga," "because those krauts were firing rockets. From my left waist gun position, I saw an M. E. 109 swoop in on our tail. I gave him a

long burst and he exploded in mid-air."

Sergeant Hysa was describing his fight with a swarm of M. E. 109's during a raid of an aircraft factory in Austria. He continued, "my interphone plug was out when the kraut exploded, so I couldn't ask any of the members of the crew if they saw him. I figured that I would never get credit for that baby, but when we got out of the fight, I found that my ball turret gunner had seen the whole thing."

Sgt. Hysa is the son of Mr. and Mrs. Stephen Hysa, 3057 32nd street, Astoria, Long Island, New York, and has been in the Army 19 months.

A member of a Liberator bomber group of the 15th Army Air Force, Sgt. Hysa received his radio training at Kansas City, Mo. He has 17 missions to his credit and is stationed in Italy.

The Creed and Code We Are Fighting For

THE great liberation invasion of Europe by our armed forces should set us to thinking of the American creed and code for the preservation of which our country is engaged in this war. This creed finds expression in the following famous utterances:

THE AMERICAN'S CREED

I believe in the United States of America as a government of the people, by the people, for the people, whose just powers are derived from the consent of the governed; a democracy in a republic; a sovereign nation of many sovereign States; a perfect Union, one and inseparable, established upon those principles of freedom, equality, justice and humanity for which American patriots sacrificed their lives and fortunes.

I therefore believe it is my duty to my country to love it, to support its Constitution, to obey its laws, to respect its flag, and to defend it against all enemies.—**William Tyler Page, Clerk of the House of Representatives (1918).**

A PRAYER FOR OUR COUNTRY

Almighty God, who has given us this good land for our heritage, we humbly beseech Thee that we may always prove ourselves a people mindful of Thy favor and glad to do Thy will. Bless our land with honorable industry, sound learning and pure manners. Save us from violence, discord and confusion; from pride and arrogance, and from every evil way. Defend our liberties and fashion into one united people the multitudes brought hither, of many kindreds and tongues. This prayer was inspired by the prayer appearing at the end of George Washington's "Circular to the States," June 8, 1783.

LAND OF HOPE

God created America, a land of hope and dreams.
He filled it with broad, rolling prairies, and sprinkled it with swift and flowing streams.
Tall mountains, vast forests, He placed here, and then from the ends of the earth—
He called people of all races,
Each bearing a gift of worth.

Excerpts from program of Chris-holm (Mass.) evening school graduation exercises, March, 1931.

A CREDO

I myself am a part of democracy—I myself must accept responsibilities. Democracy is not merely a privilege to be enjoyed—it is a trust to keep and maintain. * * * I am an American. I intend to remain an American. I will do my best to wipe from my heart hate, rancor and political prejudice. I will sustain my Government. And through good days or bad I will try to serve my country.—**Stephon Vincent Beuét (Copyright, 1942).**

PLEDGE TO THE FLAG

I pledge allegiance to the flag of the United States of America and to the Republic for which it stands, one nation indivisible, with liberty and justice for all.

THINGS THAT MAKE AMERICA GREAT

It is a Government which holds that Government is made for man and not man for Government, that Government is the servant of the people and not the master.

It is a Government in which office is not the special privilege of any hereditary class.

It is a Government in which the minority has the right to criticize and agitate for peaceful change. It is one in which the minority may grow into the majority.

It is a Government which, more than any other form, requires for its most effective operation the assump-

tion by every citizen of his fair share of responsibility. Democracy requires individual morality, common sense and courage in its citizens.—**Howard E. Wilson, Nelle E. Bowman, Allen Y. King. Excerpt from "This America—Our Land, Our People, Our Faith, Our Defense." (American Book Co., New York, 1942.)**

NOTHING MORE—NOTHING LESS

Let every man honor and love the land of his birth and the race from which he springs and keep their memory green. It is a pious and honorable duty. But let us have done with British-Americans and Irish-Americans and German-Americans and all be Americans—nothing more and nothing less.—**Henry Cabot Lodge.**

THE WILL OF PROVIDENCE

America is another name for Opportunity. Our whole history appears like a last effort of Divine Providence in behalf of the human race.—**Emerson.**

WHAT AMERICA EXPECTS

Out of her abundant resources, out of her profound belief in the worth and dignity of every man, America offers you much.

What does America ask in return? America expects Personal Character. America is not a separate entity, apart and distinct from its people. America is the people. America is All-of-Us, incorporated. Therefore, whether America is strong or weak, virtuous or mean, valiant or faltering, depends upon the character of the citizens who compose it.

America expects a sense of values. It expects you to value duty above privileges; to value truth above mere phrases; to value wisdom above cleverness; to value quality above quantity; to value tolerance above any racial or religious prejudice.

America expects unity. It expects you to think and act in terms of the whole nation and not of any one State or section; of the whole people and not of groups or creeds or classes.

America expects knowledge—knowledge of our history, knowledge of our literature, knowledge of our ideals.

America expects faith—faith in its form of government and faith in your own capacity to be part of that Government.

America expects effort. In America the key to opportunity bears the label "work."

And, above all, America expects patriotism. Patriotism in word and thought and deed. It expects you to so live that America will be a better place because you are a part of it.—**Raymond Pitcairn. Excerpts from "Today We Are Americans All." (Copyright, 1942.)**

LIBERTY

Freedom exists only where the people take care of the Government.—**Woodrow Wilson (1912).**

Is life so dear, or peace so sweet, as to be purchased at the price of chains and slavery? Forbid it, Almighty God! I know not what course others may take, but as for me, give me liberty or give me death!—**Patrick Henry, in a speech before the Virginia Convention (1775).**

I would rather be exposed to the inconveniences attending too much liberty than to those attending too small a degree of it.—**Thomas Jefferson (1791).**

They that can give up essential liberty to obtain a little temporary safety deserve neither liberty nor safety.—**Benjamin Franklin.**

"I only regret that I have but one life to lose for my country.—**Nathan Hale in a speech he made just before being hanged by the enemy as a spy (1776).**

FREEDOM OF THE PRESS

Give me but the liberty of the press and * * * I will shake down from its height corruption and bury it beneath the ruins of the abuses it was meant to shelter.—**Richard Brinsley Sheridan (1810).**

RELIGIOUS FREEDOM

If you limit the search for truth and forbid men anywhere, in any way, to seek knowledge, you paralyze the vital force of truth itself.—**Phillips Brooks (1835-1893).**

To proclaim a true and absolute soul freedom to all the people of the land impartially so that no person be forced to pray, nor pray otherwise than as his soul believeth and consenteth.—**Roger Williams (1607-84).**

EQUALITY

By a divine paradox, wherever there is one slave there are two. So in the wonderful reciprocities of being, we can never reach the higher levels until all our fellows ascend with us. There is no true liberty for the individual except as he finds it in the liberty of all. There is no true security for the individual except as he finds it in the security of all.—**Edwin Markham (1902).**

FREEDOM OF CONSCIENCE

Of all the animosities which have existed among mankind, those which are caused by a difference of sentiments in religion appear to be deprecated.—**George Washington (1789).**

Religion, or the duty which we owe to our Creator, and the manner of discharging it, can be directed only by reason and conviction, not by force or violence; and therefore all men should enjoy the fullest toleration in the exercise of religion according to the dictates of conscience.—**James Madison (1776).**

FREEDOM OF EXPRESSION

I do not believe in a word that you say, but I will defend with my life, if need be, your right to say it.—**Voltaire (1759).**

Political liberty implies liberty to express one's political opinion orally and in writing, and a tolerant respect for any and every individual opinion.—**Albert Einstein (1933).**

THE LAW

The history of the United States is a living refutation of the dictators' assertions that democracy's faith in law has failed. Here men of all races, colors and creeds have enjoyed freedom of trade, freedom of conscience, freedom of expression and a common wealth and level of life never before attained. What has been done in the United States can be done in all the world.—**Robert N. Wilkin, Judge, United States District Court (1942).**

THE FLAG SPEAKS

I am whatever you make me—nothing more. But always I am all that you hope to be and have the courage to try for. I am song and fear, struggle and panic and ennobling hope. I am the day's work of the weakest man, and the largest dream of the most daring. I am the Constitution and the courts, statutes and statute makers, soldier and dreadnaught, drayman and street sweep, cook, counselor and clerk. I am no more than what you believe me to be.—**Franklin K. Lane (1914).**

Expert Appraisal

Major General Gatehouse, who commanded Montgomery's tanks at El Alamein, telling of his experiences early in the war, says that after France capitulated the British military authorities gathered in all kinds of men to develop an army. They had Arabs and Indians, Free French, and anyone else who would enlist, and with this conglomerate mass

MILLION FAMILIES IN UKRAINE STILL LIVE IN DUGOUTS

Ukraine was more severely mangled and burned by occupying German armies, especially during their retreat, than any other part of the Soviet Union. Yet the Ukrainian countryside is rapidly coming back to life. Thus reports Maurice Hindus by wireless from Moscow in last Tuesday's New York Herald Tribune. His dispatch follows:

Flying over it, one sees the land pockmarked by craters and dugouts, crisscrossed with trenches and anti-tank ditches. Yet the fields have been plowed and planted. The climate of the Ukraine is mild, the soil excellent and the May rains have soaked it with moisture. Winter wheat is about to ear out. So is winter rye. Spring crops are green and full of promise. Already the area under cultivation is 1,250,000 acres larger than the government prescribed.

Particularly significant is the over-fulfillment by 250,000 acres of the sunflower crop. This humble seed finds hardly any place in American diet. But in the Ukraine people eat it as we do popcorn or peanuts, and it is one of the chief sources of fats, especially in rural regions. Sunflowers are a substitute for a dietary vegetable oil in Russia, and not a peasant household is without it if it is at all obtainable.

Unless present prospects fail of realization, there will be more sunflower oil in Ukraine villages than the people there have known in the last three years.

Agricultural progress in the Ukraine is all the more remarkable because of the devastation the Germans left behind. At least 1,000,000 families are without homes and still live in dugouts. A large part of the population is gone—especially youth that has been mobilized by the Red Army.

Some are dead, some are still in evacuation and about 1,000,000—chiefly girls—have been forcibly deported to Germany.

There are few tractors and other implements. There aren't even enough spades and shovels. At least two-thirds of the horses and oxen have disappeared, been killed or driven away.

Yet collective farms have not only been restored everywhere but have achieved more than the ambitious government plan mapped out for them.

As in other parts of Soviet Russia, married, middle-aged women have become the backbone of the collective farms. It is they on whose shoulders have rested not only care of families but tillage of the land. On one Ukrainian collective farm I saw twelve women harrowing land with cows.

UKRAINIAN SPRING

Deep is the pain that is left by war's arrows

And here it is shown in the old peasants' eyes.

As they watch the burning scrub from the harrows

Sending its incense up to the skies.

O Ceres, give yield to this plateau of sorrow.

When autumn returns with its need of new bread.

Let harvesters coming to reap on that morrow

Find golden memorials here to the dead.

JAMES M. MacINTYRE

of men of all shapes, sizes and color, they built a division around the original British brigade.

On the first inspection day, the commanding general, after inspecting them, commented: "Well boys, you are a division and, after inspecting you, I cannot say what effect you will have on the enemy, but by God you scare hell out of me."

In the Pitfalls of Bilingualism

Mr. Elias Shklanka, a Canadian Ukrainian, who had studied in America, and displays an M. A. from the Chicago University, has conceived an ambitious plan of composing a grammar of the Ukrainian language designed in such a manner as to give the reader a speaking proficiency in that language. The book was to be in English, so that it would serve those who have only a superficial knowledge of Ukrainian, or none at all.

That there is a demand for such a book, probably nobody will doubt. There has been a clamor for such a book for some time, and if such a work were done expertly, it surely would meet with success not only in Canada, but in the United States as well, as there is in both countries a sufficient number of people anxious to have a speaking command of Ukrainian.

Literary Against Colloquial

The undertaking is beset with difficulties. There is before all the question what specific variety of the language to teach. It is well known that the language practices of conversation differ considerably from those of formal writing. Which variety should be taught then, the colloquial or the literary? Mr. Shklanka decides in favor of the literary Ukrainian language, and surely he has a good argument in his favor. And yet some arguments could be made in favor of the conversational Ukrainian language: those in Canada and the United States who use Ukrainian, use it more often in conversation than in writing, and should they use in conversation forms which are not accepted colloquially, even if they be accepted in formal writing, such use might shock or confuse the listeners. Thus Mr. Shklanka advises his pupils to say, "мати нога" and "читати часопис," though the bulk of Ukrainian immigrants in Canada and America in such cases would certainly say, мати ніг and читати часопис. The way out of this difficulty would be to call the pupil's attention to the conversational usage in this case.

The greatest difficulty, however, will always be the problem: what is the best method of learning a language? All of us have learnt one language from our childhood and then many of us have learnt other languages. The first language, though acquired in a careless manner by us as children, we usually speak with perfect ease and freedom, while those other languages which we learnt as adults, with a system and aforethought, we know only superficially and speak them with greater or lesser difficulty.

What is the cause of this strange phenomenon? Surely not the general limitations of the human mind, i. e. its incapacity to learn more than one language, as there are people who have mastered two, and more, languages. Many of us simply cannot accept such a theory; we must learn other languages. Hence the method of teaching, or learning languages becomes the primary problem. If there is a deficiency in our mastery of a language, we may as well ask ourselves if the method used is not to blame.

By Drill Method

This brings us to the method of teaching Ukrainian used by Mr. Shklanka. He undertakes to teach his readers Ukrainian by means of English. As a result, they do not learn Ukrainian in the manner a child learns his mother tongue, but learn it as a secondary language, using their mother tongue, English, as a basic, auxiliary language. In order to accomplish this, Mr. Shklanka uses the common method of teaching by means of translations. The pupil is given a set of rules of correct use of the Ukrain-

ian language, and after each rule he is shown a number of examples, that is words, phrases, or sentences, which illustrate the correct application of the rules. Further he is offered a set of English sentences which he is expected to translate into Ukrainian, with the view of applying in them the rules enunciated and illustrated just above. The idea underlying this system is that a repeated application of a rule will instil in the pupil a habitual application of that good usage. We may safely assume that Mr. Shklanka has introduced this method of teaching Ukrainian after the general pattern of teaching foreign languages. In all probability he himself has been taught English by that method, if not Ukrainian. Hence his work may be justly considered a proving ground for that method.

The test of any method of teaching languages lies naturally in one's mastery of the language which one undertakes to teach. By mastery we naturally do not mean just the ability to pronounce a jumble of words in that language, but the ability to express in the best manner the thoughts which we want to express. If when undertaking to learn a language, we know already another language, we quite naturally will be tempted to use the latter one for the easier or quicker mastery of the second one; hence we should take especial care lest the second language become colored by the elements of the first language. Hence the teacher of a foreign language should use the utmost care to imbue his pupils with its idiom, and not with clumsy translations of it. For, a person has truly mastered a new language only when he uses it as a native would.

English With Ukrainian Accent

What dangers a teacher of languages should avoid is best illustrated by Mr. Shklanka's use of English. Here is the sentence Mr. Shklanka begins his book with: "The purpose of this book is to present the principles of Ukrainian grammar in English for those who would like to learn the Ukrainian language." To an English-speaking person it is at once apparent that there are no principles of Ukrainian grammar in English and that Mr. Shklanka in all probability wishes to present in English the principles of Ukrainian grammar. Then such a person will surely be struck with the phrase "to present a thing for some one" as being foreign. (Says Maurice H. Weseen, in "A Dictionary of English Grammar," in the chapter on Prepositions, "To present TO: I wish to present the matter to you."). To one who knows Ukrainian it is clear that Mr. Shklanka's sentence is studded with errors because when writing it he did not think in English, but in Ukrainian.

Translating Prof. Ohienko's letter, Mr. Shklanka writes, "I read all your work with great pleasure." Referring to Ohienko's letter we find that Ohienko meant the whole work (book) by Mr. Shklanka, and not all his work.

When Mr. Shklanka wrote, "Fresh air is healthy for us," he again was thinking of the Ukrainian word "здоровий," which means both "healthy" and "wholesome," which the English differentiate very distinctly, by referring the former to persons, the latter to air, food, and so on.

And he was thinking in Ukrainian, too, when he wrote in English, "The priests declared that the church language only could be used as the language of literary expression." An Englishman will see what the author had in mind only after he has replaced "only" with "alone".

Mr. Shklanka writes the sentence, "Take care of your job, because we now have unemployment," again having in mind the Ukrainian word "бо," which in Ukrainian fulfills the office of several English conjunctions, such as: because, since, as, for; hence the

common errors of the Ukrainian in their use, of which Mr. Shklanka's sentence is one example. Likewise, the memories of the Ukrainian language lingering in his mind cause him to write (on page 53), "It seems to me that you were right, but he was wrong," in which phrase an Englishman would surely not use "but," but "and."

At times Mr. Shklanka falls into pitfalls which he himself has dug. Having undertaken to translate, he does not translate by phrases, but word by word. Coming across the Ukrainian phrase, "їхати автом," he translates first "їхати" by "to drive," and then the word "автом" by a whole phrase "with an automobile." Then he puts this together, and presto! we have a peach of a phrase, "to drive with an automobile." And he does not mean, for instance, "to drive cattle with an automobile!" What he does mean is just what an Englishman expresses by the phrase, "to drive an automobile."

English Bone in Ukrainian Meat

But perhaps you will say that since Mr. Shklanka's book is a grammar of the Ukrainian and not the English language, his errors in English are not important. Let us then turn to his Ukrainian, which is his real business in this book.

Mr. Shklanka writes, Він проміняв свою фарму за його авто. Idiomatic Ukrainian would express this sentence simply by saying, Проміняв фарму за авто, thus leaving out three pronouns, as this is not only permissible but obligatory in a highly inflected language. Of course, Mr. Shklanka's sentence is not ungrammatical,—it would be quite in place in a legal document—but it is not idiomatic. In Ukrainian it is superfluous to use in such a sentence the possessive pronoun unless you want to suggest that the person spoken about exchanges somebody else's property for something, and then his own farm for something else.

When Mr. Shklanka says, Британський прапор червоний, білий і синій, he again is evidently thinking of the English language, for a Ukrainian unconscious of the English language would express the idea simply by saying, Британський прапор червоно-біло-синій.

The sentence, На тебе надія ніяка is also an unidiomatic sentence, clumsily put together by one who is thinking of the English phrase "no hope." A Ukrainian would say, "На тебе нема (ніякої) надії."

The Ukrainian would hardly say, Нехай йому буде спокій. That's a clumsy translation of "Peace be with him." He would say, Мир (Спокій) йому.

Mr. Shklanka translates the English sentence, "The tree is broken by a storm" by the following, "Дерево ламається бурєю." Now, there are in Ukrainian such constructions, consisting of a reflexive verb and a noun in the instrumental case, but they are not always equivalent to the English passive statement like the one quoted here. The English sentence states in a passive form that a storm is breaking a tree, while Mr. Shklanka's sentence states a rather nonsensical idea, something like the following, "If you want to break a tree, use a storm to do it."

And again, not to bore the reader with further examples of Mr. Shklanka's English Ukrainian, let us end by giving an example of the pitfalls in Ukrainian he dug for himself. Mr. Shklanka says, "Б річці є раки, риба й жаби." We can surmise that Mr. Shklanka wants to say, "There are in the river: crayfish, fish, and frogs." What he does say is, "There are in the river (some) crayfish, a (one) fish, and (some) frogs." To be sure, if he had said, "у річці є риба" that would mean, "There are fish in

CLEVELAND RED CROSS UNIT HEARS NEW YORK TIMES CORRESPONDENT

On Wednesday, May 18, 1944, the Ukrainian Unit of the American Red Cross attended the annual meeting of the Greater Cleveland Chapter of the American Red Cross at Severance Hall, Cleveland, Ohio. Over two thousand persons attended this meeting and heard a very interesting address by Turner Catledge, staff correspondent of the New York Times, who recently inspected camps and clubs in six countries in the war zone.

In his address, Mr. Catledge said that "the Red Cross is keeping the spark of home alive in the boys overseas. American boys are great bridge-crossers. Being owners of powerful imaginations, they easily become distraught over conditions real or otherwise, at home. Red Cross field directors and their assistants provide a real service by keeping these men in touch with home."

Asserting that nobody has to "sermonize" about the Red Cross, Catledge said his tour of England, Africa, Italy, Iran, Palestine and India left him a headful of memories and a heartfelt of warmth for the organization.

Causing most concern to army officers and welfare workers overseas, the correspondent said, was the great deal of marital difficulty which seemed to be cropping up between the servicemen and their wives at home.

He warned that the servicemen would not come back the same men that they were when they left, physically or emotionally, and he commended the efforts of the Red Cross workers to prepare relatives for the changes which might have taken place.

Another point stressed by Mr. Catledge was the need of blood plasma. "Blood plasma procured in this country", he said, "is very often the ticket which allows wounded men to get back to a rear line hospital for surgery or treatment. Although our surgeons are doing an outstanding job, they wouldn't save one-fifth of the lives they do without plasma."

Our Cleveland Ukrainian Unit has been quite active in the past three years. But after hearing an address like Mr. Catledge's, it seems to me that there is so much more that we can do. Our work cannot be compared to that of larger units, so we are making a plea to all those who do have the time to come to the Ukrainian National Home and help us in the work which may help our boys along.

STELLA PALIVODA

Judicial Sarcasm

Judge: "What possible excuse did you fellows have for acquitting that murderer?"

Juryman: "Insanity."

Judge: "Really? The whole twelve of you?"

the river." But when such a collective noun in the singular is juxtaposed with other nouns which have no collective in the singular, then its singular non-collective meaning revives at once, just as in English the "dead metaphor" revives when placed alongside a "live" metaphor.

In such a manner, which is illustrated here by a few examples, the English language creeps into the Ukrainian of the author of this Ukrainian grammar, and sticks out like a sore thumb. And all such errors in English and Ukrainian make us doubt if this drill method of translation is the correct method of teaching Ukrainian, or any other language. If one who teaches a language by means of another language displays no errors in either of them, his method may still be criticized as not a proper method of teaching others; but when that teacher reveals himself sadly deficient in both, then what could be said of his method?

EMIL REYVUK

The Plight of the Perih

By WILLIAM PALUK

IF the gentle reader were asked to describe a serving of rubaboo, or of rowshow, the problem would be a delicate one even to those among us who pride themselves on knowledge of food. Yet, not many years ago, in this part of the country, this particular fare was as popular as roast chicken is today. In the colorful days of the voyageurs, these two ways of preparing pemmican were legion. But there came a day when the sight of a buffalo stirred one's historical memory instead of one's salivary glands, and mention of pemmican was relegated to history books. Almost at the same time the era of the voyageur came to a close. Thus food and type of man lived and died together.

Turning back the pages of our history book still farther, we are bound to find another food and another people. When Bohdan Khmelnytsky marched into Kiev on that eventful day in January, 1649, to what dish did he—most likely—sit down to dinner? On Christmas eve, whether you have two courses or the traditional twelve, what course is the indispensable one? Take any festive occasion, what food renders the occasion less festive if absent? Over what steaming course, more than any other, has the genius of Ukrainian thought and eloquence disported itself through the centuries?

The answer to these questions is too obvious to be stated. Like Bohdan and Christmas eve and every festive occasion, there is a folk song about perohy. "A man can just sit by you and eat and eat and eat," it goes. The origin of perohy, unlike Lamb's roasted pig, is not known; but a peasant in the thirteenth century, who could find time between Tatar and Turkish invasions to think of the future, might have foretold that some such food would evolve out of the Ukrainian household—a food that would require ingredients like potatoes and flour and water, which the invaders could no wholly carry away; a food which required the use of a woman's hands when she was tired—as well she might be—of cross-stitching.

The peasant thought little if he thought at all about its digestible qualities. His main concern was to eat until his hunger was satisfied; some days he just wanted to eat. Then again, his body was not like some modern machine of intricate construction, which requires refined oil for its fuel; his daily work was rough and manual, and his muscles could subdue any food into obedience and proper demeanor. There is even today a saying to the effect that food eaten with appetite is good food.

The Hey-Day of the Perih

Came the hey-day of the perih. The peasant, to his delight, found that the perih could be prepared in a variety of ways to please the more exacting palate which came into existence when the meat and food supply was left to increase normally. The enterprising cook found that she could use almost any ingredients, and, provided the finished product was half-moon in shape, or even remotely resembled a half-moon, she could with compunction call it a perih. This wide, almost unrestricted application of the term has come down to us. I have seen perohy two inches in length, even four inches in length; a quarter of an inch to one inch in thickness; there have been unwieldy plump ones, and flabby floppy ones; hidden inside you might find potatoes, cream cheese, limburger, meat, or some other combination of these; sometimes, firmly entrenched between its walls, a squaddy plum.

So much for its appearance. Now, there is usually a certain idea connected with a national food, an idea that gives a clue to the type of peo-

ple that prepares and consumes it. For instance, the Englishman brings to mind four o'clock tea, the little finger pointing away, freed from the menial task assigned to the other fingers and the thumb. But there are more associations. Tea denotes a chat, perhaps a friendly visit, and the vast world of propriety and etiquette. So, without unduly stretching the imagination, we have evoked the popular aspect of the English character.

What about the perih? What type of man does the perih bring to mind? Certainly none of the complexity of life suggested by tea. Perhaps the associations vary with different people. In one case at least, the perih conjures up a vision of a large family seated about a table on which there is but one dish: a horschok of steaming perohy. There is something about this picture that dates it as of a bygone age, that perhaps makes us smile covertly. We are apt to think of the ways in which we have outgrown that age.

Its Idea of Family Solidarity

But there is an aspect about the vision that we are prone to overlook in our hasty, superior-feeling era. It is the idea of family solidarity, the emphasis on the unity of the household, the symbol of which was that single baked earthen vessel on the table. Is it wrong to say that the horschok was a kind of shrine about which the family gathered periodically, and which bound it together until death? Here is something that our fathers left behind in the old country: the single bowl of perohy and the warm oneness of the family group.

When the Ukrainian came to Canada and changed his simple peasant ways for more involved, more expensive, that is, civilized ways, the change shook the very foundations of his food heritage. Objectively, the General Store was to blame. Lined attractively on the shelves were cans without number—cans of beans, cans of peas, even canned noodles and canned spaghetti, which silently began a destructive campaign of competition with the wayward, canless perih. If the general merchant were of the thoughtful kind, he'd have stored on another shelf a number of packages of senna pods and other merchandise of this sort. So, whereas the old country store dared to interfere with the people's apparel closet, its Canadian counterpart made inroads into the pantry and kitchen. The retreat of the perih was a consequence.

Again, in the old country, the peasant would sit down not to a well-ordered, well-vitaminized meal; but simply to breakfast, to dinner, or to supper. The food, morning, noon and night, was interchangeable, similar, often the very same. In other words, he sat down at any time to a dish of kapusniak, borsch, or perohy. Once in Canada, he first found that every meal has three courses—so that, according to the new terminology, his old square meal of perohy meant having perohy for appetizer, perohy for the main course, and perohy for desert. This was not only unconventional; it was uneatable: because it was all starch. Where were all the rest of the vitamins essential to a balanced diet? What about the sunshine vitamin, the brain-building element, the iron? Perohy were alright—well, they were permissible anyhow, provided you had meat and greens and only two, at most three, for supper.

Its Shape Wholly Functional

Furthermore, the shape of the perih was wholly functional—it was (we blush to say it) meant to be taken hold of by the fingers. The business of knife and fork handling

TROY LAD UNDER HEAVY FIRE ON ITALIAN FRONT

Pvt. Steve Futulchek Spent Hours in Stone House Near Cisterna

The story of how Pvt. Steve Futulchek of Edward Road, Wynantskill, N. Y., a Ukrainian by descent, spent hours under heavy bombardment in an old stone house looking into Cisterna, Italy, was told recently in a dispatch from Robert Vermillion, United Press War Correspondent with the Fifth Army. Vermillion, Private Futulchek and several other soldiers and a war correspondent were together during the bombardment.

Futulchek is 22 years old and the son of Mr. and Mrs. William Futulchek, both of whom are members of U.N.A. Branch 13. He is a former resident of Troy and attended Troy High School. He has a brother, John, painter third class with the Seabees somewhere in the Pacific war zone. A sister, Anne, recently entered the Air WAC and is taking basic training in the south. He has another sister, Mary, of Wynantskill.

The story from Mr. Vermillion follows:

With the Fifth Army before Cisterna, Italy (U.P.)—There were eight of us in an old stone house looking into Cisterna, when four German artillery shells pounded in at us, hurling rubble down from the walls and ceiling.

We scattered in all directions. I lay on the floor against a wall, choking on the swirling white dust and waiting for the fifth shell.

Outside the house, blood-red poppies, waved and bowed in the breeze.

Wanted To Be Civilian

I thought I was alone in the house and I was startled by the voice of Capt. Leonard Weisenburg of North Hollywood, Cal., who in the midst of the shelling had launched into a monologue from behind a pile of debris.

"I wish," he said, "I was a civilian."

When the shelling started, Captain Weisenburg and Col. Everett Duval of Spokane, Wash., had been talking from the stone house by field telephone to American squads lying in the tall grass and captured German dugouts several hundred yards ahead of us, closer to Cisterna. Leaders of

rendered its functional form useless. Eating a perih from the tip of a fork is considered by some like doing the Jitterbug dance in a Zaporozhian costume.

Of course, some die-hards revert to the peasant occasionally, and, throwing discretion and vitamins to the winds, down a heaping plateful of perohy with a kind of fiendish gusto. But civilization has taken their plow handles away and substituted a lever; it has done away with the scythe, and with strenuous manual labor. In return it has given them vitamins, canned food and Epsom salts. But the day of voluminous consumption of food—perohy, pemmican—is past, its death-knell sounded by the tinny clang of cans. Happily however, the ancient perih has not passed into the limbo of forgotten foods where rubaboo and rowshow reside. The perih can be seen today lying two or three in a plate; true, a shadow of its former self. It has obstinately but successfully fought its gastronomical battle against moneyed noodles and the notorious spaghetti. Today you can have perohy served in the most modern department store, dressed up for the occasion with a sprig of parsley. Round it swirls the new civilization, machinelike, efficient, requiring such and such a function of everything within it, or else...

But the perih lives on.

Wounded In Action

The members of the Friendly Circle Lodge (No. 435) of the Ukrainian National Association were happy to learn recently that their fellow member, Sergeant John Ribek, who had been wounded in action in the invasion of Italy, has been relieved from combat duty and is now awaiting placement in a non-combat unit. In a V-Mail letter to lodge secretary Stephen Kurlak he wrote, "It wasn't easy to leave the old company. After all, we'd gone thru hell and high water, and have made history together. But then again, being in a non-combat unit means that I've cheated the 'law of averages.' So far I've been very lucky and have had some almost miraculous escapes from death, but that couldn't continue indefinitely. So, now I pass the time by 'batting the bull' with other broken-down old doughboys."

Sergeant Ribek, prior to his voluntary enlistment in the armed forces, had been quite active in Ukrainian American activity, being a member of a New York dance group, choral group and a university club.

—FOR VICTORY: BUY BONDS—

patrols were returning with reports for Duval.

Also in the house were Pvt. Patrick Christanzia, Rochester, N. Y.; Corp. Arthur T. Schoerner, Alice, Tex.; Pfc. Charles Chaney, Woodbridge, N. J.; Pvt. Steve Futulchek Wynantskill, N. Y.; Serg. Bill Cucinillo, Chelsea, Mass., and Homer Bigart of the New York Herald Tribune.

The second shell hit the house high on a corner, a jarring blow that sprayed debris. Somebody yelled: "I'm getting the hell out of here." Homer Bigart dived through a hole in a wall. The others scattered through a door, heading for a trench outside.

Hit House Twice More

I had an agonizing moment of indecision and then the German made up my mind. They hit the house twice more, tumbling wood and stone down on me, filling the little two-room house with choking dust.

It was then that Weisenburg started his monologue.

"I knew it," he said. "Standing around out there lighting cigarettes, forgetting there's a war on."

"Every time you forgot there's a war on a German jumps you, Never knew it to fail. But you can't teach anybody anything."

"I'm tired of this stuff. Sick of it. I wish I was a civilian."

"But what the hell, you're a civilian, and here you are."

"I mean I wish I was a post-war civilian. Post-war."

I had twisted around in an awkward position and was staring at Weisenburg.

"What's the matter," he asked, "You get hit?"

I told him I wasn't hit and we didn't talk anymore. Just waited for the fifth shell.

The dead silence was broken by the muffled ringing of a telephone. Weisenburg dug around in a pile of debris and came up with the ringing phone which he answered.

"That was my outpost," he said. "They saw the fire take after us and just wanted to know if the line was still working. Damned funny people."

Another Telephone

Another telephone started ringing from under another heap of rubble and Weisenburg motioned for me to answer it.

A calm voice on the other end of the line began asking me highly technical questions.

"I don't know anything," I said, "I'm a war correspondent."

"What the hell are you doing there?" the voice asked.

"Brother," I said, just before handing the telephone to Weisenburg, "I'm getting the hell out."

LEND TO THE LOAN SERVICEMEN ACKNOWLEDGE GIFT PACKAGES OF DETROIT WOMEN

By RUPERT HUGHES

Invest in Victory!
Buying War Bonds now is really borrowing security. It is Lending to the Loan. You can combine the patriot with the promoter. Your gift is thrift.

The world is on fire: and your home and your life and your business would all go up in smoke if it weren't for Uncle Sam, the Fireman. Making this so-called "loan" is as if you handed your loose change to the fireman who fights the blazes to save your home, and climbs a ladder to save your life; and as if you added:

"I expect this money back, my good man, with interest. Also, I may call on you at any time to pay it all."

In ancient times and in tyrannies, when rulers went to war they simply seized whatever they could find without mercy or promise of return. Where the citizens have had some rights, they have been implored to pay war taxes and make war loans for their own sakes and the nation's.

In our own wars our people have been besought to lend enough to enable their government to save them.

Back in 1690, the colony of Massachusetts found itself without funds to pay off the soldiers who had taken part in the expedition against Quebec. The taxes were in arrears. There were no banks and no borrowable money. So the colony printed paper money and called it "bills of credit to be of equal value with money." This was four years before the Bank of England was established for the same purpose. And it was the beginning of paper money with all its sad history in all our early wars. In our Revolution, Washington said it took a wagonload of money to buy a wagonload of vegetables.

How the American Revolution Was Financed

The first Revolutionary Loan was rather fantastic. In 1775, following the outbreak at Lexington, there was so little powder that when the new Commander-in-Chief, George Washington, learned of the dearth, he almost fainted. So the Continental Congress, with only imaginary authority, desperately issued paper notes which were not formally legalized till over a year later—if then.

In financing our Revolution our women did what they could, mainly by sacrifice and management. But in 1780, the ladies of Philadelphia raised the then enormous sum of \$7,500 in cash to buy clothes for our half-naked soldiers.

Later, when the thirteen states decided to become a Republic under a Constitution, the new government assumed all the old debts both domestic and foreign. This gave us our first good credit.

Before the War of 1812 finally broke, it had been long foreseen and our great Treasurer, Gallatin, tried to provide for it in advance. But the public made a poor response and the bad showing on the home front was disgracefully repeated in our military showing.

When the Mexican War loomed, an effort was made to borrow 150 million dollars at 7.3 per cent. This had to be followed by imposing an income tax of 3 per cent on all earnings over \$800 a year. Income taxes had been used in colonial times 300 years ago; but it took a constitutional amendment to put them in practice with us.

Our Civil War brought on a most uncivil war in our finances and sent the national debt over the two billion mark.

The dismal spectacle of seeing the government panhandling and begging for war funds was turned at last into the patriotic festival it ought to be.

The Liberty Bond drives of World War I, not only brought in billions for the government, but served as a savings bank for the people.

Our Ukrainian Gold Cross in Detroit, Chapter 14, took upon itself this year the task of sending cheer to our boys in service at Eastertide.

In order to help raise some funds for this purpose, we held a "Bingo" party at the Ukrainian National Temple. Our people in this community responded beautifully. From the proceeds of the Bingo and other contributions we were able to send forty packages to our servicemen.

This does not seem such a great number when we think of the number of young Ukrainian Americans in every branch of the armed forces, all of them doing so much to secure the peace and freedom of this land, ours by adoption or birth.

The Ukrainian Gold Cross in Detroit is a humanitarian organization, dedicated to doing what it can to ease pain and suffering.

Before the war we did all we could for our kinsmen in the old country. Now when our country is engaged in a great world war we are doing everything possible to bring nearer the day of victory. We pray that before another year rolls by we will have our boys home with us once again.

Some of these boys who received our Easter packages were kind enough to acknowledge them. Below are a few of such letters:

1

San Francisco, Cal., Apr. 11 1944.

Dear Friends:

First, please let me explain that by using this salutation, I am not speaking to any particular one of you, but to all of you who compose the 14th Chapter of the Ukrainian Gold Cross.

Prior to this morning, I had no knowledge of the existence of your organization, but this afternoon not only am I aware of it, but I am willing to do anything in my power to help it in any way that I can. If there is anything that I could do, please do not hesitate to call upon me.

Now, I would like to thank you all from the bottom of my heart for the lovely package I received from you. There is no need for me to tell you how much I appreciate it. It is my firm belief, that this package is one of the finest that any member of the armed forces might receive.

The surprising feature is the practicality exercised in the packing of the box. Every item in it is one that each and everyone of us find very useful.

I could go on and on lauding the merits of your organization, but at present time is at somewhat of a premium, so I must bring this letter to an end.

And so it has been with the War Loans of this war. They have enabled us to keep our allies alive and our armed forces busy all around the globe while building up bank deposits for the people.

Value of Lend Lease

We should not begrudge the billions we have laid out in lend-lease and in loans of every sort to foreign countries; for our own Revolutionary War would have failed if we had not been able to borrow heavily on frail security from France and Holland. Without their generous aid we might still be a colony of England, as now we might have become a colony of Germany had it not been for the vast treasure and the countless lives laid down by our allies.

It is hard to imagine ourselves conquered and enslaved; yet we have seen other proud nations trampled under. We have been saved by our stored-up wealth. It has enabled our heroes to fight. It enables our nation

So once again I say thank you all very much and may God Bless You.

Sgt. Thomas Kowalsky.

2

San Diego, Cal., April 7, 1944

Dear Friends:

It is with great surprise and deep pleasure that I received your generous parcel. It indeed makes me very happy to know that my fellow countrymen remember me while I am far away from the environs to which I had so long been accustomed.

There is no greater feeling on earth than that of knowing that friends and neighbors are thinking of one while absent, and I express my deepest gratitude and sincerest appreciation for your noble gesture. I shall remember this fine gesture and hope that before too long a time has passed we may all once more meet together as we did in previous years, with the strifes of mankind and ravages of warfare absent from our thoughts.

Very Sincerely

S. 2/c. Nicholas Charney.

3

Dear Friends:

It certainly was a pleasant surprise to receive the package of things that a man in the service needs most, especially at Easter. It is nice to know that the folks back home are thinking of you and I want to express my most sincere thanks to you who are connected with the Ukrainian Gold Cross in Detroit.

Hoping to see you soon in the near future. I remain,

Yours sincerely,

Sgt. Louis Dobryden.

4

Dear Members:

I know you don't know me to speak of, but I am one of the many boys you sent an Easter box to. I just wanted to write and thank you for the swell box and card. It sure is a swell feeling to know the folks back home still remember us and think of us.

Even if we can't be home for Easter, which we all would like to, our thoughts will be there just the same.

Thanking you all again,

Yours Truly,

Sgt. A. Bacynski.

Such letters as those above show how morale-building gift packages from home can be for our servicemen. And they inspire us to further such efforts.

Mrs. S. Fedyk, Secretary of the Ukrainian Gold Cross in Detroit

to guarantee not only the return of money lent to it but its repayment with interest at any time it is needed.

It is easy for you to figure out how much you should lend to the Fifth War Loan. If it should fail, the war would stop on the eve of glorious triumph.

Our liberties would crumble. With them would go your freedom, your earnings, your capital. Your loss would be 100 per cent of your present assets; with heavy indemnities on your future. Your children would have no future at all.

So your losses would be—say 1,000 per cent. Any part of that will be getting off cheap.

The Fifth War Loan is not really a loan to the government. It is a loan to yourself. It is your chance to go forth to the battle field and "fight by his side." It is a golden opportunity to Invest in Victory.

Make it your business to attend to this business without delay,

Funny Side Up

"BASEBALL JOE FAN"

We had occasion last week-end to view the Dodgers in a baseball game with the Chicago Cubs who had come to town with a losing streak that stretched like a pre-war pair of ten cent suspenders. We had a swell seat at the game. The only thing that irked us was the fact that the peanut vendor couldn't shove a bag of peanuts through the knothole!

We happen to be an ordinary Joe Fan, but as the game progressed into its heated stage, we got to watching the other Joe Fans, and it suddenly occurred to us that they are not all alike.

There is, for example:

(1) **The "If-Fan."** He always has an alibi. "If Wyatt hadn't hurt his knee..." or "If Owen hadn't fought with Umpire Sears..." etc.

(2) **The "So-What Fan."** He goes placidly to the game. He seldom gets excited. If his team wins, "swell." If his team loses, then the other fellows were better. "So-What?"

(3) **The "Lucky-Fan."** Everything is luck. The other fellow hadn't hit a home run all year. He picked the one inning and hit his first and ruins us. It's all "luck" and nothing can be done about it, that's all.

(4) **The "Turn-about Fan."** He razzes all players in the league except those on his club. He doubts their courage, sneers at their ability, discounts their records. But as soon as they are traded to his club, he makes a quick switch and starts boosting them.

(5) **The "Razzberry Fan."** He boos all afternoon. Winning is everything. If the other team is better, cripple 'em! If the other pitcher is going good, spike him, or pick a fight and rattle him. If the rival sluggers are hitting the ball, dust 'em off! Fracture their skull, etc.

(6) **The "Wisher Fan."** He's always wishing for something better, no matter how many other teams are worse off. I wish they'd bought Joe Blow, or Willie Wiff, then we'd show 'em something.

(7) **The "Give-Up Fan."** He's a real booster for about two months. Then if his team goes bad he grumbles, "I give up. No more for me." But next year he's back again.

(8) **The "Just as Good Fan":** His team is down in the race but his third baseman is "just as good" as the third baseman on the No. 1 team. His infield is "just as good" as the champion's. All up and down the lineup, his boys are "just as good" as anybody's. He can't explain why his team isn't first.

(9) **The "Wait'll Next Year Fan."** He believes all he reads about rookies. He can take a beating this year and lives on rosy hopes of a future that never comes. He smiles pityingly when you tell him how terrible his club is because he knows they'll be great... "next year!"

(10) **The "Loyalist Fan":** He's 100% faithful to the end, rain or shine, first place or last. His team never does anything wrong. His manager's judgement is perfect. The fellows of his club are the handsomest, bravest, fightingest gang in the league, both leagues, in the world! He shares their sorrows and joys, and win or lose, for better or worse, they're HIS TEAM!

Well, there they are. Can you identify yourself or your friends?

BROMO SELTZER

Hoot, Mon!

Sir Harry Lauder said at one of the innumerable banquets given him by the Caledonians of America: "I am a Scot. The other day I met a man who asked me what a Scot was and I up and says 'A Scot, my dear boy, is a man who keeps the Sabbath and everything else he can lay his hands on.'"

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"It's high time that we make up
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we'll make up our minds now, I think
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