



## SECTION II.

## The Ukrainian Weekly

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

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FLYER GETS WARM WELCOME  
IN SOVIET TOWN

How a young Ukrainian American flyer from Boston received a very warm welcome from the inhabitants of a town near an American airbase somewhere in the Soviet Union, especially after they learned he could speak Ukrainian, is described by the flyer himself, Lieutenant William Dacko, son of Mr. and Mrs. Peter Dacko of Mattapan, Mass., in a letter recently received by Mr. Nicholas Dawyskyba, also of Mattapan, a member of the Board of Advisors of the Ukrainian National Association.

A member of U.N.A. Branch 238, just as his parents, Lieut. Dacko landed at the airbase following a shuttle raid from Italy upon Germany. Excerpts of his interesting letter follow:

"By now you've probably read of our landing in Russia. Well, I was fortunate in being one of the crews that landed there...

"Where I landed most of the people easily recognized my talk as being Ukrainian and were more or less amazed at the way I spoke to them. I was just as surprised as they were. I did not realize that my former knowledge of Ukrainian would come back so easily when I needed it.

"Gee, Mr. Dawyskyba, the Nazis wrecked every building in this place and many farm houses...

"I met up with a beautiful "Uke" girl, and her family took me in like a son. Of course, my buddies found themselves some nice girls, too. The girls were crazy about us Americans, and if we stayed there much longer I think the Russian soldiers would have started a riot because the girls were paying so much attention to us.

"I had my potato latkis and sour cream and good old "kapusta" and "varenyky."

Lt. Dacko then goes on to briefly describe some of the unspeakable cruelties the Nazis vented upon the populace when they occupied the region, as told to him by his Ukrainian girl friend.

"The people," he continues, "are now making new homes and new crops. They are not starving and they claim that if it were not for

American help they could never have won the front that they have established. And they were glad as heck to hear that the second front has been opened up.

"I took a lot of newsreel pictures and many of the pictures show me instructing the Soviet Mechanics working on our motors and guns.

"We danced nightly in the park. But they don't wear folk costumes like they did in the old times. They dance the tango, the fox trot and rhumba. But they also put on a good exhibition of Kozak dancing.

"The Soviet soldiers kissed us and got us feeling good on vodka, but some didn't care for our company. Boy, do I wish I could get stationed there permanently instead of this darn Italy. The Russians are at least 30 years ahead of the Italians and 5 times as clean. I got plenty of "smetana" (cream) and milk. We gave candy to the kids and they never took more than one.

"At first they wouldn't take candy from us because they thought it was a trick like the Germans used to pull on them. Some even poked a piece of gum with a stick before they'd take it from you, but now they beg for 'confetti."

"I now have 33 missions and let me tell you, war is hell and I'll be glad when my tour of flying is finished. I hope to finish up this month and then take a nice vacation and visit Capri, Rome, etc....

"The Bazaar struck me rather funny. I watched people trade food-stuffs and clothes, and I managed to get a few souvenirs. But they all wanted me to come home with them and sleep and eat—that is after they found out I could talk Ukrainian. Their pride and spirit are still tops. They work hard and were astonished to see us loaf around so much, until I made them understand that weather has a great deal to do with bombing."

Evidently unknown to Lt. Bill Dacko at the time he wrote the letter was the fact that on June 21 his brother Daniel, an air cadet, and member of U.N.A. Branch 238, was killed in an air accident at a Texas airbase.

WORGUL IS RATED BEST N. Y.  
PLAYER OF THE YEAR

The most valuable scholastic baseball player in the New York Metropolitan area—that's the distinction of George Worgul, 16, a former U. N. A. basketball player from Ozone Park, L.I., N.Y., where he is a member of Branch 200.

The young Ukrainian American pitcher was picked as such by Managers Joe McCarthy of the Yankees, Mel Ott of the Giants and Leo Durocher of the Dodgers, who acted as judges in the New York World Telegram's annual Most Valuable Player contest.

A Richmond High School mound ace, Worgul was elected from a group

of 15 finalists representing the best in each section of Greater New York, which, as pointed out by Mickey Hamalak (Branch 423), our informant and sports dealer, includes North Jersey, Westchester and Long Island besides New York City proper, and has a population of about ten million.

Worgul's prize will be a Western trip with the Dodgers, Yankees or Giants. Genuinely happy over the honor, the World Telegram reported, George wasted no time giving his teammates due credit for their support throughout the season.

In basketball George was the ace of the Richmond High team.

SENATOR DAVIS PRAISES U.N.A.  
WAR EFFORT

Speaking before a throng of over three thousand persons at an outdoor celebration of the 50th anniversary of the founding of the Ukrainian National Association held by the United U.N.A. branches in the Pittsburgh area, Sunday, June 25, Senator James J. Davis of Pennsylvania expressed high praise for the contribution to the war effort made thus far by the U.N.A. and its members. Senator Davis also lauded the freedom loving spirit of the Ukrainian people which, he said, made a profound impression upon him when he was reading a Ukrainian history book.

Presented in the afternoon at the West View Park, the program consisted of talks, vocal and instrumental music, and folk dances. Besides Senator Davis, Dmytro Halychyn, supreme secretary of the U.N.A., and Stephen Shumeyko, editor of the Ukrainian Weekly, spoke. The former pointed out in his talk in Ukrainian that the new U.N.A. youth branch organized recently in Carnegie, Pa. by Mrs. Julia Kucher was a fine ex-

ample of how to properly observe the U.N.A. golden jubilee. The latter dwelt upon the services of the U.N.A. in respect to America and Ukraine as well. M. Fuk opened the program, while M. Panchak acted as master of ceremonies.

Highlights of the musical program was the singing of Mary Polynak, New York soprano, which Senator Davis praised in the course of his address. Ukrainian choral numbers, both secular and religious, were sung by the Carnegie Ukrainian church choir under the direction of W. Lviwsky. Pleasing vocal numbers were sung by Mrs. Maria Chandoha, and fine violin selections were played by Miroslav Romaniuk of Toronto. Accompanists were Luba Korolyshyn and Mrs. Chandoha. A number of Ukrainian folk dances were presented by a grup led by Miss Lesya Kucher.

Among those in attendance at the celebration was Mrs. Maria Malevich, vice-presidentess of the U.N.A., and Miss Genevieve Zepko, a member of the U.N.A. Board of Advisors.

DEDICATE WAR MONUMENT  
IN NEW YORK

"Dedicated to American Heroes of all nationalities who died for their country in the Second World War.—Erected by Ukrainian Americans of Greater New York in memory of their sons July 4, 1944." Such is the inscription on a stone monument surmounted by a flag pole which was dedicated Sunday afternoon, June 25, before a throng of several thousand persons assembled at the intersection of Second avenue and East 9th and 10th streets, New York city, where the monument stands, in front of St. Mark's Church, oldest church building in the city.

The dedication ceremonies were opened by Michael Pershyn, veteran of the last war. Master of ceremonies was William Chosnyk, veteran of the present war. The dedication was in English, by Rev. Marianus of St. Basil's Order. The flag was unfurled by Mrs. Catherine Georgia. Dedication services were conducted by Abbot Markiw of St. George's Ukrainian Catholic Church.

Religious and folk choral selections were sung by St. George's Choir under the direction of Theodore Onufryk. Talks in Ukrainian were delivered by Abbot Markiw, Mrs. Claudia Olesnitsky, editor of "Our Life," Mr. Roman Slobodian, supreme treasurer of the U.N.A., and Very Rev. Leo Weselowsky of St. Vladimir's Ukrainian Orthodox Church.

Talks in English were given by Mrs. Lehman of the Red Cross, Congressman Arthur J. Klein, Assemblyman Stephen Jarema, Rev. Richard MacAvoy of St. Mark's Church, and John Hilsip, New York assistant park commissioner. St. Vladimir's Church Choir directed by Stephen

RED CROSS ACKNOWLEDGES  
"SVOBODA" AID

A letter of appreciation for the cooperation in the 1944 Red Cross War Fund campaign provided through the columns of SVOBODA was recently received by its editor from Robert P. MacHatton, chief of the Foreign Language Press Section, Red Cross national headquarters in Washington, D. C.

Dated June 28, text of letter follows:

"It is with pleasure that I write to express my personal appreciation for the cooperation in our 1944 War Fund campaign provided through the columns of SVOBODA.

"The \$200,000,000 goal was oversubscribed by more than \$15,000,000. Unquestionably, foreign language editors and publishers throughout the United States, by their generous contributions of space, were instrumental in furthering the splendid response of their readers to our appeal. The many publications I have reviewed indicate that foreign language papers are to be congratulated on the spirit with which they supported the Red Cross."

## KILLED IN ACTION

Pfc. Wallace Moskalyk, member of U.N.A. Branch 246, the son of Mr. and Mrs. Luke Moskalyk, 3 School street, West Warwick, R. I., previously reported missing in the Mediterranean area, has now been reported by the War Department as killed in action there on April 20.

Pfc. Moskalyk was inducted March 16, 1943.

Holutiak brought the dedication ceremonies to an end with a Ukrainian church hymn.

## Soldier Wins War Bond In Essay Contest

Pvt. Theodore Lutwiniak of the 209th Hospital Ship Complement, Section B, Staging Area, Charleston Port of Embarkation, Charleston, S. C., was one of four soldiers each of whom won a \$25 War Bond in an essay contest conducted through "RePort," a mimeographed Port newspaper.

The results of the contest, which required participants to submit essays on "Why I Fight," appeared in the June 23rd issue of "RePort." According to the judges, the caliber of all the entries was high. They were judged anonymously by three officers. The winners were Sgt. Gamewell, T/4 Higdon, Cpl. Griffiths, and Pvt. Lutwiniak, all of Section B. Two other soldiers received honorable mention. Sgt. Gamewell's essay appeared in the same issue of the weekly GI paper and the others will appear in subsequent issues.

Pvt. Lutwiniak, before his induction into the Army, was secretary of Branch 287 of the Ukrainian National Association, a Jersey City youth branch. He went into the Army on August 5th, 1943, spent a week at Fort Dix, N. J., took his basic training in Camp Grant, Ill., and from there went to the Charleston Port of Embarkation where he was assigned to a hospital ship complement. He is a constant contributor to The Ukrainian Weekly.

His prize-winning essay follows:

### WHY I FIGHT

A number of years ago, I asked my mother what made her come to America. She answered that she had heard wonderful stories about this country, so one day she left the Ukrainian farm where she had been born and raised and came here to make her home. She missed "the old country" and her people very much, but never regretted coming to America. She pointed out that a few years after she left her native land the first World War broke out in Europe and there was much fighting in her country, as is true today. She said that conditions there had always been bad because the people had never been free, and the war made things worse. At the time all this made no particular impression on my mind; I recall vaguely having been glad I was born in America.

In the years that followed I began to appreciate being born an American. I began to understand why my parents came here. I knew what people all over the world were fighting and dying for... the Chinese, the French, the Ethiopians, and all the rest of them. They were fighting for freedom, something I've had all the time without fully realizing how fortunate I was. It took the tragedy of Pearl Harbor for me to fully understand how precious freedom is. I knew I would have to fight to stay free and I was ready to do my bit.

Today, I am fighting for my country because I am firmly convinced it is worth fighting for. It is a free country, a land of opportunity where everyone has an equal chance, has certain guaranteed rights, and can be happy. It is a peaceful country where no one need fear invasion of his home, terrorism, or political imprisonment because his ideas differ from those of the government. It is a gloriously rich country in which every American has a share and would fight to keep it. It is a great country... Americans take great pride in its wonderful history. From its very beginning America has been fought for. It is being fought for now. It shall always be fought for by every American who appreciates and loves his country. I love my country.

In a broader sense, I am also fighting for the suffering people of

## Has Narrow Escape; Gets Decoration

Staff Sergeant Nick Melnick, son of Mrs. Mary N. Melnick, of 1205 7th Ave., Berwick, Pa., doesn't know yet how he happens to be back in this country alive with the Bronze Star and Combat Infantryman's Badge to testify to his bravery in combat in Sicily and Italy, the Berwick Enterprise recently reported (clipping sent to Weekly by Mr. Peter Geletiy, secretary of U.N.A. Branch 164 in Berwick).

Sgt. Melnick kept his fingers crossed and maybe that had something to do with it.

"The Combat Infantryman Badges were given out at Anzio just before we moved up into the front lines on May 8," Sgt. Melnick said. He went into action with the 45th Infantry Division and managed to keep out of trouble until his unit was on its way back for relief.

"A German patrol of 15 men got in behind us some way as we were moving to the rear," the infantryman explained. "We were carrying all our own equipment and that of our killed or wounded buddies. Blankets and all were soaking wet and we were really loaded down.

"Suddenly a Jerry hollered 'Hands up!' They were only 20 yards away and immediately let go with their 'burp guns.'

"We didn't lose any time there, but for a minute I thought that was where I'd end up. Combat Badge, Bronze Star and all. We dropped our equipment, drew back into a creek bed and opened fire on the Jerries and in a little while they withdrew. So I got back ok."

Sgt. Melnick had seen plenty of action previously including that which earned him the Bronze Star at Anzio.

He went into Sicily at Biscania with the 45th, made the famous speed march in Sicily, landed at Salerno during the invasion three and then went to Anzio. He was at Cemetery Ridge in Italy when Lt. Ernest Childers, of Broken Arrow, Okla., won the Medal of Honor by knocking out a group of German positions that held up the American riflemen.

"I was stranded back of the Jerry lines for a while that day and a lot of my friends lie dead on Cemetery Ridge. That's one place I'll never forget," he said.

Sgt. Melnick won his Bronze Star at Anzio last February when he took over his platoon after a single shell had wounded both his platoon leader and platoon sergeant.

"We were getting into position under a Jerry barrage when they were hit," Sgt. Melnick related. "I was bringing up the rear and saw them being taken to an aid station. I didn't know where the rest of the men were and started looking for them. Then we just held on."

That's the way Sgt. Melnick tells it. But the citation declares that he went all over the position under heavy fire until he had located every man in his platoon, placed them under cover to form a line, reorganized the platoon's communications and held the position so that other platoons on both sides had their flank protected by his men.

the world. Many of these unfortunate victims of oppression and persecution have never known the full meaning of freedom, have never, in fact, experienced it. It is my hope that these millions of people may find freedom, peace, and happiness as a result of the inevitable Allied victory.

I am fighting, too, for my home and family. It is an American home and family. It is a happy home. I am fighting to keep it American and to keep it happy. I don't want my

## Describes Bloody Invasion Beach

Describing D-Day operations, an Associated Press correspondent on board the assault transport U.S.S. Thomas Jefferson quoted an eyewitness account given him by a young Ukrainian American, Lieutenant (jg) John Kolody, 24, son of Mrs. Catherine Kolody of 1625 Fifth Avenue, Arnold, Pa., who taught science at Indiana (Pa.) High School before joining the Navy.



LIEUTENANT JOHN KOLODY

Lt. Kolody made two trips to the Normandy beach. In that particular sector the landing of American spearhead troops on the beaches was almost turned into another bloody Salerno by the weather conditions which made proper softening up by bombers and warships almost an impossibility.

The roughness of the water capsize landing craft, swimming "ducks," broke up wave formations and drowned soldiers and sailors who were seeking to reach shore through the heavily mined area which also was studded with underwater obstacles.

The Germans fought fiercely and capably, often driving our boats back to the sea when they approached. Many tanks were shot up along with the landing craft. Beaches were strewn with wrecked equipment.

"The beach," Lieut. Kolody told the AP correspondent, John A. Moroso, "was a bloody one even on the first wave. I met one wave commander who said his whole outfit went down. There was heavy machine gun fire. Army equipment, tanks, and navy boats were on the beach, shot up and burning."

Eventually, however, enemy resistance was shattered by our troops and that particular beach became the scene of vast unloading operations of men and equipment.

Lieut. Kolody graduated from Indiana State Teachers College, Indiana, Pa. in May, 1942. He enlisted in the United States Naval Reserve the following October, and received his commission as Ensign at Columbia University in New York in February, 1943. He left for overseas duty in May, 1943 and took part in the invasion of Sicily, and Salerno as well. Last April he received his commission as Lieutenant, junior grade.

Lt. Kolody was on board at LST boat for nine months before being transferred to the U.S.S. Thomas Jefferson.

home to be invaded, looted, and burned. I don't want my family hurt, enslaved, imprisoned, or brutally murdered, as has happened to families in other countries. I am helping my government and myself by being a part of the all-out effort to make certain it does not happen here.

## WHAT THEY SAY

President F. D. Roosevelt in his message to Congress on refugees:

"Congress has repeatedly manifested its deep concern with the pitiful plight of the persecuted minorities in Europe whose lives are each day being offered in sacrifice on the altar of Nazi tyranny.

"This nation is appalled by the systematic persecution of helpless minority groups by the Nazis. To us the unprovoked murder of innocent people simply because of race, religion or political creed is the blackest of all possible crimes. Since the Nazis began this campaign many of our citizens in all walks of life and of all political and religious persuasions have expressed our feeling of repulsion and our anger. It is a matter with respect to which there is and can be no division of opinion amongst us."

Secretary of War, Henry Stimson, on progress of Invasion:

"I think we should not allow our imagination to outstrip the factual developments.

"I am confident that the operations will be reported soberly, and it is to the best interest of ourselves and to our men on the battlefield that we do not let our minds leap optimistically ahead of what is actually reported.

"There will be hard days ahead. Let us not make them worse because of a previous, cheerful distortion of the facts. Conditions will be changing from day to day. It is to our good to avoid excesses of optimism or pessimism."

Most Rev. Edward Mooney, Archbishop of Detroit:

"We should not fail to note the fact that the Nazi perpetrators of the colossal crime of the Warsaw ghetto are professedly and rabidly anti-Christian as well as anti-Jewish. In Germany itself, throughout occupied Europe and particularly in Poland they have persecuted Christians with a ferocity that is exceeded only by their unparalleled cruelty to the Jews.

"May we not hope that in the fires of a common tribulation new bonds of human solidarity and mutual goodwill are being forged between Christian and Jew? In the heroism of Christians who have so often risked and not infrequently given their lives to rescue their more unfortunate Jewish brothers, may we not find an augury that when the agony is over Jews and Christians will work together to write a brighter page of history in liberated Europe?"

Chester Bowles, OPA Administrator, before Agricultural Committee in Des Moines, Iowa:

"I believe that depressions can and should be eliminated. I believe that through teamwork of industry, agriculture, labor, and Government, the national income can be held up after the war. With our ten million soldiers and sailors back on the job, I believe it can be increased even above present levels, with markets for everything we can produce and with jobs for all who seek them.

"As I see it, the essential role of Government in this team is to underwrite the level of the national income and of business activity. It must therefore be prepared at all times—through public works, through adjustment of taxes and public expenditure, through stimulation of exports—to step in at the first sign of recession. And I believe that the more firmly Government is committed to such a policy, the more effective the machinery it sets up to make good on its commitment, the less Government will actually have to do. For I am convinced that once business men and farmers can invest and consumers can spend without fear of periodic waves of bankruptcy, foreclosure, and unemployment, they can and will provide a market for everything we are able to produce."

## UKRAINE MUST LIVE!

By HONORE EWACH

In 1676 the central part of Ukraine was so terribly devastated and depopulated that Hetman Petro Doroshenko of his own free will gave up his office, yielding his hetman's mace to Ivan Samylovich who was in alliance with Russia. Thus Hetman Petro Doroshenko gave up his fond dream—to make Ukraine a united and free nation. After 28 years of bitter fighting, beginning 1648, against Poland, Tartars, and Russia, in self-defense, the young Ukrainian nation was not only bled white on the battle-fields, but almost wholly depopulated in its central region, along the Dnieper. In 1654 alone the troops of the Polish general, Stepan Czarnecki, burnt over one thousand villages and towns and massacred over 100,000 Ukrainian villagers in the region around Uman. The Ukrainian villagers preferred to die, bravely defending their homes and villages, than to return to Polish servitude. Ukraine witnessed more fighting in the following years. It was a three-cornered fight—against Poles, Russians, and Tartars. In 1665 Turks came to Hetman Doroshenko's aid against Poland and Russia, but they too plundered Ukraine in the fashion of Tartars, Poles and Russians.

By 1676 the central part of Ukraine had actually stopped to exist. For the time being there was danger that the Ukrainian nation would disintegrate into two little nations—into Ukrainians of Volhynia and Galicia—under Poland, and Ukrainians of Chernihiv, Poltava and Kharkiv regions—under Russia, with the province of Kiev, lying between them, ruined and depopulated.

That was why Hetman Petro Doroshenko gave up his dream of seeing Ukraine a united and politically independent nation. Being a true and sincere Ukrainian patriot, he knew that it was more important at the time to re-populate the central part of Ukraine than to keep fighting for Ukraine's political independence.

After Hetman Doroshenko's resignation in 1676 the most important figure in Ukraine's life was Colonel Semen Paliy. He settled at Fastiv, in the most devastated part of Ukraine, and colonized his region with settlers from western and eastern regions of Ukraine. He was the real hero of the day. Within a period of about twenty years he re-united the sundered parts of the physical body of the Ukrainian nation, and recolonized the depopulated southern half of the province of Kiev. No doubt, Petro Doroshenko, who lived till 1693 in the village of Yaropolche, in Russia, in exile, strongly approved of Paliy's wise policy. It was the policy of national emergency.

Are Ukrainians not facing now even a more terrible national calamity than they faced back in 1676? The scanty news that trickles out from Europe shows, that the double wave of scorched earth policy has left Ukraine terribly ruined and depopulated. The fact that Kiev alone had less than one-tenth of its population of 1939 when the Soviet troops recaptured it recently shows to what extent Ukraine has been devastated and depopulated by the present war. Several weeks ago the Nazi radio boasted that the retreating German troops had left the eastern half of Ukraine totally scorched and depopulated. Undoubtedly they are further scorching and depopulating Ukraine in their steady retreat westward.

Ukraine lies prostrate after the double-wave of war rolled over her territory, with thousands of villages burnt, with her towns and cities ruined, and with vast regions depopulated.

All the petty differences and bickerings among Ukrainians should sink

in face of the terrible war tragedy of the Ukrainian nation. The voice of Semen Paliy is calling: "Ukraine must live!"

### Who Can Like a Guy Like That?

It takes all kinds of guys to make up an outfit. In our outfit, we have several types... some funny, some boisterous, some dumb, some smart, and a few who can only be described as pains in the neck. It isn't very difficult to get along with them; some of them we like immediately and some we don't until we get to know 'em better; a few we don't like no matter how long we know them. But we tolerate them as long as they don't get in our hair.

There's the guy, for instance, who, immediately after getting paid, obtains a pass and goes to town. Not that there's anything unusual about that. There's nothing unusual about his getting drunk and rolling into the barracks at a wee hour of the morning, either. And there's nothing unusual about his repeating the performance for three or four nights in a row. That we can understand. But this guy has a wife and child back home. Almost invariably, after his binge is over and he's smoking his last cigarette he bends our ear about his wonderful wife and marvelous child. He tells us "never again" in regard to the pay-day sprees; he was going to be a good boy and this, that, and the other thing. We listen with one ear as we heard the same baloney before. We perk up, though, when he says he'll never borrow money from us anymore, and we almost keel over when he announces that he won't grub any more cigarettes. For him, that would be something! Well, only a few days after that speech, he tried to touch us for some folding money. We refused, naturally... we always refuse in matters of that sort as we don't have enough of the cabbage ourselves. So then he hits us for cigarettes. Apparently his speech was completely forgotten by him. Well, he managed to get some coin from some GI without sales resistance, and invests it in a card game, hoping to build it up into some real dough. Naturally, he winds up not only broke but in the red as well. Not long ago this guy was transferred out of our outfit, and I have seen no indication of sorrow on any of the others' faces. But here's the pay-off: the night before he was due to be transferred (he knew about it, but we didn't) he asked practically everyone in the outfit to lend him some dough. We don't know how many victims he chalked up, but the dopes kissed their money goodbye after the guy entrained for another post. Who can like a guy like that?

### Paunchy Joe

Then there's Joe... big and very paunchy (he refers to his paunch as a beer barrel, which we think very appropriate). Joe's a good skate. He has a sense of humor, even if he is in charge of the latrine. The fellows kid Joe about that latrine, but he takes it and kids right back. Joe's opinion of the latrine is unprintable... according to him it's the hardest place to keep clean on the whole post. The floor is always full of sand, paper, matches, butts, and what not. Joe dreams of a latrine with tiled floors, white walls, shades, curtains, and all the other accessories typical of civilian bathrooms. The guys tell Joe if there was such a latrine on the post, they'd move in bed and baggage. Joe says they'll do that over his dead paunch.

One morning Joe was busy cleaning up his emporium. This consisted of playing a hose over everything for an hour or so. After that Joe would

in face of the terrible war tragedy of the Ukrainian nation.

The voice of Semen Paliy is calling: "Ukraine must live!"

## Army Life

have some luckless latrine orderlies polish up the fixtures. In the midst of the operations a guy walks in, makes use of the newly-cleaned fixtures, and is about to stroll out when Joe collars him. "Clean up the mess you made!" Joe bellows. "Clean it up or, by George, I'll stuff you down the drain pipe!" Joe hates to have anyone use the latrine when he's cleaning up, you see. That makes him mad. But all the guys like Joe. On his off-duty hours Joe can be found in the PX keeping his paunch up to beer barrel size by partaking of the brew in copious quantities. Yes sir, Joe's all right. He makes a lot of noise, but he's harmless.

### Nick

We musn't overlook Nick. Now there's a guy who's hardly ever on the ball. If he isn't being restricted for missing reveille it's because he's already being restricted for coming in late on a pass, or something. Nick was a PFC once. We don't know how he happened to rate it, but the fact remains. He sure got rid of it in a hurry, though. Latest report on Nick is that he received three days of KP for pulling another boner. We think they got tired of restricting him and are now trying to mend his ways with large doses of KP. We hope it works as Nick is a pretty good guy despite his inability to get on the ball.

### Frenchie the Cook

A few words must be said about Frenchie the cook. He's a real Frenchman, all right... drew his citizenship papers while in the Army. All his people are in France; his only relative in this country is his wife. Frenchie is a hard-working cook with many years of civilian experience behind him. He rates A-1 with all the men. Due to some technical reason regarding tables of organization, Frenchie was nothing but a PFC. We thought that very strange and hardly fair... but Frenchie couldn't go any higher because the authorized ratings in the outfit were filled up. It sure was a strange sight to see Frenchie, a PFC, acting as mess sergeant over a bunch of KPs and cook's helpers, many of whom were T/4s and T/5s! But it wasn't funny to us as we thought Frenchie deserved better than PFC. Just a few days ago Frenchie got his break. Due to some man with a rating being transferred out of the outfit, Frenchie filled in the vacancy and was jacked up to T/5. All of us are happy about that... but no one is happier than Frenchie. Latest report is that Frenchie left for a week's furlough. His wife will be proud of his brand new stripes!

### Bill

We don't know how he does it, but Bill manages to get out on pass practically every night. Ninety-nine per cent of the guys are lucky to have cigarette money around the 15th of the month, but Bill manages somehow. He goes to town to keep his date, returns anywhere between 1 A.M. and reveille, and hits the hay. He'd be a bit inebriated most of the time. All of which is his business were it not for the fact that he likes to put the light on so that he can see what he's doing in the barrack. The light would be on about ten minutes while Bill undresses and gets things ready to hit the hay. That burns us up as the light bothers us. It does no good to complain to Bill about it. He just says "Shaddap!" It's hard as heck to get Bill out of bed for reveille. If it weren't for us he'd be absent every morning. We use all kinds of methods to awaken him; we pulled the mattress off the bed with him on it more than once. If that didn't work, the water treatment did; Bill jumps two

## Gets B. S. In Biology



MISS PAULINE SHATYNSKI

Miss Pauline Shatynski, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. T. Shatynski of 345 Princeton Avenue, Hillside, was graduated the 12th of June from Caldwell College for Women at Caldwell, N. J. She received a bachelor of science degree in biology.

Miss Shatynski held the office of president of the Albertus Magnus Science club during the scholastic year 1943-1944, and also was vice president at her class in both the Junior and Senior years. She belongs to the parish of St. John's Ukrainian Catholic Church at Newark, N. J.

## Wins Commendation

Sgt. Michael Roll, Ukrainian by descent, son of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Roll, of Sterling Avenue, Berwick, Pa. recently received a letter of commendation from his commanding officer for his work in evacuating men and material while debris from an exploding ammunition dump in the South Pacific showered down. He has been in the Pacific area since March, 1943.

The commendation, from the third platoon of the 39th Military Police Company commander, follows:

"Under the provisions of AR 600-55, I officially commend Sgt. Michael Roll, ASN 33,353,099, for outstanding duty performed at great risk of his life far beyond the call of duty, undergoing constant danger from bursting shells and falling debris from a nearby, exploding ammunition dump on an advanced base in the South Pacific area.

"Sgt. Roll, being on duty at the time of the disaster, aided in the evacuation of personnel from areas near the exploding ammunition dump. These areas were under constant bombardment of shells and flying debris from the ammunition dump and it was necessary for the military police members to aid in the check of these areas for personnel who were unable to leave and to keep the main road free from traffic to enable the complete and quick evacuation of all personnel and vehicles. This man worked without thought to the danger to his life and stayed in the danger zone until he was post-

(Concluded on page 4)

feet when cold water splashes all over his face. After roll call, instead of going to the mess hall for chow, Bill goes back to bed. We wake him up just before the next whistle blows that he would make his bed. We make it up sometimes while he's cleaning up in the latrine. Despite all this he isn't a bad egg and has many friends. We wish, though, he'd let that light alone at night.

We told you something about just a few of the guys who make up our outfit. See what we mean?

PVT. THEODORE LUTWINIAK

# IVAN GOES TO WINNIPEG

By WILLIAM PALUK

IT was on a warm late autumn day that Ivan Zabrevich arrived by train in Winnipeg. He got off at the station, clinging to his half-empty suitcase, which he intended to bring back filled with clothes for his family, and to a heavy cardboard box containing a fifteen-pound ham wrapped in old newspapers, and tied securely on the outside with hemp twine. He stood still for a moment, as though to accustom himself to the hurry and noise of the platform—the people rushing hither and thither, some being greeted with smiles and kisses and hugs, the baggage trucks rumbling along, miraculously hitting no one.

By instinct, for Ivan was a farmer, he made his way slowly and observantly through the crowd, emerging finally in the dry heat of Winnipeg's Main street, where he boarded a street car headed in the direction of North Winnipeg.

Underneath a hat of which the brim stood up on all sides just as on the day he had bought it five years ago, Ivan was completely bald, testifying to a ripe, middle age. But his brown eyes shone brightly like a man's in his early twenties, and there was a certain acquility to his nose which the fleshiness at the tip could not hide. His face was round, slightly wrinkled, and bronzed by many a summer spent under a Western Canadian sun. His clothes looked neat, though ill-fitting, being of an old cut which, besides, he had outgrown.

He certainly looked younger than his forty-eight years, especially as his face was flushed with the excitement of being in the city for the first time in eight months. The row of buildings which the street car passed seemed the same, unchanged wall of stone and brick and glass, yet it possessed an exhilarating newness to him, putting his senses on the alert. Ivan knew the house of his fellow countryman and townsman, George Skory, from many past visits. It was a low frame dwelling on Flora avenue, five blocks west of Main Street, painted a greying white, somewhat hidden and dwarfed by a grotesque thirty foot maple left to continue its peculiar growth by many tenants whose attentions were directed to matters more urgent than that of trimming or felling a tree.

It being a Sunday, George was at home with his little wife, Kasia, and they welcomed the grinning farmer warmly.

"This is indeed a surprise," said Kasia, shaking his hand in her limp, outwardly shy manner, thinking at the same time about the things she would have to prepare for supper.

"Here's a ham that I thought you might want," Ivan said, eyeing the heavy knot tied by his daughter, and deciding to give the package unopened to the grateful Kasia.

George was a tall, dark Ukrainian of fine features, who had a love of genial but polite company, and was broad-minded in his selection of friends, though a staunch supporter of the community branch of the National Brotherhood. He was conscious of Ivan's belonging to the rival Ukrainian Liberation League, conscious too of the differences that had arisen of late between the two organizations differences that had to be settled in court at great expense to both parties, and accompanied with a bitter controversy in the respective newspapers. George was careful to avoid mentioning the dispute, and the two men settled themselves comfortably in the brown mohair chesterfield to smoke and discuss the health and progress of their families, crop prospects, and the situation in Europe.

"Things do not seem to be the same," Ivan remarked to his host. "The crop is not good, and it looks

like we're going to have war in Europe. All the good days seem to have gone."

George was of a contrary opinion, preferring to disagree on subjects that did not concern them personally, so that their agreement on more personal matters could be effected.

"The times are what we make them," he argued. "We are all too well-meaning for war. As to crop conditions, we can only take what God has given us, and be thankful that things are not any worse."

It was a good note on which to begin supper. After the meal of canned tomato soup and fried veal, pears (also from a can) and coffee, George felt that he would suggest a move to achieve that on behalf of which he had employed his tact all evening.

"There is a supper meeting in the Hall tonight," he said, looking at his wife, "and we have received an invitation to attend. It is a pleasant way to spend an evening."

It was apparent to Ivan that the meeting was to be under auspices of the National Brotherhood, towards which society he entertained a feeling only of revulsion. The two men's eyes met, as they thought of the bitter controversy unuttered, but real, between them. Ivan did not want to go, and he groped for words in which to express his refusal.

"Why of course Mr. Zabrevich will go," Kasia interposed, returning from the kitchen for the last pile of dishes. "When he is so rarely in our company, we can't let him leave us."

Ivan's eyes followed her out of the room, for he was astounded by the note of finality in her voice, which left no ground for further discussion. As they smoked and chatted at the dining table, reluctant to move, Ivan slowly reconciled himself to the idea of attending the function. He even derived a feeling of satisfaction in being forced in such a manner to visit his enemy's camp, for he could witness the goings-on at first hand, perhaps write them up in a satirical vein in his party's newspaper.

The hall was filled when two hours later the Skorys and Ivan were ushered into their seats. Some thirty tables were set up in the hall, facing a long, single one at the end of the room, where were seated the guests of honor and officials. Out of the hundreds of milling faces Ivan readily picked out several personages whose actions were reviled in the newspaper Ivan subscribed to and favored, and Ivan felt a forbidding barrier rise between all those present and himself. He felt strange and out of place.

After the blessing by the clergyman present, whose actions, Ivan remembered, did not befit a man in his position, the large audience began eating the "holubcy," the ham, the ice cream, and drinking the weak coffee, many, as in Ivan's and Skory's case, eating a second supper.

There was little said between the Skorys and himself. He was not in a mood to make conversation, and the Skorys were not talkative. At one time, the men got up and left the hall for a smoke, and Ivan noticed, not without apprehension, that George was chatting amiably with the chairman. Ivan yearned for the meeting to end.

Then they returned, in time for the speeches. There was the clergyman again, making light of the court case which his side had won, and his remarks were applauded enthusiastically by the amused audience. After two or three more short talks, the chairman got up and announced that he would call on the out-of-town visitors present.

"We have among us today," he

man from a town that has figured in our recent court victory, a man whom I haven't had the privilege of knowing, but who nevertheless represents an important branch of our organization."

At this point George Skory looked surprised, for he saw that the chairman was smiling at Ivan.

"I call upon," the chairman went on, "the representative from Rosevale—Mr. Ivan Zabrevich!"

An exploding bomb could not have surprised Ivan more. There had been a mistake somewhere, he thought. But for the moment he could not think clearly, for the crowd was applauding him, and he was rising to acknowledge the applause, and to make a speech.

Ivan was not unacquainted with speech-making. He had found out long ago that he had a memory for conventional phrases, and he often stood up at meetings of the village council to make his thought public. But the thing that left him speechless now was the consciousness of the awkward position in which he found himself.

"Mr. Chairman, Ladies and Gentlemen."

He paused to organize his thinking after that statement. Surely he could say something. He felt the sweat break out on his forehead as he gazed blankly at the faces turned towards him. It was certainly an uncomfortable position, due no doubt to the ignorance of the chairman, who did not know that the name of Zabrevich was not once, not twice, but three times mentioned in the Liberation League newspaper as a benefactor. He'd show them up! Why couldn't he show them up right now?

"Ladies and Gentlemen," he repeated, this time in a firm voice.

He glanced about and estimated that there were three hundred people present. He'd show up the treachery of the National Brotherhood before all these people till they were as staunch members of the Liberation League as he, Ivan, was.

"I come from a town," he said in a low voice, "where for years the cause of truth and decency was trampled underfoot."

There was a hush in the hall. He must build his argument up to a climax, make it effective, give it force.

"—where the two organizations of the National Brotherhood and the Liberation League have existed for years, each competing with the other in getting members, each given a chance to show its worth in the work it did for the betterment of our people."

He stole a glance at George sitting low in his seat, and at Kasia looking squarely, approvingly, at Ivan. He looked away quickly, to face the head table again.

"Last summer," Ivan's voice rose, "last summer we had a chance to see the merits of each organization."

A faint clapping was heard at the head table, and swelled into a general applause.

Ivan was surprised, but thinking back on what he had said, he realized that they had misinterpreted his remark. So they thought that victory in the courts of law meant that their organization was a better one! Well, he'd soon remedy that!

"We also, ladies and gentlemen, had a chance to see the weaknesses of one organization. Yes, we have read in the most just of newspapers of the treachery—"

His voice rose at each word.

"—the deceit,—"

He took out his large brown denim handkerchief, and wiped his hot face and head. He glowered at the president sitting next to the chairman.

"—the wolf, masquerading in sheep's clothing."

He remembered that he must control his emotions.

"And this wolf," he said, voice becoming hoarse, "this wolf succeeded in deceiving intelligent people like you and me. This wolf went into our doors and came out carrying the very food that we require for our children."

Applause burst out on all sides. Hearty approval was written on all the faces that were turned towards him now, and enthusiasm showed in the clapping in which every man and woman in the hall joined in. Never had they heard a man express himself with such fire, such power! Murmurs of surprise filled the hall after the applause subsided, like distant thunder after a rainstorm.

Ivan, and anything more he had to say, was disregarded with careless abandon by the applauding listeners bent on digesting the full flavor of Ivan's last remarks rather than waiting for more. For the second time that evening, Ivan realized that a mistake had been made, but this time he was to blame. The audience had interpreted his remarks to mean exactly the opposite of what he had intended. He reddened with a mixed feeling of disappointment, rage and embarrassment.

When all was quiet, Ivan did not know where to begin again. Then someone asked in a loud voice:

"Why isn't the gentleman at the head table?"

There was a shrugging of shoulders and murmured excuses. Then the chairman approached Ivan, and taking him by the arm, led him to a place quickly made for him at the end of the head table.

Bewildered by the turn of events, Ivan permitted himself to be seated there, apologies coming to him in profusion from all directions. The chairman then called upon the other guests from out of town, whose speeches were mostly formal, arousing no enthusiasm as Ivan's had done.

During the intermission, Ivan had the experience of being the centre of attention. He was questioned as to the other members of the party, and he found himself talking in a friendly manner of his erstwhile most bitter opponents in Rosevale. Somewhere in the group, Ivan spied George Skory, listening attentively, with a puzzled expression on his face. Kasia was talking with a few older women, smiling and casting glances in Ivan's direction.

When the trio were reunited after the singing of the national anthem, George said:

"I had no idea that the National Brotherhood has...has become so strong in your town."

Ivan remaining silent. He felt puffed up in his newly acquired importance, and dimly he felt that to express his thoughts, any thought, was futile.



## WINS COMMENDATION (Concluded from page 3)

...tive it was completely evacuated. He then took a post just beyond the danger zone and aided in the rerouting of traffic from the scene of the disaster. Through the efforts of this man and several other enlisted men from this organization the area was evacuated in a very short length of time and with a minimum loss to personnel and equipment.

"This letter of commendation is based on personal knowledge of the facts mentioned.

"George F. Sitwell, First Lt., Commanding."

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Hamilton, Canada.

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STUDIES OF THE LEADING AUTHORS

By

Clarence A. Manning

Acting Executive Officer of the Department of East European Languages, Columbia University

With a Foreword by

PROFESSOR WATSON KIRKCONNEL

Published for the Ukrainian National Association by the Harmon Printing House, Poughkeepsie, N. Y.

"Our young people of Ukrainian descent who are alive to their responsibility to become fully acquainted with their Ukrainian cultural heritage for its own sake and in order that its finest elements may be introduced into American culture, have long been asking for an authoritative work in English on Ukrainian authors and their writings. Such a work has now appeared—Prof. Manning's "Ukrainian Literature." Everyone of these young people should make it his business to get himself a copy of it and read it. Much will be learned and much will be enjoyed."—Ukrainian Weekly.

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## MARKED PERSONAL

(For the attention of American mothers)

THIS is the sort of thing that should never be subjected to cold print. It ought to be talked over quietly on the side porch, while the peas are shelled. But there is an ocean between, and nothing to bridge it but ink on paper.

Listen. We Americans make the best mothers in the world. It that right? Well, our handiwork is on trial now, in a foreign country, without much preparation, and on an unprecedented scale. Your sons are very much in the limelight, and consequently you are, too, for your reputation hangs on theirs. And in every fundamental they have vindicated you past your wildest hopes, or ours. We are left proud and humbled as we watch them—their skill, their daring, and their gay cool courage. Is it reasonable, then, to ask for more? But we are not reasonable, we Americans whom circumstances have placed abroad. Through pride, or nostalgia, or perhaps even a kind of ingrowing patriotism, we yearn and hanker for perfection in our countrymen. (Please try to remember this when we seem over-exacting.) And there is something that bothers us.

Manners. Or is it a point more serious than manners?

Yes, there is a war on. Yes, the little niceties of life are of secondary importance. (God knows enough of them have had to go.) But it has been a matter of pride over here, through four and a half years of war, to hang on to every amenity and grace that we can. They oil the wheels, and they prop morale.

### English and American Manners Compared

Admittedly the technique of good manners differs in every country. The Englishman at his best has a courtesy that is very charming and finished. The American, also at his best, excels at a kind of intuitive sympathy that makes him careful not to wound others in their sensitive spots. He may fail to say "thank you" hundreds of times a day—yes, literally hundreds—when the Englishman expects it; but when he does produce the phrase it is met with a bland silence that may leave him slightly shaken. (There is no English equivalent for "you're welcome.") The American takes his girl by the elbow when they cross a street, which to the Englishman seems familiar and unnecessary. Also he removes his hat when a lady enters

an elevator, and places her chair for her at dinner, while the Englishman is readier to leap to his feet and open doors. These things are no more than pink blobs on the icing of the cake, and would never cause a rift between any people.

Also it must be admitted that the G.I. gets drunk more frequently than the British Tommy—chiefly because too often he has nothing better to do—and he is capable of being noisier sober than the average Englishman is when drunk. He chews gum, and has a disconcerting technique with the girls. But on the whole the English take these things tolerantly, even with amusement; the only thing that causes them serious dismay is the fact that over and over, up and down the length of this island, Americans accept invitations and then disregard them, without explanation or excuse. This is the charge you hear on every side, from the English when they can be induced to speak out frankly, from all the American civilians on this side of the ocean.

We think we know the arguments for the defense. Perhaps the G.I. didn't want the invitation in the first place, and was dragooned into it by an over-zealous social worker. (Well, there is always the telephone, or, failing that, the telegraph.) Perhaps the thought of entering a strange house became too much for him, and his nerve failed at the last minute. (There is still the telephone.) Perhaps sudden military orders interfered. (What about the excellent postal service in this country?)

### A Few True Stories

Listen to a few true stories.

There was the famous English actor who staged an Anglo-American party, reserving one hundred orchestra stalls in his theater, inviting fifty British soldiers and fifty American, and going to a great deal of trouble and expense to get in food and drink. Fifty of the British came, and two Americans.

There was the American broadcaster in London begged by a group of his countrymen to let them be present at a broadcast. He scurried around, saw heads of departments, got permission, not without difficulty, for twenty Americans to be allowed into the transmission room. He, too, went to much trouble to collect sandwiches, coffee, beer, and none of the Americans turned up.

These rather glaring cases may be

## UKRANDOMS

By ALEXANDER YAREMKO

I see by the papers that the Poles brag of not having produced a single Quisling during this war. Yet we occasionally come across items worth remembering in connection with such boasts. For instance, the U.P. from London recently reported that "a woman sniper of Polish nationality lured American soldiers with smiles and then shot them as they approached." This happened on the Normandy coast. This Pole who killed Americans for the Nazis is now an English prisoner... You will also find hundreds of Poles serving in the Nazi Army fighting in Italy and White Russia against the Allies. Some of these Nazis of Polish descent are today prisoners in Britain and in America. And these are facts, not rumors...

Then there is Congressman Celler's report in the Congressional Record that the Polish government in exile is misusing funds received from the U. S. Government for the specific purpose of supporting the underground movement in Poland against the Nazi occupation forces. These funds were turned over in U. S. currency to the Polish Government but it was discovered that at least part of these funds never left the U. S. Instead, the Polish Government violated the agreement to use the funds exclusively within Poland when it diverted the funds to finance activities within the United States. Fifty and one-hundred-dollar bills, part of the funds earmarked for Poland's underground workers, have been found circulating within the United States...

And here are some more startling disclosures on the un-American activities of the Polish Government in America: Congressman Celler further informed the House that "The Polish Government maintains a huge propaganda machine in the United States. In addition to the Polish Information Center in New York, the Polish Government supports several press agencies, subsidizes a number of publications, uses its consulates in the United States for propaganda purposes, and even goes so far as to have operating on American soil a military intelligence of its own." But because there are five million Poles in America, and November elections approaching, the Administration permits the Polish emigres, refugees, patriots and professional propagandists to operate freely for the glory of gallant Poland...

more conspicuous, but they are in the end less damaging to our reputation than the countless private breaches committed over and over. Please—it entails real sacrifice to invite anyone to a meal over here. You give up your rations, and often those of your entire family, for a week. You wait in weary queues in the food shops. You rush home from work to tidy your house and prepare the best meal you can in the circumstances. There is no time to rest, no time to do more than wash your hands and run a comb through your hair. If you had done all this and then waited, tired and irritated, through the long hours of the evening, with no guest and no message—while the precious and irreplaceable food that might have been shared with your own friends had you known in time, cools and spoils—would you be over-anxious to repeat the effort?

The warmth of the British welcome to the American troops has staggered every one, but it is cooling. How could it not? In 1942, invitations for the Christmas weekend averaged over 50 per man in certain American units. In 1944, if the boys are still here, there may not be so many. The English are not hospitable from a sense of duty. If they ask you to their home it is because they want you, and they have wanted these

## VOTED OUTSTANDING GIRL BY CLASSMATES

Adjudged by her classmates as the most outstanding young woman of the Class of June 1944, Miss Eva D. Zepko was recently graduated from Akron South High School.



MISS EVA D. ZEPKO

The daughter of Mr. Konstantine Zepko and the late Mrs. Katherine Zepko, Eva was unanimously chosen as the recipient of the Womanhood Cup, the highest honor to be bestowed on the graduate of the school. Selected because of leadership, character and service, this was only one of many honors that came to this young lady during her school years.

In addition to serving as a secretary of her graduating class, president of the Girl Reserves and the Girls "S" Athletic Club, Miss Zepko was editor of the school newspaper. She added the title of "War Bond Queen" to her achievements during the recent War Bond Drive.

An active member of U. N. A. Branch 180 of Akron, Ohio, Eva plans to continue her schooling at Kent State University, Kent, Ohio, this fall.



lonely, bored young Americans very badly. It is partly gratitude for the welcome their own boys have received in American homes, for the stream of supplies that come across the Atlantic in the nick of time for the fact that the Americans themselves followed their guns—but it is mainly a very real desire to know the Americans for their own sake. So they put aside their shyness and open their homes—and all too often the Americans say "yes," and fade out of the picture.

We know that conditions here are abnormal, and put a strain upon both tempers and manners. (But it is not only the Americans who are strained.) We know, too, that many people of all races are inclined to relax their codes when away from home. Perhaps these things seem molehills to you, little harmless tricks of thoughtlessness or ignorance. (But they are not harmless if they force our staunchest ally to fear that we are selfish and undisciplined). Or can it be that they are due to something deeper, a national irresponsibility affecting the whole of American life, of which we are the victims as well as our children? Quite honestly we do not know.

But if it is not too late, do you think you might do something about it, those of you who have sons still to come over, or sons in this country to whom you write? You want your boys to be liked, and the English want desperately to like them. But friendship is a two-way street.

("American Outpost in Great Britain")

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ДО ЗВИЧАЙНОГО ЧИЩЕННЯ  
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Cordell Hull, Secretary of State:

"Our brave Allied armies today waging the most pivotal battle of all time never more truly represented the cause of liberty and of mankind. The forces of savagery desperately endeavoring to destroy the human race are making their last stand. While we fight and pray, and while we know the fighting will be hard we confidently look forward to a great historic Allied victory. We must then pledge our all that never again shall the forces of human destruction be let loose on the world."

## For Warm Weather

May Be Right at That

As reported: "The happy couple will make their home at old Manse."  
As printed in the paper: "The happy couple will make their home at the old man's."—The Stanley World.

That's a Question

Memory training by association became a fad in a certain school. "For instance," the English teacher was explaining, "if you want to remember the name of a poet, Bobbie Burns, you might conjure up in your eye a picture of a London policeman in flames. You see, 'Bobbie Burns'."  
"I see," said one of the pupils, "but how is one to be sure that it doesn't represent 'Robert Browning'?"

Reason Enough

An indignant woman called the city editor of the Illinois State Journal at Springfield recently, demanding, "Why weren't the pictures of today's draft group in the paper?" "It might have been because our photographer was one of them," sighed the editor.

Quick Switch

A luckless private, weary and woebegone, ducked into a foxhole in the south-west Pacific, barely in time to dodge a Jap barrage.  
Sitting there in mud and water to his waist, he wailed dismally, "Oh-h-h, I wish I was a civilian!"  
At this point he realized for the first time that he was sharing shelter with another. Turning his head a bit he observed the insignia of a major on his companion's shoulder. Somewhat disconcerted, he added lamely, "I—I mean, sir, a post-war civilian!"—Quote

Wartime Values

"What! You offer me only \$1,800 for this car! You're crazy—I paid \$1,400 for it new."—New Yorker.

Doctor's Orders

The old lady leaned out of the carriage window, called the guard, and said, "Guard, does this train stop at Rugby?"  
"Yes madam."  
"Well, will you tell me when we get to Rugby?"  
"Yes, madam."  
"Will you be sure to tell me when we get there?"  
"Anything to oblige, madam."  
When the train stopped at the next station she called the guard, and told him to be sure and remind her when the train reached Rugby.

This happened about every twenty minutes. In the end the train reached Rugby, and a passenger told her that she had arrived. Just then the guard rushed up and said, "This is where you get out, madam."  
"Oh, no" she said. "If this is Rugby it must be twelve o'clock, and that's when I have to take my medicine."

A Long, Long One

It was a hot August afternoon at one of our southern Army camps. A tough, seasoned sergeant had been drilling raw, awkward recruits until the men were ready to drop.

A captain, passing, paused for a moment to eye the spectacle with evident displeasure. An especially clumsy recruit had the ill luck, at that precise moment, to drop his rifle. The captain called the culprit out of line. "How long," he asked witheringly, "have you been in the Army?"

The recruit looked up, all the

I'VE BEEN SHOT

They give me shots for tetanus  
For typhoid I get three,  
The yellow fever is an excuse  
For one more hole in me.  
They stick the needle in me dry  
They stick it in me wet,  
They punch me full of holes, it seems.  
At every chance they get.

Typhus, measles, housemaid's knee  
There are shots for everything—  
Fallen arches, leprosy  
Boy, those shots do sting.

Sometimes those vampires stick me  
good  
Right in a vein on me.  
And then they take a pint of blood  
And smile with fiendish glee.

Oh, I haven't been in battle yet  
In war, I haven't yet starred  
But if you saw the holes in me  
You'd swear, I'm battle scarred.

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## A HISTORY OF UKRAINE

by  
**MICHAEL HRUSHEVSKY**

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weariness and woe of the world writ upon his countenance as he stammered, "A—a-all day, Sir."—Quote.

True to Form

A certain prominent Kentuckian, an enthusiastic imbiber of the more potent spirits of his native state, suffered the loss of his faithful wife. A friend called to offer his sympathy, and was received by the young lady of the house.

"So your poor mother is dead," commiserated the visitor. "And how does your father take it?"  
"Oh! straight, as usual, thank you," replied the frank young maiden.

Couldn't Think of a Better One

"This is the fourth morning you've been late Susan," said the mistress to her maid.  
"Yes, Ma'm," replied Susan, "I overslept myself."  
"Where is the clock I gave you?"  
"In my room, Ma'am."  
"Don't you wind it up?"  
"Oh, yes! I wind it up, Ma'am."  
"And do you set the alarm?"  
"Every night."  
"But don't you hear the alarm in the morning, Susan?"  
"No, Ma'am. That's the trouble. You see, the thing goes off while I'm asleep."—Kablegram.

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