



## SECTION II.

## The Ukrainian Weekly

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

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## RANGER IS KILLED IN D-DAY ASSAULT

A requiem service was held Sunday, July 2, at St. Mary's Ukrainian Orthodox Church in New Britain, Conn. for the repose of the soul of Pfc. Nicholas Wassil, 23, who was killed in action in Normandy, France, on June 6, the first day of the invasion, according to local press reports (clipping sent to Weekly by Andrew Melnyk).

Pfc. Wassil was a member of the 5th Ranger Battalion which gained fame through its intrepid bravery in scaling cliffs of the invasion shore. He was in service about a year and a half and left for overseas duty about six months ago. He was first assigned as guard at a German prison camp in this country but wanting to see action he volunteered for service with the Rangers.

A brother, Seaman Peter Wassil, U.S. Navy, is also believed to have taken part in the invasion. He has been in England on an LST for some time. Another brother, Pfc. Anthony Wassil, was recently honorably discharged from the army. He was a member of Company M, 169th Inf., 43rd Division, the former Connecticut National Guard, and was seriously wounded during the battle for the Munda airstrip.

Besides these Pfc. Wassil leaves three brothers, John, Michael and Walter Wassil and a sister, Miss Anna Wassil, all of New Britain. His parents are dead.

## MARINE CAPTAIN EXPECTED HOME SOON; 2 YEARS IN PACIFIC

Mr. and Mrs. Dmytro Galyshyn, Ukrainian Americans, of 4 Mitchell court, Norwich, Conn. have received the good news from their son, Capt. Theodore R. Galysh, who is with the marines in the Pacific, that he expects soon to be returned to this country for duty and will be granted a leave, reports the Norwich "Record" (clipping sent to Weekly by Miss Mary Motorney of Bronx, New York City).

In a letter dated June 28th Capt. Galysh writes that since leaving the states on his birthday, two years ago, which was June 23rd, he has been to Guadalcanal, New Zealand, Australia, Goodenough Island, New Guinea, Cape Gloucester and New Britain. He was in charge of a battery of marine artillery which aided in capturing the Cape Gloucester airstrip.

Capt. Galysh was one of the honor students at Villanova College just prior to Pearl Harbor and just before graduation he was listed in the 1941-42 of "Who's Who Among Students in American Universities and Colleges." While still in college he attended the marine corps school at Quantico, Va., for two summers and immediately following his graduation from Villanova he was commissioned a second lieutenant in the marines. He was promoted to captain in October, 1943. Soon after his graduation he left for Guadalcanal and has been in the thick of the fighting ever since.

## RELIEF COMMITTEE PREPARES FOR ACTION

The recently established Ukrainian American Relief Committee, initiated by the Ukrainian Congress Committee of America but operating independently of that body, held a meeting last Wednesday evening, July 12, at Hotel Pennsylvania, New York City, at which steps were taken to set into motion action which would provide relief for the suffering, homeless and impoverished victims of the war within and outside the borders of Ukraine.

It was revealed at the meeting that the governmental authorization as well as a charter necessary for the operation of the relief committee are in the process of being obtained.

In the discussion of the committee's by-laws a measure was adopted which provides that the committee shall consist of active and supporting members. Active members shall consist of those organizations and institutions which pay their yearly dues in the amount of ten dollars; they shall have the right to send their delegates to the committee's general meeting and participate in the election of officers and directors. Supporting members shall be those institutions which pay their yearly dues in the amount of five dollars; they shall be allowed at the general meeting but have no voting privileges.

The committee also decided at its meeting to enlist the cooperation of local relief organizations already or about to be established.

The meeting was presided over by Dr. Walter Gallan, chairman of the committee, while Dr. Paul Dubas, secretary, acted as such. Also present were Dr. Nellie Pelechovich-Hayvoronsky, Mrs. Julia Maniowska, vice-chairladies; Eugene Rohach, treasurer; and Mrs. Anna Nastiuk, Mrs. Mary Blyznak, Miss Mary Stalene, and Mr. Roman Slobodian, directors, Dr. Semen Demydchuk, Bohdan Katamay, and Stephen Shumeyko were present as invited press representatives.

## HERMANS GET CREDIT FOR FOLK DANCING POPULARITY

An article on the present country-wide popularity of folk dancing in the current number, July 22, of "Collier's" weekly magazine, lists the young Ukrainian American married couple, Michael and Mary Herman, directors of the Community Folk Dance Center in New York, among the "handful of teachers and enthusiasts" who have done a great deal to make folk dancing popular throughout the country. Both Michael and Mary are members of U. N. A. Branch 361. Michael is now serving in the army.

Describing the kind of people who do folk dancing, the Collier's article on "Everybody's Dancing," notes that, "In the crowd at the Community Folk Dance Center at St. Mark's Place, New York City, one night, we watched a gruff New York Times man, a Columbia University dean, and a foot-loose Army major work themselves into a lather doing the Ukrainian hopak."

## GET YOUR COPY NOW

The more one reads Prof. Clarence A. Manning's recently published book on Ukrainian literature,\* the more one learns to appreciate it. Here is a work written not by a Ukrainian but by an American, a Columbia University department head who is a specialist in East European studies, especially languages. As such it treats the subject of Ukrainian literature, particularly its representative figures, in a certain detached and impartial manner, which, nonetheless, does not at all detract from the stature of the Ukrainian writers, but, on the contrary—and this speaks well for them—makes them all the more impressive.

Though scholarly impersonal in his approach to the task of writing about the leading Ukrainian authors, Prof. Manning reveals in his judgement of them a certain intuitive understanding and sympathy for what they endeavored to accomplish, against the most discouraging odds, namely, to make the Ukrainian language a truly able and finished medium of literary expression, to make Ukrainian literature hold its own with the best of other nations, and, simultaneously with all that, to advance the well-being of the downtrodden and oppressed Ukrainian people socially, economically, and politically as well.

It is this happy combination of highly critical scholarship and human understanding with which Prof. Manning approached the task of writing his book that gives it the quality of being a most valuable study in any language on Ukrainian literature. Moreover, there is a certain sober judgement and keen insight about it, that is not common in works on the subject.

Although Prof. Manning devotes a full chapter to each of the twelve Ukrainian writers—besides having a final chapter on several of the most recent writers—in each one of the chapters is found a brief paragraph which eloquently and yet most accurately catches the true spirit and value of that particular Ukrainian literary light. Consider the following examples:

## Hrihori Skovoroda (1722-1794)

"It was at the darkest hour when the rights and privileges of the Ukrainians were being consistently reduced in Russian Ukraine and all hope seemed lost, that there passed across the scene a strange figure. That was Hrihori Skovoroda, philosopher, poet and ethical teacher. Even today it is hard to understand his attitude toward life, for he was one of those men who are sincerely human but who stand aside from the vices and evil deeds of men and in their avoidance of the bad, refrain also from much of the good, if not from life itself. Had Skovoroda been ambitious, he could have occupied almost any post in the service of the Russian government. Had he been moved thoroughly by nationalistic fervor, he could have had anything that Ukraine could offer him. An able man, he wished for nothing except to be allowed to live his life in his own way, to teach whom he wished as wished how to live, and perhaps because of his refusal to fit into the conventional mode of existence, he left an indelible but none too sharply defined imprint upon all who came into contact with him. All of the writers who remodelled the Uk-

rainian language at the close of the century speak of him with the greatest respect and he was a precursor of the Ukrainian Renaissance which was to follow just a few years after he ceased his wanderings."

## Ivan Kotlyarevsky (1769-1838)

"The striking characteristic of all of Kotlyarevsky's work is the democratic character of his writings. The nobility had been pretty well Russianized and it was only the common people who preserved the native language. However, while he depicted them in a kindly humorous way, he never lost opportunity to speak out strongly about the peasant virtues and to emphasize that democratic tradition which had always been so strong in Ukraine and in the lives of the Kozaks. Thus Nataalka in her talk with the 'Vozny' definitely refuses to marry him, because she is of poor peasant stock and he comes from the gentry. There is hardly a literature which took its rise in such a clearly democratic atmosphere as did modern Ukrainian and Kotlyarevsky from the very beginning set the keynote which was to be followed by all of his important successors."

(To be concluded)

\* UKRAINIAN LITERATURE, Studies of Leading Authors, by Prof. Clarence A. Manning, with foreword by Prof. Watson Kirkconnell. 126 p. Harmon Printing House. \$1.50. Svoboda Bookstore.

## A Tour Through Arab Section of Casablanca

Another interesting letter from a Ukrainian American G.I. whose description of North Africa appeared in the April 3 and 11 issues of the Weekly, appears below. This one, of recent date, briefly describes the Arabian section of Casablanca. The letter is written by an Army man in North Africa to his brother in the Navy, forwarded by the latter to the Weekly for publication on account of its general news value. Both brothers prefer to remain anonymous. Text of letter follows:

Hi-ya Mike,

While visiting Casablanca recently, some of my friends and I took a one hour bus tour through the Arabian section of the city. The tour was free and conducted by the American Red Cross. Ordinarily the Arabian section is out of bounds. It covers about four square miles and has a population of about 75,000 Arabs and 12,000 Jews. In appearance it reminds one of Chinatown back in New York, with its winding streets and small shops and stores. Even if this section were not out of bounds, it still would not be such a good idea to visit it alone, for immediately about twenty Arabs would gang up on you and take off with your valuables.

It took us three days on a 2½ ton truck to get here. On the way we saw quite a bit of North Africa. The trip was not uneventful. Coming around a sharp turn on a hill we nearly ran into and killed a flock of white camels and the Arab with them. If that had happened, it would have cost the Government \$20 per camel.

One time the fan belt in the truck engine broke, and we spent eight hours trying to replace it from the French. We could not find a single G.I. outfit anywhere near the place, since North Africa is gradually being taken over completely by the French. I doubt whether I myself will be around here much longer. Well, after we had made about ten telephone calls and signed some five different papers, the French finally gave us one of our own lend-lease fan belts for our truck. I suppose if De Gaulle himself had been around at the time, they would have even called him up before giving us that fan belt.

We stopped in pretty near every large town on the way, and over-nighted in two large cities. Wish I could tell the names of the towns and cities we went through, but am afraid that would give away the place of our departure and place of arrival.

While en route we saw lots of Arabs standing beside the road and waving money to us for us to stop and sell them something. They were ready to buy anything, from a can of C rations for 20 francs (40¢) to a carton of cigarettes of 10 packs for 500 francs (\$10).

When we got to Casablanca we discovered that it to be a wonderful city. Even the Arabs seem cleaner here. It has large boulevards with classy stores and bars, reminding one of Fifth Avenue.

I suppose you have wondered why some of the Arab women wear a veil just underneath the eyes, some just beneath the nose, some across one eye, and some none at all.

The ones who wear it just beneath the eyes are unmarried or widowed and are looking for a husband. Those who wear it beginning just from beneath the nose are married. Those who wear no veil at all are over twenty five years of age and are finished as far as social life is concerned. You see the Arab women here marry at the age of 12 and their prime ends at the age of 25. Anyway, that's what the guide told us.

Well, so long Mike, and good luck and regards.

JIMMY

## Adrift On Raft 5 Days, Saved

Five days on a tiny rubber raft that was tossed about like a cork in the stormy South Atlantic was an experience that five U.S. Navy flyers were fortunate to survive, Lieut. Thomas Kinaszczuk, U.S.N.R., one of the quintet and Ukrainian by descent, related while on leave recently at his home, 141 Court street, Elizabeth, N. J.

As reported in the "Elizabeth Daily Journal" on July 7 last (clipping forwarded to the Weekly by Mrs. Roman Slobodian of Elizabeth, N. J.) the 23-years-old pilot of a Ventura bomber, son of Mr. and Mrs. Hnat Kinaszczuk, was awarded the Navy Cross earlier this year for intercepting and sinking an enemy submarine in the face of heavy anti-aircraft fire while it was approaching a convoy at high speed. But he said that his more recent battle with the sea and the elements, with only a fragile raft to cling to, topped anything he has undergone in more than three years of active duty.

Lieutenant Kinaszczuk was piloting one of the Venturas, flying high, about 300 miles from shore, when the plane developed engine trouble and rapidly began to lose altitude. He ordered the crew to throw out all the excess gear in order to lighten the load, and radioed the base that the ship was returning. But the plane continued to drop, and he was able to flash the brief message, "Going down," before making a crash landing.

"As soon as we hit the water, the plane burst into flames," said Lieutenant Kinaszczuk. "I jumped out on a wing, leaped into the water and swam to the door. The fuselage was burning fiercely, but I braced my feet against it, grasped the emergency raft and pulled it out. The raft was partly on fire, but the flames were extinguished in the water, and I swam away from the burning plane to try to get it inflated. You simply jerk a rip cord, and it automatically inflates. Fortunately this operation worked, in spite of the damage by flames.

"At first I didn't see any of the crew, but then I began to see them spread out in a small area, and heard the ordnance man, a gunner, calling for help. When the radio man and I got to him, he was drowning. We pulled him up on the raft, unconscious and completely blue. But as we dragged him aboard on his stomach, some water gushed from his nose and mouth, and he began to breathe.

### Cramped on Little raft

"When the rest of the crew had been taken aboard, the plane already had sunk. We sat calmly for awhile on the tiny raft, gazing out at the vast ocean, with nothing else in sight as far as we could see. But the sea was rough and stormy, and some of us got sick. Our positions became cramped on the little raft, and we couldn't shift about much for fear of upsetting in the heavy sea. And some of the crew were badly burned.

"The ordnance man lay there quietly, the skin off both his arms and his face severely scorched. The mechanic also was pretty badly burned, and the radio man and second pilot hadn't passed through the flames unscathed.

"We fixed up the burns with little first aid kit that was in the raft. The next thing we did was to rig up a sail, and we began drifting downwind. Three of the men were incapacitated by their burns, so the second pilot and I took turns sitting in the back of the raft and manning an oar. The only way to stay upright was to keep with the wind and the waves, and how those waves rolled!

"Two of us kept watches the whole time we were at sea. The first three days were squally and stormy, and it rained most of the time. We licked the rain off our faces to quench our

## Survived Stormy Atlantic After His Bomber Fell



LT. THOMAS KINASZCZUK.  
Court street resident rescued with four others on tiny rubber raft.  
(Courtesy "Elizabeth Daily Journal")

thirst and thus save the six little cans of water that were in the raft. There also were six little cans of rations—vitamin pills and candy—that kept us going. It doesn't sound like much, but after eating a pill and couple of candies you can actually feel the flagging energy surging back.

"The second day at sea we spotted search planes, apparently scouting for us, but the sky was so cloudy and the ocean so rough that they got by without seeing us. We welcomed the sun on the fourth day, but we found it worse that the rain. We had no covering to shield us from its rays, which beat down mercilessly, blistering our skin and parching our throats.

"However, it was the sun that saved us when an army transport plane, flying high, came close enough for us to signal to it with a mirror. Every emergency raft has a small mirror in its equipment, for just such a purpose. We all prayed a lot while we were trying to signal that transport plane. Everyone's lips were moving, and the men kept saying over and over, 'Please God, make that pilot see our light!'

### Army Nurse Spots Flash

"At first it looked as though the plane had passed over us, but we continued to flash with the mirror, and the pilot flew lower and lower until he spotted us at last. Coming down low over the water, he radiod our position to the base. We learned later that the plane indeed would have passed us by if an army nurse had not looked out the window, seen our flash and called it to the pilot's attention.

"We were still almost 300 miles out, and it was therefore impossible to rescue us immediately. Several planes from the base came out and hovered around us. A crash boat reached our location on the afternoon of the fifth day and picked us up. One of the planes dropped a gallon thermos jug to us, and I don't know of any drink that ever was so welcome and refreshing as that ice-cold water.

"It was lucky for us that the raft didn't burn completely. If we hadn't had that life raft, none of us would have had a chance. It seems remarkable to me now how calm and quiet the men were through all the discomfort, strain and definite peril of our situation. A big shark was following us for three days and three nights. At least, we thought it was a shark. But there were no hysterics, arguments or complaints. Even the man who was so badly burned lay quietly and gave no one any trouble, although it was evident that he was suffering.

"Most of the time the men were praying—sometimes, unconsciously aloud. You don't really think about

## WHAT THEY SAY

Secretary of the Navy James C. Forrestal:

"Democracies have proved that they can withstand the shocks of war. Is there reason to lack confidence that with equal will and with equal sacrifice they can withstand the shocks of peace? I have said that in the twenty-five years between the two World Wars there had grown up misgivings about our Government and our economy. Neither was perfect, but I submit that they are the rock against which the Axis forces have struck and been splintered. The economy of the United States, even that sometimes abused sphere of activity known as business, produced an industrial organization and a productive machine which have been able to pour out the torrent of weapons which today is swamping our enemies, and I mean that literally. Those vulgar people known as business men, those brash and indecent characters who write advertising to stimulate consumption and create customers—they had created demands and markets which had developed American factories to a productive power that even the National Socialism of Hitler, with the full might of his government back of him, could not match. . . . And American labor, which during wartime has been evolving its position in our society, has been awakening to the responsibility which new privileges and power have given it—free American labor has worked in a way that the Axis nations, using the Gestapo and the machine gun as incentives, could not match.

Kent Cooper, executive director of the Associated Press:

"The most powerful thing in the world is truth. If news may flow freely, if controls permitting systematic distortion are rigidly prevented, we may have an abiding faith that the truth will prevail. Truthful world news, I am convinced, can be assured only under the following conditions: First, by guarantees of freedom of the press in each country; second, by insuring equality of access to news at its source by news agencies, native and foreign. This would preclude the danger of Government control and subsidized agency poisoning or throttling of the news. Third, by insuring equality for all in availability of news transmission facilities. Fourth, if not a penalty for distortion of news, at least a declaration in denunciation of that form of news presentation.

Dr. Irving Langmuir, Nobel prize winner in physics:

"We need to recognize in this country the part that incentive plays in scientific development. The English and the Russians have recognized it. Prime Minister Churchill has mentioned the great part played by radar in the war but no official of our Government has offered a word on such scientific accomplishments. Rather, there have been attempts to penalize initiative. If such an attitude should persist after the war, which in itself is an incentive now, the outlook for science in the United States is gloomy."



praying at a time like that. You just do it. It gives me a funny feeling to think that, if it hadn't been for our prayers, that army pilot might have passed us by.

Lieutenant Kinaszczuk appeared none the worse for his experience. He was ready to report at Norfolk for his next assignment, and seemed eager to get back into action again.

## VISITS UKRAINIAN CANADIAN SERVICEMEN'S CLUB IN LONDON

As already reported on these pages several times, there is in London a Ukrainian Canadian club house operated by the Ukrainian Canadian Servicemen's Association. On several occasions it has been visited by Ukrainian-American servicemen. Among the latest was Sergeant Theodore Shumeyko, (32603906, 1958 Ord. Depot Avn., A.P.O. 149, New York, N. Y.) 21, son of Mr. and Mrs. Michael Shumeyko of Union, N. J., and a member of U.N.A. Branch 423. In a letter to his family dated before D-Day, Ted describes his interesting visit as follows:

Dear folks:

I have just finished writing letters to Tony and Danny, although by the time they receive it they might be here in England with me. If that happens and we manage to get together, why then we'll just open up a Shumeyko club. Speaking of clubs, there is one in London which I have recently visited a couple of times. I really had a very enjoyable time there. Thanks for sending me its address. I understand you got it from the Ukrainian Weekly. Incidentally, tell that brother of mine Stephen to send the Weekly to this Ukrainian Canadian club, as it is not received there.

A little time elapsed before I had an opportunity of visiting the club after you had sent me its address. Finally came the day of the visit. I got off the underground and by a lucky try I managed to find the right street and the right building that houses the Ukrainian Canadian Servicemen's Association. To my surprise I found the club to be located in a very nice and comfortable building. It is part of property belonging to St. James Church, in fact I believe it is where the priest lived.

### Becomes Honorary Member of Club

The club occupies four or five stories and contains bedrooms, lounge, dining room, kitchen (!), and various other rooms where you can get together. I dropped in there Saturday evening, about nine, and found but two persons there. One of them was a Winnipeg girl, Anne, who is in the Canadian Wacs, and the other was a first lieutenant whose name is Walorschak, or something like that; I call him Wally. They were both friendly, and when I mentioned that Stephen is the editor of the Weekly, they immediately adopted me into the club. I could not become a regular member, for that is against the club's rules, but the honorary membership is just as good. I had to pay a small fee of ten shillings (\$2), and for that I get bed and board free whenever I'm in town.

The three of us talked long into the night, and I learned of how the club came into being. It seems that it originated in Manchester a couple of years ago (Ukrainian Social Club, 188, Cheetam Hill Road, Manchester). When they decided to branch out and get London quarters, L/Cpl. Helen Kozicky was assigned to scout around for them. I met her and she is very nice and a real go-getter. They had three places lined up and finally settled for the Vicarage, at 218 Sussex Gardens, in Paddington, which is just outside Hyde Park. Since then the club has been getting along very well, particularly since it is well supported by the folks back home in Canada. When Ukrainian holidays arrive, they celebrate them at the church. A real Ukrainian Mass is held. Such was the case last Easter. The ceremony was performed by a Polish chaplain, who in reality is a Western Ukrainian who was drafted into the Polish army some six years ago.

### Meets Ukrainian Polish Chaplain

This Ukrainian-Polish priest, how-

ever, is not popular with the club members, even though he tries to come around whenever possible. It seems that they have doubts about his Ukrainian sentiments. I met him, and when I mentioned about what was going on back in the states, he was quite surprised. I told him, for example, how Auxiliary Bishop Senyshyn had been ordained in Chicago and enthroned in Philadelphia, but he had never heard of this. Likewise when I gave him a few facts about the Ukrainian National Association and the fine fraternal and cultural work it has been doing during the past half a century, he again expressed complete ignorance of all this. In fact, he said, he was always under the impression that the Ukrainians in America were doing nothing at all. I got a bit irritated but then calmed down when I considered his background and general sentiments. He in turn told me about how many Ukrainians are actually fighting in the Polish forces. In fact for awhile there was practically a full Ukrainian division operating on the Italian front. However, I did not take to him, for he impressed me as one who says exactly what he is told to say by his Polish superiors.

### Club Members a Fine Bunch

But to get back to my original story. It was not until the next morning—Sunday—that I met the rest of the bunch that belonged to club. They had come in late, but that time I had gone to bed as I did not want to keep Wally up too late. They are certainly a fine bunch. After breakfast we went to church, and upon our return had an excellent dinner at the club prepared by the housekeeper in charge. She lives right there at the Vicarage with her husband and daughter. The girl is one of those glamor goils who married a Yank; I guess she must have worked faster than the rest. After dinner we lounged around and took life easy until the evening when the pubs opened, then off we went again. There were about five of us. Among the fellows in our party was one called Bodnarchuk, who is a flight officer, and who, as I understand, does very well by himself up there where the birds fly. Also in the group was a fellow called Krepluk, or something like that. He is a first lieutenant and very interesting fellow, and although he is only twenty-seven he has nine years of army life behind him already. Brrr. He is from Winnipeg, where he has a wife and a child. So all of us went to the nearest pub, and quaffed a few brews. Yours truly really surprised the group with his knowledge of Ukrainian songs. It was almost like all times, all of us around the table, singing, drinking beer, talking... yes, almost like the old times back home—but not quite. Of course we did not stay in one pub all the time, for the cow went dry there pretty fast, so we had to move on to another.

### American, Canadian, and English Ukrainians

The group of us must have presented quite a picture of active democracy and comradeship. I was the only Ukrainian American. There was also one Ukrainian English, born and raised in Manchester. The group was rounded out by the three Ukrainian Canadian officers. Incidentally, during my second visit to the club I met three other Ukrainian English servicemen.

Such then was my first visit to the Ukrainian Canadian servicemen's club in London. It was so relaxing that I paid it another visit on the next free day that I had. This time, since I already knew the boys, I enjoyed myself all the more, particular-

## CULTURE AND RELIGION AS ONE

By HONORE EWACH

What is Hinduism? Is it a religion or a native culture of India? It is both. It is all what the people of India have felt and thought up until now. It contains all India's folklore, all written literature, all India's philosophies, all India's native religious thoughts. If there is any part of India's population that does not strictly conform to the ways of life as prescribed in Hinduism it is the 80 millions of Muslims—people who are partly foreign in origin and who conform partly to the precepts of life of Arabia. But even the Indian Muslims are not altogether outside the pale of Hinduism. Much of their daily thinking and living is like the rest of some three hundred millions of Hindu Indians. They cannot help it. The influence of Hinduism is so strong that it seeps slowly even into their Mahomedan beliefs.

An Indian Mahomedan is very like a Christian, because racially he is closely related to the rest of the Indians. (There are very few Indian Muslims who are descended from the conquerors of Arabia and Persia.) But culturally he is closely related to Arabs and Persians. It is the same with all the Christians whose native cultures are very strongly influenced and modified by the cultural ideas of Hebrews, ancient Greeks, and Romans.

If there are any people among us who are very much like the Hindu Indians in regard to the cultural and religious matters, they are the Hebrews. The culture and the religion of the Hebrews is really one and the same thing. That what is contained in the Old Testament and Talmud is at the same time both the cultural and religious heritage of the present Hebrews. It has almost as much influence on a Hebrew who claims to be non-confessional as on an orthodox Hebrew.

In the olden days before the Ukrainians were converted to Christianity they had also a religion which coincided with their native culture. All their religious holidays were at the same time also their national or at

least tribal holidays. The Christian missionaries knew this, so in order to make things run smoother, they did not attempt to persuade the ancient Ukrainians to relinquish their former beliefs, traditions, and even rituals altogether, but allowed them to celebrate their former holidays in very much the same manner as before, only under new names. That is the reason why even now Ukrainians celebrate their Christmas, Easter and Whit-Sunday just as their ancestors of over one thousand years ago did. In other words, Ukrainians have succeeded to a large extent in fusing their ancient beliefs with the new Christian religion. Thus in time their new Christian religion became also the carrier and container of their culture in general. The same is true of the other Christian churches, though none of them have become so thoroughly identified with the native European and American national cultures as the Hebrew religion became identified with the Hebrew culture of Judea. All the European and American peoples and nations have their Christian holidays, on the one hand, and their national holidays, on the other hand.

It is but a natural process for the native cultures of the different nations to tend to coalesce with the dominant religion. The process, however, takes sometimes hundreds or even thousands of years. But when such a process is happily consummated and the very quintessence of the native culture becomes the religion of the people, then there is no more of that unhappy state of mind among the people when one has exalted thoughts on Sunday and selfish and debased ideas on other days. Then one is on a higher plane of living and thinking all the time. That is the reason why any people or any nation that has produced a high culture which is also at the same time a religion is more active, productive and successful than all the rest of the peoples and nations, who have not yet achieved singleness of purpose in their highest thoughts.

ly when I met a few more and a girl who had come over for the day from Manchester.

In the afternoon of that day I decided to attend a concert at the Albert Hall, where the Philharmonic was presenting an all Beethoven program. Since I was late I could not get a ticket, probably because the house was sold out. The usher, however, tipped me off that I could get a ticket from a man standing outside. You know the type: he must have stolen or found one. He tried to get two and a half pounds from me, but I gave him one pound and he had to be satisfied with it.

### Meets Robert Donat at Concert

The seat I had purchased was really tops. It was in the center box in the first tier. When I sat down I discovered that in my haste I had neglected to get a program for myself. So I asked some man seated in the adjoining box to let me see his for a moment. As he gave me his program I had the sudden feeling that I had seen him before some place. After about five minutes it finally dawned upon me who he was. It was Robert Donat, the English actor. With him was his wife or fiancée. We conversed for awhile, and during the intermission more. He remained in his box, apparently reluctant to go out and expose himself to attention of his admirers, some of whom, girls of course, had already noticed his presence and were craning their necks to get a better view of him. I smiled myself at the thought that here was a chance to dispose my seat at a profit. Donat, incidentally, is quite good looking and much larger than he appears to be

on the screen. He has a very large head and what I imagine you would call striking features.

### Was to have met young Skoropadsky

After the concert I hurried back to the club for supper. After that was over I was invited to accompany a small group that had been invited to visit Danilo Skoropadsky, the son of the former hetman. This was the first intimation that I had that he was in London. But I had been invited already to spend that evening with some of my friends, including that Anne from Winnipeg, so I had to decline the invitation to visit the younger Skoropadsky. I intend to see him some other time. I understand that the fellows do not have much to do with him because of his views, but as far as I know they occasionally associate with him socially.

And now I shall have to close as it is getting late and I'm sleepy and tomorrow I'm off on one of my long trips. Do everything possible to send the Weekly as well as such books as Hrushevsky's History of Ukraine (they have "Bohdan"), and anything else of interest. And don't forget to write to me.

(Editor's Note: Last Wednesday a letter was received from Ted, dated late in June, in which he writes he has lost all his personal effects, including his address book. He does not explain how but asks all his friends to write to him first, as he no longer has their addresses.)

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

# The House on the Hill

By WILLIAM PALUK

THEY were days of excitement and change for Andriy Voyovnik and the company of nine people that lived with him on the Grayson farm in that summer of 1904. Every man, woman, and child, from gray-haired Andriy down to his eight-year old son Hrychko moved about as though given some strange draught to drink. The step was quick and sure; the eyes wide and alert. For they sensed that the warm and pleasing summer in this new land would come to a quick end, and each man felt an obligation to go out and build a shelter and store up food against the winds and frosts of winter. If anybody stopped to think of Neluz, from where they had come, life in the secluded old country village seemed as unreal as a dream.

"Oleno," cried Andriy, "that log is too big for you to handle. It would be best for you to go back to your stove."

But even as he spoke, his strongly-built, shaggy-haired wife seized and dragged the log near the half-built log house, where "Silent" Steve would hew a tenon at both ends.

Andriy had a good natured face. His eyes possessed a warm sparkle with a hint of Eastern European mysticism. He rubbed his moustache, as he always did when he was amused or perturbed, and swung his axe with newly-found strength. If a woman could do a man's job, he mused, he'd find it possible to do the work of two men. Ah yes, the log house would go up much more quickly than he had planned.

Out of the corner of his eye he caught sight of Peter Starevich swinging his axe near a hilltop, about a mile and a half to the north. How that man could handle an axe! Andriy stopped in spite of himself to watch the even, machine-like hewing of the other man. Peter was twenty years his junior, taller than Andriy and more thick set. But Andriy did not envy the other man's strength, for it was not brawn alone that gave Peter his zest for work. Somewhere on this farm a prize awaited him when the house on the hill was finished. Hanna. She of the blonde hair, cheeks the color of raspberries, legs and arms handsomely rounded.

On the Grayson farmyard, Hanna alone seemed to be taking her time about doing her chores. She swung her pail as she walked leisurely towards the well near the river, and on her lips there was a song. Yet she was not lazy. In Neluz, none could work faster and better than she in the priest's kitchen. But she had been a child then, and she was a young woman of not quite nineteen now. In the first flush of womanhood, there seemed to be things more desirable than doing chores quickly and nicely. What these things were she could not put into words. But she felt an immense satisfaction, a great and unexplainable happiness in just being, in just living. Fetching water and washing dishes and milking cows took her mind away from herself. Maybe that was why she didn't care to do the chores so very much now.

She glanced in the direction of Grayson's huge barn, and caught the hired man's eyes glued on her. She stopped singing, blushed furiously, and turned her face away, carrying with her a vision of a man's sly and coquettish grin.

It was the same grin that Mrs. Grayson had surprised on his face that morning when he had spied Hanna for the first time through the kitchen window stretching herself in the half-light of early dawn.

"And I thought," he had commented, "that only Ireland had such beauties."

The water in the creek was delight-

fully warm. If she hurried, she would have time for a quick dip. Forgetting what the men and women would say if they found no drinking water when they came back from their labors, she took off her clothes languidly, and splashed into the river.

Though only eighteen, Hanna was already a fully mature woman. As other women insisted on doing the hard work in the field and clearing, Hanna's flesh was even and soft, but she was thick-boned and of medium height like the rest of them. A descendant of a race of prolific women, her thighs were wide and full.

Hanna rose to the surface of the river. In her hand she clutched a mass of pebbles, sand and stone.

Once again she looked at her reflection in the water set against a background of puffy clouds and blue summer sky, allowing the sun and gentle breeze to dry her skin.

And a man filled Hanna's mind,—Peter, the best-looking unmarried man on the settlement. He had dark eyes, crisp black hair. Together they would make an enviable pair.

"He loves me," she said to herself, smiling at the image in the water. "He would do anything for me. Peter would make a good husband."

Oh it was wonderful to be alive! A yellow butterfly flew aimlessly past her head, and vanished into the blue.

A dark cloud suddenly shut out the sun, and she felt cold all over. That was the trouble with Peter, she thought. Who wants a man that worships you like a dog? Also, she hated the idea of living year after year in that little cabin of his, looking after the washing and the food, bringing up noisy children. Why couldn't life go on being as it was now—carefree and full of fun and happiness? Why did people have to think of marriage and children and stuffy homes?

She let the grit in her hand fall slowly through her fingers, and she watched the lines of her body sway in the ripples, bulge out, break up, and finally disappear as she threw the remainder of sand at it. She laughed into the still air, ran to the bank, and put on her clothes.

Hanna got back just as the thirsty, tired men and women strolled heavily home and demanded water. They drank it noisily. Water spilled over and onto their sweat-stained clothes. Their faces, necks, bare arms and feet were speckled with dirt and their hair was tousled and unkempt. Andriy drank two dippersful, and wiped his mouth with the back of his hand. His wife, after him, did the same. Very little was said. Each was too tired to find much energy left for conversation.

The day's struggle with nature was over once again. Signs of victory were to be seen in the enlarged clearing, in the higher walls of the houses, in the semblance of order and convenience into which man likes to transform nature. But in the battle, nature was not easily vanquished. The hands of the workers were studded with callouses. The women's hands were red and swollen, for the callouses formed and broke easily on their more tender flesh. Their faces wore tired lines that sank more deeply and more permanently each day. While the back and chest muscles expanded on the bodies of the men, their spines grew more bent each day. "Silent" Steve's shirt had only one sleeve today. The other had been torn away by Olena and used as a bandage for a deep wound on his left forearm caused by a falling hewed branch. Quietly, but stubbornly, nature had collected its little toll today.

Standing beside the water pail, Hanna watched Peter gulp the water. His face hidden behind the dipper, she saw only his great Adam's apple

rise and fall over and over again, while a thin stream of water trickled down the throat, over it, and into the hair on his chest. He looked at Hanna lingeringly when he had finished, opened his mouth, gasped, and grinned widely.

That was all—just a grin. He didn't even try to please her with a remark or a compliment as other men did. He acted towards her as though she were a cranberry tree that he had planted; in good time, without wasting too much care on it, he would pluck the berries. Of course, Peter had brought her in from the old country, but, well—she wasn't a cranberry tree.

During supper that evening, an unusual thing happened—a visitor came to them—Viktor Petryshyn, a second cousin of Andriy's. He had held Andriy's first son child at christening. Viktor was a gay sort of fellow. He waved his hand and raised his eyebrows when he approached them with a bundle on his shoulders.

"Kumy Andriy! this is me, Viktor!" he shouted.

To hear the words spoken in that wilderness seemed to Andriy like a blessing from God. Tears poured from Andriy's eyes as he embraced the newcomer. Soon the whole company was in tears.

"And I thought," sniffed Andriy, "that two thousand miles separated me from my kum. And here he was, sitting behind my shoulders, and pops up like a jack rabbit."

"Jack rabbit? Me?" Viktor scoffed. "Do you not mean nightingale?" For Viktor was a diak, and he could sing in a baritone voice that made your heart warm. "Or," he added, with a mischievous light in his eyes, "shall I say a cricket?"

The whole house laughed loudly through their tears, till the sod roof shook and a thin veil of dust fell from it. Of course Viktor won the hearts of everyone that evening as they sat in the hut round a tallow lamp.

He sang too.

"In this strange land I am perishing: My life goes on in vain. For my dear ones I am pining. Where, oh where are they? O King God, take me back across the ocean! Let me hear, though just once, the warm language of my native land again."

Even little Hrychko, who didn't understand the emotion, wiped a tear away from his cheek.

Hanna cried too. She had not missed the old country as much as the others, for youth more quickly adjusts itself to new circumstances. But this man touched her deeply. After he had finished, and the full house was hushed, she looked up tearfully, and found his eyes, lighted up mysteriously from underneath by the lamp, looking directly at her. Something stirred inside her.

Between sobs, Andriy said throatily, "You have brought a little of our past back to us, dear kumy Viktor. For this we are thankful."

But Hanna did not hear him. She was thinking to herself, feeling very miserable: "Who is this man, and why has he such a mysterious power over me? Is he some had spirit sent by the Evil One to torment me?"

Gradually the men and women and children wandered off to their beds scattered throughout the hut. They slept on benches, on tables, chairs. Some crawled three feet to the four feet ledge on ground level, and slept there, with no more than of sheepskin between them and the earth. Only Hanna could not go. She kept putting it off and off. She was drawn by some strange force to listen to this man. He could talk like a pan. He could say words that sounded unfamiliar and fascinating. There was gaiety in his voice, charm in his accent.

Finally Andriy said he would go to bed. Hanna found herself alone in the company of Viktor.

"And how do you like this land of ours, my little Hannio?" His voice

sounded rich and smooth-flowing. She saw him move his chair closer to hers.

She felt the blood rush to her face. He was addressing her. Why couldn't she answer him? He would think her an idiot if she didn't say something. Yet she could neither think nor talk.

"A great land," he said, as though answering himself. He looked away from her as he spoke, and she felt relieved and thankful to him for doing this. She made a special effort to collect her senses. "It will be hard at first," he continued, "but we shall get used to it in time."

"We—we haven't been here very long," she finally stammered out.

"How long?"

"Three months."

"You came from Hawrylo's village, Neluz, didn't you? I'm from Zalischiki."

"Yes. I worked for the priest in the village. Andriy and Peter wanted to take me along with them to Canada."

"Peter? Oh yes! The quiet man that's building a house on the hill. Building it for you, isn't he?"

"No," she said impulsively. "Well, that is, he thinks he is." Peter seemed distant, undesirable.

Their talk had been reduced to a whisper. The snoring of people in the darkness about them was mingled with the muffled droning of crickets outside, some inside.

"Let us go out," he whispered to her. "I want to know more about you and your life, Hannio."

As in a trance, Hanna obeyed. The peace of the cool, late summer night was only broken by the chorus of crickets and the hum of mosquitoes. The poplar forest stood black as an army at attention. Hanging low in the western sky, the clear moon touched with a pale light the scattered dwellings, the edges and tops of trees, clouds hovering in mid-heaven like sheep that had strayed from the herd and were lost.

Feeling the comfortable darkness about her, and a peculiar restlessness inside, Hanna opened her heart to the man strolling beside her. She spoke of her parents, their death when she was still very young, her little hopes and fears. She had crossed the ocean, she told him, because she wanted to find something unusual, something exciting.

"I must seem silly to him," she thought quickly, but, looking up at him, puffing at his cigarette, she noticed that he was listening, his face serious.

A chill ran up and down her spine. She hung her head. How beautiful it was to tell all about yourself to a man. She felt exalted, yet humble.

They walked on, talking little. Viktor didn't say much about himself. He had just come to Canada. He was going west to get a job on the railroad. How she loved his voice! He was like a character out of one of the dramas that she used to see in the Chetania back home. He still further fascinated her because he made no untoward move against her. Other men often made her impatient and angry with their actions and advances. He was different.

Before he had left early next morning, he gave her his forwarding address: Lookout Point Hotel, Edmonton, Alberta. "You have made my visit very happy," he told her at parting. No one seemed to be about. He had picked a good moment.

"I am not settled yet. About marriage I cannot speak, yet. But you come to that address. You can find work in the city. There are hundreds of people there. It is not as lonely as it is out here. You come, and we shall see. We shall see."

It is strange how life doesn't really change with the hours and days and years. It is the events in our lives that change us.

(To be concluded)

YOUR BEST INVESTMENT IN A CENTURY... A \$100 WAR BOND!

## ARMY NURSES' AIDES

Extra Hands for Busy Officers of the Army Nurse Corps

**T**HE expression "I have only two hands!" is often used to express the human limits of one's abilities. Under a new program, recently announced by the War Department, Army nurses on duty throughout the Nation will have many hands, with consequent increase in their capacity for usefulness.

The helping hands will be those of civilian Army nurses' aides, the military counterpart of those women, graduates of Red Cross training courses, who have proven so helpful in meeting the situation presented by the shortage of nurses in civilian hospitals.

It is contemplated that the services of the registered nurses who are now officers in the Army Nurse Corps shall be similarly supplemented, in this case by fulltime nurses' aides, also chosen from volunteers who are graduates of the Red Cross courses. Each of these Army nurses' aides will be given a civil service status and will receive both living expenses and a salary of seventy-five dollars a month. Living quarters and food will be provided by the hospital at which she is stationed. Army nurses' aides will have a distinctive uniform and insignia of their own.

Working under the direction of an officer of the Army Nurse Corps, these civilian nurses' aides will be able to relieve her of many time-consuming tasks, tasks for which their training has fitted them, permitting her to concentrate on those specialized duties for which her more extensive training has made her alone suitable.

The training course from which each Army nurse's aide must have been graduated is a carefully planned and extensive curriculum involving theory, demonstration, and practical experience under expert guidance. In order that each student may receive adequate personal supervision, the enrollment of each class is limited to thirty.

The first unit of the course consists of thirty-four hours of classroom study and practice in hospital procedures and techniques, plus the fifteen extra hours of supervised practice which are considered the necessary minimum. By dividing the class and using each other as patients for practice purposes, the members of the class have already acquired a fair degree of skill and self-

confidence by the time they encounter their first real patients.

This classroom curriculum covers, among other things, making the unoccupied bed; making the occupied bed; the bed bath, with consideration of the cause and prevention of bedsores and the care of the skin in illness; taking temperature, pulse, and respiration, with emphasis on significance and range of body temperature, the use and disinfection of the clinical thermometer, when and how to report abnormalities in temperature, pulse, and respiration; feeding the sick, stressing the various types of diet for the sick—how to prepare the patient for meals, how to feed the helpless patient, and how to make food attractive to the sick; making the patient comfortable, with demonstrations of how to change the position of the sick, how to place devices for giving support and relieving pressure, how to use devices to limit movement, and a discussion of the importance of time, cheerfulness, sense of humor, etc.; care of the ambulatory patient, covering helping the patient to return to a normal attitude of life, and demonstrations of how to get patient up into the chair, how to give a tub bath, and shampoo; preparation and care of unsterile treatment trays, involving demonstrations of how to set up the tray, how to clean and put away equipment, with special emphasis on sterilization of tubes used, and how to care for rubber sheets; care of the dressing tray or cart, with demonstrations on handling of sterile supplies even though the aide will not herself handle such sterile supplies.

The second unit of the course consists of supervised practice duty at the hospital itself and designed to give the student varied experience. It is arranged that she have experience with men, women, and children as patients, and with both medical and surgical cases. Class hours for discussion purposes are still held. A final written examination is given at the conclusion of this final unit of the course.

Beyond the above training course there is one further requirement to qualify as an Army nurse's aide, and that is hundred and fifty hours' service in either a civilian or military hospital. This experience requirement assures the Army of completely qualified aides as its full-time paid assistants.

## THE GENERAL'S INSPECTION

By PVT. THEODORE LUTWINIAK

It was six o'clock Friday morning. Pfc. McCloud walked briskly through the ward, turning on the lights.

"Up and at 'em!" the ward man shouted, cutting short the slumbers of sixteen patients of Ward 3 of the Station Hospital. "Rise and shine! Hit the deck!"

No one made a motion to climb out of bed.

"Aw, come on, fellows," McCloud pleaded. "Get up! This is a big day. There's a lot to do. General Kued is going to inspect the whole hospital tomorrow and everyone's got to be on the ball."

"Hey, McCloud!" called one of the patient. "Get me a bed pan!"

"Got to go, eh?"

"Naw! I just want to hit you over the head with it!"

"Put out those lights!" another yelled.

"Shaddap!" a third patient pleaded sleepily.

McCloud shook his head sadly. "I guess I'll have to use cold water on you guys." He went to the utility room; the sound of running water penetrated the ears of the patients. Those who knew McCloud got out of their beds in a hurry. McCloud could take a lot of kidding, but his cold water treatment was no joke. Three of the newer patients remained in bed; they didn't know McCloud. Pvt. Frederickson, the only bed patient, watched with happy anticipation as McCloud came back into the ward with a pitcher of water.

Two of the ambulatory patients jumped out of bed as soon as they saw the pitcher of water. The third snoozed peacefully as McCloud hovered over him, tipping the pitcher. Everyone was watching intently. The water splashed all over the face of sleeping Pvt. Kobasy.

What followed was pitiful. Kobasy jumped up so suddenly, shocked astonishment written on his face, that he knocked the pitcher out of McCloud's hand, causing the rest of the water to splash all over himself. Then he yelled—OH! how he yelled! All the patients laughed uproariously.

Such was the scene as Lt. Letitia Linnet, head nurse, breezed in, intent on getting things started in Ward 3.

"What the heck's going on here?" she demanded. "Kobasy, you're all wet! I'm surprised and ashamed of you!"

This brought another uproar.

"Shut up!" roared the nurse. "McCloud, get dry clothes and bed linen for this jackass. The rest of you listen to me: Everyone in here is convalescing except Frederickson. That means only he doesn't work. I want this place ab-so-lute-ly clean for the General to inspect tomorrow. Scrub the floors good, or you'll do 'em over again. McCloud will take charge and his orders are to be carried out or else! Just let me catch anyone goldbricking! Kobasy, I want you to clean up the latrine so that you'll know where it is in the future. That's all—now cut out the horsing around and get busy, all of you!"

During the following several hours Ward 3 was the scene of furious activity, interrupted only for meals. The floors were swept, scrubbed, rinsed off, and mopped; the windows were cleaned; the bath room was made spick and span; the nurse's office was dusted and cleaned; ditto the private rooms, the ward officer's office, and the day room; the side porch was scrubbed; the doors, window frames, and all white woodwork was cleaned; the bed frames and springs were wiped off; the utility room was dusted, cleaned, and scrubbed; the kitchen was overhauled, refrigerator defrosted and cleaned; electric stove shined up and polished; each dish checked separately for cracks; the floor scrubbed; the tables and trays cleaned—nothing was overlooked.

Late in the afternoon Lt. Linnet inspected the ward as the weary men rested.

"Gentlemen," she announced, "it stinks, but it'll do. Kobasy, clean the latrine again in the morning. McCloud, keep 'em busy tomorrow morning. The General isn't due in Ward until 10:30 A.M., and there's still a lot to be done."

Everyone cast a baleful glance at McCloud.

Saturday morning, and McCloud was right on the ball distributing sheets and pillow cases. As the men made up their beds he checked them carefully. He made the men empty ash traps, arrange their bedside tables, line up their beds, shoes, and chairs, sweep the floors, dust off and rearrange the day room furniture, wipe off radiators and lamp shades, lower all the window shades uniformly, and wipe off the pipes in the ward. McCloud overlooked nothing, even seeing to it that Kobasy cleaned the latrine.

It was nearing ten-thirty. Lt. Linnet had the patients assume "at ease" positions beside their beds. Everyone was tense and nervous, including the nurses and ward officer. McCloud kept looking up and down the hospital hall for signs of the General.

McCloud ran into the ward, greatly excited.

"The General is in Ward 4! He'll be here in a few minutes!"

"All right," said the head nurse, "when the ward officer shouts 'attention!' I want each and everyone of you men to jump into it! Remember, this is a General, so, for Pete's sake, act like soldiers!"

Many footsteps were heard in the hallway.

"They're coming!" breathed McCloud softly.

Everyone waited expectantly, ready to snap to attention as if their very lives depended on it. The ward officer watched the open doorway of the ward anxiously. The General and party would soon be entering.

The ward officer, the nurses, the patients, and poor McCloud watched with open-mouthed stupefaction as the General and party passed by Ward 3 without even taking a good look inside.

## THE LAW OF SELF-PRESERVATION

In war-time Britain you can be prosecuted for—

**Not washing your empty milk bottles.** Dairies are as short of soap as everyone else, and sanitation demands that they get the co-operation of customers in cleaning bottles.

**Trying to cut ahead a line of people waiting for a bus.** Transport is strained to the limit, and there would be chaos and a breakdown in war production if workers were not guaranteed a fair deal in transportation.

**Throwing a crust of bread into the garbage bin.** Food is brought into Britain at the cost of sailors' lives, so there isn't any extra to be wasted.

**Going to the seashore.** The South Coast of England and sections of the coast elsewhere are military areas, which civilians cannot enter without special permission.

**Buying clothes without giving up coupons even if the merchant tells you he had plenty of stock left over from before the war and does not need your coupons to cover the sale.** Stocks left over from 1939 are practically non-existent, and the rare shopkeeper who tries to sell clothes off coupons is involved in the black

market. Sooner or later he finds himself in court, along with many of his customers.

**Being consistently late to work in the morning.** A country fighting for life needs the labor of every citizen, and cannot afford to be lenient to chronic sleepy-heads.

**Changing your job without having the Ministry of Labor's permission to do so.** All man-power in this country has been conscripted, and a civilian cannot drop one job and take up another any more than a cook in the Army can desert his kitchen and take up signalling.

**Driving to work.** The only civilians (apart from clergymen and doctors) who are allowed to drive cars are those who have absolutely no other means of getting to their jobs and who are physically unable to walk. It is an offense to drive to work along a route served by buses or trains, however crowded they may be.

**Throwing away a piece of string.** It is needed for salvage.

**Selling an American Lend-Leased alarm clock to a person who has not obtained a permit through his trade union to buy one.** Only workers who

have to get up between midnight and 5 a. m. are given these permits.

**Throwing your bus ticket on the street.** It is an offense to waste paper in any way; bus tickets, like everything else, are needed for salvage.

**Icing a cake.** All cakes sold commercially must be plain.

**Selling ice-cream—even the kind that is made out of whole wheat flour, gelatine and saccarine—is an offense, due to the shortage of milk and the regulation banning the selling of cream.**

**Closing your pub before the official closing time.** Pub-keepers who had run out of all stocks started closing up early but were told that since a pub is a social club to working people who come there to talk, to play darts, to sing around the piano, as well as to drink a glass of beer, the pub-keeper could not close up even if he had no beer to sell. The closing time is decreed by local regulation—10 p.m., 10.30 or 11 p.m., and 10 or 10.30 on Sundays and religious holidays.

EVERYBODY  
EVERY PAYDAY

10

SAVING IN  
WAR BONDS

## ДРІБНІ ОГОЛОШЕННЯ—WANT ADS

Classified Department—BFergen 4-0237—BRyant 9-0582

### War Manpower Commission Employment Regulations

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

Суцільні робітники обов'язані мати посвідку, що вони є до розпорядності. При переносенню до менше суцільних робіт мусять мати крім цього згоду „Юнайтід Стейтс Емплоймент Сервіс“. „Критичні“ робітники потребують теж обох посвідок.

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Голосіться у п-ни Hurst  
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#### The Age-Old Cry

Cogia, the Turk, had a wife whose shrewish cunning and trickery was the everlasting sorrow of his life.

One day the fiendish creature brought to the table a pot of exceedingly hot broth, and, forgetting that it was hot, took a spoon and put some of it into her mouth. The scalding liquid brought tears to her eyes.

"Why are you crying, wife?" inquired Cogia solicitously. "Is the broth hot?"

"No," replied the woman, "my mother liked broth very much, and when this stew reminded me of her I wept because she was gone."

Thus deceived, Cogia took a spoon-

## For Warm Weather

May Be Right at That

#### Home Folks

Attendant: "Do you wish to, consult Woosung Portung, the great Chinese mystic?"

Woman: "Aye, laddie, tell him his mither is here from the Bronx."

#### Sign of the Times

"What's cookin'?" now ceases to be a slangy witticism; it's an expression of genuine concern.

#### Good Day's Work?

A certain man had the habit of leaving his umbrella at the office. One morning as he was going to business, he sat next to a young lady in the trolley car, and, as he rose to get out, he absentmindedly picked up her umbrella. She said, "Pardon me, but this is mine." He was quite embarrassed.

That night, he decided to take all of his umbrellas home with him. When he got into the car, there sat this same young lady. She leaned forward, as he passed, and said in a low tone, "I see you did pretty well today after all."

#### Mixed Metaphor

Addressing a political gathering, a speaker gave his hearers a touch of the pathetic. "I miss," he said, brushing away a not unmanly tear, "I miss many of the old faces I used to shake hands with."

#### The Bare Facts

The pastor of a certain poverty-stricken colored congregation down in Alabama made life miserable for his bishop by his numerous and heart-rendering applications for aid. At length the bishop informed him in no uncertain terms that in the future such appeals would be entirely ignored.

The bishop enjoyed a brief respite from the begging brother, but at length came another letter bearing the familiar postmark of the needy minister's little village. Shuddering, the bishop opened the communication and read:

"Dear Bishop:

"This here ain't no appeal.

"It's a report.

"I has no pants!"

#### OPA Lullaby

Four and twenty blackbirds

Baked within a pie;

Set before a king

Whose ration plight was high.

When the pie was opened,

The birds began to hoot:

"We know you asked for chicken.

But you'll take a substitute."

—Rays of Sunshine

#### Local Hero Delayed

NEEDA, WASH.—John Q. Buck, private first class recently invalidated home from the Solomons, wired his parents today that as complications have developed he is unable to leave the hospital and plans to celebrate his homecoming should be postponed.

"Complications?" Private Buck told a friend over the long distance phone this morning. "You're telling me! The day nurse caught me kissing the night nurse."

EVERYBODY SAVING IN  
EVERY PAYDAY  WAR BONDS

ful of the broth, and when the stuff burned his mouth cried out in pain and vexation.

"Why do you cry?" asked the woman, secretly exulting.

"You cry because your mother is gone," replied Cogia bitterly, "but I cry because her daughter is here."

## Funny Side Up

#### "OUT TO LUNCH"

We were over at the Navy Yard last week with an entertainment unit that was putting on a show for the sailors, marines, and the waves, and they gave us a big reception. They said, "Bromo, here's mud in your eyes," and then it took us a half hour to get it out!

We wanted to make a big impression upon the sailors, so we walked up to one and said, "Blow me down," and darned if he didn't. One thing we noticed (as who hasn't) is that the sailors wear tight pants. They are the only fellows in the Armed Forces that can shoot craps from a standing position and pick up their money with a Yo Yo! However, the marines dress differently. They don't wear the back of their pants in the front! One corpulent sailor there had his pants on so tight across the back that he looked like Oliver Hardy across the front! It's generally known that the Army and Navy have a friendly rivalry. Such is the case with the Navy and the Marines. However, we did meet a sailor who loves a Marine... Maureen O'Hara, the actress!

After the show they had a dance for the boys and the Waves. Meanwhile one of the officers took us for a tour of the USS Scuttle. He must have been a captain because an ensign has 1 Stripe, a lieutenant has 2 stripes and a commander has 3 stripes. Shucks, that's nothing. Our uncle at Alcatraz is an Admiral. He's got 20 stripes!

Over at the Yard they have a large bay for the men to train in. So did the captain! He was a bit cross-eyed. We found out later he got that way from trying to keep his eyes on both oceans when war broke out! Poor fellow; he hasn't a single girl friend. All his girl-friends are married!

"Why do they call ships 'She,' we inquired. "Oh," replied the captain, "That's because sailors think they can handle them!" After that the captain took us below and showed us where the sailors sleep. They sleep in hammocks. Tha's G I talk for "curvature of the spine." You know what a hammock is. It's like a snood, only you wear it over the other end!

When the tour was over we returned to the dance and engaged some of the enlisted men in conversation. They love to talk about women. And believe it or not, they have a vocabulary all their own. When referring to the fairer sex they use nautical terms. For instance, a "cruiser" is a tall girl, a "battleship" is a fat girl, a short girl is a "destroyer," and a homely-looking girl is a "garbage scow." We found out from the Sailors a lot of girls prefer them to any other service man. Maybe the reason the sailors are such fast numbers is because they come from the fleet! (Wow)

Later we danced with some of the Waves. Once a Marine tried to cut in by grabbing my partner. We gave him three to let her go. That's all the money we had! Another time we danced with a big fat Wave. Boy she was the whole ocean! We danced with her for ten minutes before we found out she was still sitting in her seat!

Well, that's all the corn this column will permit for today. Even corn is rationed (canned), and who are we to go above the ceiling?

BROMO SELTZER

#### HOUSE FOR SALE

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T. MELNYK

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