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CLOSER TO THE TRUTH, BUT...

Of interest to our readers should be the recently published "Russia and the Peace" (Macmillan) by the venerable Sir Bernard Pares, an outstanding British authority on Russia. Aside from its general interest and timeliness, its special interest for those of Ukrainian extraction lies in Pares' departure in it—to be sure, not complete—from his hitherto quite uniform practice of virtually ignoring or denying the independent character of the Ukrainian nationality and language.

In fact it is exactly one year ago that we were prompted to write on these pages and send to Pares an extensive rebuttal to his claim in a Herald Tribune article that the Ukrainians are but a "branch of the Russian family, speaking what is really a broad dialect of Russian." For that matter, we have on different occasions sent him other written matter pointing out that the Ukrainians are independent of Russians and Poles in nationality, language, traditions and culture. Perhaps the Weekly may have been of some value in this respect, just as it appears to have been in the case of several prominent American publicists, who now write about the Ukrainians and their cause quite favorably.

Aside, however, from any such information concerning the Ukrainian viewpoint that Pares and certain others have been receiving, undoubtedly the most compelling reason for their long-delayed, and, in some cases, grudging, "recognition" of the Ukrainians as such, has been: firstly, the heroic defense by the Ukrainian people of their homeland against the Nazi invaders; secondly the manifest and steadily growing strength of the centuries-old Ukrainian independence movement; and, lastly, the fact that Ukraine has been principally concerned in the historic Russo-Polish duel, which now encompasses only its western part.

It is this last reason that Pares cites as the one which prompted him to devote in his latest book a chapter on Ukraine and Ukrainians. However, this "story of Ukraine," as he describes the chapter, although in some respects so refreshingly different from his previous mistreatment of that story, is far from being free from certain mistakes, omissions and distortions. Thus, for example, he calls the natives of Ukraine alternately Ukrainians and Russians. Perhaps this is due to his erroneous conception of the term "Rusin." This name was applied by many before the last war to Western Ukrainians under Austria-Hungary, largely because the name Ukraine was then taboo for political purposes. Pares, however, says "Rusin" means "a man of Russia." Now, that is obviously incorrect. "Rusin" is derived not from "Russia" but from "Rus." The latter was the original name of Ukraine, which the Ukrainians gradually abandoned in favor of "Ukraina" (which originated in 11th century) when Muscovy (original name of present-day Russia proper) finally conquered them (17-18th centuries), and then, in pursuit of its imperialistic aims, attempted to link itself with their historical past and adopt it as its own by such methods as changing its name to "Rosiya"—in English "Russia." Thus, as can be seen, "Rus" and "Rusin" are centuries older than "Russia" and "Russian."

Quite a number of other such cardinal errors in Pares' book can be cited, including his gross overemphasis of the German influence on the centuries-old Ukrainian independence movement, as well as his entirely too rosy a view of the Soviet system and the Soviet treatment of its nationalities, particularly the Ukrainians. Still, on the whole, the Ukrainians and their national cause fare much better at the hands of this British scholar than they have hitherto.

Pares credits the Ukrainians, for instance, with greater individualism and initiative than is possessed by the Russians. Likewise he recognizes Ukrainian opposition to Communism,

Canadian M.P. Sees Day of Ukrainian Independence

In the course of his address on Canadian war aims in the Parliament in Ottawa July 3, W. A. Tucker, representing the Rosthern, Saskatchewan district, envisioned in the near future the day of Ukrainian national independence and called upon the Canadian government to support Ukrainian national aspirations at the post-war peace conferences, the "Nowy Shliakh" (New Pathway) of Winnipeg reports. Said he:

"In this connection there is a people in whose welfare Canada should be especially interested. These people have in the past as well as in the present contributed to the building of Canada, and in this war they have assumed the most important duty in our war effort—joining our armed forces and making a full contribution to the war effort. Their striking efforts have become an object of admiration and pride of all Canadians. I am speaking of the Ukrainians. I believe that the day is not far off, when Ukraine will become a united, free and independent nation. And when that day arrives, the Ukrainian nation will be one of the largest in the world. It will consist of forty million people, occupying one of the richest sections of the globe. The Ukrainian people in Europe, by their valiant defense of their native land, by their unusually great sacrifices in this war, have undoubtedly earned for themselves

the right, equal with that of other nations, of full freedom and national independence. And I believe they will get that at the close of the war. I call upon this Government to especially direct its attention to this matter, so that when the peace conference arrives it could give its full support to these aspirations of the Ukrainian people."

KRAVCHENKO RECALLS UKRAINE FAMINE

In the first instalment of an article in the July issue of "Cosmopolitan" telling why "I Broke With Stalin's Russia," Victor A. Kravchenko describes some scenes he witnessed of the Soviet-made famine in Ukraine in 1933, and what a "shattering experience" that was for him. He writes:

"The following morning I walked over to the deserted market place where I counted fourteen corpses lying in different postures, some covered with straw. There was not a cabin in the village where death had not taken its toll. The gruesome scene was not unique; every village in the region had been similarly stricken. So desperate was the hunger that when horses fell dead for lack of forage, though their carcasses were sprayed with kerosene and lime to keep people from eating them, there were occasions when nothing but bones was left."

which he sees as being based chiefly on Ukrainian opposition to any kind of Moscow dominance, as well as upon Ukrainian individualism. The Ukrainians, he says, "are something very very substantial and definite. There are more than thirty millions of them in Ukraine itself (the number is well over forty millions.—Editor), apart from large numbers in the United States and Canada, who are very sure to make their voices heard. Thirty million is much more than enough to qualify a nation for independence."

And yet, Pares thinks that "Russia and Ukraine are indispensable to each other, and, in any case, they will find their own way." Furthermore, "the settlement of Russian and Ukrainian relations must be left to the parties concerned. Interference from outside is as little in place as in the American Civil War. The war itself has forged a new unity. It is certain that everywhere in the Soviet Union the people will count for more than before. Economic interdependence more than ever brings all the parts nearer to the whole and, in the policy of internal transformation and construction in the common interests of all, Ukraine has a share which has certainly made her forget the restrictions and humiliations of the Tsarist regime. Any Englishman, with the examples of Canada and Australia, can only wish to see the fullest development of the national genius of Ukraine (our bold type—Editor). The United Nations have far less means than the Germans of imposing any settlement from outside. It is in every way reasonable and desirable that Ukrainian populations outside Ukraine, while acclimitizing themselves more and more rapidly to their new environment, should take the keenest interest in the country of their origin, and at the present time they can well be proud of the sufferings of their homelands in a cause which is common to all of us."

DESERT INCIDENT

By PVT. THEODORE LUTWINIAK

GUGLIELMO Francisco Summataro of the Italian forces in Africa was on a mission, alone. He had started out in the middle of the night and was now separated from his outfit by a considerable distance. It was very dark and he was scared, but he was determined to accomplish his mission.

He knew that the enemy was not far away and he held his rifle at the ready. He walked slowly, noiselessly, straining his ears to catch the slightest sound. After every ten or twelve paces he stopped and peered about cautiously. The darkness was complete and he saw nothing. The thought of blundering into an enemy patrol or stumbling into an enemy position made him nervous and apprehensive. Several times he prayed, and this restored his courage and confidence for brief periods of time.

Once he thought he heard something. He hit the sand immediately, making no sound. He waited a long time, but the sound was not repeated. Finally he got on his feet and proceeded very slowly; he stopped to listen after almost every step. His heart felt as if it was in his throat. Even prayers did not help him now.

His nervousness mounted with every step and his terror increased. His eyes began to play tricks on him. The lump in his throat almost choked him.

Again! Guglielmo froze in his tracks. There was no doubt about it this time; the sound was quite distinct in the desert stillness. It sounded like a cough. Yes, that was it! Someone had coughed! Guglielmo was not alone on the desert... someone was near—very near. The enemy?

Scarcely daring to breathe, Guglielmo slowly sank to the ground and flattened out. He kept his rifle in his right hand, ready for instant action. With his left hand he fished for a hand grenade and placed it within convenient reach. He waited.

As the minutes passed, Guglielmo's confidence returned. He was still nervous and excited, but felt sure he could defend himself. If only it was not so black and he could see! The blackness of the desert night appalled him. During the seventeen years of his life he had always been afraid of the dark.

The cough again, much nearer. Guglielmo gripped his rifle tightly. He waited and listened breathlessly. He heard the faint tread of a footstep, then another, then more. More than one man, the boy-soldier thought, and coming toward him! Should he move? No! He might make a noise and it would cost him his life! He would stay where he was and take his chances.

The footsteps came very close. Guglielmo thought the men could not be more than a few yards away. Much too close for comfort. Should he throw his grenade? No... not yet! Perhaps the men were friends. But better be ready anyway, he thought, gripping the grenade and fingering the pin.

The footsteps stopped. He heard whispers. Listening intently he made out a few words. Enemies! They were on patrol and were discussing directions. And only a few feet directly in front of him!

Guglielmo wondered what to do. Should he throw the grenade? Yes! But wait! Footsteps again... to his right! The men were moving away from him! He listened until the footsteps could no longer be heard. He breathed easier, greatly relieved. He discovered he was wet with perspiration, though the desert night was definitely cool.

The Italian decided to stay where he was until dawn, thinking it dan-

gerous to move about with the enemy so near.

As soon as there was sufficient light to see clearly, Guglielmo got up on his feet and scanned the desert in all directions. He saw nothing but sand. Uncomfortably close to where he had lain prone he saw the footprints of the enemy. There must have been at least five men, he thought.

He started to walk. He had not gone far when he spied a cloud of dust in distance. A vehicle! Perhaps a tank! He hit the ground hard and started digging in furiously, hoping he had not been seen. In a matter of minutes he had concealed himself fairly well in the loose sand. With rifle and hand grenades ready for instant use, he waited.

The dust cloud approached rapidly. Guglielmo tried in vain to make out the type of vehicle and insignia. As it came nearer he saw that it was a patrol car. Obviously, he had not been discovered... the car would pass him a short distance to his right.

Soon Guglielmo was able to make out the insignia. It was friendly! He leaped to his feet and ran toward the patrol car, shouting loudly in Italian. The car came to a dead stop in a cloud of dust.

The dust settled slowly. The two occupants of the car stared unbelievably as Guglielmo came toward them, his hands high in the air.

"Well, I'll be damned!" said Sgt. Joe Tracy of Brooklyn, New York.

"You and me both!" said John Henderson, Universal Press war correspondent, from Rockford, Illinois.

Guglielmo handed his rifle, ammunition, and hand grenades to the startled Henderson, grinned at the speechless sergeant, and happily seated himself in the jeep.

HAS BEEN TWO YEARS ABROAD WITH SQUADRON

Master Sgt. Michael Woloshan, 28, Ukrainian by descent, son of Mr. and Mrs. John Woloshan, 1003 Hazel Ave., Ambridge, Pa. is a veteran ground crew chief rounding out two years overseas in a heavy Liberator bombardment squadron of the 15th AAF in Italy, according to a recent Ambridge press report forwarded to the Weekly by Mr. T. Hrycyk.

The Ambridge man is in charge of maintenance and airplane mechanics servicing one of the big B-24's for combat missions.

Liberators from his group, one of the first U.S. "heavies" to support the British 8th Army's drive against Rommel from a middle east base, participated in the publicized low-level Ploesti Oil Field bombing for which all members of this organization received one of their two Presidential citations.

Prepare On Desert

While preparing for this low-level attack at a base in the North African desert where they were stationed for a year, the Pennsylvanian said: "To show how low the combat men flew getting ready for Ploesti, on one practice mission a bomb bounced up and hit the bottom of the plane... planes returning from the real job had cornstalks in the bomb bay."

Sgt. Woloshan added: "Another thing we all remember happened while we were in the desert was when 50 paratroopers landed a short way from our base. After a few exciting days and nights, they were all rounded up but not before one of our bombers and two A.R.F. planes on our field were destroyed. At the same time a two thousand pound

LEADING UKRAINIAN WRITERS

Thumb nail sketches of them taken from the chapters on them in Prof. Clarence A. Manning's "Ukrainian Literature—Studies of the Leading Authors."

(To be concluded)

(2)

Hrihori Kvitka-Osnovyanko
(1778-1843)

"Kvitka then stands in a curious position in Ukrainian literature. He undoubtedly deserves the praise which which was showered upon him for his ability in describing Ukrainian peasant life in excellent and readable prose. He marks a definite advance over Kotlyarevsky in the greater range of emotions and themes which he handles and in the more serious moods that appear at times. Yet it was not in him to be a champion of the cause of his people. It was not in him to break definitely with the polished world of the great estates and to start a definite movement for the assistance of the peasants. He recognized the dubious position of Ukraine in its contacts with the Russians but at the same time he appreciated the advantages which the connection with Russia had given him and his aristocratic friends and he was constantly torn between the two ideals.

"Kvitka was really a passing phase in the development of Ukrainian literature. In many ways he can be compared to Gogol who had definitely stepped across the line into Russian. Kvitka was held back by his success in his Ukrainian stories. He knew the village life around him and felt that it was only from that life that he could draw his best themes. Yet he did not analyze or think through his position. He remained within the framework and lived the life of the average Russianized Ukrainian nobleman and hence it was, as he swayed back and forth, that he was condemned by Shevchenko and the ardent young patriots of the next generation."

Taras Shevchenko (1814-1861)

"Born a serf and later a soldier in the Russian army, he (Taras Shevchenko) accomplished with few opportunities for formal education an amazing amount. He took the Ukrainian language as it had been developed by Kotlyarevsky and his followers and by the force of his own genius made it into a language capable of expressing the most refined emotions and fully adequate to all the needs of modern literature. He voiced in that language and in no other the thoughts and aspirations of his people. He had completely separated Ukrainian from Russian and started it along an independent course and he made himself its greatest literary master. Taras Shevchenko, the son of a serf with his fanatical faith in the victory of democratic ideals and despite all obstacles, made himself one of the great poets of the Slavonic world and his fame will live as long as that of any of his contemporaries in the other literatures. No one of them believed more firmly or voiced more clearly an unyielding and uncompromising belief that democracy, truth and freedom would win the day and no one worked harder or suffered more to bring it about."

Panteleymon Kulish (1819-1897)

"His (Kulish's) was a sad fate. One of that brilliant group that had suffered so much for the cause of Ukraine in 1847, he gradually drifted towards a point of view that could bomb exploded about four in the morning."

The former Ambridge high school man was employed by H. H. Robertson Company, Ambridge, before enlisting in the air force at Pittsburgh, on January 2, 1924.

He wears the Distinguished Merit badge with a cluster, and the Middle-East European Theatre ribbon.

benefit no one but the enemies of his people. Yet with it all he continued his work, sacrificing more and more to it, without being able to see the inherent contradictions between his goal and his philosophy. With his ability and his personal integrity, he could have been a far more attractive figure, had he ever reached a proper balance but even without that he has left his mark upon the development of the language and literature and he was one of the first to grasp the possibilities of contact between Eastern and Western Ukraine and to act upon it. In evaluating his work we must agree with Yefremiv that he was great in his positive achievements but also great in his mistakes. Then and only then can we see him in his true perspective."

Marco Vovchok (1834-1907)

"Marko Vovchok is easily the outstanding prose writer of her period, the age just before the liberation of the serfs. She was one of the group that cooperated in producing the state of mind that reformed the evil and deserves all credit for it. It is only a pity and a great loss to Ukrainian literature that she gave up almost as soon as she had achieved success. She was another of those talents that were so frequent in Russian Ukraine who were swept from the vernacular literature of the land into the colossal sea of Russian and who then never justified their work, either by the quality of their productions or the benefit that they have hoped to give to the people."

Ivan Franko (1856-1916)

"Despite all of the persecutions and the hardships he had to meet, he (Franko) had still more abundant opportunities to express himself freely on the political and social theories which he advocated than did the authors who wrote in Russia, but he had to adapt himself to the framework of the Hapsburg Empire. Within that he struggled long and strenuously for the welfare of his people. At times he was very popular and his ideas caught public fancy. At times he stood alone and felt to some degree that which Moses and his other lost leaders realized, that he was ahead of his time, that he was not accomplishing all that he had intended, that his words were not being interpreted in the sense in which he meant them.

"He suffered from discouragement but long before his death men of all parties recognized that he was the chief teacher, poet, and novelist of the province. They realized his incorruptible character, his wide knowledge and his literary talent. He was not the peer of the incomparable Shevchenko but next to him he stood out as the most important talent in Ukrainian literature, the greatest scholar, and the one man who could see the problems of his people and the path on which they should go. His enormous funeral bore token to the esteem in which he was held and to the work which he had done during the unremitting years of journalism. Franko worked hard. His life was uneventful. It was not filled with surprising or unusual episodes but as scholar, critic, poet, novelist and teacher he deserved well of Ukraine and was the glory of the Shevchenko Scientific Society."

Stopped

He—Say, whatever become of those old-fashioned gals who fainted when a boy kissed them?

She—Huh! Whatever became of the old-fashioned boy who made them faint?

WHAT THEY SAY

President Roosevelt, in a message to the Tammany Society:

"We are fighting anew to assure our independence. In the unhappy conflict which rends the world today, one thing stands out more clearly as we approach the anniversary of our freedom than at any time since the war began five years ago. It is that all of the suffering and sacrifice which we are undergoing are justified because through such travail we shall maintain the way of life brought into being by our fathers in the last quarter of the century that saw the founding of your society."

Senator Alben W. Barkley, of Kentucky:

We shall bring about victory and help to preserve it; we shall bring about peace and help to preserve it; we shall bring to America an economy in which 54,000,000 working people can find employment at fair wages and under fair conditions which will afford reasonable profits to those able and willing to make investments; which will permit a reduction of 50 per cent in our taxes; which will afford fair compensation for those entitled to it by reason of war services so we can look at our sleeping children in their cradles and hold our heads high knowing that they will not be called upon to fight another war to preserve our liberties, traditions and our way of life."

Chester Bowles, Administrator of the Office of Price Administration:

"Actual meat supplies for the country as a whole have continued to be reasonably plentiful. But it has become increasingly clear that we are not getting an even distribution of these good supplies of meat into all sections of the country. In some areas, shipments have become so poor and irregular that many of you—and your butchers—have actually asked us to restore all meats to rationing. New England has been one of the sections which has been affected the most. After careful and painstaking study, we have decided to restore better cuts of lamb to rationing and the popular cuts of beef will have their point values increased one to two points per pound. This action should help make more good cuts of beef available to most areas, and gradually get a small amount of lamb into those sections where there has been almost none at all. We will, however, watch carefully for any continued signs of poor distribution for other types of meat. If the situation does not improve in the next month, we stand ready to extend meat rationing to more kinds and cuts."

Secretary of the Navy James V. Forrestal:

"The Navy's desire is to present the news of the war so far as naval action is concerned as realistically as is humanly possible. It is desired that news be angled neither optimistically or pessimistically; and such an attempt carries the implication that the people of the country are not able to place proper evaluation upon events of the war. The Navy does not believe that to be the case. At the conclusion of a recital of news such as has been related today, I am always struck by the fact that the net impression left is a distinctly favorable one; the cumulative effect of such impressions cannot but lead subconsciously to the conclusion that the war is relatively close to being over. That is not the case. I am saying that as much to myself as to you. . . . The main battles, however, which will be necessary before Japanese power can be destroyed are still to come. It is likely that these final battles will occur on land, and that means the application of infantry power with all the accompanying elements of assault over vast areas. The war in the Pacific goes well, but it is a long war."

What Ukrainians Brought to Canada

By HONORE EWACH

Every people that lives for ages as a sovereign nation becomes in time stratified, that is, divided into many social and professional classes of people. In the ancient days all that was best in the villages was absorbed by gentry and nobility. Later even more of what was best in the villages was absorbed by the middle class of business men, teachers, clergymen, clerks, and artisans. Thus it was in England, Germany, France, and Italy. That is why there is so little respect held in some of the mentioned countries for the peasants, the lowest class of land-tillers. In some of the mentioned countries the peasants are still but mere tenants, without a plot of their own land.

Such is not the state of things in Ukraine. As the trenchland of Europe, Ukraine was dominated for ages by the neighboring countries: Lithuania, Poland, Russia, and Austria. Most of the Ukrainians for ages were forced by the conquerors to live in their villages. But even during the worst days of feudalism Ukrainian villagers had their own pieces of land. Then, when the feudal system was abolished in Austria in 1848 and in Russia in 1861, Ukrainian villagers got their own allotments of land, that is, they became petty farmers. In each village there were but few families which had no land, being forced to attach themselves to the landlord's manor. Such landless Ukrainian families, real peasants, constituted less than 10% of the Ukrainian villagers.

No matter how little, still almost all Ukrainian villagers had their own plots of land. Some of them had as little as two, three or four acres. The majority of them had about five or six acres. But there were also Ukrainian villagers who had as many as twenty or thirty acres of fertile Ukrainian black soil. Thus it was in the Soviet Ukraine until the Soviet regime began collectivization and in the Ukrainian lands under Poland till 1939.

Over 95% of Ukrainians who came to Canada were from the western lands that were till 1918 under Austria and from 1919 to 1939 under Poland. Very few Ukrainians came to Canada before 1917 from the Ukrainian lands that were under Russia and almost none since. All in all, it is safe to say that 98% of Ukrainians who came to Canada were farmers in Europe, that is, all of them had their own houses and pieces of land. Only a negligible number of them were tenants, that is, real peasants. Hence it was but natural for most of the Ukrainians who came here to settle on the land, especially in the three western grain-growing provinces.

The Ukrainian farmers who came to Canada had the pride that they were their own bosses, proprietors of small pieces of land before. They came from a healthy land-tilling and land-owning stock of people. They came here as men and women who also had in their bosoms, still latent, power to produce very capable men and women of superior type because they were not denuded in the ages gone by of the most capable men and women by the foreign feudal lords and the foreign middle class.

Ukrainians came to Canada rich in two ways. They brought with them to Canada a very rich cultural heritage, strong and healthy bodies, and very rich natural aptitudes for art, music, education, and farming. They are certainly capable of enriching Canada in many ways.

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

Bathers' Welcome in Ukraine Startles Pilots

You join the air forces and you expect to see the world, but you probably don't expect to see it in the nude. That's why some of the boys at an 8th Air Force Bomber Base were a little embarrassed during their recent shuttle trip to the Soviet Union.

As reported from the air base in the New York Daily News last Tuesday by its correspondent, Howard Whitman, the story has its origin in the shuttle bombing of June 21 and July 5 in which American B-17 Flying Fortresses flew from England to the Soviet Union, bombed Germany, then flew from the U.S.S.R. to Italy, bombing the Romanian oil fields on that leg of the journey, and finally flew back to England, planting bombs on rail yards in occupied France en route.

A number of the boys at this base were in on that show and their stay in the Soviet impressed them more than anything else. Purely from a pinup point of view they saw a lot more of the Soviet than they bargained for.

A Nudist Holiday

It was hot when they landed near a town in Ukraine and, using sign language, they found their way to the local swimming hole. Here is their story as told to the News man.

"We get there and the place is full of men and women swimming in their birthday suits. Wow!

"A couple of us turned to walk away, figuring we'd busted in on something purely personal, but they ran over to us and told us to stay."

One of them who could speak a little English explained that it was the custom to swim in a natural and urged us to come on in, the water's fine.

"We stripped down to our shorts, but doggonit we just couldn't go whole hog. Of course the GI shorts we were wearing didn't cover up very much but, aw gee, you know how it is."

Invitation Accepted

"Finally a girl—not bad, either—comes up to one of our fellows and motions him to take his shorts off. It was funny seeing her walk up like that without a damn thing on. So this fellow says, 'Okay, baby, I don't mind if I do.' She didn't understand that, but when he took off his shorts she clapped her hands and ran into the water."

Yankee fliers, accustomed to the taboos of America and the surface primness of England, were baffled by the Soviet forthright handling of the boy-meets-girl situation. Within a few hours after the Yanks arrived in Ukraine, Soviet officials approached the little group and asked matter-of-factly, "How many women do you want?" He was prepared to provide the customary contingent of registered camp followers, the same as provided for units of the Russian armed forces.

"Well, I'm afraid we don't do things that way," an American officer explained with some embarrassment. According to the fliers, the Russian official didn't like to have his offer declined and walked away registering displeasure.

GETS B. S., CUM LAUDE



MISS MARION EVA HULEY

Miss Marion Huley, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. John Huley of 69A Seventh Avenue, Brooklyn, N. Y., and a member of U.N.A. Branch 293, was graduated in June from Brooklyn College, receiving the degree of Bachelor of Arts, cum laude, in Political Science.

Besides being president of the Newman Club during her Senior year, Miss Huley also excelled in sports. Although temporarily working for the Netherlands Shipping Committee, she expects to further her education by studying for her Master's degree at Columbia University this Fall. Miss Huley belongs to the parish of St. Nicholas' Ukrainian Catholic Church of Brooklyn, N. Y.

RECEIVES ARMY AWARD

For exemplary conduct in battle, Sergeant Michael Mandziuk, 30, of Ukrainian extraction, of 22 South Governor Street, Hartford, Conn. was decorated with the Combat Infantryman Badge by Lieutenant General Lesley J. McNair, commander of the Army Ground Forces, during Infantry Day ceremonies at the Army War College in Washington, D. C. Sergeant Mandziuk is now in Washington having returned from 14 months' service in the Pacific last January.

As reported in the "Hartford Daily Courant" (clipping sent to Weekly by Andrew Melnyk of New Britain) Mandziuk, who holds the Purple Heart for back wounds received while attempting to carry rations and ammunition to two infantry companies pinned down by the Japs on Arundel Island, off New Georgia, is the son of Mr. and Mrs. Peter Mandziuk, of South Governor Street.

His combat service also includes Guadalcanal and Munda.

Sergeant Mandziuk joined the service in 1941 before the United States entered the war and was assigned to Company G, 169th Infantry, 43rd Division, with which he served in the Pacific. He is now at the Army War College, Washington, D. C., after having been in a California army hospital for several months following his return to this country. He visited his parents here over the past week end.

Corporal Peter Mandziuk, 24, the hero's brother, is in the Army Air Forces at Geiger Field, Wash. and will soon marry Miss Helen Dash, R. N. of Southington, formerly a nurse at Hartford Hospital and later in the U. S. Navy.

Another brother of the Pacific veteran, Paul, 28, also entered the Army in 1941 and was assigned to Co. F, 169th Infantry, 43rd Division. However, after spending five months in a Florida hospital, he was granted a medical discharge the same year and is now at home.



WANTED: More news reports and articles on Ukrainian American war effort and other activities, for publication on these pages. Pictures also (enclose with picture \$3.00—cost of making cut).

The House on the Hill

By WILLIAM PALUK

(Concluded)

(2)

HANNA was a changed woman from that day on. She was even more attentive in her work. She milked the cows with gusto now, and brought in her milk with the others instead of lagging behind as she used to do. The women noticed the change, and talked. The men were too busy with their work and plans and problems to worry about a heart full of love. Peter, like the rest of them, went about with the same vigor, dreaming dreams of marriage and children with Hanna.

Feeling strong in her new happiness and plans, Hanna would tease Peter.

"Hanno," Peter said one day when they were alone. "My cabin is nearly finished. My work is nearly done." He looked meaningfully at her.

It was Sunday. The noise and bustle of the settlement were noticeably absent.

"Now you will have to learn new things, Peter," she smiled at him, leaning against the door jamb, running her finger up and down her thigh, smoothing her blue cotton skirt against it. "You will have to learn to cook."

Peter only blushed deeply as Hanna laughed. He could not see a joke like that.

"I will have you to look after the stove," he said, and he had to turn his face away quickly so that she could not see the emotion written there.

"But, what will you pay me with, Petrusiu?" she mocked. "I will not work for potatoes or onions."

She felt for the card inside her blouse with Viktor's address on it, and fondled it lovingly.

Peter said nothing. He had brought Hanna all the way from Neluz. He had sold his share of his family farm and property, and had spent it all in financing their passage to Canada—Hanna's and his. She was his by every law he could think of. In his heart he felt happy, though she could make him feel wretched for hours at a spell. No. He was not worried. She was hard to handle, like a young calf. But he knew that calves grew up. Yes, he felt sure that he would own her some day soon. So long as we have the bread, he thought, we will find the teeth to eat it with.

Hanna could not make up her mind as to when she would leave Peter, Andriy, and the others. The world beyond was strange, frightening, bewildering. Sometimes her mind was made up. She would leave on St. John the Baptist's Day. The day came and passed, yet she remained.

Now, lying in her sheepskin bed, she said to herself: "O God, please help me to leave after the Exaltation of the Cross Holiday. I shall be ever thankful to You for this."

Perched up on ground level, she was lost in her thoughts when through a chink in the wall next to her she saw the paleness that was usually the sign for her to get up and start dressing. Yet she felt very tired and unrested. Surely night couldn't have flown as quickly as that. She felt certain she hadn't slept a wink. Yet, there it was—the unmistakable light of early morning.

Still it was a peculiar lightness. It seemed to be tinged with a yellow hue. Wide-eyed with wonder, she threw the light covering from her and ran outside.

No, it was not dawn breaking. Far into the eastern horizon there was a streak of light as though the darkness of heaven and earth were slit at their meeting place by some supernatural hand. Even as she looked the streak broadened. In places, tongues of light reached up into the sky. Then she suddenly noticed the huge towering mass of smoke born

on the wind above the light. So it was a fire!

It seemed to be coming closer. Her life, and those within the hut and the farmhouse were in danger. She ran into the dark hut, shaking every person she came to.

"Fire! Get up! Everybody. Get up!"

Clothes were forgotten in the scramble that followed. Men women and children, fast asleep a moment before, were standing half naked, gazing at the spectacle that nature was presenting. Andriy, the first to come to his senses, ran to Grayson's farm house and woke up the people there.

Old Grayson, putting on his overalls outside, took stock of the situation. The wind was from the east, bringing the fire closer every minute; but it was not a strong wind, so there was a good chance of saving the buildings if the settlers lost no time. About a quarter of a mile in the direction of the burning forest the woods narrowed, then broadened out again to meet just as they reached the settlement. Yes, it was possible to cut a swath in the narrow neck of poplars and build a fire to counter the advancing one. The fire would then be borne on the wind past the farm. He ordered all the men to get axes. They harnessed the horses to a wagon and rattled over the stumps and holes of a lane in the woods in the direction of the narrow bush, while the distant flare already lit up their tense faces. The grizzled farmer had ordered the women and children to stay near the part of the river that was protected by the farmyard clearing. Thus the brains of man were pitted against the wrath of a roused nature.

In five minutes the men had arrived; in another fifteen, with the fire roaring hollowly in their ears, they had cut down hundreds of poplars, so that there was a lane thirty feet wide between two large plain areas in the forest. Sweating with the heat and work, they gathered twigs and dead trees and built a fire on the windward side of the lane. Their work was now done—and not a moment too soon. They watched the embers and flying sparks of the two fires mix, and the flames meet and clash like angry armies. The crackling of thousands of dry twigs and the crashing of trees filled the air. Far to the right, perhaps half a mile, Andriy saw the flames sweep on, jumping like demons from tree to tree. But their wing of the fire was now burning itself out. They had stopped the advancing flames. Their battle was won.

Slowly now, the men returned to the clearing. They arrived in time to meet the women and the children returning from the river, talking in subdued tones. They were relieved to see the houses standing, thankful to the men for saving them. Everybody was grateful to Hanna for waking them in time. Fear of the merciless fire was slowly passing from their faces.

One of the children came running up to the group.

"The house on the hill—Peter's—it is burned to the ground."

"Yes, Nickolchui," said Andriy, "it is something we couldn't stop. We must thank God that we are alive and that we still have these buildings standing."

Hanna had been with the group at the river, and she had seen the river go down half a foot in five minutes. When she heard of the burning of Peter's house, she felt only pity for him.

She walked in the direction of his property. On the way she met three people who told her that Peter was sitting near the ruins, his head in

Social Ideal Of "The Word Of Ihor's Legion"

Very likely Ukraine received the idea of the crusaders' expeditions from Constantinople, if not from Western Europe. The first pilgrim, Abbot Danylo Palomnyk, who was in Jerusalem at the time of King Baldwin I, left beautiful memoirs of his journey in 1106. There he saw the the crusading armies and learnt their aims. Inspired by the same ideas, Prince Ihor, who is so beautifully described by the unknown author of "Word about Ihor's Legion," also ventured out in the 12th century.

The birth of French greatness dates from the time when the Occident met the Orient, when the Islam met with Christianity, or the Arab met with the Frenchman with that deadly impact. He who inspired the French "Chansons de Geste" and "Chanson de Roland" was Charles Martel and those who fell on the battlefields of Poitiers. Similarly, the inspiration for the "Word about Ihor's Legion" was found by its unknown author in the expedition of the Kiev Princes against the Polovtsians on the open battlefields by the rivers Kalka, Donetz and Don.

Truly enough, the heroic "Word about Ihor's Legion" with its spirit reminds one of the French epic and the epic of the Scandinavian Scalds. Roland says: death is better than the disgrace of retreat. Similarly says Ihor: better be cut to shreds than be taken prisoner. It is the same idea of warrior's fame and honor—of the warrior who prefers death to disgrace. Such were also his

followers because they were all "under war trumpets born, under the helmets reared, fed at the point of the spear... they jump like those gray wolves in the fields, searching for honor for themselves, and glory for the prince." For this fame, the prince sacrifices everything, even his life; for him there exists only the dilemma "to lay down one's head or drink the Don's water with a helmet," in order to break up the force of the nomads, whom he calls "the devil's children" and "pagans."

A knightly quest of fame and battle is his life's philosophy. To him battle is a "festival" and blood is the "wine." To be ready to sacrifice his blood in defense of Christianity is the noblest task of the knight. The pathos of battle against the threatening enemy from the east, the quest of dangerous adventures by the conquistadors who courageously penetrated the unknown steppes, knowledge of their greatness, and the sweeping magnitude and heroism that was the whole philosophy of knight-hood, condensed in the mighty poetic words of those times; that is the content of this unusual monument of ancient Ukrainian times over which worked and work hundreds of native and foreign commentators. The echo of this view of the world which came back to life among the Kozaks and in their epic poetry, and then in the souls of those warriors who fought for national independence in the 20th century, was the foundation of understanding on which generations and generations have been brought up.

his hands, his face bathed in tears.

The acrid smoke that hung low everywhere hurt her nostrils. She felt tired, and had half a mind to turn back with the others and go to bed. But perhaps she could say something to cheer Peter up a bit.

As Hanna approached him, Peter stood up from his seat on a stump, then sat down heavily again.

"It was going to be a lovely house," she said softly to him. The first shafts of early dawn were in the eastern sky. The dim light revealed the sad, smoking ruins of the nearly-completed log house.

For a long while he said nothing. Hanna rested her weight first on one foot then on the other, looking down at him the while. Finally, Peter said in a broken voice:

"It wasn't the house so much that I wanted. With the house, I knew I'd have you. Now our dreams are gone up in smoke."

"Our dreams! OUR dreams!" she wanted to scream out, to beat his chest with her fists, to make him understand that she did not share in his dreams, that she had plans of her own.

Yet she could say nothing. She could not tell him now, when he was so overwhelmed with grief at the loss of his house. She had once lost her father and mother—yes she knew what it was like to be alone in the world. Coming before him, she raised his head and pressed it gently against her. She felt his warm hands circle her body.

He rose, still holding her. He seemed to tower above her. For the first time she realized how huge his

shoulders were. His arms were like iron bands about her. She raised her eyes to his, and inwardly recoiled at what she saw there.

"Hanna," he said throatily, "I want you—to be mine. I don't know what spirit has got into me, but for a minute I thought—suppose you were to leave me! Hanna, my dearest one, tell me that you love me and that you will be mine!"

He was hurting her. The smell of smoking stung her nostrils. Yet it was all suddenly changed. They were both alone in that wilderness, with only the sun peering over the horizon, white below, in the dampness of the sod hut, people were sleep. This man needed her. Without her he might go mad. Yes, it was good to feel necessary. This strong man, with smooth muscles like steel, shoulders that made her feel small and powerless—this man could be hers.

In the face of the warm, consuming love of the man who held her, Viktor's proposal seemed shaky, bloodless, and unreal. She knew deeply inside her that she had always depended on Peter, always wanted him, his strength, his faithfulness. It was something solid she could cling to in these days of trial and change in a strange land.

When Hanna went for a cold swim in the river a little later, the worn card with Viktor's address fell out of her clothes and into the grass. After she dressed, and went off to face her new life with Peter, the card lay there for a long time, washed by the rain, bleached by the sun, sinking deeper and deeper into the grass and earth.

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HRYTZ—BEWARE!

(Adapted from the Ukrainian love ballad)

By THEODOSIA BORESKY

CENTURIES ago, in the olden Kozak State where the system of cooperative democracy prevailed and monogamy was the standard in all marriages, God breathed life into a tiny son, Hrytz, born to a sturdy couple in a tiny village of Ukraine.

These parents were no less monogamous in their devotion to each other. But Hrytz, the handsome rascal, had an eye for every pretty girl as he developed and grew into manhood.

A life spent out-of-doors in active work under the beneficent rays of the sun had brought a healthy brown tint to Hrytz's skin and power to the muscles of his superb body.

The blue eyes had a look in them of wide-open spaces, long-lashed like a girl's (to protect them from the blazing rays of the sun), brilliant and twinkling with merriment often, for Hrytz had a spirit at once bold and gay. And when admiring a pretty girl, they grew caressingly soft and deep. His hair was brown (like that of most Ukrainians) but it curled enchantingly in ringlets about his well-shaped head. In spite of his being so handsome, he was big, strong and courageous, utterly male in every respect. He could plow a field as well as any man, if not better, harness a pair of horses, or ride like the finest Kozak!

However, since his adolescence Hrytz exhibited strong proof of the lack of the Ukrainian monogamous spirit! He loved ALL the little girls! One and all seemed utterly beautiful to him. He often wore himself out to exhaustion proving his male prowess at games to enthrall his admirers.

When Hrytz grew older he continued his devotion at the altar of femininity. He attended all the Vechernytsi (he could not have done otherwise, for he was invited everywhere). His jolly, gay spirited personality added much to the enjoyment of these parties. Even though the men were envious of his popularity with the maids of the village, they too, enjoyed the companionship of this likeable young man.

It was not until Hrytz was reaching maturity did he notice the subtle differences of the prettiest maids of the village. Unsure of himself under the newness of this realization, he continued to devote himself to entertaining all with his pleasing qualities.

Not until Hrytz was in his twentieth year did he choose from among the crowd the one who seemed to him to possess in loveliness and mystery unfathomable, all that is perfection in femininity. In her glance was intermingled shyness and naughty playfulness. She was not very tall nor large but a softly rounded creature with straight-toed, well-shaped feet and capable-looking, nice hands.

Hrytz often said, "The trouble is that Petrusia is so shy! She always sits with Nastia (who is a nice girl but not for me) and when I approach Petrusia, Nastia is the one who responds to all my banter!"

So Petrusia little knew that Hrytz's heart was set on her as he was generally known to be "a devil with the women" and as he continued to pay attention to all the other girls as well as to herself and Nastia.

Nastia of course by this time assured Petrusia sincerely that Hrytz loved Nastia, preferred her of the two. "Does he not direct all his remarks to me when he comes to sit by us?"

"But," Petrusia wanted to say, "you reply so quickly, before I have a chance to think of an apt comeback myself!"

All she did was sigh and wonder if she imagined that his eyes followed her every move and when he

spoke they looked only into hers.

Once, however, at a Sunday afternoon dance on the Toloka, with his arm still about her waist, Hrytz drew Petrusia behind a screen of tall berry bushes and there he kissed her.

Thus Nastia, suspicious, missing Hrytz, found them.

Nastia turned white and then red with rage. "You, you..." she accused Petrusia, "how dare you try to steal my man with your indecent offerings of kisses..."

"Nastia!" Hrytz stamped the ground in anger. He would have struck her if Petrusia had not swiftly jumped between them.

"Tell us, Hrytz," Petrusia said gently, "for whom your laughter and your antics were intended at this past winter's Vechernytsi?"

"Of course for you, my sweet," he relaxed and smiled deep into her adoring eyes. She answered lightly, playfully, "sure you are not choosing between us for the moment—because you found my kisses sweet and my lips willing to receive yours?"

"Ah, but I shall prove it! Tomorrow I shall come with the Starosty, right up to your door!"

"Come now, Nastia," he chucked her under the chin, "don't look so sour about it! We shall let you be our bridesmaid!"

At that Nastia apparently softened and Hrytz danced only with Petrusia for the rest of the afternoon.

In the evening she met him by the well and they sat and sang sad love songs (for contrast to their enchanted happiness) and wove wreaths of sweet-smelling clover for each other's heads, and then walked home, Hrytz's arm about Petrusia's waist and talked until after dusk by the gate of her house.

The next day the Starosty came, making their engagement a completed fact.

It was still early spring and the work not yet too crowded into the evening hours, so Nastia announced she would hold Vechernytsi at her house in honor of Petrusia and Hrytz, before their marriage.

The next day being market day, Hrytz came to the market square with some chickens to sell for his father. Having deposited them next to that of a cage of birds his neighbor had brought, he looked around to see who else was there (as it is the custom among the villagers to come early to the market place to meet others and exchange news or gossip). Just a little ahead of him he saw his "light of love," Petrusia. He called to her, but his voice, though powerful, became lost in the bedlam raised by the milling peasants. He ran after her in pursuit, brushed against an old woman selling cherries. He apologized quickly and helped her pick up the spilled fruit.

At first she cursed and then laughed in spite of herself at his jolly, cajoling manner, but cautioned him, "Beware Hrytz of black enchantment at the Vechernytsi! You're a likely lad and the girls, you know, may bewitch you!"

"One has already!" he laughed. "I was chasing after her when I bumped into you!"

"I thought so!" she grinned not unkindly. You see, even the matrons of the village could not resist Hrytz's charm.

At dawn, Sunday, Nastia was seen digging on a hillock where a well-known herb grew.

Early Monday they saw her at the brook washing and cleaning it.

Tuesday its odor was diffused through the door and windows while she boiled and brewed it.

Hrytz was warned by the old women of the village and by his friends, but Hrytz only laughed, male fashion, at such foolishness.

The Legend of Geronimo Lives On at Fort Sill, Oklahoma

BLACK shadows fall across the green fields of Normandy and then white shadows float from the sky and settle quickly on the smooth ground. If one could listen carefully he might hear, above the roar of planes, cries of "Geronimo!" This is the landing of our parachute troops in France.

As each brave parachutist jumps from his transport plane, he usually calls out the name of this famous old Indian of legend and history. Some of these hardy young men who spearheaded the recent invasion of Europe, are now even getting the Geronimo haircuts which consist of clipping the hair off each side of the head and leaving an ominous-looking hirsute streak down the center. Then a dab of "war paint" on each cheek, and we have modern soldiers more dangerous to the enemy than Geronimo ever was to our forefathers.

There are many stories about Geronimo. Books have been written about his exploits and escapades and a motion picture was based upon his life. Old Army men sometimes sit around and argue for hours as to where Geronimo was exactly and what he did exactly.

Probably the most vivid remembrance of this colorful Indian character is found at Fort Sill, Oklahoma, located in the center of a stretch of country once populated entirely by Indians. In the museum of the Field Artillery School at Fort Sill, the early military history of this Regular Army post is exemplified in many interesting relics, watched over by a military custodian.

A recent trip to Fort Sill included a visit to this interesting spot. This visit centered around another name in our modern military history which is more important than any legend of Geronimo. It is the Women's Army Corps.

Wacs who are stationed at Fort Sill often visit the museum and see the cell in which it is said Geronimo was confined for a time. The building was formerly the Fort Sill guardhouse and was established as a museum in 1934. Within it is a collection of Indian relics and "Geronimo's Cell."

This intriguing spot is but one of many historic places which Wacs stationed there can see when they have

"Why Nastia was friendliness itself to me and my beloved, once she had found that I preferred Petrusia!"

He did not believe in black magic, only in the magic of true love, and the fire of its passion.

Wednesday evening came and with it the Vechernytsi. Nastia herself served him several drinks into one of which she poured the jade-colored liquid from a tiny vial hidden in the palm of her hand, while no one was looking.

Thursday came and Hrytz with the laughing eyes was dead from the poison jealous Nastia had poured into his drinks.

Friday they buried gay, fun-loving Hrytz. The whole village mourned him, for he was popular with both young and old. Thus ended the career of the fascinating male, Hrytz!

What of Petrusia with the shy, naughtily playful glance? All the young men of the village became curious as to what the handsome Hrytz had found in her. His love had given her self-assurance. So she, the faithless little maid, chose one from among the most eligible young men for her husband.

You see, with all the enchanting opportunities afforded it is not always an easy matter to make one's choice. But once the marriage has taken place it must per force be monogamous—and then the habit grows on one!

leisure time from the many interesting jobs they are performing for the Army. They, too, are proud of the story of Geronimo and other Indians, as well as those of other famous military figures in the history of Fort Sill.

Our visit also included attendance at a barbecue festival which was attended by a number of Indian chiefs and members of their tribes from nearby reservations.

Geronimo was a chief of the Chiricahua tribe of Apache Indians. His native name was Goyathlay, which means "the yawner" and Geronimo was his Mexican nickname. Born in New Mexico about 1834, he went to Old Mexico in 1876 along with others of his tribe, but soon afterwards returned to Arizona where he and a band of Indians terrorized that section for ten years. In 1886 he was captured by General George Crook, but later he escaped. General Nelson A. Miles, who succeeded General Crook, then began a campaign against these Indians and their chief, Geronimo, surrendered to him. Later the chief was taken to Fort Sill where it is said he spent considerable time in the cell which now bears his name in the picturesque museum of the Field Artillery School.

Many stories are told about Geronimo's personal exploits and his influence upon the Indians at that time. According to an old Oklahoma newspaper, "Geronimo and his band arrived at Rush Springs yesterday. They had a special train of twelve cars, and were escorted by Company I—12th Infantry, commanded by 2nd Lieut. Allyn Capron. On arriving at Fort Sill, they were assigned a place by Captain Marion P. Maus and 1st Lieut. H. L. Scott, after which the latter assumed supervision over them. Of course, they were given a royal reception at Fort Worth."

On his arrival at Fort Sill, Geronimo and his band were watched curiously by a number of people on the post. There were also on hand several hundred Kiowas and Comanches who were awaiting their arrival. After being at Fort Sill for a while, several of the Indians, including Geronimo himself, were enlisted as scouts and given uniforms. Although Geronimo was not allowed the dignity of being chief of this group, he remained a constant source of interest and attraction to the white people, and his reputation as a fighter drew crowds wherever he went. He died in a little stone hut back of the post hospital at Fort Sill on February 17, 1909, and was buried in the Indian cemetery nearby. Some of his relatives still live in the nearby Oklahoma country.

It is certain that he was a brave man, and therefore his name has become a watchword for our dauntless parachute troops. As they go into battle, the name "Geronimo" is on their lips in the same clear way in which it is inscribed upon the museum door at Fort Sill.

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It's the Upkeep

A newly rich gent was doing a little collecting, and his social sponsor took him to a studio where a Genuine Stradivarius violin was on sale. The wealthy gent pawed the almost priceless fiddle but seemed quite uninterested.

"You should buy it," his friend advised. "Think what it would mean to—"

"Nothing doing," came back the moneyed one. "Suppose it breaks down. A genuine Stradivarius. What would we do for spare parts?"

Sports In Ancient Ukraine

In the Chronicles and other literary monuments of ancient Ukraine there is quite a number of references to the popularity of sports among our people then. Various athletic games, emphasizing physical skill and endurance, were then held, usually on the commons of the villages, towns, or cities, and the crowds which gathered to see these games were often of such size that contemporary scribes complained of the "pushing and shoving." These games were known in Ukrainian then as "ihrysha," "culytsya," and "povecher-nytsya"—today the latter are "vechernytsi."

Wrestling and Trials of Strength

Wrestling was a very popular pastime during the period of the Ukrainian Kingdom of Kiev, in the Middle Ages. Known today in Ukrainian as "duzhaya" it was then called "borba."

Among the earliest known Ukrainian wrestlers was Kozhemyak, a young man of such strength that, as the Ancient Chronicles recount, he could rip a hide to pieces with his hands, or bring a charging oxen to a full stop also with his bare hands, or even seize hold of the oxen with his hands and tear out of him a piece of his hide and flesh. A mighty man he must have been indeed! The chronicler also tells of Kozhemyak's duel with the strong man of the Pechenehs, those wild barbarians of Asia who were then constantly invading Ukraine. The duel took place between the arrayed forces of the warring Ukrainians and the Pechenehs. It was over in short order. Kozhemyak seized the Pecheneh in his arms, squeezed him to death, and then contemptuously threw his lifeless body to the ground.

Another famous wrestler of those times was Prince Mstyslav, son of Volodimir the Great, the renowned monarch who ruled Ukraine from 979 to 1015 and made his kingdom one of the mightiest in all Europe. This son of his, Prince Mstyslav, was a great warrior, about whom a bard of those times, perhaps Boyan, sang:

"He had a strong body, a red face, and large eyes; in battle he was brave, while in deportment he was kind; he dearly loved his retinue, was not stingy with his possessions, and was a very good host."

During a campaign against another invading tribe, the Kasohy, Mstyslav challenged their leader, Rededy, a giant in size, to a duel. The two leaders met between their armies, and although Rededy was armed with a huge club, Mstyslav engaged him barehanded. Seizing the giant in a strong grasp, he threw him heavily to the ground, and then whipped out his dagger and finished him.

Our Kozaks, too, were known for their physical skill and strength, although such records of them are fragmentary and incomplete.

Especially famous in this respect was Hetman Ivan Pidkova (died 1578), who got his nickname from his prowess in breaking horseshoes ("pidkova") in half.

A rather curious idea of sport was that held by Vesolovsky, a Lithuanian chieftan who campaigned in Ukraine (17th century), and who liked nothing better than to bring a speeding wagon to a dead stop—by seizing the rear wheels with his bare hands.

Another chieftan, a Ukrainian this time, Eustace Tyskevych by name, from the region of modern Brest-Litovsk, used to go out into the forest in search of a bear. Having found one he would harass him until the bear would rear on his hind legs in anger and lunge for him. Tyskevych would then swiftly sidestep,

Amsterdam Sergeant Killed in Action

Word was received in Amsterdam, N. Y., July 14 that Technical Sergeant Michael Makorowsky, 23, son of Mr. and Mrs. John Makorowsky, 45 Grand street, has been killed in action in the Central Pacific on an unreported date, the Amsterdam "Evening Recorder" reports (clipping sent to the Weekly by Mr. Paul Chuchman).

Sgt. Markorowsky was serving with Company G, 105th Infantry, 27th division, last officially reported in the assault upon Saipan in which bitter fighting was engaged in with the Japs. He is the first member of the Amsterdam Company of the 105th to be killed in action and also the first local casualty reported in the capture of Saipan, one of the strongholds of the Japs.

The announcement of Sgt. Makorowsky's supreme sacrifice in defense of his country came as a great shock to his family, who last heard from him about eight weeks ago when he was still with his company in Hawaii. It was also a shock to the Ukrainian American community in Amsterdam and vicinity, for young Makorowsky had been before the war very active in its activities, and was a member of the U.N.A. He was especially fond of Ukrainian folk dancing and appeared at its exhibitions on many occasions.

Technical Sergeant Makorowsky came up from the ranks to an advanced non-commissioned officer's post. He enlisted in Company G at the State Armory March 27, 1939.

October 7 of the same year, only a week before Company G was called into Federal service with the other outfits of New York's 27th Division, he was promoted to rank of corporal and left here with Company G on October 23, 1940, for Fort McClellan, Ala., where the division was mobilized for training.

As a corporal he went with the local company to the Pacific Coast and in March, 1942, arrived in Hawaii with the division for intensive training in jungle fighting against the Japs. It was while there he was advanced to sergeant and then to technical sergeant, which was evidence of the progress he had made in absorbing military instruction.

Besides his parents, he is survived by two brothers, Private First Class William Makorowsky, who is with the Postal Battalion, New York City, and Private First Class Joseph R. Makorowsky, with Headquarters, 3rd Commando Group, Communication Detachment, Lakeland Army Base, Lakeland, Fla.; one sister, Miss Nadia K. Makorowsky, a registered nurse in New York City, also several nieces, nephews and cousins residing in Amsterdam.

Flying High

A colored soldier was busy around the wrong end an Army mule when it suddenly lashed out with both feet and sent him sailing. As he hit the ground his comrades called stretcher bearers, who put the unlucky fellow on a stretcher and started to carry him off.

The colored boy opened his eyes and gazed at the reeling sky overhead. Feeling around below the stretcher with his hands he encountered nothing but empty space.

"Lawdy, Lawdy," he groaned, "I ain't hit de ground yet."

swing his mighty sword but once, and our mighty bruin would bite the dust.—Whether our hero died a natural death, we do not know.

A wealthy noble of those times, Maslovetsky, from the Kholm district, used to entertain his guests by placing five hazel nuts on the table and cracking them—with his head. (Evidently this man believed in using his head.)

(To be concluded.)