



## SECTION II.

## The Ukrainian Weekly

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

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VOL. XII

## THE PRESIDENTIAL RACE FORUM

Now that the presidential race has begun, with Roosevelt as the Democratic candidate and Dewey as the Republican candidate, the Ukrainian Weekly has been urged by followers of both nominees to take a definite stand on one or the other and back him up.

That is something the Weekly, like the Svoboda, cannot very well do. The Weekly, it should be borne in mind, is not published by some one individual or group who can decide for either this or that candidate and direct the editor to write or slant his editorials accordingly. It is published by the Ukrainian National Association, which is a fraternal benefit order, and which has over 43,000 members scattered throughout the country, with some in Canada as well. Among them are both Democrats and Republicans, and if the Weekly were to support one presidential nominee that would be manifestly unfair to those U.N.A. members who favor the other one. This fact can be better appreciated when one realizes that because of the fraternal character of the U.N.A. each one of its members has through the medium of his (or her) branch and the quadrennial national conventions an equal voice in the policies and management of the association and its publications, the Svoboda and the Ukrainian Weekly. It is because of this reason that the "Svoboda" has been traditionally politically non-partisan.

What the Weekly can well do, however, is to afford its readers an opportunity to express their views regarding their preference for either the Roosevelt-Truman or Dewey-Bricker ticket. To that end the Weekly will open beginning next week a special column to be called by some such title as The Presidential Race Forum. Our readers are invited to state in it their preferences for either the Democratic or Republican nominee and explain why they feel their choice should be elected next November.

All such voices, however, must be sober and constructive, based upon the realization that our country is at war and that blind partisanship and mud-slinging are definitely detrimental to our country's war effort. On that basis contributions to our coming forum will be accepted or rejected.

## Little Falls Marine Killed in Action

Pfc. Raymond Krawecki, 23, of the Marine Corps, and a member of U. N. A. Branch 330, who was wounded a year ago last December in the battle for Guadalcanal, now has given his life in another United States offensive in the Pacific. His parents Mr. and Mrs. John Krawecki, 53 West Main street, Little Falls, N. Y., received last Thursday a telegram from the marine corps commandant, stating that he had been killed in action. While the message disclosed no details, it is believed probable that the casualty occurred on Saipan, scene of the latest assaults by American troops in the Pacific area.

## Was in Several Campaigns

As reported in the "Evening Times," Pfc. Krawecki may well be called a veteran fighting marine, for besides participating in the battle of Guadalcanal, he took part in the fight for other Solomon islands, the Gilbert Islands, Marshall Islands and in the battle of Tarawa which the local marine then described as "his toughest battle so far."

A message that their son was wounded in action in the South Pacific was received by Mr. and Mrs. Krawecki in December, 1942. There followed a period of deep anxiety on the part of his family, and at length the welcome news came that he was getting along all right. In letters which Pfc. Krawecki himself later wrote to his parents, he described his wounds by saying that he was struck twice in the right shoulder and once in the hip by shrapnel, and that the wounds were healing satisfactorily. He was sent to New Zealand for some time, where he recuperated from his injuries. The family did not know when he returned to action. He was the recipient of the purple heart.

The local marine enlisted in April, 1942, at Albany, and left for active duty a few days after Easter of that year. He received his basic training at Parris Island, S. C., and was later sent to New River, N. C., and then to San Diego, Cal., from where he left for overseas duty in July, 1942. He was home on furlough after he completed his training at Parris Island.

## Killed in Action



T/Sgt. Michael Makorowsky

Pictured above is Technical Sergeant Michael Markowsky, 23, son of Mr. and Mrs. Michael Makorowsky, 45 Grand street, Amsterdam, N. Y., who as reported more fully here last week was killed in action in the Central Pacific on an unreported date. Word of his death was received by his parents July 14. A member of U.N.A. Branch 266, Tech. Sgt. Makorowsky was the first of Ukrainian descent in Amsterdam to make the supreme sacrifice in the defense of his country, also the first of his company. It is believed he was killed during the capture of Saipan, one of the Jap strongholds.

Besides his parents T/Sgt. Makorowsky 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, Florida; also one sister, Miss Nadia K. Makorowsky, a registered nurse in New York City.

## LT. DACKO HOME ON FURLOUGH

Lieutenant William Dacko, the young Ukrainian American flyer and a member of U.N.A. Branch 238, who while at an American air base in the Soviet Union was royally welcomed by the Ukrainians of the nearby town there (see July 8 Ukrainian Weekly for story) is now home on a thirty-day furlough, Mr. Nicholas Dawyskyba of Boston reports.

Lt. Bill Dacko is the brother of Cadet Daniel Dacko, who was killed

Besides his parents, he leaves three brothers: Pfc. Michael Krawecki, serving somewhere in Italy with the fifth army; Pfc. Nick Krawecki, who has just arrived in New Guinea, and Roland, at home; one sister, Antonia Krawecki, who was a member of the faculty of the Rensselaer Falls high school, and a sister-in-law, Mrs. Nick Krawecki, of Herkimer.

## AIR CADET IS VICTIM OF PLANE CRASH



Aviation Cadet Daniel Dacko

Killed in an aircraft accident at Waco Army Air Base, Texas, June 21, 1944, Aviation Cadet Daniel Dacko, son of Mr. and Mrs. Elias Dacko, was according military honors at funeral services conducted Monday, June 26, at the Ukrainian Holy Trinity Orthodox Church in Boston, Massachusetts, Mr. Nicholas Dawyskyba a U.N.A. Advisor, reports.

Cadet Dacko was one of the youngest members of Branch 238 of U. N. A. in Boston to enter the Armed Forces and he is the first member of the branch to give his life for his country.

Cadet Dacko was brought up from Texas by a cadet escort. Six Honor Guards from Fort Banks, Winthrop, were pall bearers at the funeral and were at the cemetery, where they played taps and gave a six-gun salute for the 19-year-old crash victim.

Cadet Dacko was a graduate of Hyde Park High School and prior to enlisting in April, 1943, he was appointed by Congressman R. B. Wiggleworth to take the entrance examination for West Point. He received his flight training at Keesler Field, Mississippi, Springfield, Ohio, San Antonio, Texas, Uvalde, Texas, and in just ten weeks would have been eligible to receive his Silver Wings.

in an aircraft accident in Texas June 21st (look above for story).

In the course of a recent conversation with Mr. Dawyskyba, Lt. Dacko revealed further interesting details concerning his stay at the American airbase in the Soviet. Likewise he said that during his stay there he had an opportunity to visit a historic Ukrainian city, where he was again given a royal welcome.

Lt. Dacko related that the prices were very high there. He sold, for example, a cake of soap for 80 rubles, and the woman who purchased it from him resold it for 200 rubles.

# "A Priori Aut A Posteriori?"

By WALTER PASKA

(Of times our thinking young—as well as old—people turn to thoughts about the beginnings of this world of ours. It is a subject that is good for the mind and good for the spirit, as it inspires both, particularly since it is based on man's constant quest of the truth. On this subject we present below a fine little essay, written by one of our younger generation, Walter Paska, who received his B. S. degree in Philosophy at St. Basil's College in Stamford, Conn., last June, and who is now attending the Catholic University of America in pursuance of his theological studies. The essay appears in this year's number of "The Keryx," (Vol. I, No. 1, 50 pages, \$1.00) published by St. Basil's College and edited by Mr. Paska himself.—Editor)

IN philosophical problems a question that is among the most important concerns itself with the origin of the world; was this world created "a priori" or did it come to exist "a posteriori"? Catholic, and Christian philosophers in general, have upheld the former stand, in opposition to the latter theory, propounded by atomists, materialists and evolutionists.

First, to comply with the laws of logical argumentation, it is necessary to define our terms. By a priori, we mean a particular order and ordained to a certain end by a cause, intelligent, and powerful, which is independent of the world; in other words, an intellect preceded the existence of mundane entities, in order to devise this plan. With respect to a posteriori, an opposite view is held by its proponents; the constituent elements of the world and universe were not actuated at any time in any manner by an extrinsic intelligent cause upon whom they were dependent, but after innumerable failures, finally formed the world, as it now exists by chance. The existence and preservation of the universe always depends upon this accidental formation of elements. To sum up in brief, our a priori thesis maintains that there existed an intelligent plan for the universe, which the latter followed; the a posteriori claim is merely a fortunate result of the actions of unintelligent forces.

It must be added here, that though this question is linked with the existence of God, we do not seek to prove His existence as the end of this argument, for that would differ from the original material object of the problem: one is concerned with the world, the other with the existence of God. However, following the conclusion of this cosmological argument, the existence of God may be proved in the corollaries that follow the conclusion.

## The Error of Those Who Belittle Causes

Foremost among the proponents of the a posteriori thesis are the atomists and the more contemporary groups, who seek to belittle causes and attempt to ascribe a minimum cause to evident results. This a posteriori theory maintains that there existed some eternal elements from whence all things derive their beginning. The absurdity of trying to explain results from nothing is evident; therefore, the existence of these eternal elements is admitted. In examining this theory, it is seen that the cause for the existence of these atoms is not explained, nor is the source of their energy and power. Again, atoms are essentially finite, changeable things, as proved by science, and it is contradictory to claim that they are eternal or have powers transcending their limits.

The more contemporary group of atomists maintains "There is nothing in addition to the atom, time and molecular movement"; they uphold the idea that the world arrived at its present stage through the meeting of atoms (*concursum*

*atomorum*) after innumerable failures. The motion of these atoms is purely mechanical, due to some blind, actuating energy. The resulting order, therefore, is not due to any plan or pre-arranged conception, but depends entirely on the fortuitous course of atoms.

The glaring errors in this theory are readily observed by unbiased intellects for the following reasons: Firstly, it is false to claim that there is "nothing in addition to the atom, time and molecular movement," for according to this claim, the principles of causality are avoided, first impulses are not explained, conservation of the world is not elucidated and the final ends of action have no value. Secondly, it is false to claim that this present order occurred by chance after innumerable failures because "change" is in direct opposition to order which is here its result. Order presupposes a correct disposition of means toward a certain end; (*apta plurimum dispositio vel conspiratio ad aliquid unum constituendum*, (static order), *aut efficiendum*, (dynamic order)). If we see this intelligent result, there must, therefore, exist a plan by which order came to exist. Again, there is no proof for the statement that this order resulted after innumerable failures, for we have no evidence or results of these attempts. Thirdly, from authority it has been proven by outstanding philosophers that motion in the world originated from a cause independent of the world, to whom motion was imparted. For the proper understanding of the Aristotelian-Thomistic principle (*omne quod movetur ab alio movetur*) shows that mundane objects, being imperfect, acquire this perfection from a being which has motion in its fullness. Therefore, it would not be true to state that the motion of atoms is merely mechanical, for the source and reception of that motion would not be affirmed.

Historically speaking we find that the Greek hylozoists, enlarging upon a portion of the atomistic theory, believed that the universe and its order were due to the four elements whence ultimately all proceeded; water, air, fire, and earth. Reverting to the principle of minimizing causes, the hylozoists ineffectually attempted to explain the world's existence as the development of something lesser into something greater. However, there is a tendency a drift which seeks to degrade something higher and complex into a thing commonplace and easily understandable for the intellect. This tendency offers no satisfactory basis for its claim and is consequently of no value... "*gratis affirmatur, gratis negatur.*"

## Pride a Bar to Truth

Nevertheless, it is remarkable to note that the cause for such a claim arises from the spirit of pride and independence in man. For, to admit that the world was caused, that there exists a definite order, ultimately leads to the question of a Supreme Being, to whom man is responsible. Such individuals, preferring to live without obligations to this Supreme Being, therefore try to set man on a pedestal as the highest and most perfect result of what they call nature. He, according to them, evolved of himself to the present stage of development, and may improve with time. Since all prudent doubt is removed it is obvious that prejudice and selfishness hold them fast to their error, and they themselves must first will to seek truth with open and inquiring minds. The admirable words of St. John are most appropriate to quote here, "...and you shall know the truth, and the truth

shall make you free." (St. John 8,32)

In a similar vein, materialists, taking up the thread of the a posteriori claim, tried to substantiate their statements by using the sciences, physics, chemistry, and biology, for example, to refute the thesis of the a priori viewpoint. The results, however, only served to further strengthen the a priori argument and diminish the value of the a posteriori claims. Studies in physics affirmed the fact that matter has definite proportions and measurements; that the heterogeneous elements of the world have not resulted from mere chance or blind necessity. Examples from chemistry also prove that constituent parts of elements act in a designated manner, some order; if there were no order existing, then new species unite only with certain other elements, and form structurally perfect molecular combinations. An additional proof can be gleaned from biology, from the very fact that like produces like. This could not occur constantly if it were not due to some order; if there were no order existing, then new species would constantly be evolved and former species would now extinct.

## The Evolutionistic Theory

The final adversary to be encountered is the evolutionistic theory, offered by Darwin and his followers. Something of the atomic viewpoint is applied to organic life, but only in part. According to Darwin the existence of God as the cause of the first cell is not directly disclaimed, but from his following assertions of "natural selection"... the process tending to cause the survival of the forms of animals and plants best suited to conditions in which they live; and "blind choice"... which causes these forms of organic life to result, Darwin, implicitly at least, affirms that the world and its order proceeded not from any complex plan, conceived before the existence of the world, but from a natural "lottery," similar to the "*concursum atomorum.*"

From the results observed in nature, however, it can definitely be stated that there is no such thing as a "lottery" in the combination of elements; astronomical examinations will readily confirm this, as well as the study of the minutest cell. Even, (*supposito-non concessio*), if it were to be admitted that all life resulted from a single cell, it would not have sufficient means; the various forms of resultant life would not have sufficient cause for their existence and stable species would not have followed and been conserved throughout the succeeding centuries.

## A Posteriori Theory Proved

Thus it is that the rejection of the a posteriori theory leaves only the a priori thesis ("*Tertium non datur*"). Our viewpoint is not only reasonable, but amply confirmed by the natural order in general and sciences in particular. All investigations that have attempted to disprove our thesis by use of sciences have only served to further prove our stand. In a particular example, it is only logical to suppose that the effect cannot be greater than the cause... (*nemo dat quod non habet*). For, as the machine is inferior to the mechanic who produced it, so also is the world, the product of creation, inferior and subject to its cause, the Creator. Since the cause is greater, it must necessarily be intelligent, and powerful; being intelligent, and acting according to its nature, it would follow that the result was planned and did not occur by chance.

Consequently, for those sincere seekers who accept the a priori argument, the question "Is there a God?" ceases to exist. It is no longer a tedious task to inquire of the world's

## With a Friend

Look God, I have never spoken to you  
But now I want to say, "How do you do?"

You see God, they told me you didn't exist,

And like a a fool, I believed all this.

Last night from a shell hole, I saw your sky

And figured right then they told me a lie,

I'd have known they weren't calling a spade.

Had I taken time to see things you made.

I wonder God, if You'd shake my hand

Somehow I feel that you'll understand.

Funny I had to come to this hellish place,

Before I had time to see Your face.

Well, I guess there isn't much more to say,

But I'm sure glad God, I met you today,

I guess the zero hour will soon be here,

But I'm not afraid, since I know You're here.

The signal. Well God, I'll have to go.

I like you lots, this I want you to know.

Look now! This will be a horrible fight,

Who knows I may come to your house tonight.

Tho' I wasn't friendly to you before,  
I wonder God, if You'd wait at Your door.

Look, I'm crying! Me, shedding tears!

I wish I had known You these many years.

Well God! I have to go now, "Good-bye"

Strange, since I met You, I'm not afraid to die.

PVT. J. J. W.

(The above was found on the body of a Yank killed in action).



origin and end. Even the suffering and obstacles we encounter in this life are not without some value. Suffering and hardships tend to remind man that his stay on earth is transitory and give occasion to thoughts of a Being who can alleviate his trials. This life is neither a cause nor an end in itself; it will be completed in another world, which is the true and immensely surpassing completion of all that we enjoy on earth. This sustaining idea is possessed only by those who admit the existence of a Supreme Being whom they recognize from the origin and order of this world. Thus it is with foresight and understanding approaching the miraculous that St. Paul says, "*Invisibilia enim ipsius per ea quae facta sunt, intellecta conspiciuntur.*" (Rom. I, 20).

But to others, life's trials and tribulations have no meaning and tend only to produce pessimism, skepticism, and despair, for having admitted that there exists nothing greater than man, there is no one to whom they can turn for solace or explanation, and there only remains the hope that somehow man will ultimately complete the world to his satisfaction by his knowledge and culture. The centuries have proven the contrary, nevertheless, and unless the two trends of thought, a priori and a posteriori are viewed in their proper light, man will continue in this maze of error until he humbly bows to reason and common sense, accepting the truth as God reveals it to us, accessible to all.

## Ukrainian Forefathers of the Don Kozaks

By HONORE EWACH

WHOEVER has read the famous modern trilogy "Quietly Flows the Don" by Sholokhov, a masterful novel of the life of the Don Kozaks, may recall that the Don Kozaks look with scorn and even animosity at the Russians who settle among them. They have continual squabbles with Ukrainian settlers who steadily infiltrate into the Don region, but they do not look upon them with such scorn as they do on the Russians. Yet the Don Kozaks speak Russian—a Russian dialect of their own. Then who are the Don Kozaks? What is their origin?

There is much obscurity about the origin of the Don Kozaks. There are no written documents from the time of the first settlements in the Don region. Yet there are even some Russian historians who state that the first settlers in the Don region were not Russians but Ukrainians. It appears that these settlements started in the days when Ukrainian Kozaks of the Dnieper region used to raid the Turkish and Tartar settlements along the shore of the Black Sea. And since these Turkish settlements extended even along the shore of the sea of Azov, the Dnieper Kozaks from time to time also made raids there. Some of them sailed down the Don and evidently settled in that region. As yet there were no Russian settlements there.

This is what Sonia E. Howe writes in her "A Thousand Years of Russian History," published in 1915 in London, on page 348: "The first Kozaks of the Don, after whom a large district of south-eastern Russia has come to be called, were originally Kozaks from the Dnipro. There they encountered exactly the same economic and social conditions which, some centuries earlier, had led to the development of Kozakdom in Ukraine.

"There on the Don these men carried on the traditions, organization, and administration peculiar to Kozakdom.

"Love of fighting and undaunted courage are as characteristic of these Kozaks as they were of the famous Knighthood of Ukraine. They too hated the rich and protected the poor, and in the course of such transactions thought themselves justified in robbing caravans and kidnapping rich Moscow merchants; while as pirates, with their small and light boats they were a danger to shipping on the Caspian Sea. They even made raids on Persia."

Such were the beginnings of the Don Kozaks. Thus as we can see, the first Don Kozaks were Ukrainians. Russians began to settle there beginning about 1596. In that year serfdom was introduced in Muscovy and the peasants were forbidden to move at will from the lands belonging to their local landlords. Many of the serfs, however, managed to escape from Muscovy (Russia proper). They lived very much like the first American and Canadian settlers, with hands on the plough-tails and with muskets slung across their shoulders. Their life was very similar to the life led by the first Ukrainian Kozaks. Eventually these Russian refugees reached the region of the Don and settled there, gradually becoming fused with the original Ukrainian Kozak settlements there. Yet the newcomers inherited and adopted the military organization of the original Ukrainian settlers and their military vocabulary. For instance, northern Russians in general speak of a "loshad" (horse), but the Don Kozaks prefer to use the word "koń," similar to the Ukrainian word "kiń." In this connection it is also interesting to note that even now the Don Kozaks have many customs which are very sim-

## JERSEY CITY SERGEANT SEES THE POPE

While in Rome on a furlough recently Sgt. Roman Milanowicz of Jersey City, N. J., a member of U. N. A. Branch 287, now serving as an Army Base Censor somewhere in Italy, visited St. Peter's and there saw the Pope. He writes about what he saw in a letter to his mother and sister Mildred. Its text follows:—

Here I am, somewhere in Italy. It's quite a change from Africa. Here I find myself among people much like those at home. Of course, some of them can be put in the same category as the Arabs of Africa, but they are very few, which is easier to bear. I am very happy that I got out of Africa when I did, 19 months in that hole was plenty. Part of my trip was made by plane, and part by truck, jeep, etc. As a whole, I really enjoyed the trip. To date, I have served in North Ireland, Scotland, England, North Africa and now Italy. Lord knows where I shall go next.

As soon as I could, I made a visit to Rome, borrowing the money for it, since our outfit could not be paid this month, and I could not pass up the opportunity.

My visit to Rome was very pleasant and will always remain superior to the others I have made elsewhere. St. Peter's Cathedral just beggars description. It is so huge and so beautiful. In my short visit, it was naturally impossible to visit its forty four altars, but I did manage to drink my fill of the beauty of few of them. I understand the Cathedral can hold 50,000 people. And the paintings! I think that here I saw the peak in man's art of painting. When you see the colors inside St. Peter's, it is such an unbelievably beautiful sight that you think you are dreaming. I was terribly sorry I could not take color shots of the scenes. Well, that could not be helped; as all cameras were barred from the cathedral. In fact, all the time I was in the Cathedral, I kept reaching for my camera that wasn't there. I did manage, however, to get some pictures of the grounds which I think you will enjoy. Only one thing worries me. The only available film is the type rewound on old paper backing. Am keeping my fingers crossed until they are done. If those pictures come out, I will be a happy man.

Remember pictures of the Dome of St. Peter's? What a feeling to stand beneath that dome! It is some 500 feet from the floor. Directly beneath it is a canopy over the spot where St. Peter is said to have met his death. Beneath that lies the crypt where he is buried along with a Pope and others.

### Stirred by the Sight of the Pope

On one day of my visit, I saw the Pope.

I am sure the majesty and solemnity of the scene will remain with me for the rest of my life. The aisle down which the Pope advanced was guarded by the famous Swiss Guards. You've seen their pictures, but the actual sight was wonderful. They wore the ancient orange and blue doublets, the hose and helmet that identifies them as the Pope's personal guards, and carried lances. The Pope was borne on a large gold and red litter and was dressed completely in white, save for his Papal

hat. As he advanced down the aisle, he blessed the kneeling throng, many of whom held religious articles in their hands, just for this blessing. Needless to say, I had some things blessed for all of you too. The Pope then spoke for about about fifteen minutes, in Italian, English and French. At the close, he said a prayer asking God's help for all those before him to endure the struggle and return home safely to their loved ones.

It was really a sight for sore eyes. It seemed to restore sanity and faith after some of the sights one encountered in this war. I said a prayer for all of you and all of us and went on to other sights—the Roman Ruins. They were something to see. Sure must have taken a long time to build the way the Romans did. At the Ruins, guards are plentiful, who explain in very good English, why, how and when they were built. Took pictures, too.

### Rome Very Clean

Rome is a very clean city, one of the cleanest I have seen since my arrival overseas. Not many cars, but everyone seems to own a bicycle. The main streets are very wide and lined with trees. One never ceases to wonder that this great and beautiful city lay in the direct path of the war, but friend and enemy spared it. The rest of Italy that I have seen is pretty well marked. No civilian restaurants in Rome are open to G.I.'s; at least, we found none. Our eating problems were solved by eating in G.I. restaurants. Here one can get a hot meal for 10 cents. My buddy and I were sure happy to find these places. No meat has been had in Italy for nine months.

You can buy anything you want, here, in clothes. The shops are filled with clothes for everyone, and these are well-made and stylish. People here dress very well. The women are beautiful—and exceedingly clean—a thing which made us all very happy to see. All the girls seem to affect the Veronica Lake hair-do. Believe it or not, but I saw a guy dressed in a zoot suit, with a tie that almost hit his knees.

Where did we stay during our furlough in Rome? Now that is very interesting. When we hit home, my buddy and I found ourselves a room in a private home in the nicest residential district. The woman who owned the house treated us like royalty. She was old but was very charming and always smiling. The room we had could be compared to the best in New York hotels. Twin beds, modern too, inner spring mattresses, really white sheets, two pillows on each bed, lamps, tables and chairs galore, and everything else a room should have. Our landlady kept changing our towels every time we wiped our hands. All it cost us was a dollar a day between us. Every morning we slept till 9 o'clock—furlough, don't forget. The first night I could not sleep at all—the bed was too soft. After that, I slept like a log. Sure was hard to leave such a lovely bed. Now—oh my back! Sweet memories of our room in Rome and our charming landlady.

We get plenty of fresh fruit here and you would be surprised how quickly you tire of it.

Have also visited a volcano—a very impressive sight. You can feel the hollowness of the earth by stamping your feet.

Well folks, I am over here two years, but from the looks of things, too long a time shall not pass before I shall once again set foot in the good old U.S.A. What a day that'll be!

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

## STEADY PROGRESS OF NEW HAVEN BRANCH

With 1944 marking the fiftieth year of service by the Ukrainian National Association to its members, all branches have been endeavoring to increase the number of persons who can benefit by such membership. In observance of this anniversary, Br. 414 of New Haven, Connecticut, has made steady progress, and is well on its way to establishing itself as a strong and firmly-planted unit.

In reviewing the short history of this branch, also called Premier Voloshyn, after Augustin Voloshyn, Premier of the short-lived autonomous state of Carpatho-Ukraine in 1939, one notes that it had its origin in December, 1938, through the combined efforts of seven interested young Ukrainian Americans. During the past five and a half years, its membership roll has grown to 150, of whom 72 are adult members. Ten of its members are in the armed services of our country. Its treasury to date totals \$182.00. Since its beginning, only 20 adult members and 13 juvenile members have had the short-sightedness to withdraw from the Association.

We do not intend to end our growth here, and what is more heartening today, and contrary to previous years, individuals themselves are seeking out the officers and our organizer, and requesting that they be made members of this truly great organization, the Ukrainian National Association.

Eileen Gwostz, President  
Helen Breziki, Secretary.

## GUADALCANAL VETERAN WEDS

S/Sgt. Stephen Dmytriw, of the 13th A.A.F. Fighting Command, whose home is at 242 Grove St., Jersey City, is now on a honeymoon with his wife, the former Anne Adamchak of 79 Sussex St., Jersey City, whom he married last Saturday at Sts. Peter and Paul Church.

Sgt. Dmytriw has been home two weeks. He had been stationed at Guadalcanal for two years, where he arrived in the course of his service on the changing battle front since the attack on Pearl Harbor, which he witnessed. He enlisted in September, 1940, receiving his training at Hawaii. He is now enjoying his first leave since joining up and after 3½ years in the Pacific, where he was decorated with the Bronze Battle Star.

The bride, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Theodore Adamchak was attended by Miss Olga Dmytriw, sister of the groom, as her maid of honor, and three bridesmaids. They were: the Misses Mildred Adamchak, Anne Adamovich and Anne Warchol, with Mrs. Olga Yavolak as matron of honor.

Luba, foremost Ukrainian dress designer, in private life Mrs. Peter Kozachok, designed the gowns of the bridal party. The bride wore an eyelet-embroidered organdy gown, with a high necked yoke of sheer organdy having a dropped-shoulder line accented by a two-inch ruffle. The fitted bodice and long sleeves set off the bouffant skirt that ended in a circular train. A Chinese motif was used in fashioning the headdress of her finger-tip veil of French illusion. The bride carried a bouquet of white orchids. The white organdy gowns of the bridesmaids and matron of honor had square necklines, cap sleeves, fitted bodices, and bouffant skirts.

The groom was attended by Mr. Michael Terpak as best man and William Gale, Frank Hawrylak, John Fedeyko and Peter Komendat as ushers.

Reception for 150 guests followed in the Star-lit Terrace Room at the Essex House in Newark.

After a honeymoon at Silvermine, Conn., the couple will reside at an Army Air Force station in Nebraska. M.M.

# Folk Dancing

By WILLIAM PALUK

WHEN Pavlova as a child was taken to see a performance of "The Sleeping Princess," she then and there resolved to become a great dancer. She was endowed, of course, with qualities of surpassing grace and beauty, but it was not consciousness of these that led her to make the resolution. She reacted in the same way as the thousands did who saw the ballet with her: dancing appealed to her sense of rhythm. She possessed this sense in as great an intensity as Beethoven's creative faculty, or Newton's inquiring passion. It can also be said that her art falls on no lower a plane.

To look into the history and origins of folk-dancing, is to inquire into this sense which every man, woman and child possesses, and it is to deal with a universal mode of self-expression. The origin of folk-dancing is hidden in the obscurity of antiquity. On Greek ceramics we observe the human form in various poses, which goes to prove that dancing was held in high repute by a people whose vigor of mind and body continues to surprise us even today. With the appearance of man in Europe, and his evolution from a warring character to a simple, land-loving peasant, dancing became an integral part of everyday life. It took on a ceremonious character, as for example, in the Ukrainian "Hahilky"; a ritual character, e. g. Rumanian "Calusari," and Jugo-Slavian "Rusali"; or it became of practical use, as the Scotch "Sword Dance" executed to relieve tension on the eve of battle.

## Fundamental Love of Movement and Rhythm

But underneath the superimposed values given to the dance by society, there was man's fundamental love of movement and rhythm. When the snow had disappeared from the ground and the grass and flowers appeared, the young peasant would feel in him the joy and elation of Nature's awakening too strongly to be put into words. He would see the young girls going smilingly about their labors, or soberly breathing in the cool air still possessing a hint of frost. Like the birds in the trees, the young people wanted to sing, and sing they did. But there was an added pleasure in seizing a girl by the hands and together performing a simple dance step. In the course of the dance, they would re-enact most readily scenes from life—the girl's defiance, the man's indifference, girl's coquetry, the man's courtship, love, happiness. In harvest-time, the dancers would conduct themselves more seriously. Religious holidays would call for still another mode. There would be differences as to occasion, differences as you go from community to community, from nation to nation. But everywhere you would find the same desire to express the sentiments that the peasant feels so strongly in a language not taught in schools, but springing to mind spontaneously.

But its appeal to the innate rhythm sense does not wholly explain the popularity that folk-dancing enjoys in Canada. Folk-dancing reminds us of another world, a world of Kozaks, of week-long weddings and drawn-out religious rites and superstitions. A world peopled by red-checked peasant women, heads wrapped in gay kerchiefs, and plain-featured men in home-spun shirts left to hang over extravagantly baggy trousers. A world of color, of simple emotions, vividly expressed.

Ukrainian folk-dancing is liked because everybody likes youth, vigor and imagination, qualities it possesses in abundance. The "Kolomeyka," a dance that should become as pop-

ular as the Schottische, is the most joyous of the Ukrainian dances, and has a variety of sprightly melodies for accompaniment. It possesses the freedom and lightness of "Hony Viter" combined with the gaiety of "Chumak." The steps are easy to learn, and it could be included, as it sometimes is, in public dancing. The fact that Mr. Vasile Avramenko organized his first troupe and published his first study on the art in Western Canada, gives that country an important place in the development of the art, and makes it all the more interesting.

## Folk Dances Understood by All

Besides its appeal to the people, folk-dancing is the popular medium of cultural expression, and is today a potent force in the community. There is hardly a concert of national significance that hasn't a colorful and lively folk-dance on its program. Considered as such a medium, singing can convey the mood of a composer, but the words being of a certain race only members of that race are able to enjoy it fully, while to other nationalities appreciation is limited to the music and, perhaps, the sound patterns. Folk-dancing can be equally understood by all: it appeals to our senses of rhythm, hearing and sight through the mediums of the dance steps, the accompaniment, and the costume. In a country like Canada where the people are so varied in origin, the folk-dance may be called the most understandable means of communication between them—folk-dancing may be called an accepted cultural language of Canada.

In our times, to which the sobriquet "Jazz Age" has been applied, one may well consider the chances that the comparatively docile folk-dance stands of claiming the attention of the people. Made to appeal to the simplest type of rhythm sense so as to include the greatest amount of followers, jazz has spread to the remote corners of the world. The Abyssinian negro is given his own drum-beat rhythms and is told that this is jazz. But it is reassuring to recall that popularity has seldom or never been the criterion of the worthwhile, or the living. In days of old, Plutarch was faced with a startlingly similar problem. "The degenerate music which now prevails," he wrote, "degrading the arts connected with it, and more especially that of dancing, has divided itself from the ancient style, which was altogether divine, and becoming associated with triflers and vulgar poets, has obtained possession of our theatres, where it excites such an extravagant admiration that it is enabled to exercise a complete tyranny on the stage." Today, "triflers and vulgar poets" are as strong a tribe as ever, but they have only consolidated and made firm the opinions of discerning people as to the preferability of dancing that possesses meaning and purpose.

Dancing is defined as "the manifestation in the form of bodily motions of a mood, executed to a vocal or an instrumental accompaniment." Folk-dancing is "characteristic" dancing, according to the French term from which it is derived, having the added element of national costume. When the music, the costume, and the import of the dance reveal national characteristics, it can be seen that folk-dancing can be a strong force to preserve these characteristics. It is employed in this capacity by many people in this country. As an expositor of national temperament, folk-dancing performs a function well, but it may fall into error. The dancer in Canada, who is required to carry out the actions and mannerisms of the dance as performed in its originative country is,

# THE OTHER SIDE OF THE PANCAKE

Last month we told you, with considerable candor, one thing about the American boys which the English do not like. Here is the other side of the pancake. (We mean to report to you all fresh reactions as they reach our notice, because we think you would like to know.)

Has it ever occurred to you to wonder what qualities the English like in the young Americans? Their larkiness, perhaps. Their cheeky gaiety. Their casual ease of manner. Their low, slow, Gary-Cooper voices. Or a certain gentle earnestness surprising because it is so unexpected. Good guesses, all of them, and near the mark. But actual pride of place goes to another quality which you may never have noticed, because you have always taken it for granted.

The trait that has won British hearts throughout these islands—English, Welsh, Irish, Scottish (and the hearts of some Americans, too, who had forgotten or perhaps had never known that their countrymen were like this)—is the Americans' love for children.

An Englishman wrote in to the Outpost: "It is my opinion that the psychological reaction upon us of the American soldiers giving up and saving sweets and other rations to give Christmas parties to children has been greater than all the other efforts and propaganda put together! That is a tall statement, but I believe true. You will not get the Britisher to speak or even to mention this reaction, but I am convinced it is there, perhaps without any conscious recognition of the fact. It was obvious that efforts were spontaneous, and the wireless and other reports had the touch which proved that they were not inspired or ulterior publicity drives. In other words, the actions carried a deep conviction of sincerity. If you convince a Britisher that you are sin-

cere, you are his friend forever. But until convinced that sincerity exists, I admit that there is a belt of reserve."

Apparently the GI like above all things to give children's parties. He began it his first Christmas over here, and has gone on doing it ever since. In between parties he makes friends with all the children in his village, larks with them on buses, shares his gum and funny papers with them, and combines with his fellows to adopt them.

The adoption of war orphans by American regiments has been a great movement, enthusiastically followed; but there has been no self-righteousness or sentimentality about it. "Company B," the service bulletins will announce shamelessly, "is about to become a father." The blessed event is expected to take place before the end of the month." Or, "Company A and Company C are racing to acquire a second child. The betting is on A Company."

The paternal instincts of the Englishman may be just as deep and strong, but they are more submerged. A great deal of nonsense is talked about British reticence and shyness, but it must be admitted that in this one respect the English are indeed more inhibited than the Americans; and it is too true that the English father or older brother is a less handy creature to have about the house.

But the Americans, even when they are shy and standoffish with adults, can establish cordial relations with a child any day. It is almost as if there were some secret understanding between them, and the children come flocking like steel filings to a magnet, or bees to a honey pot.

We don't wish to be mawkish, especially about our lads, but don't you really think that all this is rather nice?

really asked to mimic rather than to express. Certain regulations are of course necessary, but the form must be more elastic, and the instructor carries out his function most thoroughly when he allows his pupils to express their true character in the dance, instead of the character of their fathers and forebears, much more so since conditions in this country are so radically different to the conditions than obtained in the old country. The error can best be avoided if folk dancing is regarded as an expression of the character of the performer rather than of national characteristics.

## Example of New Canadian Art

Someone may raise his voice in objection at this point and say: "Surely folk art is the art of another sky and clime. It is also the result of subjection and trouble. We aren't living in a country governed by tyrants any more, and our standard of living is so high that we should like to consider peasant character as a thing of the past." There are no doubt some things in a peasant's character (as in any other) which we should like to discard; but there is a wealth of virtues that we would not like to give up. That we could not give up, shall we say? All distinctive culture has not been "brand-new" culture; it has built new structures on old foundations. New Canadian art may well study the trend of French-Canadian folk-lore to find a suggestion as to its own future. After three centuries in this country, the Canadian has a wealth of distinctive, different culture. But he has not wholly departed from his French standards of the seventeenth century; on the contrary, he has preserved the French cultural root. It has grown, blossomed, and come to fruition after only three-hundred years on new soil. "Vive la Canadienne," that

popular French-Canadian air, is an old French chanson, dressed up in a new, acclimatized theme. Regarding the adverse social conditions that influenced art in the old country, we might indeed say that the Ukrainian's trials and tribulations in Canada have been reduced to a fraction of their former magnitude. But, basically, life is the same; the problems of life remain, though the furniture of life has changed. It is a question of vitality rather than of time or conditions. What is required is the urge to express in beautiful and lasting language the thoughts and emotions that we feel today. There is no reason in the world why we should discard such a time-honored way to express ourselves as in folk—or characteristic dancing.

Nor should the contention that folk-dancing is not the most highly evolved form of dancing lessen its importance. The art of the people is not the most evolved art, but it is the indispensable foundation of the highest form. Before we can have a distinctive "high-brow" culture, we must have a people singing, dancing, even talking differently from any other people. It is not to our intellectuals that we must first turn, but rather to the great masses of people who toil with their hands; who sing a song not because they have heard it on the radio, but because they feel an inner desire to do so; who dance not as the popular dance hall instructs, but as nature and tradition dictate.

Winnipeg, Canada.



## GUNNERS WEAR WINGS TOO

The ACER as a Preliminary Toward Fighting with an Air Combat Team

High overhead, a huge bomber drones through the fleecy clouds above the spires of Manhattan. On the sidewalk outside Grand Central Palace, headquarters for the AAF Examining Board for the southern New York area, a blond young man pauses in his stride and glances up at the Super-Fortress. If he is lucky today—if he is mentally alert and physically sound—he may be manning the guns on a plane like that within a few months, training to become a member of an air combat crew.

Like thousands of other 17-year-olds throughout the Nation, Erwin Thomassen of 137 93rd Street, Brooklyn, New York, is visiting his nearest AAF Examining Board to enlist in the Air Corps Enlisted Reserve, which was reopened on June 1 to qualified young men of his age. Thomassen is a representative young American and the procedure through which he is about to pass is more or less typical of that in all AAF Examining Boards, so let us follow him with pencil and camera through this big day in his career.

From Miss Leona Gottfried, a civilian clerk, Thomassen secures an application blank and is directed to the Air Forces officer to whom he must present his character reference and proof of age, education, and parental consent. A few minutes later, Thomassen finds himself in a large room that makes the high school senior feel very much at home. It is filled with classroom desks, and other young men like himself already are seated, waiting to take air combat crew qualifying examination.

Warrant Officer Ben Segal passes out the question books and answer sheets to the applicants, who are spaced so that one vacant desk remains between each two young men. For the next three hours, Thomassen's pencil flies across the answer sheet. Sometimes he bogs down for a time. Then he chews on his pencil as puzzled young men will, furrows his brow, and concentrates as he has never concentrated before.

Approximately fifteen minutes after he hands in his papers, his score is computed. He's a happy young fellow. He has passed the mental examination. Some of the others are not so fortunate, but these will be permitted to take the test again after thirty days if they so desire.

Thomassen goes through the physical tests with three other 17-year-olds, John Donnelly of 253-15 87th Avenue, Belrose, Long Island; Alfred Cook of 2458 54th Street, Brooklyn, and William Lewis of Lake Telemark, Rockaway, New Jersey. Their chests are X-rayed; they are checked for albumen and sugar; their hearts, eyes, ears, and throats are examined. Doctors give them the works—but all pass the tests. Now they really are on the way.

They are fingerprinted, given a final check by a flight surgeon, and then interviewed individually by two Air Forces officers. At this "boarding," as it is called, First Lt. John W. Harris and Second Lt. Henry J. Stevens question Thomassen about his background—education, hobbies, interests in flying, and knowledge of

foreign languages—about his plans for the future.

The officers talk like men who know flying—and well they should. Lieutenant Harris, for instance, was navigator of the Flying Fortress "Saozin Susan," completed fifty completed fifty combat missions in the Mediterranean Theater of Operations, and holds the Air Medal, with nine oak leaf clusters.

Thomassen tells the two officers that he is of Norwegian descent, that his paternal and maternal grandmothers are both in Nazi-occupied Norway, that he himself has made three trips to Norway and that he speaks Norwegian. He made model planes as a youngster and has been interested in aviation for years, though he has never flown.

"Join the Civil Air Patrol while you are awaiting call to active duty and they'll take you up for a few hops to let you get the feel of flying," Lieutenant Stevens advises Thomassen. "The CAP also will give you courses in meteorology, navigation, and other subjects that will help you immeasurably in your career as an air combat crewman."

Successfully past the boarding, Thomassen, Donnelly, Cook, and Lewis are sworn into the ACER by Maj. Hugh L. Roberts, president of the AAF Examining Board for the southern New York area. They receive their blue-and-silver wings as ACERS from Capt David F. Parry, who piloted a Flying Fortress on twenty five missions against such targets as Bremen, Kiel, Schweinfurt, and Marienburg.

Thomassen will be eighteen years of age within a few months, so he will not have time to take advantage of the Army Specialized Training Reserve program. But now he is in the Air Corps Enlisted Reserve—on inactive duty. He will not be called for training until he has reached his eighteenth birthday.

ACERS—who are in high school may elect to finish the semester they are in before being called for training. When summoned to active duty, Thomassen will be given basic training and during this period he will be given aptitude tests to determine the place in an air combat crew for which he is best fitted—gunner, bombardier, navigator, or pilot.

Gunners go into actual combat as noncommissioned officers. Those with requisite experience, skills, and aptitude may be trained as technician gunners, or airplane mechanic gunners. Others will be career gunners. The sole responsibility of the career gunners is the manning of their high-powered weapons. Theirs is the thrill and pride of outshooting and outfighting enemy fighter planes—protecting their fellow crewmen and their ship on its vital mission.

ACERS, who upon call to active duty achieve outstandingly high aptitude ratings, may be given training as bombardiers, navigators, or pilots and may be graduated from training as commissioned officers or flight officers. But the gunners, too, wear wings. And when an enemy plane attacks, its weapons spouting death—it is our gunner upon whom the success or failure of the mission rests.

## SPORTS IN ANCIENT UKRAINE

Last week, as our readers may recall, we showed how, contrary to the notion popular among us here in America, our Ukrainian ancestors were quite fond of sports. We also mentioned some of the outstanding Ukrainian wrestlers (or groan-and-grunters as they should be called today) and strong men of those times, including both the Kingdom of Kiev, and the Kozak periods of the Ukrainian historical life.

This week, we shall dwell upon—

### Boxing

This "manly art of self-defense," attained an appreciable degree of popularity in ancient Ukraine. We have no records of any regularly staged fight with gate receipts and all, but we do know that what today is known as "barnstorming" was quite prevalent then. Shechenko himself mentions one such instance in his "Tytarivna," of how a group of pugilists ("bortsi" or "perebiytsi" they were called) would wander from town to town challenging the local white hopes, beating them up quite properly (or getting beat up in turn) and then proceeding on to the next village.

As could be expected, the boxer or pugilist then (call him what you wish) fought with bare fists. Boxing gloves were unknown in those days, and if any covering was placed or wrapped over the hands, it was only to inflict a more damaging blow. This latter custom, though infrequent in Ukraine, probably had its origin among the ancient Roman boxers who sought to make their blows as punishing as possible by wearing a "cestus" of bronze, several thicknesses of rawhide firmly fastened together and projecting beyond the knuckle, and by binding the wrist and forearm with leather thongs.

Whether our ancient Ukrainian "bortsi" used science, is very doubtful. Strength and the ability to take plenty of punishment were the main requisites of a fighter then. Wrestling holds, too, were quite the thing then. If a fighter, for example, saw that the going was too rough for him, that his opponent was socking him twice and thrice to his once, there was nothing in the rule book (nor was there any rule book) to prevent him from executing a fancy tackle and bringing him down. Also, holding with one arm and punching with the other was very popular then. Today, of course, no boxer even thinks of doing such a thing.—Not much!

An interesting custom prevalent among fighters in ancient Ukraine was the manner in which one challenged the other—so strikingly different from what it is in these modern times.

Today, for instance, challenging a boxer for a joust in the ring is usually a serious and complex business. No self-respecting boxer, or, to put it more correctly, no self-respecting fight manager would even think of letting his fighter enter the ring today without at least (1) making sure that their end of the gate was worth their while, (2) engaging a whole corps of expert and expensive lawyers to draw up fool-proof articles of agreement, and (3) having newsmen present at the ceremony of signing this agreement in order that they may photograph and report this notable occasion, especially the challenger and challenged shaking hands and exchanging perfunctory and monosyllable compliments, while their managers, backers, sponsors, and all the other flotsam and jetsam of the "fighting game" put on their best poses in the rear.

But in the ancient times, however, in Ukraine, it was quite different, and infinitely more simplified and direct. A "boret" wishing to fight another

## Fortress Gunner A Prisoner of War

Mr. and Mrs. Alexander Shevchuk, 310 Prospect avenue, Bridgeport, Pa., recently were notified by the International Red Cross that their son, Sgt. Alex E. Shevchuk, Jr., 20, a flying fortress gunner, previously reported missing, is now a prisoner of war in Germany.

A member of Branch 385 of the Ukrainian National Association, Sgt. Shevchuk had been reported missing since April 11, 1944. On June 24th, however, his mother received the message that her son was a prisoner of war.

Mrs. Shevchuk has been reliably informed, but not officially, that her son had taken part in the air raid upon Stettin, Germany on April 11 of this year. His plane was the "Wavy Worry," named so by its crew. It is believed this was their mission. The plane was hit by flak and made a crash landing into the sea, supposedly in the Baltic, north of Rastock, Germany.

Sgt. Shevchuk entered the armed forces May 22, 1944 at New Cumberland, Pa. He received his basic training at Miami Beach, Florida. His gunnery training was received at Lawry Field, Colorado; Kingman A. A. Field, Kingman, Arizona, A. A. B. Salt Lake City, Utah; Army Air Base, Ardmore, Oklahoma; and Grand Island, Nebraska.

## WHAT THEY SAY

Secretary of State, Cordell Hull:

"The American people do not glorify war. We do not embrace it as a way of life. But if our freedom is threatened we will fight hard and gloriously and with all our resources for its preservation.

"In this hour of war it is highly fitting that we look ahead to the days of peace and to ways and means of insuring against the outbreak of another world catastrophe."

Robert A. Lovett, Assistant Secretary of War for Air:

"I haven't the slightest idea how long the war will last but I do know that it will go on much longer than seems to be the general impression here. I see nothing to support the optimism that is current in many circles."

Kent Cooper, Executive Director of the Associated Press:

"A guarantee against future war is a better understanding among nations. The unhindered interchange of independent news can beget such understanding.

"Therefore, we declare for peace treaty provisions proclaiming the world-wide right of all men to get, send and publish the news for the information of the public, without interference by governments and at uniform communications rates. In our country we insist that censorship shall end when the war ends."

Archibald MacLeish, Libraries of Congress:

"A country can avoid almost every other kind of relations, but ideas cannot be avoided. It is important that they be communicated against a background which makes them understood."

"boret" would go out looking for him, that's all, and having fought him he would goad him and jeer him and mock him until the latter would have to fight. And that was all to it. Nothing more. No managers, no lawyers, no boxing commissioners, no doctors, no handlers, and—no photographers or reporters; just a couple of friends, perhaps, to enter the fray if the going for their comrade got too hot.

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КУПУЙТЕ ВОЄННІ БОНДИ

**UKRANDOMS**

By ALEXANDER YAREMKO

Your reporter recently had the pleasure of attending the U. N. A. Golden Jubilee celebration in Olyphant's Ukrainian Hall and would like to say a few words about the affair and the Olyphant (population 10,000; seven miles above Scranton) Ukrainian Americans.

The U. N. A. Banquet attracted 350 from the upper Anthracite Region and the following took part in the program: Mr. Onufry Zapotochny, foreword; Rev. Ortynsky, invocation; Mr. Demko Chomin, toastmaster; Prof. Sorochinsky, choir-director. Speakers were: Burgess Burke of Olyphant; Congressman John W. Murphy of Washington; Indiana State Senator John S. Gonas of South Bend, Indiana; Prof. Herman of Wilkes-Barre; Mr. Halychyn of Jersey City; George Chylak, former Ukrainian burgess of Olyphant; and Mr. John Turko, prominent and popular Ukrainian businessman in Olyphant. The Ukrainian women, as usual, prepared a delicious meal while the Olyphant choir and soloists sang several delightful Ukrainian numbers.

During the course of the speeches it was revealed that although Shamokin, Pa. is credited in founding the U. N. A. in 1894, actually it was Mr. Chylak and other Olyphant Ukrainians who traveled to Shamokin then and helped them organize this greatest of Ukrainian fraternal orders.

The Ukrainians in Olyphant have an enviable list of notable accomplishments in organized Ukrainian American life and in familiarizing the public with the Ukrainian name. To begin with, the Ukrainians (most of whom are Lemkos) have a beautiful Ukrainian Catholic Church, a large three-story building which contains auditorium, a dance hall, and a school with several rooms. The Ukrainians in Olyphant have important business establishments; several individuals were members of the town council, the school board; and at one time the burgess and chief of police were Ukrainians.

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**We've Heard One**

In the little negro church the voice of the new soprano rose shrill and high above the organ and the voices of the congregation. The effect was something like the blast of a factory whistle in the midst of a swarm of gently humming bees.

After the services two members of the choir met to discuss the new singer.

"Whut does yo' think about Mis' Mandy Culpeppah's singin'?" one of them asked.

"Ah declare fo' goodness," replied the other. "I do believe that woman has got de most selfish voice I has evah heard."

What other town can boast of such a record? The Ukrainian Hall, also known as St. Cyril's, has one of the best dance floors in the valley and the Olyphant Ukrainian Service Banner glitters with over 600 stars. Despite the heavy loss of young men through induction, the tradition of the Olyphant Ukrainian Choir continues to perpetuate under the baton of likeable Prof. Sorochinsky.

And as an example of the good intentions of the Olyphant Ukrainians, thirty years ago Mr. Demko Chomin made a motion before the Olyphant Town Council to rename River Street (location of the church, hall and school), Shevchenko street, in honor of the immortal Ukrainian poet-writer-martyr. Unfortunately, the Rusnaks (Russianized Ukes) of Olyphant protested against this motion by soliciting signed petitions throughout the town to kill the idea. But that was in 1914, when Ukraine and Shevchenko were little known. Why not try it again today, Olyphant Ukrainians? Most assuredly even these ignorant and prejudiced Rusnaks would not dare to interfere in view of Ukraine's contribution toward Allied Victory!

Senator Gonas, who spoke at the Olyphant U. N. A. Banquet, is a Ukrainian Lemko from Olyphant, Pa. and related to Mr. John Turko. Sen. Gonas came to the banquet directly from Philadelphia where he was elected supreme legal advisor for the Greek Catholic Union of the U. S. A. at its convention. The Greek Catholic Union is a federation of so-called Russian churches whose priests and parishioners, although speaking the Ukrainian language, profess to be 'Russians'. This Greek Catholic Union has followers throughout the coal regions and around Pittsburgh. Most of them migrated from Carpatho-Ukraine, (formerly the eastern tip of Czecho-Slovakia but now occupied and plundered by Hungary) but you'll hear them say that they came from Carpatho-Russia, contrary to facts of history and indications on today's maps. Embarrassing indeed it must have been to these "Carpatho-Russians" when during the time of the dismemberment of Czecho-Slovakia they heard over the radio and saw headlines in the newspapers that the people of this mountain region had proclaimed their national independence, officially named the tiny republic Carpatho-Ukraine, designated Chust as the Ukrainian Capital, raised a Ukrainian Army and unfurled throughout the land the Ukrainian national manner of yellow and blue! Unfortunately, the rapacious Magyars of Hungary, encouraged by the Polish and German regimes, overran and subjugated this tiny Ukrainian republic which the stubborn and ignorant Rusnaks today refer to as Carpatho-Russia. But we don't blame Senator Gonas, a Ukrainian, who for practical reasons permits the confused GCU members to elect him as their advisor.

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