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THE UKRAINIAN CONGRESS COMMITTEE Becomes Army Marine Wounded In Action Engineer

Since its reorganization a little over a year ago, the Ukrainian Congress Committee of America, representing Ukrainian American communities and parishes throughout the country, has displayed activity which, when compared with its inertia before its reorganization, is indeed heartening to anyone sincerely interested in Ukrainian American progress. Were the facilities at the disposal of the committee not as meager as they have been, there is little doubt but that this activity would have been even more pronounced.

Two principal aims have guided the committee from the very outset. First, to coordinate and intensify the Ukrainian American war effort. Second, to help free Ukraine of foreign rule and oppression.

To implement these aims, the committee has within the past year accomplished the following:

Dispatched an extensive and documented memorandum advocating a free and independent Ukraine to Secretary of State Cordell Hull on the eve of his departure for the American-Anglo-Soviet conference at Moscow held in October of last year, which memorandum Mr. Hull himself acknowledged.

Summoned the Second Congress of Americans of Ukrainian Descent, held in Philadelphia last January and attended by community and parish delegates from all over the country.

Published two bulletins in English, one in January and the other in May, reporting Ukrainian American war effort and interpreting the centuries-old aspirations of the Ukrainian people to establish their free and independent state.

Conducted a three-month five million dollar war bond drive among Ukrainian Americans, ending April 15th, in recognition of which it earned the right to name two liberty ships; this it did as follows: Ahapiy Honcharenko and Soter Ortynsky. The Honcharenko ship will be launched in New Orleans early in December; the Ortynsky later.

Conducted a Red Cross campaign, including a blood donor drive.

Established on an independent basis the Ukrainian American Relief Committee to operate on a national scale in providing relief in form of food, clothing and other necessities of life for Ukrainian war victims within and outside of Ukraine.

Sent a telegram to Cordell Hull June 10—during Mikolajczyk's visit here—proposing a plebiscite for Western Ukraine, which would demonstrate that Western Ukrainians want neither Russian nor Polish rule but free and independent Ukrainian rule over entire Ukraine.

Sent a similar message to President Roosevelt about two weeks ago, following the misrepresentation of the Western Ukrainian situation by a Polish American committee visiting him.

Held a two-day conference last month with representatives of the Ukrainian Canadian Committee, which established a base of collaboration between Ukrainian Americans and Ukrainian Canadians.

Published last week the first number of the Ukrainian Quarterly in English, designed to meet the needs of serious students of the Ukrainian people and their centuries-old struggle for national freedom.

At present the committee is concentrating on strengthening its contacts with Ukrainian American communities and their organizations.

All these tangible forms of Ukrainian Congress Committee activity, it should be borne in mind, have been accompanied by innumerable conferences, a lot of spade work, and considerable self-sacrifice on the part of a few individuals, who of necessity have to conduct Congress Committee action outside their regular work.

One of the chief problems facing the committee has been that of obtaining sufficient funds to carry on its activities. Thus, by way of example, the first number of The Ukrainian

Myron Malanchuk, son of Mr. Antin Malanchuk, a U.N.A. organizer, was recently commissioned Second Assistant Engineer in the Marine Division of the Army Transport. At present he is taking an advanced course at a school in Florida leading to 1st or chief engineer.

Engineer Malanchuk, a member of U.N.A. Branch 64, served in the Merchant Marine before entering the Army transport system. He is a former contributor to the Ukrainian Weekly. He wrote a humorous column, "And Chronicle Small Beer," signed "Etaion Shrdlu."

Myron has two brothers and one sister in service. Vera is with a Red Cross mobile unit somewhere in Belgium. Zenon is a captain in the Air Force, serving as a bombing instructor. The youngest, Eugene, is finishing an air gunnery school in Nevada. All of them are members of the U.N.A.

Mr. and Mrs. Antin Malanchuk reside in Pittsfield, Mass.

Former Rumanian Prisoner Now Home



STAFF SGT. NICHOLAS STETZ

Staff Sergeant Nicholas Stetz, son of Mr. and Mrs. Michael Stetz, 402 East 8th street, New York City, is now home on furlough following his release from Rumanian imprisonment in which he found himself after parachuting to earth when his bomber, on which he served as a rear end gunner, caught fire from flak during the great American raid on

First Lieutenant Daniel Slobodian, son of Mr. and Mrs. Roman Slobodian, 341 Rosehill Place, Elizabeth, N. J. was seriously wounded in action in France on October 10, according to a telegram received last Thursday by his parents from Adjutant General Ulio. The telegram stated that his parents will be advised as reports of their son's condition are received.

Lt. Slobodian, a member of U.N.A. Branch 3, and a New York University graduate, was an active and very popular figure in Ukrainian American younger generation activities before he was called to arms, in February, 1942. An infantryman, he rose in rank steadily from private to first lieutenant. He was shipped overseas late last August. His father is supreme treasurer of the U.N.A.

Bougainville Veteran Home

Sgt. Walter Orenchak of the U. S. Marines, 21, son of Mr. and Mrs. Theodore Orenchak, 703 Stuyvesant avenue, Irvington, N. J., is home on furlough to recuperate from the effects of a tropical sickness he contracted while fighting Japs on Bougainville Island for seven months.

Following his enlistment in December, 1942 he was shipped overseas as a private in the summer of 1943. In the Pacific war theatre Sgt. Orenchak received three ratings within less than a year. Although he managed to survive Jap bullets a tropical skin sickness got him in the end, and he had to return to this country on board a hospital ship. His two brothers serve in the army, namely, T/5 Sgt. Emil Orenchak, and Corp. Joseph Orenchak.

the Ploesti oil fields.

After parachuting safely to the earth, Sgt. Stetz was captured by Rumanian soldiers who before throwing him into prison robbed him of anything of value that he had. During the first two weeks in Rumanian hands, he was given only bread and water, and forced to sleep on the floor without any bedding. This corroborates stories told by other American airmen freed when Rumania surrendered concerning Rumanian mistreatment of them. Sgt. Stetz was a prisoner several months and was released late last August.

Prior to the Ploesti air battle, Sgt. Stetz was on six bombing missions over Germany, as well as several over the Italian sector. His brother, Stephen, is in the Navy. The family belongs to U.N.A. Branch 130.

Quarterly costs the committee a goodly sum of money. It is, of course, pitifully small when compared with the huge sums spent by, for example, Polish propaganda in this country. Nevertheless for our Congress Committee it bulks quite large. We hope our readers will realize this fact and give the committee not only their moral but the material support it so vitally needs.

UKRAINICA IN AMERICA

(1)

By SIMON DEMYDCHUK

THE national independence of Carpatho-Ukraine, proclaimed in March 1939, evoked an immediate response here in America. The small, scarcely known, mountainous province was on everybody's tongue, friend or foe alike. Overnight, it seemed, its various artificial names disappeared, such as Hungarian Subcarpathia, Czechoslovak Ruthenia, or Carpatho-Russia—a perversion of Podkarpatska Rus'. In their place there appeared on the maps and in print its correct name—Carpatho-Ukraine, which of itself served to remind the people that Carpatho-Ukraine is but a part of a great Ukraine, inhabited by some forty-five million Ukrainian people.

I.

The present-day Ukrainian generation, born and raised before the last war (1914-1918), still bears on its shoulders the yoke of national enslavement which has been the sad fate of Ukraine for so many centuries, excepting, of course, the few brief periods of national independence, as that of the post-World War I Ukrainian National Republic. One aspect of this national enslavement of the Ukrainian people before the last war was the difficulty they had then in being called by their proper ethnical name, Ukrainians, for that name was usually banned by their misrulers. As a result a Ukrainian immigrant, upon his arrival in this country encountered much trouble in explaining his ethnic origin or cultural heritage. Thus he was simply treated as a being without a country or nationality and often became a subject of ridicule and contempt. Very often, too, his religious beliefs were taken as a mark of his nationality, and in this way there are many Ukrainian Americans even today who because of their Greek Catholic or Greek Orthodox faith are called—Greeks. Then those Ukrainian immigrants from Tsarist Russia who upon inquiry replied that they were Russky-Pravoslavny, immediately became dubbed as Russian-Orthodox. Naturally, nationals from other countries could not understand, or perhaps did not care to understand the plight of the Ukrainian immigrant in this respect, and so they were not sparing in giving him various uncomplimentary nicknames.

A still more discouraging effect of this phenomena was its bad influence upon the American-born children of the Ukrainian immigrant. Denied as he had been in the old country an opportunity of getting an education, persecuted on account of his nationality, swayed by the propaganda of his misrulers, and naturally lacking at that stage of his advent here a working knowledge of English, the Ukrainian immigrant was hardly able to explain to his American born children the intricate situation in his native Ukraine, with the result that in some cases he became often secretly despised by them. Moreover, his sons and daughters were unable to satisfy the inquiries of their school teachers concerning their national origin and cultural heritage, while the teachers themselves found it difficult to understand how it was that some small Slovenian nationality and its culture were quite well known here, and appeared in the various books on Europe, while nothing was heard or seen of about the great forty-five million Ukrainian nation, and which was not even recognized as such.

Still another difficulty besetting the Ukrainian immigrant and his American-born children in their early attempts to make themselves known here concerning their national origin and culture, was the lack of printed material in English on the subject.

This series of articles, of which this is the first, will have as its object the illuminating of those factors which were largely responsible for the fact that American writers and publishers, with a few exceptions, have for more than a half a century been silent not only about the activities of the Ukrainian people but in many cases about the very existence of the Ukrainians as a separate ethnic group.

World-Wide Campaign Against an Enslaved People

In his letter from Rome, dated January 31, 1889, P. A. Valuyev wrote A. E. Timashev, Secretary of the Interior of the Russian Empire, the following: "The Censor's Offices and consequently the Press Department have been functioning either under my supervision or under my instructions."

Who was this Mr. Valuyev? He was no other person than the infamous predecessor of A. E. Timashev in the office of the Secretary of the Interior in St. Petersburg from 1863 to 1868. Together with his friend Michael Katkov, editor of the Russian Herald ("Russkij Věstnik") and the Moscow News ("Moskovskiya Vedomosti") he preached the doctrine of suppression of all non-Russian nationalities in the great empire composed of various races. Since outside the Russian race itself the Ukrainian race was the most numerous, he hated it the most. On July 20, 1863 he sent to his subordinates the notorious secret instruction not to pass any religious or school books in Ukrainian (in his terminology "Little Russian") language without first consulting him on the alleged ground that there "never has been, does not exist and never can exist" the Ukrainian language.

The death of the great Ukrainian poet Taras Shevchenko (March 10, 1861) gave occasion to his followers to closer scrutiny of his fiery words:

"Bury me, be down with me;
Rise and break your chains!"

However they became aware of the impossibility of any political action under the circumstances and devoted themselves to strictly scientific and cultural work. They established in Kiev the Southwestern Branch of the Imperial Geographical Society with the object of collecting ethnographical material on Ukraine. They succeeded in amassing and publishing a great volume of folklore and in summoning an Archeological Congress at Kiev in 1874. The followers of Valuyev considered this work as a challenge to their totalitarian empire and prepared an anti-Ukrainian act in the form of an Imperial decree ("Ukaz"). It subsequently appeared on May 18, 1876 with the following provisions:

No book in Ukrainian ("Little Russian") language can be imported from abroad; no books in Ukrainian—not even the works of music—can be passed by Censor's Office in the Russian Empire with the exception of the historical documents and fiction and these only in Russian orthography.

The decree in fact did away with

UKRAINE AND SWEDEN

By DR. M. HAYDAK

RELATIONS with Sweden constitute one of the brightest pages of the Ukrainian history. Many centuries ago Swedish warriors and merchants knew the territory of Ukraine. Some historians even inclined to believe that a Swedish tribe was instrumental in organizing the first Ukrainian kingdom of "Rus" in the 9th century. Although recent researches showed that this probably was not the case, nevertheless the Swedes played a very important role in the early Ukrainian history. They were prominent in the diplomatic and military service of the Ukrainian Princes and their commercial activities were outstanding.

In the course of the 11th century, close dynastic alliances existed between Ukraine and Sweden. King Yaroslav's first wife was Ingigerd, daughter of the Swedish king, Olaf. Another Ukrainian prince, Mstislav, son of Vladimir Monomach, continued this policy of international dynastic alliances, and among his sons-in-law was the king of Sweden.

Close cooperation with Sweden was also sought by the Ukrainian Kozak leaders of the 17th century. Bohdan Khmelnytsky, the famous Ukrainian liberator, concluded a treaty with Swedish King Charles X, a treaty which was of vital importance to the Ukrainians, because the fate of Ukraine depended on the success of this alliance. The Muscovian Tsar insisted that Khmelnytsky break off relations with Sweden, but the Hetman valued his alliance with Sweden more highly than that with Muscovy. The Swedish king advised the Ukrainians to terminate their alliance with Moscow, warning them that Muscovy, with its autocratic form of government "would not tolerate a free people," would not live up to her promises of independence for Ukraine, and would enserf the Kozaks. In 1656 Khmelnytsky concluded a close alliance with Sweden, in which he promised to assist the Swedes with his Kozak army against any of the enemies, including Muscovy. The great Hetman's death caused a severe setback in the efforts of both allied powers.

Hetman Vyhovsky attempted to continue the policy of Khmelnytsky. As the result of his treaty with Sweden, the king of Sweden bound himself to recognize and proclaim the

the use of the Ukrainian language in public life. No Ukrainian speeches could be delivered. No Ukrainian sermons could be preached and no schools or even scientific societies could avail themselves of the Ukrainian language. In 1881 the decree was modified to the extent that a special permit of the Governor General of Kiev allowed printing of lexicons and theatrical works. Also by a special permit of the same authority the Ukrainian theatrical performances were allowed in addition to the Russian dramas.

The decree of 1876 was strictly applied on the territory of Ukraine until the post-revolutionary Manifesto of October 17, 1905. The "Ukaz" of 1876 suppressed for fifty years the development of Ukrainian culture and of the entire Ukrainian race, at a time when the whole world was bubbling with new spiritual ideas and all the various nations of the world raced in competition to outdo each other.

Only a small portion of the then 30 million strong Ukrainian race, the approximately 4 million Ukrainians in Galicia and in Bukovina remaining under Austria rule, were able to produce some cultural values under the most adverse conditions.

(To be continued)

Zaporozhian Army with all its territories, a people free and subject to no one, to defend their rights and liberties against encroachment by any hostile power, and in particular to demand of Poland the recognition of the freedom and independence of the Zaporozhian army, that is, of eastern Ukraine, and to expand its area to include Western Ukraine. As the Swedes were exhausted in the wars with their many enemies the alliance did not bring the desired results.

The most memorable alliance with Sweden took place at the beginning of the 18th century when Charles the XII of Sweden and Hetman Mazepa of Ukraine joined their forces in the war against Muscovy. According to the treaty, "Ukraine, on both sides of the Dnieper and including the Zaporozhians, was to be free forever from any foreign rule. Neither Sweden nor any other allies were to use any pretext such as freedom, protection, or any other aim extend their authority over Ukraine and the Zaporozhian Kozaks, to claim any right to collect tribute or taxes, or to occupy the Ukrainian fortresses which might be taken from Muscovy by capture or by treaty. Sweden was to preserve the integrity of Ukraine and prevent other nations from enslaving her in any way, and religiously to respect the Ukrainian boundaries as well as the liberties, laws, rights, and privileges of the people, in order that Ukraine might live in peace and enjoy her freedom forever."

The defeat of the allied armies at Poltava in June 1709 was a terrific blow to the efforts of the Ukrainians to regain their complete independence. However, in this struggle the Ukrainians found that they had a real friend in Sweden. Not only Charles the XII, but also his successors, in spite of the grave international situation of the Swedish kingdom, remained true to the promises given to the Ukrainians and continued to help them in their struggle for freedom as long as it was humanly possible.

During the centuries-old fight for liberty and justice, the Ukrainians formed many alliances, but they have always been betrayed by their allies. The only bright spot in this international play of forces for the Ukrainians was the true and unselfish friendship of Sweden.

A Brooklyn Rattle

A story, which is probably not true, is told of a young Brooklyn soldier who was on maneuvers in Oregon. Having a few minutes to himself after evening chow, he strolled out into the woods and soon came back with a handful of rattlesnake rattles.

"Where in the world did you get them?" gasped his alarmed companion.

"Off'n a woim," replied the lad from Brooklyn.

Wartime Living

After Joe Steele and his party had dined at a local cafe, they were astonished by the alert politeness of the parking-lot boy. He wiped the windshield of Joe's car and bowed and "yes-sirred" all over the place.

"What's wrong with the lad?" queried the puzzled Steele. "Doesn't he know there's a war on?"—Jimmie Fidler's Hollywood col.

'Twas Ever Thus

A styptic pencil is a small efficient instrument used by shavers and is around the bathroom somewhere. While you're looking for it the bleeding usually stops and the cut heals.

Further Experiences of a G.I. in Paris

(In a letter following the one which appeared on these pages October 7, Sgt. Theodore Shumeyko, 21, of Union, N. J. further describes to his brother, Stephen, some of his experiences in Paris. Pertinent parts of the letter follow:)

Attends Services at Russian Cathedral

LAST Sunday I decided to attend services at the Russian Cathedral here in Paris, as I do not know of any Ukrainian church being here. I had an idea how to get there, but that was by subway, or, as we Parisians call it, the Metro. Much to my disgust I found that the Metro does not operate Saturday afternoons and Sundays. The reason apparently being that all good Parisians should spend the weekend at home and not go gallivanting around the city. Personally, it would be better if they kept the Metro and other such civilized modes of transportation open at all times, for when a Frenchman is deprived of their use he resort to that deadly mode of transportation commonly known as the bicycle. Believe you me, a Parisian on a bicycle is a greater menace to life and limb than a series of Fourth of July weekends back home.

Anyway, there I was, with no visible means of getting to the cathedral. Suddenly a jeep came careening around the corner. I waved to the driver and luckily he saw me. I got a ride as far as the Arc de Triomphe. From there I walked to the Rue Daru, where I quickly espied the cathedral. It is built in form of a cross, and it is quite small, about half the size of our Ukrainian Catholic church in New York. It was about 10:05 when I got there. Upon inquiry I learned that mass did not begin until 10:30. So I waited outside awhile, and there I met an American nurse from Scranton, Pa., Russian by nationality, who was also attending this church for the first time. We went in, she to the left and I to the right; but later I noticed that this custom was not strictly adhered to.

Reminds Him of Ukrainian Church Back Home

Although this was a Russian church still the smell of incense and the sound of the church slavonic language during the services, made me feel as if I were back in our Ukrainian church in Newark. It made me feel a bit homesick for the moment.

Two priests said mass and a choir of about twenty voices sang. One of the priests had a beautiful, resonant bass, just perfect for saying mass. I could not see the choir from where I stood, but it certainly was good. Its director is Nicholas Afonsky, the same one who directed the chorus for those recordings I got back home where Chaliapin does the solos. To be sure, the cathedral choir was not so good on the high notes, for they had a couple of outstanding sopranos and they spoiled it all (I felt home then). But its pianissimo was perfect. Most of the service was sung in a subdued chant-like manner, and since the acoustics were fine, well you just knew you were in church.

There were no pews, so that the people stood wherever they found room. One curious thing I noticed was that if any of them suddenly saw someone who was familiar, they just went over and spoke with them, service or no service.

Joins in the "Credo"

I would have enjoyed singing with the choir, just as I did back home, but they were on the other side of me. And I could not join in the

singing just where I stood, for no one around me was singing. Only once did everyone join in the singing and that was during the Credo. The director got up before the people and led them all in the chant, with the choir setting the pace. The music was somewhat similar to the Don Cossack recording I have home. Since I remembered all of it, I had no difficulty in singing right along with the rest of them. After it was over, a large grey haired man drew close to me and whispered "You are a good bass." Ahem!

It was then that I noticed that many of the people were staring at me. Evidently they did not expect an American to know anything like that. After service I walked outside and moved over to the side to watch the others emerge. I noticed that many glances were cast in my direction, but for some reason or other they hesitated about coming over and speaking to me. Finally one old man came over to me and asked me if I knew a certain relative of his living in Milford, Conn. Of course I did not. Well, that broke the ice, and before I knew it I was surrounded by a host of people. Everyone of them had something in particular to ask me or tell me. Naturally I don't know Russian nearly half as well as I do Ukrainian, but I managed to understand and make myself understood. When I told them that our Ukrainian church in New York was twice the size of their cathedral, they seemed to doubt that such a thing could be possible. What really surprised them, however, was the fact that I had a rating in the army even though my parents were of foreign birth. In France, it seems, it's easy enough to get into the army but if your parents are of foreign origin it's hard to get ahead. I explained to them that in the American Army it is vastly different, with everyone having an equal opportunity of getting ahead.

Ukrainian

It was thus explaining that I heard someone ask me a question, not in Russian but in Ukrainian. I turned to my questioner and saw before me a big rugged individual dressed in a dark suit and wearing a beret tipped at a rakish angle, over a typical Ukrainian face. I learned that he had been living in Paris for the past twenty years, and that he had originally lived in around Kiev. He also told me that during the last war he had been several times in the Ternopil area from where our parents come.

Plight of Parisian Ukrainians

I then inquired about Ukrainian life in Paris. He told me there were a lot of Ukrainians in Paris but that they were scattered all over the city. Moreover their lot has not been easy by any means. It seems that when the Germans took over Paris they began to persecute the Ukrainians. Surprisingly enough, now that the Free French are in charge the Ukrainian lot in Paris is no better. For awhile, after the French came back into control, the Ukrainians began to put out their newspaper and engage in other organizational activities, but they just had to give it all up; for obvious reasons. Before I parted with this particular Ukrainian, he invited me to visit his home, but he lived entirely too far away from church and there was nothing on wheels to take me there.

Soon I became engaged in a conversation with another man, a short, grey-haired man, who plied me with many intelligent questions about life in America. I squeezed in a few questions myself and found out that he is a civil engineer, and that he can speak several languages. He

originally came to Paris from somewhere in the Urals, over twenty years ago. He, too, invited me to visit his home. Since only an hour's walk was involved, and since also he told me that he had a daughter home who had studied in England, I decided to go along. We set out towards the Arc and then down toward the Trocadero and the Eiffel Tower. We crossed the Seine and turned right on the first street past the tower. While walking I was thinking to myself: "I wonder what I have let myself in for. Will the daughter be young and beautiful, or will she be older and with a family?" I guessed it would be the latter, for she was his only daughter. Well, at any rate, after walking for about an hour we arrived at our destination. I noticed it was a good looking apartment. We walked up to the third floor and a spry old lady opened the door. She was the engineer's wife. And then I met the daughter, and all my fears subsided, for she was, well she was, and that's enough. It seems that she had studied in England for two years and at present was waiting for the fall semester to begin at the Paris university. She is majoring in chemistry, and her fiance whom I soon also met is also a student, studying to be a doctor. The girl's name is Danniele Nadia and I'll be darned if I know her last name. She wrote it down for me, but her script is quite difficult to understand. It looks like Niboga—which reminds me of the Ukrainian Neboha.

Parisian Misconceptions of American Music

She and her boyfriend asked me all sorts of questions about life in America, how we lived, what kind of people we were, etc. It was during this discussion that I noticed a radio standing in the corner. And for the first time I noticed she had a collection of records. It so happened that the first record I picked up was a philharmonic recording of Mozart's Eine Kleine Nacht Music. I knew it quite well, in fact it is still one of my favorites. Naturally I said, "I see you have Mozart's Eine Kleine Nacht Music. I used the German pronunciation (thanks to Station WQXR). She just stopped what she was doing and exclaimed in astonishment: "What did you say?" I was surprised at her astonishment, until finally the reason for it came out. And do you know what she thought? She thought that most Americans only know and only like music such as "Shoo, Shoo, Baby"! She also told me that when she once asked some of our boys about such composers as Gershwin or Kern, the boys thought they were boxers, or something to that effect.

That made me a little mad and I proceeded to change her conception of Americans and their music. I really had to dig down deep into my amateur knowledge of music in order to stump them both. In the end, though, I succeeded. You know how it's done. I would ask—Do you know this or that? Do you know where this is from? etc. It was really funny to hear some of their conceptions concerning the music world in America. For example, they were under the impression that Carnegie Hall and the Metropolitan Opera House were the only two places in America where you could possibly hear good music. It sounded as if these two halls were the only two citadels of good music fighting off the onslaughts of swing and company. I then asked them if they attended opera, and both of them could boast of many a visit to the Opera Comique. I then proceeded to ply them with questions about various operas and to recall various scenes.

The final thing that convinced them was my recitation of the entire pray-

Philly UNA Secretary Killed in Action



SGT. HARRY MARCYNYSZYN

It wasn't so long ago, it seems, when I said what were to be my final words to Harry. "Good luck, Harry, and take care of yourself." "Don't worry, Deet, if this good old U. S. beer won't kill me, nothing else will."

That was the spirit in which I left the late Sgt. Harry Marcynyszyn, Branch 324, who was secretary of the Philadelphia U.N.A. Youth Club. We knew of no one individual that was more unselfish, cooperative, and congenial as Harry was.

It was the Spring of 1938 when the organization of the U.N.A. Youth Club took place. Harry used his car and spent innumerable hours with me in preparing for the first U.N.A. baseball team. Soliciting funds, carting baseball paraphernalia to and from games and practice sessions were but a few of the favors Harry did out of his own heart. He refused to be compensated for 200-mile trips. He was sincere in all his deeds. He made the supreme sacrifice just as sincerely, I know.

Several months after I last saw him, he had one of those APO San Francisco postmarks. I prayed for his safety, just as I do for the other guys. But it was just in the books, so to speak and, on July 27, 1944, on Guam Island, a yellow, cross-eyed money had given Harry his last shot.

Soon after, we saw the telegram. . . "We regret to inform . . ."

He is survived by his wife, Anne, his father, Peter, and and brother Pvt. Michael, overseas.

Harry's gold star will forever shine down on the U.N.A. Youth Club and inspire its members to ever greater heights.

It seems that only yesterday we were having batting practice and the Philadelphia U.N.A. Youth Club was beginning to blossom into reality. Very hard to believe, but . . .

DIETRIC SLOBOGIN.



BUY EXTRA WAR BONDS Today!

er of Boris Godunov from the opera by that name. They thought that I had studied music and all that. But I told them that until the war interrupted my studies I was aiming to become a professor of history, working, engaging in athletics, and that everything I knew about music was derived chiefly from the radio, recordings, and readings. I then proceeded to prove to them that even in France they have not half the variety of good music as well as swing that we have back home. Any way, I am sure now that there are at least two French persons who now know a little more than they did before about that fabulous country—good old U.S.A.

THE ASTRP IN ACTION

"JIMMY SMITH" FINDS OUT THE WHY'S AND WHEREFORE'S OF THE ASTRP

APPROPRIATELY, U. S. Army orientation officers have adopted the slogan: "Our Army is not only the best equipped; the best trained; but also the best informed in the world." To substantiate this statement, one has only to look at the records to see that the American soldier has a better educational background than any other soldier in the world.

This is a great tribute to the American educational system. The War Department recognizes the importance of the educational system by entrusting to it one of the most vital training jobs there is today... the Army Specialized Training Reserve Program.

How does this program operate? Who may enroll? Who pays the bills? These and other questions are of interest.

To answer these questions, let's take a typical seventeen-year-old and call him "Jimmy Smith."

"Jimmy" just passed his seventeenth birthday and knows that within another year he'll probably be inducted into the Army of the United States. He's intelligent and has a good physique. He understands why we're in this war. When Jimmy goes in, he wants to become a member of the Army Air Forces and be a gunner, bombardier, navigator, or pilot on one of the air combat teams.

He's heard from either the principal of his school or a member of the AAF Examining Board that, when he is graduated from high school, he can probably become a member of a proud organization of young men... the Air Corps Enlisted Reserve, and wear the blue-and-silver wings of the ACER. If he joins the ACER, he will not be called to active duty until he reaches his eighteenth birthday. That's months away and Jimmy is aggressive enough to like to do something in the meantime to prepare himself for his work in the AAF.

Qualifications He Has to Meet

This is where the ASTRP fits into the picture. Here's where the educational system of this country mobilizes for action to help the Army.

There are certain qualifications that Jimmy has to meet before he can become a member of the ASTRP.

To be eligible for ASTRP training Jimmy must be a high school graduate over seventeen years of age but not over 17 years and 9 months when his training begins. Jimmy has been graduated and is now 17 years and 3 months old.

He must take the Army-Navy qualification test which he will do when the next opportunity presents itself. Jimmy can probably pass this test, for he was one of the first ten in his class.

Then comes a rigid physical examination. The AAF knows that only a man in excellent physical condition can serve with the great air combat teams of today. It takes a true eye and a steady hand to keep an enemy in the sights of your machine gun when you're a combat gunner. Jimmy can pass this test, for he is a fine athlete.

The next is easy for Jimmy. He must enlist in the Air Corps Enlisted Reserve. Jimmy has the same attitude that thousands of other young men have... he wants to get in... he wants to be part of the victory forces of the United States. However there's one more thing—Jimmy must have the written consent of his parents before he can become an ACER. Here he has no trouble persuading his parents, for they know the importance of the ACER and the ASTRP program.

The great day comes: Jimmy and the rest of the group are sworn in for the ACER and told that they will be notified when to report for their ASTRP training.

Within a short time, Jimmy is ordered to report to one of the recognized universities or colleges accredited by the Army as an ASTRP institution. If possible, Jimmy will be sent to a school within the Service Command of his enlistment.

When Jimmy gets to school, he'll find that the Army pays his tuition and the cost of his textbooks and instructional material. They furnish quarters and meals and a complete set of Army uniforms—including overcoats, coats, shirts, trousers, hats, shoes, and underwear—the same as those furnished men on active duty. He'll receive an appropriate shoulder insignia to distinguish him as an ASTRP student. The same fine medical care is given Jimmy that the enlisted man on active duty gets. Transportation from his home to school, as well as subsistence, is furnished by the Government. The ASTRP student has only to pay for his own laundry, dry cleaning and small personal expenses.

Since Jimmy is an ACER man in the ASTRP, he will be trained at least until he reaches his eighteenth birthday. Depending upon the requirements of the AAF, he may be called to active duty any time after he becomes eighteen. If not called to active duty upon reaching eighteen, he will continue in the ASTRP until he is needed by the AAF or until he becomes 18 years 6 months of age.

Three Curriculums

There are three curriculums open to Jimmy as an ASTRP trainee... two called "Introductory" and one called "Basic." The introductory course presupposes less previous training in certain subjects, notably mathematics, than the basic curriculum. One of the two introductory courses is designed for students whose age makes them eligible for only two terms of training. The other is designed for students whose age makes them eligible for three terms of training.

The basic curriculum presupposes that the student has had more preparation in certain subjects. Students assigned to it will remain two to three terms, depending on their age. ACER students may be assigned for as little as one term. The course for the first two terms is the same for all ASTRP students. The third term is more specialized and varied.

Jimmy will study mathematics, physics, English, history, and geography; perhaps chemistry, engineering, drawing, and biology.

He will spend fifty-one to fifty-four hours a week on his training. He'll spend from twelve to twenty hours a week in the classroom, from four to thirteen hours a week in the laboratory, and from sixteen to nineteen hours a week in required study, depending on term and curriculum to which he is assigned. In addition, he will spend six hours a week in physical training and five hours a week in military training.

The physical training program consists of balanced and individualized training in lively sports such as track, gymnastics, and intramural sports with appropriate instruction in the physiological aspects of health.

The military training program will instill in Jimmy orderly habits and precise thought and action, and will enable him to live and work with men under military administration. The habits he acquires in the

Britain, France and Poland Recognized Ukrainian Republic

JUDGING from Communist and Polish propaganda, one could easily be misled into thinking that there is no genuine problem of Ukrainian people. The Ukrainian problem is oftentimes portrayed as a foolhardy whim of some politicians, a German intrigue, Hitler's dream, and what-not. All those that "reason" along these lines do more harm than good, not only to Ukrainian people themselves but to the furthering of the world peace at large.

We refer our readers to the following three documents issued by French, Polish and British governments, which show how genuine the post-World War I Ukrainian Republic was at that particular time.

I

OFFICE OF THE BRITISH REPRESENTATIVE

January.

To His Excellency, the President of Ministers of the National Ukrainian Republic.

Your Excellency,—

I have the honour to inform you that His Britannic Majesty's Government has appointed me by cable as the sole representative at present of Great Britain in Ukraine.

I am directed by my Government to assure you of its goodwill. It will support the Ukrainian Government to the utmost of its ability in the task which it has undertaken of establishing good government, maintaining order, and resisting the Central Powers, who are enemies of Democracy and Humanity.

As far as I, personally, am concerned, I have the honour to assure Your Excellency of my wholehearted support in the realization of our common ideal.

(Signed) PICTON BAGGE,
British Foreign Representative
in Ukraine

Certified True Copy.
London, October 19th, 1920.

N. DISHNITZ.

ASTRP will be of great value when called to active duty.

Jimmy will not be paid while he is in the Reserve nor will he be subject to military law. He will have to conform to the rules and standards set by the college or university he attends.

For any infraction of the rules or academic failure, an ASTRP student is liable to be dropped from the course of study he is taking. If a student fails in the examinations given by the institution or War Department, he may be recommended for separation by the commanding general of the service command. Members of the ACER will continue in the Reserve until called to active duty by the AAF.

Graduation

Jimmy will probably pass all his courses and the record of his success in the ASTRP program will become a part of his permanent Army record, and he will receive a graduation certificate. Whether he gets credit for his course from the college or university he attends, is a matter for the institution to decide.

After graduation, when Jimmy's at least eighteen, he will be sent to a reception center to undergo the same processing as other men in the Army. Jimmy will be assigned to an Army Air Forces basic training center and start his career as a member of the AAF on active duty.

From then on, it's up to Jimmy. The Army has given him the advantage of an education that few have had the opportunity of receiving. His ASTRP training will be invaluable and the part he plays as a member of the great air combat team of gunner, bombardier, navigator, or pilot will reflect credit on the great colleges and universities participating in the Army Specialized Training Reserve Program.

WILLIAM RANKIN, Jr.

II

POLITICAL CONVENTION BETWEEN POLAND AND UKRAINE

The Government of the Ukrainian Republic and the Government of the Polish Republic being firmly convinced of the indisputable right of nations to decide their own destinies and their relations with their neighbors, and inspired by a desire to establish a foundation for friendly and neighbourly relations, calculated to ensure the welfare and progress of the two nations, accept the following basis of agreement:

Recognizing the rights of Ukraine to sovereignty, in the form of an independent State, within the northern, eastern and southern frontiers which will be defined by Treaties between the Ukrainian Republic and its neighbouring States, the Polish Republic recognizes the Directorate of the Independent Ukrainian Republic under the Presidency of Simon Petlura, Commander-in-Chief of the Ukrainian Army, as the supreme authority of the Ukrainian Republic.

Signed at Warsaw, April 21, 1920.

(Signed) A. LIVITZKY,

Director of the Ministry of Foreign Affairs of the Ukrainian Republic.

(Signed) JAN DABROWSKI,

Director of the Ministry of Foreign Affairs of the Polish Republic.

(The State Seal)

Certified True Copy:

(Signed) NOKOWSKY,

Minister of Foreign Affairs.

III

REPUBLIQUE FRANCAISE

Office of The French Commissioner

Kiev, December 21, 1917,
January 3, 1918.

From General Tabouis, French Commissioner to the Ukrainian Government.

To The Secretary-General, Department of Foreign Affairs of the Ukrainian Republic.

Sir,—

I have the honour to request that you will inform the Ukrainian Government that the French Government has appointed me as Commissioner of the French Republic to the Government of the Ukrainian Republic.

I, therefore, request that you will be good enough to inform me on what day and what hour may I have the honour of being officially received by Head of the Government.

I remain, Sir,

Your obedient servant,

(Signed) TABOUIS.

Lo, The Poor...

In "The Amazing Bob Davis," Fred S. Mathias recalls the story of an Arizona Indian chief. Big Jim, who was all decked out in his finery, was riding his horse up the canyon trail, his wife trudging beside him. They met a forest ranger and stopped to talk. Big Jim was never known to smile. "Why is it, Jim," asked the ranger, "that you always ride, and your wife walks?" As solemnly as ever, Jim answered, "Because she no gottum horse."

An Acquired Technique

"How did you learn to kiss like that?" she asked in ecstatic tones. And promptly he replied: "Siphoning gas."

Getting Out a Hospital Ship Paper

If anyone had told me a couple of weeks ago that I was going to be the editor of a mimeographed Army hospital shop newspaper, I'd have told him he was balmy. But things happened fast. First, I won one of four \$25 War Bonds offered to soldiers for the four best essays on "Why I Fight." The contest was conducted by RePort, a mimeographed G.I. paper put out by and for the personnel of the Port of Embarkation where I am stationed. Shortly after that, our comparatively new hospital ship complement, while cooling its heels waiting for its ship of mercy to get out of dry dock, decided to publish its paper while still on land. Each hospital ship puts out a paper for the enjoyment of its personnel, as well as for the benefit and interest of the sick and wounded soldiers being evacuated from overseas ports to the States, who are invited to contribute. As soon as it was definite that we would print our own paper, the officer in charge began making inquiries as to an editorial staff. The job of editing and putting out the paper was given to me because I had done some newspaper work in civilian life, including contributing regularly to the Ukrainian Weekly, and was a winner in the essay contest. This was a pleasant surprise to me as I never expected to do newspaper work in the Army. Naturally, I jumped at this unexpected opportunity to get some experience as an editor. My task is to print material about the Army in general, our outfit and ship in particular, and get out a daily news bulletin on board the ship.

An associate editor and three artists were also appointed to the staff. Neil, the associate, proved valuable as a news gatherer and had a knack for getting things we needed; he couldn't type, however, and what he wrote needed editing. And we had no copy at all to start with.

It was arranged that we would make several trips to RePort's offices to get some pointers. The first time we went there we were put to work getting the pages of their paper together and stapling them. Another time we helped move their entire works to another location. After that we stayed in our own area and concentrated on our own problems.

A contest was held to get a suitable name for our paper. A three-day pass to be given to the man who submitted the winning name. The deadline for the contest came and passed, and still the paper was without a name. Inquiry revealed that the officers who were judging the contest couldn't agree. It was another three days before the name, News Buoy, was chosen. In the meantime the staff continued working, getting material together, preparing headings, and drawing. We wondered what date to put on the paper; we figured we should be able to get it out on July 18. Then the question of the number of pages came up; we decided on five sheets or ten pages. Soon, as a result of working late hours, some material was laid out on dummy sheets and I began type-cutting stencils.

The following days were one continuous headache. K.P. and guard duty interfered with our progress, as all the members of the staff but myself are working on the paper in addition to regular Army duties. It also developed that we had no mimeoscope, although we had everything else, brand new and nicely cased. Neil solved the mimeoscope problem by obtaining an X-ray viewing box from the Station Hospital, which contained electric light bulbs and a frosted glass top; though intended for viewing X-ray plates, our artists found it useful for stencil cutting, as every line they cut was easy to see.

After much interruption and interference, the artists finally had one

stencil ready for the mimeograph. As our own machine was still in its original case and ready for transfer to our shop, we thought it best to use the one in the section headquarters building, a short distance away, and so make things easier for our supply sergeant. The results were unsatisfactory; no matter what we did, an unprinted streak showed on the paper because of a faulty ink pad. After wasting two hours and lots of paper, we went to the Station Hospital to use the machine there. As this one was in a poor condition, the results were even worse than before. After an exasperating hour we gave up in disgust. It was quite late, about 10 P.M., and I was willing to call it a night; but Neil was determined to get that page run off and he couldn't be talked out of it. So we hiked a couple of miles to another section of the port, intending to use the machine in the headquarters building there.

The Officer of the Day informed us that, to use the machine, we'd have to get the permission of a certain major, who was sleeping. Undaunted, Neil picked up a phone and calmly asked for the major. I didn't believe in miracles and was prepared to bolt for the door, when Neil nonchalantly announced that permission had been granted. The O. D. was as surprised as I was.

We tackled the duplicator and found that all the ink had leaked out; it took half an hour to clean up the mess. Eventually, we ran off a couple of good looking sheets, but the backs of these were slightly spotted and nothing could be done about it. We ran off two-thirds of our papers when the O. D. suggested that we scram as it was too late for us to be there. We stalled long enough to run off the rest of our sheets, then hiked back to our area with the work. We found the supply sergeant still up and told him we'd have to uncrate and set up our own equipment the next day as the machines we thought we'd be able to use were unsatisfactory for a newspaper. It was 1 A.M. when we got to bed.

The next morning, being unable to find the assembling directions, we spent two hours setting up our duplicator and getting it to work right. After the job was done we found the assembling directions. I type-cut some stencils, the artists cut in their headings and drawings, and we ran them off on the machine. The results were beautiful and so encouraged us that we ran off five pages that day, making a total of six done and four to go.

Trouble continued to plague us, however. K. P. and guard duty slowed things up, and nothing I did or said resulted in our getting the material we needed from three important officers and two chaplains, which was to be featured. I finally let it be known that if we didn't get this copy by a certain day and hour we would fill up the reserved space with other material. The deadline date passed without results, so we got out two more pages, making eight done and two to go, the cover page and page three. We still hoped to get enough copy from the officers for the third page, so we kept it open and concentrated on the cover. One of the artists had drawn a very nice looking masthead, and he was put to work cutting it into a stencil. None of the artists had cut stencils before the advent of News Buoy, and we were all hoping hard that the masthead wouldn't come out too badly. The cover page was to go through the mimeograph twice, once for the masthead and once for the picture. The purpose of this was to eliminate the cutting of a new masthead for every issue; we planned to use the same masthead stencil for all issues or else print enough copies

of the masthead in advance to last us for some time.

Our artist was on the ball, for the reproduced masthead came out much better than any of us had dared to hope; it was, in fact, almost as good as the original. Work continued on the cover picture and we felt that it would be ready to cut into the stencil shortly.

Meanwhile, page three was still blank. The sergeant major was urged to produce copy as our release deadline was not far off. By looking up records he got the dope on the three officers. At just that time the two chaplains came through with articles, and the acting C. O. turned in a letter of welcome written especially for the first issue. One look at the stuff told me it was too much for page three. I announced that the copy would have to be boiled down to fit the page. The non-com said nix, everything goes in or trouble would blossom forth. We argued, and the longer we argued the closer I came to blowing my top.

"Why did you wait until the last minute and then give us so much copy?" I hollered. "We haven't room for all this now."

"It's got to go in," said the sergeant. "Them guys are important, and their stuff has to go into the first issue. Make room. Add another page."

Well, to make a long story short, the ten-page paper went into 12 pages. That was the only answer to the problem. It meant working more late hours and forgetting such things as passes to town, mail, movies, the P. X., and the like, but it had to be done. The extra sheet was to be inserted as near the front of the paper as possible because it was important stuff. We ran off page three and the extra sheet on the 15th; that left only the cover picture. On the 16th, a Sunday, we took a well-earned and much needed rest. Monday the artists cut their picture into a stencil and we ran off the cover page. It was a simple matter to put the pages together and staple them; it was all done that day. Our paper would be circulated on the 18th after all, although it had looked bad more than once.

On the morning of the 18th we had the paper officially censored and approved. After that, we distributed copies to our personnel and certain officers in the port. It went over in a big way. Compliments and congratulations came in from all sides. Such remarks as "best hospital ship paper yet," and "as good as RePort" were numerous. All the officers, nurses, and enlisted men were pleased. We, too, were happy about it all and looked forward to some rest, passes, shows, P. X., accumulated correspondence, and lots of other things.

At time of this writing, word has just come that we should get busy on another issue immediately. We had done such a good job that everyone favored another issue right away.

So here we go again!

PFC. THEODORE LUTWINIAK,
U.S.A. H.S. Larkspur
c/o Postmaster
New York, N. Y.

Small Doses

The patient was recovering from pneumonia. He had asked repeatedly for food and finally the nurse served him a mere spoonful of rice.

A few minutes later the patient called her and said: "Now I want to read a little. Bring me a postage stamp."

Gets Distinguished Unit Ribbon



CORP. MICHAEL KRANICK

Corp. Michael Kranick, son of Mr. and Mrs. John Kranick, 232 Van Horne St., Jersey City, N. J., a member of U.N.A. Branch 69, has served overseas 16 months as airplane mechanic with a bomb group of B-26 Maurauders which President Roosevelt twice cited for "outstanding performance of duty in action."

He is entitled to wear the blue, gold-framed Distinguished Unit ribbon.

Michael has two brothers in service: Walter, a sergeant, and Andrew, a first class private.

THE PHILLY U.N.A. YOUTH CLUB

BEGIN SEVENTH CONSECUTIVE BASKETBALL SEASON

Last week was already the fourth week of intense practice for the Philly U.N.A. basketball team under Coach Jerry Juzwiak. The boys started early this year in order to prepare the majority of green youngsters for competition in time.

Starting this seventh consecutive season is the weakest aggregation yet flocked by the U.N.A. five. Several good prospects are equally good prospects for Uncle Sam's great squad, but there will definitely be a hard-fighting, competitive U.N.A. basketball team in Philadelphia. Seniors returning are Coach Jerry Juzwiak, the reliable "Specks Bukata," and Bo Chawluk. Rounding out the first quintet thus far are the elongated Ted Bochey and Walt Dykan, the latter a product of St. Basil's Prep.

The 24th member of the U.N.A. Youth Club to join the service was Walt Gordon (Ogrodnickl) who was inducted into the Army October 2.

A shock swept across the Ukrainian Hall court several weeks ago when it was learned that one of the charter members of the club was killed in action. Photo and write-up appear in another section of this issue.

Word was also received to the effect that Cpl. Joe Pistun, club record-breaker, was wounded in the leg by a shrapnel but, Joe writes "that won't stop me from playing basketball. I'll be O.K. in a short while." It might be mentioned here that Cpl. Pistun refused to be hospitalized, but only asked for first aid so that he could stick out that one major offensive with his buddies in France.

Pfc. Walter Olesh, stellar guard, now paratrooper in the Army, is in an Army hospital in France, a casualty.

Andrew Babiak, first-baseman, has now achieved the rank of Major in the U. S. Army.

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What's the Alibi?

Husband (arriving home late);
"Can you guess where I've been?"
Wife: "I can, but go on with your story."

FOR VICTORY BUY BONDS

1929 15th ANNIVERSARY 1944
BANQUET & BALL
sponsored by the Ukrainian Social Club
of Carteret, N. J.
SUNDAY, NOV. 5, 1944, at 5 P. M.
at the Ukrainian Pavilion
691 Roosevelt Avenue, Carteret, N. J.
Tickets \$1.50. Music by Walter Kross
& His Orchestra. Dance only 60¢. 8:30
P. M.
Write to Gene Wadiak, 13 Hayward
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Banquet-Reservation prior to Nov. 1.

TO OUR YOUTH CLUBS

We would like to give free publicity to your dances and other social affairs, but paid advertisements of such affairs are a necessary source of income for a paper.—EDITOR.

PHILLY NAMES ITS UKRAINIAN PIN-UP AND COVER GIRLS

The sixth annual city-wide beauty contest for Ukrainian girls as sponsored by the "Ukrainian Cultural Centre" in Philadelphia once again culminated successfully from a standpoint of widespread interest and pictorial newspaper publicity for the Ukrainians and the girls themselves.

Miss Agnes Hawryluk, 19, 5'6", blond, who lives at 125 Ellen Street, was crowned as the "Ukrainian Pin-Up Girl," while Miss Stephanie Ome-lan, 17, 5'5", blond, who lives in the Frankford section of Philadelphia at 4747 James Street, was named the "Ukrainian Cover Girl." Over 400 witnessed the contest.

Both girls received silver loving cups, the former from Mr. Michael Smylski, proprietor of the down-town Oval Bar, while the second cup was donated by Major Michael Darmo-pray on behalf of the Ukrainian Division of the Republican State Campaign Committee. Mr. Alexander Yaremko, contest promoter, was Master of Ceremonies, while Mr. John Rosob noted Ukrainian cartoonist, was chief of the beauty judges who picked the winners from a finalist cast of twelve aspirants.

Six different pictures of the contestants and winners appeared before and after the contest in all the Philadelphia newspapers—Inquirer, Record, Bulletin and Daily News, neighborhood gazettes (Kensington, Girard, Oxford) also featured the contest on their front pages, while the miniature GI edition of the Evening Bulletin (mailed free to servicemen overseas) carried one of the pictures. Yes, indeed, Ukrainian pi-chritude was again well publicized, as it should be.

The beauties will be feted at the annual UCC banquet to be held November 16th.

AL YARR

WHAT THEY SAY

President Roosevelt:

"The Fascists and the Nazis sought to deceive and divide the American Republics. They tried not only through propaganda from across the seas but also through agents, spies and fifth columnists operating all over the Western Hemisphere. But we know that they failed. The American Republics were not deceived by their protestations of peace and friendship; they were not intimidated by their threats. The people of the United States will never forget how the other American Republics, acting in accord with their pledges of solidarity, rallied to our common defense when the continent was violated by Axis treachery in an attack on this country... We have maintained the solidarity of all the American Republics—except one. And the people of all the republics... will have the opportunity to share in the achievement of the common victory. The bonds that unite the American Republics into a community of good neighbors must remain strong. We have not labored long and faithfully to build in this New World a system of international security and cooperation, merely to let it be dissipated in any period of post-war indifference. Within the framework of the organization we have heard so much of lately, this world organization of the United Nations which governments and the people of the American Republics are helping to establish, the inter-American system can and must play a strong and vital role... It is

Honored At State College

Stella Dawyskyba, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Nicholas Dawyskyba, 41 Rosewood street, Boston, Mass., has attained scholastic honors at the State Teachers College at Salem, Mass., and has been named to the President's List for 1943-44, the Boston Tribune recently reported.

A member of U.N.A. Branch 238, Miss Dawyskyba is a member of the Class of 1945, and is an active participant in all sports at the college. She has served as head of softball and recently was elected president of the Women's Athletic Association. She is enrolled in the Camera Club and Tri Mu, and is a member of the auditing committee of the Co-operative Council.

Stella graduated from Hyde Park High School in 1941 where she was a member of the Classical and Dramatic Clubs, and an honor student for the entire four years.

Stella's father is a member of the U.N.A. Board of Advisors.

CHURCH GOT A BARGAIN

An artist was employed to re-royate and retouch some oil paintings in an old church in Belgium and on presenting his bill for \$67.28, was informed that an itemized statement was required; so the following was duly presented:

For correcting the Ten Com-mandments	\$5.12
For renewing heaven and ad-justing the stars	7.12
For touching up purgatory and restoring the lost souls	3.06
For brightening up the flames of hell, putting a new tail on the devil, and doing odd jobs for the damned	7.17
For putting a new stone in Da-vid's sling and arranging Gol-iath's head	6.13
For mending the shirt of the Prodigal Son and cleaning his ear	3.39
For putting a new ribbon on Pilate's bonnet	3.02
For putting a new tail and comb on St. Peter's rooster	2.20
For regilding the left wing of the Guardian Angel	5.18
For putting carmine on the left cheek of the servant of the high priest	5.02
For taking the spots off the son of Tobias	10.30
For putting earrings in Sarah's ears	5.26
For mending the roof of Noah's ark, and putting a new head on Shem	4.31
Total	\$67.28

our objective to establish the solid foundations of the peace organiza-tion without further delay, without even waiting for the end of hostilities. There must, of course, be time for discussion by all the peace-lov-ing nations—large and small. We know that substantial progress al-ready has been made, and it must be continued as rapidly as possible. Like the Constitution of the United States and of many other republics, the Charter of the United Nations must not be static and inflexible, but must be adaptable to the changing conditions of progress—social and economic and political—all over the world."

Dean William F. Russell, of Teachers College, Columbia University:

"I concede that education has a role to play in bringing peace, but the more I think about it the more it seems plain that education for peace demands not only the re-education of the Germans and the Japanese, but the re-education of the American people as well."