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Metropolitan Sheptitsky

UKRAINE has lost a man who will go down in history as one of her greatest sons. Churchman, patriot, humanitarian, whose life-long defense of the right and just transcended all party and religious lines, Metropolitan Andrew Sheptitsky, primate of the Ukrainian Catholic Church, was reported by Moscow's Tass agency to have died November 4 in Soviet-occupied Lviv, at the age of 79. Although the report did not give the cause of his death, it may have been due to the fact that for the past thirteen years he had been paralyzed from the waist down by arthritis.

Sheptitsky was an internationally well known figure. Visiting notables, including foreign press correspondents, sought him out and wrote about him extensively. Among them was Anne O'Hare McCormick, the distinguished foreign correspondent of The New York Times. Back in 1939 when a later-disproved report was circulated that Sheptitsky had been executed by the Reds, whom he had always strongly opposed both as a Ukrainian ecclesiastic and patriot, McCormick wrote an inspired column about him in the Times. Her description of him is a classic.

"Even chained to a chair," McCormick wrote, "he [Sheptitsky] looked a giant [he was about seven feet tall—Editor.] A shock of white hair was flung back from a leonine face lighted by eyes that flashed with indignation mellowed by compassion and crackling humor. He was a militant Ukrainian, head and soul of the movement, though the Poles charged bitterly that he was a Pole, who fought the 'Polonization' policy of the government, particularly the parcelization of land which was driving the Ukrainian peasants from their villages. He was also a militant churchman who fought with equal spirit the 'Latinization' of his people by his fellow-churchmen.

Once a Soldier

"Eastern rite or not, there was nothing Russian or Greek or Byzantine in the mentality of this fighting Archbishop. He was a man of the world, and decidedly of the Western world, once a soldier in the Austrian Army, in his youth a friend of [Emperor] Franz Joseph, a prisoner of the Russians, a prisoner of the Poles, a great scholar, a great adventurer, a great noble who stripped himself of everything to educate and help the dispossessed among his own people. His old soutane was threadbare, and there was nothing in his chilly and shabby 'palace' but books. 'Don't ask me questions about the situation here,' he cried. 'Go across

the courtyard and talk to the peasants from the villages.' They were there by the hundred, crowding the basement rooms of the baroque cathedral, miserable and benumbed families driven from their homes, they said, and saved from starving by the Archbishop's daily hand-out of bread and soup.

"These people and the poor peasants along the eastern border, who had once been part of Russia and belonged to the Orthodox Church, may have welcome the Soviet armies and the new parcelization of land in their favor. But Lwow and the Western Ukraine, except for three years of occupation during the World War [I], were never incorporated in Russia, and Ukrainian opposition to the Poles was mild compared to their dread of Soviet occupation."

"What He Was Cannot Be Killed"

Referring to the Nazi-Soviet partition of Poland, when the Soviets occupied Western Ukraine, McCormick continued:

"Perhaps he [Sheptitsky] laughed at the little commissars who saw to it that their 'Ukrainian brothers' will hear no more of independence. He could be witty even in English, and that was something in Lwow... he was one of those unconquerable spirits, burning like a flame in his cold room, that one touches once and never forgets. What he was cannot be killed. In the travail and inner conflict which was part of the tragedy of Poland, he was tearing down to build up. 'If we can survive this ordeal,' he said, 'one day we shall achieve unity in diversity.'"

Among other noteworthy descriptions of Sheptitsky which appeared in the American press, that of Catherine de Hueck of the "Commonweal" magazine is especially arresting. While in Europe before the war started she had made a special trip to Lviv "to interview the old and beloved Bishop of the Ukrainian people." A portion of her description follows:

Gave All to Poor and Works of Mercy

"I rang the bell and asked diffidently if his Excellency would give me an appointment. The young man at the door ushered me into a small parlor, furnished with the utmost simplicity, and went away to find out. Why was it that my mind suddenly traversed and came to rest on the grey hills of Umbria? Why did I see before my eyes the figure of the Poverello of Assisi? Something in the poverty and simplicity of the palace brought him to my mind, for I knew that Count Szeptycki was very wealthy in his own right. Later

my guess was confirmed by an old peasant woman, whom I asked why everything was so poor and shabby. She answered, 'Oh, did you not know? His Grace never spends anything on himself, his comfort or food, it all goes to his poor and his many works of mercy...'

"The young man came back and informed me that his Grace would see me at once. A little overwhelmed at such graciousness, I followed him upstairs, to behold again and everywhere the same simplicity, nay, poverty, that I already had observed. At last a big green baize door opened and I was ushered into a very large room the walls of which were all covered with books, and the two big windows of which overlooked the city. By one of them at a desk piled high with papers and correspondence sat the Bishop.

"The first thing I noticed were his eyes—incredibly young and alive they looked in his lined face. A crown of thick white hair surrounded his high forehead, the same vigorous white hair was in his beard that fell over his collar. His whole face radiated charm, simplicity and to me sanctity. He apologized for his inability to rise; he had been, he said, paralyzed from the waist down, for many years now..."

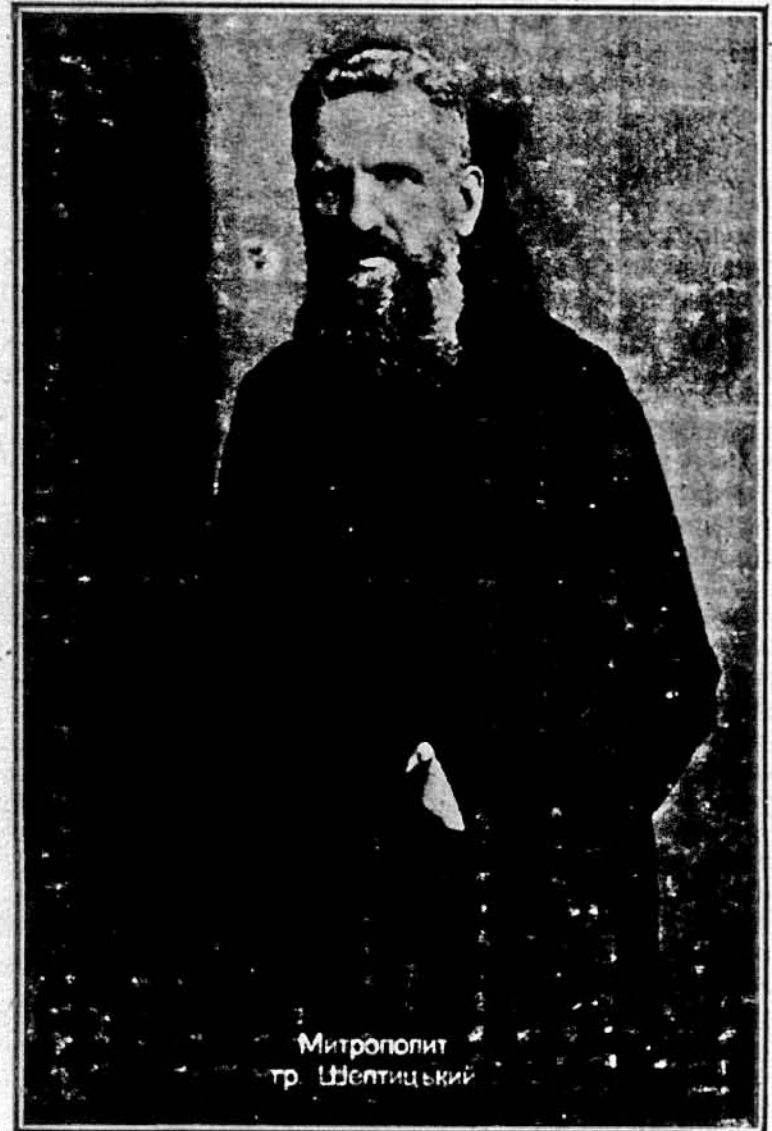
"The interview dealt with the role the Eastern Rite of the 'Catholic Church could play in 'bringing back

the Schismatics." He further acknowledged Polish persecution of Ukrainians and the Polish destruction of Ukrainian Orthodox churches 'against which he himself strongly protested in a special pastoral letter (August, 1938), which the Polish authorities suppressed. Editor], as well as the Polish demands, that both the service and singing in Ukrainian churches should be carried on in Polish instead of the traditional old Slavonic. Finally, he vigorously affirmed that he had done all in his power to keep his people from Soviet contamination.

"It was getting late; but before taking my leave, I begged him for a blessing and his photograph. He graciously granted both, adding his autograph to the picture. As I stood for the last time in the framework of the great baize door, he bade me 'God speed.'..."

"I Felt I Had Met a Saint"

"Through the large curtainless windows the sun was setting in a glory of red and gold all over the old city, its rays touching gently a shelf of old books, reflecting slantwise in the white halo of the Bishop's hair, turning it to flaming silver... Again the thought of St. Francis of Assisi came to me. I felt had met a Saint... little did I know that I had received the blessing of perhaps a future martyr."



Митрополит
гр. Шептицький

K I E V

ON the many sunny days of the Ukraine—that richest part of the world where, according to legend, "rivers flow with milk and honey"—the approach to Kiev presents an unforgettable picture, in which nature vies with beautiful churches to enchant the eye. Kiev is the "Mother of Towns" in many old songs. The fifteenth-century monastery, a building of white

old stone, gleams through the foliage afar off; endless other monasteries and churches, their golden cupolas dazzling in the sun, meet the eye in a twenty-mile sweep of landscape. The slow deep waters of the third largest river in Europe are covered with timber rafts bringing logs from the vast wooded marshes of the Pripet and the Desna forests where legends of robbers and chivalry also abound. Heavily laden barges slowly carry mountains of apples, water-melons, and vegetables from the "granary of Europe" to the markets of the world. Old-fashioned, clean and white-washed paddle-steamers are crowded on all decks with pilgrims: pilgrims dressed in the home-spun clothes of their brilliantly coloured national costume, travelling southwards and carrying masses of flowers to deposit in the churches and shrines of the many Ukrainian saints, especially in the endless churches of the "Lavra" Monastery, which is built picturesquely on the slopes of the Kiev heights.

Student Days

At the beginning of the present century, when we were children, we were taken each spring and autumn to the Gymnasium (secondary school) in Kiev to sit for our examinations. It was a memorable ceremony. A whole steamer was hired for ourselves and our attendants (the steamer being first washed and disinfected, those being the early days when science presented to our parents the invisible foe of microbes). Our retinue, as was usual in those days with the landed gentry en voyage, consisted of the female element in the family (mother and grandmother) accompanied by more than a dozen servants, chefs and tutors—two Russian and one English. It was an exciting moment when we first caught a glimpse of the golden cupolas and the steamers, barges and rafts which filled the river with movement and colour suggestive of a carnival in Venice; and every minute brought more churches into view through the trees. We now saw the paved river banks, called the Podol, the harbour where from time immemorial the various river craft unloaded their cargoes, and whence there assailed our nostrils a mixed scent of fruits and vegetables.

Kiev is one of the oldest Christian capitals in Europe, the scene of wars, invasions, sieges, of migrating peoples, from the beginning of the Christian era and the pagan days that preceded it. The territory in which Kiev is situated was the scene of Slavonic settlements in the sixth century, since when it has been a cockpit of political and cultural wars, movements and migrations between west and east, north and south. Legend called it the road from the Variags (Swedish Vikings) to the Greeks of Byzantium. It was the Vikings who gave to the Ukrainians their Swedish flag of blue and yellow, the symbol of the eternal blue of the Ukrainian sky and the golden steppes of ripening wheat. Those Vikings settled on the Kiev heights, enlarged the city, and became its ruling princes for 800 years, bringing with them their own Scandinavian culture and the Greco-oriental culture of Byzantium with which they were also in contact.

A Bit of History

According to the Swedish historian Arne, the trade that developed between the Swedes and Khasars (a mighty kingdom embracing the Volga area, the Crimea and those south-western lands later known as Cossack) passed through Kiev, which,

after serving as capital for the Slavonic tribes, became the capital of the Scandinavian conquerors. Those conquerors came rich with loot and armour and knowledge; but the pleasant indolent climate and people of the Ukraine lulled them to more peaceful ways within the "granary of Europe." Kiev, then a primitive settlement, was organized as the capital by the Viking Rurik and his two brothers, but their descendants launched into endless campaigns for expansion, for instance Prince Oleg (879-914), who also waged war against Constantinople. His successor, Prince Igor, continued the policy of uniting the widely separated Ukrainian tribes, and he in his turn made war upon Byzantium which ended in a treaty (944) of which the original text is preserved to our day. Peace at last was established by Prince Vladimir (who was called the Saint) of Kiev, and who in 988 became a Christian, disposed of his hundreds of pagan wives, and married the daughter of the Byzantine Emperor. If it happened that our steamer as a result of the sand-dunes did not reach Kiev till late at night, we would see, twenty miles away, the huge cross held in the hands of Saint Vladimir on the slope of one of the Kiev heights illuminated by electric light like a dream of fairy beauty. The statue is erected on the spot whence Vladimir hurled the pagan god who had demanded human sacrifices, tied the figure to twelve wild Ukrainian horses, and stampeded them into the whirlpools of the Dnieper. It was here, too, that Vladimir collected all his people, immersed them in the river and thus baptized them in the Christian faith. That great illuminated Cross made a deep impression upon us children, and suggested to us that the centuries-old monasteries, churches, catacombs and shrines of Kiev lived equally in the present and in the past, and that the heroes of our past talked to the heroes of to-day, as indeed they talk in our legends, songs and music: a communion of Ukrainian folk from the Vikings of old to our modern people, scorning the artificial boundaries of centuries.

Kiev Fairs

The two occasions in the year when our children's examinations took us to Kiev coincided with the famous Contract Fairs, institutions handed down in unbroken chain from the Middle Ages, when the Ukrainian people, who had taken their wares to distant fairs as far as Königsberg, Danzig, Breslau and even Paris, added Kiev to the list of such centres for international exchange. The Contract Fair is a great occasion. We disembarked at the Podol and were driven away in some ten to fifteen carriages, luggage and all, making a slow procession. We went up the steep hill to the residential district, alighting in the Kreschatik (the Regent Street of Kiev) at the Europe Hotel where we were met by a large staff, headed by the proprietor, and were given a whole floor for our quarters. The rest of the hotel, as well as the neighbouring Grand Hotel, was similarly occupied by landowners, their families and retainers, many of them having brought their children to the same examinations at the fashionable school. The food we were given was the exquisite product of competitive endeavor on the part of the various chefs. The third most up-to-date hotel, the Continental, was the rendezvous for the menfolk intent upon financial transactions and the barter of goods, their labours being eased

in the early hours by gipsy entertainments, caviar, Dnieper sturgeon and champagne of the best vintages. Ukrainian and Polish landowners freely mixed on those occasions, though at other times they were not on speaking terms.

A living witness of those Lucullus festivities is to be found in the person of Vechi, the proprietor of the Hungarian Restaurant in Regent Street, London, a popular figure in the Kiev of those days and proprietor of the Grand Hotel aforesaid. Open cafés, beflowered tables, and in the evening coloured lamps, combined with the national dresses to make a memorable feature in those days of Kiev life. Kiev indeed looked lovely. Crowds of people wearing their national dress filled the streets, the restaurants, the theatres at those seasons. Turks, Armenians, Crimea Tartars, in their turn bedecked in their Oriental robes, mingled with the crowds selling tobacco, pastries, Turkish delight, oriental embroideries, haggling and bargaining for profit.

Pecherska Lavra

In the intervals between social functions and examinations our grandmother took us in hired carriages to various churches and monasteries, where we were given the inspiring spectacle of poor devout pilgrims making their annual pilgrimage from all parts of the country. "Holy Kiev" the peasants called it. We always went first to the Lavra Monastery, where day and night the bells were ringing and the constant processions were enriched with the jewels, gold and silver of vestments and the splendour of venerated banners. The Lavra Monastery was a little town in itself, protected by a mediæval wall and equipped in all ways to withstand a siege—as indeed in past centuries it had withstood sieges when assailed by Poles from the west, by Tartars and Turks from the south, or by Mongols from the east. The Mongol Khan burned and devastated Kiev in 1240, their yoke being overthrown by a levée en masse a century later. Inside the walls were to be found churches of varying age, masterpieces of Slav church architecture, the proud possessors of historic ikons and documents. The centuries-old catacombs were used in emergency for refuge by the people and for the storing of food, arms and ammunition. Those subterranean passages, miles long, contained chapels and the shrines of Ukrainians. The pilgrims thronged into them, kneeling, praying, lighting candles, laying flowers on the shrines. Sick people were brought by road and river from hundreds of miles around seeking miraculous cure.

There was tremendous crowding by rich and poor throughout the town. The religious fervour of the poor, combined with their ignorance and illiteracy, offered temptations which were not always resisted. Even the clergy, who sold medicines, ikons, cushions of healing properties derived from contact with the Saints, were not above temptation. I once saw a poor pilgrim peasant woman displaying with pride the things she had bought from a monk in the street; among them a bottle filled with coloured feathers, "holy" feathers, because they come from the tail of the Holy Ghost (in the Ukraine the Holy Ghost was represented on ikons as a dove), and a bottle filled with the tears of the Blessed Mary! Some years later I myself saw two odd sights in the those catacombs: one, a log of wood from which a monk split off chips which he sold as relics of the True Cross; two, a human skull from which a monk took oil and sold it for its healing properties. Such absurdities have been known throughout the history of the Church.

Praying to Pass Examinations

The sacred songs, music, incense made an unforgettable memory. We prayed fervently for success in our

Stop Wartime Accidents

The increasing number of preventable accidents in wartime actually delays victory by costing us millions of man-hours in industrial and food production, killing and incapacitating skilled workers and farmers, destroying irreplaceable material and equipment, using up scarce material and labor in repairs, and requiring the services of already overburdened hospitals, doctors, and nurses.

Help cut down wartime accidents by being more careful—in traffic, at home, at work, on the farm.

Foreign Language Press Div.
Office of War Information



examinations. The examinations themselves were the occasion of great ceremony. They were held in vast sumptuous halls, the corridors being filled with smartly dressed and heavily scented mothers anxiously awaiting the verdict and gossiping the while. In between the examination papers we were taken on expeditions by boat down the Dnieper, picnicking with our relations and friends. On returning tired and happy to the Europe Hotel, the older folk went on to open-air concerts held on the hills overlooking the vast river in the moonlight. They heard opera, beautifully sung and acted, which always harped on the stock themes, such as that of the old Cossack, demoralized by peace, who took to drink and allowed his wife to "wear trousers"!

Before leaving Kiev we were given a series of riotous luncheons and dinners. Our Russian and English tutors were rewarded for their good work, taking the reward sometimes to excess and having to be carried dead drunk to their rooms in the early hours. Our English tutor, who had been with us on the estate for fifteen years, used always at such moments to sing "Rule, Britannia!" at the top of his voice, only to be reprimanded the next day by our mother, who considered such an example bad for his pupils. A special thanksgiving service was said for us at the Cathedral of Saint Vladimir before we left—a pearl of tenth and eleventh century Byzantine architecture, wrought by the best artists, instinct with the eternal spirit of a happy, beloved and free Ukraine.

"That World Is Gone"

That world is gone. The land of "rivers flowing with milk and honey" has been turned into a cockpit of civil war; that land which had never known what class-distinctions were, for the landowners were Cossacks, the Cossacks were peasants, and the black soil, the richest in the world, provided everything for everybody. Famine came. According to Soviet statistics more than five out of thirty-three millions died of starvation, and cannibalism stalked the land. Yet the standardization of life on an industrial pattern could not destroy the historic spirit of the Ukraine, though the capital was transferred to Kharkov, a new industrial town with a non-Ukrainian and non-agricultural population, and totalitarian war first visited a "scorched-earth policy" upon the land and the retreating, looting enemy destroyed what was left.

VLADIMIR de KOROSTOVETZ
The Contemporary Review,
London, October, 1944.

UKRAINICA IN AMERICA

By SIMON DEMYDOHUK

(Continued)

(3)

"Mazeppa, Hetman of the Ukraine" in the Boston Theatre, 1811

ON the eve of the heralded invasion of Russia by Napoleon the American press discussed quite extensively the invasion's prospects of success. Some thought it would succeed, others did not. Apparently, as a result of this press controversy the Boston Theatre in Boston, Mass. presented in 1811 a play, "Mazeppa, Hetman of the Ukraine." The play was intended to show the might of the Russian emperors and consequently to settle the argument about a possible victory in favor of Russia. At the same time the play introduced a bit of Ukrainian history, of the time when Ukraine under Mazeppa was in conflict with Russia.

The Boston Columbian Sentinel tri-weekly of March 6, 1811 advertised the play as follows: "Boston Theatre. Play never before performed. This evening, March 6, will be presented a Tragedy in 5 acts, called Mazeppa: Hetman of the Ukraine, written by a Gentleman." In the same issue of the paper there was an article about the coming performance from which we quote the following:

Advance Praise

"It would be ridiculous affectation not to admit that a new Tragedy, first produced in this country, which should deserve the praise of excellence and originality, would be one of the wonders, of which America has not yet been able to boast. From a perusal of the play of Mazeppa we are strongly inclined to imagine that it will contribute very much to the American stage.

"The scene is laid at a moment as highly interesting to the historian and biographer, as it was important to the destiny of northern Europe; that instant of time is supposed, which raised the warlike reputation of Peter the Great of Russia, from beneath the horizon clouded obscure and refracted in its rays to the meridian effulgence of military glory. The battle of Pultawa in which Charles the 12th, the greatest warrior of the age, was beaten by Peter, and who from that hour became lord of the ascendant, was also distinguished by the conduct of a splendid rebel, whose name gives the title to the play before us, and by whom Charles was induced to turn off from the banks of Borrithenes [ancient name for the river Dnieper], towards Ukrainia upon promise of alliance, reinforcements and supplies. The disaffection of Mazeppa, however, was betrayed to Peter, who, acting promptly upon the information he received, had nearly captured the Hetman, before he was aware of his danger, and obliged him to fly almost alone to Charles for protection, with few soldiers, little money, and no supplies."

In the next issue of the Columbian Sentinel, March 9, 1811, there appeared another advertisement of "Mazeppa," this time to be played at the Boston Theatre on Monday, March 11, for the benefit of its author, whose name is not mentioned. Subsequent issues of the Sentinel, however, contain no more advertisements, reviews or write-ups of any sort whatsoever.

Its Cast

Another Boston paper to advertise the play was the tri-weekly "Independent Chronicle," of March 7. In it "Mazeppa" was scheduled for a performance on March 8. Its cast was advertised as follows: Mazeppa — Mr. Duff, Kramola — Mr. Entwisle, Dobrinia — Mr. Robinson, Zerga — Mr. Dartley, Morano — Mr. Vaughana, Adolphus — Mr. Fischer, General — Mr. Roberth, Elizabeth — Mrs. Darley, Chloira — Mrs. Powell.

The Chronicle advertisement was accompanied by a write-up, entitled "Hetman of the Ukraine." It contained the following interesting passage:

"When the celebrated Charles XII invaded Russia, the Ukraine, a country bordering on Crimea and Poland, and now incorporated with the Russian empire, was then a separate commonwealth, depending upon the Czars (Russian monarchs) for protection and acknowledging on certain conditions her sovereignty. Mazeppa, Hetman (Chief) of the Ukraine, dreading the increasing power of Russia and the genius of Peter I, and endeavoring, with the assistance of Charles, to free himself from the dangerous neighbour, is the hero of the Tragedy. As he is the only real personage of the play, the rest of the characters being fictitious, the plot of course cannot be traced from history, and as the offspring of the imagination, is fairly submitted to, the ordeal of public judgment."

The "Theatrical" column of the Independent Chronicle of March 11, 1811 contained a review of the play. In it appeared the following: "Mazeppa, or the Hetman of the Ukraine" was presented on Friday night for the second time, to an approving and applauding audience. It takes rank as a historical tragedy, though the name of the hero is almost the only part of the piece for which history is entitled to credit. The invention of the fable is altogether original and the potency of plot, which spell-bound the audience, is exclusively the merit of the writer."

The reviewer then proceeds to pay due praise to the actors, expressing his high esteem for the "admirable part" of some of them and finally says that "the force of the whole corps was never in more complete requisition. 'Act well your part, there all the honors lie,' seemed to be the injunction in that the emulation among the performers made upon each." Concluding the review he said: "We think that this Tragedy is an attempt in higher walk than any we have witnessed in this town. Dignified tragedy in original verse is a stranger upon the Boston boards, and as a stranger we would give it the heartiest welcome."

The "Boston Patriot," April 24, 1811, printed the following advertisement of the play presented at the Boston Theatre: "Messrs. Vaughan and Robertsons benefit. This evening will be performed by permission of the author for this night only the new Tragedy in 5 acts Mazeppa, Hetman of the Ukraine" with alterations and improvement by the author."

HISTORIANS of modern painting in Russia always start with a Ukrainian master.

Russia began to feel the need of new painting soon after her initial successes in her imperialistic advances toward Ukraine, Siberia, Latvia, Esthonia, White Russia. Growing conscious of her successes she called upon artists to glorify her achievements in portraits and historical paintings. The old art, Byzantine in character, was suitable for religious purposes but inadequate to express the feeling of national self-consciousness. To carry out the program of self-advertising for the new imperialistic class, foreign artists were imported into Russia from Germany, Poland, and especially Italy. Native Russian artists were slow to appear. It seemed as if the Russian race, so engrossed in militaristic pursuits, felt unable to do anything in the field of artistic endeavor. It was at this moment that an artist arose, born in Ukraine, then not completely subjugated by Russia, to break that sense of inferiority and to show the Russians the way to independent artistic creativeness.

Born in Kiev

This Ukrainian was Dmytro Levytsky.

He was a native of Kiev, the historic capital of Ukraine. His father was a priest by vocation, and an etcher by avocation, being connected with the Kiev Monastery, Pecherska Lavra, famous for its printing establishments, the etchers of which were organized into an active guild. These etchers worked for the famous Kiev Academy, another Ukrainian cultural center of those days, the like of which was lacking then in Russia proper. The artistic level of the

tisement of the play presented at the Boston Theatre: "Messrs. Vaughan and Robertsons benefit. This evening will be performed by permission of the author for this night only the new Tragedy in 5 acts Mazeppa, Hetman of the Ukraine" with alterations and improvement by the author."

After this advertisement this much heralded play disappeared from the stage of the Boston Theatre and no doubt much effort would be required to trace its fate.

(To be continued)

The Ukrainian Who Introduced Modern Painting Into Russia

artists was high, much higher than the general esthetic level of the local merchants, occupied with the struggle against the ascendancy of the nobility, and of the Kozak officers who, despairing of the success of their struggle for Ukraine's national independence, were applying their efforts to change themselves into Russian aristocracy. All this created that stifling atmosphere which drove some of the finest artists away from their native country.

Emigrates to St. Petersburg

Dmytro Levytsky was born about 1735. He soon learned everything he could from his father and from the foreign artists decorating local churches. In the stormy sixties of the 18th century, when Russia inaugurated another aggressive policy of repression towards Ukraine, Dmytro Levytsky emigrated to St. Petersburg, the Russian capitol, whereto he was drawn by the fame of many foreign artists working there and where the Russian government was spending the tribute of subjugated peoples and provinces in purchasing works of art with the feverishness of parvenues. Here he studied with Lagrene and Giuseppe Valeriani, but he was not deeply stirred by the influences of these superficial artists. He was destined to be one of those pupils who soon surpass their masters.

Levytsky soon joined the Russian Academy, which had been organized only a short while ago. But he did not follow the rules of academic painting. His proficiency as a painter was so great that in spite of this breach of rules he was made, for his portrait of Korokinov, a regular member of the Academy. He further attested his scorn for the current fashion by devoting himself exclusively to the art of portrait painting, which was then considered a lower brand of art, and the adepts of which could not be raised to the dignity of professors.

Characteristics of His Works

At the very outset, Levytsky proved himself possessed of a fully developed talent with tasks highly set and far advanced technique. In his portraits he tried to solve a series of problems of perspective. He paid special attention to the rendering of light. In some portraits, as that of Korokinov, he strove for monumentality of appearance. In the series of his portraits of "Smolankys," the girl pupils of Smolensk Institute, he revealed a rare power of observation. In some portraits there is a breeze of romanticism.

"Levytsky," says Nicholas Volkov in his article on Russian portrait painters of the age of Catherine the Great ("The Connoisseur," January, 1929) "was undoubtedly the greatest Russian portrait painter of the eighteenth century."

Another Russian art critic, M. Alexandre Benois writes in his "Russian School of Painting" that "Levytsky painted a great many leaders of the brilliant reign of Catherine, and he depicted them with perfectly convincing vividness. He succeeded like no one else in Russia, in expressing the characteristic tone and glow, the whole outward 'manner of living' of the beaumonts of his time, and at the same time created a series of superb specimens of painting, hardly inferior in their technical perfection to the best works of Western schools. One easily identifies Levytsky's work in a mass of other paintings by the totally peculiar 'keenness' of the eyes of the persons painted, by their wholly distinct, slightly mocking smile, and, finally, by the celebrated mastery with which silks, laces, and jewels are painted."

(Concluded on page 5)

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Brothers Have Fine Combat Record

TWO young Ukrainian American brothers, Captain Michael Woyciesjes, army bombardier, and Marine Corps Sergeant Americo Woyciesjes, have won for themselves an enviable war record in the Pacific theatre of operations and newspaper publicity in the Syracuse, N. Y., press. They are the sons of Mr. and Mrs. Peter Woyciesjes of Gere Lock, R.D.1, N. Y. who are members of St. John the Baptist Catholic parish in Syracuse.

Capt. Woyciesjes' exploits were featured by the Syracuse Herald-American of September 17, 1944, while the exploits of Sgt. Woyciesjes were featured by the Syracuse Post Standard at an earlier date.

Headed by—

CAPT. WOYCIESJES' 42 COMBAT MISSIONS IN SOUTH PACIFIC STUDED WITH THRILLS

Rescued from Jap-held Isle After His Bomber Crashed in Sea

The Herald-American story ran as follows—

A veteran of 42 missions against the Japanese in the South Pacific, including the first 'strike' against Truk, Capt. Michael Woyciesjes of Gere Lock, R. D. 1, Solvay, is home for a rest before getting back into action again.

His 42 missions represent some 69,300 miles of combat flying—all done in four-engined Liberators.

The 22-year-old bombardier, looking several years younger than his age had numerous harrowing experiences.

He has gone through several crash landings in the Pacific, faced as many as 40 Japanese fighter planes, has had three of the four motors on his shop "conk out" and has flown through flak "so thick you could walk on it."

He bears no scars of battle, considers himself lucky to be alive, let alone being home, and reports that despite the flak and mishaps the bombing record always was very good.

A son of Mr. and Mrs. Peter Woyciesjes, Capt. Woyciesjes, as squadron bombardier, flew in the lead ship of his squadron on any number of "strikes" or raids.

He holds the Distinguished Flying Cross, the Air Medal with six bronze Oak Leaf Clusters and a silver cluster, a Presidential unit citation and battle ribbons for the Asiatic and Pacific theaters. The battle ribbons cover the North Solomons, Central Pacific, Bismarck, Archipelago, New Guinea and the Japanese Mandate campaigns.

On one occasion, he said, the ships were returning from a strike over Biak last May 24 when his No. 4 engine quit.

"We were 180 miles from our base," Capt. Woyciesjes said, "and less than a minute later No. 2 started throwing oil and lost her pulling power. This was followed by No. 3 motor. All we had left was No. 1 and we began to lose altitude.

"We flew at a 10-degree list and othes in the squadron saw us going down and radioed the home field of our trouble. The field was alerted and a big flying 'Dumbo' or Catalina flying boat, was readied to pick us up at sea as soon as we crashed. "We got down to 400 feet above the water and held at that altitude. How, none of us ever knew. The Lord was with us every inch of the way back. We just barely limped in and was there a reception committee at the field on hand to greet us! Everybody turned out, for they had been sweating out our mission with us."

They had "shipped" over the side every piece of equipment to lighten the big Liberator and as a last resort, took an ax and hacked off the tail turret and top gun turret.

A member of the 13th Air Force, Capt. Woyciesjes was on the first strike against the great Japanese base at Truk, March 29. This was followed by two other raids, March 29 and April 14.

"We ran into the Jap first team

GUADALCANAL WAS 'TOUGHEST' FIGHT FOR SYRACUSE'S VALIANT MARINE

the Post Standard story ran as follows—

Americo Woyciesjes of Gere Lock, Syracuse University's dynamic boxing star of 1938, 1939 and 1940, three time Eastern Intercollegiate 175-pound champion, as a Marine has made as fine a fighting record as he did when an Orange athlete.

Sgt. Woyciesjes, home for a 30-day furlough after two years of service in the South Pacific, leaves after his holiday to enter Officers Candidate School before going back to the war against Japan, in the Pacific Islands where his brother, Lt. Michael Woyciesjes is still on duty.

On his chest Americo wears ribbons which show a presidential unit citation, a personal citation from Vice Admiral Kincaid, the Navy and Marine Corps medal as well as stars to show participation in four major battles and two important campaigns.

The former college boxing champion hasn't had a glove on his hands during two and a half years service in the Marine Corps and doesn't intend to box again. Boxing to him was fun, as a college boy, but it plays no part in his postwar plans. He has his Syracuse University degree but he plans to go to college for two more years, taking a refresher course and seeking a master's degree. Then he'll look for a job on a high school faculty as a science teacher. He'd coach athletes, too, if asked.

Enlisted February 20, 1942

Sgt. Woyciesjes enlisted in the Marine Corps in February, 1942 and trained at Parris Island and at New River before being sent overseas. He was one of the first to land on Guadalcanal, taking part in the seizure battles and remaining on duty for the occupational and defense battles, being taken "off the Canal" in mid-December, 1942, for a long stay in a rest camp.

He had some time off duty during his rest camp period and where do you think he went for the holiday? Back to Guadalcanal for a

there," the blond captain said, "and they were pretty good but not good enough."

One Jap fighter made a suicide pass at his squadron in the fighting.

Capt. Woyciesjes stopped in a chat with Lt. Michael Siegel, president of the Aviation Cadet Selection Board, to tell him how glad he is that he enlisted in this branch of the service. He signed up here Jan. 18, 1942, and went overseas May 19, 1943.

"There were few dull moments from then on," Capt. Woyciesjes told Lt. Siegel and then told him of one of the "tougher" missions.

"It was on Aug. 30 last year," the captain said, "during a strike over Kahila. The flak was heavier than usual and there was plenty of aerial opposition. We wound up with 55 flak holes in our ship and two Zeros made passes and left a trail of 15-7.7 caliber bullet holes down the fuselage. Yet not a one in the crew was hit and the plane was not disabled."

On another day they had just unloaded their bombs over Rabaul and

visit with his brother, Lt. Michael Woyciesjes, who had been assigned there soon after Americo was taken off.

Fierce Action

In July of 1943 he went back back into action, fighting on New Britain in the Cape Gloucester campaign. It was for valor in the Cape Gloucester fighting that he received Admiral Kincaid's citation but nothing is to be said about the duty which won that for the duration.

Cape Gloucester was "tough," according to the Sergeant, but in his mind nothing will compare with Guadalcanal.

While in the South Pacific, Woyciesjes, who collects butterflies as a hobby, rounded up 1,000 different specimens. His collection is in storage for him in a foreign city. After the war he hopes to use the collection in lecturing to science students.

Learns To Smoke

The main change in Woyciesjes, as compared with his college days, is the fact that enjoys cigarette smoking.

He never smoked until he went into the Marine Corps.

While in battle areas, Woyciesjes says most of his buddies were men he met in the services, but he did run across two Central New Yorkers. Of these Joe Chesneski was a pal at high school in Solvay and the other was a Marine named Lynch from East Syracuse. Americo knew him as Lynch in Syracuse and used that name on Guadalcanal. He never thought to ask Lynch his first name.

"Things like first names do not bother you up in the battle area," he said. "You hang a nickname on your pal and it sticks. I never, and never will, think of this fine friend except as Lynch."

Woyciesjes is happy to be selected for O.C.S. but he is quick to add that he is delighted he traveled the hard way in getting the chance.

Arrived in U. S. Last Month

He was in the big contingent of Marines brought home to America in late June and one of the first things he did, on reaching land after sending word to his mother in Gere Lock, that he had arrived, was to attempt to reach Lt. Com. Roy D. Simmins by telephone.

Simmons was his boxing coach at Syracuse University and one of his finest friends. He learned that the coach had been shifted to Minneapolis but hopes to see him, for at least a handshake, before he eventually goes back to the Pacific for duty.

"We have a long, hard fight ahead of us but we are gaining with each passing day," Woyciesjes said.

"I hate to miss my part of it and I certainly expect to be back in it. Right now I am worrying more

were on their way back to their base at Guadalcanal. For some reason they never discovered that they had lost all their gasoline. That was last January 7. They stretched their glide over the Pacific as long as possible and finally made a crash landing a half mile off Rob Roi Island in the Solomons group. They knew the adjoining island was alive with Japs. The Liberator floated for 10 minutes and in that time they got their rubber life rafts out, loaded them with rations, knives and their radio equipment and struck out for shore.

At 7 a. m. the next morning they sighted a B-25 and shot a flare into the sky. The pilot saw the flare, spotted them and dropped some food and radiod their position to his base. At 10:30 a "Dumbo" set its hulk down on the Jap waters and they were rescued.

"I can't speak too highly for those Dumbo pilots," he said. "They just go right in and rescue a fellow no matter how close the enemy may be."

A list of the missions he was on, many of them duplicated time and

Letter to the Editor

TRANSLITERATION AND SPELLING

Dear Editor:

That was an interesting transliteration chart you published in the October 3rd issue of the Ukrainian Weekly. You invited comment.

In my opinion the Ukrainian letter **и** should be pronounced with a short English "i" as in "begin." I should be "ee" in English not "i."

I think Professor Strelsky is more nearly right about "x." "kh" sounds more correct. The English "h" is a Ukrainian "r".

Ukrainian "e" is "ye" (short e) in English. The English vowels have several different sounds and I think the markings should be shown to make the pronunciation really clear.

These are merely comments. I'm not an authority.

But it has always puzzled me why Ukrainian people spell their perfectly good names in a way which no "native" American could possibly pronounce correctly. For instance, names beginning with the sound of "sh" they offer spell "sz." Isn't the latter really Polish style?

Also, in one Weekly report of the appearance of the Ukrainian Quarterly there is the name of Prof. Czubytyj. Why is that name spelled that way? Correct English spelling should be "Chubaty." There is no doubt how to pronounce that in English.

Mrs. Paul Wasyluk
Philadelphia, Pa.

WANTS INFORMATION ON ATHLETES

Miss Jean Harasym, 378 Bathurst street, Toronto 2 B., Ontario Canada, secretary of the Canadian Ukrainian Athletic Club, is preparing a pamphlet on Canadian and American athletes of Ukrainian descent. In collecting the necessary information on them she asks for the cooperation of the Ukrainian Weekly readers. Anyone who has some such information is urged by Miss Harasym to furnish it to her. The data should contain the name of the athlete, home town, line of sport in which he or she participates, and a brief outline of his or her career.

about a good rest than anything else. Service life has been wonderful and I'll always have fond memories of it. But there's no place like home.

As to Japs and battles against them, Woyciesjes isn't talking. He lets the campaign and battle stars show that he has seen action. And he frankly hopes to see more.

again until the enemy was "pulverized," includes strikes at Kahili, Kara, Ballale, Buke, Rabaul, the Bonins, Rekata Bay, Satawan, Maknes, Biak, Yap, Woleai.

Their permanent and temporary bases were moved as the conquest of the Japs increased. First his outfit was based in the New Hebrides, then on Guadalcanal, next on Munda, temporarily at Bougainville and Greene Island, then on the Admiralty Islands and Los Negros.

While at Guadalcanal, Capt. Woyciesjes ran into his brother, Sgt. Americo Woyciesjes, then serving with the First Marine Division. He is now attending the Corps officer candidate school. The captain also met a friend of the family, Lt. Irene Giba of the Army Nurse Corps. A neighbor, Sgt. Edward Kasimir, was in his squadron.

Capt. Woyciesjes left the Admiralty Islands, Sept. 7, flying back to the United States. He arrived in San Francisco Sept. 9 and reached home Sept. 11. He leaves October 7 for the redistribution center at Atlantic City.

THE ARMY NURSE IN NEW GUINEA

The acute situation that exists today in the need of Army Nurses is one that is felt in every quarter of the globe. Never in the history of mankind has the call of "Nurse" been more gallantly or courageously answered than it is today by our Army Nurses. This is the story of their life in one outpost of the Pacific

EARLY one afternoon in February 1942, fifty-two members of the Army Nurse Corps, forming the nursing staff of a large field hospital, assembled on the pier at one of the ports of embarkation in the United States. Later that same day, in single file, laden with gas mask, pistol belt, steel helmet, canteen, musette bag and suitcase, they marched bravely up the gangplank of a hurriedly converted transport, heading for service in a war-torn foreign country, destination unknown. After forty long, adventurous, and seemingly endless days in which we became acquainted, this same group disembarked at an Australian port, eager to do their part in the battle of nations.

Then began the inevitable period of waiting and training. Weeks and months were spent in calisthenics, military drill, lectures on chemical warfare and gasmask drills, ten-day bivouacs where we lived in small wall tents, ate out of mess kits, and lived a real field life; lectures on the different phases of war surgery and the care of battle casualties, the training of enlisted personnel, the setting up and checking of hospital equipment, and the preparation and packing of supplies. This was quite different from anything we had encountered heretofore in our nursing career, but realizing how very valuable this period of training would be to us in the near future, we all entered into it with wholehearted enthusiasm. Our days were full and interesting, and we took great pride in our ability to soldier along with the rest of the unit.

At long last our day arrived. A part of our group boarded a hospital ship for New Guinea, where we were to have our first opportunity to share in the world crisis. On the first anniversary of the day that will live forever in the minds and hearts of all true Americans, we disembarked, scrambled into two-and-a-half ton trucks with our field equipment, and were transported to our hospital. The medical officers of the unit had arrived several weeks prior to this time, so we found a hospital entirely under canvas with the exception of the Major and Minor Surgery which were housed in two old Mission dwellings. Under peaceful conditions this tropical island would have been very lovely, with its clumps of palm trees and sandy stretches of beach.

Wounded Welcome Presence of Nurses

At 7 A.M. the next morning we were all on duty and found that our training of enlisted men in past months had been well worth while. The census at that time was about 400, and these soldiers had done a splendid job in caring for patients; nevertheless they welcomed the presence of the nurses for the feeling of reassurance that it gave them. Our hospital was unique, in that all patients were brought to us by air transport, and they came by hundreds in those early days. Ward tents were hurriedly set up in which to care for them, and soon our census was 1,300. The hospital having field equipment provided ample opportunity for the nurses to show their ingenuity in improvising. Medicine cabinets were practically unheard of; hence every manner of box and crate was brought into use. Then, too, operating at twice our normal capacity, we learned quickly to give good nursing care without many of the things that we had heretofore considered so essential. Our nursing technique was not changed by war conditions, for we found that with the help of our trained enlisted men we were able to give as efficient care

as a patient would receive in a general hospital on the mainland. Of course the atmosphere and equipment of the hospital could not compare with that of permanent installations, but the attention given the patient could and did. A ward tent with only the ground for a floor, canvas cots, and the inevitable mosquito bar does not sound too attractive, but with the ground well raked, beds perfectly made, a desk built by some patient or ward man with a flair for carpentry, a few flowers planted around the tent, it seemed like heaven to these wounded and broken men who came to us for help and reassurance.

The attitude of the patient to the presence of nurses was varied. The great majority felt a definite sense of security as, because they had reached a hospital where there were women, it must be a comparatively safe place, and they would be bombed no more. There was, however, a small minority who felt at first, until they learned otherwise, that our location must be as dangerous as that from which they came and it was no place for white women. But they were thankful that we were there and showed it by their high esteem and sincere appreciation of what we did for them.

The hospital was widely dispersed over an area of approximately one square mile consisting of practically every type of terrain. We divided the hospital into twelve sections, each of which contained six wards. There was one nurse in charge of each section, and one night nurse. Other nurses were assigned to the sections, approximately one to every two wards. Six were assigned to the operating rooms which were busy night and day. The surgical equipment with which they worked was most complete and of the very best quality. Here we realized again that our months of waiting had been of value, for we used the many things we had prepared, lap sheets, muslin covers, all kinds of dressings, etc. Two nurses were assigned to the quarters during the day to act as housekeepers and also to care for the nurses who were ill, and one nurse was assigned there at night.

Living Conditions

Now for a bit about our living conditions. The first group to arrive lived on the upper floors of the two old Mission buildings over the Major and Minor Surgery. One of the buildings still contained the altar that had been in the chapel long before war came to the island and was surrounded by lovely murals which we later learned were painted by one of the native Mission boys. Here those timid souls, who at one time would have scrambled onto a chair at the sight of a mouse, soon learned to take for granted the large jungle rats that came at night. The sight of the callers scampering along the rafters of our home became not a fearsome thing but something to watch, and wonder just how long it would be before that dull thud came which told that one of the playmates had been routed. Then too, there were the spiders in no small numbers, that wove their webs in the most unexpected places. Helmets, gas masks, and shoes not worn for several days were never safe from them.

The "Compound"

The second group of nurses lived in tents in the "compound." Three nurses were assigned to each pyramidal tent, and it is surprising how comfortable they were. The tents were all floored and wired with

electricity and, as we had brought large quantities of bright-colored material with us, it was brought into use in improvising clothes cupboards, dressing tables, and so on. The sides of the tents were well extended, which added greatly to the comfort of those under canvas on this sun-baked island. Soon each "household" had started a garden in its own backyard, and my, how good those tomatoes and cucumbers tasted. Everything grew quickly, and the joy of a few fresh vegetables, occasionally, with the routine "bully beef and beans" is not to be underestimated. Our latrine was of the Chick Sales variety, and the shower consisted of three shower heads in one tin structure. Privacy was non-existent. There was a scarcity of water and it was turned on very spasmodically during the day, and always at 10 p. m. So it was not unusual for some brave soul, with a few minutes off duty and finding the water on, to be heard voicing loud expletives as she stood there with hair and body covered in soap and the water suddenly turned off. Then the few drops that could be spared from the Lister bag were brought into use. One of the worst problems was to decide, after a long day's work, between going to bed with our coating of dust and perspiration, or waiting for the water to be turned on so as to have a cool and refreshing shower before falling into bed.

One large storage tent was floored and screened, and this we used as a nurses' infirmary. It was quite cool there with the sides of the tent extended, and on the beds we had air mattresses which proved to be a comfort to those who were ill. At the beginning of our stay we had a large number of enteritis cases among the nurses. This was customary with any new group, but we soon became fewer. Quinine was taken regularly, and later atabrine. Long-sleeved shirts and slacks were worn after sunset, but in spite of these precautions that wily mosquito did strike occasionally.

Recreation

For a recreation hall we used a ward tent, until a floor and screened building was constructed. There was a piano, radio, victrola, card and ping pong tables, and there in the evenings those of us who were waiting for the temperamental water sought to forget for a while the many tragic cases for whom we must always smile, though our hearts were often breaking for them. We read and wrote letters to the folks back home that they might know all was well with us. And it truly was. We loved our work and there was never a complaint from anyone. The hours were long but our one regret was that there never seemed enough time to do all the many things that we would like to have done for those brave injured men who had given so much for their country.

Sometimes the old Mission bell would sound in the early hours of the morning and we would know that the enemy was on the way. Quickly we would don our coveralls which were ever ready, seize our steel helmets, and make for the slit trenches. Soon we would hear the planes, the ack-ack would begin; but by that time we were always in the trenches. God was on our side for although the planes went overhead time and again, we were never bombed. Fragments of shrapnel from the ack-ack fell in our area, sometimes through the canvas of the tents, but no one was injured. One nurse on duty was struck on the leg by a piece of falling shrapnel which ricocheted off a bed. She received a minute scratch but we could hardly let an experience like that pass unnoticed, so the next evening at dinner we presented her with a homemade purple heart, much to her embarrassment and the delight of the others in the group.

With our ever-increasing job, the jungle rats, spiders, mosquitoes, and the dry and rainy seasons, we were

Women's International Exposition

Between November 14th and 19th of this year, the Ukrainian women will come into their own. For the first time, the Women's International Exposition will have as one of its features a Ukrainian exhibit and program arranged by the Committee of the United Ukrainian Women's Societies of the New York Metropolitan area. The exposition will take place at Madison Square Garden in New York City.

The Ukrainian exhibit will show, among other things, Ukrainian sculpture, wood carvings, embroidery, and an Easter table set in old country style.

On Sunday afternoon, November 19, a special Ukrainian program will be held at the Exposition. There will be the traditional folk dances, which anyone can enjoy without having to know one word in the Ukrainian language. Of special interest to the young women is the fashion show included in the afternoon program. Besides showing the various types of the Ukrainian costume, the models will integrate Ukrainian dress with modern American dress. This promises to be interesting as well as eye-filling.

We younger people should realize that our parents strove hard to be recognized as a separate ethnical entity American society, and it would be unfair to them for us to let them down now. It is the duty of young Americans of Ukrainian descent to take an interest in such affairs as the Ukrainian exhibit at the International Exposition. We must actively participate in Ukrainian affairs now, and not wait till the last minute.

Let's all make it a date to take in the Women's International Exposition at Madison Square Garden, between November 14th and 19th, and especially to see the Ukrainian program on Sunday, November 19th. We can't afford to be indifferent. Let's take an interest in what's going on in Ukrainian American affairs now.

SOPHIE DEMYDCHUK

UKRAINIAN PAINTER

(Concluded from page 3)

His life went on uneventfully, except that in 1776 he was the counselor of the Academy and traveled to his native Ukraine. In his later years his eyesight grew weak and his portraits suffered in consequence. Hampered in his analysis of his sitters, he started to compensate for this drawback by emphasizing the accidental and the unessential. Hence these later portraits of his have less inward power, and more outward show. The old intimateness steps aside, leaving room for a certain officialness. The characters strain at affecting ceremonial poses with broad luxurious gestures. The superficial court life of Moscow and St. Petersburg was corroding the solid and substantial qualities of the great artist.

Levytsky died at the age 87, on April 4, 1822. He left behind a whole group of pupils. Many of these pupils became eternal ornaments to the history of Russian art. None of them, however, surpassed the accomplishments of another great Ukrainian portrait painter, Vladymyr Borovykovsky, who shares with Levytsky the glory of starting modern painting in Russia. An article on Borovykovsky will appear on these pages next week.

ever on the alert. All this brought home to us the realization that the little yellow men were not the only elements destructive to our cause. But by constant vigilance and determined effort, these were overcome and we are on the winning side in our small sphere as our brave troops push forward toward victory.

Cpt. F. CECIL GUNN, ANC.

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CLUB WANTS NEW MEMBERS

The newly organized Ukrainian Youth Club at Great Meadows, N. J., recently sponsored a confetti dance at its church hall. The proceeds from it are to be used to send parcels to local Ukrainian Americans in service. Thirty seven Christmas parcels were mailed out.

The club recently dedicated two masses at the local Ukrainian Catholic church, one for the church members in service, and the other for Lt. John Miller, who was killed in action overseas.

The club, consisting of only eight girls as yet, has the following officers. President, Helen Nyken; sec'y, Olga Kowalick; treasurer, Zenovia Dudiak.

New members, within the age limit of twenty-five, will be greatly appreciated.

All prospective members should contact Helen Nyken, Great Meadows, New Jersey.

Zenovia Dudiak

What They Say

Archibald MacLeish, Librarian of Congress, in tribute to Wendell Willkie at Herald-Tribune Forum:

"How do the people know that he is lost to them? For this: because he trusted them and they remember. Because he believed literally, and word by word, and intending the meaning of each word, the great American Proposition that the people—not the the American people only but the people can govern themselves, and of right ought to. Because he believed literally, in sober earnest and without reserve, that if the great American Proposition is true for part of the world it is true for all of the world."

ПОТРІБНО МУЖЧИН

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КУПИТЕ ВОЄННІ БОНДИ ДЛЯ КРАЩОГО ЗАВТРА...

TORONTO BOWLERS START FIFTH SEASON

The Ukrainian Bowling League in Toronto recently started its fifth consecutive season. In spite of the fact that many of its members have been lost to the Armed Forces there are eight well balanced teams. A new entry this year is a team composed of Ukrainian university students, which has added spice and "noise" to the league. The bowling champ of last year, Jerry Kassyan, hasn't been able to get started, as yet, but once he does—look out.

Doctor Elias Wachna, chairman of Canadian Ukrainian Athletic Club, says that he'll have a championship team this year or else he'll give up bowling. What Doc, after all these years? Besides where's that 350 game?

Myron Masnyk and Jack Dale, well known Canadian Ukrainian radio singers, are dead set on having their team win this year. Rev. Pereyma with a team of girls, is doing his share. Steve Sawchuk was not wrong when he gave the name of Zeros to his team. The SUMK team is right there on top with captain Al Kotelko. Mosquitoes under the guidance of captain Serkiya are superduper. This is a brief preview of our teams and captains. See you in the spring for results.

Torontonian

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

IN WAR
BONDS

Funny Side Up

"CLIPS AND SNIPS"

An ordinary trip to a barber shop can often prove quite interesting, so say we.

The other evening we ventured into a clip joint for a trimming. For the price we paid we certainly did get trimmed! It was a ritzy barber shop... 6 barbers and no waiting... more than an hour, that is! How were we to know these barbers moved like a glacier of molasses?

As we entered the barber shop, the shoe-shine boy handed us a card with this inscription: "Do you want your barber to be quiet or talk? If so, please check what topic... girls, politics, sports or business." So, as we waited our turn we gazed around to see a guy in the end chair getting a shave. He must have weighed 375 lbs. F.O.B. (Fat Old Baby)! As a matter of fact, this guy was so fat the barber had to shift gears on his electric razor to get over his double chin!

In the meantime, one of the barbers finished with a customer and another one parked himself in the chair. "Haircut," he ordered. "Just a light trim." "Yes sir," said the barber. "But would you mind taking off your hat?" The patron turned around. "Why?" he countered. "What do you expect to see?" "Oh, nothing," said the barber. "But if you really want a haircut, would you mind taking your hat off first?" "Oh, I'm terribly sorry," apologized the customer as he looked around. "I didn't know there was a lady present!"

The customer removed his hat to show a beautiful head of skin! He was bald, save for one solitary stubborn hair that grew in the center of his head! He then sank back in the center of the chair. "Haircut," he said contentedly. The barber gulped. Then he shrugged and picked up his scissors. He was about to work on the single hair when he felt the customer's hand on his arm. With the scissors in mid-air, the barber paused. "Yes?" he murmured. The patron cleared his throat. "Don't spare the scissors," he advised. "I don't care to be running to the barber every week!" The barber raised his arm again when again he felt the customer's hand on his arm. "How much for a haircut?" inquired the customer. "75 cents," replied the barber. "And how much for a shave?" questioned the customer. "25 cents," reported the barber. "O. K.," said the customer, "Shave my head!"

In the chair next to the one-haired screwball was a guy we recognized as Horizontal Jones, a punchy fighter who won his last bout when milk was five cents a quart!

Program Arranged For Madison Square Garden Exhibit

The Ukrainian exhibit at the 21st annual Women's International Exposition to be held at Madison Square Garden in New York City, November 14-19 inclusive, will be open daily from 10 A.M. to 11 P.M., and will conclude Sunday late afternoon with a staged program and a forum.

The exhibit itself will feature various specimens of Ukrainian cultural life, including folk art, fine art, literature and music. It has been arranged by a committee headed by Miss Mildred Milanowicz, with Miss Olga Dmytriv assisting.

The staged program will be held Sunday, November 19, at 4:30, at a special program section of the Garden, adjoining the exhibit. It will be opened with the singing of the American Anthem by St. George's Ukrainian Catholic Choir under the direction of Mr. Theodore Onufryk; then an opening address by Miss Eva Piddubehyshyn, editor of the English section of "America"; several selections by the choir; an address by Mrs. Anette Kmets, chairlady of the committee conducting the exhibit; vocal selections by Olga Lepkova, operatic soprano; folk dances by the Dance Ukraine club led by Miss Anne Yollowega; address in Ukrainian by Mrs. Claudia Olesnicki, editor of "Our Life"; Ukrainian fashion show presented by models under the direction of Mrs. Mary Ann Herman; forum on the Ukrainian problem, at which the speakers will be Mrs. Mary Gambal, writer, Leon Dobryansky, of the New York University faculty, and Stephen Shumeyko, president of Ukrainian Congress Committee of America.

The barber was studying his bushy head of hair that hung practically to his shoulders like those soap box orators you see in Union Square! "Haircut and shave?" asked the barber politely. "No haircut," growled Horizontal. "Just a shave." The proprietor overhearing the conversation hurried over. "You fool," he whispered to the barber. "You should never ask that man if he wants a haircut. That's Horizontal Jones, the fighter." "Bu-but look at that crop of hair," he stammered. "That man certainly needs a haircut." The proprietor gritted his teeth. "Sure he needs a haircut," he admitted. "But if he gets one, what's he gonna use for a cushion when he hits the canvas?"

Don't stop us if you heard this one before, but have you heard about the two-faced phoney who walked into a barber shop and then had a fight with himself to see who was next?

BROMO SELTZER

Hint to Christmas Shoppers

THIS CHRISTMAS do you want to give the gift that IS DIFFERENT? Do you want to give your friends something UKRAINIAN? Such gifts are available at the UKRAINIAN BOOTH at the 21st ANNUAL WOMEN'S INTERNATIONAL EXPOSITION at MADISON SQUARE GARDEN from NOVEMBER 14th to 19th. Come and do your Christmas shopping there. Get your friend that Ukrainian LOCK, COMPACT, BAG, SOFA PILLOW, TRAY, ALBUM, or EMBROIDERED BLOUSE. Buy the gift for which you have been searching a long time.

"IGKO SWAT" A COMEDY BALL AND BALL

FOR THE BENEFIT OF ST. JOHN'S UKRAINIAN CATHOLIC CHURCH
NEWARK, N. J.

SATURDAY, NOV. 11, 1944

7:30 P. M.

to be held at

UKRAINIAN CENTER OF NEWARK, 180 WILLIAM STREET

Admission 90¢ (tax incl.)