



The Ukrainian Weekly

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

No. 9

NEW YORK and JERSEY CITY, SATURDAY, MARCH 3, 1945

VOL. XIII

A Share In Kindness

Nothing in life is more difficult for peace-loving people to bear than war with all its grim horror, its unending trail of sorrow, its disruption of homes and its utter waste of life and property. Yet the people of this nation are in the third year of the world's most horrible war.

Each day more blue stars on service flags turn to gold as this son, that brother or that father falls on a distant and unknown battle-field. Each day hundreds, or thousands, of men are carried back to hospitals with grievous wounds. Each is a member of some American family. Thousands, yes millions, of American men in uniform are tired beyond belief of battle, and homesick for home and family. Yet they know they must keep on.

There is no one of us but would give everything to lighten the burden of sorrowing families who have lost their men, or calm the fears of those whose men have been wounded. We would give all we could to ease the pain of the injured, or still the homesickness in those who must fight on.

As the American Red Cross opens its campaign for funds, we can do our share in lightening the burden of sorrow, in calming the fears, and in easing the pain of the wounded.

The American Red Cross was created just for that purpose and through its channels of Mercy we can do most for those who need our help.

The Red Cross is at the front keeping alive the atmosphere of home for the men who are fighting; the Red Cross is in the hospitals cheering the wounded and sending messages home to anxious and fearful relatives; the Red Cross is sending blood plasma and surgical dressings to save the lives of American youth; the Red Cross is here at home to aid and assist families in distress.

This is Your Red Cross and through it you can do your share in human kindness and blunt somewhat the horror that is War.

Wins Gold Leaves

Stephen Boluch, 25-year-old Ukrainian American pilot on an Eighth Air Force B-17 Flying Fortress, has been promoted from the rank of captain to major, it was announced by Col. Charles A. Dougher of Wilkes-Barre, Pa., commanding officer of the 94th Bomber group in England.

He is the husband of Mrs. Olga K. Boluch of 131 Boyden street, Woonsocket, R. I. Prior to enlisting in the Army Air Force he was a real estate agent.

A third oak leaf cluster to his air medal was recently awarded Major Boluch.

The Testament

By TARAS SHEVCHENKO

Translated by John Panchuk

When I die, bury me
High on a mound,
Above the broad prairie
In Ukraine ground;
That I may gaze upon
The rolling plain,
And Dnieper roaring on
In wild refrain.

There, vigil I will keep
O'er hill and plain
Until the tide shall sweep,
From out Ukraine,
Foemen's blood to the sea:
Then I will soar
To Him and pray devoutly,
But not before.

Bury me, and arise
'Gainst slavery;
With tyrant's blood baptize
Your Liberty.
And in the great family
Of mankind free,
Remember, sometimes, kindly
To speak of me.

GI Describes German School

A description of a German school he saw is contained in a recent letter written by Cpl. Bill Slobodian, son of Mr. and Mrs. Stephen Slobodian of Philadelphia. A member of U.N.A. Branch 105, of which his father, a U.N.A. Advisor, is secretary, Cpl. Bill wrote the letter to the Spotlight, published by the Simon Gratz High School in Philadelphia which he attended. As published there it reads as follows—

"I suppose you would be interested in the German school I saw recently. The building was quite modern, considering its being located in a small town. The desks were old-fashioned, each one seating two pupils. The equipment and charts were superb in the chemistry labs. It seems as though they believed in visual education, judging by the many charts and specimen boards of display.

"One chart was very interesting to me. It seems to trace the genealogy of the German race back to Stone Age. I imagine they believed the German cave man was considered the superman of his time. Judging by his Nazi contemporaries, the cave-man was superior in observing the rules of humanity.

"Their supply of athletic equipment appeared to be meagre. I did find some dummy models of the German hand grenade. I prefer to have American boys educated by Mr. Hinkle with a football and the American ideals of sportsmanship.

"The library was full of beautiful books with as much eye appeal on the cover as could be put on. They were new and shiny and did not appear to have been read much. Upon examining them, I found they were

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TO OSNOVIANENKO

By TARAS SHEVCHENKO

Translated by Marie S. Gambal

The rapids roar,
The moon has risen
As before...
Sitch is gone, and he
Who was the head of all
Is now no more.
There is no Sitch!
The rustling reeds
Ask of Dniepro:

"Where do our children roam?
Where is their new found home?"

The sea gulls weep
As if in grief
For their own kin.
The sun shines,
And out on the
Wide, wide Kozak steppe,
The wind blows,
The wind whines.

Out on the steppe
The barrows stand.
Sadly they rise
Out of the land,
Asking wild wind
About our men:

"Where have they gone?
Where do they reign,
Where do they dine?
Come back to us, o men!
Gaze upon the wheat,
The stalk is bent
Where once your
Horses grazed,
Where blood of Tatar
And of Liakh
Was one red sea.
Come back to us!"

"They won't come back!"

The blue sea moaned,
The blue sea groaned,

"They never will come back!"

"T is true, my blue,
"T is true, my sea!
Such is their fate!
And though we wait,
No freedom there,
And Cossack days
Will be no more.
Hetmans shall not arise
To gladden our eyes,
The scarlet zhupan
Shall never spread
O'er Ukraine again.
She walks the banks
Of Dnipro river,
A ragged orphan, alone,
In tears,
With no one heeding
Her grief, no one but foe,
And he but jeers.
Laugh, evil one!
Laugh not too often!
For all doth perish!
All but the glory,
And that alone
Men cherish.
Our glory shall
Speak for us,
To tell the world
Whose right it was,
Shall tell about
Our woes and wrongs,
Shall voice afar
Whose sons and daughters
We all are!

Our duma and our song
Shall not pass from earth...
That is our claim to fame,
That is the pride
Of our Ukraine!
Without gold,
Without stone,
Without clever talk,
True and mighty
Like the word of God!

Am I right, father otaman?
Do I sing the truth?
Oh, that I might know...
But what of it!
No knack have I.
And then—

All around the Moskal foe,
Strange men all about.
Perhaps you'll say:

"Courage, man!"
But even so, they'll jeer
Though my psalm
Be written in tears.

'T is hard to live
In midst of foes!
I might wage battle...
If I had strength.
I might sing a song...
If I had voice.

Such is my luck,
My good, old friend!
I make my way through snow,
And hum a quiet tune:
"Rustle not, o meadow!"
No more than that can I.
But you, my friend,
Your voice is fine,
As you well know,
And honored you are
Among men.

Sing for them, my dove.
About the Sitch
And barrows,
When each one
Has been put up,
Who was buried where.
Sing for them, my friend,
What strange doings
Went on there
Once upon a time.
Sing, father otaman,
That the whole wide world
Might hear about Ukraine!
The Kozak battles fought,
The valiant lives lost,
And all now gone in vain...

Give us a song, my grey eagle!
That once again I may
Find tears to weep,
That I may see
Once again my Ukraine!
That I may hear
The play of sea,
The maiden sing
Her love song under
The willow tree!
That once again
My heart may know
A smile in foreign land,
Before I lay me down
Into my grave
Among strange men!

Taras Shevchenko, Torchbearer of Ukraine

By DR. LUKE MYSHUHA

(1)

TO truly understand and judge fairly the Ukrainian national movement for freedom and democracy, one must first have some knowledge of Taras-Shevchenko, the great Ukrainian poet, patriot and martyr. For despite the fact that already 84 years have passed since his death and 131 years since his birth, Shevchenko is the spiritual leader of this centuries-old movement, and as such his authority is acknowledged by all Ukrainians, no matter to what party or group they belong.

Shevchenko, moreover, is the very embodiment of Ukrainian national hopes and aspirations. "It is not Shevchenko who speaks in these verses," wrote Mikola Kostomariw (1817-1885), a Ukrainian historian, "it is the Ukrainian people speaking through him." The same can be said of Shevchenko now. Everything Shevchenko said then, is equally applicable today.

This is due considerably to Shevchenko's clear understanding of his people, their faults, foibles and virtues. In this respect he was like Abraham Lincoln, whose "most marked characteristic was the accuracy with which he understood the American people." Like Lincoln, too, Shevchenko dreamed of the day when a new order would become established on this earth, when Christian ethics and morality would rule, and when the weak and downtrodden would be freed of brutal aggression and oppression.

Such a world order and with it a free Ukraine, Shevchenko realized, would come into being only upon the collapse of brutal force. For that reason he dedicated his life and unusually great poetic talent in a fight against systems of rule and government based on force.

The fight he waged was symbolical and characteristic of the struggle the Ukrainian people have been waging for centuries for their freedom and democracy.

On this account alone, this essay on Shevchenko need to be introduced with a picture of the times and conditions in Ukraine which provided the setting and the causes for the appearance of such a man as he.

Pre-Shevchenko Ukraine on Verge of Oblivion

Taras Shevchenko was born at a time (March 9, 1814) when it seemed that the Ukrainian nation itself, with its language, history, literature, art, political aspirations, was on the verge of oblivion.

Following the disastrous defeat at the Battle of Poltava (1709) of Ivan Mazepa, Hetman of Ukraine, by Peter I of Muscovy, Russian troops had gradually overrun and occupied all of the Ukrainian hetmandom. The Kozaks, symbols of the period of Ukrainian freedom, were gradually dispersed, many of them being sent to forced labor camps, especially to dig canals and build St. Petersburg, where from overwork and pestilence they perished like flies. The subjugation which Ukraine had to endure then is exemplified by the tsarist decree compelling the Ukrainian Church to anathematize Hetman Mazepa, he who throughout his entire lifetime had been its greatest patron.

In time the autonomous rights of the Ukrainian hetmandom were whittled away by the occupants to nothingness. Then, in 1764, the Hetman form of Ukrainian government was completely abolished. This act was tantamount to the complete liquidation of Ukrainian national independence. Finally, in 1775, Tsarina Catherine II dispatched an army to destroy the famed Zaporozhian Sitch, the last remaining bulwark of Ukrainian liberties and democracy. Her order was executed at a time, as we can see, when upon the American continent there were arising into full and active life those principles upon which freedom and democracy are founded and upon which free Ukraine had existed.

In 1785 the administrative order in Ukraine was altered to conform with that of Russia. The last islands of Ukrainian Kozak resistance were wiped out by imprisonments, executions and banishment to Siberia. The less recalcitrant Kozaks were won over by the Russians by endowing them with titles and property, and, in some cases, with outright bribes of money. Meanwhile, to keep the Ukrainian peasants well in hand, the yoke of feudal serfdom was foisted upon them.

Ukrainian cultural life also was stifled. Its leaders were either cajoled or forced to emigrate to Russia proper, where like their prede-

cessors, such as Ehiphany Slavinetsky, Stepen Yavorsky, and Theofan Prokopovich—who, however, had emigrated there voluntarily—they made valuable contributions to Russian religious and cultural development. What remained of scholastic activity in Ukraine became subjected to a rigorous Russification. The same was done with the Ukrainian Church. Religious books had to conform strictly with those of Muscovy; otherwise they were not allowed to be printed. Services and sermons in Ukrainian churches had to adhere to Russian language forms.

As for the widely popular Ukrainian books on secular subjects, they had been banned as early as 1720. Some idea of how strictly this censorship of the Ukrainian printed word was applied then, can be gained from the fact that in 1724 the Archimandrite of the Pecherska Lavra was fined 1,000 "karbovantsi" for having allowed the printing in his monastery of a religious book which was "entirely unlike a Russian one." During the reign of Paul I, it was even forbidden in Ukraine to build churches with three cupolas, for they were considered to be Ukrainian in style. In a word, every possible effort was made by the Russian government to denationalize and Russify Ukraine, or, as Catherine II expressed it, "to uproot the immoral idea that they [Ukrainians] are a nation completely different from ours [Russian]."

Shevchenko's Spiritual Predecessors

Despite the great decline Ukraine underwent as a result of the denationalizing policies of her Russian rulers, the spirit of Kozakdom, especially of the time of Khmelnitsky, continued to flame in the hearts and minds of the Ukrainian people and no amount of Tsarist repression could put it out. It was further fanned by the Kozak chronicles that began to appear at that time, telling of the Kozak past and glory. Since their publication was forbidden, their manuscripts were circulated from hand to hand among the intellectual classes.

In one such chronicle the writer, Samiylo Velichko (1690-1728), recounts how he visited the scenes of Kozak battles and victories and how he saw on their fields "many human bones." That they were of Ukrainian Kozaks, he had no doubt; and he grieved that the people themselves were forgetting about "our famous ancestors."

The most widely read book of that time, however, was the "History of Rus'," published in the 1760's, which Taras Shevchenko later read. Its author was Gregory Poletika, a highly enlightened and progressive man for those days when Tsarist policies were transforming the formerly free Ukrainian lands into mere Russian provinces. Poletika's work constituted an unusually bold protest against Russian suppression of Ukrainian "ancient rights." It was a severe condemnation of the oppressors and a defense of the oppressed and exploited, according to the finest democratic traditions. The truly significant feature of this book is that it appeared at a time when the Ukrainian state no longer existed, when Ukraine had ceased to be a political factor in Eastern Europe. Still it did not hesitate to clearly differentiate between the Ukrainians and the Russians and to stress that the Ukrainians went into an alliance (Pereyaslav, 1654) with Muscovy "as equals with equals, the free with the free." Moreover, in it Poletika quotes Hetman Polubotok as having said the following to the almighty Peter I when he was languishing in a Russian prison: "When blood spilled on this earth will cry out for revenge, then terrible indeed will be the revenge of the Ukrainian people for all the rivers of blood that have been spilled from the time of Hetman Nalevayko to the present time, simply because the Ukrainians have sought freedom and a better life in their own native land." Poletika also quoted Polubotok as saying to Tsar, Peter: "In defense of my fatherland, I fear neither the chains nor the prison, and I prefer to die most miserably rather than to further witness the destruction of my countrymen." Worth noting here is that these words accredited to Polubotok were usually inscribed on his portraits of that period in Ukraine.

In portraying the plight of Ukraine, Poletika does not fail to mention the Russian persecution of the Mazepists, i.e. those who were suspected of having aided Hetman Mazepa's abortive revolt to establish a free Ukraine. They were tortured on the wheel, quartered, split on



TARAS SHEVCHENKO

(a self-portrait)

March 9, 1814 — March 10, 1861

a stake, and hung, "The knout is no angel," says a Russian proverb of that period, "and it will not save the soul, but it certainly will reveal the truth." And so the torturers of the Mazepists used such third degree methods as "whips, knouts, and white-hot irons which they drew over the body of the victim, causing the flesh on him to boil, fry and smoke."

In this manner the author of the History of Rus' attempted to explain why Ukrainian national life had been stilled then and how its leading and most idealistic elements had been destroyed. That the book was not without its political effect can be seen in the fact that leading Ukrainian families of that period began to send missions to Western European countries in an attempt to acquaint them with the desperate plight of the Ukrainians, and of their struggle for national freedom. Among such missions, for example, was that of Vasile Kapnist in 1791.

Aside from Poletika, Ukraine produced at that time another man whose influence Shevchenko was to feel. That was Gregory Skovoroda (1722-1794), the "philosopher monk in the world," who after being a professor at theological schools in Ukraine spent the remaining twenty five years of his life wandering about the countryside, visiting both the poor and the rich, and discoursing with them on his ideas on life. His sympathies were constantly for the common man and he roundly condemned the arrogant attitude of the "pale-skinned," as he called the idle rich, toward the work-begrimed "black-skinned" common folk.

"The idea of the rich," he wrote, "that the common people are black-skinned is as ridiculous as the idea of some philosophers that the earth is dead. How can a dead mother give birth to live children? And how from the loins of the lowly black-skinned could the white-skinned spring into being. They say that the common folk are asleep. Let them sleep, and soundly, like the rich. But bear in mind that every sleep must have an awakening, and he who sleeps is not dead, is not a corpse. When he has had his sleep he will awaken, when he has had his dreams he will come back to realities and with greater courage."

Such teachings did not go to waste. They strengthened in many a love for the homeland and caused them to come to the defense of the downtrodden masses and to condemn those parasites "who gain estates for themselves at the expense of their country."

Bound closely to Skovoroda was Ivan Kotlyarevsky (1769-1837), father of modern Ukrainian literature. It was he who popularized as a literary medium the vernacular of the common people, beginning (1798) with his famous travesty of Virgil's Aeneid. At the time of its appearance fashionable writing in Ukraine was mostly either in Russian or French. The vernacular was just good for a laugh at comic sketches ridiculing the peasant. They laughed at it, too, when they read Kotlyarevsky's travesty, but that laugh died aborning when they came to passages in it reminding them of Ukraine's heroic past and glories. Long dormant hopes flickered in their hearts when they read that "where a heroic spirit flames the might of the foe cannot last for long." And those whose ancestors were Kozaks could not help but be stirred when Kotlyarevsky called upon them in the words of the old Kozak phrase—"when the common good is at stake, forsake even your father and mother and run to do your duty."

(To be continued)

Red Shoes

By TARAS SHEVCHENKO

Had I a pair of pretty shoes,
To the dances I would go...
Unhappy am I!
Since I have no shoes at all,
I cannot heed the players' call,
Bitter grief is mine!

Barefoot through the fields I'll roam,
Searching for my fate I'll go
Darling Fate o' mine!
Cast a glance at my dark eyes,
Luck o' mine so unkind,
Sorrow is mine!

Girls are dancing, girls are glad,
Wearing pretty shoes of red,
All alone I pine!
Without riches, without love,
Dark brows and eyes though I have
Serfdom is mine!

Translated by Marie Gambal

Kobzar

By TARAS SHEVCHENKO

It was there...
A precious living thing,
Locked in a cage,
Mute and voiceless
Through the age.

With little key
Of black on white
You unlocked the door,
And foe asked:
"Can that be
That khakhol
Has learned to see?
Has vision caused
To untie his tongue
And made him speak?"

They jeered,
Then turned to you,
In polished words
They flattered
And cajoled,
That you should
Sing for them
As other did.

"T is very well,
And it is beautiful,"
They said
"But why,
Why not speak to us?
Why resurrect the dead?"

Bard of Ukraine!
You told them why!
And then you turned to us,
And chose the word
Of peasant in the hut,
And it grew beautiful
And sweet and grand,
Like chords of all
The voices of our land!

You spoke with tenderness
Of one who knows
The softness of the soil.
Of one who feels the pain
Of creatures weak,
Of one who knows
The speech of nature's tongue,
In laughter, tears
You struck at foes,
You smote with words
That were like edge
Of pointed sword!
Word upon word,
Page on page,
You brought back
With glowing pen
Remembrance of days
Men said never
Were to be again.

You are the voice
That winds its way
Through each deed of ours.
In memory today,
Across the steppe
And hill and vale,
Across the sea,
Here, too—
We seek new strength,
Upon the words
Of your Kobzar
We build new wisdom
To go on!

The 100th Anniversary of Shevchenko's "Testament"

By HONORE EWACH

THE greatest year in Taras Shevchenko's life was 1845 when he wrote his memorable "Testament" and attained the zenith of his poetic creative genius. What Shevchenko wrote in that year would have made any poet great. Within the space of seven preceding years, from 1838 to 1845, Shevchenko developed into the greatest Ukrainian poet. He was still young in 1845, but thirty-one years old, in the prime of his manhood, and yet as a poet he was at the very height of his development and creative powers. He wrote some very fine poems afterwards, but nothing as great and as important as the poems of 1845. In fact, if we had only the poems that he wrote after 1845 we could hardly place Shevchenko among the greatest poets of the world.

What appeared in Shevchenko's "Kobzar" of 1840 was pure gold. There is nothing artificial or bizarre in Shevchenko's first poems. They came right from his heart. They are just like the songs of birds, spontaneous and beautiful. Such are his lyrical verses and such poems as "Katerina," "Topolya," "Tarasova Nich," "Ivan Pidkova," and others. A year later Shevchenko turned into a live volcano. In 1841 he wrote his longest poem—"Haydamaki." It is really volcanic in its power, and yet it is not Shevchenko's greatest poem. Generally it is good, but it also has some weak spots, such as its composition, which is not well planned. A year later Shevchenko wrote a marvelous historical poem about the Kozaks' raid on Turkey—"Hamaliya," which is one of the finest gems of Ukrainian poetry. But for some reason or other Shevchenko was, as a poet, mute for two years. Perhaps he was then too busy with his studies at the Academy of Fine Arts in St. Petersburg.

Shevchenko's poetic fervor began to rise again after his short visit to Ukraine during the summer of 1843. He sheds bitter tears of disappointment in his two short poems of that period—"Rozrita Mohila" and "Chihirin." Shevchenko's next poem, "Sova," cannot be placed among his greatest. However, he rises to great poetic heights in his poem "Son" which was written in July, 1844. Prophet-like he accuses the Russian tsars in fiery words of perfidy and persecution of his native land—Ukraine.

At His Best in 1845

It was at the beginning of October, 1845, that Shevchenko's poetic genius attained white heat. Between the 10th of that month and December 25th he wrote in quick succession the following poems: "Yeretik," "Nevolnik," "Velikiy Lyokh," "Naymichka," "Kavkaz," "Poslannya," "Kholodniy Yar," and re-sung ten of David's psalms. Finally, on December 25th, he wrote his famous "Testament." By then Taras Shevchenko felt so exhausted that he was sure that his own end was at hand.

What Shevchenko wrote in 1846—"Rusalka," "Lileya," and "Veedma"—does not add much to his poetic fame. "Veedma" especially showed that the poet's creative power was already on the decline.

Shevchenko's poetic genius re-awakened when he was arrested and imprisoned in April, 1845, for belonging to the secret Ukrainian organization—the Brotherhood of SS. Cyril and Methodius. He wrote some of his finest lyrics while a political prisoner in St. Petersburg. In general Shevchenko wrote fine poetry between 1847 and 1850. But there is nothing in that poetry that is greater than what he wrote in 1845. Then followed a seven-year old silence when Shevchenko was under strict

A Survey of Ukrainian History for Young People

(Continued)

Method of Punishing Thieves

AMONG the new laws introduced by Volodimir to supplant old customs, was one pertaining to punishment of thieves. Up to that time it was customary to punish them with death. The new law, however, provided that punishment should consist only of a heavy fine.

The promulgation of this law was soon followed by a wave of thievery throughout the country. When this fact was brought to the attention of Volodimir, with the plea that the death penalty be re-established, he refused to make any change, saying that the death penalty was sinful. Nevertheless he later did bring back the original penalty into life again, only to finally abolish it and re-introduce the fines because the revenue from the latter was needed for carrying on his wars.

Kindness to Soldiers

Volodimir was very popular among his soldiers. The ancient chronicler writes that at one time the soldiers began to complain to their sovereign that things were going badly with them, "for we have to eat with wooden spoons and not those made of silver." The complaint did not go unheeded, for Volodimir immediately ordered that silver spoons be made for use of his warriors. "Though silver and gold may not bring me good soldiers, yet good soldiers will bring me silver and gold," he remarked.

Entertainments for the Populace

Volodimir retained his popularity with his people by arranging for them from time to time, especially on certain holidays, great feasts, which were attended by masses of people, drawn from all walks of life. Every variety of food and drink was served to them. Where a person was too sick to come, food was sent to him. Such feasts often lasted several days, and proved so popular that songs were written about them. In thankfulness to Volodimir for them, the people called him "the bright sun."

Volodimir's Death

Volodimir died at a very inopportune time, when his will and spirit was still needed to complete the union of the Ukrainian kingdom of Kiev. His efforts to bring about such unity by supplanting the governors of various provinces of the country with his own sons, proved to be not at all as efficacious as he had expected, for some of the sons did not prove faithful to the trust their father had placed in them. Sviatopolk especially was guilty in this respect, entering into highly suspicious relations with

surveillance and forbidden to write and paint. During that period he wrote a few stories in Russian which are of interest to scholars, but have just a mediocre literary value. When Shevchenko was given freedom in 1857 he began to write poetry again but his poetry of that post-prison period is not as spontaneous, as natural and easy as it was in first period—between 1838 and 1845. Some of his long poems of the post-prison period are clogged up with very heavy expressions. To such poems belong especially his "Mariya" and "Neofiti."

In short, a thorough analysis of Shevchenko's poetry shows that Shevchenko was at the zenith of his poetic creative genius in 1845, at the age of thirty-one.

the Poles, so that Volodimir was forced to remove him from his post and put him into prison together with some of his confederates, as told in previous installments of this account. Another son, Yaroslav, governing the Novhorod province, refused for a time to pay taxes to Kiev, as had been the custom for a long while before this. Volodimir became so angered by this insubordination that he began to prepare a punitive expedition against Yaroslav. Just then another Pecheneh invasion swept over lower Ukraine, and Volodimir had to turn his attention to it, dispatching his youngest son, Boris, against them.

It was at this juncture that Volodimir the Great died, July 15, 1015.

For awhile the boyars, the nobles, kept news of their king's death secret. Apparently it was because they did not relish having his eldest son Sviatopolk assume the throne, as he was entitled to by right of seniority. They preferred that the throne be occupied by one of the younger sons, such as Boris, who was away warring against the Pechenehs.

The Funeral

The funeral of Volodimir was accompanied by many of the ceremonies that had been observed by his pagan ancestors. For some reason or other, it was not deemed proper to carry his body to church, so a whole section of the second story room in which it lay was removed, and the body lowered by ropes through the opening to a sleigh below. There it was wrapped up in typically Ukrainian rugs ("kilims"), and though it was midsummer day, the body was drawn in a sleigh through the streets to the Tithe Church, built by the deceased during his lifetime. Volodimir was buried in the center of the church, alongside the tomb of his wife, who had died four years before.

During the destruction of Kiev by Tartars in 1240, the Tithe Church was destroyed too, and the royal tomb was lost in the ruins. Not until 1635 was it uncovered, by the famous Ukrainian church leader, Peter Mohela. Different parts of Volodimir's earthly remains repose in various places: the head, for example, is in Pecherska Lavra. In the 13th century, Volodimir began to be regarded as a saint.

And thus passed away Volodimir the Great, one of the greatest Ukrainians of all times; a pagan who became Christian in the truest sense of the word; a prince who became monarch of a Ukrainian state which extended from the Carpathians to the Caucasus, from the Black Sea to the Volga, and thence westwards to somewhere near the Neva; with Kiev rapidly attaining its apex as one of the wealthiest and most cultured cities in Europe, communicating with the West on equal terms in art, literature and commerce.

Tall Story Department

A department store elevator operator blinked and wondered who had spiked his glass of beer at lunch, but a second look confirmed the impossible. Walking up to his elevator was a horse, led by a man.

Recovering, the operator barked, "You can't bring that horse in here—get out before I call a cop."

"Oh, please," begged the man. "I've just got to take him in the elevator."

"Oh, you've got to take him up in the elevator—would it be asking too much to know why?"

"Because," replied the man, "he always gets sick if I take him on the escalator."

The Hospital Train

THE train stands on the siding—empty, waiting. It is sixteen cars long: the engine, a few Pullmans, a kitchen car—but each of the rest is a new type, marked with a large red cross and bearing the legend "United States Army, Medical Department, Hospital Ward Car."

The train is waiting. Presently the loading will begin. This train will carry a precious cargo.

From nearby Stark General Hospital, in South Carolina, the ambulances arrive, one after the other, in apparently unending file—a moving ribbon winding through the Carolina countryside. They draw up beside the train, pause briefly, and start off again. The line flows steadily.

During that brief moment of arrested motion, the ambulance has discharged its contents. Four husky corpsmen leap to the rear door, swing the first litter out, then high above their shoulders to the open sliding door of the ward car, where waiting hands are ready to receive it. The next litter follows seemingly in flight through the air, so fast does it move. But if you watch closely you will see that, as it is set down, it moves slowly and gently the last few inches of the trip and touches the floor without the slightest jolt. These are experienced hands.

The third litter follows; then the fourth. The ambulance doors slam shut. It starts ahead, and is succeeded by another. The whole procedure—four litters from ambulance into train—has taken exactly one minute.

Inside, the train has come to life. Nurses and corpsmen are settling the patients and making them comfortable. The ward car is just that: a hospital ward on wheels. Two tiers of berths run the length of the car on either side of the wide aisle. Beside each berth, in brackets on the wall, is an ash tray and a glass of water.

Infectious Excitement

It is warm, comfortable. But now there is more than mere provisions for physical comfort. There is a warmth of spirit, an infectious excitement, almost gaiety. Thirty-two blue-pajama-clad figures, with bandaged limbs encased in plaster casts, limbs in traction, limbs secured and bound stiffly at rakish angles, as a movie of an athlete suddenly stopped in mid-motion; and all too frequently, missing limbs.

Thirty-two blue-pajama-clad figures, and thirty-two grinning faces. These lads smile. They've been down for the long count, but they come up smiling.

The train starts. A stir of excitement goes through the car. Outside, the commonplace features, the simple realities of the American scene, pass in review. The usual things you see every day: billboards, neon signs, gas stations. But for these boys this pageant of the ordinary is no less than fabulous. This is their first glimpse of America, of home. To their eyes, newly awakened and undimmed by surfeit, it is sheer magic.

"Hamburgers!" Look at that neon sign, it says 'Hamburgers'!"

"Boy, look at that! A gas station!"

"Billboards! Lookit—'Beer'!"

More revelations when chow time comes. Army efficiency, assembly-line service. Passing through the car is a KP with trays, one for each patient. Next, another with napkins and silverware, then cups, then bread, followed by butter. Fast and systematic; a man for each item on the menu. So much for the preliminaries, all distributed in nothing flat.

Now for the real stuff. The second file of men passes through, each with a great vessel the size of a washtub, some of them sizzling and steaming, giving off the aromas of heaven.

No. 1 man, breaded pork chops. (Go on, take two if you like!) No 2 man, mashed potatoes. (No. 3 man,

gravy.) No. 4 man, asparagus tips. No. 5 man, green salad and fresh tomatoes. No. 6, ice cream; No. 7, cookies; No. 8, coffee. (No. 9, cream; 10, sugar.)

Chow

The cooks and KP's in the kitchen car have done themselves proud. No medals for this. But the reward is all there in delighted raucous approval, eloquent silence of shining eyes, and blissful, faraway expression. Still the war is close to these men, and chow such as this evokes memories of other chows and other places.

"Wonder what the boys around Aachen are eating tonight?"

"Boy, wouldn't we have given something for this then."

Then a little nostalgically:

"Wonder how the old outfit is, anyway."

Some manage the business of knives, forks, and spoons with difficulty. A nurse cuts the meat for a lad with his arm in a heavy cast. A stalwart paratrooper, from Staten Island, his left arm held high and rigid before him, manages alone, however. A little Puerto Rican, lying flat and immobile—paralyzed—is fed each mouthful by a corpsman. There is hurt in his shining black eyes, but he eats with good appetite.

After dinner, an air of contented well-being settles over the car, amid the blue haze of cigarette smoke. But quiet does not reign long. A Red worker starts a game, a race, with the track spread out on the floor of the aisle, the "horses" advancing as each throw of the dice indicates. It is a game the whole car can join in. They do, and before long, shouts of encouragement and derision are ringing throughout the length of the car. Eager faces peer down from the upper tier, and cumbersome casts for the moment are forgotten.

The nurses join in the game and exchange wisecracks with the men. This car, with its cargo of the maimed, is cheerful, gay—heartbreakingly so. Joining in a game, changing a dressing, giving a cooling backrub, the nurse has a smile and a cheerful word for everyone. Her success is measured not only by the statistics and the records of recovery; it is written on every face here tonight.

These men—who are they? Our men, men from everywhere, men from your home town. America's sons. Who are they? An infantryman from Long Island, veteran of Tunisia, Sicily, Normandy; torpedoed off the coast of Africa, caught by mortar fire in France. A West Virginian who got it—artillery fragments—at St. Lo, but only after knocking out an enemy machine-gun nest. A Marylander with wounds in the leg, thigh, and stomach, received while "moving up," in France. A dark-haired lad from upstate New York in a cast from chest to toes, the work of a German 88 not far from Paris.

Our men. Four out of tens of thousands. More—many more—to come.

Now the lights are out. There is the sound of low, regular breathing. The car is asleep, at peace, insofar as these can ever be at peace. A light glows softly at the end of the car, where the nurse sits and keeps her vigil. A light in the darkness, symbol of life, of hope, and the promise of a tomorrow—the Army nurse is there.

In the morning the last night's performance is repeated. Like a swarm of benevolent locusts the cooks and KP's descend on the car and sweep through it. Their reception is an exceedingly vocal one.

Oranges, eggs, sausage, bread and butter, milk, coffee. The menu is for these men a recurrent miracle. Milk. Real milk, cool and creamy. Not milk-powder. Oranges. Real oranges. And eggs. Real eggs with shells. Eggs boiled in their own shells. Eggs that obviously bear some rela-

Recreation Behind Lines Helps Soldiers Forget War Horrors

A rodeo on Italian shores was a far cry from the Rockies, but then—so was many an American boy in the Army. Home seemed nearer Rome and Army mules more like buckin' broncos when 60,000 Americans crowded around an arena, cheered the GI cowpunchers and mobbed the "hot dog" stands.

The Western rodeo staged by the Red Cross club at Foggia, Italy, a few months ago, had a bearded Buffalo Bill and a singing Calamity Jane. Clowning GIs held a chariot race in Italian farm carts, with crepe paper plumes on their regulation helmets. Standing up in the drivers' seats, they drove their frenzied steeds in true Roman style.

Entertainment for the armed forces was part of Red Cross operation with the Army and Navy in Italy, from the time of the Anzio beachhead landing. Red Cross workers opened clubs under shellfire, moved and shifted about on short notice and taken care of emergencies due to troop movement.

Italian Civilians Help

Italian citizens took an enthusiastic part in the clubs. Local circus troops gave quaint curbside shows. In Porto Vecchio, the town band moved in front of a Red Cross club and with a rolling of drums, burned the figures of Hitler, Mussolini and Tojo in effigy over a fire of pine cones. American soldiers who gathered outside, answered this evidence of patriotism to the Allies with a chorus of "I'll Be Glad When You're Dead, You Rascal You!"

"Sometimes," stated a Red Cross club director, "we had difficulty in explaining the appropriate music to play for an occasion to our orchestra leader, who was also the mayor of the village. We had arranged for the wedding of a soldier and enlisted WAC in our club. The band maestro wished to conclude the ceremony with a rendition of the Star Spangled Banner. To prevent the bride and bridegroom from being frozen to "attention" at the crucial moment, I told them to play anything but the national anthem."

"When the Chaplain gave his blessing to the newly-wedded pair, they turned away to the tune of "Roll Out the Barrel!"

"Swap night" at Red Cross centers brought souvenir collectors and horse-trading addicts who had the evening as theirs to trade knives for cameos, figurines for German helmets.

Soldiers Entertained Orphans

Knowing well the GIs' fondness for children, one Red Cross staff arranged a "kid" party at which each man was given a child to entertain during an afternoon. Children from a local orphanage were invited. Four hundred came. With two on each hand, several hundred pleased boys

shorter. Cars are dropped off at various points along the way. The choice of that destination is governed by primary considerations. First of all, to send each man to the Army General Hospital which is nearest his home. Secondly, and taking precedence over the first if necessary, to send him to that hospital which is best equipped to help him with his own particular medical problem.

Stories

All of this produces a flood of stories. Stories of the omnipresent egg powder scrambled eggs. Eggs bartered from the Arabs in North Africa, or bought from Italian peasants. That chicken we managed to lay our hands on by—well, no need to go into the details. Or that Normandy pig, a casualty of battle, who ended an honorable career by becoming roast pork for group of hungry GIs around a fire. Food, wine, flowers—and kisses—from an ecstatically welcoming populace. Every one has a story.

A few orange peels, a few egg shells are all that is left when the KP's return to clear the debris of breakfast.

As it speeds north the train gets

held their own in Italo-American patter, wiped noses and fed them ice cream by the spoonful.

In Rome, large colonies of resident Americans and Italians of high-class families, opened their homes to Americans, in addition to attending the Red Cross dances.

Ingenuity in planning caused the Red Cross field director at an air station to install a Red Cross bakery in the dayroom. Staffed with girls workers, the snack bar was lined with transient colonels and privates munching doughnuts en route to their airfields, listening to news broadcasts over the loud speaker.

Collapsible "County Fair" equipment that could be transported by plane from field, was set up in forty-five minutes by recreation workers. A night's entertainment with a "Pillar of Strength," grip test machines and target-throwing culminated in a quick photo booth with a Varga girl as the alluring backdrop.

Working with talented GIs who carpenter, paint and decorate skillfully, Red Cross workers in service clubs, leave centers and rest homes for the war-weary, used imagination and ingenuity as their tools in a country that has been bombed and bled. Towns, villages and cities in every theatre of war became "Americanized" quickly for fighting men when the Red Cross moved in.

Double Barreled

Wife: I had to marry you to find out how stupid you were.

Husband: You should have known that when I asked you.

Wins Bronze Star Medal

T5/G John L. Kostrubiak, son of Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Kostrubiak, Forty Foot Rd., Landsdale, Pa., members of U.N.A. Branch 324, was recently awarded a Bronze Star Medal for heroic achievement.

The citation read:

"T5/G John L. Kostrubiak, 552nd Engineers Heavy Pontoon Battalion, U. S. Army, for heroic achievement in action against the enemy on 16 September 1944 in Belgium. T5/G Kostrubiak, with great personal courage, voluntarily made 20 separate trips to guide vehicles carrying vital supplies and equipment along a road dominated by enemy artillery and small arms fire, to the construction site of a pontoon bridge. By his fearless devotion to duty and valor, T5/G Kostrubiak reflected credit upon himself and the military service."

T5/G Kostrubiak entered military service on December, 21, 1942, and has been overseas for the past year. His brother, Sgt. Michael, is with Signal Corps in Belgium, and William Jr. is serving with the U.S. Navy in Bainbridge, Md.

DONALD AGGER

How I Compiled the Annual All-Ukrainian College Football Teams

By ALEXANDER YAREMKO

SEVERAL readers have inquired in the past how I go about in compiling an All-Ukrainian College Football Team. Now that I have succeeded in assembling such an aggregation for ten consecutive years, it is perhaps appropriate that on this tenth anniversary I celebrate by "divulging the secret for posterity." With a desire to "retire," here then is the "formula" or procedure suggested for some enterprising younger Ukrainian American who may secretly relish the hobby.

But to be a successful compiler, it is important that the aspirant first understand football or have played himself in scholastic or collegiate ranks (I played halfback in high school). Secondly, he should be a good correspondent, preferably a typist. Finally, he should be interested in things Ukrainian and familiar with Ukrainian names. These are basic qualifications.

During September and October, scan the college football lineups, and look for names that sound Ukrainian. If you spot one or two or three, cut out that clipping, encircle the name and put it in an envelope. In addition to your local Sunday newspaper, buy the New York Times, the Philadelphia Inquirer, San Francisco Chronicle, New Orleans Picayune, St. Louis Post-Despatch and other sectional papers from cities like Denver, Houston, Atlanta, Boston, Chicago, Detroit, Cleveland and Pittsburgh. These far-off papers carry line-ups of their small nearby colleges which are also attended by Ukrainians.

Writing to the Players

Early in November start writing letters (type them if you can) to these players whose names sound Ukrainian. Address the letters to them personally, in care of the school (for school addresses consult the Annual Football Magazine on sale at news stands). The letter can be worded like this: "It would be appreciated very much if you would please inform the writer whether or not you are of Ukrainian descent. This confirmation of your ancestry is necessary to determine your eligibility for consideration and placement on the annual Ukrainian All-American College Football Team which will shortly be published. In the event your parents are Ukrainian, please furnish the following data about yourself: (1) Full Name, (2) Home Town, (3) Class in School, and (4) Positions Played."

You'll find out that most of them will reply within a week. Many of them will thank you for the "honor" of being considered while some will write at length about their past football experience. Invariably all of them will request a copy of the paper which will publish the line-up. In the event no reply is received from a player, you can either write to him again, or to the Registrar of the School, inquiring about his parentage. In cases where the player says he is "Half-Uke" and doesn't object to being placed on an All-Ukrainian team, he can be declared as eligible, particularly if he is a star player and you need him to fill a position on the team. After contacting about thirty or forty prospects, chances are you will have a man for every post.

If you are fortunate in having several candidates for each post, go to the Public Library, get out several past issues of those sectional newspapers and compare the players as to performance according to what the sports writers wrote about their deeds. Yes, this will take plenty of time. Selecting the best man for each position is the toughest part of this whole job. But an honest appraisal demands your time so give it all you

can in your comparative study. It is customary to put on your first team those who were regulars (on the starting lineup week after week) of their respective teams, and eliminating the subs. It is also well to remember that unless a player is outstanding, a sub on a major college team may be better than a regular on a small college team where competition for posts are limited. All these factors should be taken into consideration before a final decision is reached. But once you have made your selection as to who is to be on the first team and who are to be the substitutes, compile your line-up write an article about the team, giving a few words on each man's ability or reasons why he was named to a post in preference to another player. (The A.P., U.P., and other "All" teams can give you an idea what phraseology to use in the write-up).

Publishing the Line-up

Type several copies of your line-up and article. Mail them to all the Ukrainian newspapers for publication and ask them to send you about fifteen copies of that issue so that you can in turn mail one of each to every player listed as a token of your appreciation for their cooperation and a clipping for their athletic scrapbook. You can also send the lineup (exclude the articles) to your local newspaper, the college registrars and other sources who may in turn republish your line-up in their publications. This is good publicity for the Ukrainians and dispels erroneous conclusions that certain star athletes are "Poles" or "Russians." This is important so mail all you can. And you'll get a kick out of seeing your Ukrainian All-American Football Team line-up published in such far-off papers as the San Francisco Chronicle, Pittsburgh Post-Gazette, New Orleans Picayune and others as this writer experienced.

So, you can see it takes time, thought, perseverance, research and some money to compile an All-Ukrainian team. No one will reimburse or compliment you for your efforts in revealing and publicizing athletes as being of Ukrainian descent. You should not expect this. But you can have the satisfaction of doing something "different" in the way of a hobby which is also good experience for any young man. Why not try it next fall? It's a test of your ability in the field of research and publicity. So, if anyone is willing to take over and carry on, yours truly will willingly retire and donate his past records on former Ukrainian college football stars to a sincere applicant who would resolve to perpetuate these annual compilations of an exclusive Ukrainian All-American College Football Team.

CPL. BILL SLOBODIAN

(Concluded from page 1)

all about the Nazi party and its war machine. Even some of the travelogues were full of "Deutsches" in South America, and the German Bunds in the U. S. A. After the war is over, Germany may claim to be a peace-loving nation with no global designs. But I'll just remember the maps I saw in text-books of German children, or Geo-politics. I wonder how a German child would react to Tom Sawyer or Huck Finn instead of glorious stories of the 'Wermacht'."

Carrying Analogy Too Far

Minister (at a funeral): Friends, all that remains here is the shell—the nut has gone.

FOR VICTORY BUY BONDS

"New Leader" Reviews Chamberlin's Book

IN its February 17, 1945 number the New Leader liberal-labor weekly published in New York featured a review of William Henry Chamberlin's "The Ukraine: A Submerged Nation," by Leon Edden and entitled "Conservation of a People." Its text follows:—

William Henry Chamberlin, one of our most consistent champions of the small nations of Europe, has written a concise and objective history of the Ukraine which should do much to bring its sad fate to the attention of democratic Americans. Based on painstaking research, *The Ukraine: A Submerged Nation* is also an eloquent plea on behalf of forty million Ukrainians, the most numerous people in Europe, as Mr. Chamberlin puts it, who are today "without a sovereign state form of organization."

One of the most fertile areas in Europe, inhabited by a sturdy race passionately attached to the soil, the Ukraine has long been a battleground of rival powers. Centuries of sadness and oppression throb in the folklore, songs and literature of the Ukrainian people.

During their long subjugation the Ukrainians fought courageously and doggedly for their land and freedom. Perhaps the most turbulent and hopeful period in the history of this submerged nation was the 1640's when Hetman Bogdan Khmelnytsky, leader of the military fraternity of freedom-loving Ukrainian Cossacks (*Zaporozhska Sich*) revolted against Polish domination and by the treaty of 1649 achieved a large measure of self-government for his people. It was Hetman Khmelnytsky who first practiced extensively the ancient Ukrainian policy of the scorched earth. Although Mr. Chamberlin passes over the question, modern historians cannot as yet agree whether Khmelnytsky was a bandit, a liberator or both. In his fight for freedom he murdered defenseless Jews and Poles, set fire to whole villages and pillaged ruthlessly the inhabitants of the country.

The revolt of Hetman Ivan Mazepa against Peter the Great in 1709 (remembered largely in the West because of the epic poem Byron wrote about him) was the last major attempt of the Ukrainians to regain their independence. From 1750 on, Ukrainian independence lived merely in the hearts of its rebels and in the songs of its great bards.

In later years those Ukrainians who lived in Galicia and in those parts of the Ukraine that were under the rule of the Austro-Hungarian empire received some measure of political, and more especially cultural, autonomy. The vast majority of the Ukrainian people who lived under the Tsars were brutally oppressed. The Tsarist attitude towards Ukrainian independence was expressed with typical Muscovite brutality by Count Valuyev, Russian Minister of Interior, when he declared in 1863:

"There never has existed, there does not exist, and there can never exist a Little Russian language and nationality."

The fact is, however, that even though during the past ten centuries the Ukrainian people have undergone a multitude of severe trials, they nevertheless have been able to conserve a large part of their territorial, ethnographic and cultural identity. As Chamberlin points out, "There is a Ukrainian language, a Ukrainian culture, a Ukrainian historical tradition."

Following World War I and the conclusion of the Treaty of Versailles, the small European nations gained their independence. The Ukrainians, too, taking advantage of the Russian Revolution, established for a brief period an independent Ukrainian Republic. For a number of historical, geographic and military reasons, the

Ukrainian state soon became an involuntary "member" of the Union of Soviet Socialist Republics.

The Bolsheviks promised the Ukrainians complete autonomy but they never honored their pledge. The first days of the October Revolution witnessed the rise of a number of Soviet national republics and autonomous territories. Although they never achieved complete independence they did exercise in the beginning a large measure of national and cultural autonomy. They organized schools, theatres and research institutes; languages and national cultures that were dying out as a result of Tsarist oppression began to flourish once more.

In 1934, however, after the Kirov assassination, Stalin instituted a new, unofficial national policy. He suddenly discovered that the national republics were nests of Trotskyists-Bukharinist agents and his deadly enemies. Methodically, in a typical Stalinist fashion, he began to "liquidate" the most important leaders of the various national republics. The cruelty with which the G.P.U. exterminated them exceeds all imagination. The greatest victim was the Ukrainian "Republic." Most of the prominent Ukrainian Bolsheviks were executed during the purges. Some were exiled to Siberia; others, like Skrypnyk, committed suicide.

There were thirty-two million Ukrainians in the prewar Soviet Union, from five to six million in Poland and about two million in Bessarabia, Bukovina and Ruthenia—the Carpathian eastern province of Czechoslovakia. When some of our pro-Russian newspaper columnists and radio commentators, in their indecent haste to please Stalin, are only too ready to "grant" him a slice of Poland they seem to forget—they are probably too ignorant to know—that the territory east of the so-called Curzon Line belongs neither to Russia nor to Poland but to the millions of Ukrainians who inhabit it. Before passing judgement again they would do well to consult *The Ukraine: A Submerged Nation*.

Only a plebiscite carried out freely under joint Anglo-American supervision could determine the true wishes of the inhabitants of the disputed territory. The fact remains, however, that whereas Poland gained the Western Ukraine by the Soviet-Polish Riga peace treaty of 1921—Lenin himself agreed that it was a "voluntary and just agreement that would last for all time"—Russia's claim to it is based on the "Stalin-Hitler Pact of 1939."

In the meantime, the main victims of this dispute are the long-suffering Ukrainian people. It is no secret that the Ukrainians, whose voice has as yet not been heard in the high international councils, would also like to benefit by the Atlantic Charter and to regain—possibly in the system of an East European Federation—some measure of independence after this war. Democratic Ukrainians are not at all happy over the fact that the non-Slav Stalin has donned the mantle of the protector of the Slavs and speaks in their name.

The Ukrainian national problem, concludes Chamberlin, is closely linked with the triumph of democracy and individual liberty in the Soviet Union as a whole. "A free Ukraine, no longer subject to political dictation from Moscow, united with other peoples of the Soviet Union only by voluntary bonds of mutual economic interests, is an indispensable element in a free Europe and in a free world."

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What They Say

President Franklin D. Roosevelt's message on Bretton Woods:

"If we are to measure up to the task of peace with the same stature as we have measured up to the task of war, we must see that the institutions of peace rest firmly on the solid foundations of international political and economic cooperation. The cornerstone for international political cooperation is the Dumberton Oaks proposal for a permanent United Nations... The cornerstone for international economic cooperation is the Bretton Woods proposal for an international monetary fund and an international bank for reconstruction and development. These proposals for an international fund and international bank... illustrate our unity of purpose and interest in the economic field. What we need and what they need correspond—expanded production, employment, exchange and a higher standard of living for us all."

Governor Thomas E. Dewey in his Lincoln Day Address:

"It is increasingly clear to every one that neither justice nor freedom can long continue to exist in a world beset by periodic total wars. Modern warfare strikes down the youth of the world. It also strikes at the heart of freedom itself... It is obvious that we cannot and must not risk another great war... War is an evil which has scourged mankind from the beginning of time. It is not likely suddenly to disappear from the earth of its own accord. As I have said so often, peace must be waged with all the vigor and skill with which we wage war or we shall always be having to wage war. We have nailed to our masthead one principle to which I believe we must everlastingly adhere, or principles will count no more in the face of force. That is, that we as a nation can, we will, and we must take a full, responsible part in the establishment of collective security among nations."

Paul V. McNutt, Chairman of the War Manpower Commission:

"We of the many home fronts, together with our fighting youth, must create a world of the young, by the young and for the young. We who are no longer young ourselves, the leaders of youth, the educators, the industrialists, the labor leaders, the religious leaders, the administrators of government in all the United Na-

tions, we owe it to the future to assume a new responsibility to world youth... What is needed is a Bill of Rights for world youth, with the guarantees that the third World War must not come to pass and also, that the joblessness of the 1930's must not come to pass. The young men and young women of the 1960's, today's children, must be emancipated from death by war; and from the living death of unemployment. We owe it to the future to assume a new responsibility to world youth, a responsibility which will transcend all national and political differences."

Dr. F. G. Cornell, Chief, Research and Statistical Service, U. S. Office of Education:

"Trade and industrial programs after peace will have to be planned to meet entirely new needs. All evidence points to the conclusion that our war-centered training of today must change—not back to pro-war trade and industrial education but forward to the advancement of greater numbers of persons for efficient participation in an industrial democracy. In examining the scope of the conversion problem, we must view our present war-distorted employment picture: (1) Against what it was before the war, and (2) what it might have been by now if there had been no war... Trade and industrial education must accept a role which will contribute to high peacetime levels of employment and national income."

And then there's the story about the three bears.

Papa bear opened the door of his cupboard and said in a deep gruff voice, "Who drank my beer?"

Mama bear said in her high squeaky voice, "Who drank my bear?"

Little baby bear went, "Hic!"

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Funny Side Up

"MANY HAPPY RETURNS"

Just about this time every year it's a regular practice for us to nibble off our finger nails, burn the midnight oil, and fill up with lots of aspirins! We happen to be one of the little fellows, and we're being walloped by the income tax system harder than a bass drum in a jam session!

This income tax business is driving us nuts. Some people will say it isn't a drive, it's a putt! However, since the "Pay As You Go Plan" was adopted, we're not so sure. When we pay, we don't have enough left to go—anywhere! We're considering sending an ultimatum to the U. S. Treasury to wit: "You take my salary and let me keep the income!"

When we received our withholding Receipt Form W-2, we were sitting as pretty as a nurse's cap but while it was form W-2 that lathered us, it was really Form 1040 that shaved us, and it wasn't just once over lightly!

We have followed all the directions and the financial detours in Form 1040 and we find that the Treasury has evolved a new system in connection with surtaxes where the interest eats up the principal, and believe us, the interest works up a ravenous appetite.

Each year personal exemptions have decreased from \$1,000 to \$800 to \$750, and now it's down to \$500. Maybe it's because we're getting older! We never knew man depreciated in value so rapidly! If this keeps up we'll soon be able to get more for a second-hand car than for a 1A or 4F male. On the other hand deductions for children have risen from \$350 to \$400 until now it is \$500. Some people say that \$500 per child is not enough of a deduction but this complaint doesn't hold water when you realize that the Government offers no deduction on a St. Bernard dog that can certainly out-eat any child and could, if cornered, eat the child. We like children but we're also a realist. The chances are pretty slim that if we were lost in a snowdrift the kids would come after us with brandy—not at today's prices.

It doesn't look like we'll be waving any green on St. Patrick's Day. Well, the only pleasure we'll get now is boasting about how much income tax we're paying!

Don't mind us folks. We're just thinking out loud again in spite of the fact that the walls have ears and the keyholes have eyelashes. We know which side our bread is buttered on, but why publicize the Black Market? If Morgenthau reads this, we're only kidding.

There's plenty of Money
Statistics declare
But something is funny
Somewhere!

Who's getting the dough
That is flowing so free?
Well this much I know
It certainly isn't me!

PHILLY WINS 13th; LOSES 11th

Philly's U.N.A. basketball team batted an even .500 the week of February 19 as they bowled over Penn Fruit A.A. 55-42 on Monday and dropped a 40-43 decision to the Bridesburg Eagles the following Thursday. They had defeated Bridesburg earlier in the season on the same Ukrainian Hall court.

On Monday the Gold and Blue Wave, lead by "Specks" Bukata, racked up 9 field goals in the first 10 minutes of play to take an 11-point advantage. The second quarter, however, was far from lucrative and the opponents pulled up to within 5 points at halftime. Penn Fruit kept right on rolling in the third period and pulled up to within one point of the U.N.A. Four goals each by Jerry Juzwak and Al Demnainyk, a pair by Bochey, and another by Bukata proved to be too much for the fruit chain five in the final quarter, however.

Thursday's game was nip and tuck from start to finish with Bridesburg maintaining a slim edge throughout. Philly came up to 22-23 at intermission, but dropped three points in the third canto and outscored the Polish guests in the final stanza by but one point. Al Demnainyk and Ted Bochey scored 14 and 11 points respectively to pace the Gold and Blue Wave's offensive.

Scores by quarters

Penn Fruit A.A.	7	8	17	10	42
Philadelphia	18	2	13	22	55
Bridesburg	10	13	10	10	43
Philadelphia	4	17	7	11	40

DIETRIC SLOBOGIN

Cause for Tears

We like the story Uncle Matt tell about a lady with operatic ambitions who was giving out one night at a party with "Carry Me Back to Old Virginny." While she was rattling the chandeliers she observed an elderly man, apparently a Southerner, weeping. After the applause she went to him and said, "My dear man, why are you weeping? Are you a Virginian?"

Still weeping, he answered: "No, madame, a musician!"

Foresight

Sandy McFavish attended a celebration where the amount of good whisky was unlimited. About the middle of the evening he got up and started the rounds of the guests saying goodnight very politely. "But sure you're not going yet, Sandy," the host objected.

"Nay, mon," said Sandy, "I'm not gaein, but I'm tellin' ye gude nicha while I still know ye."

The cash circulating
They tell me, is high
However I'm stating
Why am I always shy?

Bromo

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