



SECTION II.

The Ukrainian Weekly

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

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INTENSIFIED RELIEF WORK PLANNED AT CONFERENCE

A conference of the officers of the United Ukrainian American Relief Committee and of delegates of affiliated local relief committees from communities New York, New Jersey, Connecticut, Pennsylvania, Maryland, and Michigan was held at Hotel Pennsylvania, New York City last Saturday, May 26. Its purpose was to review the initial steps taken by the united relief committee to aid Ukrainian war sufferers and to plan more intensified relief action for the immediate future. The meeting was presided over by Dr. Walter Gallan of Philadelphia, chairman of the united relief committee, with Mrs. Julia Maniosky of Baltimore acting as vice-chairlady, and Dr. Simon Demychuk of New York as secretary.

It was revealed in the reports of the officers that the United Ukrainian American Relief Committee has availed itself of many possible facilities enabling it to send help to the Ukrainian war sufferers and refugees in Europe, and for that purpose has established connections with the long standing relief committees which have the means in Europe to act as

a medium there for distribution of Ukrainian American relief aid.

It was also revealed that recently the committee cabled \$12,000 to Very Rev. Perridon in Paris to be used to help Ukrainian refugees in France and Belgium.

Among the decisions reached at the conference was one providing for a \$300,000-Ukrainian war relief drive by the committee. Likewise action is to be begun immediately for the collection of clothing, which is to be conducted for the united relief committee by the United Ukrainian American Organizations of New York City. The conference also decided to send at a suitable time a Ukrainian American delegation to Washington concerning the matter of resettlement of Ukrainian war refugees now in Allied-occupied Western Europe.

Before adjourning the conference went on record declaring that the Detroit-Hamtramck Ukrainian American community has thus far made the largest contribution to the United Ukrainian American Relief Fund, namely, \$5,000, which amount is expected to be considerably increased as the drive there continues.

Killed in Action

The War Department announced last Monday that Cpl. William Greta, of 438 Fulton street, a member of U.N.A. Branch 234, was killed in action in Germany on April 5, the Elizabeth Daily Journal reports.

Earlier last month Cpl. Greta had been reported missing. A native of this city, he was educated in the Elizabeth public schools, and after working awhile he entered service in August, 1942. He had been overseas since February, 1944.

His sister, Eleanor Greta, is serving with the WAC.

UKRAINE'S CIVILIAN LOSSES

Total Put at 7,000,000 in War, With 2,500,000 Known Dead
Soviet Ukraine lost 7,000,000 civilians during the war, Guards Colonel Vladimir Mochalov said in the 26 number of the Army newspaper "Red Star," published in Moscow.

He said that 2,500,000 lost their lives outright, 1,500,000 are missing without trace and 3,000,000 were shipped to Germany. Ukraine's population before the war, he said, was 40,000,000.

Mochalov said that the material loss to Ukraine during the war was more than \$100,000,000,000.

SOVIET ALLIES AIM TO OUST DISSIDENTS

C. L. Sulzberger of the New York Times reported from London last Thursday that the new Governments of the eastern European lands are seeking to eliminate the "unruly" elements that are supported by emigré groups abroad. This, he says, will most certainly be a difficult and long range task in certain cases. The rough blueprint of the present social engineering task, however, is discernible.

Commenting on this, Sulzberger says, "Surely the skillful leaders of the U.S.S.R. are well aware of the political indigestion suffered by the Czars in that region. Mass population shifts would hardly be a solution if they were really big enough to be called 'mass' because that would merely transfer an ache from one corner of the belly to another."

his parents and two brothers also belong, the father being president of the branch.

Of the four Demcovitz brothers who entered service, Boris was slain in action in Holland February 27. Walter, a staff sergeant, is with the heavy artillery in Germany, Russel pfc., is a technician, while the fourth brother, a sergeant, served two years in the Pacific theatre before being transferred back to the states on account of his health.

Earns Silver Star for Gallantry

The Silver Star "for gallantry in action" was awarded recently to Pvt. Theodore Storosko, 24, son of Mr. and Mrs. William Storosko, 134 Wells street, Nanticoke, Pa., at impressive



PVT. THEODORE STOROSKO

ceremonies held at the Infantry Conversion Training Center in Italy, the Wilkes Barre press reports.

A member of U.N.A. Branch 29, Pvt. Storosko received the award for his fearless exploit near Livergnano on October 13, 1944. He was ordered to clear a building which was occupied by enemy snipers who were delaying the advance. He advanced in the face of severe enemy machine gun fire and gained his objective. One burst from his automatic rifle wiped out the snipers.

Observing two enemy snipers in another building, Pvt. Storosko then turned his rifle on them, killing both of them. His weapon was destroyed by a burst from an enemy machine gun located in another building. But Pvt. Storosko wasn't ready to give up yet. Instead he changed his position, hurled two hand grenades at the machine gun next and completely destroyed it.

The enemy then began to lay down an intense barrage of mortar and artillery fire on his position. But although he was seriously injured by crumbling walls, he held the important post until he was able to rejoin his company the next day.

Pvt. Storosko's action resulted in the destruction of a vital enemy position.

In addition to the Silver Star, Pvt. Storosko also wears two Bronze Battle Stars and the Combat Infantryman's Badge. He entered service in May, 1943.

HID UNDER NOSES OF NAZIS FOUR DAYS

Cpl. Francis Demcovitz, son of Mr. and Mrs. Philip Demcovitz, 1261 Waverly place, Elizabeth, N. J., with Pvt. Lester N. Balmer of Mishawaka, Ind. knocked out four German tanks and hid under the noses of the Germans for four days before they were able to make it back to their outfit, Company C of the Nineteenth Tank Battalion with the Ninth Armored Division inside Germany.

In their tank near a small German town, the two of them heard tanks approaching at 4 o'clock in the morning. Through his binoculars Cpl. Demcovitz could see they were German tanks.

They had to wait until the first tank approached to within 75 yards before it could be seen through the gun sights. They threw eight rounds of ammunition into the first tank. A second tank hove into sight and it too was hit. This action they repeated twice over.

Cpl. Demcovitz and his partner were forced to hide in the hayloft of a nearby building when some German bazooka men got behind the American tank.

They waited in the loft for four days before the Americans recaptured the town. In the meantime the Germans had thrown a concussion grenade into the loft, which exploded

Dies of Wounds

Marine Cpl. Henry M. Sozek, 23, of 149 Titus street, Valley Falls, Pawtucket, R. I. died May 4 from wounds received on Okinawa, according to War Department notification received by his parents, Mr. and Mrs. M. Sozek, the local press reports (clipping sent to Weekly by P. Benkowsky, U.N.A. Branch 93 secretary).

In a previous letter the parents learned that Sozek had received a gunshot wound in the leg April 6. This was the second time the Marine had been wounded in action as he had been wounded Sept. 29 at Palau. He had returned to battle following hospitalization.

Sozek was graduated from Cumberland High School in 1939 where he played baseball and basketball. He enlisted December 1943 and went overseas in spring of 1944. A brother, Walter, is serving in the Marianas.

about five yards away from them. Civilians worked in the building one day and the two Americans stayed in the hay. They said they were too frightened to think about food, and they were so quiet while the civilians were working that the rats would run over them.

Cpl. Francis Demcovitz is a member of U.N.A. Branch 408, to which

Join Svoboda's March of \$100 Bills for Ukrainian War Relief. Send it now!



RAMBLINGS OF A WORD-HUNTER

BIRDS, TOO, SPEAK DIFFERENT LANGUAGES

One of Thornton W. Burgess's daily "Nature Stories" in the New York Herald Tribune called my attention to the peculiar sounds which an American reads into the calls of various birds.

He wrote about that quail (or is it a partridge?) called popularly Bob White, for the latter are evidently the words which an English-speaking American hears in that bird's call. That bird is purely American, but a very close cousin of it can be found all over Europe, and in Ukraine, too. The call of that cousin resembles somewhat the call of the American Bob White. Yet what different things the Europeans hear in it. The Ukrainian, to take one of them, calls the quail "pidpilitka," for he hears in its call the sound "pid-pilit." Another name for the same bird in Ukrainian is "perepelytaya," which must have been originated by those who heard in the same call the sound "perepel."

Writing in another of his "stories" about the titmouse called "chickadee," Thornton W. Burgess noted that, "Tee, dee, dee! See me! See me!" is what Farmer Brown's boy heard in the bird's call. The identical bird the Ukrainian the connotation of the the boys of Ukrainian peasants hear in the call quite different sounds: "Chee-cha-dee! Chee-cha-dee!" As the Ukrainian "dee" is, of course, the English "day," and the "chee-cha" is a "flower" in childish, or baby, talk, the bird's call has evidently for the Ukrainian the connotation of the bird's joy over the beautiful day.

Some birds have from the human standpoint calls so distinct that in most languages those calls are transcribed in the same manner. Such, for instance, is the call of the cuckoo: the name of the bird itself might have nothing or little to do with the call itself—in Ukrainian it is called "zazulka,"—but the human ear always hears in it the same sound, no matter to what human language it has been attuned.

On the other hand there are differences as to reading of the sounds of the most familiar calls. I do not

have to go far afield for an example of this phenomenon, for probably every American-born child of Ukrainian parentage knows how differently the call of the rooster sounds to the Ukrainian ears from what it sounds to that of an English-speaking person. The Americans would tell such a child that the rooster calls "cock-a-doodle-do," while the Ukrainians would assure him that the same rooster calls "koo-koo-ri-koo." Well, the distance between the two interpretations is quite large, and no compromise seems possible. And yet the Ukrainian is not alone, for he has supporters not only among fellow-Slavs who also hear similar sounds in the rooster's call, but also among such distant races as the Germans, who hear in it "kikeriki," or the Spaniards, who call the rooster's crow "quiquiriqui," which in its pronunciation is much closer to the German version than in its spelling.

And now that we are on the subject of roosters, let us add a few words about that rooster who can raise a gate with his snout, as the Ukrainian peasant, a stickler for proprieties of language, describes the pig. Now, if you know that song about the pig's call, you'd probably think that in Ukrainian, too, "oink, oink, goes the pig." If you do, you are greatly out of tune. The Ukrainian pig says, "khroon," so often and so distinctly that this call has impressed itself upon the imagination of the people to the extent that they have made out of it not only a verb ("khrukaty"), but have also made the sound into a noun to denote a person of piggish character, especially in political matters, and out of it another verb "khrunyty," to denote the activities of such a character.

You might expect that at least the dog may in Ukraine bark in the good old English manner. Well, you're wrong again. In Ukraine, the dog, does not say "bow-wow," but "how-how," and there are over forty millions Ukrainians to attest to that.

E. R.

\$1,000 FROM HEAVEN

By HONORE EWACH

ON April 13th, at 12:10 P.M., I was stepping off the train at Regina, in Saskatchewan. It was drizzling at the time. Dark, heavy clouds were slowly sailing above. There was nothing to admire around me, so I hailed a taxi. I went straight to the Hotel Saskatchewan, following my telegram from Moose Jaw. For the time being they gave me there a lovely, big parlor, promising a nice room with bath for the night.

From the windows of my big waiting parlor I took a good look at the city of which I could see three fourths. It was a regular prairie city, with many box-like buildings, big and small, containing over sixty thousand people. After taking a bird's view of Regina I took up a telephone directory and phoned up to three places about my arrival, to the local Ukrainian Cooperative, Dr. F. Paulson, and another acquaintance of long ago.

Dr. Paulson, a room mate of my student days, paid me a visit soon after supper. At his home I was introduced to his three children. I looked around for their mother, whom I met many years ago as a student, but there was just an elderly housekeeper in her place. It was great shock to me when I was told that Katrusya, the children's mother, had died four years ago... As if in response to my memories Una, Dr. P.'s eldest child, a talented girl of fourteen, played for me on the piano Beethoven's "Albumblatt."

Cooperatives Making Good Business

Dr. P. took me back to the hotel. Soon we were joined there by three men from the local branch of the Ukrainian Cultural and Educational Centre. After a two-hour chat we dispersed. The three local representatives went home. I spent over an hour more with Dr. P. at a cafe and at his office, reviving our memories concerning the student days.

On Sunday morning I paid a visit to the imposing Parliament Building of Saskatchewan. I spent about two hours there, examining the assembly hall, library, and the pictures on the walls. When I went out there was not much to admire yet, as there was still ice on the surface of the nearby lake, which, I am told, is one of the beauty spots of Saskatchewan in summer. In the afternoon Mr. F. an later Mr. D. took me for a long ride around the city, to show me all the worthwhile seeing buildings. I noticed that the local Ukrainian Cooperative was making exceptionally good business. Soon its store will be set up in a big, two-story building. Not far from the Ukrainian Cooperative Store there is a Ukrainian Community Hall and a few hundred paces further on one notices the local Ukrainian Greek-Orthodox Church, with an exceptionally big dome.

I spent my Saturday evening by attending the last day of bazaar at the Ukrainian Community Hall and a tea party at the Ukrainian National Home. At the Ukrainian Na-

SOMEWHERE IN...

A Letter from a Ukrainian American Serviceman

... This war is getting to be a regular gypsy caravan. I moved again, this time by air—over the most rugged terrain it has ever been my privilege to witness. The mountain peaks in this area tower high above the clouds. In fact we had to fly about 10,000 ft. to get over them. The clouds looked like cotton balls below us.

We're now in malarial and typhus country and must take every precaution against these maladies. There is little that can be done to prevent typhus. The main precaution is to try to avoid the tick responsible for the disease.

Best of all, I'm now in a shooting war. Today I saw my first Zero. I'm expecting to see plenty of them. Before I was here very long, I was in my foxhole three times. The Japs sweep down from the mountains, strafe the field, and take off into the clouds.

Well I moved again, once more by air. I'm beginning to feel like a Brooklyn subway commuter. You know—hop into a plane, read an article in a magazine (usually 6 months old) and hop out an hour later 200 miles from the terminal. It's the only way I intend to travel after the war.

Scenery Fascinating

Our present location has the most beautiful natural surroundings we have ever seen. It seems the farther you go the more beautiful it becomes. The scenery is absolutely fascinating. Imagine if you can, a valley about 8 miles by 11 miles, surrounded entirely by cloud-peering mountains of various shades of green. Some of them are covered entirely by light green grass. Others have the darker green of the mountain trees. The sky above is always a pale blue, usually full of cumulus clouds. The territory is absolutely virgin and unspoiled and in that lies its main attraction. (I was just thinking: What an excellent place this would be for a golf course. The entire valley is covered by grass, 1 ft. high.)

As usual it rains here all night, every night. It's welcome, however, as that guarantees that there will not be any alerts or bombings. During the day we don't worry about such matters. The Nips are afraid to come around when our boys are in the air.

We've been cutting a lot of grass. All we do is hitch a grass cutter to a jeep and away we go. In places the kunai (pronounced cooney) grass grows to a height of 10 ft. The reason we cut it is to clear away areas for take-off strips—and what's more important to destroy the scrub typhus tick...

Our most valuable accoutrement is the steel helmet. Like a magician's hat, it has a myriad of uses. In the morning it's our washbowl; at night our bath tub. At least once a day we have our rations out of it. During the day, it's used to hold countless little things we want to keep off the ground. It often serves as a seat at the movies or at assembly. Occa-

sionally, it serves as a head protector—its original purpose.

Experiences Two Earthquakes

Day before yesterday we experienced two full fledged earthquakes. The tremors were a couple hours apart and lasted for about one minute each. When the first one started we thought someone was trying to shake our tent down until we realized our cots were in no way attached to the tent. It's a funny sensation. You stand on the ground and sway from side to side, just like the trees and rocks and everything else. A deep rumbling sound accompanies the the tremors, and adds to the general confusion.

From now on it appears we'll have to learn to sleep like nightshift firemen. It's the custom of the Japs to come around a few times a night, usually between the hours of 11 p.m. and 5 a.m. They have too much respect for our fighters to come around in the daytime. Whenever they're foolhardy enough to attempt it, quite a few of them don't live to tell the tale.

Life goes on around here on a pretty even keel. In fact it gets monotonous. Eventually we'll probably all become a little slap-happy. In the emptiness of things, everyone creates little future vistas in imagination and everyone else regards it queerly. You almost have to become a little nutty to maintain your equilibrium.

Time to us is a substance we have no need to pay much attention to. I guess we can almost be compared to the jungle mushrooms—just vegetating. There is no use kidding. Everyone of us lives only for the day when he'll be able to return to the ones he loves. Even camping in a tent at Chapman Lake would pale after a while.

Longing For Home Almost Painful

My longing for home is almost painful now. The contemplation of how long it may be until I can transform that pain into pleasure is appalling. I hope and pray nightly that the Germans fold up in a hurry. Because, only then, will we really roll on to Tokyo.

For the past two days some of us fellows have been trying to beat out rings from Australian florin. A florin is the size of a half dollar, but is much more malleable. A little more pounding and smoothing of edges, and I'll have mine finished. If I ever get a suitable box, I'll send it home. You'll probably laugh at it. Remember it in the sense that it is a hobby to help preserve sanity in a monotonous environment.

Last night we saw the picture "This is the Army". Instead of being the Army, however, it is too obviously a stage production. The boys out here get a big kick out of that type of picture. In the picture the Army is full of glamour and romance. Over here, it is first of all hard work. Then it is a number of homely things, the like of which never gets in the movies.

(“Mid-Valley Uke-Views”)

tional Home I told the people in my short, preliminary speech, of the experiences I had during my lecturing trip.

On Sunday afternoon I attended the annual meeting of the local branch of the Canadian Ukrainian Committee. There I was asked to give a little speech. I told the people that, in my opinion, Ukrainian immigrants were directed to Canada and the United States by Providence in order to play there a very important part, both as Ukrainians and as Canadians and Americans. It is our duty not only to enrich Canadian and American cultures with the gems from the Ukrainian cultural treasury, but also to give the necessary aid in time of

distress to our European cousins.

I had my dinner with the family of Mr. F. After eating a hearty supper at Mr. T.'s we went to the Ukrainian National Hall. There I delivered my speech on the cultural treasures of the Ukrainian people and about the importance of the Ukrainian Cultural and Educational Centre in Winnipeg. In response to my appeal the audience donated four hundred and sixteen dollars. So Regina did almost as well as Saskatoon.

Next evening I was on my way home, to Winnipeg. As I lay in my berth in the train, I thought: "My lecturing trip was quite a success. I spread the idea about the Ukrainian (Concluded on page 6)."

★ MID-VALLEY SERVICEMEN ★ IN ACTION

(1)

The Current issue of "Uke-Views" Bulletin published in Olyphant, Pa. reports the following—

John Shekitta, Aviation Machinist Mate, has been promoted to Second Class somewhere in England according to a letter received by his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Andrew Shekitta, Blakely.

Flight Officer **Michael Duick** was home for the funeral of his father, the late Philip Duick, Blakely. He left for a port of embarkation. His brother Philip, who is with the 109th Infantry somewhere in Germany, was recently promoted to Private First Class.

Marine Sgt. **Michael Zadorozni** spent a furlough at the home of his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Michael Zadorozni, 130 Swallow Avenue, after fifteen months in the Pacific Area. A graduate of Olyphant High School, Sergeant Zadorozni was employed in defense work at Waterbury, Conn., before entering the marine corps in September, 1942. Boot training at Parris Island, S. C., was followed by training at Quantico, Va., and San Diego, Cal., before he went abroad. He saw duty in the Marshall Islands and at the Marianas. He was wounded in action on Guam, on July 21, 1944. Sergeant Zadorozni wears the Asiatic-Pacific Theater Ribbon, the Purple Heart, the Presidential Citation and a General's commendation. At the end of his leave, he returned to the Naval Hospital, Portsmouth, Va. Two brothers are in the armed forces: T/Sgt. Joseph, at an army hospital in California, and Radio-man (2/c) Walter somewhere in the Pacific area.

Sgt. **Frank Turock**, 28, son of Mr. and Mrs. Stephen Turock, 1239 Dundaff Street, Dickson City, was slightly wounded in action in Germany on April 1, according to a telegram received by his parents. A graduate of Dickson City High School, Sergeant Turock enlisted in the army at Pine Camp, N. Y., on Feb. 6, 1941, and following training at various camps he went abroad with a tank battalion from Fort Jackson, S. C., last July, to England, France, Luxembourg, Belgium and Holland before going into Germany. In a letter received by the family, Sergeant Turock wrote that he was wounded in the left arm by shrapnel, and that he is now hospitalized near Paris, France. A brother, Quartermaster Andrew, is with a gas supply company in Germany, and another brother, George, was recently honorably discharged from the army after service overseas.

S/Sgt. **Andrew Nesevitch** is spending a 30-day furlough with his father, John Nesevitch, at 305 River Avenue, after service overseas. He was wounded in action in France last September 19. A graduate of Olyphant High School and an employee of Michael Chomko, jeweler, Sgt. Nesevitch enlisted in the army on Jan. 6, 1941, and went to North Africa in July, 1942. Twice cited for gallantry in action in Italy, he holds the Silver Star and a Bronze Oak Leaf Cluster. He was hospitalized in England, and is now receiving treatment at the General Hospital at Tuscaloosa, Ala., to where he will return at the expiration of his furlough.

Pfc. **Michael Pazinko**, 24, a paratrooper, son of Mr. and Mrs. Michael Pazinko, 844 East Lackawanna St., was slightly wounded in action at Corregidor on February 24, according to a telegram received by his parents. Private Pazinko attended the Olyphant High School and entered the army on March 25, 1942, going to Fort Dix, N. J. From Camp Wolters, Tex., he went overseas in September,

1942, to New Guinea and the Philippines.

Pvt. **Paul A. Mariangeli**, 720 East Grant St., is a member of a crack mortar battalion that battered its way deep into the Nazi homeland, after six months of fighting across France and Belgium.

Marine Pfc. **Stanley Bookin**, son of Mr. and Mrs. Andrew Bookin, 308 Pancoast Street, Dickson City, was wounded in action at Iwo Jima on March 3, according to word received by his wife, the former Miss Helen Hodovanec, 329 Mooney Street, Olyphant. Private Bookin was attached to the 3rd Marine Division and had been in action for ten days when struck by shrapnel in the left thigh. He is being hospitalized in the Philippines, where he is reported to be improving normally. Private Bookin, a former Dickson City High School student, entered the marine corps in September, 1942, and received boot training at Parris Island, S. C. He was stationed in Washington, D. C., before going overseas in June, 1944.

Sgt. **Jacob Herninko Jr.**, 129 River Avenue, aerial radio operator, has been awarded the Oak Leaf Cluster to the Air Medal, Brig. Gen. William H. Turner, commanding general of the India China Division Air Transport Command, has announced. The award was made upon the completion of 450 hours of operational flight in transport aircraft over the dangerous and difficult India-China routes, where enemy interception and attack was probable and expected.

Mrs. **Julia Bartel**, 441 Edgar St., Throop, has three sons in the armed forces and recently two of them met in Germany for the first time in more than two years. Pfc. **John Bartel** received his discharge from the army three years before Pearl Harbor and he re-enlisted in January, 1942. He went overseas with a tank destroyer unit in December, 1943. S/Sgt. **George Bartel** entered service in December, 1943, and went overseas with an infantry unit in September, 1944, and on March 23rd met his brother, John. S/Sgt. **Frank Bartel**, entered service in February, 1942, and is stationed at Riggs Field, El Paso, Tex., as an aerial engineer, where he received his wings.

Pvt. **George D. Priblo, Jr.**, was seriously wounded in the Philippine invasion on Feb. 11, according to a War Department telegram received Tuesday by his parents, Mr. and Mrs. George Priblo, 518 Delaware Ave. He is now in a base hospital in New Guinea. Pvt. Priblo is a graduate of Olyphant High School and attended the University of Scranton. He enlisted in the army and was called to active duty on February 15, 1944. He trained at Camp Wheeler, Ga., and Camp Van Dorn, Miss., and went overseas in December, 1944, to New Guinea.

S/Sgt. **Anthony Pish**, 107 School St., a mess sergeant with the 5th army in Italy, never failed to deliver the rations to the members of the unit of which he is a member, in spite of the heavy enemy fire, word from that place disclosed. He entered the service in April, 1941, and trained at Camp Croft, S. C., and served in the British Isles and North Africa. He participated in the Tunisian campaign, the Anzio beachhead battle, the liberation of Rome and Cassino. He wears the Distinguished Unit Citation Badge, the Combat Infantryman Badge, the Good Conduct Medal, the Pre-Pearl Harbor Ribbon and the European Theater of Operations Ribbon with Four Battle stars.

Samuel F. Pish, son of Mrs. Eva Pish, 107 School Street, is now stationed at a naval operation base in the Mariana Islands.

Sgt. **William Billets**, 25, son of Mr. and Mrs. Michael Timko, 206 Lincoln St., Dickson City, has been awarded the Bronze Star Medal for heroic achievement July 7, 1944, in France. Sergeant Billets entered the service March 16, 1942, and trained at Fort Meade, Md. He was an electrical engineer with the Army War Show which traveled all over the country for a year. He also trained at Camp Blanding, Fla., and went overseas in February, 1944. He was stationed in England before the invasion of France. He is now at an advanced base in Germany.

Coxswain **William R. Sysak**, who recently returned from duty in the European theater, was on leave for 14 days at the home of his sister, Mrs. Joseph Taras, 522 Pancoast St.

Cpl. **John Iwanus** spent a 30-day convalescent furlough at the home of his mother, Mrs. Anna Iwanus, 518 Susquehanna Ave., after military duty in the Southwest Pacific theater of operations. Corporal Iwanus saw action in New Guinea and Philippines and wears ribbons denoting service in the Asiatic Pacific and American theaters. He also wears five battle stars.

Cpl. **Stephen Metrinko**, a veteran of 30 months army service, spent at furlough at his home on River St. He is stationed at Boca Raton, Florida.

Pfc. **John Chelak** with the First Army in Germany, has been awarded the Combat Infantryman's Badge, according to word received by his sister, Miss Ann Chelak, 113 Mooney Street.

Cpl. **George Kuchmas** spent a furlough for thirty days at the home of his father, William Kuchmas, 720 E. Scott St., after service in the European theater of operations. Corporal Kuchmas attended Throop schools and was employed at McAthion Boiler Works, Bridgeport, Conn. before entering the armed forces on April 12, 1943. He went to Fort Bliss, Tex., for basic training. He also trained at Camp Livingstone, La., and Camp Hueco, Tex., before going abroad on February 28, 1944, to England, France and Germany with the armored forces. He wears the European Theater Ribbon and the Good Conduct Medal. Two brothers are also in service: Pvt. John with the army in France, and William, a member of the Coast Guard.

The **Romanovich sisters**, Olga and Evelyn, second lieutenants in the Army Nurse Corps, have been together since enlisting on July 25, 1943, and recently arrived at their new base on the same transport. Their career stories run parallel to each other, according to an article in the Army paper, Stars and Stripes. The lieutenants graduated from Blakely High School and went to Brooklyn where they studied at Kings County Nursing School. They served as staff nurses there until enlisting in the Army Medical Corps with the rank of second lieutenants. In the Army they continued to be together at the same hospital. They were transferred to another hospital and then to the same school of air evacuation. They joined their present air squadron last November and have worked and flown together ever since. The lieutenants are the daughters of Mrs. Peter Romanowich, 726 Crystal St., Peckville.

John W. Kerpan, 23, has been promoted to the rank of first lieutenant somewhere in Germany, according to word recently received by his wife, the former Wanda Jane Eastlake, Peckville. Lieutenant Kerpan went overseas with a military police detachment in October, 1944. He entered the service on June 3, 1942, and received his training at North Dakota State College and Maryland State College. He received his commission at the North Dakota institution.

Cpl. **Harry Chelak**, enroute to Greensboro, N. C., spent a sixteen-day furlough with his sister, Miss Ann Chelak, 113 Mooney St. He just completed a course at Radar Naviga-

tion School, Boca Raton, Fla. Three brothers are in the service, Joseph P. M. (1/c), Admiralty Islands; Michael, seaman (1/e), Porto Rico; Pvt. John in Germany.

Pvt. **Thomas Frenak**, son of Mr. and Mrs. John Frenak, 114 Swallow Ave. has been awarded the Purple Heart for wounds received in action in Germany on November 22. He has also been awarded the Combat Infantryman Badge, October 23, 1943, and went overseas with an Infantry Division in August, 1944, to England, France, Luxembourg, Belgium and Germany, where he was with the 1st Army. He is now convalescing in an army hospital in England.

Lieut. **John Pesota** has been awarded the Purple Heart, according to word received by his father, Anthony Pesota, 415 Willow Avenue. Lieut. Pesota was wounded in action in Germany on December 27. A member of the 109th Infantry Regiment, he left for military duty in February, 1941, and was transferred to the 33rd Infantry, going with that unit to the Panama Canal Zone. Later reassigned to the 109th, he was sent to Officer Candidate School at Fort Benning, Ga., and there in December, 1942, was commissioned. He has been overseas in the European theater since March, 1944.

George Kappa, 819 Goodman St., Throop, recently passed the examination of Petty Officer (3/c), Aviation Machinist's Mate, and has returned to Norfolk, Va., after spending a short leave at his home.

Pfc. **Frank Boyko**, who has been overseas since October, is listed as missing in action as of January 3rd in France, according to a telegram received recently by his wife, the former Miss Ellen Dempsey, of Aberdeen avenue. A member of the U. S. Army for the past eight years, Pfc. Boyko had served as a clerk for four years in the M. S. & T. Department of the Valley Forge Military Academy before being called for active duty in June. He was serving with the Seventh Army.

John Morris, son of Mr. and Mrs. James Morris, 717 East Pine St., has been promoted to captain at the 93rd General Hospital in England, where he is adjutant, according to word received by his wife, the former Miss Mary Crotti, Delaware Avenue. Captain Morris is a graduate of Olyphant High School and the Powell School of Business, Scranton. He entered service on May 2, 1942, and was commissioned at Camp Barkley, Texas, in June, 1943. He went abroad in February, 1944. A brother, Petty Officer (3/c) William, is with the navy somewhere in the Pacific theater of operations.

At a 12th AAF P-47 Base in Italy. Staff Sergeant **Walter Bishop**, son of Mr. John Bishop, 205 River Street, now wears four bronze battle stars on his theatre ribbon for having participated in four major campaigns, The Tunisian, Sicilian, Italian and Southern France. S/Sgt. Bishop is with a fighter bomber group of the 12th Air Force which was actively engaged in dive-bombing and strafing of enemy military installations in the Po Valley. Overseas more than 30 months, Sergeant Bishop has served in North Africa, Sardinia and Italy as an aircraft inspector and crew chief of P-39 Aireobras and P-47 Thunderbolts. His group wears the War Department Unit Citation for meritorious achievement of duty.

Pvt. **William Beckage**, son of Mrs. Elizabeth Beckage, Olyphant, was recently awarded the Philippine Liberation Ribbon. Private Beckage is serving with the 151st Infantry, which recently liberated Grande Island off the Bataan Peninsula of Luzon. He holds the Good Conduct Medal, the Expert Infantryman's Badge and the Asiatic-Pacific Theater Ribbon with three campaign stars. He entered the Army in February, 1943, and has been overseas more than a year. Prior to enlisting he was employed by the Hudson Coal Company.

(To be concluded)

THE FUTURE OF UKRAINIAN CANADIAN YOUTH

By MISS N. WOICICHOWSKY

In discussing the future of Ukrainian Canadian youth, I would like to deal with the mental attitude that is being displayed by our youth towards the older members of the society, as well as with their mode of life. I would also like to make an analysis of the work of the organizations which might be expected to act as the media through which an extensive programme of adult education could be fostered for the benefit of the young people in Canada.

For the last fifty years great developments have taken place in the mechanical and industrial life of this country, and these have had a tremendous influence on the social relationship between Canadian youth and its parents. This change is usually termed the "emancipation of youth." We can see, virtually before our very eyes, youth drifting away from habits of the traditional respect that it had accorded its parents in the past. This lack of respect is not specially directed to the parents; it can be noticed in their attitude towards the school, the church, and the other public or educational institutions.

Both the First World War and the present global conflict have contributed considerably to the creation of such a mental attitude on the part of our younger generations. The technical and industrial establishments which have assumed such an important part in our national life have shown and are showing a preference for young people when it comes to a question of choosing their employees. In all our institutions, such as technical schools and universities, the older teachers and professors are gradually being displaced by the younger men who have acquired the specialized and technical knowledge which these positions now demand. In the field of war, the Army, the Navy, and more particularly the Force have made an appeal for young, virile men — so much so that even the high ranking military positions are now in the hands of comparatively young people. The girls have left their homes and have abandoned their natural occupations in favor of more strenuous jobs in the factories producing war materials. The reason why preference is given to youth in almost all walks of life is perfectly obvious. In these "fast-changing times," youth can adapt itself to an altered environment much more easily than a grown-up individual.

Must Assume Greater Responsibility

When dealing with the question of the emancipation of youth, we should consider some of the problems that such an emancipation is creating among the young people in Canada. Due to the fact that preference is given to youth in almost all gainful occupations, the majority of our young people is gainfully employed and consequently enjoys a more or less independent economical status. However, society rightly expects that as youth gains greater economical independence it should also be prepared to assume greater responsibility in the public life of a nation. This responsibility is now being discharged almost solely by the older people. Therefore, the chief obligation that is placed upon the shoulders of the young people is to prepare themselves for the role that they eventually will have to assume as members of the democratic society of Canada.

How are we to prepare the coming generation for such an important role? The Departments of Education, as well as all universities and cultural and church organizations, are devoting much of their time and energy to the solution of this problem. The Departments of Education have inaugurated in the high schools

courses in adult education and sociology. However, the school by itself cannot accomplish everything, because courses must of necessity be very elementary. Most students do not begin to show interest in the problems of public life and sociology until they enter Grade 11, Grade 12, or the university. Furthermore, high school and university curricula provide only optional courses in this particular field. The problem is aggravated by the fact that only a small percentage of our youth ever reaches the higher educational levels of the senior high school or of the university. The net result is that a large percentage of our youth has no opportunity to be definitely instructed in its civic responsibilities.

Hence we are faced by the problem of instituting a definite program for youth training. Our first difficulty is that many young people are prejudiced against all formal modes of education. Their prejudices arise from their belief that formal education is only a means by which the older generations want to impose their will upon the younger generations. Too many adults are not acquainted with the psychology of the youth; and a result of that, they try to interpret the problems of their children in the light of the conditions that existed at the time when they were young themselves. Before any successful program of youth training can be inaugurated, there must be created a better understanding between the younger and the older generations, for youth will not take any directions from its elders unless it has complete and undivided confidence in them.

True, we could inculcate into the minds of the younger generation the understanding of the responsibilities of citizenship through the medium of study groups. But to conduct a study group you must first create an interest on the part of the younger generation in the subjects to be studied. In the case of courses that have some economical or professional value, interest can easily be maintained as youth can readily see the financial benefits thereof. Courses for citizenship are difficult to motivate and maintain because the student cannot see any immediate benefit that such courses can bring, and, consequently, he has a tendency to apply himself to them rather half-heartedly.

Value of a Central Organization

From experience, educators have come to conclusion that one of the best mediums through which the younger generation can be taught citizenship is that of young people's organization. Generally speaking, youth organizations are culturally, educational, and as such, they can be governed by circumstances in their practice of the different aspects of worthy citizenship. In one district, a branch of such an organization can lay stress on the benefits of general co-operative strength; in another district, emphasis may be placed on the necessity of co-operative farming; in still others, most attention may be given to household economics. If we include into these programs provisions for healthful social life—dances, excursions, picnics and sports—we have the rough outline of a program that can appeal to youth and at the same time can bring them up as citizens. It would be best to have these community branches affiliated with or members of some one central organization which can direct their ideological tendencies so to create harmony and system in their programs of citizenship training.

We have, till now, been discussing the methods by which we reach the younger generation, and we have

come to the conclusion that some form of youth organization is the most practical medium through which we can teach citizenship. Take this example of citizenship training. Young people are preparing for a concert. They elect a committee—by doing so, they practice democracy, and learn to co-operate with and to respect the committee that will direct their activities. Lack of co-operation on the part of the members may give the leader of the group an opportunity to discuss the responsibilities of the members, to point out the necessity of co-operation, and to make the members realize that they must make their personal interests subservient to the interests of the group. The members are thus learning and practicing some of the fundamental principles of good citizenship. In addition to that, through its various activities an organization gradually influences its members in punctuality, interdependence and general co-operation. I have insufficient time at my disposal to give you more examples of how an organization can teach citizenship, but the few illustrations I have given demonstrate the fact that all worthy activities in an organization can be practical lectures on citizenship and can have great influence on the building of the characters of its members.

Music, Literature, Cultural Heritage

In addition to the teaching of citizenship, we must give to these young people the opportunity to develop their love for music, literature and the cultural heritage of their country. In a well-organized group, the inculcation of culture may be accomplished in a very formal manner—by discussions and lectures; in organizations where the members have no highly-developed sense of organizational responsibility, education for culture may have to be very informal. This education may then have to be effected through the medium of songs, dramatic plays, recitations, oratorical contests, and the usual ordinary discussions in the conduct of business affairs at the meetings of these youth clubs. Through these media, boys and girls will have an opportunity to overcome stage fright and to perfect their public speaking abilities. By studying songs and recitations, and by taking part in dramatic presentations, a member automatically acquires a love for the cultural background of these songs, poems, stories, etc.

In these few words I wanted to underline the importance of youth organizations and their role in assisting youth to train for worthy Canadian citizenship. Youth must be organized, and the older generation must realize its responsibility in this connection. Adults must remember, too, that only by understanding the psychology of youth can their knowledge and experience be passed on to the younger generation. It is only by creating confidence in the younger people that the older members of society can hope to inculcate in the minds of youth the responsibilities that are to be placed upon them in a democratic society. These are some of the problems that confront us, and each organization that is a member of the Ukrainian Canadian Committee should take upon itself the responsibility for their successful solution.

Winnipeg, Can.

DESCRIBES BRITISH AFTER VICTORY

In a recently received letter to his mother a young Ukrainian American officer in the Merchant Marine from Brooklyn, N. Y., records some of his impressions of the English people after V-Day. He writes—

"I write with a feeling of great joy in my heart, for at long last this reign of butchery and destruction, here in so-called civilized Europe has ceased. After a long bitter struggle we have finally won at a price appalling to behold.

"For five and half years these people in England have lived in black-out, destitute, near broken in spirit with the shadow of death hovering above; now they have begun the very difficult journey back to normalcy.

"Last evening there were parades, bonfires and other symbols of great rejoicing, but still in the background there lurked a feeling of dread—the dread of facing the chaos in which they find themselves—the cost of victory. The enormous task of rebuilding their homes and families now face them, a task which, in my estimation, will be the toughest and out of which only the hardy will emerge.

"The children here, many of whom were raised under the most trying conditions, still remember the horrible sound of exploding bombs. They are children who have never lived in a country at peace, a normal country. Now they obviously feel lost. With awestruck wonder filling their eyes they gaze at things which to you at home are inconsequential, but seen by them for the first time equal the wonders of the world.

"And now, mom, with the sound of Mr. Churchill's voice still in my ears, I will so draw to a close our brilliant victory in Europe with the thought of still another conquest to make, namely, that of Japan.

What They Say

Secretary of State Edward R. Stettinius, Jr.:

"As a nation which has been devoted throughout its history to the cause of liberty, the United States will continue to exert its influence in behalf of the rights of all peoples to govern themselves according to their own desires whenever they are prepared and able to assume the responsibility of freedom as well as to enjoy its rights."

Secretary of the Interior Harold L. Ickes, in his statement on attacks on Americans of Japanese ancestry:

"It is a matter of national concern because a lawless minority, whose actions are condemned by the decent citizens who make up an overwhelming majority of West Coast residents, seems determined to employ its Nazi storm-trooper tactics against loyal Japanese Americans and law-abiding Japanese aliens in spite of the State laws and constitutional safeguards."

William Green, President of the American Federation of Labor:

"I urge all workers engaged in war production to continue work on Decoration Day—to pay tribute to our fallen comrades in the ships, in the plants and in the factories. Through participation in Memorial Day services we can emphasize the dignity of labor and its contribution to the war effort, as well as its determination to play a part in the achievement of a just, enduring and lasting peace. Our reaffirmation and devotion to the principles for which those near and dear to us have died is of supreme importance. These principles are best summed up in the four freedoms that represent man's striving for liberty and his desire to live in harmony with his fellow men. In addition, they represent our insistence that men of all races, faiths and colors shall have a place in the sun."

A HISTORY OF UKRAINE

by

MICHAEL HRUSHEVSKY

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LET'S WALK

FOR months the Army Air Forces Training Aids Division has been employing graphic techniques to teach men to fly, to shoot, to use such intricate devices as radar, supercharges and bombsights. Its success has been emblazoned in victories by the AAF on the fighting fronts of the world.

Today, the Training Aids Division is employing these same streamlined teaching methods to help men of the Air Forces to fight another battle—the battle of the disabled who seek to regain health, self-confidence, the status of independence. And the procedures designed to train men to fly and fight are proving equally successful in teaching convalescing wounded in AAF hospitals such prosaic accomplishments as walking and playing the piano.

To demonstrate the importance of this phase of the complex educational program which originates in the Office of Assistant Chief of Air Staff, Training, Training Aids Division, 1 Park Avenue, in New York City, let us follow the career of a tail gunner whom we shall identify only as "Sandy."

Sandy was wounded over Tokyo. As the big formation of B-29's went into its bombing run the flak came up so thick it seemed as if there were no inch of near-by sky not filled with those puffs of white that appeared so harmless but which Sandy knew packed deadly wallops. One minute, Sandy was grasping his gun and squinting into the sun for "bandits." The next minute, he was slumped back in his seat, a searing pain in his leg where a piece of flak had ripped through the floor of the plane like a jagged spear, smashing his left leg at the knee.

"I'm Hit!"

Sandy struggled to grasp his gun again, but there seemed to be a weight on his chest and was barely able to gasp, "I'm hit," before the mist that swam in front of his eyes closed in and he lapsed into merciful unconsciousness.

Back at the base they lifted Sandy out of the bomber gently and carried him to the field hospital. He opened his eyes long enough to smile weakly at the Army nurse who gave him plasma in the shock ward; then he went under again.

When Sandy regained consciousness his leg had been amputated.

They evacuated the little gunner to a general hospital in the United States. Sandy had been a fighter all his life but he lost most of his spunk during the days and weeks that followed. He was pretty despondent when an Army nurse sat down beside his bed in AAF convalescent hospital and persuaded him to look at Air Forces Manual No. 49, "Let's Walk," published for the Air Surgeon, AAF Convalescent Training Division, in collaboration with the Institute for Crippled and Disabled, New York, by TAD—the Training Aids Division.

Sandy has reason to have faith in the AAF training manual. They had helped him shoot down Jap Zeros. He was willing to let them help him again when the nurse assured him over and over that he would walk once more—walk normally.

He read the first page of the manual. It said:

"The object of this book is to help to teach you to walk again.

"We want every man to leave this hospital under his own power. And it can be done!

"We make no exceptions, regardless of your injury."

Sandy perked up a bit. He wanted to believe it—wanted to more than he had ever wanted anything before. So he read on—

"Learning how to walk again will not be easy. This period in your life represents your greatest battle—but

you can win this one, too, if you wish. In it there will be no shell and flak, no boom and cannon, no guns. For this mission you must supply your own weapons: determination, patience, and love of independence! Without these, the best medical aid in the world, which is available to you, will be of little value.

"In other words, soldier, this fight will take guts, too.

"You who are without both your God-given legs can walk out this hospital (Sandy murmured a prayer of thanks, here, that he still had one of his legs.) and take over your former job—or a better one. You can work and dance and play again. You can take your place among friends and neighbors and resume your pursuit of happiness. Yes, you can marry and raise a family. No longer need you be confined to a life in bed or wheel chair. You, too, can walk—if you will fight for what you want. What we state is simple truth backed up by records of many cases like yours.

"The battle will not be easy, mind you. It will take grit and sweat. To win means you cannot surrender in the face of what may appear to be overwhelming odds. To win means visualizing a definite goal and then working toward that goal in a planned, orderly manner. No one but you yourself can deliver this victory to you. What we possess are knowledge and methods that have been tried and proved successful, and these are offered for you to take and use. The result of this one-man's war will depend on you. We say, 'If you want to walk again, you can. We can show you how to do it—but you must do it.'

The value you receive from these pages of illustration and text depends upon how well you carry out the instructions. Learn to do things the right way—learn to do first things first—and save yourself many days in the hospital.

Greatest Challenge of Lifetime

"Regardless of your past experiences, you now face the greatest challenge of your lifetime. You can win again—if you wish."

Sandy ruffled through the pages of the manual, turned back to the front and studied the first lessons, studied them with the same intensity he had given to the nomenclature of his machine gun when he had pored over another AAF manual months before. He learned how to exercise his muscles, the finger flexors, the triceps, the abdominal muscles, the quadriceps.

Carefully prepared illustrations showed him just how each exercise was to be performed—exercises to be carried out in bed, on crutches, in a wheel chair. Those illustrations represented months of work by Army men. Lieutenant Jack Gregory of the Office of the Air Surgeon, former wrestler and authority on restoring disabled men to health, posed for hundreds of exercise photographs, which were sketched later for the instruction of me nlike Sandy.

With the aid of manual, Sandy learned to walk on crutches. When he was fitted with an artificial limb, he followed the manual's instructions and learned to walk with a normal gait. It took time. First he had to strengthen the muscles controlling his stump. Following the manual's advice, he made a pillow, painted a picture of Tojo on each side of it, squeezed the pillow between his legs, and did his best to kick Tojo's teeth in.

He learned balance and posture, how to walk up and down stairs, to sit down and arise from a chair, to climb a rope, walk a plank and play hop-scotch. On the charts in back of the manual he kept careful check on his own progress and was encouraged at his improvement in balanc-

WACs Serve As Radio Operators On Hospital Ships

By PFC. THEODORE LUTWINIAK

THE War Department announced recently that WACs in the Transportation Corps, Army Service Forces, now sail the seas as members of ship crews.

Seven members of the Women's Army Corp are replacing men as radio operators on the United States Army Hospital Ships Larkspur, Charles A. Stafford and Blanche F. Sigman. A WAC officer on each ship serves as assistant Service officer in addition to her duties as commanding officer of the WACs aboard.

Like the male operators, the WACs were trained at the New York Port of Embarkation's Transport Radio Operators School established at the Brooklyn Army Base by the Signal Corp in October 1941. They received instruction in radio theory, code and tuning, and maintenance and care of radio equipment. The course also included practice in handling and receiving messages and the study of visual code sent with blinker lights.

Present plans call for the WACs to make up three quarters of a hospital ship's regular complement of four radio operators. The Larkspur, which was the first ship to sail with WAC radio operators, now has her full quota.

All WACs placed on hospital ships had previous experience as radio operators at Army bases. One flew as a radio operator on a B-17. Others attended the Midland Radio School in Kansas City, Mo., and were radio instructors prior to going to sea.

"They Worked Out Fine"

Ship's officers of the Larkspur, which docked at the Charleston Port of Embarkation in mid-April, were enthusiastic about the WACs on board. "They worked out fine," they said. "We're mighty glad to have them."

Women's Army Corps officers, who act as commanding officers for the WACs on board, also help with recreational activities for the patients. Among their duties are broadcasting

news items over the ship's loud-speaker system, playing musical recordings and helping to set up movies in the ship's wards.

It all began sometime last year when it became apparent to the Military Personnel Division of the Office of the Chief of Transportation that there was an acute shortage of radio operators for assignment to key jobs in various theaters of operation. When this news was brought to the attention of the Chief of Transportation, he requested that steps be taken to assign members of the Women's Army Corps to hospital ships in order that men with such qualifications could be utilized in assignments where women could not. It was believed that an experiment could be conducted which would determine if WACs could be placed on certain hospital ships, thereby releasing key men for more vital jobs.

The task of working out the details fell to Major Mera Galloway, WACs Field Director for the Office of the Chief Transportation. The most experienced WAC radio operators in the entire corps were selected and sent to a special school for further training. From this group, two of the best qualified were selected for the "experiment."

The two WACs having the honor of being the first WACs to serve aboard any type ship were both sergeants who had attended the Second Airforce Radio School and the Marine Radio Operators School. They were assigned to the Army Air Forces before being selected by the Transportation Corps for hospital ship duty.

The WACs, under command of a woman officer, were assigned to the USAHS Larkspur, which was selected for the trial assignment because of her "splendid reputation" and adaptability for the purpose of training.

Since the assignment of WACs aboard the Larkspur proved successful, recommendations were made to carry the plan through to other hospital ships.

ing, speed walking, endurance walking.

Sandy and his fellow patients in AAF convalescent hospitals also use TAD manuals and posters to learn how to play piano in a matter of weeks. Playing piano, Sandy learned from "Sit Down and Play," Air Forces Manual 29, does more than help lick boredom. It also exercises important muscles.

"Hammering piano keys for half an hour is the equivalent, in exercise value for certain muscles, to shoveling a ton of coal," this manual emphasizes. The manual claims that a patient with the average ear for music—the fellow who can hum a tune and keep time when he dances—can play tunes on a piano at the end of three weeks of study and diligent practice. Moreover, thousands of soldier patients in AAF convalescent hospitals are proving the truth of that statement, learning to play piano by chords quickly—and "painlessly."

A new poster series issued by Training Aids Division, called "Make and Play Your Own Musical Instrument," shows the soldier patients in AAF convalescent hospitals how to make and operate miniature pianos. Assembling the pianos can be accomplished in two days in a hospital workshop, the instrument weighing only fifteen pounds and covering two and one half octaves of the normal pianos's keyboard.

Help in both constructing the pianos and coaxing music from them is provided by special instructors at AAF convalescent hospitals.

Army personnel, medical officers, Army nurses, physical and occupational therapy aides, members of the Women's Army Corps and corps-

men are helping to make the best possible use of the many TAD manuals designed to speed the reconditioning of wounded airmen. The Sandy's of the AAF, taking their first steps toward a fuller life, are vivid evidence that the combination of willing, capable hands, determined patients, and graphic training aids can win the battle that will still go on in hospital wards.

To the People of this Community

Usually when you seek a war comparison you think of the man in the foxhole, and not without justification, because our men



are doing nearly all the dying. However, millions of women now helping to build planes, ships, load shells and bombs could well dedicate their extra bond purchases

to our women at war. WACs and nurses are working side by side with combat troops. Nearly all have lived in tents without floors at some time, taken showers out of helmets, eaten monotonous food and endured severe weather. Some died from enemy fire.

It is fitting that the person who probably will contact you to buy the most extra bonds you've ever bought in a war loan will be a woman volunteer. Women have a tremendous stake in this war and War Bonds. They have good reason to want the biggest stock of War Bonds in every home in this community because 10 years hence this stock will pay off in personal health and happiness. Be ready for your War Bond saleswoman when she calls.

THE EDITOR

ДРІБНІ ОГОЛОШЕННЯ—WANT ADS

Classified Department—Ergon 4-0237—Byant 9-0883

War Manpower Commission Employment Regulations

Essential Workers need Statement of Availability. If transferring to less essential, need U. S. Employment Service consent in addition. Critical workers also need both.

Судні робітники обов'язані мати посвідку, що вони є до розпорядимості. При переміщенні до менше суттєвих робіт мусять мати крім цього згоду „Юнайтєд Стейтс Емплоїмент Сервіс“. „Критичні“ робітники потребують теж обох посвідок.

ПОТРІБНО МУЖЧИН

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до офісового будинку, також заступати при пасажир. елевейтрах
Голоситись Sept., 258 Broadway
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ДЛЯ КРАЩОГО ЗАВТРА...

КУПИТЕ ВОЄННІ БОНДИ!

Ukrainians Participate in Washington's "I Am An American" Program

An open air program observing "I Am An American Day" was held at the Sylvan Theatre at the base of the Washington Monument in Washington, D. C. on Sunday, May 20, 1945, beginning at 3:30 p.m. Thousands of Washingtonians, many of them our Ukrainian friends, turned out for the patriotic outdoor exercises.

The famous U. S. Navy Band, under the direction of Lt. Charles Brandler, presented lively musical selections throughout the program. Adding an international note to the program was the colorful spectacle of the massing of the flags of the United Nations.

The two-hour afternoon program depicted the "Romance of Washington, D. C." from the days of the Indians to the present time, folk dancing playing a prominent part. American, Ukrainian, Filipino, and Polish folk dances were presented.

The Ukrainian group played an important part in the gala affair. Thousands were thrilled when the colorful dance ensemble again demonstrated the intricacies of our Ukrainian Folk Ballet. Participating in the dances were Ann Dudiak, Carolyn Yaworsky, Olga Bluey, Mary Haluska, Helen Grysiak, and Helen Maha-

nic. Our Baltimore friends, Genevieve Prymak, Walter Skaskiw, and Jimmy Emche contributed greatly to the success of the afternoon's performance. All Washington radio stations and newspapers were represented. The Washington Post's exhibit featured the Government Girls' Club. Two members of the American-Ukrainian Society of Washington, D. C., An Dudiak and Mary Sauffchuk, are active members of this organization.

At 9:30 p.m. the dance ensemble appeared at the Stage Door Canteen for its second engagement. (A return engagement is very infrequently requested at the Canteen). The Master of Ceremonies specifically requested Ann Dudiak, the director of the group, to lengthen the program. An enthusiastic applause followed the end of a wonderful performance. Refreshments were then served to the tired dancers. Watching the program as special guests of the management were Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Prymak, Mr. and Mrs. Ted Motorney, Mr. Michael Rodyk, Dorothy Orange and Ann Belinsky, who likewise enjoyed the performance.

MARY SAUFTCHUK

Funny Side Up

"A FOOL AND HIS MONEY"

The chump, so this story goes, was making his first visit to the race track. Someone had given him a tip on a "sure thing."

Up to the mutuels window he stepped. "This is my first time at a race track," he confided to the mutuels clerk, "and I'm terribly excited. Here are \$2.00. Kindly place the wager on Dumb Dodo to win the first race."

The clerk smiled. "Certainly," he replied politely. "Two dollars on the nose."

The chump appeared shocked. "Oh, not on the nose," he reproved. "How do you expect the horse to run his best if you don't give him a chance to breathe freely?"

Well, to make a long story short, when the race was over Dumb Dodo finished so far back that the jockey had to thumb his way in!

The chump felt disappointed, but not for long. A tout ambled up to him. "Good afternoon, sir," said the tout. "Your first time down here, isn't it? I thought so. Well, you're a very lucky man. I know all there is to know about horses and I'm going to give you the winner of every race today. The information will cost you nothing, except a small percentage of your winnings for me."

The chump shook hands warmly and expressed his undying gratitude. "Oh that's all right," declared the tout big-heartedly. "Now we'll start right off by picking the winner

of the 2nd race. I happen to know the owner, the trainer and the jockey, so we simply can't lose. Bet yourself \$10 on Happy Toots!"

By a strange coincidence, Happy Toots did not win. He finished so far behind that they posted a reward for his return!

The chump approached the tout but before he could say a word the tout exclaimed. "I got a hot tip. In the next race, put your money on six horses."

"Six horses!" repeated the chump. "There are seven horses in this race. Why should I put my dough on six of them?"

The tout leaned forward. "I told you I just got a tip," he whispered. "The long shot hasn't got a chance."

The chump was easily convinced and did as the tout directed. Naturally, the one horse he didn't bet on came in first.

The chump demanded an explanation from the tout. "The jockey crossed us," he ejaculated. "He put sun-glasses over the horse's eyes which made everything appear dark, so the horse, thinking it was supper time, ran faster than the other nags!"

The chump seeing his money vanishing with great rapidity began to lose heart. He thought that maybe he'd better quit.

The tout shook his head vigorously. "Don't talk nonsense," he cried. "The 5th race is coming up, and this is one event we can't lose. The whole race is fixed. I just saw the jockey take two aspirins, and our horse is a cinch to cop first."

Naturally, for the benefit of this story, the horse didn't win either. By this time the chump was actually trembling.

"Don't you think we'd better stop?" he quavered. "My money is almost all gone, and it seems as if we just can't get a winner."

A determined look crossed the tout's face. "Listen, mister," he asserted sternly. "In this game we don't quit. I'll keep trying to pick a winner... if it takes every dollar you've got!" BROMO SELTZER.

ВАКАЦІЇ

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Japs Prepared For Long War

By Booth Tarkington

Here is another War Loan—the seventh—to which we, the people, must subscribe to the magnificent tune of seven billion dollars. It is a vast sum and we are a vast people. We can do it.

Are there any new things to be said about why we must lend our dollars to America? Aren't all the reasons for buying War Bonds graven on our hearts as well as ringing in our ears? And don't we know

that these reasons are just as true as the very fact that we've heard them all before? Some people fear that now that Germany is beaten we Americans will think the war is half won and that we can win the other,

or Japanese, half with only half our strength. Is there a sixth-grade schoolchild in the United States who is so weak in fractions as to think this? If so, here is some more arithmetic—figures that don't encourage an illusion that Japan can be disposed of by us with one hand (that is, with half our supply of hands):—at present Japan is still able to add to her armies at least two hundred thousand new young frenzied fighters a year and Japanese yearly casualties have not as yet even approached that number—the number of Japan's mere normal replacements. In other words, we have not yet been strong enough to prevent the Jap army from growing larger all the time.

Can anyone think of anything we can do about this? Well, anyone can think of one thing we can't NOT do. We can't NOT pour seven billion dollars into Uncle Sam's Treasury now!

\$1,000 FROM HEAVEN

(Concluded from page 2)

Cultural and Educational Centre in the West. Besides, over nineteen hundred dollars were donated at my meetings for the Ukrainian Centre. Yet—it would have been so nice, if I was carrying home, for the Ukraina Cultural and Educational Centre, at least three thousand dollars... With such thoughts I fell asleep.

A Wish Fulfilled

One week after my arrival in Winnipeg I received a letter from Mr. John Fedan with a draft for one thousand American dollars as a gift for the Ukrainian Cultural and Educational Centre in Winnipeg. He told me in his letter that he was closely following my lecturing trip by reading my reminiscences in the Ukrainian Weekly and other Ukrainian newspapers. In response to my efforts to raise funds for the Ukrainian Cultural and Educational Centre he was also contributing his mite—a royal mite, of a gift of one thousand American dollars. It was as if a gift of one thousand American dollars had fallen straight from heaven, in response to my prayerful wish...

Thus my lecturing trip in western Canada had a grand finale.

DISCOVER JAP TRICK

Cpl. Samuel Napowanetz, son of Michael Napowanetz of 100 Washington Avenue, Elizabeth, N. J. and a member of U.N.A. Branch 65, is credited with having killed one Japanese when three Jap soldiers with hidden rifles tried to pass themselves off as civilians on Okinawa.

Cpl. Napowanetz entered the Marine Corps in August, 1942, and arrived overseas in November, 1943. He was awarded the Order of the Purple Heart for wounds received on Saipan.

Trees—Pro and Con

Jane Struther, author of "Mrs. Miniver," really started something when The Saturday Review of Literature printed her parody on Joyce Kilmer's poem about trees. This is what she said:

"I'll never see, where'er I roam
A tree as lovely as a poem.
A tree is just a thing that grows—
But only man can make an ode."
Quite properly Betty Smith, author of "A Tree Grows in Brooklyn," replied in kind: "I'd rather say I hated fleas Than be like youse what runs down trees Where'd I be, I'd like to know if o'er in Brooklyn us tree did grow!"

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