



SECTION II.

The Ukrainian Weekly

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

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Wounded in Action

As reported in current monthly number of the "Uke-Views" bulletin published in Olyphant, Pa.—

Pfc. Nicholas Dobransky, son of Mrs. Julie Dobransky, 329 Lynch street, Olyphant, has been admitted to the Woodrow Wilson General Hospital in Staunton, Va., on account of wounds received in action in the European theatre of operations.

Pfc. Dobransky entered the army February 10, 1943 and served 22 months overseas. He was returned to the states on a hospital ship and was received at Camp Joyce Kilmer. On April 24 he was transferred to the Wilson Hospital.

Pfc. William Semansion, 19, son of Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Semansion, 806 East Scott street, Olyphant, was wounded in action on Cebu in the Philippines on April 4th when he was struck in the left thigh by mortar shell fragments. He has been awarded the Purple Heart.

Pfc. Semansion entered service July 12, 1944 and received training at Camp Wolters, Tex., and Fort Ord, Cal. before going overseas last January. A brother, Corporal John, is in England with the 8th Air Force, and another brother, Aviation Machinist 1/c George is at a preflight school, Athens, Ga. after a tour of duty overseas.

Pfc. Joseph E. Panko, Dickson City, Pa. is at a general hospital in England, where he is recovering from wounds received at Avignacourt on November 18, 1944. He is the son of Mr. and Mrs. T. Panko.

Pfc. Edward Shayka, 21, was slightly wounded in action in Germany on April 15, according to a telegram received by his parents, Mr. and Mrs. John Shayka, 1208 Freida street, Dickinson City, Pa. He is hospitalized in France. He entered the army April 15, 1943, trained at Camp Shelby, Miss., and went overseas last November. A brother, Sgt. John, is in the South Pacific area and another brother, Pvt. Stephen, was killed in action in France last July.

Marine Pfc. Stanley Bookin, son of Mr. and Mrs. Andrew Bookin, 308 Pancoast street, Olyphant, and husband of the former Miss Helen Hodowanec, 329 Mooney street, has been awarded the Purple Heart for wounds received in action at Iwo Jima on March 3. He is now in a hospital in the Hawaiian Islands, according to word received by his wife.

Pfc. Martin Staschak, 22, son of Demko Staschak, 102 Lemko avenue Olyphant, was slightly wounded in action at Luzon, Philippine Islands, on March 27, according to a War Department message to his father. He entered service in April, 1942 and went overseas in October, 1942. He is an infantryman. Two brothers are in the army, Corporal Joseph, in France, and Corporal John, Fort Jackson, S. C.

New Yorkers Killed in Action

The Parish Bulletin published by the Basilian Fathers in New York City reports the following concerning former parishioners of St. George's-Ukrainian Catholic Church: Henry Budzinski, USMVR, was killed in action February 28th on Iwo Jima.

Cpl. Walter Budzinski, brother of Henry, was killed in action on May 13th on Okinawa. He had been wounded in Guam last year.

Lieut. John Kunash was fatally wounded April 20 during the American advance inside Germany. He was struck by fragments of an enemy shell while acting as a forward observer for artillery fire. He was a member of the 44th Division, attached to the 7th Army, and was in service since 1940.

Pfc. Joseph Paszkewich, was killed in action in Germany on April 15. Notice of his death was received on Ukrainian Good Friday.

Vladimir Onyskiewicz, Bkr. 2/c, was killed on Okinawa last month. He was on the aircraft carrier U. S. S. Bunker and took part in the Tokyo raids. He saw action also at Iwo Jima. He was five years in service, mostly overseas.

Theodore Ostapow, previously reported by the army as missing, has now been listed as having been killed in Germany.

Missing or Wounded

Pfc. Michael Gluszcak, at first reported missing, was recently reported to have been a prisoner of war in Germany, now undoubtedly freed.

Pfc. Stephen Gluszcak was wounded in Germany last January 9th.

Pvt. William Swoschuk was released from a hospital April 26 and is now back on duty. While serving in Italy he was wounded in the right hand.

Honorably Discharged

S/Sgt. William Patapchuk was honorably discharged April 23 after five years in service.

Pfc. Andrew Borys, after serving three years in the Marine Corps was honorably discharged on April 28. He took part in battles on Guam and Bougainville and was wounded in action on Guam. He was also stationed on Guadalcanal and New Zealand. On June 30th he is to marry Miss Clementine Baran at St. George's.

Peter Kolody was discharged January 26 after three years in service. He took part in the Guadalcanal battle.

Veterans Home on Leave

Edward Matyjoschuk, EM 2/c is home on leave after 2½ years in service, one year overseas, including action in the Philippines, Mariannas and Iwo Jima.

Cpl. Andrew Tynasty is home on leave after three years in army serv-

Wins \$1,100.00 Art Award

Miss Stepania Borys, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Stephen Borys, 5749 Fairhill street, Philadelphia, Pa. and a member of U.N.A. Branch 105, was



STEPHANIA BORYS

one of the seven students of the Pennsylvania Academy of the Fine Arts who were recently presented with Cresson memorial scholarship, reports Mrs. Anne Dmytrush.

Miss Borys' scholarship, won for sculpture, is worth \$1,100.00, of which \$200 may be used for tuition at the Academy's school next year and \$900 for traveling.

TELLS OF NAZI MISTREATMENT OF PRISONERS

In a letter dated May 7th last to the Basilian Fathers in New York City, Sgt. Stephen Bronsky describes his experiences as a prisoner of the Germans:

"On the morning of April 29th between 5-6 A.M. I was captured by the Germans. That day they marched us some 40 odd miles. We walked for 18 hours and then when we stopped they gave us a can of sardines, one for each two men. We slept that night without blankets or anything but there were so many of us in one room, that our body heat kept us pretty warm. That night the Germans let us go, because one Italian woman told them that if they didn't, 200 partisans would attack them. That night we slept in this woman's house and the next morning the partisans took us to a hideout high in the Alps. From this hideout we

ice of which two years were spent overseas. He took part in major campaigns in Africa, Sicily and Italy. He holds the Presidential Citation with two Oak Leaf clusters.

John Panchyshyn is home on furlough for two months. He saw three years of service in Iceland, Ireland and England.

First Lieut. George Pifko is home on furlough. He was a prisoner of war in Germany since about August,

HLYNKA'S VICTORY

It was with considerable satisfaction that we learned early this week of the re-election of Mr. Anthony Hlynka of the Vegreville, Alberta district as member of the Canadian Parliament. Although he had a doughty opponent, one who in some quarters had been expected to defeat him, Mr. Hlynka won handsomely, with a plurality of about two thousand votes as compared with the bare several hundred he got over his opponent at the last elections.

Mr. Hlynka's re-election was a tribute to his ability as a legislator and to his personal popularity as well. Although comparatively a newcomer Mr. Hlynka has handled himself in Parliament like a veteran, earning the respect of his colleagues there.

Of special importance to those of Ukrainian extraction has been Mr. Hlynka's championing in and out the Parliament on several occasions of the right of the Ukrainian people to national independence. His several addresses on this subject were masterly, from the viewpoint of sense, logic, construction and style.

We wish Mr. Hlynka's continued success in serving his country and constituency, and the cause of freedom and democracy as well.

Promoted to First Lieutenantcy

With the 33rd in the Philippines—Second Lieutenant Michael Torhan of 647 East Grant street, Olyphant, Pa., Ukrainian by descent, has been promoted to First Lieutenant, it was announced by Major Gen. P. W. Clarkson, commanding the 33rd division.

Lieutenant Torhan is serving with the 123rd Infantry, fighting in northern Luzon near the approaches to Baguio, summer capital of the Philippines. In civilian life Lieut. Torhan worked in the coal mines. He enlisted in the army in 1938 serving through to 1942, when he was sent in December of that year to the Officers Training School at Fort Benning, Ga. Upon graduation he was commissioned a second lieutenant. He went overseas with his division in 1943 and took part in its campaigns since then, distinguishing himself and thereby winning the present promotion.

could see for many miles around and could see the Jerries retreating through the town where we were imprisoned. If their SS troops had found us that day they would have killed us. Finally that day we spotted the American tanks creeping toward us. Gosh, we certainly were glad to see them. We came down the mountain and were hustled to the division rear. That night I wrote V-Mail letter telling them disregard any telegrams they might receive because I was afraid they would get a "missing in action" telegram, which would worry them sick."

Communism and Christianity

By PROF. WATSON KIRKCONNELL

(In the article below, Professor Watson Kirkconnell, M.A., Ph.D., F.R.S.C., presents a statement of conditions in Russia to demonstrate the lack of any basis for the yearning of Socialistic clergy in Canada for the distant pastures of Communism.)

Professor Kirkconnell is a fourth generation Canadian of Scotch-English origin and U.E. descent. He graduated from Queen's University after a brilliant scholastic career, and for nearly four years during the war served as a captain in the C.E.F. Subsequently he was a member of the staff at Wesley College, Winnipeg, where he was first a member of the English department and later Professor of Classics. For the past five years he has been head of the English Department of McMaster University, Hamilton. The article appeared in May 25 issue of Toronto Evening Telegram.)

In Canada today, a few Socialistic clergymen are preaching enthusiastically that Communism is the religious Wave of the Future. Perhaps the most egregious case came on May 2, 1945, when the Presbyterian Synod of Toronto and Kingston approved, without a dissenting voice, of a social service report that hailed Communism as "a new proletarian religion," whose social ideals "bear a striking resemblance to the social emphasis of the Christian gospel." The report accepted the inevitability of class warfare, praised the Soviet system to the skies, and credited Communism with possessing "a spiritual as well as an economic power." In view of such utterances, it is important to examine the claims thus put forward for this "new proletarian religion."

It is obvious at the outset that the term "religion" is here meaningless in any traditional sense. To the Communist, there is no soul and no God; and even the human mind is only a sort of feeble, temporary by-product of living matter. Jesus set forth as the first and greatest rule of religion: "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart and with all thy soul and with all thy mind." To the Communist, this is babbling idiocy, to him, none of these entities exist. Josef Stalin, in his book "Leninism," published in New York in 1942, stated categorically: "Mind itself is merely the highest product of matter"; and the "Program of the Third International," whose principles have never been repudiated, states (3rd edition, New York, p. 32) that the Communist order of the future "will bury forever all mysticism, religion, prejudice and superstition, and will give a powerful impetus to the development of all-conquering scientific knowledge."

It is therefore clear that when Stalin-worshipping clergymen talk about Communism as a "religion," they are talking about something which has no place for God, the soul, and the redemption of man. It is rather a matter of a more equitable distribution of loaves and fishes. Man is only one of the beasts that perish, but Communism is alleged to give the beast a more evenly divided ration of hay, oats or swill.

Talk About Just Equality Abandoned in Practice

It is precisely at this point that we must discriminate between the glittering lies of Communist propaganda and the grim reality of Communism in practice:

1. The commonest catch-phrase of Communism is: "From each according to his ability to each according to his need." Under Stalin, this has been altered to: "To each according to his ability, and the devil take the hindmost!" The whole of Soviet industry is devil-driven by the world's cruelest and most ruthless form of piece-work. While the average wages are appallingly low, the bonuses

given to the stronger and more skillful workers mount steeply, and high-pressure "Stakhanovite" workers will receive from 20 to 30 times the wage of the lowest paid group. For example "Pravda," September 11, 1937, reports two machinists earning 2,887 rubles (\$144.35) and 3,185 rubles (\$159.25) per month—respectively, while the minimum wage listed in "Pravda" of January 2, 1937, was 110 rubles (5.50) a month, less deductions. Salaries of Communist officials, of course, go far beyond the industrial range.

In 1939, Leon Trotsky was able to point out that "the upper 11 or 12 per cent of the Soviet population receives approximately 50 per cent of the national income. This differentiation is sharper than in the United States, where the upper ten per cent of the population receives approximately 35 per cent of the national income." (Cf. James Burnham, "The Managerial Revolution," 1941, p. 43). Canada appears to have still less inequality than Russia. The Rowell-Sirois Commission found that over a long period of years the farmers and industrial workers of Canada (75 per cent of the population) had received 74.2 per cent of the total personal income in Canada. Nor does the remaining 25.8 per cent of the income, which is paid to the other 25 per cent of the population, go overwhelmingly to a few "Big Shots." The Hon. Colin Gibson, as Minister of National Revenue, reported that in 1942 the number of Canadians receiving gross incomes in excess of \$15,000 was 6,910, and that their total combined gross income was \$141,769,758 (or less than 2 per cent of the total national income of \$8,800,000,000).

2. When, therefore, the church report states that Russia has "given cake to none and bread to all," it shows complete ignorance of the facts. The top 11 or 12 per cent of the Soviet population get cake, and the remainder may get black bread and potatoes. (The 1937 minimum wage in Soviet industry was 110 rubles a month. Bread alone was 43 kopecks a pound. A man's whole monthly wage could therefore buy his family two 4-lb. loaves of bread a day—if he and his family ate nothing but dry bread and did not have to pay rent or wear clothes. The average wage in Soviet industry for man or woman, in 1937, was 250 rubles a month or about 42 cents a day.) Moreover, the three million Ukrainian peasants who were starved to death in 1933 for resisting collectivization discovered that in a Communist state not even bread is given to the disobedient. To these men, whose only offense was that they wanted to keep on owning their own farms, the saviour of the Proletarian Religion said: "I am come that they might have Death, and that they might have it more abundantly."

Social Insurance Served as a Weapon

3. Much has been said of the success of state medicine in Russia. But whereas in 1916 there were over 500,000 hospital beds in Czarist Russia, in 1934 there were only 477,000 hospital beds in Soviet Russia. The rate per capita was less than one half that in Canada. The much publicized rest homes and sanatoria serve only a small proportion (9 per cent) of the industrial workers and none of the farmers. Beginning in 1934, a system was inaugurated giving wages during illness only to the privileged classes of the shock brigades and not to the rank and file of the workers. Of this practice, the trades union journal, "Trud," of April 11, 1934, boasts inhumanly: "We have made of social insurance a weapon in the struggle for the increase of the productivity of labor."

4. It is sometimes assumed that the

USSR has made great strides in education. So far as the abolition of adult illiteracy is concerned, this is true; but the Soviet treatment of schools contains many elements of actual retrogression. In 1916, the last year of the Czarist regime, over eight million young Russians were in the elementary schools (including 86.8 per cent of the children, 8 to 11, in Moscow province), and the Minister of Education, Ignatiev, introduced a plan for universal elementary education, to be complete by 1925. The Soviets simply inherited this, but vitiated the system by "liquidating" the educated teachers as politically untrustworthy. Even as late as 1935, it was noted in the official publication, "Kulturnoe Stroitelstvo" (p. 16) that: "Almost half of the teachers in the primary schools (i. e., Grades I-IV) and nearly one-third of those in the intermediate schools (i. e., Grades V-VII) are workers with a pedagogical preparation which does not exceed three years" (i. e., the teachers had only been pupils in school themselves for three years). The corresponding teachers in Canada must have at least thirteen years of schooling.

5. Apologists for Communism make much of an edict of July 8, 1944, providing very large allowances to mothers of large families. Unlike the family allowances in Canada, which mysteriously decrease the amount per child as the family grows, the Soviet system raises the ante for each child up to a maximum, for the eleventh and each subsequent child, of \$175 at birth and \$180 per annum for four years. The grim joke in all this is that aid for each child is for the first five years only, and when the last child reaches the age of five the father and mother find themselves trapped, with perhaps eight or ten young children to support without any government help at all. The system is clearly designed to produce future manpower, for factory and army, and is pitiless towards the welfare of the family.

6. It is claimed by Red propagandists, like Comrade Dyson Carter, who significantly abstain from statistics in the matter, that the USSR has abolished prostitution and venereal disease, and that by the enlightened device of giving women equal wages with men, hence removing women's need to seek supplementary income. When the real average wage in Soviet industry, however, is 42 cents a day, for man or woman, the moral safety of affluence is scarcely assured. A different version is revealed in an order to the NKVD police in the Lithuanian Soviet Republic, dated November 28, 1940, marking down prostitutes as one of the groups in the population to be systematically "liquidated" by death or deportation.

Wretched Housing Under Soviet System

7. Propagandists sometimes boast of the Soviet provision of housing for the people. Yet while, during the first twenty years of Soviet rule, there were constructed homes with 54,000,000 square metres of living space, England from 1919 to 1936 erected homes with 180,000,000 square metres of living space and the U.S.A., from 1923 to 1930, built 330,000,000 square metres of living space. On a comparative basis, per capita per annum, the English provision of new housing was 13 times that of Soviet Russia and the American provision 26 times that of the USSR. What that means in human misery in Russia is shown by a survey made in 1935 (cf. "Trud v. S.S. S.R.," 1936, p. 346), which revealed that only 6 per cent of the families in Moscow occupied more than one room, 79 per cent of the families lived all in one room, while 15 per

cent of the Moscow families were housed with more than one family to a single room. The same survey showed that in 45 Soviet cities at least 76 per cent of all families were living in one room or less. Nor was prospective war a limiting factor, for as late as 1934 less than four per cent of the national income was being spent on war purposes (cf. Joseph E. Davies, "Mission to Moscow," p. 398).

8. The 1945 Report of the Presbyterian committee already mentioned deplored the use of Canadian women in war factories; and quite properly condemned the effect of such labor on the home. In the USSR, however, the "proletarian religion" had nearly three and a half million women in heavy industry in 1936 (Mariana Gordon, "Workers Before and After Lenin," page 274); while in the period 1941-44 the proportion of women in Soviet industry was officially in excess of 70 per cent. As David J. Dallin explains in "The Real Soviet Russia" (pp. 162-3): "The percentage of female workers in Russia is higher than in any other European country. Except for China, it is probably the highest in the world. . . . The mere physical existence of the workers is possible only because the number of breadwinners in each family is now greater than before. . . . Only by increasing female labor and that of minors is it possible to exist at all."

Low Wages and Forced Labor

9. The prize argument of the pro-Soviet writers is that the USSR has abolished unemployment, and that we must therefore "discover her secret." The answer to the secret is simple two-fold. In the first place, the Soviet bosses, unhampered by collective bargaining from their puppet unions, set wages by fiat so appallingly low that many tasks become economically possible where free labor in a free country would never tolerate the situation. Thus the average Soviet industrial wage in 1937 was \$150 a year, or 42 cents a day. In the second place, millions of Russians are working at forced labor under the bayonets of the NKVD police. This situation is becoming worse instead of better. In 1913, under the Czar, there were 32,757 prisoners undergoing penal servitude in Russia, and of these only 5,000 were political prisoners. In 1930, under the Soviets, there were about 650,000; in 1934-35, there were between five and six million; and today the estimates of this slave labor run from eight millions to 20 millions. David J. Dallin, in "The Real Soviet Russia" (p. 189) concludes: "The number of people subject to forced labor is not less and is probably greater than the total number of industrial workers at liberty in Russia." Russia's employment problems is solved by making the country one vast penitentiary under the political police. Why should Canada be urged by clergymen "to learn the Soviet secret?"

In spite of all this busy slave labor, moreover, Stalin's armies were so poorly equipped that Britain alone had to supply the barefoot Red troops with 3,000,000 pairs of army boots in the first nine months; though we gave them over 15,000 planes, we still had to cross Europe to do their strategic bombing for them; and had it not been for half a million of our motor vehicles and tanks, they might still be stuck in the mud of the Ukraine.

Purge of Children Shows Communist Savagery

But the grimmest insight into the "spiritual" character of Communism comes from an edict of April 7, 1935, prescribing the death penalty for delinquent boys and girls, 12 years of age and up. This bloody edict was signed by Kaimin and Molotov—the same Molotov who was greeted so gushingly by reporters at San Francisco. Attempts have been made by

(Continued on page 4)

A UKRAINIAN BARD

Two National Musical Instruments of Ukraine

"If I were to wage a fight against the Ukrainian national movement, I would order that all kobzas be collected, piled into one big heap, and then burned to cinders."

These words were publicly uttered once by the well-known Ukrainian writer, Olena Pchilka (1849-1930), mother of a still greater writer, Lesya Ukrainka. Her remark ably illustrates the important role the kobza played in its time in keeping alive the national sentiments of the Ukrainian people in their native land as expressed in their poignant folk songs.

A similar role was played by another musical instrument of Ukraine, the bandura. In popular conception there is a tendency to regard the kobza and bandura as two entirely different instruments. Actually they are the same. The kobza is said to have come to Ukraine from the east, while the bandura is said to have come from the west. The kobza has eight to ten strings, while the bandura has about thirty strings. Both instruments resemble the mandolin and both are usually hewn out of maple or willow wood.

It is said that the kobza originated in Asia, and that during the 12th century it was popular among the Polovtsians, a nomadic tribe then occupying southeastern Ukraine and constantly warring with the Ukrainian rulers, including Prince Ihor, chief character of the famed poem, "Song of Ihor's Legion." From the Polovtsians the bandura was passed on to the Tartars, whose invasions of Ukraine were far more destructive than those of their predecessors. From the Tartars the instrument was transferred to the Ukrainians. At this early stage it was supposed to have had but three strings.

As for the bandura it is claimed by some to have originated among the Arabs and Persians and to have entered Ukraine by way of Greece. Another version places the origin of bandura in England, during the 16th century, from where it passed to Spain, where it probably was known as bandoria, then to Italy (bandora), then to Poland, and finally to Ukraine (about the middle of the 17th century). By then it had become a more finished instrument and as such it attracted more attention in Ukraine than elsewhere. Because of its resemblance to the kobza, it became identified and then merged with the latter. There is no doubt, however, that the kobza appeared in Ukraine much earlier. This is borne out, for example, by the Polish historical writer of the 16th century, Paprotski, who wrote that the "Kozaks performed various feats, firing muskets, singing, and playing on the kobza."

The above, it should be borne in mind, are but versions of the origin and development of these two musi-

cal instruments. Within more recent times the conviction is growing that the kobza has been a native instrument of Ukraine from the earliest of times. As one proof of this, Khotkevich, an authority on the subject, points out that the very early Arabian travelers mentioned the presence of this instrument among the ancient Ukrainians. Whether that is so or not, however, the fact remains that for centuries the kobza and the bandura have been the national instruments of the Ukrainian people, ever reminding them of their ancient glories, of their undying struggle for freedom, and of their famous warriors and leaders, such as Morozenko, Sahaydachny, Khmeinitzky, and others.

How highly the kobza has been regarded by the Ukrainians can be gleaned from the fact that Taras Shevchenko, the national poet of Ukraine, called his first collection of poetry "Kobzar," i.e. one who plays the kobza.

While Pantaleymon Kulish, a leading Ukrainian writer (1819-1895) had this to say in verse about the kobza and the bandura—

Кобзо, ти наша відрода єдина,
Поки прокиньється сонна країна,
Поки діждється своєї весни, —
Ти нам по хатах убогих дзвони!
Стиха дзвони...
Давні пригоди ти нам споміни.
Хай братнє серце до серця озветься,
Як на бандурі струна до струни!

AWAY FROM HOME

Oh! you've heard them tell of the shot and shell,
Or the soldier's misery and sorrow.
But where wanders his mind, in his leisure time
'Tis doubtless of home and the morrow.
What keeps him gay when he's far away
From the loved ones he left behind him?
No, it isn't the time when he drinks of wine,
But of home and the day we will win.
When the man in the foxhole is alone with his soul
Does he think of making merry?
No, he looks to the day when he can watch children at play
At his home in the mountain or prairie.
And the man in the air, who invades the lair
Of both the Jerry and Jap
Sees the time in the sky, not when he will fly
But his home without fear of their grasp.

Pvt. Paul M. Berick,
(Somewhere in the Philippines)

MAN'S GRATITUDE...

By F. KOKOWSKY

Translated from the Ukrainian by C. H. Andrusyshen

I
OLD Hrits lay exhausted on his bed. He was ill. An abscess stuck in his throat and made him miserable. Hrits could neither breathe, eat nor drink. His eyes, bulging out of their sockets, revealed his pain, as he blinkingly gazed around him.

In the cottage, by the stove, stood his wife, Fenna. She mixed the potato dumplings, which were boiling in a pot, and moaned.

"What will happen to me when you leave me, Hrits? What will I do without you in this wide world? Have I not been a good wife to you, a good housekeeper, that you are leaving me a widow?"

She moaned so loudly that the sheep in the enclosure bleated out of fright, and the dog, Brisko, crawled under the bench and howled fearfully.

Old Hrits' throat rasped, and a whistling sound was heard in his chest. His face was becoming more and more purple, and it seemed that the abscess would choke him to death at any moment. While Fenna wailed as she stirred the dumplings which boiled in the pot.

Then Fenna removed the pot, strained the dumplings, spilled them into a bowl, greased them with lard and placing them under Hrits' nose spoke endearingly to him as though he were a child.

"Eat, eat, my darling. Eat them slowly. I made them specially for you. Maybe at least a small bit will pass through."

And she held a spoonful of dumplings to his mouth, begging him to eat. But Hrits rolled his head to all sides and refused. His eyes looked greedily at the dumplings, but he knew they would not go down his throat. His fingers clenched and relaxed time and again, as if he were clinging to the life which seemed to be escaping from him.

II

The door opened and the old conjuror, Vania, entered the cottage. He knew everything, and everybody considered him to be a sorcerer. Fenna had called him in order that he might save Hrits.

Vania approached the sick man, wrinkled his brow and fixed his sharp eyes on those of the sufferer. Hrits was so frightened that he wheezed with all the power of his lungs. It seemed as if death were drawing near. He started, wanted to spring to his feet and run away, but could not.

While Vania stared him in the eyes a long, long while. Then he went to the cupboard, took an earthen dish, filled it with coals from the stove, produced a satchel full of herbs, spilled the contents on the burning coals and began to fumigate Hrits.

He held the smoking dish to Hrits' nose, applied it to his chest and feet. The air in the room became so stifling from the fumes that Hrits was almost choked by them. The whistling sound in his chest grew faint as his body struggled fitfully to get up, and he rolled his head to all sides.

Then Vania gave the dish to Fenna to hold. Fenna, who still held the dumplings in her hands, placed the bowl on the bench and took hold of the dish. She coughed and struggled for breath, so strong were the fumes, and yet she did not stop gaping, now at Vania and then at Hrits.

Vania stood at Hrits' head, waved his arms frantically in the air and mumbled an incantation:

"Leave him, abscess, ugly abscess, fiendish abscess, leave him... God's very mother commands thee not to block his throat. Pass away, away, away... slowly, slowly... silently, silently. Get out of poor Hrits, and give his Christian soul peace... poison

his blood no longer. Vanish, disappear like mist into the air. Out, out with thee, slowly, slowly..."

III

Brisko was also curious to see what course this healing incantation would take. He crawled from under the bench to view the proceedings. A similar sight he had never seen in his long, four-year-old life. He pricked his ears, hid the tail between his legs and began to draw nearer. But as the pleasant smell of lard and dumplings reached his nostrils, he turned back, placed his forelegs on the bench and stuck his snout into the bowl.

He tasted the dumplings: delicious! He grabbed a few of them and disappeared under the bench. He waited, expecting to be beaten for what he did. But since nobody paid any attention to him, he again reached for the dumplings, grabbed more and ate them hurriedly under the bench. And when he saw that he was getting away scot-free, without even a threatening gesture from anyone, he felt so certain that he did not take the trouble to flee under the bench, but stuck to the bowl, helping himself to all that was in it.

Vania and Fenna were staring at Hrits and had no time to watch the dumplings. They had completely forgotten about them. But Hrits noticed those canine maneuvers and felt annoyed about the dumplings disappearing so fast, but he could not utter a word. Time and again he switched his eyes from Fenna and Vania and then to the dumplings, trying to make himself understood and call their attention to what was going on there, but Vania and Fenna were at a loss to know what Hrits was driving at. They thought that irritated him and made his eyes roll to and fro so fitfully.

But when Brisko finally glued himself to the bowl, Hrits felt raging mad that his hard-earned food should be wasted on a dog. He was stung to the quick. With a superhuman effort he gathered all the strength that yet remained in him, and bellowed out:

"The dumplings!"

Suddenly the matter, mingled with blood and saliva, streamed out of his mouth. The abscess had burst!

When Fenna heard about the dumplings she was dumbstruck. She turned her head, and lo and behold! There was Brisko finishing them off. Without wasting a moment Fenna rushed at the dog and beat him with all her might.

Brisko left the remainder of the dumplings, and tried to escape. You could not see him for smoke!

While in the cottage Hrits was spitting out the rest of the matter, and clamoring for milk. He felt relieved immediately. He got out of bed. Nothing bothered him now.

Fenna rewarded Vania royally for curing Hrits so wonderfully. While Brisko crouched in the corner of the room, licking the painful bruises on his back.

Well, that's man's gratitude for you!

SCHOOL CHILDREN'S WAR BOND SALES BUY EQUIPMENT

WASHINGTON.—American school children have sponsored 17,595 pieces of military equipment, ranging from jeeps to superfortresses, through their purchases of \$107,741,730 in war bonds since August, 1944, according to the Treasury's War Finance Division. This equipment, each piece marked with the name of the school financing it, includes 7,800 ambulances, 115 hospital service planes, and 240 fighter planes.

COMMUNISM AND CHRISTIANITY

(Concluded from page 2)

Canadian Communists to deny the authenticity of this item, but I possess photostats of (1) the original edict in "Pravda" of April 8, 1935, (2) an editorial in "Pravda" of April 9, 1935, urging that the wayward little children be liquidated without mercy. I have also located an item from "Vechernaia Moskva" of April 19, 1935, reprinted in "Poslednia Novosti" of April 24, 1935, telling how a minor named Leppe was actually sentenced to death a few days after the new law was adopted, for knocking a man unconscious and running away with his briefcase. The Soviet news report states in part:

"In Moscow, on the basis of the new law, the death sentence pronounced against a minor has been carried into execution... He snatched from the unconscious Tchenzov his briefcase and started to run away, but was apprehended... The Special Collegium (Session) of the Moscow Court has sentenced Leppe to the supreme (capital) measure of criminal punishment—the firing squad."

Obviously the saviour of the "new proletarian religion" is to be conceived of as saying: "Suffer the little children to come unto me, and I will slaughter the erring ones."

The actual pose of the Red saviour is vividly described by General Walter Krivitsky, former chief of Soviet intelligence in western Europe in his book, "In Stalin's Secret Service" (pp. 177-180, passim):

"Of all the purges initiated by Stalin, the most frightful, the one that, even if it were possible for history to forget all else, could never be erased from the horrified memory of mankind, is his purge of the children... On April 8, 1935, Izvestia published an official decree of the Soviet Government, signed by President Kalinin and Premier Molotov, entitled "Measures to Combat Crime among Minors." This decree extended the death penalty to children above the age of twelve for offenses ranging from petty larceny to treason. Armed with this terrible weapon, the OGPU rounded up hundreds of thousands of young children and condemned them to concentration camps, to labor gangs, and in many cases to execution.

"It was just when these horrors were taking place that Stalin emerged from his semi-monastical isolation and began to pose before cameras as the godfather of Russia's little children. We began for the first time to see photographs of him mingling with them in their playgrounds. He was shown escorting a twelve-year-old girl to the parade in the Red Square, borrowing car fare for her from War Commissar Voroshilov. Again, he was receiving gifts from a pretty child who came from distant Turkestan, the champion cottonpicker of her district, to receive the Order of Lenin, and a gold watch and a kiss from the 'Father of Nations.' I am not speaking ironically but stating dreadful facts. This camouflage was employed deliberately during those most terrible months when the OGPU was blotting out the lives of twelve, thirteen and fourteen-year-old children."

Illogical in Motivation, Perilous in Results.

On what grounds do deluded clergymen represent all this as a virtuous challenge to a decadent Christianity? The basic argument for their propaganda is found, curiously enough, in the bravery of the Soviet troops. When the Japanese on Okinawa fight with unsurpassed courage, we dismiss it as "ferocity" and do not warmly recommend their political system. When the British and Americans fight most gallantly, we tend to say that they have done well—as amateurs. When the Poles

SOMEWHERE IN...

(A letter from a Ukrainian American serviceman published in "Uke Views" of Olyphant, Pa.)

I didn't write yesterday because I was doing a bit of gallivanting. So far I've been to all the places in N. G. that have made the news and quite a few places that haven't—yet. When you want to go anywhere, all you do is go down to the strip and stick out your thumb. Just like waiting for a street-car or hitch-hiking a ride. The only difference is that you don't experience the discomfort of street-cars or the uncertainties of hitch-hiking. Traveling by plane is fast, clean, and comfortable.

On my travels I've seen some of the places where the Japs have really taken a pasting. It does my heart good to see Jap planes heaped high on junk piles and half submerged Jap ships sticking out of the ocean. But that's only a sample of what they're in for eventually.

It will surely be a joyfull day when we pack our old kit bags for that long voyage home. Instead of packing I'm going to throw mine away. I don't want any impedimenta to hold me down when I start that rush, which reminds me of the story they tell about a married Aussie soldier who had returned from N. G. after 18 months. "What's the first thing you did upon reaching home?" "Well," he reflected, "the second thing I did was take off my pack."

There's been quite a bit of excitement around here. On one of my trips we just landed before the Nips sailed in. Had they caught us in the air it would have been like shooting fish in a barrel. Just a minor hazard of the occupation, I guess. On another occasion I saw two "sons of heavens" dispatched C.O.D. to their promised land. The sky above us was so full of action it resembled a three ring circus. It's not a very comfortable feeling. Stray bullets and "daisy cutters" plop all over the place. It's one time we have no regrets for the sweat and toil used in digging our slit trench. I hope the European fuss will be finished in a hurry so that we could really amass some strength over here.

We've sure been in the middle of things lately. I was up in the Aussie lines yesterday. It's the toughest and most discouraging fighting possible. In our own right we've been doing quite a lot of foxhole sitting.

and Serbs fight with matchless heroism, we slander them and sell them down the river to Stalin. But when Stalin's barefoot armies, once they have been duly shod and equipped by Britain and the U.S.A., bravely succeed in helping us defeat an enemy less than one-half their size, we call it a miracle and hail their social system as a "proletarian religion" filled with a strange "spiritual power."

What shall we do then regarding the Soviets? First, let us respect the vast blood-price that they have paid in defeating their ally, Adolf Hitler. Then let us be grateful for the aid that they have thus unintentionally given us—even as they should be grateful to us for helping to save them. Let us, moreover, be ready to co-operate with them, provided they deal justly in the interests of international security. But let us also face the facts regarding the murderous brutality of communism, its economic failures, its tyranny, its duplicity, and its utter lack of any spiritual principle. Those ministers who are trying to plead its virtues to our Canadian churches are false witnesses and false prophets. Wittingly or unwittingly, they are playing into the hands of those conspirators who would set members and branches of Christ's Universal Church at strife with one another, making an insane praise of Communism the crazy test of spirituality and freedom.

Crocodile Discourages Bathing

We've been using the river for bathing but I'm going to give it up. Yesterday we saw a 6 ft. crocodile go slithering by.

My nightly association with Morpheus is now being done in the acme of comfort. I was lucky enough to get my hands on an air mattress. It's like floating on air. The irony of it is that it is so darn comfortable, I prefer to stay awake and enjoy it.

Things are unusually quiet of late. I hope it's a permanent condition and not the lull before the storm. Personally, I think the Japs are finding things a bit difficult. However, they are still, and will be for quite a while, a formidable factor.

I spent part of the day washing clothes in the river. It serves as a combination laundry and bath. Our washing methods are truly primitive. We use a large flat rock for a wash board and scrub like Hades.

The natives put on a song and dance in front of our tent today. It was a real jam session. The old men beat out a rhythm on an hour-glass shaped tom-tom. The women and boys did a war dance. Such "jig-gling" you never saw. The natives passed thro' here to what they call a sing-sing. For miles around they are gathering at a central point for a real old time picnic. The native chief invited us to attend.

Yesterday I braved a 4 mile trip thro' the jungle to attend the annual "sing-sing of the natives." They don their best looking grass skirts (women) and sarongs (men) and turn out with full battle weapon. The women of each tribe carry a full stock of groceries, fruits and young pigs. The heaviest thing the men carry is a gourd of betel nut juices, which has the same effect as a bottle of good Scotch. But for the fact that it makes your teeth coal-black I would have tried it myself. When we got there the natives were singing and dancing themselves into a frenzy. You could smell them a hundred yards away. The dances were all symbolic and though we didn't know what they represented they were interesting. At least we've discovered the source of jitter-bugging. I had my picture taken with one of the most voluptuous (full sense of the word) native beauty, who was happy to act as a model for one used razor blade as remuneration. We later enjoyed a paw-paw supper in the hut of some of the native boys who have been working for us. They offered us some vile, boiled concoction, which we discreetly refused. Not exactly an Oscar of the Ritz cuisine.

A Hectic Experience

Last night we had a hectic experience. We knew it was New Year's eve, but we also knew that no celebration was planned. We retired about 10:30 P.M. After being asleep for what seemed about five hours, we were wakened by the red alert which is 3 shots from a 40 mm. gun. Immediately after that all hell broke loose. Everybody in the valley began to fire rifle. At first we thought the Japs had broken thru and we began to get ready for any emergency. However, when we saw a continual stream of Roman candle-life flares we knew it was just a rousing welcome to the New Year. It literally came in with a bang.

I'm afraid I slipped a little on my domestic duties. Several days ago I soaped up a bunch of clothes and put them in a pail to soak. Today I planned to wash them. However, they turned so sour and foul smelling I decided it would be best to bury them as deep as possible. Which I promptly did.

What They Say

President Truman, in a message to Congress:

"I am confident that, with appropriate measures, we can avoid large-scale and lengthy unemployment during the transition period. However, some temporary unemployment is unavoidable, particularly when total demobilization becomes possible. Even if reconversion proceeds rapidly, no amount of planning can make jobs immediately available for all displaced personnel. We must provide maximum security to those who have given so fully of themselves on the fighting and production fronts. The transition from war to peace is part and parcel of the war and we cannot shirk our obligation to those temporarily unemployed through no fault of their own."

OPA Administrator Chester Bowles:

"The coming year will be made doubly difficult by our own natural weariness with war and the regulations that go with war. There are danger signs of this all around us. It expresses itself in the willingness of some normally honest citizens to justify their own participation in the black market. It expresses itself in blind, bitter editorial attacks on the bureaucrats and bunglers. It expresses itself in statements by ordinarily responsible people that, regardless of all consequences, price controls and rationing should be abandoned. Do we, as a people, have the good sense, the patience and the courage to finish what we have begun? Will we continue to put up with the nagging irritations, the occasional hardship, the bother and nuisance of wartime regulations and red tape which are an inevitable by-product of the controls necessary to lick inflation?"

"I have been working for the Government for three and one-half years. During this period I have developed a supreme faith in the basic good sense of the American people. Once they are given the facts and an opportunity to understand them, they invariably come through with the proper answers."

Thomas E. Dewey, Governor of New York State:

"We tried an economy of scarcity, for many years, and we ended up facing a world war with one third of the nation undernourished... Some of the elements of that program were essential and must be continued. But I think the results make it clear that we need, and need badly, a new approach to the whole subject. We need most of all to abandon this idea of planning for scarcity and develop an economy of abundance. We need to learn better how to use nature's bounty than how to limit it; we must think more in terms of new uses for agricultural products than in how to grow less. We need to think in terms of encouraging and rewarding the tremendous production, hard work and skill of the American farmer, rather than of paying him to suppress his ability and skill."

Fred M. Vinson, Director of War Mobilization and Reconversion:

"... Reconversion, expansion and the needs of many industrials, such as transportation, retail trades and services, textiles, agriculture, lumber and public utilities, which are now short of workers, should provide jobs for most of those who will lose them through cutbacks. The tremendous backlog of civilian needs and purchasing power will stimulate both old and new enterprise. Unemployment, therefore, is not expected to total more than two and a half million at the end of the next twelve months, as compared with the present total of about one million."

YOUR BEST INVESTMENT IN A CENTURY... A \$100 WAR BOND!

LET'S CONSIDER

By IRENE E. FEDAN

It is a well-known fact that our parents encountered many obstacles in their early years as settlers of this country. Each and everyone of them has his own story to tell. The difficulties they had to cope with were numerous. Therefore, it can readily be understood that one of their aims in life has been to prevent their children from experiencing the similar hardship of strenuous labor and resultant meager earnings.

To them, one solution was to educate their children. In education they saw the practical avenue that leads to an easier and better position, and a higher standard of living. Those lucky few that were sent to college found themselves in an entirely new environment. They did not know what course of study was best to follow and which field would prove most beneficial in affording a happy lifetime in which the individual is gainfully employed in the field of his choice. The student found himself between four walls with an assortment of books. Most of his time was spent in attending lectures day after day, and preparing for examinations. He was kept busy by his college work, and had little time for recreation. Most courses of study required four academic years, and generally, the student was away from home during this time. He lost contact with hometown friends and local organizations. He saw his parents only during school-vacations. There were no Ukrainian organizations on campus. Very seldom did he come in contact with other students of Ukrainian descent. There was no need to be ashamed of the fact that his parents were Ukrainian. Yet, if he admitted so, he was often-times branded as a "foreigner." Therefore, in order to avoid humiliation, he would keep the fact to himself, and gradually drift to other groups that were in existence on the campus. And, as the saying goes "When in Rome, do as the Romans do," after doing this for several years, it was difficult for him to return to the locality where he grew up. Little by little, he adopted the cultural pattern which accepted him while he was in college. Childhood days were fond memories, but he never thought of going back to his former life. As a result, his Ukrainian background was forgotten as he grew older. He no longer was active in Ukrainian organizations. His interests drifted elsewhere. And thus we Ukrainian Americans lost our graduate student, a person for whom we have the greatest need in order to offer us wise guidance in our policies and activities.

Fraternity Homes Needed

Perhaps you are beginning to wonder what I'm driving at. Thus far, I have stated a few facts, but now permit me to ask some questions.

How many parents send their son or daughter to college, yet never go to see the college or university where this boy or girl is sent for several years? The parents don't mean to be negligent, but they are hesitant about going to a college community, where conditions are even stranger to them than their son or daughter found them. Yet, if these students were at Ukrainian-fraternal homes, parents would feel free to go and spend a night or weekend with them. The parents would get an opportunity to see the university where the student was working for his degree. They would meet his friends, and become acquainted with the various activities in which he participated.

The Ukrainian Americans talk, read, and write about holding our youth together. But much more should be done to promote any desire which would hold them closer to their own culture.

We all know that it takes a higher education to be on an even keel with persons of other nationality back-

grounds. More of our youth, however, are lost in universities than anywhere else. Would not Ukrainian fraternal homes in university centers hold them closer together? If our young people had fraternal homes of their own, they would be widely known as students of Ukrainian parentage, and would be respected as such. Their fraternities would be pointed out as "there's the Ukrainian fraternity," just as I know from experience that others are pointed out. "This is so-and-so fraternity, and that is so-and-so fraternity," but what aid or interest have the Ukrainian American young people been offered to prompt similar pride in their hearts? Our students today who really have to beg for a room in boarding-houses certainly would express admiration, respect and gratitude for fraternal-home that belonged to them.

Every city, town, and township now has its Ukrainian Church and Ukrainian Center. This is a very fine accomplishment which can be attributed to our parents' efforts. Now, why can't we university graduates render our services toward the welfare of our young people by offering them aid, and by striving to establish first one fraternal home, then another, and another, in various university centers?

The Scholarship Angle

And while we're considering the fraternity homes, let's not forget the scholarship angle. Student scholarships should be established. How many students are there who if granted a scholarship would be able to complete a course of study that would otherwise have to be relinquished because of the lack of necessary funds?

The fact that better guidance is developed through a fraternal home is an advantage beyond compare. What do I mean by better guidance? Just this. The objective of every college fraternity is to have each of its members acquire a higher mental and social culture. Can't you readily see the advantages of having Ukrainian fraternities that would maintain staffs of educational, social, and religious advisors for our students?

Your interest in this vital matter would be the first step leading to the establishment of Ukrainian fraternal homes.

FIVE REQUESTS FROM UNCLE SAM

WASHINGTON.—The Government needs and asks its citizens in this week of the war to:

1. Plan to spend your vacation at home and leave railroads free for increasing furlough travel and redeployment of men to the Pacific.
2. Join the Cadet Nurse Corps and help meet your country's wartime nursing needs. Sixty thousand high school graduates between 17 and 35 are needed. Ask your local hospital about this free training.
3. Salvage waste papers scraps as well as newspapers and magazines. The paper shortage remains critical.
4. Serve in your community as a price panel assistant. Volunteers are urgently needed in the job of holding prices down and preventing inflation. See your local rationing board.
5. Make sure of the biggest possible harvest from your Victory gardens and store and can for your family's needs. Civilian supplies of canned vegetables will be lower next winter.

A tank on rough ground will jounce everything in it except its gun, which is cradled in a gyroscopic ball bearing mount. There are 97 bearing assemblies in a modern tank.

—FOR VICTORY: BUY BONDS—

Brothers in Navy Training Unit

Two brothers, Michael and George Kulick, sons of Mr. and Mrs. George Kulick, Nesquehoning, Pa. and members of U.N.A. Branch 231, are in

honing High School in 1941; he was class speaker, won the science award, was given the second band award, received the degree of excellence



MICHAEL KULICK

AS, V-12 (S), USNR



GEORGE KULICK

a V-12 Navy Training Unit at the Marquette Medical School. George is a sophomore and Michael a junior. Both took a pre-medical course at St. Procopius College, Lisle, Ill. They are now at 553 N. 16th street, Milwaukee, Wis. Both take pride in that they can speak, read and write in Ukrainian.

Michael graduated from Nesque-

honing High School in 1941; he was class speaker, won the science award, was given the second band award, received the degree of excellence from the National Forensic League, and was elected to the Nat'l Honor Society. He played trumpet in the band and violin in the orchestra, and was on the debating team.

George graduated from N.H.S. in 1942. He won the science award and was elected to the Nat'l Honor Society. He was a member of the N. H. S. gym team.

BITS OF BANTER

Received by Draft Board

"We will appreciate it very much if you will defer Mr. McDuff for another six months. He is the only man left in our shop and is carrying on with twenty girls!"

Dilemma

In civilian air circles a "short" is a non-priority passenger who must be removed from a flight if a priority passenger comes along. If possible, what is known as "protection" is given him. Arrangements are made to continue the journey by a later flight, by train, pony cart or whatever is available.

Recently a young stewardess, unfamiliar with flight vernacular, went to work for American Airlines. An hour out of Chicago she received by radio the following instructions: "Prepare to remove shorts at Detroit. No protection." For a while she was quite unhappy about it all. —Marcia Winn in Chicago Tribune.

Super Men

A Nazi corporal only 11 years of age was taken prisoner at Aachen. An American colonel, after asking the boy his age, exclaimed, "How could an army induct a lad so young?"

The boy replied, "I lied about my age. I told the recruiting officer I was 12."—Magazine Digest.

Escape Artist

At the breakfast table a young broker was relating an incident which had occurred the night before at his lodge meeting. The president, he said, had offered a silk hat to any member who would soberly declare that during his married life he had never kissed any woman but his own wife.

"Dear," marveled, "do you know, not a single man stood up."

"Why didn't you?" the wife demanded.

"Oh darling," rejoined the wily one, "you know I look awful in a silk hat!"

Life in a Mirror

Papa hog, growing tired of the sty, wandered down to the village brewery, where he found a big puddle of sour beer that had been poured

FLYING WHOLE BLOOD

WASHINGTON.—Transfusion of whole blood to wounded men on the battlefield has saved countless lives. To fly 10 pints of whole blood from San Francisco to Okinawa costs about \$80. This illustrates the statement in 7th War Loan advertisements that "everything costs more in the Pacific war" because of the great distances. Eight dollars is cheap as the price of saving a life. Buy more War Bonds.

out. He guzzled up so much of the stuff that when he went home he was staggering badly and squealing with a wild and joyous abandon.

Mama hog quickly shunted him around the barn, out of sight of the baby pigs, and with a furious grunt exclaimed, "You shameless wretch! What do you mean making such a human being of yourself before the children?"

Tag Line

The climax of the detective play, "The Dummy," came when its messenger boy hero, portrayed by Ernest Truex, was informed by the detective that he would receive the ten thousand dollars reward offered for the capture of the kidnapping gang, and was asked what he proposes to do with the money.

A conventional wisecrack had been provided by the author in which the young man replied that he would invest in a carload of watermelons or some other delicacy considered dear to the juvenile heart. But this final bit, designed to be the tag line of the play, fell miserably flat in rehearsal.

"Mind if I offer a suggestion?" interposed Edward Ellis, the character man of the play.

"Shoot," urged the author.

Ellis offered just two words which, when spoken the following night at the premiere, brought down the house.

Said the detective: "Ten grand's a lot of dough for your age. Tell me, what's the first thing you're going to do when you get your hands on it?"

Truex's answer was short and sweet.

"Count it," he replied.—Christian Science Monitor.

