



SECTION II.

The Ukrainian Weekly

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

No. 24

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VOL. LIII

Get Canadian Military Awards and Decorations

As reported from London by the Ukrainian Canadian Servicemen's Association the following have received within recent months Canadian military awards:

Distinguished Flying Cross awarded for Gallantry and Devotion to Duty:

F/O. John Pawlyshyn, J13484, Goodeve, Sask.

P/O. Joe Nawazek, J85583, Brandon, Man.

P/O. Julian Rabichak, J86259, Winnipeg, Man.

F/O. Val Paushinsky, J23728, Calgary, Alta.

P/O. Anatoli Slywchuk, J85259, Timmins, Ont.

P/O. Michael Bartman, J85663, Vegreville, Alta.

Distinguished Flying Cross awarded for skill, fortitude and devotion to duty:

F/O. Mike Prysziak, J20720, Swan Plain, Sask.

P/O. Joe A. Kisak, J87069, Toronto, Ont.

P/O. Nick Gurski, J87695, Fort Francis, Ont.

P/O. Peter Liwiski, J86570, Gilbert Plain, Man.

F/O. Andrew Kuzma, J24633, Vancouver, B. C.

F/O. Peter Yarema, J18944, Teulon, Man.

Distinguished Flying Medal awarded for fortitude, courage and devotion to duty:

F/Sgt. John Sossiak, R162332, Tanscona, Man.

Military Medal awarded for gallantry, fighting spirit and devotion to duty:

Sgt. S. Dudka, F44705, Stallarton, N. S.

Gnr. John Onischuk, M102600.

Sgt. George Antonluk, M7015.

Gnr. F. Spellay, Gorlitz, Sask.

Gnr. George Kawiuk, M104592, Calgary, Alta.

Pte. Nick Kowalchuk, Teulon, Man.

Pte. Mike Borodiako, A37319, Preston, Ont.

Pte. Walter Kadeniuk, K69461, Vancouver, B. C.

Pte. Nick Zamaria, B64867.

Distinguished Conduct Medal awarded for gallantry and devotion to duty:

Spr. Walter Coveychuk, B27938.

British Empire Medal awarded for meritorious service:

Gnr. Jack Krupa, H10074, Dauphin, Man.

DECLARED AN EXCELLENT SINGER

Reviewing the commencement concert of the New York College of Music held May 6, which consisted of Part II of Paradise and the Peri by Robert Shuman and the Tales of Vertigo, or the Fair Maid of Elizonde operetta by Offenbach, presented by the Young People's Opera of the college, the "Musical Courier" of this month praises the performances and among the several out-

U.N.A PAYS OVER \$77,000 IN DIVIDENDS

During the past month the Ukrainian National Association made refunds to its members in form of dividends amounting to well over seventy seven thousand dollars.

Despite the steadily declining interest rates and yields on investments in general the refund dividend paid out by the U.N.A. this year is the highest ever.

Killed in Action

Pfc. Michael M. Popinny, 33, son of Mr. and Mrs. Michael Lotosky of Rochester, N. Y. was killed in infantry action in Germany on April 26th, his wife, Emily Popinny, has learned, reports St. Johaphat's Advocate.

He was graduated from East High and Niagara University and was employed in Mansento, Ill., before entering service in August, 1943. He was overseas since last January.

Killed Off Okinawa

Earl Procai, U.S.N., son of Mr. and Mrs. Anthony Procai of Minneapolis, Minn. was killed during a Jap bombing near Okinawa on March 31, reports the Ukadet, bulletin of the Ukrainian Folk Ballet of the Twin Cities.

Earl was killed during what appeared to be a lull in the fighting. A Jap plane dived down on the ship and dropped a bomb. All the men in this section of the ship were killed. On Easter Sunday, April 1, Earl was buried on a nearby island, Zama Shina, with full military honors. Pictures of the burial were taken and sent to his family.

Four from Rochester Wounded

St. Josaphat's Advocate of Rochester, N. Y. reports in its June number the following casualties:

S/Sgt. Stephen Ewanow, 26, son of Mr. and Mrs. Andrew Ewanow of Rochester, N. Y. was wounded a second time in infantry action on Luzon, April 3rd.

The sergeant suffered his first wound in action in the Pacific theatre in February, 1942. He entered service in September, 1940 and has been overseas since November, 1940.

Pfc. Nicholas Kuszyk, 28, son of Mr. and Mrs. Paul Kuszyk of Rochester, was wounded in infantry action in Occidental Negres, Philippines, April 24th.

Pfc. Kuszyk attended high school and was employed on his father's farm before he entered serv-

ice in January, 1941.

Subscribe to the Weekly

Circumstances beyond its control have compelled the Ukrainian National Association to discontinue as of July 1st the sending of complimentary copies of the Ukrainian Weekly. From now on the Weekly will be sent out only by subscriptions. We trust that those who have been receiving complimentary copies, in the majority of cases for a number of years, will now subscribe to the Weekly. The rate is merely \$2.00 per year. Merely clip the subscription blank which appears on page 6, fill it out and send it in.

A subscription to the Ukrainian Weekly, it should be borne in mind, is a key to the treasure trove of the Ukrainian cultural heritage in form of the countless articles and essays and studies on Ukrainian history, customs, literature, music and associated subjects which have been appearing on these pages a few months short of twelve years. As everyone by now realizes, a general acquaintance with one's cultural heritage is indispensable to harmonious personal and group existence and a well-fitted adjustment to one's environment.

A subscription to The Ukrainian Weekly is also a means of keeping in contact with young Americans of Ukrainian extraction and of learning what they are thinking and doing, aiming at, and accomplishing. In this respect we believe the Weekly has been one of the most important forces that have welded together our young people scattered throughout the length and breadth of this country. Even a cursory perusal of its pages every week down through the years has constantly kept strong among our readers the sense of awareness of one another's existence and of the ties of common background and tradition binding them. These ties have grown more binding during this war. The numberless reports that have appeared here concerning the experiences, the heroic achievements, and, inevitably, of the sacrifices of life and limb of our servicemen on fighting fronts throughout the world, have evoked in all of us a sense of unity, common purpose, and pride in our race and country that would be difficult to match in time of peace.

Last, but not least, a subscription to The Ukrainian Weekly is a helping hand to its unceasing effort to combat all those evil forces that brought on this war. These forces have been particularly rampant in Ukraine, the land of our parents' birth and youthful days. One oppressor there has succeeded another down through the centuries, never allowing the Ukrainian people a full opportunity of realizing their national destiny of being a free and equal member in the society of nations. To help the Ukrainian people attain that status, to make them free and equal not only in words but in reality, that has been one of the principal aims of the Weekly. In pursuance of this aim it has, among other things, gone into the homes and offices of prominent Americans, describing to them the plight of the Ukrainian people and telling of the justice of the Ukrainian cause. Some day the story will be told how the Weekly has served as an important source of information for certain prominent American authors and columnists in their articles, chapters or books on Ukraine and Ukrainians, a fact which some of them have acknowledged even in writing.

The above are but few examples of what the Weekly has been endeavoring to do. To continue and expand its services, it needs more subscribers. We trust they will appear in ever increasing numbers.

ice in January, 1941.

Pfc. John Tango, son of Mr. and Mrs. John Tango of Rochester, was wounded in action in Germany on January 12. He attended high school before he entered service in March, 1944.

S/Sgt. Joseph Kryk, 28, was wounded on Cebu Island in the Phi-

lippines, his wife Olga, has been notified. He is with the American Division, an infantry unit which has seen action in several campaigns. He entered service in September, 1943 and went overseas in January, 1944.

A brother, T/Sgt. John Kryk, is now hospitalized at the Rhodes Hospital.

U.C.S.A. OBSERVES SECOND ANNIVERSARY

THE Ukrainian Canadian Service-men's Association with headquarters in London observed early this year its second anniversary. Its club quarters at the Vicarage, 218 Sussex Gardens, Paddington, London, W. 2 have been visited by many American G.I.'s of Ukrainian extraction, who have written home of the hospitality they enjoyed there. It is financially supported mainly by contributions of Ukrainian Canadians, funnelled through the Ukrainian Canadian Committee; also, last Christmas the Ukrainian National Association donated to the U.C.S.A. five hundred dollars. All this support by the people back home is gratefully acknowledged by the U.C.S.A. in the spring number of its bulletin, recently received by the Weekly.

Concerning the anniversary the bulletin editorial states:—

EDITORIAL

Due to paper restrictions we are unable to print this, our Second Anniversary edition, in as large a form as was planned. Therefore all the Anniversary material left on hand is intended to be published in two or three fairly quick successive issues.

First, we wish to express our appreciation to those who have made its issue possible, the contributors and the co-ordinators. The co-ordinators, those quiet souls behind the scenes, have done much to gather the articles, put them together, arrange for the printing and carry out the distribution. This requires a lot of patience and hard work, yet they remain unknown. First to them and then to the contributors, we offer our thanks. We hope you enjoy our second anniversary issue.

Materially we have the London club, our social centre in the United Kingdom, a home for those on leave. A rather pleasant thought is the number of boys who make their last call to the club before either proceeding to a battle zone or en route home. As one goes from the reception room, through the lounge, the reading room, kitchen, dining hall, the sleeping quarters, the storeroom, filled to the top with parcels from home, and the office, one may wonder and ask—"to whom are we indebted for all this." It represents an expenditure of some \$12,000, exclusive of parcels. We are indebted to our own people back home. We pay tribute to our own people back home. We pay tribute to the many Ladies' Organizations and individuals for their great number of parcels and comforts—which represents a great deal of effort and a large amount of money.

We are greatly indebted to the Ukrainian Canadian Committee representing all our organizations for their continual support. This makes possible the establishment and the maintenance of our Overseas home. When one thinks of what we have today, as compared to what we had in 1943, one cannot help but feel proud of our folks at home.

We are also indebted to those of our origin in the United States of America who have also contributed materially. It is a pleasure indeed to welcome the G.I. lads.

Growing Membership

Our membership has grown by reasons of: having a building of sufficient size to accommodate a get-together; members informing other service personnel who pay a visit and become members, and service personnel getting letters from home telling them to be sure and call in.

The spirit that exists is an excellent one. Though there are no paid officials, we all do our little part to keep the club going. There are certain members who devote all their spare time, ceaseless and tireless

workers, who are deserving of a great deal of credit.

One may wonder, what got us together. It is true that a few started the club going, but the spirit that got us together is an inherited characteristic of our people. We have seen it during the pioneering and home-steading days in Canada, when a group got together, formed a social gathering, and before long a church and a community hall were built. One may see them in all parts of Canada. As we passed the pioneering stage, other social organizations, institutions and clubs were formed, and so it was when those of Ukrainian origin came overseas.

It is a natural inherited characteristic that brings us together. "Like father, like son."

On the arrival of our two Padres, H/Capt. S. W. Sawchuk last August and H/Capt. M. Horoshko, last October, our overseas life and setup seemed completed. We welcomed them with pleasure and joy in our hearts. It is so assuring to have their guidance and ministrations. There is something fine, grand and satisfying in attending your own service. The Christmas services were outstanding. It was our largest gathering—how joyous it was to attend our own church with the services conducted in our mother tongue.

We are carrying on with the thoughts of those back home, till our work is done.

We appreciate the spirit and the work done by the members themselves who give our home its warmth of feeling. When there is work to do, it is done gladly. At Christmas, when there was so much to do, it was a pleasure to watch them pitch in, amid sounds of laughter and the noise of moving chairs and dishes.

We welcome you to the club; come with a prospective member-friend.

For the coming year, we wish each and every one the very best, and may this year bring about our innermost desires.

A MESSAGE FROM U. C. S. A. PRESIDENT, FLT/LT. PANCHUK

Dear Comrades-in-Arms:

There is so very, very much that I would like to say to all you on this Anniversary and the beginning of the third year of our fraternal Association. It is just two full years that the association started with a very small number when he first get-together was planned and came about.

Originally, it was to have taken place at the Canadian Red Shield Club in London, but on contacting the Ukrainian people in Manchester, the plans were changed and our first get-together was held there.

Those present can recall the decorating of the hall, one of the boys bringing a kit-bag of gifts and everyone running hither and thither to make themselves useful.

Little did we dream that day that the organization would have the numbers it has today. There was a time when I would pride myself for knowing all the members by name and knowing their home towns. That time has long gone by. Today there are hundreds of you in every theatre, whom I may or may not have met, but all of whom it is just humanly impossible to remember. In addition, we have hundreds of our compatriots in the American forces. Of the small numbers of originals, some are in Italy, some on the Western front, a few still in England, and a number back in Canada and among the ex-servicemen. We have not only grown in quantity, but in quality; so to speak. At the first get-together, the most senior man was a sergeant and even corporals were none too common. Since then, we have had every rank up to colonel at our get-together. The number of commissioned mem-

A Review of Manning's "Ukrainian Literature"

In Journal of Central European Affairs, University of Colorado

MANNING, CLARENCE A. *Ukrainian Literature. Studies of the Leading Authors.* Jersey City, Ukrainian National Association, 1944. Pp. 126. \$1.50.

"We are often inclined to believe that a literature which is little known can have little value in it," writes Prof. Manning in the introduction to his new work. "The permanent worth and the greatness of an author are not immediately visible in the sale of his works and in the number of translations that are made of them."

Primarily, in the author's opinion, this must be stated of Ukrainian literature, which, although little known in the Anglo-Saxon world, actually possesses such uplifters of the spirit as Shevchenko and Franko, masters of the pen equal to any others in the world. Ukrainian literature is worthy of recognition if only because of the fact that it is the most accessible to an understanding of the spirit of the real life and aspirations of a nation of 45 million people, which the famous American journalist, William Henry Chamberlin, has characterized as a "submerged nation." No other literature is so truly expressive of the idea of practical democracy and consideration of the common man as Ukrainian literature.

Prof. Manning set before himself the task of revealing this little-known literature to the American world. He does not offer us a pragmatic history of Ukrainian literature, but only places before our eyes eleven of its outstanding representatives. These chosen personages are Ivan Kotlyarevsky, Hrihori Kvitka, Taras Shevchenko, Pantaleimon Kulish, Marko Vovchok, Ivan Levitsky-Nechuy, Ivan Franko, Lesya Ukrainka, Mykhaylo Kotsyubynsky, Vasil Stefanyk and Oles. These eleven representatives of Ukrainian literature are used by Prof. Manning as the pillars of a unique structure. The spans of the structure are given by the author only when they are absolutely necessary, while he instructs his reader to complete the construction of his conception of Ukrainian literature with his own intuition.

The question arises as to whether or not Professor Manning actually chose the personalities most representative of Ukrainian literary creative-

ness. It is doubtful that a Ukrainian historian of his native literature could have selected more representative figures in the literature of his people. This is proof that Prof. Manning is excellently oriented in this subject. For instance, some of the sketches of the father of Ukrainian literature, Kotlyarevsky, or of the greatest Ukrainian poet Shevchenko, or Ivan Franko and Lesya Ukrainka are painted with several bold strokes of the brush which give an extraordinarily clear picture of the creativeness of the respective writers.

Professor Manning begins his handbook of Ukrainian literature with a section which portrays to us the background from which has flowered the spirit of Ukrainian national creativeness for thousands of years. The author does well his silhouette of the Ukrainian philosopher, Hrihori Skovoroda, the forerunner of Ukrainian national revival and twelfth personality of his handbook.

Professor Manning concludes his study of Ukrainian literature with a short chapter treating Ukrainian literature after the lost struggle for freedom by the Ukrainian people after 1918. Here he emphasizes the difficulties encountered by Ukrainian literature under the Soviet regime. "The language in Soviet Ukraine was allowed to exist," remarks the author. "No one ventured to repeat the words of Valuyev in the sixties that there never was, is not, and never will be a Ukrainian language. It was clear, however, that there never was, is not, and never will be a Ukrainian culture distinct from the general Soviet culture within the Soviet Union." At the end, the author lists several titles in Ukrainian literature translated into English.

Professor Manning's book is written simply and comprehensively; therefore it is a short but excellent handbook of Ukrainian literature which may be used either for self study or in colleges. It is astonishing that an Anglo-Saxon who has never seen Ukraine, through his own fundamental studies has been able to understand so clearly the spirit of this distinct Slavonic people, whose political situation in eastern Europe has thus far prevented its emergence as an independent nation.

NICHOLAS D. CZUBATYJ
Mahwah, N. J.

bers is well over 150 (both Army and Air Force).

Progress in Awards and Rank

Many of the Air Force are now tour-expired fellows who have returned or are on their way. We have been granted outstanding awards. A large number of those who were N.C.O.'s when we started are now commissioned officers.

And last, but not least, since that time when we had "no home at all," and later, just a small rented office in Manchester, we have 'settled down' in a most comfortable large "home-away from home" in one of the nicest locations in London, the heart of the British Empire. Our hand-written letters have grown into large printed circulars duplicated by our own Gestetner in the Club office, and these in turn have been supplemented by a fairly modern form of printed matter—The U.C.S.A. News Letter.

The Executive too has grown from an original five members to a larger body of twenty odd, with additional regional and functional committees, such as the U.C.S.A. Committee for Canada, the U.C.S.A. Committee for Italy and U.C.S.A. Committee on the Western Front, the U.C.S.A. Rehabilitation Committee, the Hospitality Committee, etc.

All this, and much more, too much to mention in the space allowed, has

been accomplished over a period of two years.

All this has been made possible through no individual effort. True, some of us were lucky enough to have been at the helm during the time when all that has been done was being done. But it was not our effort alone that brought about this stupendous progress. It was the common will and effort of all of you together. It was because we all thought and felt and worked alike. Thanks to the material help of all our friends and relatives in Canada united under the Ukrainian Canadian Committee, who saw our need and appreciated it, and who rallied to our assistance; thanks to our Military and Air Force Headquarters, who saw and felt our need; and last, but not least, thanks to all the members themselves, who pitched in when there was a job to be done, we have reached our present status and attainments.

A Yank Abroad

During mopping-up operations on two firms, one small Jap company came rushing out against our armor in a suicidal charge. A Jap officer, brandishing his Samurai sword, led the charge, got close enough to a tank to hack at the treads. A GI head popped out of the turret: "Hey, you jerk, quit nicking my soul-vennir!"

Hrushevsky, Historian of Ukraine

By PROF. G. W. SIMPSON
University of Saskatchewan, Canada

IN 1869 a little three-year-old Ukrainian boy arrived in the Caucasus mountains brought by his father, a school Director, who had received a position in that area. They had come from his birth place, Kholm, a city at the border lands between the Bug and Vistula rivers.

The boy was Mikhailo Hrushevsky. Sixty-five years later on the 26th November 1934 Mikhailo Hrushevsky, now a prematurely old man, broken in health and almost blind, died in the Caucasus where he had been taken in a last effort to restore the remnants of his strength. In the course of those sixty-five years Hrushevsky had risen to the pinnacle of success when in 1917 he had been elected President of the Ukrainian Central Rada, the governing body of his native Ukraine, as an unanimous tribute to his brilliant scholarship; and he had been dashed to the depths, for in the year preceding his death, famine and death stalked through the Dnieper lands, and Galicia still smarted from the wounds of Polish pacification. He died a lonely man out of touch with the sympathetic currents of thought that had once surrounded and warmed him. The final personal tragedy of his career did not however destroy the monumental influence of his work which continues to inspire and inform. The tenth anniversary of his death suggests that a review of his career and work may be undertaken with the advantage of a slightly longer perspective of time and with the benefit of the glaring lights of current events.

The World He Was Born Into

Hrushevsky was born at a time when the Western world was being remoulded by the nationalist conception in political thought. In 1866 Italian unification was almost complete and the German unification was being cemented by blood and iron. The United States had just emerged from a conflict which decided that one nation, and not two, should arise from the central continental area of North America. In 1867 the Austrian Empire was refashioned under the compulsive force of Hungarian nationalism while far across the Atlantic the Dominion of Canada was formed, giving promise of a new nation to emerge from its colonial chrysalis. Not only did the nationality idea affect groups of people who were well known in contemporary history but it began to filter through to large groups who had been submerged for centuries by alien rule, social oppression or imperial forms of government. The Czechs of Bohemia were recalling their past before those fateful events of 1618 which had brought about their eclipse. Rumanians and Serbs were animated by new hopes. The Polish masses writhing under social and political oppression continued to keep alive the idea of national consciousness. Five years before Hrushevsky's birth there had died the greatest of Ukrainian poets, T. Shevchenko, who in vivid, burning words had expressed the idea of the Ukraine freed politically and socially from Moscovite terror and landlord oppression. Every political thought was becoming permeated by the nationalist conception and even resistance to the nationalist ideas of the submerged groups not infrequently derived its intensity from the heightened national consciousness of the dominant groups.

Hrushevsky received his secondary education in the Gymnasium of Tiflis, capital of Georgia. Georgia had been brought into the Russian Empire at the beginning of the nineteenth century. Its capital city still teemed with the remnants of oriental

life and and Hrushevsky's later interest in the influence of Arabic trade and culture on early Ukrainian history probably stems from the observations of a sensitive and intelligent boy in his formative years.

In 1886, at the age of twenty, Hrushevsky arrived in Kiev to attend the University. The University of Kiev had been established after the Polish Revolt of 1830-31, following the closing of the University of Vilna and Lyceum of Kremianets. It was meant to offset Polish influence in the Ukrainian areas now under Russia but which had been attached to Poland. The University however had developed a life of its own. It had already played a notable part in the revival of intellectual life in Kiev. Through such distinguished scholars as Maksimovich and Drahomaniv attention had been drawn to the rich literary and historical resources of the Ukrainian people. When Hrushevsky arrived the outstanding authority in Ukrainian archeology, ethnography and history was Volodimir Antonovich. Due to the policy of the Russian government which did not recognize the existence of a separate historical Ukrainian tradition or permit beyond narrow limits the printed use of the Ukrainian language, Antonovich was officially a lecturer in Russian history. Hrushevsky attended the lectures of Antonovich, and so attracted was the latter by the brilliance of the young student that for him and several other selected students he gave special lectures on Ukrainian history in his own residence. In 1890 Hrushevsky completed his undergraduate course, writing his final theme on the subject "The History of the Kiev Lands from the Death of Jaroslav (1054) to the End of the Fourteenth Century." He continued research studies at the University till 1893 when he received his Master's standing which in Kiev was equivalent to the Doctor of Philosophy degree. His thesis was a detailed study of local government entitled "The Starostva of Bar."¹

The Scholar

While the Ukrainian national movement within Russia was being officially restricted to limited forms of cultural expression there was a growing revival of national consciousness among the Ukrainians in Galicia who were officially called Ruthenians. Here the chief opposition came from the Poles who tried to maintain political dominance in that area which had fallen to Austria in the first partition of Poland. For a time conflict had centered on the University of Lviv. In 1891 there was established at that institution a professorship of the History of Eastern Europe with special attention to Ukrainian History. In 1894 this chair was offered to Antonovich of the Kiev University who in declining recommended his brilliant student, Hrushevsky. The latter accepted the post in the same year.

For almost twenty years till the outbreak of the World War in 1914 Hrushevsky was intimately associated with the intellectual life of Galicia, and more than any other man promoted historical studies in the University of Lviv and in the Scientific Shevchenko Society, which he transformed in true Western Ukrainian Academy of Science. For more than ten years till the outbreak of the Russian Revolution in 1905 his home was in Lviv. After 1905 when greater scope was given to Ukrainian scholars in Russia he divided his

¹ Starostvo in old Poland was an administrative unit of royal estates or a territorial unit of public administration (county).

time between Kiev and Lviv.

When the war broke out in 1914 Hrushevsky was at his summer home in the Carpathian mountains of Galicia. He returned to Kiev. The Russian government which immediately on the outbreak of the War had suspended Ukrainian newspapers and closed all those Ukrainian institutions, which had some freedom since the Revolution of 1905, arrested Hrushevsky. He was deported to the interior, first to Simbirsk and then to Kazan. Finally upon representations made by the Russian Academy of Science he was allowed to live in Moscow and continue his historical work in the Moscow Archives.

As President of Ukrainian Republic

The Revolution of March, 1917 made it possible for him once more to return to Kiev. Here political excitement was tremendous. The fall of the Tsars let loose all those forces which had been kept hitherto in restraint, forces strongly critical of social maladjustments, of army mismanagement, and Great Russian political predominance in the Ukraine. The excitement culminated in the calling of a huge convention in April attended by some fifteen hundred people representing all parties and shades of opinion in the Ukraine. The convention demanded immediate autonomy for the Ukraine and approved the setting up of a Central Rada (General Council) representing all parties, which would take over the function of government. Hrushevsky was elected President of the Rada. The scholar had now been elevated to the position of political leader. It was an extremely difficult task not only to find a common political program for all the parties of the Ukraine but also to negotiate a satisfactory arrangement with the Provisional Government of Russia which would give to the Ukraine the full autonomy it demanded. Hope for a satisfactory solution was dissipated by the overthrow in Petrograd of the Provisional Government by the Bolsheviks in November. The Bolsheviks refused to recognize the Central Rada and began to take steps for its overthrow. In January 22, 1918, the Central Rada proclaimed the complete independence of the Ukraine and Hrushevsky became President of the Ukrainian National Republic. Several weeks later a Treaty of Peace was signed with the Central Powers which recognized the new state. By now the Ukraine had become a veritable witch's cauldron of boiling political passions. The Bolsheviks who had failed to get popular support were attempting the violent overthrow of the government, various political factions were pressing fiercely for acceptance of their programs, while the Central Powers poised on the frontier were greedily awaiting food from the rich Ukrainian lands. When the food was not forthcoming the German army took over the Ukraine, and on April 28th, 1918 forced its way into the Council Chamber of the Central Rada and despite the protest of its President, Hrushevsky, dispersed it. Hrushevsky was thus forced off the stage of political action. When the Germans were finally withdrawn following the great defeat in the West by the Allies in the fall of 1918 it was one of the former military officers in Hrushevsky's government, Petlura, who emerged as the natural political leader.

During the fierce political and military storms which continued to rage for two years the hopes of the Ukrainians of establishing an independent Ukraine were frustrated. In 1920 Hrushevsky found refuge in Vienna where he established the Ukrainian

Sociological Institute as a centre where he might once more continue his academic work. While he immersed himself in his beloved studies, he felt very unhappy as a refugee scholar and in 1924 he decided to return to Kiev. The Communist authorities had somewhat relaxed their former rigid adherence to the policy of carrying out immediately the communisation of all aspects of society according to their theory. Hrushevsky believed he might still serve his people along scholarly lines. Upon coming to Kiev he threw himself with his old time enthusiasm into the work of historical investigation, publishing, and institutional administration. The institutional focus of his work was the Historical Section of the Ukrainian Academy of Science. While Hrushevsky was interested in the sociological aspects of society he could not accept the Marxist interpretation of history. This attitude brought down upon his head the suspicion of the Communist administration as well as the jealousy of a host of scribblers who were busy rewriting history according to the caprices of the theoretical rigidities of an uncompromising political theory. This hostility increased with the intensification of the Communist program in the first Five Year's Plan in 1928-29. In 1930 Hrushevsky was arrested and interned in a small town near Moscow. He was deprived of all opportunity to continue his historical research or to carry on correspondence with his friends. His health gradually broke down and he became almost blind. At the last moment he was sent to a home for Soviet scholars in Kislovodsk in the Caucasus mountains. Here he died on 26 November 1934. His body was brought back to Kiev where he was given a state funeral in recognition of his services as a scholar.

A Great Historian

While death may bring to an end the activity of a political leader, a scholar has a sort of immortality, of the printed word, which, in so far as it has the elements of truth, may, continue to live, or even if buried or neglected, has the capacity of being resurrected under more favouring conditions. Hrushevsky was one of the great historians of the last generation. His industry was truly prodigious. In 1898 he began the publication of Vol. 1 of his monumental work, "The History of Ukraine-Rus." Thirty-three years later, appeared in print the second part of the ninth volume which brought his history of the Ukrainian people up to the middle of the Seventeenth Century. It is a misfortune that Hrushevsky was unable to complete this history. Some of the material which he had assembled for the later volumes was destroyed when his private library was burned during the civil strife in 1918. In addition to the larger work Hrushevsky wrote a one-volume, Outline of the History of Ukraine in Russian in 1904, and in 1911 an Illustrated History of the Ukraine in Ukrainian. A German translation of the former appeared in 1916, a French translation in 1920,² while an English translation of the latter was published in the United States in 1941.³

² Geschichte der Ukraine von Michael Hruschewskyj. Teil 1. Lemberg 1916. Verlag des Bundes zur Befreiung der Ukraine, in Kommission Fueschen Buchhandel; Wilhelm Frick, Ges. m. b. H., Wien, 1., Graben, 27.

³ Abrege de l'histoire de l'Ukraine par Michel Hruschewskyj. Paris, M. Giard et E. Briere 16, rue Soufflot.

lation of the latter was published in the United States in 1941.

⁴ A History of Ukraine by Michael Hrushevsky. Edited by O. J. Frederiksen, Assistant Professor of History & Government in Miami University. Preface by George Varnadsky, Research Associate in History in Yale University. Published for the Ukrainian National Association, New Haven, Yale University Press, 1941.

chenko Society. This was a sort of literary society which had been established in 1873. When Hrushevsky became President in 1898 he transformed it into a veritable scientific academy. It was divided into three sections and had five commissions to investigate the various fields of knowledge. Between 1897 and 1913 Hrushevsky himself edited no less than 113 volumes of proceedings. Some 300 volumes were issued under the auspices of the Society in this period. In 1908 Hrushevsky established the Ukrainian Scientific Society in Kiev and in 1924 when he returned to Kiev he was associated with the Ukrainian Academy of Science. At the same time Hrushevsky was writing numerous articles to periodicals and delivering addresses on important occasions. Some one has estimated that up to 1928 Hrushevsky had written over seven-hundred separate articles.

Even this did not exhaust his energies. Between 1916 and 1918 he published a World History in six volumes. While in Vienna (1920-23) he brought a course in Sociology entitled "The Beginning of Social Order." About the time of his return to the Ukraine there began to appear his History of Ukrainian Literature which was finally expanded to five volumes (1923-1928).

When one views this amazing quantity and range of productive scholarship one begins to appreciate the profound respect which is paid to his memory by all Ukrainians, and by those interested in Eastern European history. In spite of the many-sidedness of his interest there is a consistency in his philosophy of history and life which marks the truly great man.

National Revivalist

He was regarded as the outstanding nationalist historian of the Ukraine. He was a nationalist but not in a narrow, intense chauvinistic sense. He felt profoundly the sense of common unity which binds groups of people together, and he was no less profoundly aware of the historic tradition which links one generation to preceding generations giving them a feeling of solidarity sufficient to unite them in fighting oppression, injustice, and attitudes of proud contempt. As applied to his own people he repudiated the idea that the Ukrainians were merely a heterogeneous group of people who had settled on the frontiers of the Russian Empire and had subsequently become incorporated in Russian society though they still spoke a peasant dialect and had picturesque festive costumes and merry or amusing folk songs. He repudiated the Imperial historical tradition that traced the unity of Russian history from the ancient city of Kiev through dynastic connection to Moscow and thereafter explained the imperialist policy of the Tsars as the simple reassembling of the former Russian lands. He insisted that there was continuity in the Ukrainian tradition which went back even beyond the days of the Kiev dynasty; that this tradition was revived in the Kozak period of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries; and that the dynastic imperialism of the Romanow Tsars and Emperors had no historic justification for the autocratic control which they imposed on an area which had no political connection with Moscow for centuries. This was a bold assertion at a time when hardly anyone outside Russia had ever heard the word, "Ukraine," or any historian inside Russia thought of challenging Imperial historiography, or when the mass of the Ukrainians themselves, beyond the intellectuals, were barely conscious of their historic unity and past. Yet Hrushevsky sustained his thesis with such a wealth of illustration and proof, gathering about him groups of students and writers, and pouring forth the results of his studies in newspapers, periodicals and learned publications that gradu-

When the People of Fort William and Port Arthur Warm Up

By HONORE EWACH

I returned to Winnipeg from my lecturing trip in western Canada on April 17th. The next day I was again at the office, trying my best to settle down quietly at my desk. Soon the office routine engulfed me. Then one fine day, a week after my return, a glowing thrill went through my body. It was Mr. I. Fedan's letter, with a bank draft for one thousand American dollars for the Ukrainian Cultural and Educational Centre at Winnipeg. Then many days went by quietly, into oblivion. I was storing a new supply of energy during

ally a changed attitude began to emerge. Hrushevsky was not alone in this movement for historical revision but he was the giant among them all.

It is typical of Hrushevsky's historical interpretation that he always kept in mind the great mass of the common people. Leaders might fail or betray but the mass of the people remained with their own needs and common attitudes of mind. A great deal of his history is given over to describing the social and economic conditions of the people and in the history of the literature is shown how the people express themselves through fundamental forms of speech and literature. In his world history and course in sociology we see that Hrushevsky never lost sight of the fact that notional groups do not exist for themselves alone, but as organic units they must fit in with the larger picture of the human family of nations.

His Influence

In judging Hrushevsky's influence we must attribute to him a large share of the credit that by the time of the Revolution of 1905 the Ukrainian national movement had emerged into consciousness, that by 1917 it had become a dominant political current, and that even in defeat as a movement for independence it was still powerful enough to dictate the necessity of establishing the Ukraine as separate unit in the Soviet political system. At a time when most English historians still under the influence of Imperial Russian historiography persist in ignoring Hrushevsky, the Soviet Government authorizes the printing of A History of the Ukraine, which acknowledges its separate historical tradition, even though that tradition is colored by its Marxist interpretations. Hrushevsky, though dead, still lives.

There are some of Hrushevsky's friends and associates who are still alive and retain vivid impressions of the animated little man with his long beard turned to silver in his later years. They remember his quick step and ever-recurring friendly smile. They also recall his untiring energy. Even when presiding over a meeting he would turn to the correcting of his manuscripts during the dull speeches without losing the thread of argument, or the course of the proceedings. Most of all they remember his courage. He could have had a peaceful academic life but he chose the hard road of historical revision. He could have found refuge in Western Europe but he decided to return to his native land so alive with its historic memories, so fraught with tragedy for the common people. He could have accepted the orthodox theory of Communism but he preferred the broader road of freedom and humanity. So he died, as he had lived, fighting with the weapons of scholarship for what he believed to be the truth.

(Ukrainian Quarterly, published by Ukrainian Congress Committee of America)

that time for a new trip. I simply had to take another lecturing trip, as our resources for the building program of the Center were still slender. It was on the 8th of May that I set out on my lecturing trip again—this time to the eastern half of Canada.

Meets Former Students

After spending my night in the sleeping car I woke up at Fort William, over four hundred miles to the east of Winnipeg. I dressed in a jiffy. When I stepped off the train I was met there by two local men and three girls. As a starter Mr. M. Lysy took us to the nearby restaurant for breakfast. I was told the restaurant was owned by Mr. Pulak. Opposite me sat the three girls who had come to the train to welcome me to Fort William and Port Arthur, Canada's twin cities. It was pleasant to chat with them about the local matters, as they were my former students. I had taught them Ukrainian literature and grammar at the Ukrainian Summer Courses in Winnipeg during the last two years. And I certainly was proud of them. During the last two years Miss Yvonne Shchepanska has proved to be an exemplary Ukrainian teacher and choir conductor at Fort William. Everybody praises her. Her concerts are worth hearing and are always well attended. Miss Halia Cham has been teaching another group of Ukrainian pupils at Fort William since last autumn. The people of Port Arthur are also proud of Miss Odarka Cholodilo. She has a gift for oratory.

After I obtained a comfortable room at the Royal Edward Hotel Mr. L. took leave of me till noon. Before I finished a few letters Mr. L. was back again. He said that Mrs. L. wanted us to dine at their house. It certainly was a hearty Ukrainian meal that Mrs. L. provided for us. From three till six we kept on sight-seeing. I had never seen so many huge grain elevators in my life. All the grain from the prairie provinces of Canada passes through the elevators of Fort William and Port Arthur where it is loaded on the lake ships and taken from there through the Great Lakes to Montreal and other maritime Canadian ports in the east. Much of it also passes through the American ports on the Atlantic shoreline.

There is hardly any borderline between Fort William and Port Arthur. That is why they are known as the twin-cities. Among the thirty five thousand of Fort William's inhabitants there are some six thousand Ukrainians. Port Arthur is smaller. It has only fifteen thousand people and only some two thousand Ukrainians. Both cities have several Ukrainian societies and community homes. One can hear here Ukrainian spoken wherever he goes, both at Fort William and Port Arthur.

Mr. L. took me to several prominent Ukrainian local businessmen and leaders. I noticed that the Ukrainian businessmen were doing fine.

On Sunday a banquet was given in my honor at Port Arthur. I accepted all the eulogies not as an individual, but primarily as the representative of the Ukrainian Cultural and Educational Centre. They had many prominent Ukrainian guests before—leaders, generals, organizers, but this was the first time that were honoring a Ukrainian writer. Rev. I. Hykawy reminded the public that both of us used to attend the same school. There were many fine speeches. My former students also spoke. I was moved almost to tears by the simple but sincere talks in my honor of the people of Port Arthur.

After a sightseeing trip around the beautiful Boulevard Lake I was

A Statement On the War Bond Drive

By TED R. GAMBLE

National Director War Finance Division—Treasury Dept.

We are in the midst of the 7th War Loan campaign. Reports from the various parts of the country indicate that the American public again is responding magnificently to the appeal of their Government for more funds to carry on the war until total victory is achieved.

Americans of recent foreign origin have been supporting our War Loan campaign to the best of their abilities. In many localities their fraternal organizations have set the pace for their native born fellow citizens.

It is this spirit of solidarity, loyalty and patriotism that made possible the defeat of the evil forces of darkness in Europe, and broke the chains of enslaved millions. It is this same spirit that will bring the Japanese criminals to their knees and restore freedom throughout the world. Japanese militarism is no less a threat to the entire world than was the Nazism and Fascism of German, Italy and their satellites we have just defeated.

I wish to urge our foreign-born citizens to maintain and even surpass their excellent record in buying War Bonds. By so doing they will not only help supply our heroic armed forces with the necessary weapons of war but they will achieve economic security in later years and help banish the specter of inflation.

brought again to my hotel. I took it easy then. I was thinking of what I was going to say in the evening at the Lake Theatre, a Ukrainian theatre of Fort William.

A Sizeable Collection

I began my speech at quarter past nine. At about ten I made an appeal to the public for donations for the Ukrainian Centre. The response was amazing. In a short time the public contributed one thousand and seventy eight dollars. With the money sent from Fort William and Port Arthur before, the donations for the Centre from the Twin-Cities amount to over seventeen hundred dollars.

On Monday, April 11th, I dined at Rev. Hykawy's. After the meal Rev. Hykawy took me in his car to Mount MacKay. His little son and Mrs. Hykawy were with us, too. The car took us on a winding way to the height of some five hundred miles. From there we could see plainly both cities, though everything in the cities looked just like little playthings,—everything, except the huge grain elevator. On the horizon we saw the watery expanse of Lake Superior. From there we went to the Chippawa Park, with its Zoo. As soon as we came home, at about three, Mr. Wenger and Mrs. Wenger came along in their car and took me over to the Kakabeka Falls, some twelve miles outside of the city limits. In Indian "Kakabeka" means the "falling water," I believe. It is quite a big waterfall, a miniature Niagara Falls. With us were also Mr. Pulak and Mrs. Hykawy, the latter with her little son. After a dinner lunch at Mr. Pulak's where I met Mrs. Pulak, Dr. Wenger and his wife, I went over to Miss Shchepanska's for another dinner. There I met the young teacher's mother. After supper I attended Miss Shchepanska's choir rehearsal. It was worth seeing how easily the young teacher could manage a big choir.

Next day I was on my way to Sudbury, one of Canada's biggest mining centres. Sudbury is known all over the world especially for its nickel mines.

—FOR VICTORY: BUY BONDS—

VISITS FROM THE DEAD

By BOHDAN LEPKY

Translated from the Ukrainian by J. A.

"Don't cry, Nastia. God wills in heaven. He was a saintly soul, so in heaven. He was a saintly soul, so let him rest in peace. Those who are good will not live long in this world. The good Lord takes them to Himself. Don't cry!"

Thus consoled the community god-mother, Tanka, the young widow, Nastia. But Nastia would not even look at Tanka, or listen to what was being said. She sat by the window on an oaken bench, with crossed arms and with eyes red from tears.

Only yesterday they buried her husband. He was young and kind, oh, how kind he was! Four years they lived together, and not once did he molest her even with a finger. They lived according to God's precepts, and not like so many other people. Then all of a sudden he was swept off his feet. He got terrible pains in his chest and in his back; something pressed him under his lungs; he saw black spots before his eyes and could not breathe; within a week he was dead.

As long as his body was still lying on the table, as long as the funeral ceremonies were going on, with people, church singers and singing, it was not so bad; but after his body was taken to the cemetery and Nastia returned home alone, God help her! It appeared as though she would have to bounce her head against the wall in despair. She felt so sad, so lonesome, she thought her heart would break. All night long she sat on the bench, she cooked no breakfast in the morning, she had no dinner, and would have been hungry had it not been for Tanka. Tanka bawled her out and forced her to drink a glass of whiskey with pepper and to eat a piece of bread.

"This'll do you good," she said. "It will warm you up inside and cheer you up. Without cheerfulness a person cannot live. Neither can an animal. Just look at a horse or even at a chicken. As long as it is cheerful, it's all right, but as soon as it bows its head down and begins to think and worry, look out! It'll think and worry and think—until dead... Well, God bless us!" And Tanka filled up another glass of cheerfulness.

But Nastia refused to drink any more, so her companion drank alone.

"Oh, you little dove," said Tanka, following the burning pepper with bread, "even more unfortunate ones than you are being left behind, yet they take care of themselves. Someone is always leaving behind others who are old, weak, poor, also those with many children, yet they live, God willing, and don't complain like you do. And you, my little dove, are like a wench: young, healthy and not poor. When carnival comes, young men will fight each other to win your hand. You will chose one who is like a picture. No girl will get a better one. For which girl can hold a candle to you? ... You'll see!"

"I don't want to see any such a think," answered Nastia. "Don't wish to know anybody. I'd rather not live till carnival. There will never be anyone like my husband."

"Why not?" Tanka asked smiling. "There are even nicer men. Now your grief is speaking. But wait a month or two, let your blood assert itself. Then your talk will be different! And you will forget him, my dear, you'll forget."

"You may forget whoever you please, if you will," replied Nastia provoked, "but I can't."

"I have no one to forget, my child, honest to God I haven't," Tanka swore. "You couldn't kill my old man with a sledge hammer... and as for my first husband, he's turned into dust long ago. I cried bitterly, too, for many a day, but by and by I forgot him... Is there anything that that a person can't forget?"

For a while the thread of the conversation broke. Tanka had a burning sensation in her throat. She coughed up and spit out the pepper which had become lodged in her wind-pipe. Meanwhile, Nastia, annoyed by the gab of the old gossip, turned toward the window.

Evening was approaching. Winter darkness was falling upon the earth. Black smoke rose up like a string and then dissolved in the misty gray sky. Large, damp snow flakes were falling down upon the ground as if from a sieve. A wind was rising from the forest and was covering up the road with snow.

It was not pleasant outdoors, but sad and cold. At such times one usually hastens homeward to be by the stove, near his loved ones. But Nastia had no one to turn to. He who used to cheer her up had left her, and the road leading to him was covered by snow. It was indeed difficult to get there.

"Auntie," asked Nastia, "listen, auntie, can a dead person be seen?"

Tanka looked at the young woman and smiled sneeringly.

"Why do you want to know?"

"Because I would like to see him. Once at least."

"Wouldn't you be afraid of him?"

"Why? He was always so kind to me. Let him come whenever he wishes. Oh, how I wish he would!"

"Do you? All right. Listen... Take a piece of the blessed garlic and carry it around with you under left arm for three days, but remember, under your left arm. Then when you go to bed, put it under your head, and he will come."

"Will he really?"

"So they say, the old woman Dziombichka taught me so."

"Did you ever try it?"

"No. My husband came to me without it, two times."

"Really?"

"Didn't I tell you? He came soon after he died. He didn't wait long. Listen..."

The old woman cleared her throat, wiped her mouth with her hand and began her story. She spoke with great gravity, whispering instead of talking aloud. From time to time she would stop as if to determine what impression her story was making upon Nastia. Once in a while she would touch Nastia's fleshy arm with her bony hands, and every so often swear, "So help me God!" or, "Honest to goodness."

"Honest God, he did—oi, he did, my little dove, the very first night after the funeral. On Thursday after St. Michael's Day we buried him, and on Friday he came to me, so help me God."

"I was washing just then. A pile of linen as high as a mound had accumulated. And all so soiled, almost black. Just imagine, he lay in bed for half a year before passing away—not like yours, who went out like a candle. Mine had tortured me enough. But let us proceed... I got to the tub, rolled up my sleeves, and washed and washed and washed. The dirt wouldn't come off, you know, and sweat streamed down my body. It got dark, I lit the lamp and continued washing."

"Even if I have to keep it up till morning, I must finish washing," I thought.

"I don't remember what time it was, but it wasn't early; only here and there lights were burning in the village. Fresh, fine snow was falling and it was so bright you could almost see without a lamp. The neighbor's dog was whining and an owl was hooting in the belfry. I thought something must be amiss. I was all alone in the house and felt rather uneasy. But I kept on washing..."

"All of a sudden I heard a noise in the hall—like a mouse. Then came

President Truman, in a letter supporting the bill for a permanent Fair Employment Practice Committee:

"To abandon at this time the fundamental principle upon which the Fair Employment Practice Committee was established is unthinkable. Even if the war were over, the question of fair employment practices during the reconversion period and thereafter would be of paramount importance. Discrimination in the

a scratch on the door—like a cat with his paw. And then it came in. I felt that it stood there... So help me God—it stood. I turned around—it was he. Honest to God, it was he.

"He was as white as a sheet. His shirt was hanging on him as if he were a board, his hands were like sticks. Only his eyes shone like holes in a decaying willow tree. Of course, like a corpse. He stood by the door like an orphan, and just stood there. He was so sad, and he looked at me so queerly... But I went on washing."

"Only few more pieces," I thought. "I shall not interrupt myself. Good for you, you have nothing to do, so you are wandering around. As for me, look how you left me! I've got to roll up my sleeves good and proper. Just wait, poor thing, after I finish scrubbing I'll talk to you."

"And he, my little dove, stood there like a stump. I washed and washed, now I had only two more shirts, now only one, now only an apron. Then I heard something moan like a child. I turned around. He was gone. He disappeared."

"Tired waiting, eh?" I thought. "Well, what could a person do? You saw yourself I had no time."

Tanka glanced at Nastia from the corner of her eye. Nastia was drinking in the old woman's every last word. Her eyes were ablaze with curiosity. Tanka cleared her throat once more and continued.

"This was once. The next time he came to see me on the ninth day. I had fallen asleep in the evening after my work. You know how it is with a person: after a hard day's work one sleeps like a log. Like work like sleep. So slept I. I slept and slept and slept... then suddenly I woke up. Ah, I thought, perhaps this was the middle of my sleep. Or perhaps the moon was shining into my eyes. But, no, it was neither. It was he.

"It was he, my late husband, you hear, it was my dead man. He was lying beside me in bed. And the coldness coming from his body—like from a cellar. He would not let a breath out of his mouth. Of course, like a corpse..."

"I would talk to you," I thought, "if that would do me no harm, but who knows?... No, dear, I'm not so foolish."

"I turned away from him quietly, and then swung my left hand in his direction—and he was gone! Sh-sh-sh! That's all I heard... like the sound of birds in the trees. He went away, and I fell asleep again..."

"From that time on he didn't come any more. Maybe they would not let him, or perhaps he was angry with me. I don't know. I don't even dream of him, any more. Or perhaps he's realized that I've married another and that he has no more right to me. Who knows?"

★ ★ ★

The stars peeped out of the sky, the moon came out, the village had gone to sleep.

"It's time for me to go home. It's late. You've kept me here too long, you poor, helpless woman... But don't forget the garlic. It'll protect you from evil, and if he's good, he will come. It'll do no harm to try." She put her shawl on and left.

What They Say

matter of employment against properly qualified persons because of their race; creed or color is not only un-American in nature, but will lead eventually to industrial strife and unrest."

Joseph C. Grew, Acting Secretary of State, speaking before the House Committee on Post War Military Policy:

"... I believe that a year's military training (for young men) is necessary because of our obligations under the World Security Organization; because, in the world of things as they are, our international policy, to be effective, must have strength behind it; and because my experience has taught me that aggressors are not deterred by latent superior strength, but shrewdly try to obtain their ends by attacking when they consider their potential opponents unprepared and therefore at a disadvantage... We must be strong if we would be free."

Fred M. Vinson, director of the Office of War Mobilization and Reconversion, indorsing the full employment bill:

"The American people will not be content to go back to protracted large-scale unemployment. It is imperative that we find ways and means to provide jobs for those who are willing and able to work. Depressions are not acts of God, any more than wars are. They are the product of our man-made institutions and the way we organize our society. We can and must organize to prevent both... but national economic policies must not be allowed to develop into regimentation of business, or labor, or agriculture, or of the people... The maximum possible freedom must be afforded every producer to produce what he wishes, in the amounts for which he can best find a profitable market. We cannot, however, leave the creation of that market to chance. We must start now to find out what measures are needed to maintain markets and steady jobs."

David E. Lillenthal, Chairman of the Tennessee Valley Authority:

"Some of those very leaders who see the wisdom of aiding Russia and China and South America in developing their resources cry to high heaven about projects or proposals that use American dollars for the regional development of the resources of American valleys—the Missouri, the Arkansas, the St. Lawrence and the Columbia. Why is it good business and good policy to risk our money on the Volga and the Dnieper and the Amazon, but 'wasteful and extravagant' to develop the Missouri Valley, the Arkansas, the Savannah, and the Columbia? If these men can see so clearly (and rightly so) the advantages in building up industry in China and Russia, why don't more of them, and the national organizations for which they speak, give the industrially undeveloped American regions a boost in their fight for greater opportunities?"

General Omar N. Bradley, addressing the graduating class at West Point:

"Military service has not submerged the dignity of the individual. Instead he has been trained to apply initiative and imagination, the greatest pair of weapons he carried into battle. And yet at the same time he has learned that individuals function best in teams. When our troops landed on the beaches, they landed in boat teams. When they attacked the Siegfried line, they attacked in assault teams."

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★ THE TEN MINUTE BREAK! ★

Merchant: "These are especially strong shirts, madam. They simply laugh at the laundry."

Customer: "I know that kind, I had some which came back with their sides split."

An economical wife is one whose husband wears one darned thing after another.

Kind old photographer: "Watch the birdie."

Modern Tot: "Nuts! Kindly pay attention to your exposure, focal length, distance and lighting or you'll ruin your plate."

There is always plenty of room at the top because many who get there go to sleep and fall off.

A German news reel was being shown in a Norwegian theater. When a picture of Hitler appeared, a woman shouted from the audience: "Who is that?"

The light was immediately switched on and a man came on the stage and demanded: "Who was that?"

The voice from the audience replied at once: "So you don't know him either."

Spring has cub, subber is cubbing at everywad is feeding fide.

Hotel Page: "Telegram for Mr. Neidspondiavanci, Mr. Neidspondiavanci!"

Mr. Neidspondiavanci: "What initial, please."

The English language is very funny. Tell her that time stands still when you look into her eyes and she'll adore you—but try telling her that her face would stop a clock—oh, boy!

Definitions

Briefsteak—What you get at the butcher's these days.

Czargeant—A three-striped despot of the army.

Madshipman—A sailor who doesn't get shore leave.

Oleomargarine—The food of people who have seen butter days.

Highbrow—One who likes a thing so long as he's sure you don't like it too.

Divorcee—A woman who gets richer by decrees.

Cynic—One who looks down on those above him.

Many a big league ball player is now stealing bases in the Pacific.

An airman had to take to his parachute because of engine trouble. On his way through space, he met an old lady floating up.

"Hey!" he shouted. "Have you noticed a Spitfire going down?"

"No," replied the old lady. "Have you seen a gas stove going up?"

Better to be a beggar and spend money like a king, than to be a king and spend money like a beggar.

A young Scotsman went to the telegraph office one morning and wired a proposal of marriage to his sweetheart. After spending the entire day and part of the night waiting, he was finally rewarded by an affirmative reply.

"If I were you," suggested the operator who delivered the message, "I'd think twice before I'd marry a girl who kept me waiting all day for my answer."

"Na, na," replied the young Scot. "The lass who waits for the night rate is the lass for me."

A wounded staff sergeant wearing a long row of service ribbons, whose chin was bandaged, who had no teeth and who had difficulty in maneuvering his right hand, was eating at a restaurant with a pretty girl.

She let him manage as best he could but when he had particular difficulty with a square of ravioli, she reached over and speared it for him.

A woman at the next table murmured something sympathetic. The sergeant leaned toward her, grinned and said:

"It's all right, lady, I've been eating out of her hand for years."

"Now, Johnny," said the teacher, "can you tell me what a hypocrite is?"

"Yes, miss," replied Johnny. "It's a boy who comes to school with a smile on his face."

Kindness is becoming at any age. (Rochester's St. Joseph Catholic Advocate)

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ГАРНА ФАРМА в степі Нью Джерзі, величини 77 акрів, в тім приблизно 15 акрів ліса, при самій дорозі, мешкальний дім із 7-ми кімнатами, багато будинків для дробу, електрика і вода. Власник хоче скоро продати за \$8,000. Вплати згідно з умовою.

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THE WEEKLY HOME FRONT

SCHOOL CHILDREN SAVE OVER BILLIONS DOLLARS IN BONDS AND STAMPS

WASHINGTON. — Thirty million pupils in 265,000 schools in the nation are saving through regular purchases of war bonds and stamps. Since May 1941, they have piled up more than \$1,300,000,000 in these savings, the Treasury Department is informed.

SEVENTH WAR LOAN DRIVE

WASHINGTON. — Money spent on air ambulances has returned tremendous dividends in lives and suffering saved, Ted R. Gamble, national director of the Treasury's War Finance Division pointed out in commenting on a report from the Army's Air Surgeon that more than a million sick and wounded have already been evacuated by air from war theaters.

Shifting of the war to the Pacific, where the hauls are much longer, will make it necessary to add more planes and many of longer flying range to this mercy fleet, Mr. Gamble continued. The C-47 transports which have done most of the evacuation from the European War theatre cost \$110,000 each. The C-54 transport plane, which will play a greater part in the long hauls over the Pacific, costs \$375,000.

All this, Mr. Gamble said, is one more excellent reason for Americans to invest more savings in extra bonds in the 7th War Loan.

COMMUNITY CANNING CENTERS TO CONTINUE

WASHINGTON. — To encourage increased home preservation of fruits and vegetables, the War Food Administration announced that it has provided funds for continuing

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