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

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Killed in Italy — Parents Told

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Pfc. William T. Dmytrow, son of Mr. and Mrs. Paul Dmytrow, of 259 Liberty Ave., Jersey City, N. J., met his death in Italy on his 21st birthday, April 15, his parents were notified by the War Department. He was



PFC. WILLIAM DMYTROW

previously reported missing in action.

Inducted while a student in Dickinson High School, the young soldier was first assigned to a tank destroyer unit at Camp Hood, Texas, and was later transferred to the mountain infantry.

Going overseas last October, he was assigned to the Tenth Division of the Fifth Army. For participation in three major battles, he was awarded three battle stars and was given a special letter of commendation by Gen. Mark Clark. He also wears the Good Conduct Ribbon and the Combat Infantryman's Badge.

Pvt. Dmytrow was an active member of various social clubs, and was known for his activities in the sports and athletic teams.

Services for Pfc. William Dmytrow were held on Sunday, June 10, in the SS. Peter and Paul Ukrainian church, in Jersey City.

He is survived by his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Paul Dmytrow, two brothers, Pfc. Stanley, patient in the Santa Fe General Army Hospital, and John, 14, and two sisters, Mrs. Stella Adams and Mrs. Anna Magr-bea.

Given Bronze Star

S/Sgt. Edward W. Ostapczuk of 434 Livingston st., Elizabeth, N.J. has been awarded the Bronze Star Medal for "meritorious service in connection with military operations against the enemy in France, Luxembourg, Belgium, Holland and Germany from July 9, 1944, to April 30, 1945."

"Sgt. Ostapczuk, regimental intelligence sergeant," the citation read, "performed his duties, requiring long, arduous hours under extremely difficult conditions, most efficiently.

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Buciak Sisters Are College Graduates

Miss Mope Buciak, 22, was graduating ten weeks in the home management house. Ann received a B.S. degree at U. of N. H. She majored in Biology.



MISS ANN BUCIAK

the University of New Hampshire June 10. They are the daughters of Mr. and Mrs. John Buciak, Lafayette Street, Newburyport, Mass.

Hope received a B. S. degree at Nason College where she majored in Home Economics, Foods. Her activities included the vice-presidency of the Home Economics Club and secretaryship of the Senior Class. She was on the Staff of the Nugget, the yearbook, and was vice-president of Brown Hall. She participated for two years in the annual style show and completed her senior year by spend-

His keen perception and grasp of material information, indefatigable spirit and wholehearted cooperation with other units were a material contribution to the successful operation of the Intelligence Section and reflect credit upon his character as a soldier."

The sergeant is stationed in Germany. He has been in the Army since 1941 and has been overseas for more than a year. Before entering



MISS HOPE BUCIAK

She is a member of the Phi Mu Sorority and Phi Sigma, the honorary biological society, and was active in all sports, and was a member of the bowling and badminton teams. Ann's clubs were the Outing Club, Community Chest Fund, Glee Club, Student War Activities committee and USO.

The Buciak Sister are graduates of Newburyport High, Hope being graduated in 1941 and Ann in 1942. Both girls are members of the U.N.A. Br. 238 of Boston. Their father is an active member of Branch 238 U. N. A.

military service, he was employed by the Diehl Manufacturing Company as a draftsman. He attended Elizabeth schools and the Newark School of Fine and Industrial Arts. Sergeant Ostapczuk has been awarded the Expert Infantryman Badge and the Good Conduct Medal.

S/Sgt. Edward W. Ostapczuk is son of Mr. and Mrs. Peter Ostapczuk, of 444 Franklin st., Elizabeth, N. J. Sergeant Ostapczuk has been a

Gets Degree

Miss Stella Dawyskyba, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Nicholas Dawyskyba, of 41 Rosewood Street, Mattapan,



MISS STELLA DAWYSKYBA

Massachusetts, recently received a B.S. degree in Education from Salem Teachers College, Salem, Mass.

At college she majored in Commercial Work Preparatory to teaching in secondary schools.

During her four years at Salem her name appeared on the President's List for high scholastic standing. She also received the coveted Honor Award which is based on scholarship, sportsmanship, and physical fitness.

Stella was a very active member of the Women's Athletic Association participating in all sports and was a member of the Executive Boards for three years—first as Head of Softball, then Manager of Team Sports, and President of the Association in her senior year.

She was also a member of the Co-operative Council, Camera Club, B Dramatic Club, and Tri-Mu Sorority.

Her name appears among the Senior Superlatives as the most athletic senior. She was also one of twelve seniors nominated to the 1945 Hall of Fame. And in her junior years she was Marshal of the Daisy Chain.

She is a member of Branch 238 of the Ukrainian National Association of Boston, Mass.

As we enter the inner ring of the Japanese defenses more and more exertions and sacrifices will be demanded of all Americans. Our boys are doing the fighting for us. Let us supply them the things they need in order to bring the Japanese enemy of human freedom to his knees as soon as possible. Buy War Bonds! Save your money! Help prevent inflation!

member of U.N.A. Branch 142, of which his father has been secretary for many years.

A STUBBORN PROBLEM OF TRANSLITERATION

SEVERAL months ago a group of Slavonic teachers suggested a series of modifications in the generally accepted method of transliteration of the various Slavonic letters. Several of the changes suggested referred to the transliteration of Ukrainian letters and The Ukrainian Weekly published an article in which some of the suggestions were accepted others rejected as unfounded. Some time later The Committee on Transliteration issued another report on transliteration, in which it accepted some criticisms of The Ukrainian Weekly, but maintained its previous stand concerning the Ukrainian vowel "и," which, it insisted, should be transliterated by "y." For this the Committee gave the following reason:

"Since Ukrainian и is pronounced in the same manner as Russian и it would be consistent to transliterate it by Y."

Of course, if the Ukrainian и were pronounced as Russian и, the Committee on Transliteration would be able to make out a pretty good case for transliterating the two letters by Y, no matter how badly some Ukrainians might wish to make the transliteration of the Ukrainian alphabet different from that of the Russian. If the Ukrainian cannot rationally protest against transliterating his а, б, к, etc. in the same manner as are transliterated similar letters of the Russian alphabet, he could not do so against the transliteration of the Ukrainian и by the same Y by which Russian и is transliterated. The only question here is: are the two letters sounded in the same manner, as the Committee on Transliteration asserts?

Now, there is no doubt in the least that the scholar who is responsible for the stand of the Committee does not know how the Ukrainian и is pronounced, or how Russian и is pronounced, or, for that matter, both of them are pronounced. His ear would have told him that they are not pronounced in the same manner, if he had gone to the trouble of asking a Ukrainian to pronounce his и and then a Russian to pronounce his и. Indeed, the difference is so pronounced that even those Slavic philologists who are not of Slavic origin can detect it, and some of them can differentiate the two sounds in their own pronunciation.

Should he, however, be a person devoid of ear for phonetic differences even of so pronounced a quality, he could have convinced himself that they are not pronounced in the same manner by looking up any of the authoritative statements about the phonetic differences between Ukrainian and Russian. If he were to suspect Ukrainian scholars of creating, or at least, magnifying such differences, he could look up Russian authorities. Even such cursory statements in the matter, as articles in leading Russian encyclopedias, simply, without exception, enumerate among the phonetic differences of the East-Slavonic languages, the Ukrainian и and the Russian и.

In the face of such scientifically established facts, for a Slavonic philologist to argue in favor of a uniform transliteration of two sounds of two different Slavonic languages is an undertaking of doubtful pedagogic value. Its first result must be to blur the sounds which ought to be kept distinct. From the standpoint of a teacher of Slavonic languages the procedure has as much sense as would have an effort on the part of a teacher of English to tell his pupils that the word "man" is pronounced in the same manner as the word "men."

There is still another reason why we of Ukrainian descent protest vigorously against this confusion of the Ukrainian и with the Russian и.

The Russian letter и is one of the most pesky letters of the Russian alphabet. Its pronunciation offers great difficulties both to the Ukrainians, Poles, and Czechs, on the one hand, and to the English-speaking people on the other. Ample proofs of this one may find in various grammars, primers and handbooks of Russian. Agne' Jacque, in "A Russian Primer," circumvents the difficulty, by means of a short statement that и, yere, has no exact equivalent, that it is somewhat like i in bit, — a statement, which, though honest, really does not give you any idea how far "somewhat-like i" и is. To what length one would have to go to give an English-speaking person an idea of the phonetic value of и can be seen in what Mr. M. O'C. Walshie (M.A.) has done in his short manual of "Russian for the Services" (George G. Harrap & Co., London, etc. 1943):

"и is treated as the hard equivalent of и, but is really quite a distinct vowel. It sounds like a thick, throaty I, as heard in some English dialects, notably Scottish. Thus the Scottish pronunciation of bill is very like the Russian был, was. It is produced by pronouncing I in bit, with clenched teeth..."

If this is not clear enough on how to pronounce Russian и, one may turn to another Russian manual, as, for instance, "Colloquial Russian" by Mark Sieff (published in London, 1943). Sieff not only makes it clear but short and sweet by saying verbatim: "The и is produced with the central part of the tongue poised against the hard palate. The lips are even less open than for the и. At the place where the и is articulated, no и sound would be possible. It is not a deep sound as the и, and it is pronounced almost as Y in PITY. It is suggested that the student should begin with the Russian Y sound, but right at the start, and the half-begun Y with an и. The articulation thus began with a close, deep и (as the Russian Y does not readily fuse with и), and so the correct sound и will be the result. The student will get better results if he tries to produce the sounds и with labials (б, п, м, ф, в). The combination муи, буи, фуи, вуи quickly pronounced will produce the sound и. The vowels уи must not be well joined." As if this was not enough, a fair warning is added for good measure, "This experimental 'sound-trick' must not be confused with the legitimate diphthong: дуи, суи, нуи, муи, буи, etc."

To yoke the Ukrainian и to such a partner would serve a purpose only if the Ukrainian и were more difficult, or at least as difficult, as the Russian и. This however, is not the case. For an English-speaking person the Ukrainian и is a comparatively simple sound with which he is more than familiar. He hears the sound in the following words: bit, bid, fill, busy, hymn, build, spirit, delirious, misfit, and, as anybody can see, many, many others, too numerous to enumerate. Indeed, there are several Ukrainian words which are pronounced identically as some English words, though they mean, of course, something different. Thus when a Ukrainian says "тип", he pronounces it exactly as an Englishman pronounces "tip," though he has in mind "type". And he pronounces "рип" like English "rip," though he has in mind "squeak"—of the door.

The samplings of this sound taken from the English language offer us several possibilities of transliterating it into English. Apparently, we could render the Ukrainian и into English by: i, u, y, or ui. We may reject both U and UI, because these are most unusual ways of rendering that sound, and because we might

Ukrainian Canadian Servicemen Association Easter Get-together at London Club in England

The Club was a scene of intense activity for a few days before Easter. The building was spic and span after a thorough spring cleaning by the boys present, under the capable supervision of Spr. M. Fennick.

By Good Friday sixty-seven had registered at the Club. The task assigned to some of the boys present were various, but some of the more important ones were shipping and preparing the food for Easter dinner. Also reservations were arranged for more arrivals to have beds reserved in the Canadian Auxiliary Service Clubs in the neighborhood.

The boys all rose early Saturday morning and breakfast was served in the dining-room. After breakfast various jobs were again assigned to the boys such as shopping for flowers for Mother Day, preparing more food for Easter dinner, etc. The reception office was taken over by a few early arrivals, such as, L. A. C. Kreptul, L. A. C. Luciuk, Sgt. W. Weselowski and L.A.C. Kereluke, who attended to registration and records of the further arrivals and new members.

At two o'clock in the afternoon the following Executive members held a meeting: Capt. Lucyk, Capt. Smylski, H/Capt. Horoshko, H/Capt. Symchyk, L.A.C. M. Kereluke, Cpl. W. D. Usick, Spr. Fennick, Lieut. Ann Crapleve, L.A.C.J. Yuzyk, Cpl. Ann Cherniawsky, Sgt. A. Gadzosa, L.A.C. A. Kreptul, Sgt. Helen Kozicky, L/CPL Chihrin, Sgt. W. Weselowski, and Trp. Kushnirenko.

The topics of discussion at this meeting were the final arrangements for this weekend activities. Also to the regret of all members present our secretary, Sgt. Helen Kozicky, submitted her resignation, due to service exigencies, or in short, Helen expects to be returning home in the near future. Capt. Lucyk, chairman of the meeting, thanked Helen from the Executive for her services and expressed our regret on her departure.

The following members were appointed to act as Board of Directors of our U.C.S.A. Club in London: Cpl. Anne Cherniawsky (Director), Lieut. Ann Crapleve (Treasurer), Pte. Mary Wasib (Capt. M. E. Lucyk, Capt. P. I. Smylski, Trp. T. Kushnirenko and L/Cpl. W. Chihrin).

Saturday afternoon many more

reserve them for other uses. We are left now with two possibilities, namely I and Y. What then should be our choice? Should we select Y, as the Committee on Transliteration suggests?

We return again to the Committee's suggestion, though we reject their argument that the Ukrainian и should be rendered by Y because so is rendered Russian и, which, according to the Committee, is thus pronounced. We clearly recognize that a case could be made for such a rendition even if the Committee's claim about the identity of the two sounds does not correspond to the facts. Now, to my mind, the question of transliteration of the Ukrainian и could be best solved by the question what is the most common way of rendering in English the English sound which is identical with the Ukrainian и. As far as my observations go, such a sign is decidedly not Y, but I. There are, according to my observation, far more English words in which that sound is written with an I, than there are English words in which it is written by an Y. In my conception that is the most logical argument for this transliteration. I recognize, however, that there might be different arguments, and I would be willing to hear them and consider them.

of our members were arriving from the Continent and all parts of the United Kingdom, also sixteen of our Ukrainian Manchester residents arrived to spend the Easter with boys at the Club.

In the evening the lounge was filled to capacity with members and guests. This meeting was opened by our Club Director, Cpl. Ann Cherniawsky, and capably handled by our Chairman, Capt. Smylski, who called on our Padres H/Capt. Symchyk and Horoshko. Joe Lesniwski, Manchester, Spr. M. Fennick and few others addressed the gathering.

The chairman gave an outline of the work done by our retiring secretary, Helen Kozicky. He also moved a vote of thanks for services, wishing her a speedy and successful journey home.

The chairman informed all present that Ft/Lt. B. Panchuk, President, would not be with us due to the rapid success of our Canadian Forces on the Western Front. We all hope that he will be able to attend the Easter get-together in Brussels.

Cfn. P. Sawchuk was appointed A/Sgt/Major (unpaid) and placed in charge of a squad of eight volunteers to do the Joe Jobs for the week-end. He managed very well, and thanks to you boys.

During the course of these discussions L.A.C. U. Yuzyk led the gathering in community singing. Refreshments were served, thus bringing the evening to a close.

Lieut. Ann Crapleve and Sgt. Helen Kozicky worked late into the night preparing paska and food for the coming Easter service Sunday morning.

Easter Sunday was a warm and sunny day in London. The boys all rose early in preparation for the Eastern Church Services. No breakfast was served as all the boys partook in the Holy Communion.

The Greek Orthodox Service was held in St. James Paddington Church next door to the Club. This service was conducted by Father Symchyk, assisted by the Senior Prot. Chaplain H/Col. Stone and Rev. Chappell, vicar of St. James Paddington Church. Personnel who attended this service felt a great spiritual uplifting when the sound of Христос Воскрес resounded amidst walls of this ancient Cathedral. Here we cannot help but thank all those boys who made up the choir and sang so well throughout the whole service.

The Ukrainian Greek Catholic Service was held at St. Edward's Convent. This service was conducted by Father Horoshko, assisted by the Senior R. C. Caplain, H/Col. O'Neil. Many of the boys and Manchester guests attended the service.

The blessing of the Paska took place at both services.

At the conclusion of the services all returned to the Club where the girls and boys in charge of the food, commenced to serve the first sitting of guests. Capt. Lucyk Master of Ceremonies, started our Easter Dinner by calling on all to rise and sing Христос Воскрес.

The Easter dinner was followed by a Musical Recital and tea commemorating Mother's Day. The Master of Ceremonies for Tea and Musical Recital was Capt. Smylski, whose opening remarks were a welcome extended to all the visiting Mothers at the Club. He called on Sgt. Helen Kozicky to present the following mothers with flowers and gifts from our boys: Mrs. Solar, Lesniowski, Mitchell, Pankow, Zawalinski and Lady Hill. This presentation was an inspiration to all those present and will remain in our memories forever. The Padres each, in a few well

TARAS SHEVCHENKO AS A WORLD POET

By PROF. CLARENCE A. MANNING

Columbia University

TARAS Shevchenko stands out in literature as the greatest poet of Ukraine. He won for himself so much love and respect among his compatriots that today three quarters of a century after his untimely death there is hardly a Ukrainian home, be it rich or poor, be it in any part of the Ukrainian lands or abroad that does not contain a portrait of the great writer. Literary critics not only of Ukrainian but of other origin have hailed him as one of the masters of poetry and his fame is spreading constantly.

All this is true and more than that Shevchenko deserves to be grouped with world writers. This is not only because he represents to the full the spirit of his native land and its people, but because he has also a message for all humanity. In an age that feels as never before the injustice and the sadness of the world, he can speak with a commanding voice and can give words of hope and of consolation for men everywhere.

Yet if we would undertake to measure what his influence can be, we must remember certain things. An author and especially a poet cannot appeal abroad to strangers for precisely those qualities which have won him fame at home. Translation invariably destroys a certain poetic charm that is inherent in the original verse of the poet and there are very poets who have been fortunate enough to secure an adequate rendering in a foreign tongue. This almost automatically hinders a proper appreciation of a foreign poet, especially if he is one of those tender spirits whose art is so closely connected with the music of his own language that the beauty vanishes at the first touch of the heavy hand of a translator.

There are others who are of more sturdy stock. The message that they have for their people may be as beautiful, as delicate as can be imagined but there is in their works a quality of universality, there is a deep meaning that can be conveyed without too much loss into another tongue, and even after many of the special beauties disappear there is a something that can still hold its appeal for men everywhere.

Shevchenko belongs to this second group. The tender music of his verse may be largely lost. It may be impossible to repeat in another language and in another system of metre that haunting charm that has endeared him to Ukrainians everywhere. His careful imitations of the Ukrainian folksongs may lose much in English or any other foreign tongue but the message which he was trying to give to his own people, his appreciation of their virtues and their defects, the aspirations which he was voicing for them still remain to inspire men in other lands and to picture to them the world which he was desirous of seeing for his own. Shevchenko as a world poet is going to live because at the very moment when he was setting out his own people, he passed beyond their limits and spoke in universal terms about injustice and justice, about truth and humanity.

There may seem to be something paradoxical in all this. Nevertheless it is a strange fact that as we run over the list of those authors who have appealed to the continents and the centuries, we find that most of them were not consciously striving for a universal fame but they were aiming to represent the point of view of a relatively narrow society or class. Their vision did not lead to a denial of their surroundings but to a transcending of it. They were able to see the elements of the universal, of the spirit of humanity in the world around them, and men of

other times and places grasped the idea which they were trying to convey and have loved them for it.

How does Shevchenko stand in this connection? He has hardly written a poem which does not deal directly or indirectly with the fate of his country. He was filled with the consciousness that when he was in St. Petersburg or in the desolate wastes of the steppes, he was a stranger in a strange land. His poetry is one long exposition of the beauty, of the history, of the tragedy of Ukraine, and he might seem at first sight to be only a poet of his people. Yet as we read him further, we see that he is dealing with even a greater subject than Ukraine and that is the fate of humanity with all of the varied emotions of the human heart.

He commenced his writing with the Kobzar and with the tales of the old Kozak past. He feels the thrill and admiration of all free humanity for that wild and turbulent life of the Zaporozhian Sich, that spirit of ordered liberty which alone can make free men work together for a common cause. That is the spirit that underlies his picture of the Kozak victories, whether they were won against the Poles or the Turks. Free men who are willing to combine under an able leader are more than a match for the obedient slaves of a ruler, be he a crowned head or a self-appointed dictator. Hamaliya, Ivan Pidkova, sections of the Haydamaki, all breathe this truth and that is why Shevchenko when he lets his mind travel over the Ukrainian past glorifies the democratic manners of the hetmans and the Kozaks.

In *The Night of Taras*, we have this idea definitely expressed, when the leader is in momentary difficulty, for the Poles gathered in numbers:

But Taras called to the Kozaks,
Asked them for their counsel;
"Otamani and my comrades,
Brothers dear and children!
Give to me your wisest counsel,
What can we accomplish?"

The power of the Sich in its early days was based on this frank recognition that the power of leadership cannot only be secured by formal appointment, that it rests with the individual free man and that that people are happy who are able to use the individual capabilities to the full. It is unfortunate that the trend of Shevchenko's development drew him away from the creation of more poems of this character. Humanity from the time of the Iliad and the Odyssey have always loved and admired deeds of valor, of individual and collective heroism, of which the early history of the Kozaks was so full.

The exploits of the early Kozak leaders and followers, seeking freedom at the risk of their own lives are closely similar to the deeds of many of the American frontiersmen, the men who went out to spread the American way of life across a continent, and they were fortunate; while the Kozaks became bogged down in the task of adapting their organization to the standardized system around them, and their less clear-sighted descendants wrecked the work that was being undertaken, it does not detract from the pictures that Shevchenko gave and from his vision of what might have been. That does not mean that he dreamed of a return of the old days. He well knew from his observation of the life around him that it would be impossible at any time in the near future to revive that old spirit but to every generation the old stories are always new and as long as man has not lost hope, so long will he read and admire in whatever language the writings of a poet who

has this vision and this appreciation of human qualities.

All those men who in 1918 dared to dream and work for an independent Ukraine were fired by the spirit of Shevchenko. So too, even though they did not know him were those who in other lands had the same goals and the same purposes. Freedom is more important than life—that was the spirit of the Greeks at Marathon and Salamis, of the Americans at Valley Forge, of men engaged in the struggle for liberation everywhere, and the smug assurance that peace is the supreme goal stands in direct contradiction not only to the history of the Sich and the writings of Shevchenko but also to the conscience and the mind of all except willing slaves.

After his return from his visit to Ukraine in 1843, the poet turned aside from this path. He had been brought face to face with a reality so ghastly that he could not take refuge in the past. He felt that these poems, great as they were, not applicable directly to the present, and during the years between 1843 and his arrest and exile, he was looking at the world around him. The form of his writings changed. The romantic glow of freedom by heroic combat disappeared and in its place there came a renewed emphasis on the needs of the present.

Shevchenko wasted no time in urging a partial amelioration of the lot of his compatriots. He appealed directly to the hearts and consciences of his readers. In no uncertain language, even at the risk of encountering difficulties from the censorship and the police, he spoke out against the meanness and the cruelty and the indifference of the ordinary man no less that against the tyranny of the tsars. Again he pitches his demands on the Ukrainian scene but his words have a far broader application than to one oppressed part of the Russian Empire. They have a message for the whole world.

Perhaps nowhere is this truth more strongly brought out than in "My Friendly Epistle to my dead, living and unborn countrymen in Ukraine and not in Ukraine." The poem is a condemnation of all those people who have sought for truth and justice and happiness by denying their own traditions and their own culture. It is equally severe on those who would live in the past, boast of a few exploits of their ancestors and decline to act for themselves. In the very beginning, he says:

Look upon the quiet heavens,
At your own dear country;
Love with a sincere, true heart
Such a mighty ruin!
Break your chains and live as
brothers!

In a foreign country
Do not seek and do not search for
What is non-existent
E'en in heaven and not only
In a foreign country.
In your home you'll find your justice
And your strength and freedom!

He prefaces the poem with a voice from 1 St. John 4, 20, "If a man say, I love God, and hateth his brother, he is a liar." In the text and in the introduction which we have cited, Shevchenko puts his finger squarely on the fundamental evil of humanity. It would be possible for any society to rejuvenate itself, if it would face squarely the problems which confront it, if it would only seek in the better part of its traditions and in its deeper moral sense for solution. Ukraine had fallen, as much because of internal disunity and greed as because of outside pressure. Its sons had yielded to temptation to aggrandize themselves personally instead of working for the common good of all. It was so much easier, so much more alluring to believe that all would be well if they could only seek for Muscovite approval, if they could accept that culture and that point of view worked

(Concluded on page 4)

What They Say

General Eisenhower, in a letter to American newspaper men:

"In war, censorship to insure security of information which might be of value to the enemy is obviously necessary, but following cessation of hostilities censorship must be abandoned, and free flow of information insisted upon, so that education and public opinion may be based on truth. Every soldier in this war has the right to hope that all peoples may have, at the very least, the advantages of a free press and the free exchange of information throughout the world. Intolerance and bigotry tend to disappear under the effects of enlightened education and freedom of the press."

Justice Robert H. Jackson, U.S. Counsel in war crimes prosecutions:

"In arranging these trials we must hear in mind the aspirations with which our people have faced the sacrifices of war. After we entered the war, and as we expended our men our wealth to stamp out these wrongs, it was the universal feeling of our people that out of this war should come unmistakable rules and workable machinery from which any who might contemplate another era of brigandage would know that they would be held personally responsible and would be personally punished. Our people wait for these trials in hope to give to international law the kind of vitality which it can have only if it is a real expression of our moral judgment."

Philip Murray, president of the CIO, in behalf of the President's emergency unemployment proposals:

"Workers and their dependents must have assurance that their living standards will not be wiped out in the process of reconversion. While the primary task should be to provide jobs for all workers ready and willing to work, we must at the same time have adequate provision for unemployment compensation for those who temporarily may be unemployed, due to inadequate reconversion policies."

Josephus H. Daniels, Secretary of the Navy in the first world war:

"Advocates of universal training have not even guessed at how much money will be required to put that juggernaut in motion and keep it going, and in what sort of war these draftees will be trained to fight to get the best results. It has not been suggested that there is need of drafting men for the Navy. It can obtain all it may need by volunteers who are anxious to go down to the sea in ships. Aviation will attract more men of their own volition than there are planes in which they can try their wings. There remains, therefore, as the only possible argument for compulsory training, the drafting of men to make up the land forces. At the most there will be need only for a small, compact land force. Every man that can be wisely placed can be obtained by volunteer enlistment if there is adequate pay with certain advancement from the ranks to those who show ability in actual service."

Senator Robert F. Wagner, speaking in support of the extension of the Price Control Law:

"... Stabilization is a stern remedy for a dread disease and none of us supporting it want it continue a day longer than is absolutely necessary. But this nation now has more than 118 billion dollars in fresh savings, plus an annual income after taxes of over 137 billion dollars, available to spend on just about 98 billion dollars of goods produced for other than war purposes. I sometimes think OPA has been too successful. By holding down the rise in the cost of living to a bare one and six-tenths per cent for two whole years, it has dulled our fears until we think 'it (inflation) can't happen here.'"

READY TO GO...

By BOHDAN LEPKY

Translated from the Ukrainian by J. A.

"Father!"
"What is it?"
"They want you to go to a sick man. A man is waiting outside."
"To a sick man—a sick man," repeated the priest, rubbing his sleepy eyes. "Tell them to go to the sexton, to open the church and have everything ready."

The servant girl shut the door and repeated the priest's orders to the caller.

In the meantime the clergyman turned around in his bed and pulled up the quilt, which was slipping down to the floor.

"They want me to go to a sick man. Well, what can I do? I must go. Oh, but it is so good to sleep..."
Sleep never seems so pleasant as when we are interrupted.

Thus, the priest's eyelids gradually closed over his eyes, and he fell asleep again.

"Father! Oh, Father!"

"Yes?"

"The sexton is in the church already. He's waiting."

"Is he? Tell him that I'm coming."

In less than an hour the two men emerged from the church and walked down the village road. They were enveloped in a gray mist and could hardly see one another. Passers-by dropped on their knees at the sound of the sexton's bell, as is the custom when a priest is passing with the Holy Sacrament.

It was a frosty autumn morning. The mud on the village road, like thick dough, was hard on the surface and shone with its dirty crystals. It crumbled under the feet of the priest and his companion with a barely perceptible noise. The clergyman felt somewhat chilly and hurried. So did the sexton, who rang the bell every three or four paces. Thus they trod the long village road, and stopped beyond the school by the well.

"Here we are!" announced the sexton.

"Here?" asked the priest, and he entered the gateway.

To his great surprise, everything was very quiet. No one came out to greet them. There were no relatives, no neighbors.

"Perhaps it is not here?" the priest hesitated, turning to the sexton.

"Yes, Father, this is place. Old man Skrehota is sick. I am certain of that."

"Let us walk in then!"

They entered the house.

Everything was quiet. There was no sign of life whatever. The bed was uncovered, but the sick man was nowhere to be seen.

"Is any one here?" cried the sexton in a loud voice. Then he looked into the kitchen, the pantry and throughout the cottage. But no one answered—except the chickens in the attic.

"Well, let's wait..."

They sat down on the bench and waited.

Meanwhile the sun had come up and the mist was rising. Suddenly they heard a faint voice: "Shoo! Shoo!"

They went outdoors. There they saw an old man, bareheaded and barefooted, chasing after the pigs, trying to drive them into the pigpen. But the animals, as if conscious of the old man's weakness and awkwardness, kept running all over, with an apparent determination to get into the neighboring garden, protected only by low fence.

"Shoo! Shoo!" cried the old man, hardly standing on his old, wabbling legs. "Shoo! Into the pigpen with you!"

The priest looked on for a while and then became uneasy.

"Look here, old man, what do you mean? You sent for me, got me out of bed—and why? Who's sick here?"

The old man looked at the priest and nodded.

"It is I, Father, it is I who is dying."

This was too much for the priest. "What! Making fun of me on top of all that? You dying and running all over the place after pigs!"

"Listen, dear Father!... They got out, so I had to drive them back into the pigpen... Shoo!... Else they would get into the garden or the neighbor's yard... Shoo!..."

There is no telling how long this would have lasted, had it not been for the sexton. Quickly he put the bell and the red lantern on the threshold, and went to the old man's rescue.

Thus the pigs were driven into the pen. The old man shooed them once more, shut the door after them and fastened it securely.

He then approached the clergyman and kissed his hand.

"Forgive me, Father, and don't be angry with me! The pigs got out, and, naturally, they had to be driven back."

The priest smiled. He could not be angry, for he had a good heart and sympathy for his people. Besides, there was nothing to be displeased about.

"I'm not angry," he said meekly. "Still I think it wasn't very nice of you to trouble me so early in the morning when there was no real need of it. I see you're strong enough to come to confession next Sunday, no?"

"Oh, my Lord! Next Sunday? That's impossible... I don't know if I shall live till noon... I've been holding on and waiting for you... So help me God, Father, it is just as I say..."

The visitor did not know whether to believe the old man or not. He entered the hut. The old man retired into another room to put on some clean clothes. After a while he came out nicely dressed and with his hair neatly combed. The priest did not hurry him.

"How long have you been ill?" he asked, as he seated himself on the bench.

"Oh, since long, long ago... I don't feel any pain in my body, Father, but my strength has somehow left me... I don't sense it in my bones any more... And I have such a cold feeling in my chest... Death is surely coming..."

"But how is it that I see no one here with you? Are you staying all alone like a hermit? Why, even a healthy person feels lonesome when left alone, and one who is ill must feel that way even more so."

"I'm not alone, Father... I have my children, very, very good children... It would be a sin to speak of them otherwise..."

"You say they are good, yet they don't seem to care much for old man..."

"They do, they do, Father. Oh, they think of me a great deal. This morning, not one of them would leave me... They stood by my bed and cried... I told them, 'What's the use of crying? Go, every one of you, to your work. There's no use in watching me. No one will steal me... And if I have to die, I may just as well die without you being here... You, my Gregory,' said I to my oldest son, 'go to Zmeyna. The field is ready, it's time to sow... When the funeral comes, you will lose time again—and the frosts are coming early... And you,' said I to my daughter, 'go to town and buy all that's necessary. You know well that if anything should happen, the stores in our village will charge you double the regular price for everything...'"

"My daughter-in-law I've sent to another village to notify her relations. And my son-in-law was to call on you, Father, and on his way back stop at the carpenter's... Thus, I

Ukrainian Kozaks in France

The spectacular, almost tragic, role which the French city of Dunkirk played in this war brings back to human memory other great events of which that fortified seaport had been the center in its long and turbulent history. How far its influence reached may be judged by the fact that distant Ukraine was not left unaffected by the events focused on Dunkirk.

Three great sieges of that city are usually mentioned in history of France, namely those of 1652, 1658, and 1793. There was still another, in which Ukrainian Kozaks took part. It was during the civil war of the Fronde, fomented by Spain, that Cardinal Mazarin, the French king's chief minister, appealed to the Polish king Wladyslaw for help. As a result, Ukrainian Kozaks numbering 2,000 men were dispatched to France and eventually took part in the siege of Dunkirk in 1646.

In the archives of the city of Dunkirk there were preserved many letters in the Cardinal's own handwriting as well as letters by many other French leaders of that time referring to that epoch. In some of the letters there were descriptions of the interesting trip the Ukrainian Kozaks made through Poland and Germany toward that France which none of them knew, also of the negotiation carried by them with the government of France, as well as of the siege itself.

Mr. A. Polovtsev examined these documents in 1899, and then delivered an interesting lecture about them at the "Imperial Association of Devotees of Ancient Literature," at St. Petersburg. "St. Petersburgskiy Vvedomosty," the Russian daily, carried then a long report of that lecture, of which a shorter extract was given by the "Literaturno-Naukovy Vistnyk," the well-known Ukrainian magazine, published in L'viv. The note carried the headline "Khmelnitsky in France," though it contains no proof that Khmelnitsky himself was a participant of the French campaign which brought the Ukrainian Kozaks to the walls of Dunkirk.

was lying here all alone, when hark! the pigs got out of the pen... I looked out of the window... they were trying to lift the gate with their snouts. They had to be put back. So I pulled myself up, thanks to the Lord, and got them in... And you, Father, must not be angry with me, for I'm really sick—very, very sick."

Again he kissed the priest's hand and assured him of his illness.

"Don't you feel lonesome being all alone?" asked the priest.

"Aren't you afraid?" added the sexton.

"Why should I be afraid? I haven't killed anybody or injured anyone or stolen anything... I've lived my time, and now I must go—just like a workingman. Having finished his job, he goes home... And isn't it time for me to go? For nearly two months now I've been wasting the holy bread. My strength has left me somehow. I cannot do any work and it's not right to eat your children bread for nothing. It would not pass through my throat. I cannot swallow it... Thanks to the Lord, my end is near... Why should I be afraid? I've brought up my children, divided what I had among them... I instructed them and advised them. What more is necessary?... No, I have nothing to fear..."

"Let us proceed then," said the priest, moved by the old man's words.

"Let's begin in God's name," answered the old man, and blessed himself.

No sooner had the priest returned home and started to eat his breakfast when the church bells rang. The old man, Skrehota, was dead.

TARAS SHEVCHENKO AS WORLD POET

(Concluded from page 3)

out by the foreign rulers, if they could only speak the fashionable jargon of the day and use it to blind their eyes to reality.

Shevchenko was no chauvinist, no foe of a foreign culture, as such.

Go to learn and study
And the foreign knowledge master
But don't spurn your own.

He had earlier begged his compatriots to look with kindness and respect upon the past but that was not only a pleasant picture, it was not only something to recite in moments of relaxation. It was an obligation to live up to. It was a warning of the evils that had to be overcome if Ukraine was to be happy. Hence comes his conclusion:

Oh, embrace, my dearest brothers,
E'en your poorest brother;
Let the mother smile with pleasure.
She has long been weeping...
Let her bless her faithful children
With a fervent blessing!
Let her kiss her little children
With lips now unfettered.
Then the shame will be forgotten,
All the recent epochs,
And new glory will be rising,
Ukraine's glory!
Then the sun will shine eternal,
Quietly and sweetly...
Oh, embrace, my darling brothers,
That is what I beg you!

It is no easy road to happiness that Shevchenko points out. He calls for hard work, to a true moral and spiritual resurrection of his country. It is simple idea the mass of the reformers and the idealists and the friends of humanity could not accept such a simple solution. For them the hope of the future was to be found somewhere else. They thrilled to the glories of the past but they would not see why that past had vanished. They would not see that that past had vanished. They would not see that if the old Kozaks had been able to defeat Poland in battle, they had failed to create of themselves in their own home a lasting order. The men of the present day were no better. In their quest for education and a new and better order, they were committing even worse deeds than their ancestors who were guilty only of political anarchy. Now they are introducing a deeper spiritual anarchy in their desire to be modern.

Are these vices only confined to Ukraine of the nineteenth century? Have they not been characteristic of many lands and many ages? Are they not in fact the chief feature of the present day? For five years the world has been engaged in the most destructive war of history. Nation after nation has been overrun and devastated as was Ukraine and worse and on the day of liberation in one land after another, there is a hope that the acceptance of an alien philosophy of the increase of civic strife, will somehow or other produce the millenium. It was the curse of Ukraine in 1919 even as it is of Europe and the world today, even as the keen eye of Shevchenko saw it in the middle of the last century. The whole Epistle, while it speaks of Ukraine and of Ukraine only, is applicable to the entire civilized world and it is one of those poems which can have a universal appeal and a universal message. The translation may be faulty, it may not be poetic as is in the original but the ideas of the poet are not hampered either by metre or by language and they ring out their message wherever they are presented.

(To be concluded)

The wheat field sown, the pigs in the pen, the daughter on her way home from town—he could die in peace.

THROUGH DARKEST ENGLAND WITH GUN AND CAMERA

WHEN foreign notables arrive in America, they at once declare—having been previously primed—"I think your women are wonderful." When newsworthy celebrities arrive in England, for "women" they substitute "police." Being a Crusader at heart, I now propose to risk probable mayhem and possible assassination, and write about English women.

Naturally I can't generalize about them to any great extent. Believing, as I emphatically do, that no two human beings are exactly alike, I can't describe any one English woman as typical of them all. I have met a considerable number of them, representing many walks of life, and they have various characteristics in common. I have observed many others as well, whom I haven't met—in that way that one observes one's fellow-creatures in buses, and trains, and shops, and theaters, etc.—and on occasions such the Aldershot Tattoo, where people congregate in tens of thousands, I have seen a great many more. And so I suppose I am qualified as much as any other casual observer to write about them.

If Philip Wylie, author of that disturbing book, *Generation of Vipers*, with its stern censures of American women, should come over to England, a hope for the future of the Gentler Sex might return to his heart. For one thing, he'd find no Mom-worship. For another, he'd find very little pampering. True, in Café Society he'd spot a few of the eternal lovelies who always manage to emerge from an *affaire de coeur* with a new mink coat. They exist in every country where there are mink coats. But most English women, especially since '39, count themselves lucky if they own a stole of utility lapin. Since the Middle Ages this has been primarily a man's country, and it still despite anything Lady Astor can do about it. Neither Mom nor the Wife gets, or expects, much in the way of pampering, though if Pap, by a miracle, should win a sweepstake or a Football Pool, they'd get a very nice present and possibly an extra week at the seashore. Even the girl-friend, during the courting period, gets little of the abject worship of the Sex hat Mr. Wylie says goes on so much in America. In fact, about the only reason any Englishwoman ever gets on a pedestal is to dust it.

The human race being what it is, with no two human beings exactly alike, it is reasonable to assume that all gradations of womankind can be found in England, just as in America, or anywhere else. There may be more of one sort and less of another over here, for there are different influences at work. One reason for less pampering, for instance, is that here women greatly outnumber the men, whereas in America the scales are more evenly balanced. Another reason is the natural English thrift, born partly of the fact that the vast majority here live on small incomes. This would also help to explain the scarcity of beautifully dressed women. Even in London they are few far between as compared to the women of any American city. For one thing, most English women can't afford elaborate wardrobes, and must go in for the sensible and practical clothes. Many of them prefer to, anyway. Also, there are fewer shops here than in America which specialize in smart frocks at modest prices. And perhaps it is true, as sometimes said by foreigners, that English women have, on the whole, less talent for dressing smartly than the women of America or France. Yet I have often seen an Englishwoman wear dowdy clothes, on a not too shapely figure, with an air of careless good breeding that made her somehow more arresting than many of the Hollywood glamour girls.

Perhaps for the same reasons that they aren't pampered, English wo-

men impress one as being a self-reliant lot. Instead of expecting a man to spend a lot of money on them, they often seem to find it rather embarrassing, especially if they have any reason to believe he can't well afford it. Not being at a premium for an evening of gaiety, they keep themselves busy with varied interests. They seem to me less actively interested in politics than American women, despite the increasing number of women M.P.s. They are well informed and enjoy discussing it. But they are, I think, less inclined to band together in Clubs which assume political influence. Perhaps it is because they still cling a little to the old idea that running the country is a man's job. If so, it's a pity, but they keep busy in other ways. The knitting that has gone on in odd moments, even among such hard-working people as our B.B.C. secretaries has been fabulous. Incidentally, those girls are worth special mention, for I think they represent a large class of English women. They work hard for a modest salary, from which income tax is deducted at the source. Most of them, I suppose, come from families of moderate means and have to earn a living. They represent the average education of the middle class. None of them would equal Betty Grable as a pin-up girl. None of them manage, even on a modest salary, to look quietly neat and well groomed. But they are an attractive lot, with that casual ease that intelligent, self-reliant women usually have. They are well read. They can talk with lively interest and good sense on many topics. And they take everything in their stride in a pleasant, serene way—including queueing up for rations before going to work and queueing up for buses to take them to and from their offices. When we were being bombed every night, and often in the day-time too, they showed no visible signs of nerves. They went on placidly doing their jobs. They are a credit to This Happy Breed. And yet it is their English accent that mainly distinguishes them from the many women of similar circumstances in America, who also take life seriously because they have to work thundering hard to maintain it.

Another marked feature of English women is their extraordinary energy and vitality. The very thought of it makes me feel exhausted. Even the not big-boned ones seem to be tireless. Lots of them, though not of the hunting set, are excellent horsewomen. Lots of them are good at golf and tennis, and, what's more, get in a game after office hours. The country roads on a summer Sunday are thronged with cycling Amazons, clad in shorts and pedaling as effortlessly as the stalwart young men in the party. I once wandered all over Mexico with a group of friends which included one eminent English lady. In the heat of the day, when the rest of us, exhausted by the morning's sight-seeing, were panting in the shade of a verandah and gasping for a slug of tequila, she'd be out again by herself, kodak in hand, clambering up and down pyramids. And long after the rest of us had dragged our aching bodies to bed at night, she'd be up, writing voluminously in her diary. To add insult to injury, she is a chronic sufferer from rheumatism. It was all very shaming. I knew another, a frail, slightly tubercular woman in the fifties, who before the war used to go careering all over the Continent, all by herself, in a little Ford. On one occasion, when she was trying to get from Austria to Florence in a day, the Ford overturned on a mountain road. With the help of a local yokel she righted it, made a few repairs personally, including changing two tires, and went gaily on her way. She arrived in Florence in

time to dress for dinner, and, apparently as fresh as a daisy, played bridge until three in the morning. It is very discouraging. I once met one on a mountain top in the Italian Alps. She was sixty-five, heavy-set, wore spectacles, was deaf as a post, and spoke only English. She had come into a small legacy, and, all by herself, was making her first tour of the Continent. She had climbed that mountain the evening before, and stayed up there to watch the sunrise. And her only concern was for Venice, where she meant to have a ride in a gondola in the moonlight. After she left, I doubled my vitamin ration and still felt exhausted.

That dynamic energy has stood them in good stead during the war. It's kindred thing to the toughness of the English Tommy. It has enabled them to endure hardships without complaining. No one can tell me that being a bus conductor or a railway porter is an easy job. Yet you should see the large number of women, many of them tiny little things, who have taken on those jobs and done them with a pleasant smile. To be on your feet all day, in the bitter, damp cold of an English winter, looking your damndest in trousers and not exactly well-tailored jackets, wouldn't be a cinch even for a horse with no natural human vanity. But how splendidly these women have done it. The better paid factory work might have been preferable. But these jobs had to be done to release man-power for the Forces, and there was no choice. So they took them on, gamely and amiably—women from all walks of life except the privileged. And most of the women of that class have been trying to pull their weight, too. I talked to a bus conductress one morning. She looked a bit tired and depressed. I found that it was because her home had been destroyed by a flying bomb during the night. She'd gone to work in the morning, all the same. And her greatest grief was the prospect of writing to her husband, who was in the 14th Army in Burma, to tell him their books were destroyed. For they had been building a library, which boasted a number of first editions. I hoped she wouldn't spoil it with a cliché about spilt milk. And she didn't. She merely said, with a rueful little frown puckering her brow, "It's odd how fond you can get of your books." And then a pleasant, business-like look chased the frown away, and she went on to a new passenger. "Charing Cross, sir? Threepence, please."

Then there are the millions of women on the Home Front, who haven't put on a uniform of any sort, or gone into a factory, but who have the unsung job of housewives and housekeepers. Not being considered a part of the war effort, the privileges have been nil. And their difficulties have been multiplied by scores. They spend hours in queues for fish, for potatoes, for bread—many of them women who used to have a servant, or could 'phone the shop and have an order delivered. Now they walk and walk, carrying shopping bags that may weight fifteen pounds with the potatoes and such. They stand in the rain, outside a fish shop, hoping for something besides cod, but not often getting it. Many of them now need shoes a size larger than they used to wear—and they're lucky if they can spare the coupons to get them. My housekeeper is a shining example. She's a stocky little thing, my Miss Harper, well on in the fifties, with indifferent sight and a touch of arthrities in one arm. During the bombing periods, she was always up half the night, wearing most of her clothes, including her pony-skin coat, fully expecting we'd be bombed out. But after the Clear she'd snatch a little sleep, and in the morning she'd be bustling about, the fire lighted and breakfast ready. Then she'd go on the long trek for rations. Then she'd do the house thoroughly. And her only complaint was that she was apt

Funny Side Up

"AIRMAIL FROM HOLLYWOOD"

Dear Bromo,

I've been in Hollywood a little over a year now and have been in dozens of pictures. In the last month I made three pictures. That is, until somebody stole my Brownie camera! When I first came out here the producers wanted to put me in shorts first and then if the public liked me they said I'd go places. I told them I wouldn't go any place unless I was dressed!

Did you see me in "The Desert Song?" I had a bit part in it. In the first reel I bit the dust! Some of my best scenes were left on the cutting room floor. In fact, I'm still getting fan mail from the mice!

I've been acting in so many prison pictures of late, I was afraid of being "typed." But in my next picture it'll be different... the stripes in my uniform will run the other way! The studio big-wigs have been so pleased with my acting in prison pictures, they recently signed me to a 10 year contract, with 2 years off for good behavior! When I first came out here I signed for \$500.00 per week, and this time I signed another contract for \$500.000 a week. That doesn't show any improvement but this time they pay me! In the interests of the war effort the studio is doing a lot of economizing. In one picture in which I'll soon appear they are having the villain hung instead of electrocuted, to save electricity!

On the studio lot my dressing windows face June Haver's ingenious idea of her's... having barb wire curtains. Very practical too... they keep out the "sun"... my mother's! I spent last week-end in Palm Springs. I didn't plan on going there, but in making a picture with June Haver the studio bosses thought she needed a rest... from me!

The picture I'm working in now was supposed to be titled "Bolder Dam" but with censorship what it is, they've changed the title to "Boulder Darn!" And boy, have I got a screwy director! The other day he kicked because I didn't put enough life into my deathbed scene!

I moved into a new apartment last week. The guy that lives next door to me is writer. He's writing a scenario about a couple that are always quarreling. Every night I can hear him and his wife rehearsing it!

With most of the men in the armed services, many actresses out here have to make their husbands last another year! Hollywood is like that. Many an actress doesn't know where her next husband is coming from!

And now I'll say goodbye. I just have time to catch a train for San Francisco. They're selling cigarettes in the store around the corner and the end of the cigarette line is in San Francisco. So long, I must be off. I'm off!

Humorously Yours,
BROMO QUININE

to feel a bit tired in the afternoon and really had to sit down for half an hour after tea.

There are all kinds of women in England—representing all the gradations from rags to riches, from strumpets to saints. There aren't many riches, and probably very few saints. The war has brought out the worst in some of them. Erstwhile good women have committed petty crimes. Others have gone off the rails in other ways. But the vast majority, from strumpets to saints, have shown varying degrees of nobility and courage, and have refused valiantly to lose their sense of humor.

England, excuse me if I don't speak of our famous police, but I think your women are wonderful.

JAMES DYRENFORTH
"American Outpost in Great Britain"

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UKRAINIAN GIRLS' CHORUS OF NEW YORK ORGANIZED.

The Ukrainian Girl's Chorus of New York and New Jersey directed by Stephen Marusevich has now been organized. It has been in existence for the past two months and has already made its first appearance which was warmly received by the audience.

This chorus was organized to disseminate Ukrainian culture and songs among the American people and to extend the spirit of good fellowship among the Ukrainian-American Youth. In order to further our aim we include many American songs in our repertoire.

We are trying to carry out the work of the former widely known Ukrainian Youth Chorus which was dissolved because the armed forces have claimed most of our members. So far we have approximately 25 members.

So come on girls why not join us and have loads of fun! All new members are cordially invited to attend rehearsals every Tuesday evening at 8:30. The place, International Institute, 431 East 17th Street, New York City.

walls in vibrant tones. Hearts sang out in a mighty hymn of praise and thanksgiving to the Almighty. For this was the day, the long-awaited day of Victory.

J. YUZYK, Editor

Awarded Posthumous Medal of Honor to Sgt. Alex Onischuk

BRIDGEPORT, Conn. — A posthumous Medal of Honor and Purple Heart were awarded to Sgt. Alex Onischuk who was killed in action in Germany. The awards have been received by his mother, Mrs. Anna Onischuk. Sgt. Onischuk served with the Air Force.

Sgt. Steve Paprosky was killed in action in the Pacific. He was home on furlough during the Christmas holidays after being three years in the Pacific. When he returned to action he met his death. He is survived by his wife, the former Eva Litwin, and his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Paprosky.

Second Lt. Lee Opalka, brother of Mrs. Back, who was reported missing in action several weeks ago, is believed to be in a hospital in France where he is being treated for wounds received when his plane was shot down in Germany.

The Ukrainian Affairs Bulletin of Connecticut

The Weekly Home Front

NEW RULING TO PROTECT BUYERS OF USED CARS

WASHINGTON. — To protect buyers who pay warranted prices for used passenger automobiles, trucks and motorcycles, the Office of Price Administration announced that only sellers who have adequate reconditioning and service facilities will be permitted to charge warranted prices after August 1.

A warranted vehicle is a vehicle in good operating condition and carrying a written guarantee under which the seller agrees to make stated repairs at 50 per cent of his normal charges during the 30 days following sale or the first 1,000 miles of operation, whichever comes first.

NAVY SETS QUOTA IN SEVENTH WAR LOAN DRIVE

WASHINGTON.—The Navy has set its highest bond quota of the war for the 7th War Loan—an additional \$100 bond purchase by each of its uniformed personnel and civilian employees.

For the Navy's Independence Day extra war bond sales campaign alone, starting June 22, the goal is \$70,000,000 in cash sales, against total sales in that special drive last year of \$47,843,122 and sales of \$62,568,845 in the Pearl Harbor Day campaign last December.

"This record quota of seventy million in the Seventh is the Navy's way of telling the rest of the country that they have the greatest aggregation of men and ships in naval history lined up to finish off Japan—and they know it is going to take billions to do it," said Ted R. Gamble, national director of Treasury's War Finance Division. "It's up to the rest of us to back the Navy as well as the Army with solid support for our own record quotas in the Seventh."

A heavy cruiser costs \$40,000,000... How many war bonds have you bought in the mighty 7th?

A large destroyer costs \$11,000,000... A small war bond costs \$18.75.

A navy torpedo bomber costs \$130,000; one torpedo \$8,000... Sink the Japs with war bonds!

FOREIGN LANGUAGE PRESS EDITORS OPPOSE DISCONTINUANCE OF FOREIGN LANGUAGE DIVISION OF O.W.I.

A group of foreign language publishers and editors, meeting on June 19, in the office of the Common Council For American Unity, New York City, discussed the contemplated discontinuance of the Foreign Language Division of the O.W.I., and particularly its service in supplying foreign language publications in the U. S. and their readers with unbiased news of events in their native countries. The Common Council joined with these editors and publishers in urging that this important service be continued, either by the O.W.I. or, if that is not possible, by the State Department or some other government agency, until there is free and unimpeded exchange of news between different countries.

A telegram to that effect was sent by the Common Council to Elmer Davis, Director of O.W.I. It says, "At this critical time in world affairs, when American Foreign origin groups are being appealed to from many quarters to take sides on issues in their native countries, it is important that they have as impartial and complete information as possible about events and developments abroad, presented from the American viewpoint."

UKRAINIANS LEAVE POLAND FOR RESETTLEMENT IN USSR

WASHINGTON. — Four thousand Ukrainian families, who had decided to move from Poland into the Soviet Union, have arrived in L'viv, the Prague radio said in a broadcast recorded for OWI by FCC monitors.

According to the broadcast, the new arrivals "were given land, agricultural machinery and purchasing credits amounting to 5,000,000 rubles," to facilitate their resettlement. (OWI)

DNIPRO-BUH CANAL, A LINK WITH BALTIC SEA, REOPENED

WASHINGTON. — The first ships have passed through the Dnipro-Buh canal which links the river Pripiet with the western Buh, the Moscow home service radio said in a recent broadcast recorded for OWI by the Federal Communications Commission.

According to the broadcast "the first part of the canal was constructed before the war, and now the canal links the Buh river basin with the Baltic sea."

During the war, the broadcast related, "the Germans tried to destroy this water lane. They demolished the dams and locks, blew up bridges, damaged the dredging machines, but the Soviet people working under exceptionally difficult conditions restored this equipment."

The broadcast added that "regular ship traffic through the canal will begin soon."

People We Know

"I have a remarkable office boy," said a business executive in a group recently discussing labor shortages. "This lad," he continued, "has an unusual brain. It starts working the moment he gets up in the morning and doesn't stop until he gets to my office." —Quote.

A Wise Ump

A northern fan who never missed a game of baseball was in the South, and went to see a game between two local teams. It seemed to him they were starting play without an umpire, but he finally discovered the umpire sitting in the grandstand among the spectators. Turning to a native, the visitor said: "What in the world is the umpire doing in the grandstand?"

"Oh," the native explained, "the spectators used to jump on him for his decisions so much that he figured if the folks in the grandstand could see every play so well, he'd go up there too and do his umpiring."

— Rays of Sunshine

UKRAINIAN CANADIAN SERVICEMEN ASS'N EASTER GET-TOGETHER AT LONDON CLUB

(Concluded from page 2)

chosen words, gave us meaning of Mother's Day.

The Musical Recital especially arranged by L.A.C. J. Yuzyk was announced by Master of Ceremonies, Capt. Smylski. The musical items were vocal selections by John Yuzyk, tenor, accompanied by Mrs. Lillian Barrett at the piano. Mrs. Lillian Barrett, a well known opera singer, also contributed vocal and piano selections. The musical items were a blend of Ukrainian and English selections, which were well appreciated by all present. Tea was served and the program was brought to a close by a sing song lead by our two Padres.

The evening found the Club still alive with activity, although many of the boys had returned to their units. Lunch was served and the strains of haunting Ukrainian melodies could be heard late into the night.

We have had more members attending our previous get-togethers, yet this one was undoubtedly the greatest of them all. It will always live in the hearts of those present as a cherished memory.

Gathered together to glorify the feast of Easter and pay homage to the resurrected Truth, our voices lifted in the triumphant "Христос Воскрес." But this Easter was a special one. Faces were more radiant, rippling laughter ran through the halls of our hostel cascading off