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SOVIET ANNEXATION OF CARPATHO-UKRAINE

Carpatho-Ukraine, which on March 15, 1939 had proclaimed its independence and soon thereafter lost it when Hungarian troops invaded it and overcame the heroic resistance of its outnumbered and ill-armed Sitch Guards, was annexed Friday, June 29th by the Soviets. The annexation had been generally expected in the light of the long evident Soviet intention not to allow any sizeable Ukrainian territory remain outside Soviet rule which might serve as a springboard for the establishment of an independent Ukrainian state.

A similar motive, it is worth recalling, prompted Poland's support of Hungarian annexation of Carpatho-Ukraine in 1939. At that time Poland feared that if Carpatho-Ukraine remained independent it might become a base of operations for the national unification and independence of the 45 million Ukrainian nation, including Western Ukraine then under Polish misrule.

The Soviet annexation of Carpatho-Ukraine was in form of an agreement signed in Moscow in the presence of Stalin between representatives of the U.S.S.R. and of Czechoslovakia, the latter which ruled Carpatho-Ukraine before its break-up in the spring of 1939. The agreement was signed by Soviet Foreign Commissar Vyacheslav M. Molotov and Dr. Zdenek Fierlinger, Czechoslovak Premier. It provided for an exchange of populations between Czechoslovakia and the U.S.S.R., and the set-

ting up of two commissions to fix the new boundary between the two countries and to liquidate property in Carpatho-Ukraine.

The agreement further states that Carpatho-Ukraine would now be "re-united with her ancient motherland" and become part of the Ukrainian Soviet Socialist Republic, one of the units of the Soviet Union.

Although the agreement states that the cession of Carpatho-Ukraine to the Reds was "in accordance with the desire shown by the population of Carpatho-Ukraine," the fact remains, however, that there was no form of plebiscite whatsoever giving the Carpatho-Ukrainians a chance to express their desire in the matter.

Now that Stalin has all of Ukraine (excepting the Lemkivschyna and Kholmshyna regions) under his rule he has achieved what has long been his ambition. As Anne O'Hare McCormick wrote in her New York Times column early in 1944, the "Ukrainian question is perhaps the strongest reason for the claim of the Soviet Union to the territory east of the so-called Curzon line (because) Stalin is resolved not to have any possible springboards for Ukraine." Undoubtedly the same desire on Stalin's part prompted his annexation of Carpatho-Ukraine.

Today there is no longer any Ukrainian territory of any appreciable size upon which Ukrainian national life can exist free of Moscow rule. Behind the impenetrable barriers which the Kremlin rulers have erected between their domains and the outside world, they will once more, as they did before the war, liquidate those Ukrainians who aspire to national freedom, and who know from history and bitter experience that under Moscow or any other foreign domination there can be no free Ukraine.

In this connection read Ann O'Hare McCormick's New York Times column on page 2.

Air Hero Gets Honorable Discharge

Staff Sergeant Andrew Clem, Jr., 35, New Britain's (Conn.) outstanding aerial hero and most decorated serviceman, had his military career terminated with his honorable discharge from the army with a total of 166 points, reports the current bulletin of the Ukrainian Youth Organization of Connecticut. Sgt. Clem's only comment concerning his discharge was that with four more points he could get out twice.

Sgt. Clem, Ukrainian by descent, did not want to get out of the army. He volunteered for duty in the Pacific when he talked with Army officers at Fort Devens, Mass. "I'd like to see what's going on over there," he told them. But the officials told him he has a back ailment and that his flying days are over. The back condition is probably due to a crash landing his ship made in Africa. Several ribs were broken at that time.

He was equally at home in Flying Fortresses or in Liberators and fought as a gunner in almost every gun position in the bombers he rode for the 15th Air Force. For a long time he was a lonely tail gunner on missions because he could fit into the small space provided.

Sgt. Clem was in the army 37 months. He spent 19 months overseas with 99 missions to his credit. He shot down one Messerschmitt and was credited with one "probable." He went on missions against Pantelleria, Sicily, Italy, Ploesti Oil Fields, targets in France, Greece, Vienna, Linz, and was in the lead plane of the first American group to bomb Rome. After a forced landing in Yugoslavia, Russian officers awarded him and other members of the plane crew Silver Star medals as souvenirs of their close call.

He is credited with 319.15 hours of combat flying on his first 50 missions and with 257.20 on the remaining 49 missions, for a total of 576.35 hours of combat flying time.

Sgt. Clem's decorations rival those of the most illustrious. He has been awarded the Distinguished Flying Cross, Air Medal with 15 clusters, Presidential Citation, European, African, Middle Eastern theatre ribbons with six battle stars, Distinguished Unit Citation, American Theatre ribbon, Good Conduct medal, three Battle Stars and three Overseas Stars. He is a member of the local St. Mary's Ukrainian Church.

Indomitable Spirit

In a letter recently received by the Ukrainian National Association, a Ukrainian American soldier, whose name we withhold upon his request, describes how in his sector near Nurenberg, Germany he met "many Ukrainians who, as they put it, don't want to go back to father Stalin's heaven, with which they already have had quite enough to do with... These people know very little about the Ukrainians in America and were quite surprised when I showed them my copy of The Ukrainian Weekly. They were very surprised to learn that the Ukrainians in America knew of their plight as far back as the famine year of 1933."

Further on in his letter the writer states: "At one time I began to think that the fight for an independent Ukraine was practically hopeless, but after talking with these people for hours at a time and hearing of their efforts and dreams I felt like a heel for thinking that Stalin could destroy that indomitable Ukrainian spirit that thirsts so for independence and freedom."

Gets Air Medal For Merit

Sgt. Theodore A. Korduck, 19, son of Mr. and Mrs. Nicholas Korduck, 2207 Rice street, Chicago, has been given the air medal with oak leaf cluster for merit as a radio operator on a B-17 bomber during many hours of meteorological reconnaissance operations, it was announced by headquarters of a bomber group formerly based in England and reported in the Chicago Community News (clipping sent to Weekly by Mr. Roman Smook, U.N.A. Advisor). The Community News also featured a picture of Sgt. Korduck receiving the award from his commanding officer.

The citation, a copy of which accompanied the announcement, reads, in part: "... A number of his long range missions over the North Atlantic to gather weather data for future air and ground operations were completed under the hazards of unfavorable weather conditions and the everpresent danger of encountering enemy opposition. The courage, cool judgement and skill displayed by Sergeant Korduck reflect great credit upon himself and the armed forces of the United States."

Sgt. Korduck is a graduate of Chicago's Harrison Technical high school. He entered the army in September, 1943, completed radio school at Soux Falls, South Dakota and went overseas last January.

HOME AFTER 26 MONTHS A PRISONER

Among the recently returned servicemen is Pvt. Paul Goot, 31, 726 South 14 street, Newark, N. J., Ukrainian by descent, who was liberated by American forces after having spent twenty six months in German prison camps. An artilleryman Pvt. Goot was captured by the Nazis in North Africa when his advance artillery post was overrun by the Germans during their abortive Tunisian offensive. He recalls that when he and other American soldiers taken prisoner were being marched through Tunis, German soldiers, Arabs and even French civilians spit on them and reviled them.

With other prisoners Pvt. Goot was flown to Italy and then later transported to German prison camps. Here he met Soviet Ukrainian army prisoners as well as Ukrainians doing forced labor for the Germans. The Red Army Ukrainians, he says, were on the whole young fellows. To him they spoke in Ukrainian but among themselves they spoke in Russian. Inquired as to the reason why, they replied that they found it easier to speak in Russian.

Like other American prisoners of the Nazis, Pvt. Goot experienced extreme hardship, hunger and cruelty at the hands of his captors.

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

NOW THE GREAT UKRAINE IS ALL IN THE SOVIET UNION

By ANNE O'HARE McCORMICK

BETWEEN Munich and the break-up of Czechoslovakia, the Carpatho-Ukraine was for a few months the center of the long-simmering, always thwarted movement for an independent Ukraine. For a single day this forest-covered mountain land, the tail end of the Czech state as created after the last war, was a self-proclaimed republic. On the evening of March 13, 1939, the people of Hust, a swollen peasant village which had that day been the scene of the first and last fight for independence in the dismembered country, gathered in a straggling, unpaved square and heard this independence proclaimed.

It was a somber occasion. The snow fell over the dark town in the shadow of the mountains. The people sang the dirgelike Ukrainian national anthem, full of the sadness of centuries of hope defeated. During the ceremonies the crowd parted every few minutes to let the lorries pass which carried away the retreating Czech garrison. It was like a scene in a play—and it was, for even as the home-made blue and yellow flags of the new state appeared in the windows next morning, news came that the Hungarians were marching over the frontier to reclaim their former territory. The Germans, to whom the Government and the young patriots of the Nazi-fostered "Sitch" guard looked for support, had suddenly lost interest in the Ukrainian movement.

Czarist Russia coveted this foothold on the other side of the Carpathians, but at that time Soviet Russia evinced little concern in the seething little "Piedmont." For 1,000 years more or less it was a part of Hungary. There was no ethnic reason for attaching it to Czechoslovakia in 1919. Czechs were less than 5 per cent of the population, Hungarians about 15 per cent. The overwhelming majority is a vague Slav mixture which call itself Ruthenian, "people of the place," and is in fact the westernmost section of the Great Ukraine that stretches from the Black Sea through southeastern Poland. In 1918, however, after considerable tugging and pulling in three directions, the three councils representing the diverged tendencies in district united to vote for union with the Czechoslovak state.

More Than Scenery

This little wedge of timbered land is so rich in scenery that the Ukrainian emigres who gathered in Hust six years ago were eagerly talking of developing it into a "second Switzerland." But of itself it is of no particular value either to Russia or Czechoslovakia. Nevertheless, it was in the cards that the Soviet Government would claim it for the same reason that impelled Stalin to annex eastern Poland. The primary aim is not to acquire more territory or even to incorporate the mixed populations

of the borderlands but to gather all Ukrainians into the Soviet Union.

The Czech Government in exile was aware of this. Although the Soviet-Czech pact of last year guaranteed the territorial integrity of Czechoslovakia, it was understood by Dr. Benes and his colleagues that this implied a new and autonomous status for Slovakia and a probable cession of Carpatho-Ukraine. It was thought that this transfer would be arranged by plebiscite, and preferably as part of the general settlement. The population was expected to vote for Russia, but it has not been given a chance to join the Soviet Union by its own will. Czechs and Slovaks residing in Ruthenia and Russians and Ukrainians in Czechoslovakia have a right to opt for citizenship, but the rest of the inhabitants are simply turned over to Russia by an agreement between the two Governments.

Russia Crosses Carpathians

This is significant as a precedent. This time there has been neither international consultation nor a vote of the people concerned over a cession of part of Czechoslovakia's territory. The territory itself is comparatively unimportant, and presumably the Czechs are to be compensated for their loss by a return of their former more valuable holdings in Teschen. But Carpatho-Ukraine has great strategic importance. By annexing these mountain slopes, Russia crosses the Carpathians, the traditional "boundary of Europe," and acquires a common frontier with Hungary.

Czechoslovakia no longer has a common border with Rumania. And the Poles can no longer cling to the hope, cherished even by the Lublin group, that some day, when Russia and Poland become "friendly" neighbors, Poland might recover the small segment of Galicia which includes Lwow. In his early conversations with General Sikorski, Stalin assured the late Polish leader that he did not intend to take this "Polish city," but with the incorporation of the territory to the west, Lwow is in Russia for good. Gone by the board, also, is the Hungarian-Polish project of a common frontier, fulfilled for a little while after Hungary reoccupied Carpatho-Ukraine.

The relationships of all these countries are changed. Before even the preliminary peace conference, the Versailles map of eastern Europe is already altered beyond recognition, and already in a new way, for such transfers as that of the Carpatho-Ukraine mean incorporation not only into another country but another system of life. This is why they are significant, and why it is important to give people some voice in their destiny. It is the best of many reasons for speeding up the establishment of the joint board of control on the military level and consultation on the political level by

Boyish Look Hid Man-Sized Talent

DIRECTOR DMYTRYK'S HIT FILMS FINALLY CONVINCED BOSSES OF HIS REAL STATURE

By HAROLD HEFFERMAN

Hollywood columnist for various newspapers

HOLLYWOOD, June 26.—Personality parade: Here is a neat little success story that could prove inspiring to many talented people bogged down by the fact that they don't look their years. You've seen the type, perhaps, and admired their immature appearance.

Edward Dmytryk [Ukrainian by descent], is one who finally whipped the handicap. Eddie is a movie director, developed during the last two years into one of Hollywood's best. He is 36 years old and looks at least 12 years younger.

When he finally convinced the bosses over at RKO that he was something more than a messenger in with the mail, Eddie got a chance to direct an inconspicuous, low budgeted number called "Hitler's Children." Nobody expected much of it—or the kidlike looking fellow assigned to its direction.

However, "Hitler's Children" became a solid smash hit, grossing more than \$5,000,000—something of a record for an RKO movie. The brass hats took another look at the quiet, boyish Dmytryk and handed him a second uninspired morsel, "Behind Rising Sun." Result: another tremendous box office hit.

Now "the kid" was definitely on the inside track. He was awarded the job of making a Ginger Rogers picture. "Tender Comrade" became listed as one of Ginger's finest.

One After Another

Along came the rights to Raymond Chandler's "Farewell, My Lovely," and job of directing was entrusted to no one but Eddie Dmytryk. As "Murder, My Sweet" it has become the most discussed picture of its type filmed this year. It carved a new career for Dick Powell, then on his way out—and definitely. It also has taken in about five million gross for RKO. [Mike Mazurki, also of Ukrainian descent, had a leading role in this picture, that of a gangster. Editor.]

This week Dmytryk is on his way to Boston, there to be guest of honor at the world premiere of his latest production, "Back to Bataan." This is the first story of guerrilla warfare in the Philippines to reach the screen and those who have had an advance peep describe it modestly as the best of all the war pictures to date.

Dmytryk, who is five feet seven, weighing 155 pounds, has had to fight that youthful appearance since he was 14, when he first broke into the film business around Hollywood studios. But now the battle is over. "I've worn glasses, grown beards

which the powers responsible for the peace will make the peace together. The New York Times, July 2, 1945.

and resorted to every other known device to add years to my face," said Eddie, "but none ever worked. I remember when I was 26 and a chance came up to direct a low-budget picture at Paramount. I had been running errands on the lot, working in the cutting room and doing odd jobs. So I grew a big mustache and went into one of the top executives to apply for the job. He laughed me out of the office. Said I looked like a ham actor."

Small Reward

In 1939 when he salvaged a picture which seemed destined for the ash can, even before it was finished, Paramount took a chance. They made him a director.

"But they still looked on me as a kid," said Eddie, "just as they did when I moved over to Columbia. I was beginning to think I was going to be a perennial juvenile. I probably could have gotten along faster if I had found a boss' daughter to marry, or if I had made it a business to cultivate the 'right' people. I didn't do either. I fought it out along the lines I had determined."

Eddie was born in Grand Forks, B. C., of Ukrainian parents. He could speak Russian, Polish and English when he was six years old. In later years, as a hobby, he has taken up the study of Chinese and can read and write the language to a fair extent.

During his childhood his parents changed residence frequently in Los Angeles. In each neighborhood Eddie had to win his new playmates over to his side. That wasn't easy, because at an early age he had acquired an extensive vocabulary and the kids resented the ease with which he used big words. Eddie took care of this by learning how to wrestle—not kids' rough and tumble tussling, but real wrestling at the age of ten.

Early Start

Eddie entered the film business when he left home at the age of 14. The diminutive lad got an after-school job as an errand boy. By the time he had graduated from Hollywood High School in 1926 he had progressed through various departments to become a projectionist.

Eddie no longer need worry about that youthful appearance, so while directing "Back to Bataan" he decided to grow a Van Dyke.

"I grew it for three reasons," Eddie related. "First: I wanted to see what it would look like. Second: so John Wayne, the star, would feel better about the whiskers, he had to grow for the job. Third: To convince the Filipino actors that I was old enough to boss them around."

(Released by the North American Newspaper Alliance)

★ WEEKLY HOME FRONT ★

FIVE REQUESTS FROM UNCLE SAM

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

Keep your family well fed by using the many alternates for scarce foods. Careful planning will help you to serve wholesome and attractive meals despite shortages.

Fill one of 15,000 top-priority jobs repairing battle-damaged ships. The Navy will pay transportation and subsistence en route to West Coast yards. See your local United States Employment Service office.

Budget your wartime spending.

Saving now helps hold prices down. Spending later will stimulate prosperity when war production ceases.

Urge experienced seamen to stay in the Merchant Marine until final victory. Three merchant ships requiring crews of 55 men each are being launched daily to carry men and supplies for the Pacific fighting.

Back up the men who will bring victory over Japan by becoming a Wave. Twenty thousand are needed for hospital and other assignments. Write WAVES, Washington 25, D. C., for information.

CONSERVE YOUR AUTOMOBILES

WASHINGTON.—In an appeal to

passenger car owners to conserve their automobiles, Col. J. Monroe Johnson, director of the Office of Defense Transportation, warned that it will be at least three years before many millions of private car owners and prospective car owners who want new automobiles will be able to get them.

Although it is expected that 240,000 passenger cars will be built this year, Colonel Johnson commented that this number will replace less than one per cent of the nation's automobiles.

BANKER URGES DEPOSITORS TO CONVERT SAVINGS INTO BONDS

WASHINGTON.—A leading banker of Lexington, Va., recently wrote depositors advising them to convert

savings into E-Bonds because of the larger return on the government securities. His advice:

"If you have \$1000 in a savings account and do not withdraw the interest for ten years, it will amount \$1,084.55 after payment of the two-mill (local) tax, whereas invested in Series E-Bonds it will amount to \$1,333.33 in the same time. You earn \$248.78 more on each \$1000 so invested.

"The Bonds can be instantly converted into cash if necessity demands it. As an investment, aside from the element of loyalty in helping finance the war, it appears to be good business sense to put a large part of your idle funds in War Bonds.

"We call this matter to your at-

ONE WORLD

By **MODEST LEVITSKY**

Freely Translated from the Ukrainian by J. J. A.

IN the spring, just before Easter, I was visited by an old patient, a poor melamed,¹ Shaia Rabinovich—a pale, weak, and for some reason, badly scared young man.

"Oi, Doctor! I'm in a bad fix now."

"What happened?" I asked.

"Today I started to cough—and blood—just look..."

He produced a handkerchief, unfolded it, and, sure enough, there were several bloody spots on it.

"Is this very bad, Doctor?" he asked, his frightened look piercing me through.

"Take off your things, Rabinovich. I'll examine you carefully, and then tell you, if there's anything to worry about," I told him, declining to give a direct answer. I knew what those bloody stains meant. I had treated Shaia for over a year, examined him many times, and knew he had tuberculosis.

Dire poverty and work beyond his strength had undermined his weak body and thus helped the disease to ruin his lungs. Worst of all, Rabinovich was a melamed. He would gather ten to fifteen small children, six or seven years old, and teach them Hebrew and the Talmud. For this he received one ruble a month for each child.

Also, Rabinovich studied very, very hard, leaning over his books till late at night. His mother was a poor street vender; his father had died when Shaia was but a small child. Rabinovich had gone to school in a small town, was graduated with honors, and began to teach children when he was 13 years of age. From his small income he not only helped his mother but also saved a few kopecks for books, for he was determined to cover every subject offered in a gymnasium. He wanted to pass the required examinations and later enter a university. I often wondered how, without outside help, he managed to do all these things: algebra and geometry, history and geography and physics. Sometimes—but not very often—he would come to me asking for an explanation of certain laws in physics, or for help in translating some difficult passage in a Latin classic.

In addition, he read a great deal. Besides my medical books, he read everything I had in my library, and wanted to read more.

I did not wish to cool his enthusiasm and thirst for knowledge, and I was sorry for him, knowing how difficult it was in our country to pass examinations and obtain the necessary certificate.

A Doctor's Warning

Once Rabinovich came to see me about some cough medicine. After examining him, I found that he had incipient tuberculosis. I recalled warning him that if he kept on over-exerting himself, he might not live until that happy moment when he

expected to receive that coveted certificate.

Rabinovich became saddened and worried. But he would not give up his studies. He had to teach to live, and without self-education he could not live any more than a fish could without water. All his hopes were in it, all his life.

As a physician, I often thought that all my efforts availed nothing to the unfortunate melamed, because whatever I could do for him with the aid of my medicines, was destroyed by his hard work and poverty.

He took off his shabby clothes, a patched-up and ragged shirt, and stood before me with his ribs sticking out, like an old man. My heart ached as I studied him. He was but twenty years old, at the very prime of development and strength, the spring of human life...

I examined him and found that the disease had made still further progress.

"Well?" asked my patient. "An I worse?"

"Yes, you are. Haven't I told you time and again that your body cannot bear such strenuous work? If your would only give up teaching, at least... It hurts you more than anything else, you know..."

"Don't misunderstand, Doctor," sighed Rabinovich. "I'd be glad to give up teaching. It takes up so much of my time!... But what am I going to eat?"

The science of medicine is very nice and tells us in detail what such patients should eat, only, unfortunately, it does not teach us where to get this food when one lacks the wherewithal...

"Listen once more, Rabinovich. You will have to give up teaching, because if you keep on abusing your throat with the children all day long, within a week blood will rush through, so that you won't be able to talk at all. Better give it up now when there is still hope."

"But how am I going to make my living?" Rabinovich wrung his hands and looked up at me with hopeless despair.

His black eyes, sunk in deeply, reminded me of a deathly scared little animal.

Advices Hospitalization

"I'll send you to my hospital for a while, say, for two-three weeks, well, for a month at most, because I cannot keep you there any longer. The hospital belongs to the zemstvo.² There are no vacancies. Furthermore, with its crowded condition, there will be but little comfort for you. You need pure fresh air and rest. In the meantime, you might look for another easier job. Can't you find anything else besides teaching?"

"I could," said Rabinovich, "if I had some capital—some two-three hundred rubles at least; then I could start a business, although I'm not

much good for this, but nevertheless..."

"Well, think it over, talk it over with someone, and, meanwhile, stay in the hospital."

"It would be possible... to find food and shelter even without work..." Rabinovich began slowly.

"How?"

"By getting married. I had a chance, but I cannot... I would not..."

"You are right," said I.

"Yes. For what right have I, sick with tuberculosis, to bind another person?"

"Stay in the hospital for the time being. You will gain strength, and in the meantime perhaps you will find some easier job. If you have health, the rest will take care of itself. Perhaps you can get married, too, after you recover."

"Could I recover entirely some day?" inquired Rabinovich, looking into my eyes with doubt, yet with some hope.

"You could. Under favorable conditions, you could recover completely."

"Oi, those favorable conditions!" he sadly responded. "I remember your telling me once that riches and comfort are often the best medicine."

"That's true. If you were rich, you would not have to work so hard, you would not have to sell your health so cheaply to buy a loaf of bread."

"Even the rich without health suffer, and as for me..."

Rabinovich did not finish his sentence; he just wayed his hand hopelessly.

"No matter how badly off we are," I said cheerfully, "We must not lose hope, because despair is the worst thing in any calamity."

"I was not in despair until I saw this blood..."

"Don't worry. Some people are even worse off, and improve afterward."

"Do they?"

"Certainly, and even recover entirely."

"Really?"

"Emes,"³ said I in Jewish, hoping to assure and cheer up my patient.

★ ★ ★

Rabinovich gave up teaching and entered the hospital.

Soon he was better; the hemorrhages ceased; he became happy, cheerful, full of hope, and dabbled in his books all day long. I threatened to confiscate all of them if he failed to stay outdoors in the hospital orchard, bathing in the rays of the bright, spring sun.

Everyone in the hospital liked him for his good, gentle disposition, for his pains to please everybody, to console everyone, to say something warm, kind, humane.

A Visitor

The Jewish Passover arrived one week before our Easter.

I was paid a visit by a respectable, well-to-do Jew, a butcher, Jonah Berger.

Jewish butchers are members of the clerical profession, and, like rabbis, they must know the Talmud well and all the rules and regulations

about forbidden and kosher meat.

"Personally I am well, thank God," said Berger, greeting me politely, "but I came to talk to you about a certain patient of yours, if you have no objection."

"Go ahead."

"You have here in your hospital one Shaia Rabinovich, the melamed."

"I have. He is not in bed, but lives here. He stays mostly outdoors, walks around, studies and reads."

"Is he dangerously ill?"

"If he keeps on living as he did before, earning his money by teaching, he won't last very long."

"But suppose he gave up teaching, would he get better?"

"You see, Doctor," continued Berger, "I am sorry for him, because he is such a nice man."

"So am I."

"I know you are. But... I have a daughter—you know her?..."

"I do."

"Well, they—you know, like young people—they fell in love with each other. I could find her a nicer man, one well situated, with money. But she would not have another... she cries... Well, so I thought I'd put him—I mean Rabinovich—into my business. Maybe he would buy cattle, or poultry—somehow, slowly, I would put him on his feet..."

"That would be fine!" I said.

"Well, he doesn't want it!"

"Why?"

"He says, 'I'm sick, I cannot marry your daughter. Why should I bind her forever? Let her forget me.'"

"An honest man," said I.

"I, too, say he is an honest man,"

Berger repeated. "I wanted to help him, give him, well, ten-fifteen rubles a month, so he wouldn't have to work so hard and, instead, take care of his health. And he doesn't want that!"

"Is that so?"

"If I had hope," said he, "to get better and return the money, or to recover entirely and marry your daughter, then I would accept it. But as it is, I don't want it."

"An honest man," said I again.

"After this, I began to take a liking to him," continued Berger. "And my daughter, pardon the expression, got plumb crazy. Trouble for me, that's all!" The old butcher made a motion with his hands to show his helplessness. "But since the day he began spitting blood, and when you sent him to the hospital, he left your office a different man. He said you uttered one word which helped him more than all the medicines put together."

The One Word

"What word?" I wondered.

"You told him that it was not so very bad, that he may improve and even recover completely."

"Yes, I did."

"And you said: emes."

"Yes, I said that, too."

"Do you know what that word means to him?"

"Well?"

"More than a thousand rubles! In this word are all his hopes: that he will recover, work, study, become a man of great wisdom, marry my daughter—his life is in this word!"

(Concluded page 5)

tention because it is to your interest to know of the larger return that you can receive on your funds, with the greatest safety; and because it is our belief that what helps depositors will, in the end help us. It is just a simple business proposition. Figure it out for yourself.

The banker is B. Lee Kagey, executive vice president of the People's National Bank of Lexington.

WAVE RECRUITING

WASHINGTON.—The Navy is again calling for WAVES—20,000 of them immediately—to help support the great sea offensives now under way in the Pacific and to help care for

the increasing number of men being wounded in those offensives. Every day more of these Navy, Marine and Coast Guard wounded men are reaching Naval Hospitals in this country which must be staffed with competent, understanding personnel to give them the best possible medical and nursing care.

Half of the WAVES who answer this call will be assigned to the Hospital Corps and the rest to share jobs in communications, radio and aviation which are vital in winning final victory in the Pacific. The young women of America, it is expected, will clearly understand the urgency of the need for their services—especially in the Navy Hospital Corps—

and the personal advantages of belonging to the WAVES. Interested women should go at once to the nearest Naval Recruiting Station, or write directly to WAVES, Washington, D. C. for an attractive free booklet, "The Story of You in Navy Blue."

OLDEST BOND PURCHASER IS 105

WASHINGTON.—The Seattle War Finance Committee believes Mrs. Robert Sylvester, aged 105, is the oldest bond purchaser in the 7th War Loan in the nation, and has asked the Treasury's War Finance Division whether it knows of any older purchaser. Mrs. Sylvester bought a

war bond for the birthday of her four-year old great-grandson, Douglas Sylvester, which was her 105th birthday also.

INVEST IN WAR BONDS

WASHINGTON.—Supporting the plea voiced by Secretary of the Treasury Henry Morgenthau, Jr., when the latter stressed the inflationary danger inherent in the present collective purchasing power of the wage earners of the nation, Benjamin H. Namm, president to the National Retail Dry Goods Association urged that "people only buy the merchandise they really need, and invest the money they save in the 7th War Loan."

¹ Jewish teacher.

² Country hospital.

³ Incontrovertible truth.

TARAS SHEVCHENKO AS A WORLD POET

By PROF. CLARENCE A. MANNING

Columbia University

(Concluded)

SHEVCHENKO's condemnation of human greed and cruelty and lack of brotherhood are evident in almost every one of his major poems. Yet he feels a certain special bitterness whenever he comes to treat of the cruelty of the villagers to another and this is especially true of their attitude toward a young girl who has sinned and is cast out by her own people. The father may be a Russian and usually is, for under the cruel conditions of the time, a girl who was seduced by one of the ruling class had little redress. Her own people were as stern to her as were the outsiders. Shevchenko with his sensitive soul quickly turned these cases into a glaring revelation of social injustice. It was the text of Katerina which he dedicated to the Russian poet Zhukovsky. His first love, a peasant girl Oksana, who befriended him when he was only thirteen years old, was herself a victim of the cruel law of the village and he never forgot her sad fate.

Naymichka

A firm believer in the sacredness of love, the poet could not restrain his indignation at all the abuses that were connected in the society of the time with love and marriage. His heart was perpetually torn by the revelation that in the quest for money and power, human beings doomed their own children to misery and worse. The story of the Hired Woman (Naymichka), the poor woman who can only secure a living for her infant son by handing him over to a childless couple who are willing to hire her to care for him and who keeps the secret until she is on her deathbed, is another example of the injustice of the social order.

Shevchenko's feeling and his powerful pen again in this field elevate the subject from a narrow Ukrainian point of view to a consideration of all the problems of family life that exist anywhere. Perhaps in this field he is treading on a more common subject in world literature. Perhaps we can find more models for these tales and themes, for they are found in every modern literature but there is no one who has spoken out more clearly with his demand that family life and marriage should approach the ideal of mutual love, confidence and respect, than he has in many of his poems. Among the authors of the nineteenth century there are few who saw more clearly the evils of the narrowness of the village community than he did and with all his hatred of the foreign oppressors of his country, he still did not blind his eyes to the fact that there was much to be done before the day would come when evil would be wiped out of the life of his country.

Throughout his long period of exile, he returned to the same themes whenever he was able to break the prohibition against writing and painting that was imposed upon him by the orders of Nicholas I. He tried in prose and even now and then in Russian to handle the same theme which constantly preyed upon his mind.

When the poet returned broken from exile his writings took a new turn. He was not yet fully freed from army service, owing to the fact that he had been allowed to start on his return without the completion of all the necessary formalities, when he wrote the Neophytes, a story of the old Roman world and the persecutions of the early Christians. The comparison between the conditions in ancient Rome and those in modern Russia, between the Emperor Nero and Nicholas I were so striking that they terrified Kulish who was apprehensive lest the poem become the

cause of more trouble for the broken poet. Yet if the average Ukrainian is going to draw these comparisons, the story has a universal appeal as all pictures of early Christianity can have. We need only think of the hold that such stories as Quo Vadis by Sienkiewicz or Ben Hur by Lew Wallace has today to appreciate the fact that the Neophytes has a broader appeal than Kulish and his friends first thought.

Neophytes

It is the story of the young patrician Alcides who is converted to Christianity by the teachings of St. Peter and becomes a leader of the Christians. He is arrested by order of the Emperor Nero and taken to Rome to be martyred in the Coliseum. His mother is at first overwhelmed by the sentence but she is so impressed by his prayers and by his death that she too becomes a Christian.

The theme of the story might well have been given to Shevchenko by his former professor of painting Bryulov, for it fits into the general pictures of classical antiquity and of the early Christian Church that have always achieved popularity in the widest circles. Undoubtedly there was in the mind of the poet a distinct reference to his own sufferings and those of his native land but the poem shows his detailed knowledge of the past, it shows the studies that he had undertaken at St. Petersburg, and it stands out as a fine example of its type of literature.

The same can be said of his attempt to retell in simple form the story of the Blessed Virgin, Mary. There is the same latent comparison with Ukraine and there are a few phrases that perhaps represent a rather strong deviation from the conventional ecclesiastical story, but it has a wide appeal and the non-Ukrainian reader can appreciate the sincerity and the desire of the poet to make his ideas accessible to all. It is a touching story which never is lacking in dignity or universality and certainly far more worthy of wide distribution than are many of the other modern attempts to portray the sacred characters as human beings of a given period and to expound their motives and their ideas.

On the whole the later works of Shevchenko achieve a direct universality, they are less localized than were the poems written before the arrest and exile to the steppes. In this sense they represent a broadening and a deepening of Shevchenko's vision, even though they often lack that direct application to human affairs that marked his early work.

Thus we can well say that the fundamental ideas of Shevchenko on the serious subjects which he treated have quite consistently a far deeper and a broader meaning for humanity than they would have if we confined their import only to the Ukraine of his day and to his fellow countrymen. Yet we would be far wrong if we restricted his importance only to those poems which express some readily understood idea. By character and temperament Shevchenko hated every form of injustice and of wrong. He hated every form of slavery and throughout all of his poems, even those that are most broadly lyric in character, he expresses his desire that a time will come when truth and right will be supreme. At times he might have fits of depression and of doubt, but taking his poetry as a whole, we can consider it as an unchanging expression of his hopes and his beliefs. At times he may seem almost irreverent in his feeling that the present world order cannot be the expression of the will of God, unless God is a devil, but even there we

can easily feel the tremendous moral sincerity of the man, his love for his fellow men and his zeal and ambition for them.

Of course in many of these poems which are truly lyrics as well as those which pertain to Ukraine, it often happens that the works lose their point and much of their charm in translation. It cannot fail to be otherwise for that is the undeniable value of lyric poetry. It is in these poems that his superb mastery of the Ukrainian language comes out in all of its fullness and it is in these poems too that the limitations on the influence of a lyric poet become more prominent. Yet even a prose translation, bare and unadorned, cannot fail to express the idea that is uppermost in the mind of the singer. It is very rare, if ever, that Shevchenko achieves his effects by the use of needless verbiage, by a play on sounds as on a musical instrument. It is very rare that there is not some central idea that is clearly expressed in simple language, which is poetic in character, and which allows the foreign reader to understand something of the mood of the poet, something of his sincerity, and something of the idea that he was trying to express.

The main theme of his work is Ukraine and perhaps he sums it up nowhere better than in one of the poems written in prison in St. Petersburg while he was awaiting trial:

It makes no difference to me,
If I shall live or not in Ukraine

and he concludes, speaking of the evil fate of his country:

That makes great difference to me.

Shevchenko Free of Chauvinism

It would be hard to find any poet whose works are so completely bound up with the fate of his own land but it is noticeable at the same time that Shevchenko is free from that chauvinistic patriotism that is blind to the faults of his native land. It may well be argued that under the conditions prevailing at the time, he could hardly be expected to develop an imperialistic attitude towards the world. There are no signs of his doing so, for his vision of Ukraine is that of a weeping widowed mother bereft of her children, who have gone after strange gods, but at the same time he is profoundly convinced that her only hope of salvation is a return to the essentials of humanity, a moral rejuvenation, a return to being a land where all men are brothers and where the sacred principles of morals and Christianity are uniformly and widely held.

It is this aspect of his patriotism that makes his work so significant for the rest of the world. The Ukraine which he pictures and of which he dreams is a Ukraine that will be truly a paradise on earth. The citizen of another country can wish nothing more than that his own land may be moved with the same high feelings and rise to the same moral heights as those which Shevchenko postulates for his native land. It is this all towering aspiration of the poet for his country that makes his work harmonize with the best hopes and desires of men of good will everywhere.

Shevchenko nowhere outlines his views as to the nature of the new form of government that Ukraine is to have on the great day when it is restored to liberty. Radical critics have endeavored to cite his condemnation of the existing order as a sign that he was one with them. It is equally fair to point out that others of his friends and admirers were to be found among the more educated and the more tolerant and the more broad-minded of the Russian conservatives. They could equally agree with him that a government founded on high and sincere moral principles would act justly and mercifully, whatever the external form might be.

To him that did not matter. All through his life he believed that Ukraine was to be a country where

freedom and justice, charity and mercy, kindness and sympathy were to be the all important qualities. He begged for these, he pleaded for these, he scolded for these, and in this longing Shevchenko won for himself a high place in the literature that yearns for justice and right. The chords which he strikes find an answering echo in the hearts of all men and women who are aspiring to create a new and a better world, who are trying to eradicate evil and misery from among men and to create a truer and a better brotherhood.

Poet of Ukraine

Taras Shevchenko is a poet of Ukraine. Almost all of his adult life he was forced to live away from his beloved Dnipro, from its fields and steppes. Again and again he regrets that he will not die in Ukraine, that he cannot live there where hearts are kinder and nature is more beautiful than it is in the north. Yet at the same time with an almost never erring judgement he puts his finger directly on those qualities that would make an ideal state. He is not at home when he describes evil deeds and those actions which led the country to its doom he reprobates and slurs over, even when they are necessary for his description of historical scenes. What he admires in this world are the finer sides of the Ukrainian character and history, those qualities of freedom and of independence that produced the Kozaks, those qualities that might have developed and created a great Ukrainian state that would have been a glory to the civilized world. That is why Shevchenko is the idol of the Ukrainian people and their unfailing guide in their aspirations for independence. That is why too he has transcended the narrow sphere of a national poet and why he has today a real claim to the attention of the entire world. There are poets who pride themselves on being international, who speak for humanity, and who lose themselves in vagueness and in generalities. They usually end in being citizens neither of their own land nor of humanity. Shevchenko so fully felt himself a part of Ukraine, so fully was attached to his native soil, and so fully strove to make it worthy of a great future, that men the world over can read him and find in him that stamp of humanity, that emphasis on the qualities and the needs of their own community, their own nation, their own times, that they can look at him as a brother and a teacher. Today, in the midst of a World War, when the ideals with which the world entered a crusade for righteousness are being replaced by vague generalities which cover only the denial of principles and the restoration of the balance of power, we need more than ever that feeling of brotherhood, that sense of moral values, that high determination to demand freedom and justice in the highest sense of the word that mark all of Shevchenko's poems and that made him one of the outstanding figures of the nineteenth century.

There are some poems of Shevchenko that are narrowly Ukrainian in scope that apply only to the conditions of his own time and place. There are poems that lose most of their value upon translation. Yet when we add these all together, they cannot be called the overwhelming part of his works. Rather Shevchenko lives at home and abroad on those poems which bear a message not only to the passing generation but to the world at large, and as the years pass the world will recognize more clearly his fundamental greatness, his ability to estimate the needs of humanity, man's craving for truth and right, and his desire for the good and the true. It is this side of his activity that Shevchenko offers to the world as his basis for world recognition, and unless the world turns its back upon the ideals which have elevated it from savagery and ignorance, he will surely receive it.

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ONE WORD...

(Concluded from page 3)

Doctor, you know, at first I thought that he had gone out of his mind, and that my daughter got that way, too, so help me God! But then I saw that this one word practically half-cured him!"

"Well, perhaps not the word so much, as the resting, the nourishing food, milk, medicines."

"That helped him in its way, but the great word also in its way," said Berger confidently.

"Perhaps."

"Emes," said Berger. "You know, Rabinovich is wise. He is as wise as an old man, he studies a great deal, he reads many of your books. This one word gave him faith and hope."

"And love was already there," I said smiling.

"Yes! He says so, too—faith, hope and love. Well, love... what of it? That's not much, it happens to every young man. That's nothing..."

"Don't talk that way, Rebe!" I remonstrated. "Sometimes it means a great deal."

"Perhaps!" The old man shrugged his shoulders. "He says so, too. You know, he says that with you Christians there were once three sisters. Their names were Faith, Hope and Love, and their mother's name was Sophia, and that in some foreign language Sophia means wisdom. Is that true?"

"Yes."

"So I think with my Jewish brains, as a member of the clerical profession, that your science, that is, your knowledge, or your wisdom, pierced his heart and gave him hope, supported his faith and warmed up his love."

"Maybe so."

"Of course it is so. You know, in our Talmud it says: With one word a man may be brought to life, and with one word a man may be killed."

"That's possible..."

"Let me hear that word, too, Doctor," he asked. "Is he going to recover?"

"I hope so."

"No, not in those words," begged the old man.

"Well—I believe so, then."

"No, our Jewish word. Tell me for sure, will he recover?"

The eyes of the old man were pleading so, I could not help myself. "Surely, emes," I replied.

He grabbed my hand with both of his, and squeezed it hard, very hard.

"Thank you, oi, thank you!" he said full of joy. "Can my daughter come to see him here some time?"

"She can, only she must not stay very long, they musn't talk too much, and he must not get excited, because that's harmful. You know, sometimes too much happiness and joy is not very good for a person either."

"Great is your word!" Berger shook

his head. "In the Talmud it says the same..."

"Now listen. Let her come here every day in the afternoon for half an hour."

"Fine! That will be fine. And I'll think of something to make his life easier after he gets stronger and leaves the hospital. I'll find a nice job for him, with good pay."

"God help you," said I.

★ ★ ★

Toward evening of the same day I met Berger's daughter, a pretty young girl. She was carrying something wrapped up in a white handkerchief, and a bouquet of violets and other wild flowers. She said nothing, only bowed and flushed in the face like a poppy, but her happy expression and beautiful black eyes told me more than the most eloquent words could have.

★ ★ ★

An Order of Deportation

Several days later, I noticed Rabinovich sitting on a bench in the yard under a pine tree. It was a warm sunny day, the trees were showing off their leaves, the grass was green. Rabinovich was reading. I approached him.

"With your books again, eh? Better not tire yourself out," I cautioned.

"This doesn't weary me. It's my recreation," he answered. Sitting around with nothing to do, only tires me more."

"How do you feel?"

"Good, as if I were entirely well. I cough but little. And in my soul I feel such happiness as never before..."

"That's great."

An orderly came up to us.

"Doctor, a policeman called twice asking for you," he said.

"Where is he?"

"Over there."

The officer appeared and greeted me.

"What is it?" I asked.

"Here is a paper from the *Ispravnik*," he said, looking for something in his case. "They tell me that in your hospital there is a Jew, a native of Mozir, Shaia Rabinovich."

"Yes, what of it?"

"He should be deported, because he has no right here. This is a country place."

I looked at Rabinovich. He turned pale, his eyes widened and stared wildly at me and then at the policeman.

"As long as he is sick and in the hospital, no one can deport him," I said.

"Yes," said the policeman. "Just put that in writing, that he is sick and cannot leave. And after he gets better and leaves the hospital..."

"Then we shall see," said I. "Come to my office, and I'll attend to the

Captain of police in the district.

A Praiseworthy Gift from the Sudburites

By HONORE EWACH

EARLY in the morning of June 12th I was leaving Fort William and Port Arthur in a spirit of triumph. The hearty reception that the people of Fort William and Port Arthur had given me on Sunday, June 10, kept my heart aflame. I was also glad that the Ukrainian Cultural and Educational Centre was now richer by \$1,088, contributed by the Ukrainians of Fort William and Port Arthur after my Sunday speech. Now I was on my way to another "battlefield"—to Sudbury, also in the province of Ontario. I settled down for the day, till midnight, in the observation car.

For the time being I kept looking through the window at the scenery outside. I saw many lakes, woods, rocks, and some more lakes. I like Nature. I can keep on looking at the beautiful landscapes for hours at a stretch. Yet in time I got tired of the monotonous scenery. Then I went to the writingtable and wrote a few letters. Next I tried to read some of the magazines belonging to the library of the observation car. But I never can read anything more serious than little news items or jokes on the train. So I started to chat with a lady sitting next to me—an airforce officer's wife, going to Montreal to meet her hero-husband. It was but natural to start our conversation with a remark that it was still a little chilly, especially in the mornings. (That is the most natural way to start your chat with the English-speaking Canadians.) In time we discussed the various belts of climates that Canada has, from coast to coast. Then we talked of the various kinds of people that one meets in Canada. An adroit remark from me made the lady say that she was of Irish origin. After an hour or so of talking the lady joined some of her lady friends and I went to the table to write some letters. As the dining-car was at least four long cars ahead of us, I had enough of exercise for my feet at each meal time. It was about midnight when our train stopped at Sudbury.

Ukrainians Elected to Office

From the station I was whisked in a car by Mr. S. Kutney and Mr. T. Kulchcky to the local community hall of the Ukrainian National Federation. I was surprised to see so many people congregated there at such a late time of the night. I was told by Mr. K. that the local Ukrainians were celebrating the favorable outcome of the federal election which took place on June 11th. Two Ukrainian members were elected for sure, Mr. Hlynka and Mr. Zaplitny, and one, Mr. Danyleyko, was still leading in his constituency. Immediately I was introduced to each person in the hall. I met there also Mr. Baker, editor of the Sudbury's English daily, and his wife. Since there

was a general demand for a speech I gave them a little talk, saying that I was also gladly joining the triumphal celebration.

Next day I had my dinner lunch at Mr. Kutney's. Mrs. Kutney served us a very tasty meal. There I also met Mr. Kutney's young son, a very ambitious student. Afterwards Mr. K. took me in his car to all the places worth seeing in the city of Sudbury, which has a population of thirty five thousand. Ukrainians constitute one sixth of its population. Sudbury is well-known all over the world for its big nickel mines.

It was Mr. Kulchcky who took me in his car to all the important mine shafts around the city. Mr. Belkot kept us company. After seeing all the nickel industry of Sudbury we stopped in front of the local brewery. Inside I was introduced to Mr. I. Fedorchuk, the brewery master. Mr. F. took pains to take me to all the parts of the brewery and showed me step by step how beer is made. After an hour or so of walking and climbing in the brewery we came at last to the office where I found my newly acquired friends, sitting there, with the government inspector, with big jugs in front of them. I was asked to taste of the good cheer in the jugs, too, but I took pains first to take a good look at all the different thermometers and pressure-meters that Mr. F. was showing me. Mr. F. was glad that he had found at last an attentive listener who took more interest in how the beer is made than in the beer itself. Then I took a little sip of the good cheer, and I said that it was not bad... It had no effect on me. Mr. F. explained that this beer was better than the one in bottles, because it had no gas in it.

Well, when finally we emerged from the brewery we found out that it was almost seven... That was terrible! We had been invited by Mr. and Mrs. Ivannitsky, from Regina, for supper at six... The others felt so guilty that they simply were afraid to show up at Mr. Ivannitsky's now. It took me quite a lot of persuasion on my part to make the others go to Mr. Ivannitsky's and explain the cause of our tardiness. Well, we met our hosts taking an evening stroll. After a few bantering words of explanation everything was all right again. Soon we were eating a hearty meal. At about ten that evening we went to the local community hall, as I was invited to give there a little talk to the local Ladies Society.

On the day of my main speech, June 14th, I took it easy in the morning, writing some letters. I had my dinner again at Mr. Kutney's. In company of my friends I had my supper at Mr. and Mrs. Stefurak's. From there, with our hosts, we went straight to the community hall.

I gave my speech there to an eagerly listening public. The public was favorably impressed by the need of a Centre for all the Ukrainian cultural and educational activities. In response the public donated that night for the Ukrainian Cultural and Educational Centre \$860. This was in addition to the previously donated sum for the same purpose, of some \$1,350. I was pleased, indeed, with the generous new gift from Sudbury for the Centre.

There was a clever parrot and its owner had strings tied to the bird's legs. If he pulled the right string, it would sing "Yankee Doodle"; if the left, the parrot would give out with "My Country, 'Tis of Thee."

One day a couple of inquisitive gents came to see the bird perform and the owner put it through its paces. "But what," inquired one of them, "would happen if you pulled both strings at the same time?"

"Okay, Wise Guy," squawked the bird. "I'd fall on my face."

At night I was called to see a patient in the hospital. A hemorrhage of such force had let loose that blood filled up Rabinovich's lungs. Before morning he was dead.

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What They Say

President Truman, speaking at the United Nations Charter:

"Under this document we have good reason to expect the framing of an international bill of rights, acceptable to all the nations involved. That bill of rights will be as much a part of international life as our own Bill of Rights is a part of our Constitution. The Charter is dedicated to the achievement and observance of human rights and fundamental freedoms. Unless we can obtain those objectives for all men and women everywhere—without regard to race, language or religion—we cannot have permanent peace and security in the world. With this charter the world can begin to look forward to the time when all worthy human beings may be permitted to live decently as free people. The world has learned again that nations, like individuals, must know the truth if they would be free—must read and hear the truth, learn and teach the truth."

Acting Secretary of State Joseph C. Grew:

"The problem of the exercise of power over a defeated enemy is complicated in the extreme but it is relatively simple compared with the problem of blending the power of friends and allies. General Eisenhower developed a successful pattern for doing this wartime. We

shall have to learn how to do it in creating peace. The road will be hard. If we ever should become faint-hearted or cynical at any step along the way, then our power would become a curse instead of a blessing to mankind."

Supreme Court Justice Felix Frankfurter, speaking at a dinner in honor of Thomas Mann, famous refugee from the Nazis and now an American citizen:

"President Roosevelt's reminder that 'we are all immigrants' was not the least part of the heritage he left. There are humorous folk who are under the delusion that merely because some of these immigrants came to these shores on earlier ships their descendants have superior virtues. To make Americanism turn on blood instead of on completeness of devotion to the spirit of the Declaration of Independence and the Second Inaugural address and the Four Freedoms is to come dangerously near the abyss into which Nazism finally fell. To differentiate between Mayflower descendants and the Sidney Hillmans, Charlie Polettis, the Commander Stassens, the Al Smiths, the Booker Washingtons, the Wendell Willkies is to sap the most precious force in the American fellowship—regard not for the accidents of birth but for the inherent moral worth of the individual. The essence of the democratic faith is the equal claim of every man to pursue his faculties to the humanly fullest—for

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If you are a boy or girl of Ukrainian descent between the ages of 13 and 19, you are eligible and invited to become a member of this new and different kind of Ukrainian youth club.

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Yes—all these games are available and ready for you to come and use! This new recreation centre for teen-agers also has a PIANO, RADIO, PHONOGRAPH and RECORDS, which you may use for Dancing, Swinging, or Jitterbugging.

You will also find numerous Books, Magazines and Newspapers. You will be given an opportunity to learn to SING nice Ukrainian songs, Ukrainian FOLK DANCES, and how to SPEAK, READ and WRITE in Ukrainian. And if you like to ACT or have never taken part in a stage play, you will now be able to do so at this Uke-Canteen.

HIKES, TRIPS, PICNICS, BOAT RIDES and free admission to see the A's and Phillies play are also planned. Famous movie, radio and sports stars will visit this club. And later on we will have softball, tennis and basketball teams and maybe boxing and wrestling for the boys and embroidery and Easter-egg painting lessons for girls. Contests, prizes and surprises are in store for those who come.

And here is the best news of all—it is all free! No fees or dues are collected. All you have to do to join is to come around, fill out an application and start to play, read, dance or just talk to get acquainted with others of your age. You'll like it!

This club is made possible through the generosity of the Ukrainian-American Citizens' Association which is offering the facilities of its club-rooms and dance floor for your use. So take advantage of it!

The address of the Uke-Canteen is 847 North Franklin Street, Philadelphia. Those who are 13, 14 or 15 years of age will meet on TUESDAYS from six to ten o'clock, while those who are from 16 to 19 will meet on WEDNESDAYS from six to ten-thirty o'clock. Opening days are Tuesday, July 10th, for the Juniors and Wednesday, July 11th for the Seniors.

So remember the opening dates, the time and place, and come for a good time. You may start on any Tues-

day or Wednesday. Tell your parents that you want to join this club and save this invitation so that you won't forget about it. See you at the "U" Canteen!

THE COMMITTEE

Awarded Second Oak Leaf Cluster

Second Lieutenant William J. Czabaranok, son of Mr. and Mrs. Czabaranok, 215 Roebing street, Brooklyn, all members of U.N.A. Branch 325, was recently awarded a second Oak Leaf cluster to his Air Medal



LT. WILLIAM J. CZABARANOK

for meritorious achievement while participating in aerial flight over Burma, reports P. Malitsky, Branch 325 secretary.

According to the citation accompanying the award, on March 5, 1945 after having navigated his bomber to its objective in the course of a combat mission, Lieut. Czabaranok remained in the nose to help the bombardier line up the target, an enemy bridge, for a low level attack. Although his plane was struck repeatedly by heavy enemy fire, he coolly and competently continued to assist the bombardier, aiding materially in the complete destruction of the target. He then navigated his crippled plane surely and directly to its home base, thus returning several wounded crew members quickly to medical care.

The citation goes on to say that, "Second Lieut. Czabaranok's technical ability contributed highly to the success of this mission and the safe return of his airplane, and his performance reflects credit on the Army Air Forces of the United States."

Temporarily domiciled in an exceedingly dirty boarding house, Eugene Field, the poet and wit' fead with vast amusement a sign posted at its entrance reading: "Please wipe your feet."

Taking out his pencil, the irrepressible Field added: "On going out."

Wonder if they'll design a special service ribbon to commemorate the Montgomery-Ward sector?

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