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# The Ukrainian Weekly

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

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## UCCA Delegation at San Francisco Parley

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As its recently published report reveals (see Svoboda, July 12) the delegation of the Ukrainian Congress Committee of America at the United Nations Conference on International Organization at San Francisco attained no mean success in propagating the Ukrainian cause there. Particularly noteworthy was the discovery made there by the delegation that the Ukrainian independence movement has far more sympathizers in official as well as unofficial circles of various nations, especially of our own, than is generally supposed.

### Preliminaries

The decision to send a delegation to the San Francisco parley was reached by the UCCA quite some time before its opening. It became crystallized after a conference in Ottawa, Canada between representatives of the UCCA and the Ukrainian Canadian Committee, at which meeting collaboration of the Ukrainian American and Ukrainian Canadian delegations at the UNCIO was arranged. The UCCA representatives at the Ottawa meeting were Stephen Shumeyko, Dmytro Halychyn, Dr. Luke Myshuha and Dr. Longin Cehelsky. Subsequently, on the eve of the opening of the San Francisco parley, UCCA sent a delegation consisting of Stephen Shumeyko, Dmytro Halychyn, Bohdan Katamay and Eugene Rohach to Washington, where it consulted State Department officials and Senators concerning the relation of the Ukrainian cause to the UNCIO.

Following these preliminaries the UCCA dispatched its delegation to San Francisco. It consisted of Stephen Shumeyko of Maplewood, N. J., Bohdan Katamay of Philadelphia, Prof. Alexander Granovsky of St. Paul, Minn., and Ivan Petrushevich of San Mateo, Calif.

The UCCA delegation's stay at the conference was of several week's duration. Its activities were manifold and it would take many columns to record them in any detail here. Suffice it here to point out several of their highlights.

### The Memorandum

Among the first acts of the UCCA delegation was to prepare a suitable memorandum (see Ukrainian Weekly, May 26, for its text) which succinctly outlined the historical background and character of the Ukrainian cause, stressed the indispensability of an independent Ukraine to European peace, and embodied definite proposals for the safeguarding of Ukrainian national rights by the United Nations security organization set up at the San Francisco conference. The memorandum was presented first of all to the American delegation and then to the conference secretariat and to all the other United Nations delegations. Following its formal presentation several thousand copies of it were printed and distributed everywhere possible, particularly among the

newsmen and radio men attending the parley. Together with the memorandum the UCCA delegation distributed a large number of copies of The Ukrainian Quarterly magazine published by the UCCA, Chamberlin's The Ukraine: A Submerged Nation, Prof. Simpson's Ukraine, An Atlas of Its History and Geography, as well as various brochures and booklets.

### Contacts

In the course of the presentation and distribution of its memorandum the UCCA delegates individually and collectively established personal contacts with most of the United Nations delegations at the conference and utilized these contacts to propagate the Ukrainian cause and the proposals embodied in the memorandum. Interesting discussions were held and valuable information gained relative to the Ukrainian situation. What especially impressed the various foreign delegations was that the UCCA delegation was not some migrant or emigre group but a group of Americans of Ukrainian extraction, propagating the cause of a people far removed from America. It was this very fact that caused a member of the United Kingdom delegation to exclaim to a UCCA delegate, "Why is it that there is so much talk among you Americans about a free Ukraine and so little of it among us Englishmen." A noteworthy fact in this connection is that of all the United Nations delegations the UCCA delegates found the American delegation the most cooperative as well as sympathetic to its aims.

### Press Conferences

Soon after its arrival in San Francisco the UCCA delegation managed to get a press pass, which was rather a feat in itself for all previous applications for one, including to Washington, had been turned down on the ground that there were no more passes available. With the aid of this pass the UCCA delegation was able to have questions on Ukraine propounded at the numerous press conferences held by the various United Nations delegations. Thus, by way of example, at a crowded press conference held by Commander Stassen he was asked how does the American delegation consider Ukraine, a colony, a trusteeship or mandate? In reply he said that Ukraine has been accepted by the United Nations as a sovereign nation, and then added, "I think and I hope that someday Ukraine will be an independent nation."

### Publicity

Although realizing that the American press usually underplays or ignores the Ukrainian situation to a great extent, the UCCA delegation nevertheless proceeded upon its arrival at the conference to gain press and radio publicity for the Ukrainian cause and itself. The results were unusually gratifying. Within a few days the San Francisco Ex-

## GETS B.S. DEGREE

Miss Nadia Leona Lulka, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Michael Lulka of Sykesville, Pennsylvania received her Bachelor of Science Degree in Home Economics at the Pennsylvania State



MISS NADIA LEONA LULKA

College on June 21st. She majored in nutrition.

Miss Lulka and her family belong to U.N.A. Branch 401, which her father founded and of which he has been secretary since then.

An occasional contributor to the Ukrainian Weekly Miss Lulka was a popular student at Penn State and was active in many of the clubs and sororities of the college, the Sykesville Post Dispatch reports. She is a member of the following: Philotes, of which she was vice president; Alpha Rho Omega, of which she was also vice president; Home Economics Club, Independent Student Council and the Letter Writing Club.

Miss Lulka, who is a graduate of the Sykesville High School, class of 1941, has already accepted a position as a Federal Food Inspector's Aide, and her first assignment will take her to Yakima, Washington, a position for which she has especially trained.

Miss Lulka is the third member of Mr. and Mrs. Lulka's family to graduate from Sykesville High School and of Penn State. Her brother, Ambrose Kok, was graduated from this college in 1938 and another brother, Myroslaw Kok, was a member of the graduating class of 1940.

aminer featured prominently a report of the delegation's arrival and views, based on the delegation's first press release. This report as well as several others based on subsequent press releases issued by delegation were featured not only in the local press but also throughout the country, mainly through the cooperation of the International News Service. Thus out in the East, the Newark Evening News, New Jersey's leading newspaper, which hitherto had been very chary about printing reports about Ukrainians, featured the

## Wins Flying Cross

Captain John P. Glaws, son of Mr. and Mrs. Peter Glowatsky of Amityville, Lond Island, New York, and a member of U.N.A. Branch 433, received last spring a Distinguished



CAPT. JOHN P. GLAWS

Flying Cross on the Italian front, The Amityville Record reports. He had by then completed 105 flying missions, five more than the required number as a pilot of a P-47 Thunderbolt. Capt. Glaws has an Air Medal and four Oak Leaf clusters. He enlisted in the Army on December 26, 1941 and went overseas in June, 1944.

The letter from Major Gen. John K. Cannon of the 12th Air Force in Italy notifying Mr. and Mrs. Glowatsky of their son's "outstanding achievement" and of his "valor and combat efficiency," reads—

"Despite extremely adverse weather, Captain Glaws guided his P-47's on a perfect run over enemy fuel installations, thereby enabling them to score direct hits destroying a number of buildings, storage tanks, and large quantities of vital fuel and military supplies.

"We in the Twelfth Air Force are indeed proud to have Captain Glaws one of us. Your son's fine work strengthens the determination of his comrades, thus facilitating the fulfillment of our mission in this theater of war. His actions reflect honor upon himself, his family and his country."

UCCA press release quite prominently together with a resume of the UCCA purposes which its reporter had been especially directed to obtain.

The best press coverage to the UCCA delegation, however, was given by the well-known Chicago Daily Tribune, which in an extensive, front-paged and well-headlined dispatch from its San Francisco correspondent, drew a comparison between the Ukrainian struggle for freedom with the struggle for free-

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# Diary Describes War Prisoner Hardships

Some of the sufferings American war prisoners in German hands had to endure is vividly described by Pvt. John Huculuk, of Ukrainian extraction, 44 Quincy street, Roxbury, Mass. in a diary he kept following his rescue by Americans in a hospital where he gradually regained his health which he had lost in German captivity. Excerpts of the diary printed below were forwarded to the Ukrainian Weekly by Mr. Nicholas Dawyskyba of Mattapan, Mass., who is a member of the U.N.A. Board of Advisors.

IT was a beautiful Sunday afternoon when we were captured. The Nazis forced us to march several kilometers back of their lines to a hillside air raid shelter. Here we went through our first real shakedown as P.O.W. The German guards stripped us of every grain of tobacco and every ounce of food we carried. Many of the guards took from the G.I.s watches, pens, billfolds, and things of souvenir value. In this manner a good many of our men lost pictures of their loved ones.

Following this shakedown nearly four hundred other captured Americans were forced into our damp, unlighted and badly ventilated shelter. As our men were entering the shelter, an English speaking Kraut soldier said, "Take a good, deep breath, Yankees. It will be the last fresh air you'll be getting for a long time."

## Visions of Food

The shelter, a pitch-black damp fowl cave in the side of the hill, was to be our home until Tuesday, December 19. We slept on wood slats, two and three men to a bunk built for one. We lay in this dungeon all the time with no food and little water. The air grew foul, the cave smelly, and the men extremely irritable and hungry. Everytime I closed my eyes visions of food would float past me.

Those visions of food were to haunt me and my fellow prisoners throughout our entire captivity. When finally we stumbled out of our refuge-prison on the third day of our captivity we were weak and dizzy from the lack of food and air. Our eyes were temporarily blinded by the sunlight.

The Nazi column was still rolling down the hill when we began our march into Germany. Their equipment looked like something out of the junkyard. Vehicles that had to be towed, horse-drawn vehicles, and other pieces of equipment rolled past us all day long. Meanwhile our captors marched us with no pause for food or water. I did something I hope I never have to do again. Some Heinie tossed a small apple into the muddy road. I grabbed it and wolved it down.

Our guards marched us very slowly, but even so the hike was tough on the men. That evening we reached a German village 30 kilometers from our starting point. We were assembled in a large field. In the field the prisoners were searched again.

That night the tired, hungry men slept in the village church—after a parley by our American officers who objected when they learned that the Germans originally planned to keep the prisoners in the open field all night. This was in mid-winter, with snow on the ground, and most of the men had neither blankets nor overcoats.

Here we got our first food since our capture: a half loaf of sour bread per man, plus some marmalade and a small piece of cheese.

What the Nazis failed to tell us was that these rations would have to last us for more than one meal. The result was that most of us ate down what was given us and had to do without anything to eat next day.

## No Sanitary Facilities

There were, of course, no sanitary facilities in the church and the men used their helmets as stools and left them in the church simply because no one was permitted to go outside to relieve himself.

In the morning, the church vestibule was almost ankle deep in vomit and other excreta. A great many of the men had become ill from the food they had eaten. Our march continued, with the guards as weary as the starved prisoners. By the time our march ended, at Gerolstein, we had covered a distance of about 100 kilometers. The night of the 20th we spent in another village church where we received a mouthful of coffee per man as our entire food ration.

The only other food we had during the whole day was one thin slice of bread about  $\frac{1}{8}$  of an inch thick and  $\frac{1}{2}$  an inch wide. This bread had been given us for our noon meal—after a 20 kilometer hike. When we stopped in a muddy field for the meal we learned that 980 men were to share 20 loaves of bread and four buckets of marmalade. This convoy of sick, starved and exhausted men was, under command of a German officer (he was a typical Nazi youth; also quite a figure, with his natty breeches, swagger stick and boots.) When the convoy started again, on the moving of the 21st, the officer halted the column after a mile or two and sent a detail of 20 men back to police up with their hands the improvised latrine which had been the only place available for the prisoners during the night. As we waited about two hours in the cold for this detail to finish the work and rejoin us, we were compelled to turn over the rest of our money to the Nazi officer. A blanket-full of American, French, and Belgian money was collected. The collection amounted to several thousand dollars. No receipts of any kind were given and the money undoubtedly went for the officer's pleasure.

Finally on the night of December 22, we reached Gerolstein and we were driven into sheds at the railway siding. Again they gave us a scrap of bread for each man. After a false start the next morning the men were eventually packed into freight cars, so crowded that we could not lie down, and with no food, no water and practically no light or air. The last to use the cars had been horses and the straw which covered the floors of the cars was in exactly the same condition as the straw in a horse stall after several days. Whenever they could manage to do it, the men tried to catch a few minutes sleep stretched out in the smelly mess. The yards where we boarded the train showed signs of American bomb damage.

## Panic in a Box Car

We had been riding, packed in the filthy freight cars, since early morning of the 23rd when the train stopped outside a town. Air-raid sirens were sounding. Then we heard the roar of airplane engines. One plane, identified as an American attack bomber, swept low over the train, zoomed up—and then came back. This time he meant business and we could hear machinegun fire as he strafed an objective. The motor roar became louder and a series

## A STUBBORN PROBLEM OF TRANSLITERATION

IN an article in the Ukrainian Weekly under the above caption, Mr. E. R. has given us an idea of persistent difficulties in transcribing the Ukrainian letter *и* into English. It is only one of the letters or sounds that Mr. E. R. is dealing with, but there are many other such handicaps.

As a student of the new scientific alphabet of the International Phonetics Association, I can appreciate Mr. E. R.'s effort to straighten out the troublesome problem of transliteration.

## Says Latin Alphabet Obsolete

The problem is difficult and complicated for several reasons.

In the first place, it seems to me that Mr. E. R. and his colleagues are trying to use for the purpose of transliteration the obsolete Latin alphabet as used in the American Language (I make a distinction between the American and English as there are separate American and English pronouncing dictionaries in the phonetic alphabet). I use the word "obsolete" intentionally because the Latin alphabet does not suit any modern language (American, English, French, German, Spanish, Polish, etc.) in which it is used. Just see how it is stretched in any given language, how many different combinations of letters (diphthongs) are employed to express various sounds; and, in addition, how many different diacritical marks, above and below the letters, must be used to indicate etymology and the shifts in the pronunciation of consonants and vowels (umlaut, ablaut, etc.)

In the second place, Mr. E. R. is chiefly concerned with the transliteration of Ukrainian sounds into the American pronunciation. This procedure complicates the difficulties because the same words (бик, бік; рік, рік; міро, міра; тил, кінь, тінь, etc.) may require in other languages (English, French, German, Spanish, Polish, etc.) a different system of sound evaluation and transliteration.

As stated above, even the American and English pronunciations differ in great many respects. The cases which Mr. E. R. cites from Russian apply only to the American pronunciation of Russian and Ukrainian sounds. But our scholars in other countries must be facing similar difficulties in transcribing Ukrainian sounds into various other languages.

This problem, if followed out according to Mr. E. R.'s pattern, would give us several systems of transliteration to suit the local needs. Obviously, the whole thing would result in a hopeless confusion.

Russia, Turkey, and the nations of the Near East have been using the French alphabet exclusively to avoid further complications. It might be called the "debabylonization" of the confusion of tongues.

## Suggests a Compromise

In my opinion, a compromise can be reached only by disregarding the American pronunciation of the Ukrainian letter *и* (бик) by giving it a Latin symbol that would be a more or less representative sound also in other languages, like the letter *Y*. In your transliteration the Ukrainian word *тип* will be *tip* (that one gives to a waiter) and not *typ* (or type used in printing). Similarly, *типографія* will become *tipographia* or *tipografia* which does not look so good to the eye. Similar examples could be cited ad infinitum.

The proposed by Mr. E. R. letter *i* is very confusing in the transliteration of such words as бик and бік, дим and дім, рік and рік, міро and міра, сина and сіна, etc., where these sounds, so similar in American, occur. The American letter *i* is too fluid or liquid to give a stable sound to a well-defined Ukrainian *и*. The slight difference between the Ukrainian *и* and Russian *и* is for the phonologists and phoneticians to decide. In transliteration such small differentiations lead to more confusion. Transliteration must be based on logic and simplification.

It is possible that Mr. E. R. has a solution for these manifold problems, so I am pleased, after making these suggestions, to leave the whole matter to him.

The problem is stubborn, as everyone can see, but the phonetic oversimplification into the American pronunciation, which, by no means, is a phonetic language itself, tends to lead to more complications, especially when we take other languages into consideration, which use the same deficient and obsolete Latin alphabet, whose pronunciation differs in each and every one of them.

So of the two evils let us use the lesser: a logical compromise.

DR. T. LAZARE  
Detroit, Mich.

of explosions confirmed our worst fears. Our train was under attack. This attack by one of their own planes was more than the weary, half-starved men could stand. In a sudden panic, they fought to escape from their wooden box-car traps. I saw men dig at the walls and floors with bare fingers, oblivious to the pain of bleeding hands. Men pounded on the walls of the cars, screaming to be let out. Somehow a miracle happened. A few medics in the rear of the car managed to get out. They waved their red cross helmets at the planes overhead and managed to open the doors of a few of the cars.

Despite their fright, pain and weakness, most of them headed for a vegetable patch some distance away from the train, fell on their knees and began grubbing out the carrots and turnips and jamming them into their hungry mouths.

As soon as the planes passed over, the Nazi guards emerged from hiding and ordered the prisoners back to the train. Some didn't move fast enough to suit the guards who fired over their heads. Stumbling and falling, the men fled back to the cars. One G.I. had been shot in the back. He died before the journey was over—from lack of medical care, from exposure and from the effects of the hardships he had undergone

before being wounded.

The next day, Christmas Eve, was spent by the prisoners in their moving box-car prisons. Again the most important thing there was the lack of food. The men who had to answer the calls of nature used their steel helmets and the straw on which we slept. The helmets were passed down the line and dumped overboard. Once or twice during the day groups in my car tried to sing Christmas carols, but the effort failed miserably. No one seemed to have the will to carry on.

## Christmas Day

On Christmas Day we entered Frankfurt and were told we would soon be fed. This, like all other food rumors, proved to be a phoney. That night we entered Bad Orb and lay over on a side track. We learned that we would spend the night there and disembark in the morning. A few minutes after midnight the Nazis decided to feed us. In our car of 57 men, they dumped eight loaves of bread and eight cans of meat. Despite the darkness, we managed to divide the food. Like many others I decided that this was the best after Christmas dinner of my life. We arrived at Stammlager IX B. Here we got our first hot meal at the Russian kitchen—it was carrot, turnip-top and grass soup. I

# The San Francisco Conference & Ukraine

## Will There Be A Peace Conference?

A QUESTION that is perplexing people throughout the world is whether there will be a peace conference. From time to time statesmen let drop remarks that specific problems related to the post-war world order will be settled at the peace conference, and yet no one appears to know for a certainty when such a conference will be held or whether it will be held at all.

Confronted with this uncertainty as to whether and when the peace conference will be held, representatives of neutral nations not invited to the San Francisco conference, as well as representatives of stateless peoples, made haste to attend it, determined to make full use of this international gathering, perhaps the first and last of its kind for some time to come, to promote their particular causes, or, to put it colloquially—to make hay while the sun shines. Among them, it is worth noting, were delegates of the nationally representative Ukrainian Congress Committee of America and also of the Ukrainian Canadian Committee.

The presence of the latter was but a manifestation of the great interest the UNCIO has aroused among native Ukrainians, as well as those of Ukrainian extraction. As a people who have suffered from the war the most in the loss of human lives and property damage the Ukrainians naturally look forward to at least some improvement of their sore lot, and, of course, to the successful culmination of their centuries-old struggle for national independence which they have waged against any and all occupants of their native land. The San Francisco conference, although considerably limited in scope, gave them hope of some such improvement, even though the Soviet Ukrainian delegation there as a puppet of the Kremlin rulers can by no stretch of imagination be said to truly represent their will and wishes.

Despite the latter fact, Ukraine made itself strongly felt on the international scene by being admitted by the conference into the United Nations and thereby becoming a charter member of their security organization. An intriguing aspect of this development is the fact that this was done on the motion of Molotov himself, head of the delegation of that regime which in 1919 warred upon the Ukrainian National Republic and deprived the Ukrainian people of their right to independent statehood.

Significantly enough, some of the delegates at the conference at first opposed the entry of Ukraine into the company of the United Nations on the ground that since Ukraine cannot act independently of Moscow it is not an independent state. They argued it would be establishing a bad precedent to admit into an international organization a mere province, or a member of a federation. If Ukraine can enter the ranks of the United Nations, they said, why then by the same token cannot any one of the forty eight states of the United States do likewise.

## Ukraine Has Attributes for Sovereignty

Here it should be borne in mind that these dissident delegates were not against Ukraine per se. They merely held that its present status was far from that sovereignty which

ate it from a rusty mess can, others ate from their helmets. Most of the men had no spoons and so they ate with the fingers, others with pieces of wood and metal. Most men immediately become sick and vomited. On January 13, we got G.I. cooks in our kitchen and the food improved immediately.

(To be concluded)

would justify its inclusion in the United Nations membership. That they finally acceded, and unanimously, in inscribing the name of Ukraine in the roll of United Nations membership, was not so much due to assertions of Molotov that Ukraine was truly a sovereign nation and that it should exchange ambassadors, ministers and consuls with other nations, as to their general realization that the Ukrainian people, numbering well over 40 million people, excluding the ten million minorities' population, and occupying since the dawn of history a very productive and self-sustaining land, possess all the attributes and qualities necessary to national sovereignty. Chief among those attributes is the undying will to establish their free and independent state, as manifested by their several wars of liberation and the countless sacrifices they have paid on the altar of freedom. A final factor which must have influenced the delegates to vote for Ukraine's entry into the United Nations, was the heroism and sacrifices of the Ukrainian people (the Ukrainian loss in human lives is currently estimated at 25% of the entire population) and the great role they have played in the final defeat of Nazi Germany. And thus the unanimous decision of the conference to accept Ukraine as a member of the United Nations was not proof of any particular confidence in Molotov but of the general conviction of the right of the Ukrainian people to become a sovereign nation.

Still all this does not dispel the enigmatic quality of Moscow's sponsorship of Ukraine's entry into the United Nations. After all, Soviet Russian policy toward Ukraine for the past quarter of a century has been a constant and ruthless negation of the very right of the Ukrainian people to full statehood. Worse yet it has deprived them of even those elementary rights which we in America take for granted.

## Saga of Soviet Misrule in Ukraine

The saga of Ukrainian suffering under Soviet misrule begins with the eclipse of the Ukrainian National Republic which rose into being upon the declaration of Ukrainian national independence (January 22, 1918) by the parliamentary and revolutionary Ukrainian Central Rada. This was followed exactly one year later (January 22, 1919) by the union of the Ukrainian National Republic and the Western Ukrainian Republic (which had arisen November 1, 1918) into one united, sovereign and democratic Ukrainian Republic. The Reds immediately attacked the Ukrainian republic, which, it is worth noting, found itself attacked also by the Poles, Denikin's Tsarist Russians and Rumanians. At first the Red war upon Ukraine was ostensibly one for the introduction and preservation in Ukraine of the Soviet order, but its true character became revealed: a war against the sovereignty of the Ukrainian people.

The will among the Ukrainian people to be free and independent was so powerful then that nilly-willy the Reds, although becoming more victorious, had to give it serious consideration. Thus in setting up their puppet government at Kharkiv, in opposition to the democratic Ukrainian government at Kiev, they were compelled to proclaim the establishment of an independent Soviet Ukrainian republic. As a matter of fact, this "republic" had its diplomatic representation in the countries which recognized the Soviets then, such as Poland, Germany and Czechoslovakia. The separate identity of the Ukrainian Soviet republic at that time is further attested by the fact that the Treaty of Riga was concluded between Poland on the one side and the Soviet Russian and the Soviet Ukrainian republics on the

other side, and that the text of the treaty was in three official languages, Russian, Ukrainian, and Polish. White Russia did not enter into the picture then at all, although White Russian territory was ceded as a result of the treaty to Poland. White Russia had by then been incorporated into

## Ukrainian S.S.R. a Fiction

Despite this seeming separate diplomatic representation, the Ukrainian S. S. R. at that time was actually a fiction. Considerable evidence of this fact can be adduced here. Suffice it to point out by way of example that a Georgian, Comrade Stalin, was appointed (November 17, 1918) as the head of the Ukrainian S. S. R. Revolutionary Military Council; while a Russian, Comrade Molotov, was (from November, 1920 to March 1921) General Secretary of the Communist Party in Ukraine, and as such the most powerful figure there during the Riga Treaty negotiations. Still from the formalistic viewpoint, the Ukrainian S. S. R. was a sovereign nation. Moscow had to keep that pretense in order to cope with the strong sentiment among the Ukrainians for national independence.

Nevertheless Moscow had by then a carefully prepared and guarded plan to liquidate the sovereignty of the Ukrainian S. S. R. This liquidation was to appear to stem directly from Ukraine itself. To that end all key positions in the republic were packed with Communist Party hacks carefully selected by Moscow. At first these puppets nearly overplayed their hand. At the Fourth All-Ukrainian Congress of Soviets (Councils) in May, 1920 they went to the extent of passing this resolution: "Retaining its sovereign national constitution, the Ukrainian Soviet Socialist Republic considers itself a member of the All-Russian Soviet Socialist Federated Republic." Such zeal of its puppets in Ukraine alarmed Moscow, as the war between the Reds and the Petlura-led forces of the Ukrainian National Republic was still raging, while throughout the villages and towns of Ukraine anti-Russian-Bolshevik sentiment and revolts were spreading to a highly alarming degree. As a result, in signing the peace treaty with the now Soviet-occupied Kiev the Kremlin kept the more exuberant of its Russian followers in Ukraine in the background, and saw to it that the treaty itself between the Soviet republics of Ukraine and Russia spoke of a "military and economic alliance" between them.

The centralization of all Soviet power in Moscow continued nonetheless. In 1922 seemingly spontaneous agitation, actually sponsored by Moscow, began to be heard calling on all "independent Soviet republics" to renounce their independence and send their delegates to the All-Soviet Congress of Councils, which took place at the close of that year, and which led to the establishment of the Union of Socialist Soviet Republics. Still the Constitution of the U.S.S.R., adopted at the Second All-Soviet Congress in January, 1922, contained the phrase "the Union of Free Peoples of the Soviet States." That first constitution at least provided for the individual republics considerable autonomy. Aside from the commissariats of foreign affairs, military matters, economic planning, and heavy industry (which were centralized in Moscow) the republics had still then their own commissariats of internal affairs, courts of justice, education, and agriculture. At that time, too, the Communist Party itself was not as highly centralized as now. This period may be considered as the peak of the cultural and economic development in Ukraine under Soviet rule.

This period of relative autonomy for Ukraine lasted, however, only about five years (1924-1929). Gradu-

ally Moscow centralized one commissariat after another and set up All-Soviet commissariats of internal affairs, justice, agriculture, etc. which took over the functions of the individual republic commissariats; heavy industry had been centralized some time before. Finally a new division of the U.S.S.R. into economic regions was made, completely ignoring the national boundaries of the Ukrainian S.S.R. and linking up a portion of it with the Russian S.S.R. In this manner Soviet Ukraine found itself at the outset of this war well-nigh completely stripped of even those attributes which spell de jure autonomy. In reality it had long ceased to be a state, for how could one call a province a state which, for instance, has no national police force of its own but is policed solely by the all-Soviet and all-powerful NKVD centered in and controlled solely by Moscow.

Summing it all up it is clear that as a result of all this centralization Ukraine has become virtually a province of Russia. The restoration to the republics late in 1943 of their former control of foreign affairs and military affairs is of little real consequence, for what independent foreign policy is possible for them when they even have not even a police force of their own, and when every citizen of Ukraine can be haled to court in Moscow, tried, sentenced, jailed and executed there. Moreover, what freedom of action of any sort is possible there when all power is centered in the Communist Party.

## Why Molotov Backed UNCIO Recognition of Ukraine

In a word the main trend of Soviet policy in respect to Ukraine has been not toward decentralization but toward centralization. Therefore the action by Molotov urging at the San Francisco the recognition of Ukraine's status as a sovereign member of the United Nations is at first glance quite strange.

The explanation by some that it was prompted by a Soviet desire to have three votes in the General Assembly of the United Nations organization holds no water when one considers that the power of a single vote by any one of the Big Three puts into the pale the power of a combined number of votes by the smaller powers. Actually, an entirely different motive lies behind the action, one that is in consonance with the new imperialism of Moscow in Europe. It is designed simply to demonstrate to the world, particularly to the prospective members of the U.S.S.R., that the Soviets are planning to create a Soviet Commonwealth, somewhat on the order of the British commonwealth, and that therefore no apprehension should be entertained concerning the expanding Soviet influence, especially when the Soviets on their own volition and through their own influence have aided the eternally revolutionary and highly nationalistic Ukraine in gaining international recognition as a nation and state.

To a lesser degree this move by Moscow is designed to strengthen its hand when time comes for the final international accounting for its annexation of Western Ukraine, Carpatho-Ukraine and White Russia. It will be made to appear that these regions have at long last been restored to their "independent" mother countries. Finally the significance of the move will not be lost upon certain Asiatic peoples and colonies, particularly those of the British Empire, for whom Moscow is advocating "independence."

The least plausible theory for the move is the one advanced by Molotov himself. He would have it believed that it was intended to reward Ukraine for its heroic role and sacrifices in the defeat of Nazism. Undoubtedly if that were true, the Ukrainian people would welcome this change in Soviet national policy. Experience, however, has taught them

# THEIR LAND...

By VASIL STEFANYK

Translated from the Ukrainian by Marie Gambal

to receive the honeyed words of Moscow, with considerable scepticism. And what else could they do today when they are confronted by the sight of tens of thousands patriotic and democratic Western Ukrainians being forcibly shifted from "sovereign Ukraine" into the limitless wastes of Siberia, or when they recall that hundreds of these Western Ukrainians were recently executed by the Reds on the suspicion of espousing the cause of Ukrainian independence. Nor can they remain unimpressed by the fact that hundreds of Ukrainians are fleeing westward to the American-British occupied territories, for they well know what fate awaits them as patriots back in what the San Francisco conference euphemistically termed the "sovereign Ukrainian republic."

## Ukrainian-American Reaction to Recognition

What is the reaction to the San Francisco conference decision in respect to Ukraine among democratic Americans and Canadians of Ukrainian extraction? It is none other than a positive reaction. With striking unanimity all of them have wholeheartedly endorsed the action of UNCIO in restoring to the Ukrainians the international recognition they lost at the close of their war of liberation a quarter of a century ago. At the same time, however, all of them have expressed the devout wish that this formal sovereignty should be made real, that the Ukrainians should be allowed to become truly sovereign, spiritually, politically, culturally and economically which today they are not and for which they must continue to struggle.

Bearing this fact in mind an observer who is objective enough to distinguish between Soviet stock-phrases and shibboleths, deeds and misdeeds, will readily understand why the Ukrainians are such ardent advocates of a Bill of National Rights for Stateless Peoples within the charter of the international organization. If they were a truly sovereign people there would no necessity for them to be such advocates as then they would not require any international guarantee of their national rights but would safeguard these rights themselves. Obviously in Eastern Europe a "sovereign" nation cannot do that. Its citizens are always liable to arrest, imprisonment, or execution by an act of a foreign government, i.e. the Russian government.

As for the Soviet Ukrainian delegation at the conference, no one acquainted with the totalitarian nature of the Soviet regime can believe even for a moment that it truly represents the Ukrainian masses. Moreover, its leader, Manuilsky, a veteran Communist, although born in Ukraine has lived most of his life in Russia proper and has constantly been identified with it, to the extent that in 1918 he represented Russia in the peace negotiations with the Ukrainian National Republic. As the last secretary of the formally-dissolved Comintern, Manuilsky is an outstanding exponent of international revolution, which is repugnant to Ukrainian ideology, and an opponent of the principle of national self-determination, which is the cornerstone of Ukrainian ideology.

Long before it was formulated by Wilson the Ukrainian people fought for the realization of this principle. They have always believed in it and guided themselves by it in their relations with other peoples. Although on the insistence of the Soviet delegates the San Francisco conference refused to recognize national self-determination as one of the basic principles of the international organization, the Ukrainians will nevertheless continue their struggle for its realization for themselves and other enslaved peoples.

(Editorial of Ukrainian Quarterly  
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THIS was the time Semen returned home at sunset and in his yard found five wagons loaded with all sorts of things and a child's crib atop. The horses hitched to the wagons were fine animals. And at the side of the hut some people were sitting, old and young—all strangers. Aged, barefooted Semen, with shoes hanging o'er his back, spoke to them:

"Glory be to Jesus Christ, good people! Where are you from, and how am I to call you?"

"We are Bukovinians.<sup>1</sup> War has driven us away from home. I'm Danilo, and at my side, the old one, is Maria, my wife. These are my two daughters-in-law with their children. That is my own daughter with her children; and we would like to spend the night with you if you'll let us."

"Yes, do spend the night and be our guests. Let's have a chat while my wife gets supper ready. She's my second one, young and fine, if she want to be."

"And this is my first. Fifty years we've been married, and now she's gone mad. I'll have to bury her somewhere along the road, for she's lost her reason under wheels. As long as she could see our village, she just cried. She jumped off the wagon, but my daughters caught up with her. When she lost sight of the village, she went numb. And here she sits, dumb-like, with the grandchildren."

"Danilo, my friend, don't wonder! She's left her words on the window panes, with the golden pictures on the walls of her home. Like little birds they throw themselves about the empty hut, like little orphans. They chirp prayers in their hiding, and the woman will be mute without them... But take her to the large room and pray for her before St. Nicholas. Maybe the word will be reborn within her."

So the two old men dragged the aged woman before the holy pictures, and loudly said their prayers. But the old woman remained silent.

"She lost her speech before her own saints, and there's where she'll find them."

They sat down again.

"It's not my business to ask, but why have you left your land with those fine wagons, and chestnut horses, and those children so young?"

"Friend Semen, I seated my children on the wagons so's not to leave them at the mercy of the foes. When they chained the priest and his wife and drove them out to the mountains, when they took away the teacher during the night, God knows where, when they hanged the burgess in the center of the village and posted soldiers there so that nobody would bury him, I left my land and put my flesh and blood on the wagons so that no one could bring disgrace to them. The Tsar is Orthodox and we're Orthodox, too, which is treason. That's one thing. Another—the Muscovite is coming and he's blotting out the sun. And from China and Siberia and the whole world wild men come. They kill the old, rape the young women and cut their breasts off, and they take little children away and scatter them across desolate lands in a far-away kingdom. The windows in the village have gone blind, the bells have become mute. God's punishment has fallen upon us for the sins of the wide world. And I have tried to take away my blood, my children, from under the heavy hand of the merciful Lord to Christian lands."

"They're calling us to supper, Danilo. And don't grieve the Lord

<sup>1</sup> Bukovina—a Ukrainian province incorporated within Rumania following the first World War.

with your unwise sorrow."

"Eat and reach out for food, my flock of birds that know not where you fly. And we, Danilo, the two of us, let's have a taste of the bitter, maybe our aged backs will turn from the ground upward."

The two old men drank whiskey. They did not put food into their mouths.

"Children, go to sleep with your little ones. May the Lord paint pleasant dreams for you, and we old folks will stay up awhile."

"Danilo, if you won't get angry, I would tell you something."

"I left my wisdom and anger back home. You can even beat me, for, you see, I'm an old bird without a nest."

"An old bird shouldn't leave his nest, because he can't build a new one. It's better that his body should grow stiff in the old one than in a ditch alongside a strange road."

"True, Semen, true. For these words I thank you..."

"Where have you set out to go? After the gentlefolk? The Emperor has his treasure box open for them, to you it's closed. When you come to a city of strange tongues, among tall, cold walls, fate will scatter you to the rocks, and only in dreams will you see our beautiful land. And your bony hands will sow Spring wheat over the stones. Beside yourself you will be, and the city folk will laugh at you. God will not receive you from among those stones, but He will come out to greet you if you're killed on your own land. Go back to your soft soil, and there God will pour blessings upon you, even if you die hanging from a tree..."

"A sinner am I, Semen, a sinner. Before God and before you. My meadows are like well fed lambs, dark and curly. I shall turn my wagons toward the rising sun at once, not to anger the Lord..."

"Our work is on the land. Let her go, and you're lost. Hold on to her, and she draws out all your strength, with her palms she ladles your soul. You cling to her, you stoop over her and she pulls at your veins, but in return you have flocks of sheep and herds of cattle and stocked barns. For your efforts, she gives you a houseful of children and grandchildren who laugh like silver-bells, and blush like the red kalina... Don't go with the gentlefolk, Danilo, don't look for the Tsar. His like will always come to the peasant to take taxes from him..."

"May the Lord bring everything of the best to you, Semen, for your wise counsel. I'm going back home. May God's will be done!"

Then old Maria spoke:

"Let's go, Danilo, let's go home!"

"That's a woman for you! When it came upon her, she started talking!"

"And now let's drink to our good luck. May we live through the evil hour, and when we die, may our bones rot in our own land."

And so the two old men drank, and the old woman with them. She sat in the middle, embraced the two, and led the song:

Only my own darling,  
Like the little grey dove,  
Goes not to sleep.  
She rocks her child,  
In the cradle deep.  
She gossips with the wild wind...

Late into the night they sang their songs. With the rise of the stars, the wagons rumbled. Danilo was getting ready to go back.

And while the sun was coming up, the two old men bid farewell. They kissed each other's dark hands. The red sun cast their shadows across the fields, far across the land.

<sup>2</sup> An elder tree.

## The Shape of Things To Come

DURING the past few years, and especially since the outbreak of the war, the development and production of synthetic materials have reached their peak. Everything from synthetic rubber and gasoline to synthetic meat has been publicized in newspapers, magazines and other periodicals from coast to coast. We have read and re-read many articles describing the development and enumerating the improvements made on these materials, and never cease to look with awe upon new products made from hitherto "useless" or cheap resources.

Synthetic rubber has perhaps met with more success than other "ersatz" materials. Most of us do not bother to delve into the composition of this rubber, and are surprised to find that it has many different varieties with peculiar names like Tiokol, Buna-N, Buna-S, and Neoprene. As for synthetic meat, try and find the person who would run the so-called "risk" of tasting it, much less enjoying it for dinner.

Many innovations are being planned on plastics and other synthetics for the postwar family and home. Science is spending three times as much time, effort and money on industrial research as on medical research. This means that the world is more conscious than ever of the prolificness and possibilities of synthetics.

We tend to think of synthetics as something remote in its embryonic stage; something that will make life for future generations more comfortable, not stopping to realize that for many years women have been acting as guinea pigs in this field and loving it. Find a woman who doesn't want her pre-war nylon hose!

The average woman of a few years back wore a rayon dress, rayon lingerie and nylons, among other things. Today's dresses are still the same. Whether you buy crepe, alpaca, jersey, or what-have-you, it still boils down to rayon. Whether silk will come back and be reinstated as the number one luxury and fashion fabric remains to be seen, because rayon is cheaper, more durable and more easily produced than silk. Although the nylon thread is now going into parachutes instead of sheer hose, the W.P.B. raises our hopes by informing us that plenty of nylon hosiery will be available at fairly low prices two months after the defeat of Japan. In the meantime, we will have to make the best of another synthetic yarn, rayon, for our hose, and even resort to tanned bare legs or leg make-up in the summertime. Nylon has been used for everything from lingerie to umbrellas and fleece coats, and who knows but that one day it may be used for something like shoes.

Speaking of shoes, there should be a surplus of leather tanners, as tomorrow's shoes will definitely be made of plastic, which has been found to wear four or five times as well as leather. From head to toe we'll be clad in synthetic materials, discarding what nature originally intended for us to wear, for even hats are now made of a plastic resembling straw. Hats that look like Panama and Milan straws will no longer bear imported foreign labels, but will read, "Made in Brooklyn," or "Made in Hackensack"—all in the good old U.S.A.!

If this is a sample of things to come, men and especially women can look forward to a long line and a wide variety of synthetics. It seems the only thing they have yet to make for women is synthetic men!

SOPHIE DEMYDCHUK

YOUR BEST INVESTMENT IN A CENTURY... A \$100 WAR BOND! —FOR VICTORY—BUY BONDS—

## LOOKING FROM MOUNT ROYAL

By HONORE EWACH

I FOUND myself in a peculiar situation when my train left Sudbury, speeding towards Montreal. My lower berth, 3, was also sold, by mistake, to an army officer. I reported the case to the train porter before the train left Sudbury. Immediately he took my tickets, jumped from the train and went to straighten up the matter at the station. It was a rash and silly thing to do. In his rush he lost his head. He should have really applied at once to the sleeping car conductor. Anyway, our porter was left behind, with my tickets, when the train started to speed towards Montreal. He failed to catch our train because there was another train standing next to the station and blocking his way.

For a quarter of an hour or so the officer and I sat side by side in one berth chatting and joking about our predicament. After a while a new porter appeared with good news for the officer. There was nobody in the lower berth no. 1, so they gave it to him. When the officer left I counted my grips and found only three of them. The fourth grip, with books, was left behind—evidently in Mr. K.'s car. So there I was minus my tickets and one of grips. Still I did not worry. I thought, "Why should I worry? Somehow the things will straighten up. Anyway, the people at Sudbury were kind to me and generous with their donations for the Centre. Well, let's have some sleep now."

### Montreal

Next morning, June 15th, I had a very nice chat with a French gentleman from Montreal in the dining car. He told me many interesting things about his countrymen living in Montreal. I found out that Montreal is really one of the biggest cities on the North American continent and the biggest one in Canada. With its suburbs, Montreal has a 1,500,000 population. One million of the population is French, which means that out of every three persons in Montreal two are French.

I was still at the table when our train moved through Ottawa, capital of Canada. I had just a glimpse of it from the train. The train kept on moving through the rural districts between Ottawa and Montreal. It was pleasing to the eye to see long stretches of wheat and the cows placidly grazing out in the meadows.

When I got off the train, at the Windsor station in Montreal, I was met there by one of my former students, Miss Helen Kondzyolka. It was she who introduced me to Mr. Hlipchuk, Mr. T. Bilyk, and Mr. M. Yedlinsky. Soon we were speeding in Mr. Hlipchuk's car to his home. There I was greeted by Madame Hlipchuk as "monsieur." I said in French that I can speak a little French, too. (But that was the first and last time that I spoke any French in Montreal. Wherever I was taken later on I was always addressed in English. It was only Mr. Hlipchuk who now and then ordered some rare French dish at a restaurant in French.) After a very tasty dinner and a hearty talk I said that it would be best if I could settle down at some decent hotel in the city. Mr. Eugene Dowhan, a well-known businessman in Montreal, helped me to a comfortable room at the Windsor Hotel. For supper my friends took me to a French restaurant where we ate our barbecued chicken with nothing but fingers. Well, I enjoyed eating with fingers, as that was the natural way of eating for me when I was a child.

On Friday afternoon Mr. Hlipchuk took me for a visit to the Greek-Catholic parish home where we had a long and very friendly chat with Rev. Tymochko and Rev. Shevchuk. It was then that I was invited to give a short speech in the parish hall of the Holy Ghost church. Next day,

after I had a nice dinner with Mr. Dowhan, Mr. Hlipchuk took me for a visit to Rev. Sluzar's. There we had a very hearty chat on various subjects. Mrs. Sluzar took a lively part in our conversation, too. I was also introduced there to Rev. Sluzar's two grown-up children, Volodimir, a university student, and Lubka, a music student. Miss Sluzar entertained us with several classical and modern pieces of music. I listened to her musical performance with delight. Miss Sluzar has certainly inherited her daddy's great love for music.

### Guest School Inspector

In the evening I acted as a guest-inspector at the public examination of "Ridna Shkola" at the hall of the Ukrainian National Federation. I watched with great pleasure the little boys and girls giving prompt answers on Ukrainian subjects in their mother tongue. I signed their certificates and said a few words of encouragement to them.

Mr. Dowhan took charge of me on Sunday. After a meal at my hotel Mr. Dowhan took me to the famous Notre Dame church of Montreal. There we also examined its rich museum. In front of the Notre Dame church there is a monument dedicated to Maisonneuve who planted the first French settlement at Montreal in 1642.

At five in the afternoon Mr. Hlipchuk took me in his car to the parish Hall of the Holy Ghost. There we were greeted by Rev. Shevchuk and several of the prominent parishioners. I conveyed my greetings to the public sitting at the banquet tables on "Father's Day" from the Ukrainian Cultural and Educational Centre. I was in good spirits and spoke with enthusiasm about the Centre, telling the public of its fine work and great objectives. I also encouraged the people to send as many students as possible to the Summer Courses which are under the auspices of the Centre.

I delivered my main speech that day at the hall of the Ukrainian National Federation on Prince Rupert Street. When I made an appeal for the funds for the Centre the public donated \$480. It was a substantial sum, but by far less than I expected. After getting \$1,088 for the Centre at Fort William and Port Arthur and \$860 at Sudbury, I certainly expected more than what was donated at Montreal. Mr. Kowalsky, our chairman, explained to me that there were two factors that had a negative effect on the donations. First, the members of the Ukrainian National Federation lately, had taxed themselves very heavily in order to raise \$36,000 in cash to pay a down payment on the new \$65,000 building they recently acquired, and, in the second place, because it was a warm Sunday evening, enticing people to many other beautiful places in the city.

On Monday I did some writing. By and by the Kowalsky brothers took me to their Evening Club. There we had a grand dinner. From there they took me for a ride to show the best sights of the city. We also paid a flying visit to the miraculous place of Montreal—to the chapel by the grand St. Joseph's Oratory on the side of the famous Mount Royal. There we took a look at some of the things left behind by the lately deceased Brother André, the local miracle-maker. There are hundreds of the crutches left behind by the crippled in the chapel, as they had no need of them after being made whole by praying at the tomb of the humble Brother André... After I got myself some souvenirs and a book on Brother André we took leave of the holy place of the French Canadians. From the steps of the chapel I looked with admiration at the beautiful building of the Univer-

## ★ TEN MINUTE BREAK ★

The sailor was relating his hair-raising experiences aboard a torpedoed ship. The dear little lady was listening wide-eyed.

"And there I saw a torpedo, lady, heading straight for our ship," he went on.

"Oh, dear," she gasped, "I do hope it was one of ours!"

★

Marriage is not a word but a sentence.

★

An old Indian, who for years had been selling huckleberries for 50 cents a bucket, upped the price to a dollar. A previous customer asked why.

"Heap big war somewhere!"

★

No one who keeps kicking you in the pants can ever get ahead of you.

★

Two farmers met on a country road, and pulled up their teams.

"Si," said Josh. "I've got a mule with distemper. What did you give that one of yours when he had it?"

"Turpentine. Giddap."

A week later they met again.

"Say, Si, I gave my mule turpentine, and it killed him."

"Killed mine too. Giddap!"

★

The easiest way to figure out the cost of living is to take your income and add 10 per cent.

★

"How are you getting along at home while your wife's away?"

"Fine. I've reached the height of efficiency. I can put on my socks from either end."

★

The difference between a regular sailor and a seabee is that while the sailor is looking for a park bench, the seabee builds one.

★

Life isn't fair to men. When they are born, their mothers get the compliments and flowers; when they get married, their brides get the presents and publicity; when they die, their widows get the insurance and the winters in California.

★

"My friend," said the missionary, "are you traveling the straight and narrow path?"

In silence, the man handed over his card. It read: "Signor Balancio, Tightrope Walker."

★

An Irishman made a mission and after the sermon on temperance went to the priest. "Father, I want to take the pledge," Pat informed the preacher. "For how long this time?" inquired the priest. "Well, I usually take it for life," replied Pat. "And tell me, Father, how can I get past

city of Montreal in the distance.

Then I spent a few hours with Mr. Hlipchuk at the Botanical Gardens. Mr. Bilyk joined us at supper time. After eating some more of the barbecued chicken with our fingers we went to the beautiful Fontane Park. We watched there for a long time the famous fountain spouting water in many different patterns, illuminated with different colors.

### A Thrilling Sight

On Tuesday I spent about half an hour in solitude in the Cathedral of Montreal, near my hotel. Then I hired a Victoria carriage with a guide and slowly went to the top of Mount Royal. The guide explained to me every detail about the famous McGill University and the well-known Victoria Hospital. He told me the names of all the famous people living in the stately mansions along the way to the top of the mountain. A thrill went through me when I took a look at Montreal and the famous St. Lawrence river in the distance from the Chalet on the top of Mount Royal. I stood there in rapture, viewing the beautiful pano-

saloons without going into them?" "Just run past them, that's the way to do it," was the priest's advice.

So our hero started home, with three grog shops to be encountered. The first one was easy. He trotted right by without a glance at it. The second was tougher. He had to grit his teeth and clench his fists to make it. The third was tough! He set himself like a sprinter. Taking off with a mighty effort, Pat got going so fast he couldn't bring himself to a stop until he was half-block beyond the saloon. But he had made it! Mopping his brow, he said to himself: "Begorra, I did so good that it calls for a drink to celebrate!" So he marched back to the saloon and had one.

★

Character is like a fence... you can't straighten it with whitewash!

★

"I'm sorry if our hammering disturbed you. We were hanging a picture."

"Oh, that's all right. I just came over to ask if it was all right if we hung a picture on the other end of the nail."

★

Many a checkered career ends in a striped suit.

★

The modern Indian chieftain opened a speech to his tribe with: "You all know me as Chief Train-whistle, but since I am extremely democratic, I hope that, for short you will feel free to call me 'Toots'."

★

One small jack can lift a car, but it takes a lot of jack to keep it up.

★

Golfer: "Caddy, is the Major out of that bunker yet? How many strokes has he?"

Caddy: "Seventeen niblick and one apoplectic, sir."

★

It is sad to see people squandering money and know you cannot help them.

★

At the beginning of meat rationing, a farmer reported to his local board that he had several hundred pounds of beef in cold storage. A few days later, he received an official note demanding to know why he had so much on hand.

His reply was terse: "It was necessary to kill the whole steer at one time."

★

Office Boy: "Sir, may I have tomorrow afternoon off?"

Boss: "Ah, yes. Your grandmother, I suppose?"

Office Boy: "Yes, sir. She's making her first parachute jump, you know."

rama below. Exactly in the same place in 1536 stood the famous French explorer Jacques Cartier, looking at the beautiful scenery below and naming the mountain where he stood in honor of his king, Mount Royal—which later on became the name of the newly established city. A huge cross marks the place on Mount Royal where Cartier stood and claimed all the surrounding country for France.

In the meantime Mr. Hlipchuk and Mr. Bilyk were trying to find where I was. They were glad when finally I showed up at the hotel. We had some more of the barbecued chicken. With the speed of a fast express train I packed my grips. My friends rushed me to the station and in the nick of time I caught my train to Toronto. Soon I started a friendly chat with a marine officer, on leave, who was sitting beside me. He was going past Toronto to Hamilton. I was glad to have some one to chat to. Thus I was trying to dispel the strange feeling of loneliness that was, slowly but surely, taking hold of me on the twelfth day of my lecture trip.

