



SECTION II.

The Ukrainian Weekly

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

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Killed in Action

Pvt. Peter Kravetz, 29, who was nearing the completion of three years' Army service, was killed in action in Luxemburg on January 6, according



PVT. PETER KRAVETZ

to a telegram received by his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Harry Kravetz, 112 7th Street, Johnstown, Pa. He received the Purple Heart and the Presidential Citation posthumously. His cousin, Dmytro Kravetz, is employed as a linotyper by the Svoboda.

Pvt. Kravetz, who was unmarried, was serving with a tank destroyer outfit in General Patton's Third Army. He is survived by his brother, Tech. Sgt. Charles Kravetz, in France, and the following brothers and sisters: Mrs. Kathryn Solgan, Mrs. Ann Sandusky and Mrs. Mary Papuga, Mrs. Joseph Pagliaro, Rose and Anastasia, at home and Harry Kravetz, Jr., of Johnson City, N. Y.

Dancer Aids in Soldier Rehabilitation

The July number of the Dance magazine reports in a featured article on the "specialized job of promoting good health in body and mind for Uncle Sam, these days, through the surprising medium of folk dancing" being done by Pfc. Michael Herman, a member of U.N.A. Branch 361 in New York City.

Mentioning the wonders accomplished by exercise through dance for children crippled by infantile paralysis, the Dance article states that, "Now Pfc. Herman reports that soldiers with artificial limbs can become so efficient in dancing that you cannot distinguish them from the rest. At present stationed at Camp Edwards, Mass., Pfc. Herman has been leading GI folk dance groups in the army camps and hospitals, and has seen convalescents, physically disabled, men suffering from 'war' nerves, 'N.P.' cases (neuropsychics), incapacitated by a fear of death, as well as the average soldier benefit by the tonic of group dancing. Active participation brings them out of

Communism in the USSR.

Writing for the New York Times Magazine recently, Dr. Harold J. Laski, one of British Labor Party's chief intellectuals, stated:

"We shall have to make up our minds about the urgent issue of whether the immense productive power capacity which science had placed at our disposal is to be operated through a system which gives abounding wealth to a few and condemns in every community the overwhelming majority to live on a standard which denies them adequacy both in material comfort and spiritual welfare, or whether it is to be operated through a system which, like that so dramatically emerging in the Soviet Union, operates through planned production for community consumption.

In other words, according to Laski, private enterprise makes the rich richer and the poor poorer, whereas Communism raises the status of the common man.

How far from the truth Dr. Laski has gone in this respect can be readily ascertained by consulting any unbiased authoritative work on Communism as practiced in the U.S.S.R.

Among the best is one of the most important books of current year, "The Yogi and the Commissar," by Arthur Koestler (Macmillan). The author is one of the leading intellectuals of our time, avowedly a man of the Left, a theoretical Socialist, in his political and social sympathies. He humorously describes himself as one "of that bunch of homeless Leftists whom Stalinites call Trotskyites, the Trotskyites call Imperialists and the Imperialists call bloody Reds." Koestler knows the Communist system both from personal residence in Russia as a correspondent in the early thirties—when he witnessed the Red-made famine in Ukraine—and from observation of Communist tactics in the European revolutionary movement.

What Dr. Laski hides and Mr. Koestler reveals is that under Red Moscow rule the idea of a right to an equal share in the product of industry is today described as "the curse of equalitarianism" and a "petty-bourgeois deviation." Equalitarianism was banned by Stalin himself as far back as 1931.

According to Mr. Koestler, who cites that Moscow newspaper Trud, "the top wages in this average mine (in the Donetz basin) were about thirty times higher than the minimum wages. But the director of a mine of 1500 employees belongs only to the medium stratum of technocracy;

themselves in a way that no amount of watching others entertain ever can."

The article then describes the sim-

plified technique used by Mr. Herman in teaching the GIs how to dance. Folk dancing as a contribution to the spirit of fellowship—the break-

the salaries of the directors, chief engineers and administrators in the top stratum are up to 100 times higher than the average wage and up to 300 times higher than the minimum wage. In 1943 the appearance of the first 'proletarian millionaires,' enthusiastically welcomed by the Soviet press, completed the development."

But that is not all. Special privilege for the ruling group has been restored by Soviet law and extended far beyond anything that would be undertaken by a capitalist government. As a recent issue of the Saturday Evening Post points out, life pensions for the heirs of the favorites of the insiders, the restoration of life insurance in which the "rich" can invest their salaries, and special schools for the children of the Party bureaucrats provide a way of life for the big shots which would be beyond the wildest dreams of the Soviet Russian common man.

Mr. Koestler's demolition of the myth of the Soviet Union as an advanced humanitarian society, where none has too little and none has too much, where imperialism and exploitation are non-existent, is indeed impressive and hardly answerable, even by Dr. Laski. Koestler does not draw much on his personal experience; but cites one Soviet decree after another, one Soviet newspaper excerpt after another, to create the documented picture of a completely totalitarian state. He quotes chapter and verse from Soviet sources to prove the following indisputable facts:

(a) That Soviet citizens possess no freedom of movement within their own country.

(b) That the innocent wife and children of a Soviet citizen who flees abroad to avoid military service are legally treated as hostages, subject to exile for five years in remote regions of Siberia.

(c) That the death penalty may be applied to children at the age of twelve.

(d) That a lieutenant in the Red Army gets a hundred times the pay of a private.

(e) That in the years before the war (which certainly brought no improvement in the standard of living) food prices in Russia had increased much more than wages, by comparison with pre-war times.

All these and similar facts should be well borne in mind by anyone who is inclined to give any credence to what Dr. Laski or others of his ilk says about Communism in the Soviet Union.

Killed in Germany

Corp. Paul Starusnak, 28, Air Corps, member of U.N.A. Branch 39, was killed May 20 in a jeep accident in Epstein, Germany, his wife, Mrs.



CPL. PAUL STARUSNAK

Laura Starusnak, R. D. 2, Gordon avenue, Mattydale, New York learned in a telegram from the War Department, Mr. Victor Osuchiwsky, Br. 39 secretary, reports.

No details concerning the accident were given other than the fact that Paul was on duty when it happened. He is survived by his parents, Mr. and Mrs. John Starusnak, and two brothers, Dmytro and Stanley.

HITLER'S "FATAL POLITICAL MISTAKE"

While being interviewed by Edgar Snow of the Saturday Evening Post magazine, Paul Schmidt, former Nazi Nazi Foreign Office spokesman, and now a war criminal, declared that "three fatal political mistakes brought about our downfall. First, the Socialist aims of the party were abandoned after the purge of Roehm and his followers in 1934. Secondly, the annexation of Prague meant the party had abandoned its original territorial principle—namely, not to incorporate non-German territory into the Reich. Finally, Hitler threw aside the last party principle, the principle of nationalism, when he tried to colonize the Ukraine.

In 1942, Snow continues, Schmidt was present when one of the Nazi intellectuals asked Hitler, "Why, don't you announce the independence of Ukraine? Isn't that our aim?"

Hitler replied, according to Schmidt, "I entered the war as a nationalist. I shall end it as an imperialist. Germany must have an empire."

Snow says that at this point Schmidt shrugged and threw up his hands and said: "That policy led logically to Stalingrad and up to this—the journey's end."

down of factional hatreds, is cited by Mr. Herman in the article as another great angle to folk dancing,

Pan-Slavism, Its Use and Abuse

By Prof. CLARENCE A. MANNING—Columbia University

OF all the movements that have perplexed Europe and the world during the last centuries, none has had been more real and yet intangible than that which has been variously labeled Pan-Slavism, the Slavonic Brotherhood, Slavonic cooperation, and in its most recent form is being directed by the Slavonic Congress in Moscow with a branch set up in the United States. The mere fact that there have been so many interpretations of the fundamental idea, so many variations in it, leads the student to believe that it cannot be dismissed carelessly, but at the same time the contrasting characters of its various sponsors cast doubt upon the real nature of the tendency. It may then be worth while to look at the idea and endeavor to form some estimate of its fundamental advantages and difficulties.

It is a surprising fact that of the great linguistic families of Europe, the Slavonic which is the most widespread and the most widely spoken is also the least diverse. It is not too much to say that it is the only group which has maintained a fundamental and a clear unity. It is far easier for a Ukrainian, a Russian, a Czech, a Pole, and a Southern Slav to talk together, each in his native language and to be mutually intelligible, than it is for a Frenchman, an Italian and a Spaniard, or an Englishman, a German, a Dutchman, and a Scandinavian. That is the basis of all ideas of Slavonic cooperation. It makes the existence of a Slav world something that is not only a matter of theory but of actual practical value.

Where Common Slav Heritage Lies

Yet we must not overstress this fact. It is curious that the community of vocabulary exists most markedly in connection with the simpler concepts of life. The common Slavonic heritage has survived most clearly in the common words for food and drink, for moving about, for the ordinary activities of the common man. As one rises in the scale of intellectual interests, the differences become greater except in those cases where the different languages invoke the general international vocabulary based on the borrowing or translation of the words universally used by mankind and drawn principally from the heritage of the Graeco-Roman word store. It would be idle to suggest that such words as telegraph and telephone, when they are found in the various Slavonic languages are a proof of Slavonic solidarity and not a result of world contact.

Side by side with this, there is a marked tendency among all the Slavs to lay especial emphasis upon local peculiarities and local dialectic words in an endeavor to strengthen the individual national feeling. The differences between Czech and Slovak, between Ukrainian and Russian are felt more keenly than are the equally great variations between the English language as spoken on various continents and the various efforts to make the writing of the Slavonic languages purely phonetic increase these centrifugal forces.

Yet despite this fact, the very similarity in common words leads men easily to believe in the possibility of a great Slavonic union. In the past we have seen the isolated city states of Greece with minor differences in language grow into a united country and culminate in the great Byzantine Empire which lasted for over one thousand years. The various German principalities have become one country. The Italian states of the Middle Ages have become a united Italy. The seven Anglo-Saxon kingdoms of England grew into one united state. Instance after instance

can be cited and it seems only natural that out of the similar Slavonic languages there might ultimately develop a united Slavia, which would act as a unit. It is this vision and this train of reasoning that has inspired what we may well call the ideal and theoretical movement for Slavonic brotherhood.

This was the motive that inspired Jan Kollar in the early part of the nineteenth century to compose his series of sonnets, the Daughter of Slava, which was in turn the source of the entire group of Slavonic movements like the Society of Saint Cyril and Methodius in which Taras Shevchenko, Kostomarov, Kulish, and the leading Ukrainian patriots of Kiev took part in the forties. Vuk Karadjich in Serbia and many other of the leading Slavs of the same period sympathized with it and for some decades there was a strong agitation for it. Kollar, a Slovak writing in Czech, had been aroused during a period of study in Germany by the Romantic Pan-German movement which arose after the defeat of Napoleon. His mind carried him back to the days when the Slavonic world extended to the Elbe and then he dreamed of what might happen, if only the trend could be reversed and the Slavs could present to the whole of Europe the thrilling spectacle of a real brotherhood that would extend from the Elbe to the Pacific Ocean. The leaders of the Lusatian Serbs in Germany, the last survivors of the once dominating population of eastern Germany, were equally stirred and they could write of the spacious native land of the Slavs which included two thirds of Europe and half of Asia.

Trying to Bring a Vision Into Reality

This was a dream but from that moment on, there has never been a time when poets, philosophers, and dreamers have not sought in one way or another to bring that vision into reality. It was that hope in a small way that fired the leaders of the Slavonic Congress in Prague in 1848, even though it was almost entirely limited to the Slavs of the Hapsburg dominions. It was that spirit that in the renewed Czechoslovakia led the government to call together the Congress of Slav Geographers and Ethnographers in 1924 and to have read at the meeting the minutes of the Congress of 1848. It brought together in the interval between the Wars all those numerous conventions of Slavonic philologists, historians, scientists, lawyers, and journalists that were such an important factor in the intellectual life of the various countries. It inspired the expansion of Slavonic studies at the Charles University of Prague and the formation of Ukrainian and other schools in that city.

No one can question this view of the Slavonic brotherhood. The world can hardly conceive what a step toward world unity would be taken if the Slavs could set an example of unity, if there could be developed a real United States of Slavia, which would throw its weight on the side of peace, prosperity, and harmonious relations. It would be a constructive and peaceful force without desire for conquest or aggression. If it succeeded, it would set an example to the Latin and the Germanic world and in Asia to the Turanians. It would inaugurate a new method of continental solidarity as momentous as the decision of the thirteen independent American states to form a new nation. It would facilitate commerce, it would eliminate national boundaries and reduce them merely to state lines; it would help education, and in fact there is hardly a field of constructive human effort which it would not benefit. Human

imagination cannot grasp its potentialities for good and we can only applaud the idealists who have sought to bring it into effect.

This view of Pan-Slavism which finds its exponents in the noblest spirits of every one of the Slavonic lands is unfortunately not enough, for it is necessary to bring it into the field of practical activity. It is necessary to define more closely the form of administration that the new confederation is going to take. It is necessary to indicate the policies and the thoughts of the Slavs. The moment this is attempted, the Slavonic brotherhood passes into the sphere of practical politics, of actual life, and at that very moment difficulties begin.

Practical Difficulties

The world is paying today a heavy price for the flood of books and propaganda which has been poured out by idealists and the scholars of Germany in their efforts to define the great race. They started with laudable and even noble expressions of belief in the similarities existing between the populations of northwestern Europe. They went on to picture the achievements of the blond giants who were the bearers of Germanic civilization. Step by step, as they tried to work out a detailed program, they were led to the fantastic theories of a Hitler, a Goering, a Rosenberg, and a Goebbels, and today the entire civilized world shudders at the horrors and atrocities that have been perpetrated on innocent people in the name of a master race.

The believers in an ideal Pan-Slavism, when they step down from the mountain of vision and endeavor to create a practical program, are confronted with similar dangers. They are saved from a certain menace but they are brought face to face with the theory of a master language. They speak of Slavonic culture but to give that culture reality, they are forced to the architecture of the peasant house; to the Slav as he was or was conceived to be a thousand years ago before the coming of Christianity, before the days of Saint Cyril and Methodius, or they are compelled to accept a theoretical form of national psychology which may be more passive and aggressive than the theoretical doctrine of the Pan-Germans, more democratic in content, but which is as little valid in definite practice.

After all, the Slavs are a group of people bound together only by linguistic similarity. No other key can be found under which they can be united. Among the Slavs are men and women of every physical type found in the Eurasian landmass. There are Nordics, Alpines, and Mediterranean. There are people of the Central Asian stocks that finally merge into the Mongolian. There are representatives of Orthodox Christians, Roman Catholics, Protestants, Mohammedans, and Lamaists. There are people who have lived for centuries under the influence of Latin, Germanic, Byzantine and Turkish cultures. There are groups that are highly industrialized and there are others that are just emerging from the nomadic state. There are groups with an almost perfect record of literacy and there are others where illiteracy is the prevailing rule. It is difficult, if not impossible, to find a common denominator except in language and what unity there is today is but a common expression of the determination of men of every tongue and language in Europe and Asia to unite against the fantastic claims to being a master race put by the Germans and to the religio-political claims of Hirohito of Japan.



The Author

It is similarity of ideals and of culture that has served to bring together peoples who spoke related languages. It was the influence of the Greek games and of Homer which overcame the hostility between the Greek city states, and this was sealed by common experiences and perils. Dante and his Divine Comedy played an important role in creating a feeling of unity in Italy, centuries before political unity became an acknowledged ideal. Chaucer and Shakespeare overcame any feeling of separatism in English after the Norman French and the Anglo-Saxons had fused. On the basis of common ideals Switzerland has survived as a multilingual state. Despite economic advantages, the Hapsburgs never welded their state together and even the Slavs within it were not able, despite linguistic similarity, to form a strong union and work together after the powerful hand of the monarchy was removed.

Cleavages Between Slaves

When we think in these terms, we see the difficulty of translating the ideal Slavonic brotherhood into reality. With the possible exception of Saints Cyril and Methodius there are no figures who are equally venerated throughout the Slavonic world. There are no poets, no writers who have won an international hearing, for even Tolstoy and Dostoyevsky are no more admired by the other Slavs than they are by civilized humanity. The Poles will not accept Shevchenko as the equal of Mickiewicz. The devotion of the Czechs to Jan Hus does not win the Slovaks. Nyegosh is not an overwhelming figure except in the Balkans. When there is a question of the higher culture, of the achievements of the mind and spirit, then the essence of the Slavonic union begins to disappear. The cleavages between the groups become more intense and the problem of unification becomes more serious.

It is sad but true that for one thousand years the Slav world has been torn and divided on all of the great cultural developments of the day. The struggle between the Latin and the Byzantine civilization was fought out on Slavonic soil and there has been many a bitter memory left in the minds of the people. The struggle between the Roman Catholics and the Protestants was fought out among the Slavs and while the Protestant have receded among the Slovenes and the Poles, it remained strong among the Czechs but not the Slovaks. There came even a struggle between the Catholics of the Eastern and Latin rites, particularly in Galicia. Chivalry, the Renaissance, the Reformation, the French pseudo-classic period of the eighteenth century, the various developments of the nineteenth, all affected differently the different Slavonic groups and gave them varying cultures. Add to these the results of centuries of conflict in the quest for mastery and we will realize the latent hostilities and enmities that must be surmounted before the dream of a Slavonic brotherhood can be more than a vain hope.

(To be concluded)

"Moderation" and "Sincerity"

Translated from the Ukrainian by OKSANA BEZRUCHKO

An amusing incident in Tsarist Ukraine, taking place in 1905, as related by a man in a letter to his wife.

By VOLODFMIR
VINNICHENKO*

DEAR Olga, I am writing from jail. A goodhearted fellow consented to mail this, without the knowledge of the prison authorities.

A fine thing for my old age! Twenty years I lived secluded on the farm, never have I poked my nose into the affairs of the world, but once I got out, thanks to my countrymen, they landed me in jail.

Don't worry though, the administration isn't so dumb, they'll soon find out what it's all about and what a rotten socialist I really am.

Anyhow, sell those pigs you bought from Remeslo, and come here, maybe you can bail me out sooner. But mind you, don't sell the boar, we need him for breeding. When you arrive in Poltava, go straight to the governor and explain to him everything I am about to say. Only first stop by his secretary and give him a bribe—may it pinch his liver—perhaps that'll do some good.

Everything's the Fault of Nedotorkany

Well, everything's the fault of that dope Nedotorkany. You know him? He's the one who visited us last Easter and almost got into a fight with the sheriff, who, if you will remember, called the Ukrainian language "a Russian dialect." He's a tall, husky brute with a long Kozak moustache, always parading about in an embroidered shirt with a ribbon. You probably remember him. He's the sap who put me in jail.

I was already on my way back home, when, unfortunately, it occurred to me: "I guess I'd better drop in to see some of our Ukrainian friends. There is freedom now, so it isn't so dangerous anymore to call yourself a Ukrainian. After all, devotion to your own people just can't be squelched in your heart."

So I dropped into a Ukrainian bookstore. There, I regret, I let my tongue loose. We sure gave it to the administration for hampering our Ukrainian language! Well, it so happened that Nedotorkany was going my way. We agreed to meet that evening and travel to the railroad station together.

Only this is the first and last time that I am associating with such like him. I've sworn to avoid every last one of them, even if I have to walk ten extra blocks to do so. Enough of bad luck and embarrassment for me! I should have gotten rid of him the minute he cornered me at the hotel. Oh, had I but known! But, thought I to myself: "After all, he's one of us, a Ukrainian. We simply must uphold the national cause. Enough of whittling away time on our farms!"

And now, because of that, here I am in jail. Now I know that I shouldn't have stopped him when he became angry at the hotel and wanted to leave. Instead, as if the devil took hold of my mind, I urged him to stay. You see, he had become angry because I put on a collar and tie, not an embroidered shirt with a ribbon. (Everyone just had to see that I am a Ukrainian!) I hardly excused myself by saying that I forgotten to bring the shirt with me. But he wouldn't listen, calling me a "renegade" and a Russian stooge, accusing me of blaspheming our national culture. He was insulted beyond words!

Nevertheless, we started out together. On route we talked about Ukrainian newspapers and, I must admit, it was indeed a great feeling to carry a Ukrainian newspaper in my pocket without worrying about police persecution. After all, every-

thing is enjoyable if it is legal, honest and not upstartish, and if it is in Ukrainian. Yet, it cannot be said that Nedotorkany is a real socialist. It would be a sin to say that, but he loves Ukraine beyond measure. For us Ukrainians, however, that's not very becoming. We should play more politics. In this way you can't lose your arms and legs, but you can gain something at least.

The Affair With the Driver

As for Nedotorkany, it goes without saying that he is not the type of a man to understand politics. Imagine yourself in my place. We were riding past the monument of our great father Bohdan Khmelnytsky.¹ We talked of this and that. Suddenly, Nedotorkany poked the driver in the back.

"Driver! Hey, driver!" he called. "What?" said the other in Russian.

Well, what if he did speak in Russian? He spoke in his own language, didn't he? But, no, this didn't suit my companion.

"Not 'what' in Russian, but in Ukrainian," he corrected. Naturally, the driver didn't understand, so he replied in Russian:

"What do you want?" "Say 'what' in Ukrainian, understand? Who is that on the horse?"

"Him?" asked the driver, pointing with his whip.

"Yes." "Oh, that's some Khakhol² general."

"What do you mean, Khakhol?" "Well, if he were ours, he would sit upright on his stallion. But see how he droops to one side. He's just a good-for-nothing general."

These words rocked my friend in his seat. He grabbed the unfortunate driver by the belt and shouted:

"What? A good-for-nothing, did you say? Why, you filthy Russian scoundrel! Don't you know that all your Russian generals aren't worth the soles of his feet! He's the Hetman of Ukraine! Understand?"

The driver became infuriated.

"You'd better quiet down, my dear fellow. You see, I might have a word or two to say, also. Though I am a Russian, I am of the same religion as the Tsar."

This should have closed the matter. But, no, not for Nedotorkany. He was only more infuriated and bellowed words that would only become a socialist. Fright choked my heart as the driver sat up rigidly in his seat.

"So that's how it is, eh? Is that what you think of the Tsar? That's fine!... Ho, ho there!" he called to his horses.

"Where are you going?" asked Nedotorkany.

"Wait and see! Ha! You'll find out—in prison! Then you'll wish you could eat those words. We've met your kind before."

"Darn it all," I thought to myself. "Now you've done it. Before you know it, I'll land in the dungeon on account of him." I had a feeling that we would end up that way.

"Oh, let's forget it all, driver!" said I in Russian, trying to straighten the whole mess out.

"No, sir, I can't. We'll have the court decide the matter."

What to do? The driver was determined.

Nedotorkany started to wriggle in his seat. Finally he spoke up.

"Say there, fellow citizen, are you really taking us to jail?" he asked.

"Did you think I was taking you

to a restaurant for such talk?"

Yep, that's all there was to it. He was taking us to jail! Nedotorkany began muttering to himself. Suddenly he calmed down, smiled at me, then said to the driver:

"Well, then, go on. Why not? We shall see what the police have to say about your remarks concerning the Tsar. Go ahead..."

The driver said nothing. Silence. "We shall see whether they pat you on the back for daring to compare your common and unworthy self with the Tsar," continued my companion.

"Did I do that?" the driver started suddenly. "I—er—meant that only as an example. Not what you think!"

"Oh no, my dear fellow. Even my friend heard you, and he will be a witness. Incidentally, do you know the penalty for such talk?"

The driver didn't answer. He kept driving on ahead. Then, reluctantly, he turned around and started back.

"Where are you heading for now?" Nedotorkany asked ironically. (He couldn't keep it in any longer.)

"Don't want to lose any time," the driver replied.

"Ah, time! So that's it—you damned Russian!"

"Oh, stop it all, Mr. Danilo, I beg of you," I pleaded. "The heck with him! Keep quiet."

"No!" said he. "That is not to be tolerated. The villains! They steal into your home, and to the bargain, make a racket! 'Good-for-nothing,' he says. Do you think that your great heroes are so honorable? Only Kondratenko was decent—and he wasn't a Russian but a Ukrainian. But they don't know that! The low, common Russians!"

The Same Story at the Station

What a man! It was the same story at the railroad station. He went to buy tickets, while I waited for him. Patiently I waited and waited—but there was no sign of him. What's happened? I wondered. I set out to find him. I stopped at the ticket office: what a crowd! And, sure enough, there was a gendarme facing Nedotorkany, who was booming at the top of his voice. I listened in.

"He has no right!" I heard Nedotorkany say. "Legally, all languages are equal... He is supposed to understand me. Look at him, what a big shot: a miserable ticket seller!"

The constable tried to say something.

"Humbug!" Nedotorkany cried. "Let him try and do something about it! He is in Ukraine, not Russia, so he's got speak in Ukrainian!"

How sorry I was to be that they didn't arrest him then and there! Unfortunately for me though, it all turned out well for him. Whether the policeman was dumb or what, God knows! We hailed a porter and started for the train. The first signal had already been sounded. In piling up our luggage on the shelf, the porter found that one bag wouldn't fit, so he pushed it under the seat. My companion noticed this.

"Can't you place it on the politsia?"³ he asked.

"What—the police?" inquired the porter in Russian, obviously not understanding the question, put to him in Ukrainian.

"Never mind," I hastened to interrupt in Russian and started searching my pocket for a coin.

"Are you Ukrainian?" Nedotorkany asked scornfully.

"I beg your pardon?" the porter bowed politely.

"Are you Ukrainian or Russian?"

"Me? Ukrainian! An honest-to-

goodness Ukrainian! From the Chernihiv province!" said the porter in Russian.

"Yet you can't speak your own language?"

"Oh, my God!" I thought. "He is starting all over again. What a pest!" Meanwhile, as if for spite, I couldn't find a coin for a tip. A dime wasn't enough, and twenty kopeks too much.

"I have been out of the country for some time and forget how to talk in the muzhik⁴ tongue!" the porter smiled delicately as he kept watching my hands expectantly.

Nedotorkany's fury began to mount.

"Not the muzhik language, but Ukrainian, do you hear? There are all kinds of muzhiks. French, German, Polish. Yes, there is the bourgeoisie, too."

"That's right," sighed the porter. "So there is. There are various nationalities."

The second bell rang. The porter kept shifting his weight from one foot to the other, his eyes glued to my hands. But I couldn't find a tip. I cursed under my breath.

"You don't happen to have a tip, Danilo Ivanovich?" I said.

"What? Surely... Shame on you for forgetting your own language," he said, turning to the porter. "Everywhere we are being neglected... Like that ticket-seller—the villain! Wanted to arrest me! The filthy Russian bureaucrat!... A tip, did you say?"

"Yes, that's right..."

"While our brother—the slow poke—says nothing... only scratches himself... And the Russian rule does as it pleases... And the culture..."

"Sir! I am in a hurry. Please, the second bell..." the porter gently broke in.

Nedotorkany looked at him sternly. "Say it in Ukrainian," he said.

"I, sir, am a busy man. May I have my due pay? I have no time for politics."

"Now, just wait a minute! I am not talking politics. I..."

"Danilo Ivanovich," I interrupted. "Let him go and give him a tip."

"Oh, no! Just a minute. He has to be taught. Can't you say it in Ukrainian, you wretch?"

The passengers started to take notice. The porter shrugged his shoulders and smiled weakly at some man who had been watching us curiously.

"Oh, good Lord!" I muttered. "Another scandal! Danilo Ivanovich! I beg of you, let the man go!"

"Just a minute. Here, tell me, what would you call a man who forgets his mother? Huh?"

The third bell rang. The porter straightened up, assumed a severe expression and stated firmly:

"Please pay me for my service, or I shall have to call a policeman."

Hearing the word "policeman," I instantly took out the twenty kopeks and shoved the coin into the porter's hand. He disappeared momentarily.

Nedotorkany nodded his head for some reason and placed his change purse in his pocket. The train started. I made myself comfortable, sighed with relief and dozed off into a nap. I was in the midst of dreamland when, suddenly, a familiar voice boomed in my ears.

"Ukraine saved Russia!" I heard.

And On the Train

I opened my eyes and looked around. And, just imagine, a whole meeting was in progress. Somehow peasants, students, workmen, small business men, Jews—all were gathered as though at a rally. And in the midst of them all, Nedotorkany was orating. Trouble, Olga, trouble, that's all; wherever you turned, all you could hear was: "Revolution, resolution, constitution, intelligentsia!" Never were there such doings on trains before! There were times

* Born 65 years ago (1880). Novelist and revolutionary. Premier during time of Central Rada of Ukrainian National Republic.

¹ Bohdan Khmelnytsky—Hetman of Ukrainian Kozaks and fighter for Ukrainian freedom in the 17th century.

² Khakhol—a Tsarist Russian derogatory term used to describe a Ukrainian.

³ Politsia—in Ukrainian, a shelf.

⁴ Muzhik—a peasant, connotes "common."

A VALUABLE GUIDEBOOK

By HONORE EWACH

When a Ukrainian American comes to Canada and has no friends there he may find it difficult to locate prominent Ukrainians, Ukrainian business establishments, institutions, churches, schools, community halls, or to get any information on Ukrainians in Canada in general.

We have pleasure to state that all such information, and more, can be easily obtained in a big book named "Ukrainians in Canada," recently compiled and published by Mr. F. A. Macrouch. The book is already in its third edition—the 1945 edition. While the first edition of the book contained only the information on Winnipeg, the present revised edition covers the whole of Canada.

The classified directory of Ukrainian business and professional interests in Winnipeg alone covers 50 pages of Mr. Macrouch's book—from page 55 to page 105. It lists Ukrainians in every kind of profession and business in the city of Winnipeg, which has a Ukrainian population numbering 22,578, that is 10% of Winnipeg's entire population.

If Ukrainian American visits the city of Toronto, he will also feel quite at home with Mr. Macrouch's directory in hand. He will find the necessary information between the pages 142 and 183. All the indicated pages are covered up with names and addresses of Ukrainian business and professional men, of Ukrainian business establishments, and societies in Toronto.

In his book Mr. Macrouch has compiled all the possible data and information about the Ukrainians in Canada, wherever they are. In addition, he has included many valuable articles by prominent Canadians, relative almost to every phase of Canadian life. The book is 208 pages long, of reference book size—7x10.

Mr. Macrouch's aim is to present Ukrainians with an exhaustive and reliable book of information on every phase of Ukrainian activity in

Canada. Though the 1945 edition of the book is commendable in every way, Mr. Macrouch's plans for the 1946 edition are even more ambitious.

On pages 193-197 Mr. Macrouch has given us a very valuable table of occupations. He names 226 different occupations and gives the number of Ukrainians employed in each occupation. We notice that most of the Canadian Ukrainians are engaged in farming. Out of the total number of Canadian Ukrainians employed, 113,931, almost half are engaged in agriculture (54,972). Then come those who are employed by manufacturers—13,148. Laborers engaged in fishing, logging and mining number 9,248. When we look for the Canadian Ukrainians who are engaged in highly technical or cultural and educational activities we also find very encouraging figures. For instance, there are 49 chemists and metallurgists, 59 physicians and surgeons, 108 graduate nurses, 116 musicians and music teachers, 208 clergymen, 1,213 teachers, 38 lawyers and notaries, 23 artists and art teachers, 26 authors, editors, and journalists, 72 engineers, and so forth. In general the figures of the college-educated and highly trained Ukrainians in Canada are very encouraging. What we miss yet in the statistics about the Ukrainians in Canada are such highly responsible positions as those of judges, provincial and Dominion government ministers, etc. Also the number of university professors and of high school principals (5) is decidedly too small. Still we have every indication that the Ukrainians in Canada are advancing very rapidly towards the most responsible and highest positions.

Mr. Macrouch's Ukrainian directory points out that the Ukrainians in Canada, since their first appearance in the Dominion in 1891, have made excellent progress.

FOR VICTORY BUY BONDS

when a man could travel peacefully, quietly, converse with his neighbor about crops, or the Boer war, and his blood flowed calmly, his soul rested at peace. But now all you hear, "So many were killed, so many were maimed!" Or, "Confiscate land without compensation!" "No, with compensation!" And so they carry on, not realizing that such words as "with or without compensation" tear somebody's heart apart. And our old geezers do the same. They think they're smart—the dopes! "The law must be obeyed," they say, "the bourgeoisie has to answer also—it doesn't have to be reduced to a beggarly status." How do you like that? Yes, my dear, did I not tell you: "Let's sell our land before it's too late." And you stopped me. "We'd better wait," you said.

Well, now what are we waiting for? You should have heard the discussion in the train!

"Ukraine saved Russia!" my friend Nedotorkany shouted.

"Why Ukraine?" some blond student inquired in Russian.

"Because Russia was still sleeping when our peasants revolted as early as 1902."

I was petrified. The man is mad—to advertise such a thing.

"Pardon me," said the student, "but you are mistaken."

"Aha!" I thought. "Here is a sensible man."

"Pardon me," he repeated, "but revolutionary events broke out in Russia before the Poltava insurrection. When you speak of 'rescue,' then Russia was saved only by the intelligentsia and the people."

"He's right," I thought, when suddenly from the top berth some young lady quickly raised herself and shouted in Russian:

"That's not right, if you want to

know. Your intelligentsia hardly exerted itself to raise the flag of revolution. To be sure, they followed the flag which was raised by the proletariat, but even so they only stumbled along. Of course, I am not speaking of the proletarian intelligentsia, but of the bourgeoisie, everywhere they betray the cause of liberty."

The young woman sat up and pushed aside her pillow, ready to fight. And then they all started at once! Some shouted, "Intelligentsia," others, "Proletariat!"

First, only some laborer supported her point of view, then the blond student and, finally, another man of well-to-do appearance.

Their discussion reached such heights that I felt dizzy.

"Well," I thought, "this is surely the end: imprisonment!"

And that's what happened. Maybe it might not have, but some evil power shoved Nedotorkany into the argument. At one time the discussion ceased, and he was silenced for awhile. I thought he would remain so. But far from it, he just had to start something new. So long as they left Ukraine alone, he controlled himself, but as soon as somebody mentioned his sore spot, Nedotorkany would let go to the limit. Ukraine is just like an open wound in him—touch it and he'll go mad. I can't even be angry at him, because he is just an unfortunate individual. All he worries about is whether this man speaks Ukrainian, or whether that one recognize Ukraine. Why, I myself love Mother Ukraine, I am devoted to our language, I respect our Father Taras, but to think of nothing else but that—well, I can't. Somebody happened to mention in passing that Po-

⁵ Taras Shevchenko—Bard and national martyr of Ukraine.

THE "LITTLE RUSSIAN" NATIONALITY

SOME of our dyed-in-the-wool "katsaps" (Russophiles) and the so-called "Carpatho-Russians," whose number is constantly dwindling and who still insist on calling themselves "Russian" or something similar and refuse to be called Ukrainians, will find a bit of constructive information in the following quotation from "An Inaugural Lecture," delivered on 30 November 1922, by Prof. N. B. Jopson of the University of London:

"Is there a separate Little Russian Nationality? The answer is undoubtedly 'No,' if the question is presented in that form. Is there a Ukrainian nationality? To that one must today answer 'Yes,' if only for the reason that many people call themselves and have a conscious sentiment of being Ukrainians,—that is, something distinct from Russians or Poles, and that the world press as a whole has begun to write of the Ukrainians as a separate entity, in spite of the fact that part of this people is still under Russian and part under Polish rule. This growth of public opinion at home and abroad, combined with a variety of other factors dependent on religion, language, literature, tradition, customs, ethnology, etc., makes it on the whole necessary to exclude the Ukrainians from the total of present day Russians. Before the war the Ukrainian nationality was considered by the majority of those who wrote in Little Russian or, as it was called in former Austria, Ruthenian, to be something distinct from a Russian or Polish nationality, but the great mass of Europeans could only partially subscribe to such a point of view. However the language was viewed, all the Slavonic people of Russia were, for the average European, Russian because they formed part of the Russian Empire, and the Ruthenians of Galicia were Austrians for a similar reason..."

"The territory and ethnographical boundaries of Ukraine are too

uncertain and intricate to be detailed here. The Ukraine Socialist Soviet Republic was, let us note, recognized by Soviet Russia as an independent sovereign state at the end of 1920... In Czechoslovakia, too, there are many Ukrainians near the Carpathians."

The author describes the situation as he saw it in 1922. Since that time great many changes have taken place. Thus practically all of Ukraine today is under Moscow rule in the form of the Ukrainian Socialist Soviet Republic.

Today there are no more "Little Russians," "Rusniaks," "Carpatho-Russians," or "Ruthenians." There are, however, only the white (nationalist), the red (communist), and the pink (socialist) Ukrainians, but just the same they are all Ukrainians.

Some confusion, however, still exists in some American publications, because some authors have not acquainted themselves with the latest facts in regard to the Ukrainian nationality and language, or because some publishers are reprinting the "stuff" without revising it. Among the foremost of them are the Encyclopedia Britannica and a few books on linguistics. The Encyclopedia Americana is much better than any other existing encyclopedia as far as the Ukrainian question is concerned.

D. T. LAZARE
Detroit, Mich.

GRADUATES CUM LAUDE

Miss Martha Gazella, daughter of Mrs. Mary Gazella, 808 E. Lackawana street, Olyphant, Pa. graduated June 3 from Marywood College with the Bachelor of Science Degree, cum laude, in Home Economics. She received honorable mention for the Shafer Medal for excellence in Home Economics. She was awarded membership to Kappa Gamma Pi national honorary society.

land would probably attain autonomy. Against my will, I glanced at Nedotorkany. I could trace signs of tension in him—as if he were waiting for something. The others changed the subject. But Nedotorkany interrupted them, asking sternly:

"And what about Ukraine?"

At first they didn't get the meaning.

"What about Ukraine?" somebody finally inquired.

"Just that Poland gets her autonomy, but what about Ukraine?"

"Perhaps, with time, Ukraine will have her autonomy, too."

"You don't say so?" Nedotorkany retorted sarcastically. "Well, thank you! Thank you very kindly..."

"You aren't against it, are you?" asked the blond student. Nedotorkany knitted his brows and stated very definitely:

"Ukraine for Ukrainians! We don't need your autonomy!" This unleashed a real tempest. The student, foaming with anger, let his tongue loose on Nedotorkany. The latter started waving his fists and yelling. At that moment, we reached a station and train stopped. I thought the crowd would yell my ears off. Then, suddenly, pushing his way through the crowd, a policeman appeared. Silence. Some damned fool had probably called him. Nedotorkany, on seeing him, boiled with anger.

"Aha!" he shouted, "So that's what you are! Hide behind a policeman? Revolutionists, eh?"

"Liar! We didn't call him!"

"You lie yourself! Just look, you peasants. Look how your countrymen defend you! See how they fight on the side of those who defend your national honor and soul. They've sicked a dog on me."

"Permit me, sir. What's going on here?" started the constable. But no:

our madman wouldn't allow anybody to utter one word.

"Mr. Samjarenko Let's Go!"

"Take me, take me!" he shouted. "I don't fear the gendarme's clutches! We know how to fight for our ideal. Arrest us, you tyrants! Mr. Samjarenko, let's go! The Russians are handing us over into 'hands of justice'."

You can imagine how I felt, when he fired those words—"Mr. Samjarenko, let's go!"—at me. I fainted—really fainted. I wanted to protest that this didn't concern me, that I was innocent, and, just as in a dream, I couldn't move my tongue! I thought I'd drop then and there. But God had mercy. Thus was I led out—half-numb. After a long time, I came to in a strange room.

That's why I am in jail. Not for anything else, I swear. All my explanations and pleading were of no avail, the police officer would not believe me and ordered my removal to Poltava. Yesterday they brought me here. I hoped they would let me go, that the warden would pardon me, I thought, after all, they'll discover that I am a peaceful man.

Hurry here, sweetheart, and rescue me.

Sell those pigs, borrow a fifty from Metrofan Philipovich, and come bail me out, Olga, or I won't survive. Only, mind you, don't sell the boar, because he comes of good stock.

Your husband,
SIDOR SAMJARENKO

P. S.—Nedotorkany isn't in the least remorseful—even in prison. He's aroused the enmity of all his prison companions. "Out with you," he cries, "out of our Ukrainian jails, you Russians devils. Who dragged you in here anyway?" Pray, tell me, is he not a fool?

DESCRIBES EXPERIENCES AS ANTI-AIRCRAFT GUNNER

SOME of the experiences he had as a member of the 74th Anti-Aircraft Artillery Brigade on the German front are described by John Dowhanczuk (rank not given), formerly of Boston where he was active in Ukrainian American youth circles, in a letter written to his brother Jerry Dowhanczuk MA M3/c of the Newport navy base. Letter follows:

Relaxing in Liege

Dear Jerry:

How is everything with you? Well, now that the restrictions are off, I'll give you a brief resume of my adventures since you last saw me in the states.

First, it's been extremely cold and wet here the past few days, just like home. I went to Liege, Belgium last night and it certainly is a lovely spot. While I was there, I went dancing at a beautiful chateau and I learned that the place is entirely under the supervision of the U. S. Army. The drinks there are very good. A champagne cocktail (a water glass full) cost 15 francs, equivalent to about thirty cents. Bordeaux wine, which is excellent, by the way, is also extremely reasonable. A very entertaining evening may be spent for only a dollar. I should know! I was invited to a steak supper this Friday.

There are a few very nice theatres in town, and also numerous ice-cream parlors. These ice-cream places are very ornate and very elaborately decorated. They all have a wonderful assortment of flavors and different types of ice cream. This all seemed so strange to me, considering the scarcity of ice cream back home.

Then too, there are a great many clip-joints, where the owners charge as much as 90 cents for a glass of beer. Rank doesn't mean too much here, as the enlisted men seem to have all the prettiest girls.

Once in a while I get an opportunity to go to the Opera. I have a ticket to see La Tosca Sunday. I also get to see a good movie now and then. I saw "Brazil" a couple of nights ago. It was okay. They have a stage show along with the featured film, and immediately after it they play the Star Spangled Banner. This particular night I was there when they played it as usual and everyone stood up suddenly. I guess the guy a couple of seats up from me forgot he had a bottle of excellent Cognac in his lap. Well 30 seconds later the last five rows in the theatre smelled exactly like a distillery.

Well, Jerry, we had a physical last week, and I'm all set for general duty. We had more shots also, and a clothing shakedown is set for next Monday. No one knows officially, but I guess we are due for warmer climate. As far as my getting home in the near or immediate future, I really don't know. No one does.

I guess you're curious to know just where I left the states and when, so here goes...

Embarkation for European Theatre

I left Ft. Hamilton in Brooklyn, September 24th and boarded the Queen Elizabeth. We left next morning, which was Sunday, and we were all by ourselves. The crossing took five and a half days. To avoid "U" Boats, we went down to the Bahamas, and up along the coast of Portugal. As we pushed between Ireland (which was plainly visible) and Scotland, up into the anchorage at the Firth of Clyde, it grew very cold and windy. We got off the boat after a 12 hour wait, and left by train for Litchfield, England. This was 12 miles from Birmingham.

It was a beautiful, sunny day for the ride, and we really managed to get a splendid opportunity to view the countryside. At Litchfield, we

barracked at the S. Staffordshire Regiments' Barracks. It was modelled after some medieval prison, I guess. The buildings were entirely composed of brick, with high walls encircling the place. Barbed wire seemed to be everywhere and anywhere too. All that was missing were machine guns posted at every corner. The M. P.s were ex-combat men, so we got out a good deal more than we were supposed to, and plenty of times without passes.

One thing about the Midland English which frankly puzzled and amused all of us was how they manage to keep up a pretense of existing on practically next to nothing. Most (999 out of a 1000) homes have a fire-place, and stoves are unheard of. Actually, most of them are still living in the 17th century here. Later on when we came to the rapid conclusion that Holland and Belgium are terrific, as far as advancement is concerned, but England is definitely outmoded. I managed to take occasional trips to Birmingham, Coventry, Liverpool, Southampton, etc. It was good to see places I once visualized only when reading books.

It took us three days to cross the Channel, and I really got sick. We arrived on the beach at Le Havre, about the 19th of November. The next week was a nightmare of little sleep, wet sleep, and practically no living. We travelled 48 hours in box-cars, with plenty of dirt, etc. We finally arrived at a replacement depot and stayed until December 1st. Then the Ninth Air Defense Command came along and took us up into the mud of Versailles. However this didn't last long, and we moved into the University of Paris, December 15th.

We had quite a time for two heavenly weeks, as we had no specific duties, and we merely ate, slept, and took time off to do a bit of sight-seeing. Just before Christmas, I ate something which didn't agree with me, and the Doc gave me two shots of opium. The stuff put me to sleep for thirty hours and when I finally awoke I felt perfect. Strangely enough, I had no after-effects from the opium. One certainly experiences strange things in this Army.

Orders Come Through

Up to then there were four of us and an officer, all quartered together. Our orders came through and a 40 MM A.A. Gun and Gun Crew of nine men joined us. We were to proceed to Rouen to pick up the locator equipment and from there move on to Antwerp to fire on Buzz Bombs, which were really raining down on the city and docks of the vital areas.

Firing At Buzz Bombs

We arrived in 23 hours' riding time, only to have a bomb drop 50 yards away and almost finish us off before we started the deal. The day we arrived, we set up our "apparatus" 15 miles north of Antwerp. Right away the Krauts came over and strafed us. I guess they were 20 feet off the ground. The next day we shot at the first Buzz Bomb that came into range. It was a Sunday shot and we sure cussed over it plenty, because one of the fellas forgot to turn a knob and all six shots fell short. Thus, another block of Antwerp blew up just ten seconds later.

We were set up between 4 batteries of 90 M/M guns, which really blazed away, all four guns firing as one. They got magnificent results, but a large percentage of bombs slipped through. They came over in pairs together, or one high on the right and the other low on the left. Some were doing 250 mph, others as high as 640 mph; fog, rain, sun, day or night they kept coming, and sometimes I could see as many as eight fire balls (exhaust) on the

horizon. They sailed overhead, sounding like a motor boat in low, and then 90 M/M's would punch out and poof—a puff of yellow, orange, and seconds later wham, and it was all over.

Danger always existed when we crippled them, as they floated around, finally coming down on positions. One bounced us out of bed one morning, 200 yards away. They often made a hole 40 feet square, once they made a hit.

I went to Antwerp one morning, after a not too successful night on the gun. It seems one hit a six story building and exploded in the cellar a couple of hours before. Just matchwood and piles of brick, left alongside of 28 dead Canadians. Two weeks earlier one hit a theatre and killed 600 G.I.s. This finished the movies in Antwerp for all American troops.

I used to go swimming quite often at an indoor pool and occasionally a near-hit would make the surface of the swimming pool quiver. It gave one an odd sensation whenever it happened. These German planes make an eerie roar over a city, and the fire-tail was all that could be seen at night.

It was in January and bitter cold when we moved several times to compensate for the constant movement of the buzz bomb launching platforms. Early one morning out of clear blue sky the frost fell like snow. This didn't help the equipment any.

One day somehow or other two rounds of ammunition got to the loading tray and the second round fired the first. I was standing by and I went feet first over the kettle, about fifteen feet through the air. I got a few minor burns (nothing serious). The gun was a total wreck.

Sees Own Bombers Shot Down

Several days after this happened, we went to Louvre, Belgium (30 miles from Brussels) to defend an air strip there. We had no enemy action there. One night, however, as I was looking up at the formation of British Bombers coming back from Germany, the sudden clatter and flash of a 20 M/M cannon showed up and the tail of one of the bombers was all but shot off. Down the bomber came with a sickening shriek, and a wing ripped off just before it hit the ground. It exploded about a quarter of a mile from where I happened to be standing. I went over and took a look at the debris. All eight of the crew were dead. Four burned in the wreckage, and the other four were thrown clear. They didn't even get a chance to use their chutes. One young boy was cut in half at the waist. The pilot was sunk about four feet in the ground. The wreckage was strewn over a half a square mile, and the sight was one I would like to forget forever.

This is all we saw of Belgium for a while, as the next day we moved to the Ninth U. S. Army, which was at Maastricht. There I met Arthur (one of my buddies back home in J. P.) and we had a wonderful reunion atop of a high hill, protecting the Second Armored Division from Nazi planes, which never appeared. Later that same day, we went across the Rhur and on, up to Cologne with the First U. S. Army. The big guns behind us were shelling the city on the south, which as yet was not occupied. A huge air fleet passed overhead, and we saw the Krauts send eight heavies down in flames. News of the breakthrough on the Ludendorff Bridge at Remagen came next morning, and we packed up and got ther at 430 P.M. that afternoon. Infantry and tanks rumbled by, and every few minutes out of low clouds the enemy came. The fire was a wall of steel. I don't to this day know how the Krauts survived it, but some did. First thing the next morning a 109 slipped in and dropped a near miss.



JOHN DOWHANCZUK

He crossed in front of us, and our sixth shot exploded on his wing. He came down fast.

The equipment balked up miserably that day, and as a result we missed about thirty thirty excellent shots. Gradually our fighters appeared, twenty P-38's to patrol. Regardless of them, however, four F.W.-109s came over and made a run for it. We got the last plane and managed to set it afire. Instead of letting the A.A. get them our fighters closed in and got another plane, but our A.A. fire got one of ours. Two others pulled up sharply to avoid the fire and tore each other's wings off. The plane was strewn with wreckage of many planes and the ground shook from the steady pounding of artillery barrage around and behind us, blasting for the infantry just 2000 yards ahead.

We lived on this spot with the Navy which was making ready for the assault crossing just a short distance away. At dusk when the planes came over, our tracer bullets made a wall of red. It was quiet for two days after that, but we lived on the guns.

Attacked by Jet Planes

One afternoon, about four, a jet-propelled 262 came right out of the sun, past twenty of our fighters. Down came a bomb easy to see, and almost as rapidly, the Nazi plane disappeared. Five planes of this type came in and all five managed to get away scot-free. The flak had just begun to burst as they disappeared. Boy, were they fast!

We left for the Third Army at Luxemburg and Trier next morning. The bridge collapsed the same afternoon due to continual shelling. At Trier we had a sort of a rest, as we just demonstrated the equipment. We went to the Seventh Army from here at Kaiserslautern, Mannerheim, etc.

We had one man with us on our trip who knew a little more about the equipment than the officer in charge, and he used this skill as a mean instrument. Actually he didn't know a great deal himself, and in order to be the big shot that he pretended to be, he used to buffet one man against the other. This same individual had a dirty and vicious under-handed manner of bringing out any shortcomings a man might have, and by subtle ridicule, etc. he'd often embarrass a fellow. He'd often put a fella in a tough spot and after the damage was done, he'd very meekly, and sympathetically remark that perhaps he had made a mistake. For some unknown reason he feared me most, and was always gum-shoeing around when I spoke to our superior officer (one of the best) or even a total stranger. Some day this tough guy will get lowered a peg or two. But I'm surely glad I've only seen a few men like him in this grand army of ours, and I sure hope it's the last.

Well Jerry, take it easy now, and give my regards and love to all of the family.

Your kid brother,
JOHNNY.

ДРІБНІ ОГЛОШЕННЯ—WANT ADS

Classified Department—Bergen 4-9237—Bryant 9-0553

War Manpower Commission Employment Regulations

Essential Workers need Statement of Availability. If transferring to less essential, need U. S. Employment Service consent in addition. Critical workers also need both.

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FOR VICTORY BUY BONDS

ROCHESTER PWs RETURN HOME

Four former prisoners of war from Rochester, N. Y., all members of St. Josaphat's parish, are now back home after having been freed from the Nazi by the Yanks, the parish's Catholic Advocate bulletin reports.

They are Lieut. George Sokolsky, Pfc. Joseph C. Lanick, Pvt. Charles B. Fideor, and Pvt. Harry Paruta.

Lt. Sokolsky was the first of the group to be taken prisoner. This was back in November, 1943, when in the course of a bombing mission over Germany as a bombardier his plane encountered engine trouble and the entire crew was forced to bail out. George failed to hit the ground and instead found himself entangled in wire strung from a pole. After some fancy manipulations, he was able to release the harness of his parachute and descend via the rope route.

German civilians were soon on the scene to "greet" the newcomer. Much to his surprise they took him to one of their homes and fed him jam and tea. Within a couple of hours, however, German military marched him off to a prison camp, where he spent suffered and starved for 18 months.

chalked the figure of a heart, inside which was inscribed: "Tommy loves Helen." Beneath this had been added in childish scrawl, "This is an unconfirmed report."

One Thing He Didn't Want

Out in a Western town a number of lions had broken out of a circus and were headed for the open prairie. A posse was organized to hunt them down, and the leader suggested that before the chase began it might be well for the men to stop in a saloon and have a drink. This suited all the members except the town ne'er-do-well, Jason.

"Whiskey for all!" the leader yelled, when the men had lined up before the bar.

"Not for me," objected Jason. "Just gimme a jigger of ginger ale."

"You'll take whiskey!" shouted the leader. "It'll give you courage."

"Heck!" rejoined Jason. "That's jest what I'm afeared of."

Civilian Americans At War

The Government needs and asks its citizens in this 190th week of the war against Japan to:

1. Be ready to answer local calls for help from short-handed farmers. By working with the crop corps you will do your part in assuring adequate food supplies.

2. Take a non-nursing auxiliary hospital job. Hospitals are overcrowded and badly in need of permanent help. Apply at your local hospital.

3. Report all overcharges, however small, to the Price Control Board of your ration board. Without this check by individual shoppers, prices cannot be held down. You need not give your name.

4. Go to sea for at least one voyage as a cook, baker, butcher or steward in the Merchant Marine. Sea experience is unnecessary and the work furnishes valuable training for restaurant jobs. Wire collect, Merchant Marine, Washington 25, D. C.

5. Make fall plantings in your victory garden now. Many cool weather green vegetables, sown now, will mature this fall and late root vegetables can be stored for winter.

NO CHANGE IN PRICES ON WARTIME BICYCLES

Present dollar-and-cent ceiling prices for bicycles made to wartime specifications will remain in effect although the WPB Limitation Order L-52, covering war bicycles, has been revoked, OPA said. Revocation of the limitation order, effective May 22, 1945, opened the way for manufacturers to produce pre-war models, but some manufacturers have indicated they will continue for the time being to make wartime models, OPA said.

ONLY ESSENTIAL MEN TO GET TRAILER GAS

Special gasoline rations for moving house trailers used by workers who move from job to job will be issued hereafter only if the workers are employed at essential establishments or construction projects, OPA says. Previously, gasoline rations could be issued for moving a house trailer to be used as housing for a person in connection with his occupation, without regard to the kind of work performed. This permitted persons doing non-essential work to obtain more gasoline for travel than the maximum "B" rations provide for occupational driving. Occupational rations were not intended for transporting migratory workers not occupied on essential jobs, OPA explained.

PRICE RULE CHANGED FOR REFRIGERATORS

Price regulations governing sales and rentals of used mechanical household refrigerators have been amended effective August 6, OPA said. The following changes are made:

1. Control of refrigerator rentals

An Urgent Message

(Forwarded to The Ukrainian Weekly by Dr. Nellie Pelechovich-Hayvoronsky of New York City).

Over 30,000 wounded a month are pouring back from overseas. A million and a half workers suffered industrial accidents last year.

More than 19,000 victims were stricken by infantile paralysis in 1944. Thousands still are recovering from past epidemics.

All these casualties—soldiers, sailors and civilians—create a major emergency. For many of those crippled by war, disease and accident, only one hope for rehabilitation exists—the remedial power of physical therapy.

At the present time, there are only 2,500 trained physical therapists in the entire country. 1,300 of these are serving the Army and Navy. The rest are struggling to carry the stupendous load on the civilian front.

More physical therapists must be trained now if thousands of injured Americans are to have their chance at rehabilitation. Will you be one?

Free training now is available. The National Foundation for Infantile Paralysis has allocated over \$1,250,000 to train some 1,000 new physical therapists at once.

Scholarships to qualified candidates, both men and women, include tuition at approved physical therapy schools, as well as maintenance, books, and transportation if necessary.

Upon graduation, you are a free agent, available to work with any type of patient. You are in no way required to serve exclusively in the infantile paralysis field.

Here's your opportunity for a stimulating career. Write for applications today to—

THE NATIONAL FOUNDATION FOR INFANTILE PARALYSIS, Inc.
120 Broadway, New York 5, N. Y.

by landlords to tenants is clarified. 2. Refrigerators sold "as is" must have all parts necessary for operation. 3. A consumer selling a used mechanical refrigerator must give a written agreement to pay for all parts and repairs needed to fulfill the guaranty.

All models produced in 1941 and 1942, and all lift top refrigerators, are given dollar-and-cent prices. The \$5 warranty allowance added by the seller on used refrigerators with a one-year guarantee is increased to \$10 on 1939 and 1940 models.

CONSUMER PROSPECTS FOR HOUSEHOLD GOODS

Clinton P. Anderson, Secretary of Agriculture, announced an order that will increase by ten per cent the United States production of household "heavy duty" laundry-type soaps, by requiring manufacturers to use additional quantities of water-softening "builder" materials in their products.

What They Say

Clinton P. Anderson, Secretary of Agriculture, speaking in New York:

"America can't feed the world. We've got to make that clear and positive from the outset or we are inviting a lot of misunderstanding, trouble and ill will. But we must do what we can. This country is facing the fact that many items of what American loves as its daily diet are in short supplies. We are eating into our reserve stock of meat, poultry, eggs, sugar, lard and canned goods. The public can be told this because at the same time we know people will not starve. There is enough nutritious food for an ample, though different diet, even if it doesn't include what you and I have been taught to like."

William Green, president of the American Federation of Labor:

"That part of the United Nations organization which labor believes will grow into the most useful and efficient activity not only in securing peace but in assuring 'social progress and better standards of life in larger freedom' is international economic and social cooperation through the Economic and Social Council. Because of the strikingly different experiences and the varied institutions of the fifty nations signing the United Nations Charter, there was a more limited area of agreement upon economic matters... and therefore agencies and procedures under the Economic and Social Council must be developed in the process of operation. We hope developments will follow practice in more advanced industrial countries..."

Weekly Banter

Aquiring Polish

She was a chorus girl and she complained to her chorus girl friend: "Why ain't I never invited to parties in swell places like you are, Daisy? I get invited once and they never ask me again."

"I'll tell you why you are never invited the second time. You can't discuss any subject with people when you are at a party. Why don't you read a book? Then you'll be an interesting conversationalist."

The lectured one decided to read a book—and did. A few days later she was invited to a party. She listened to the talk for awhile and then cut in with, "Wasn't that too bad about Marie Antoinette?"

★

Market Report

Everybody seems to love
The food there is a shortage of.
— Louise Shaw

Suggestion Number One

The "suggestion box" as a technique for gaining and holding employe cooperation has become firmly established during the period of increased war production. Many important contributions have been made and these suggestions, collectively, have resulted in substantially increased industrial efficiency.

Certainly among the more practical suggestions should be included this one found recently in a midwestern factory collection: Suggestion: "Move the suggestion box. It's right where I always bump my head on it."

★

Anything For a leave

A soldier on leave wired his commanding officer:

"Spent furlough convincing her—request extension to marry her."

"What some guys won't do for an extension. Granted," the C.O. replied.

★

Must Be Reading the Newspapers

Current war news is greatly affecting our younger generation. On a New York sidewalk recently was