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DESCRIBES FAREWELL GATHERING AT UCSA LONDON CLUB

The London quarters of the Ukrainian Canadian Servicemen's Association (218 Sussex Gardens), well known for its hospitality and cheer to Canadian as well as American servicemen of Ukrainian extraction, is now often the scene of farewell gatherings as more and more of the boys and girls in service homeward bound visit the club for one last time.

John Yuzyk, editor of the UCSA newsletter describes one such gathering he attended. He writes that whereas the last Easter get-together and the V-E Day celebration were joyous affairs, there was a tinge of sadness over the parting at the gathering he attended during one weekend in June.

Present then were men who had fought at Dieppe, in Italy, Europe and various other battlefronts. Some of them had been constantly in action since D-Day. Among them were boys from the RCAF Fighter and Bomber Command, likewise a few airmen from the Tactical Airforce, boys who flew and serviced the Typhoons, Spitfires and Mosquitos and for whom the army boys had the highest praise.

All day Saturday they kept arriving. Towards evening all sleeping space was occupied. But accommodations were provided for all. The evening was spent in conversation, reminiscences, and in singing Ukrainian songs around the piano. Ukrainian Canadian serviceladies served a delicious luncheon and, Yuzyk writes, the boys certainly enjoyed the good Canadian coffee and other Canadian refreshments which some of them had not tasted for years."

Sunday morning everyone attended a Ukrainian church service conducted by Padre Symchuk in the club lounge. The boys assisted by singing with fervor. After the service the UCSA members held a short meeting at which the federal elections in Canada were discussed as well as what to do with the UCSA after the war.

About one o'clock a Sunday dinner was held and naturally the attendance was so great that two sittings were required. But there was enough food to go around. L.A.C. Yuzyk writes especially credit for the repast was due to Cpl. Anne Cherniawsky, who is the club director, and to Lieut. Anne Crapleve, Mary Wasio, and L.A.W. Emily Winarski, and also to the boys who assisted the girls.

Pay Homage to the Dead

After dinner Father Symchuk with around thirty boys left for the Canadian Military Cemetery at Brookwood, where they held a final memorial service for Ukrainian Canadian boys buried there. Beautiful wreaths were deposited on their graves. It was a poignant occasion.

By Sunday some of the boys began to disperse to their units, while those on leave remained. Since then the club has been visited every day, and a seemingly endless get-together in progress.

"These are really happy days at the club," writes L.A.C. Yuzyk, "to see our heroes on their way home. Gone are those sad partings to the battlefronts, the air stations and the fighting ships."

Gets Silver Star

T/5 Frank Demkovitz, son of Mr. Mrs. Philip Demcovitz, 1261 Waverly Place, Elizabeth, N. J. was home on furlough recently after being through some very bitter fighting in Germany. In the course of which he won a Silver Star for "courage and unflinching devotion to duty." A member of U. N. A. Branch 408, of which his father is president, Frank has four brothers in the army. One of them, Bronco, was killed in action in Holland last February 27th.

Frank, who is in a tank battalion with the 1st Army, knocked out four tanks before his own was hit. The place was swarming with Germans and Frank and a few of his buddies hid in a hay loft for four days. He came back wearing the Silver Star and his citation read in part: "While attacking the strongly fortified town of Woollersheim, Germany, Technician Fifth Grade Demcovitz' tank was disabled by an anti-tank mine, wounding two of the crew members. In spite of the heavy enemy mortar and machine gun fire, Technician Fifth Grade Demcovitz, assisted by his gunner, successfully evacuated them through a mine field to the rear. Then, upon observing that the advance of friendly infantry was pinned

RECENT MILITARY AWARDS AND DECORATIONS

Among the latest Ukrainian Canadian servicemen to have received military awards and decorations are the following:

Distinguished Flying Cross awarded for Gallantry and Devotion to Duty:

F/O. Tony Horbul, J28929, Nakomis, Sask.; P/O. W. Kubiak, J89016, Montreal, Que.; P/O. Alex Kalyniuk, C19796, Timmias, Ont.; P/O. Maurice Rosko, J86666, Melrose, Sask.; F/O. Morris Krakowsky, J35526, Cobalt, Ont.; P/O. Waldemir Kirstiuk, J88375, Theodore, Sask.

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down because of enemy machine gun concentrations. Technician Fifth Grade Demcovitz, defying the hail of enemy fire, crawled through the mine field, mounted his disabled tank, and manning its machine guns, neutralized two enemy machine gun positions. Technician Fifth Grade Demcovitz' courage and unflinching devotion to duty enabled friendly infantry to continue its advance and forced the withdrawal of the enemy from their entrenched positions and exemplifies the highest traditions of the military service."

END OF THE WAR

The end of our war with Japan is already several days past. Yet its end came so suddenly that even now it's hard to fully realize it. One hundred and ninety two weeks it lasted. What with Japanese fanaticism, even when their empire was crashing all about them, the war seemed until about a week ago well-nigh endless. But now it's over. Yes, it's over. One is tempted to repeat that "over" over and over again, and revel in the joy it has released within us.

The end of our war with Germany, though a tremendous victory, had left us, despite a sense of elation over it, with a feeling of incompleteness, that of a job only half done and with plenty to do yet. What heightened that feeling was the knowledge that our brothers, sons, cousins and friends were still in mortal danger, that they yet had to fight against a foe more deadly, more treacherous and cruel than even the Nazis.

Now that feeling is over. The families of our boys in service know that barring accident they will sooner or later be reunited. Already family conferences are being held, to plan for that glorious day when the boys come home. It may be soon, it may be late. But they'll come home.

Our country has won. Her way of life, the best in the world, has been once more guaranteed—by the valor of our servicemen, by the steadfastness of the home front, and, most of all, by those who suffered and died on the land, sea and air battle fronts of the world, by those who made the supreme sacrifice in their

country's cause, and also so that we, their countrymen, who through chance escaped their hardships, sufferings and fate, may continue to enjoy life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness, until such time when they become endangered again.

May such danger never rise again. But rise it will. Inevitably. As long as the baser qualities of human nature remain, so long will there be strife and wars, so long will ruthless and power-mad individuals, cliques and regimes, attempt to rule and exploit peoples and nations.

Sweet as are the fruits of victory, they would have been far sweeter had this war resulted in the emergence to world leadership of only the democracies, such as America or Great Britain. Unfortunately, such is not the case. Soviet Russia, more powerful now than ever before, is not a democracy but a totalitarian state, with a philosophy of government as alien to the American democratic spirit as is Nazism. It is ruled arbitrarily and ruthlessly by an all-powerful clique in the Kremlin. Worse yet, the Ukrainian people, who played such a gallant role and suffered so much in the war against Germany, remain enslaved today under Moscow misrule.

The war brought liberation for many peoples. But not for the Ukrainians. And there lies the seed of future trouble, as the Ukrainians never have been and never will be passive to foreign rule and oppression.

UKRAINIAN REFUGEES PRESENT PROGRAM AT SALZBURG

A Ukrainian choral and dancing program was presented by a Ukrainian Committee (non-repatriates) at the American Red Cross Club in Salzburg, Austria, Wednesday, August 1, writes S/Sgt. John Kolotylo to the Weekly.

"The group performed very well," he notes, "the program was enjoyed very much by the American soldiers, the comments of the various soldiers was that the costumes were very colorful, the choral selections very melodious, the folk dance very picturesque and intricate, and that the performance of Roman Pryjma was of a very high quality."

A Talented Girl

Roma Pryjma, S/Sgt. Kolotylo explains, is the 18-year old daughter of Ivana Pryjma-Shmerykovska, opera singer and vocal instructor from Lwiv, and now living at Neben Bad Ischl, Austria. The daughter was soloist in Lwiv opera and ballet productions.

Roma's contribution to the program were several ballet selections, namely, Georgian comic dance, Ukrainian Kozak dance, and the Dance of Ukrainian Slaves of the Tartar-Turkish invasion period in Ukrainian history.

"She was very well received," writes S/Sgt. Kolotko, "and proved to be exceptionally talented, so talented in fact that if she could ever emigrate to the United States a brilliant career could be assured with any of the major ballet companies."

Included in the program were Ukrainian folk songs sung by a Ukrainian chorus, a vocal solo selection from "Zaporozhietz Beyond the Danube," piano solo—Prelude Esdure by Revutsky and Pastorale by Barvinsky, and a violin and piano duet.

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In Support of the Cause of Freedom

By SIMON DEMYDCHUK

AT its very start the United Nations Conference on International Organization held at San Francisco wrote one important chapter in the history of Ukraine. It was decided there that the Ukrainian Soviet Socialist Republic be admitted as a charter member of the United Nations. By virtue of this decision national recognition was given to Ukraine. However this was but a matter of form. Actually there is no sovereign Ukrainian state. If there was, then certainly champions of Ukrainian freedom the world over would have by now ceased their efforts on Ukraine's behalf. But they have not. On that account the struggle for Ukraine's liberty continues. And among those who are lending their best efforts to it are Americans of Ukrainian extraction.

It can be unhesitatingly stated however here that no other ethnic group in American has to overcome as many obstacles in public life as do the Ukrainians. This is due to the fact that the present Bolshevik regime in the Union of Soviet Socialist Republics inherited from the old Russian Tsarist regime its traditional anti-Ukrainian policy and has continued to execute it with all modern forms of force and propaganda, directed toward stamping out the smouldering fires of desire for a free and independent Ukrainian national life.

Red Interference at World's Fair

Not only the local brand of Communists but Moscow itself has obstructed Ukrainian American efforts, even of a purely cultural variety. Back in the summer of 1938 when the widely representative Ukrainian American Exposition Association began preparations to present a program of Ukrainian songs and dances at the New York World's Fair, after having first, of course, obtained permission from the Fair authorities, the Soviet Embassy itself moved heaven and earth, even exerting pressure on the State Department, to prevent the staging of that program. Fair officials, sympathetic to the Ukrainian American program, found themselves in a most unenviable spot. Finally, despite the pressure, the program was held.

Communist opposition in this country has not been confined only to vilification and Soviet Embassy "interventions." It has also taken on the form of force and intimidation. Let us, by way of example, look back to the notorious Soviet-sponsored famine in Ukraine in the early 30's which took a shocking toll of lives running into several millions. News of it was suppressed at that time by Soviet propaganda. Since then, thanks to several conscientious American newsmen, such as William Henry Chamberlin, it has become a matter of quite common knowledge.

When first reports of the famine reached this country via impeccable channels of news distribution, the Ukrainian Americans immediately took action. Throughout the various communities in which they live between New York and Chicago, they arranged various protest demonstrations, rallies and parades. It is here that the Soviet brand of terrorism made its appearance in this country. Organized gangs of Communist hoodlums, for example, attacked the Ukrainian marchers with clubs, brass-knuckles and stones, and the marchers were forced to defend themselves in well-nigh battle formations with the aid of the police.

First Ukrainian American Congress (1915)

Thus, as can be seen from the above, at every step of the way Ukrainian Americans are hindered or prevented from exercising their right of freedom of expression, and the right to espouse the noble cause

of freedom and independence for their long-enslaved and suffering kinsmen. Nevertheless, they remain undiscouraged and full of faith in the American sense of fair-play.

Their action to help free Ukraine first attracted public notice here back in 1915, when as raw immigrants they sent their representatives to a national congress at the historic Cooper Union in New York City (October 30-31). At that time they were being strongly opposed by Tsarist Russian agents. At that time, on account of the conditions, prevalent then, the Ukrainian demands were rather modest. They found expression in the memorandum which the Ukrainian American congress sent to the Department of State at Washington and which read as follows.

"The ultimate goal of the Ukrainians is the establishment of an independent Ukrainian state which would comprise the Ukrainians now inhabiting the countries of Eastern Europe, but realizing that this ultimate aim may not be accomplished in the near future, and not unmindful of the present day conditions, which present problems of immediate importance, they demand that in Austria-Hungary the Ukrainian territory be organized into a self-governing province on the federal lines, where the Ukrainian population, not dominated by the Poles or their aristocracy, shall solve its own national and economic problems.

"They demand also that Russian Ukraine, in fulfillment of the Treaty of Pereyaslav, which is now in the statute books of Russia and has not been abrogated, be granted autonomy."

Besides this, the immigrants concentrated their efforts on collecting funds for the relief of Ukrainian war sufferers in war-torn Europe. Here they had some success. Through the influence of Congressman James Hamill and Senator Henry Cabot Lodge both the House and the Senate passed a joint resolution, which was approved by President Wilson on March 2, 1917, in which it was—

"Resolved by the Senate and House of Representatives of the United States of America in Congress assembled, that in view of the wretchedness, misery and privation which these people [Ukrainians] are enduring, the President of the United States be respectfully requested to designate and appoint a day on which the citizens of this country may give expression to their sympathy by contributing to the funds now being raised for the relief of the Ruthenians [Ukrainians] in the belligerent countries."

In compliance with this resolution President Woodrow Wilson proclaimed April 21, 1917 as a day for contributing funds for the aid of the stricken Ukrainians; that day became known as the "Ukrainian Day in America." Funds raised on that day amounted to \$84,463.97.

In the midst of the preparations for the Ukrainian Day, the United States declared war on the Central Powers (April 6, 1917). This was the turning point for Ukrainian action in this country. Although most of the Ukrainian immigrants were as yet non-citizens, they all did their utmost in support of America's war effort. In return they expected at least some measure of understanding of their action on behalf of their kinsmen in Ukraine. Wilson's Fourteen Points proclaiming the right of national self-determination gave them added incentive. Likewise the stirrings of submerged peoples in Europe to regain their former national liberties showed the immigrants here that great events were impending, that now was the time to come to the support of their kinsmen in servitude. The years 1917-1922 were

marked in this country by unprecedented activity in this direction, not only by the Ukrainian ethnic group but also by other ethnic groups whose co-nationals on the other side needed their help. This activity began to attain its greatest proportions when the stirring news arrived that tsarist Russia had collapsed and Russian Ukraine had transformed itself into the Ukrainian National Republic (Jan. 22, 1918) and later that Austria-Hungary had also collapsed and that Austrian but Polish-dominated Ukraine had transformed itself into the Western Ukrainian Republic (Nov. 1, 1918); and finally, that these two republics had united themselves into one indivisible and independent Ukrainian National Republic (Jan. 22, 1919).

Work of National Committee

Since up to that time Ukrainian action in this country had been conducted by several rival groups, they made a decision to iron out some of their differences and coordinate their efforts. As a result, at the Ukrainian National Conference held in New York City on November 11, 1918 a joint Ukrainian National Committee was established, charged with the task of coordinating and giving direction to Ukrainian American efforts on behalf of a free Ukraine.

This national committee, however, did not represent the left-wing Ukrainian Federation in the United States. Nevertheless both groups worked toward the common aim of supporting the Ukrainian republic.

Since it required funds to operate, the Ukrainian National Committee issued an appeal for them; and this brought a substantial reply in form of about \$150,000 in contributions. A publicity bureau of the committee busied itself in preparing press releases, as well as memoranda and messages to the government, foreign embassies and governments, and organizations of various sorts. This bureau, located in New York City, had a branch in Washington. The committee also established contacts with Ukrainian organizations abroad. One of the prime achievements of the committee was its securing of the services of Congressman James Hamill of New Jersey to act as its representative, together with the committee vice-president Dr. Cyril Bilyk, at the Paris Peace Conference.

To gain added strength, the Ukrainian National Committee made a common cause with the representatives of the Baltic peoples in this country. Together they established the League of Estonians, Letts, Lithuanians, and Ukrainians (in May, 1919). At its national congress held in New York City on September 16-17, 1919, the league declared its principal objects to be:

"1. To aid the American people and the American Government in reaching a better understanding of the political, economic and social conditions in Eastern Europe.

"2. To induce the United States Government and the principal Allied and Associated Powers to recognize the sovereignty (newly-established) of the Republics of Estonia, Latvia, Lithuania and Ukraine, and to accord to each of them all the territory to which it is justly entitled."

"3. To aid in protecting the four republics from the aggression and invasion of Polish and German imperialists and from Bolsheviks.

"4. To further trade and commerce between the United States and the Republics of Estonia, Latvia, Lithuania and Ukraine."

The League succeeded in securing the assistance of Mr. Robert Caldwell, the president of the American Mid-European Association, created by the efforts of the Czech leader, Professor Thomas Masaryk. As a result on August 29, 1919 a hearing was

held before the United States Senate Committee on Foreign Relations. At this hearing representatives of each of the four nationalities laid the cases of their respective countries before the committee, while their counsel, Mr. George Gordon Battle, made a strong plea for a Senatorial recommendation to the State Department that it recognize the republics of Estonia, Latvia, Lithuania and Ukraine.

La Guardia's Message re Ukraine

An incident at the league's congress in New York worth recalling now, was the reading of a telegram by Vincent E. Jankowski (representing the Lithuanian group) from Congressman Fiorello H. LaGuardia of New York City, in which he stated: "... Our four sister republics should be recognized without delay. While that is not up to the House of Representatives I shall this day introduce a bill providing appropriations for the maintenance of legations in those countries, thereby expressing the sympathy of the House and readiness to act. Long live the New Republics."

All this work by the Ukrainian National Committee, and by the Ukrainian American group as a whole, was unable to stave off the impending doom of the Ukrainian republic. From all sides its enemies converged upon it: Bolsheviks, Denikin's armies, Poles and Rumanians; and internally it was beset by lack of war material and typhus. The climax came when despite the principle of self-determination, the Peace Conference of Versailles authorized the Poles (June 25, 1919) to occupy Western Ukraine with the forces of General Haller, organized and equipped by French and American aid. Then, following the Russian-Polish war, the Riga Treaty (1921) partitioned Ukraine between the two countries, leaving the Ukrainians only the slim hope that Polish occupation of Western Ukraine, particularly Eastern Galicia, might yet be disapproved by the Supreme Council of the Paris Conference.

Dissillusioned by this callous contravention of the principle of national self-determination, the Ukrainian Americans nevertheless commenced vigorous action to make American public opinion aware of the wrong that had been done to Ukraine. Mass rallies and parades were held and appeals dispatched to Washington and other capitals. These urged the termination of foreign military occupation of the Ukrainian soil, since, according to the Treaty of St. Germain, the Polish boundaries were not yet settled and the now-famous Curzon Line was recommended then as a possible boundary between Poland and Western Ukraine. They demanded the reestablishment of the Western Ukrainian Republic, composed of the Ukrainian territory occupied by Poland.

During this time the president of the Ukrainian National Committee, who was also the Administrator of the Ukrainian Catholic Diocese in America, Msgr. Peter Poniatshin, called on the Secretary of State Robert Lansing, and later on the new Secretary, Charles Evans Hughes, as on some members of the Congressional Committee for Foreign Affairs.

In response to his appeals, he was advised by them to restrict the Ukrainian demand to that of mere autonomy for Western Ukraine, which was contrary to the general sentiment of the Ukrainians throughout the whole world.

Undiscouraged by such advice the Ukrainian Americans continued to protest against Polish occupation of Western Ukraine and the approval of it by the Allied Supreme Council. They likewise protested against the Bolshevik absorption of Eastern Ukraine, although they realized that neither the American government nor any of the Allied governments had the slightest influence upon the Reds.

(Continued on page 4)

In the Orthopedic Ward with Your Wounded— Plaster Casts and Grins!

By 2nd LT. HELENE METHOT

(Concluded)

In my own ward there is a sort of game going on. Each patient tries to prove to the other that he has improved since yesterday, and works double time really at doing something that can better his condition. I was surprised at the report from the gym. Two of my boys had been skipping out of the gym and walking around during that hour. One day they were picked up and ordered into the gym. Lieutenant Robert Smith, MD, gym instructor, tells me the story. They stood against the wall definitely refusing to participate in the exercises of the other boys, who at that time were playing ball. Instead of ordering them to join in the exercises, Lt. Smith worked out this plan (and incidentally, he was selected for this job because he knew his business): He whispered to some of the boys to let the ball roll towards the two recalcitrants. When the ball rolled to them, one of the balky patients kicked it away in disgust. Again the ball came rolling their way—the other GI picked it up and threw it. Within two minutes they were in the game. Isn't that just like boys? Playing in the gym for the next half hour, these two men did more than they ever realized in speeding their way back to their homes in good health.

Now, would you like to peek through the ward with me? Before doing so, however, I must tell you where we are—U.S. General Hospital, Camp Edwards, Massachusetts, on Cape Cod. It is a beautiful spot. As a civilian I used to drive here on my vacation. It is a healthful, wholesome location. The very fact that it is isolated a bit makes it the most wonderful place for a hospital. Our Government has not spared expense here. Our planners did not forget a thing in changing over this camp which, just a short while ago, was training men to fight and kill—and which today is dedicated to the rehabilitation of those who have accomplished and completed the task for which they were trained. I am proud to be in Camp Edwards General Hospital. It seems to speak to me of the end of this nightmare! Let me tell you about it: As this is not Col. Riley's day of inspection and is still early for Capt. Abram's rounds, you shall see the ward and see your son or your man just as I see him.

"Are We Downhearted?"

There are thirty-seven beds in this part of the ward. Under some are crutches; under others are canes. Here or there is one shoe (because the boy has no need for the other yet). The orders for the day are starting. There is an air of expectancy about every bed. Each one looks at me with eyes which seem to ask, "How soon, Nurse?" Then I will say to them, "Are we downhearted?" Thirty-seven voices roar "No!" There's Bill right there. He's going in for X-ray. The X-ray report on him will come tomorrow morning and will probably show some improvement. He has already had hundreds of X-rays taken. The best word we got back from the X-ray room is that he is healing well. Then there is the boy in the fourth bed. Call him John. He has been lying on his back for nine months now. He seems restless. I split his cast, look at his wound; and because I forget to smile I see a cloud over his face. I have to work hard then to convince him that he is coming along all right.

Then I have Pete. He is another type. He has stayed in bed too long. He is dejected; we couldn't find anything to arouse his interest. Not many letters from home for him—perhaps that's what is causing his dejection. Unfortunately he acquired crutch paralysis from leaning on his crutches too long. "Why should others

get so much and I get so little?" I set my "Rescue Squad" into action, in an effort to do something about it. Just trying to talk him out of it had met with no success. Would you like to know what they did? They started to write him funny letters. There was prompt reaction—and Pete quickly gave full co-operation. Now he is on his way out. Thank God for that fine spirit of co-operation which seems to exist in the hearts of these Army boys!

Throughout the ward you will see mischievous grins—boys willing to play tricks and pranks; but underneath it all lies a terrific purpose—the will to get well. There are times when it is very hard for me to keep a straight face; there are moments, too, that are dramatic in their simplicity. I'll tell you of one:

A Dramatic Incident

One morning we had completed the routine and all was clear and serene in the ward. Turning from my desk, I discovered myself surrounded by all my ambulatory patients. Their countenances indicated something quite unusual. Those in chairs were sitting stiffly erect, as though at attention; and indeed those on chutches and with canes were standing at attention. All were looking straight ahead, with a kind of rigid expression in their faces. My heart sank; I braced myself for impending disaster. Finally a spokesman stepped forward, and with hesitation of manner and voice said to me: "Ma'am, may we in this ward be permitted to say something to you?" I replied, "Yes, of course." He gulped in some embarrassment, then mustered up enough courage to say, "We know you are a lieutenant, but we would like to offer you a decoration from the GIs." He then asked permission to pin on my shoulder a home-made medal which they had made—and read a citation worded in the official language of the Army. With great respect and with trembling hands, he pinned the medal to my uniform. I was simply and utterly overwhelmed; and never in my experience have I felt more grateful for having given these men my little stint of service. I was properly saluted, and in military fashion they turned and went back to their beds. If this was not drama, I don't know what drama is. And for me, it made so many things so very worthwhile.

This, then, is a pen picture of your man. If he is not in the group about which this article is written, you may be sure that wherever he is under orthopedic treatment, he is living the life that the boys of this ward live, and is receiving the same extraordinary skillful medical attention and the same devoted attention from the nurses of the ANC who are in charge of his welfare. It is the wonderful job done by the Medical Department of your Army which accomplishes the impossible. Mine is an infinitely small share in it, but I love it.

As summer advances and the winds grow more gentle and balmy, we shall see in this marvelous institution the miracle of regeneration—we shall see those who entered sad and dejected walking out well and strong, with heads lifted high in the pride of physical well-being, and with hearts lifted higher still in gratefulness for what this hospital has accomplished for them.

Not only do patients come and go, but the staff itself changes from month to month. As I write these lines, it may be that I will be reading them in printed form in France, in the Philippines, or on board a hospital ship. I am in the Army, and the Army sends me wherever I am most needed. But here, as everywhere else, there is constant replacement of personnel, individuals who will serve

SOMEWHERE IN...

[Editor's Note: Below is another one of the series of letters written by a Ukrainian American G.I. from the Olyphant, Pa. area and published in the "Uke-Views" bulletin.]

I'm enclosing in this letter a 1/2 shilling note which was used as occupation money by the Japanese in this territory. It's the same sort of stuff as our occupation money used in Africa and Italy. I thought you might like to keep it as a souvenir, inasmuch as most souvenir items are impossible to transmit to home. Probably, the best of my souvenirs are a few Japanese bomb fuses and a piece of shrapnel which came close enough to have a real personal attachment. The jungle is really a poor place to acquire anything of value or interest.

I'm enclosing a few pictures of the "sing-sing" at the native village. One shows a couple of native girls preparing their coiffures. The dress is the latest Melanesian made (not Minsky's). Since this is the outstanding social event of the season, everyone was "spruced up."

I just returned from a 2-day trip to A. P. O.—The place was sure built up since the last time I was there four months ago. It was nice ride, mostly at a pretty high altitude. We reached 14,000 ft. which is about 2000 ft. above the height at which oxygen should be used. It makes one deaf temporarily and a bit light-headed and giddy (no wisecracks).

A Guy Can Get Awfully Lonesome

Another week has elapsed in the cavalcade of time and it's a week closer to the time when we'll be going home again. From the way I harp on this going home business, I leave these letters open to a great misinterpretation. "Things" aren't very bad, but a guy can get awfully lonesome.

A couple of nights ago, we were wakened at 1:30 A. M. by a general alarm. All the officers were quickly gathered together and told that a large concentration of Jap paratroops were on their way to take the field. Every man on the field was armed to the teeth and a battle plan was quickly prepared. From then on, for the rest of the night, we watched the sky but nothing happened. Every now and then, some nervous lad with a quick trigger would let go with a burst at some imaginary object. To make matters worse, a couple of Jap planes (probably weather reconnaissance) droned overhead for quite a while. Most of the guys were torn between the desire to get some Jap souvenirs and the fear of being trapped. All's well that ends well. Frankly, a paratrooper landing here would have about as much chance as a snowball in H...

The boys don't see each other much during the day except at meals. The C. O. lives about 150 ft. away from us. Dispersal regulations require that tents be at least 100 ft. apart. Our tent is the center of most of the extra-curricular activity—mostly hearts, poker and dice. However, it's also the center of discussion and debate. More arguing takes place here than on the whole island.

We just received word that the John Wayne U.S.O. show is coming up to our place, or rather John Wayne, period. There are three girls in the show with him, but women are prohibited from coming into this

with the same skill and with the same devotion to your GI that I have endeavored to present to you in these lines. The work will go on simply, swiftly, efficiently in this wonderful place, until the very last man coming back from battle shall have been pronounced fit to go home.

What a blessing to him, to me, and to all of us, to live in a country like ours.

area. In fact, it's the first show to be presented here.

Did you hear about the one about the paper doll who cried and cried because she found out her mother was and old bag?

Modesty of Natives

The work the Docs are doing here will probably improve the health of the Melanesians for generations to come. They've built a crude hospital for the natives and are treating them for everything from Athlete's Foot to Yaws and Elephantiasis. And believe me, just about everyone of them suffers from everything in the book. Their particular bugaboo is hookworm, which in itself is simple to cure. What impressed me particularly, was the modesty of the natives. The group consisted solely of men and although they go around half-naked normally, they resented the fact that they had to strip for the examination. Some of them giggled like a silly bunch of school girls, while others just sulked. Their malaria smears were almost 100% positive, but the effect of the disease on them is not nearly as devastating as on the white man. Since they are the chief source of mosquito re-infection, their cure is an important malarial control measure.

The John Wayne troupe finally played here the other night. It was a poor show, but Wayne seems a regular sort of a guy. I met him on the strip when he arrived. "The quicker I get out of this d— place, the better I'll like it," he said. He's planning to go to China after he leaves here. His troupe included two tired looking gals, who, nevertheless, looked good. All they had to do was make an appearance to be a success. That's all they did. They're the first two white women to set foot in his place.

An Air Battle

I just had a ringside seat in a fox-hole... of a bit of poignant drama in the sky. The battle to the death between two diving, zooming, circling youngsters, one white and one yellow. Our lad finally got on the Nip's tail, gave him a long burst, and he exploded in the air. Spontaneously, every one within earshot gave a loud cheer. For a few anxious minutes, it was hard to tell which one would come out on top. All told, four Nips came over to try to give us "lead poisoning." Three of them were shot down, two of them out of our range of vision. They put on a good show while it lasted. The movies were never like this!

A mass of Tribunes arrived today. I say a mass because they were nothing but a wet, soggy pulp. Nevertheless, I was able to glean a bit of local news from the salvageable parts.

Not much excitement here since our recent visits by the Nips. They're beginning to learn the hard way that it's not a profitable venture to interfere with our daily routine.

For my leave, I'm booked on a plane that is going straight through to Sydney. Last night we travelled from Guinea to Townsville, Australia. In four hours by plane we covered a distance that took us 5 days on the way over a year ago.

From Brisbane, the last hop was to Sydney. From the air Sydney looks like a great metropolis. Red tile roofs were visible as far as you could see. The bay looks a lot like San Francisco bay. We're now waiting for transportation to town. We have to register at a half dozen places. I never saw much red tape. The Army wants to know where we are every minute of the day.

Signs of the Times

Though "The meek shall inherit
The Earth," I'm afraid
There'll be none to acquire
In another decade!

—Louise Shaw

What They Say

President Truman in a message from Potsdam to the American Association for the United Nations:

"Ratification of the Charter of the United Nations by the Senate is not so much an end as a beginning... It remains now for the people of the United States to see to it that the Charter works in so far as it lies within their power to make it work. Only if they understand what the Charter is and what it can mean to the peace of the world will the document become a living human reality. We must all hope that the people of this country and the people of the rest of the United Nations will inform themselves of the possibilities which the Charter opens to them and will make the organization of the United Nations their common instrument to achieve their common purpose..."

Senator Robert H. Wagner, of New York, in Senate Committee hearings on the "full employment bill":

"World peace must rest on ever increasing world prosperity. World prosperity without American prosperity is manifestly too preposterous to contemplate. The splendid edifice of the United Nations Charter which we are now building, if not accompanied by full employment in America, would be like a factory without a dynamo."

James G. Patton, president of the National Farmers Union:

"The Labor Party's victory in England also has some important implications in this country. For one thing, it implies that we are going to have to find means of having sound working relations with Russia, because such relationship now is assured on the part of Britain. It also

implies very definitely that those who expect to win elections in this country during the next few years at least are going to have to be on the liberal side, not the conservative side, because the outcome in Britain will strengthen our own labor and liberal forces in pushing very hard for adequate policies to assure full employment and an adequate economy."

Henry Ford, in a statement issued in Detroit on his eighty-second birthday:

"The nation and the world are on the threshold of a prosperity and standard of living that never before was considered possible. There are problems, human, economic and political that must be solved. Employment hinges on the right of private industry to go forward unhampered. There must be more and more industry; more and more competition for greater excellence in quality. Labor should be educated so it may know and understand the problems of industry and the full benefits of co-

operation. Industry wants to help in that education, given the chance. Many of the barriers between management and labor will be dissolved when the chance is given."

U. S. Attorney General Tom C. Clark, in a letter to all U. S. attorneys in the nation:

"The black market is reaching such proportions that... I am anxious for the Department (of Justice) to do all it possibly can to stop it. The most effective way to do this is by prompt and vigorous prosecution of all cases, followed by substantial jail sentences. With this in mind, I want you to give priority in your office to such prosecutions. I believe that a vigorous handling of this matter, with full publicity to those cases which are brought to trial, will materially aid in bringing about public support and approval to the end that a great deal can be done toward stamping out these situations, which exist throughout the country."

In Support of the Cause of Freedom

(Concluded from page 2)

Mass Protests Against Polish "Pacification"

Mass meetings of protest continued to be held throughout the country, especially during 1922. Some of the largest of them took place in Philadelphia, Pittsburgh, Cleveland, Chicago and New York. The White House as well as the embassies of the Allied Powers in Washington were picketed by groups of girls attired in colorful Ukrainian native costumes. In Philadelphia delegates of citizens' organizations from ten different states met (Jan. 10, 1922) and called upon their government to help save the land of their origin from brutal foreign occupation. A petition pleading the Ukrainian case and signed by 3,000 persons was sent to our Department of State and the Allied embassies. Still another petition, bearing 14,000 signatures, was dispatched to the Allied Council of Ambassadors at Cannes, France, which had replaced the Supreme Council of the Paris Peace Conference.

In June, 1922 delegates of the Ukrainian League of American Citizens and Veterans convened in Washington and at an audience with Secretary of State Charles Evan Hughes their representatives presented to him an appropriate memorandum which subsequently was presented to President Harding. At the same time a hearing before the U. S. Senate Committee for Foreign Relations for the Ukrainian demands was granted. Various protests were lodged with the Allied Conference at the Hague, held in June of that year, warning of the consequences to European peace of Polish occupation of Western Ukraine.

All these measures, however, did not prevent imperialistically-minded Poland from retaining its grip on Western Ukraine as part of its spoils of war, for by the infamous decision of the Council of Ambassadors of March 14, 1923 Polish occupation of Western Ukraine was approved.

The ink had scarcely dried on this document actually approving aggression, when Polish abuses of elementary Ukrainian rights caused a new wave of protests to rise among Ukrainian Americans.

"Obyednanye Activity"

Meanwhile a change had occurred within Ukrainian American life. The Ukrainian National Committee, after having been denounced for failure to have helped to secure a free Ukraine, was replaced by a new coalition of organizations, composed at first of national fraternal societies and later including also other national and local societies — called "Obyednanye" — The United Ukrainian Organizations of the United States. It was created

at a Ukrainian American Congress in Philadelphia, October, 26, 1922. In its span of life it outlasted all previous national congress organizations, 18 years in all, finally yielding its leadership, on account of changing conditions and the outbreak of the present war, to the Ukrainian Congress Committee of America.

There was hardly an event of any importance in Ukrainian American life with which the Obyednanye was not connected, directly or indirectly. Thus it was in the van of all Ukrainian American protests against the oppression of Ukrainians in their native but foreign occupied land of Ukraine by the Bolsheviks, the Poles, Rumanians, and even the Czechs. It led the protests against the infamous Polish "pacification" of Ukrainian villages in the early 1930's, and against the even more infamous and inhuman Soviet-made famine in Ukraine, the toll of which ran into several millions of lives. Its action, however, was not confined to protests, as it also endeavored to bring relief and succor to the suffering Ukrainians over there; but to no avail, as the Red rulers of the Ukrainians would not allow any relief to reach them. During its existence, too, the "Obyednanye" collected some 400,000 dollars, which it sent to European Ukrainians to support their cultural and educational institutions as well as their struggle for national freedom.

Immediately after the first World War some new immigrants organized an avowed revolutionary Organization for the Rebirth of Ukraine. It collected funds to keep up national spirit mostly among the Ukrainian emigrants in Europe and published its monthly magazine, The Trident.

Aside from this purely Ukrainian American action on behalf a free Ukraine, there was at one time similar action conducted at Washington by special diplomatic missions of the government-in-exile of the Western Ukrainian Republic conducted by Julian Bachinsky, Dr. Longin Cehelsky, and finally by Dr. Luke Myshuha (1918-1923). A Loan for the Defense of Ukraine was floated and it brought a sum sufficient to maintain Ukrainian political missions in various parts of the world.

The action was not all political either. In the early 1920's there came to these shores the world famous Ukrainian National Chorus under the direction of the equally famous Professor Alexander Koshetz. Its great American tour was sponsored by Max Rabinoff, manager of the Boston Symphony Orchestra. Some prominent critics declared it to be the finest chorus ever heard in this country. Besides acquainting the Ameri-

can public with the rich legacy of songs possessed by the Ukrainians, it likewise gave them an insight into their centuries-old struggle for national freedom.

In their efforts to acquaint their fellow Americans with the plight of their kinsmen in Ukraine, the Ukrainian Americans even went to the extent of arranging lectures on Ukraine in this country by two members of the British Parliament visiting here, who had already demonstrated their sympathies for the Ukrainian people. They were the Hon. Rennie Smith, who toured here in 1931-32, and the Hon. Rhys Davies, who came here in 1937. It was they who declared, in response to a message from a Ukrainian American group, that "you will have to be wise as serpents to help your people in the best."

For a time, too, efforts were made to convene an All-World Congress of Ukrainians which would elect a presidium of coordinate and direct on a world scale political action on behalf the Ukrainians. The imminent world war interfered with further preparation for it.

The 1940 Congress

The outbreak of the present war immediately caused the Ukrainian Americans to realize that they would have to redouble their activities and coordinate them, primarily to help their kinsmen free themselves. Accordingly, in May, 1940 a great Ukrainian American Congress was held at Washington, at which delegates from all parts of America unanimously stressed in appropriate resolutions the necessity for a free and independent Ukraine, encompassing all Ukrainian ethnographic territories.

It is worth noting in this connection that at that Washington congress the twenty senators and congressmen who addressed it — among them being Senators Davis, Guffey and Maloney, and Representatives Boland, Voorhis, O'Day, Sabath — likewise declared themselves in favor of the establishment of a free and independent Ukraine. At the same time they praised the Ukrainian Americans for having assumed the obligation and privilege of being spokesmen and champions of the cause of their gagged and suffering kinsmen in Ukraine.

Composed then of representative of the four leading Ukrainian fraternal societies on this country, namely, the Ukrainian National Association, the Ukrainian Workingmen's Association, the Providence Association of Ukrainian Catholics, and the Ukrainian National Aid Association, the Ukrainian Congress Committee of America was transformed at the second Ukrainian American congress held in Philadelphia, January, 1944, into a national committee based on community representation, in which form in now exists.

Today the Ukrainian Congress Committee of America is directing and coordinating Ukrainian American efforts on behalf a free Ukraine. To that end it engages in various activities. It sent a delegation to the United Conference on International Organization at San Francisco.

Another important Ukrainian American organization striving to alleviate the sufferings of the Ukrainian people in their native but foreign occupied land is the United Ukrainian American Relief Committee with headquarters in Philadelphia. Its principal purpose is to help the Ukrainian war sufferers and refugees in and outside of Ukraine who need food and shelter or who, as Ukrainian patriots, are opposed to all and any forms of totalitarianism and as a consequence are faced with the danger of being imprisoned or exterminated if they are compelled to return to Ukraine.

All this time efforts were being made to remedy the deplorable situation arising her from the lack of even elementary literature on the Ukrainian people, their culture and aspirations. To that end books and pamphlets were published by Ukrainian American societies like "Ukraine, the land and its people," an introduction to its geography, by Prof. Stephen Rudnitsky, published by Ukrainian Alliance of America. Among them could be cited Obyednanye's "Polish Atrocities in Ukraine" and "Famine in Ukraine" published in the early 1930's. Various periodicals appeared too, including The Ukrainian Weekly (published since since 1933), The Trident, a monthly (1937-1940), Ukrainian Life a monthly (1938-1941), and lastly this Ukrainian Quarterly.

Through the efforts of the Cultural Committee of the Ukrainian National Association, there have also appeared within recent years the following books: History of Ukraine by Prof. Michael Hrushevsky (Yale University Press), Bohdan, Hetman of Ukraine, by Prof. George Vernadsky (Yale Press), Ukrainian Literature by Prof. Clarence A. Manning, William Henry Chamberlin's The Ukraine: A Submerged Nation, and others.

These publications as well as numerous other books, brochures and printed matter of all sorts are gradually giving American public opinion some opportunity to learn why the Ukrainian cause is right and just, and why Ukrainian Americans have since their arrival here been striving in all fields of endeavor and in spite of all hindrances and discouragements to help their oppressed kinsmen in war-torn and foreign occupied Ukraine to win that freedom, which their American kinsmen are so fortunate in having here in this "land of Washington" — as they are wont to call it fondly.

(Ukrainian Quarterly)

EARLY AMERICAN FLAGS

HERALDRY is as old as the human race, and the carrying of banners has been the habit of nations since the beginning of time.

A few years ago in northern India, Sir John Marshall, head of the archaeological service of the government of India, discovered two abandoned cities; one at a site now called Mohenjo-Daro, the other at Harappa, cities which are believed to have thrived about 3,500 B. C. and which were in close contact with the earliest civilizations of Babylonia.

Among the objects found in the former city was a seal, used to sign documents, depicting a procession of seven men carrying square standards, held aloft on poles like modern flags. These ancient "flags" were not made of cloth but were rigid solids, like boards.

It is, therefore, not surprising that America should have had its colonial flags as soon as the first colonists settled on our shores, and that later these flags should have been created in an infinite variety.

Far back in American history, the Vikings carried a flag which bore a black raven on a field of white.

Then in 1492 Columbus sailed to our shores and his three small ships displayed the Spanish Flag, bearing two lions on its two red fields and two castles on two yellow fields.

The Dutch brought their own striped flags when they settled in New Amsterdam, which we now call New York, and pioneers from other nations also brought along the standards of their countries, when they settled on our shores.

The British flag, under which the English colonization of America was effected, remained the flag of the colonists for more than a hundred years and is therefore of special significance to our country.

This flag is represented by the canton of the Grand Union Flag. For centuries the flag of England was the red cross of St. George on a white field. Likewise for centuries the flag of Scotland was the white cross of St. Andrew on a blue field.

Shortly after 1603, when England and Scotland became one nation, the two crosses were blended together. The Scottish flag was retained as the background of the new banner and the cross of St. George was superimposed on it. To retain a semblance of the white field of the English flag, the red cross of St. George was mounted on a strip of white which extends out and beyond the borders of the cross, making it stand out prominently.

Our separation from the mother country came gradually and it was only by degrees that the union flag of Great Britain was discarded. In fact the final breach between the colonies and Great Britain brought about the removal of the union from the canton of our striped flag and the substitution of stars in a blue field.

Many Colonial Flags

Back in the days of the Revolution there were colonial or regimental flags by the score. Sometimes they would be of some definite type, such as the pine tree flag. While the pine tree was a popular design, there were numerous other symbols, such as beavers, anchors and rattlesnakes, or combinations of these symbols with appropriate slogans.

Behind the symbolism of these flags was some definite motif. In early accounts of colonial activities, liberty poles and trees bear an important part. There was a fine old elm in Hanover Square, Boston, where the Sons of Liberty met, and which was known as the Liberty Tree.

A wide-spreading live oak in Charleston, South Carolina, made a shelter under which the leading patriots of the day gathered to discuss political questions, and there the Declaration of Independence was first read to the people of the city.

When in 1682 the colony of Mas-

sachusetts first established a mint, the general court ordained that all pieces of money should bear on one side a tree, thus bringing into being the famous pine-tree shillings.

Later a white flag with a green pine tree and the inscription "An Appeal to Heaven" became familiar on the seas as the ensign of Washington's cruisers, a fact which was noted by many English newspapers at that time.

Meanwhile the rattlesnake motif was gaining increasing prestige with the colonists, and eventually a coiled serpent at the foot of the tree was added to the pine tree design. The slogan, "Don't Tread On Me" almost invariably appeared on rattlesnake flags.

The beaver emblem on a plain white flag is said to have been used by the armed ships of New York as early as 1775. The beaver is a symbol of industry and it also points to the prominent part the lucrative fur trade played in the early history of the colony. The accounts brought back by Hudson of the rich harvests of valuable furs led Holland to authorize the trading companies which colonized New York. This beaver symbol was used on the seal of New Netherlands and also found a place on the seal of New York City, and it appears to have been used exclusively by the colonists of what is now called New York State.

The maritime state of Rhode Island had its own flag, which was carried at Brandywine, Trenton and Yorktown. It bore an anchor, thirteen stars and the word "Hope," and its white stars in a blue field are believed by many to have suggested the "starry blue field" of our National Flag.

There were a number of other famous New England flags and noteworthy among them are the Continental and Bunker Hill flags. Replicas of these flags, which were said to have been carried into action during that famous battle of the Revolution, are on display at Annapolis. One of them is a red banner with a white canton, bearing in its center a green pine tree, while the other is blue, except for the cross of St. George in its canton, and a small pine tree flag in the upper corner nearest the staff.

Strikingly similar to the Stars and Stripes is the flag carried by the Green Mountain boys at the Battle of Bennington on August 16, 1777. It has sometimes been claimed that this flag was the true forerunner of the Stars and Stripes and that our National Flag was fashioned after the pattern of the Bennington flag, but there appears to be nothing in the written history of the flag that would verify this claim.

Rattlesnake Flag

No type of flag appeared in a greater variety of patterns than the rattlesnake flag, and this symbol appears again and again in early American flags. A flag of this type was the standard of the South Carolina Navy; one of its variants was the emblem of the Culpepper minute men of Virginia; and still another variant of the rattlesnake, superimposed on a plain yellow banner, was known as the Gadsden Flag.

One writer of the time quaintly stated that as the rattlesnake's eye exceeded in brightness that of any other animal, and she had no eyelids, she might therefore be esteemed an emblem of vigilance; that inasmuch as she never began an attack, nor, when once engaged, ever surrendered, she was therefore an emblem of magnanimity and true courage.

It was probably the deadly bite of the rattler, however, which was foremost in the minds of its designers, and the threatening slogan "Don't Tread on Me," added further significance to the design.

All of these flags and scores of others disappeared soon after the Stars and Stripes was adopted, yet

In Lighter Vein

Everything

A well-meaning Englishwoman sat next to an American officer at a luncheon in London. Anxious to explain England to her neighbor, she hit upon the subject of friendship.

"We really understand friendship in this country," she said. "I think we have a genius for it. Tell me—do you have friendship in America?"

"Yes, madam, we do," replied the officer suavely. "We also have births, marriages and deaths."

Tried and True

Junior: "Pop, how do they catch crazy men?"

Pop: "Oh, that's easy. A little rouge and lipstick, a hair-do and a pretty dress."

Mosquitoes

Anyone knows that *Culex pungens* of the family Culicidae has, in the female, a needle-like organ in the proboscis with which they puncture the skin of animals. If one is willing to be calmly objective and scientifically impersonal about it a female mosquito is rather an interesting and attractive insect with its long graceful legs, two fuzzy antennae, two membranous wings and slender body with dark-colored, narrow bands.

But when one or more of the buzzing, insistent brutes are whining around one's ears, it's admittedly difficult to keep an unbiased point of view. Out of doors one more or less expects it, but when one is stretched out for a night's repose, and a mosquito starts droning around his head, it's peculiarly upsetting. There's a soprano-tone to the menacing danger. *Culex* comes close and flies away. He circles, dives, swoops and climbs. One instant he is near one's ear; the next high up in the stratosphere. We're in favor of mosquito control. We also wish the scientists would develop a strain that would fly in the night without sounding as if they were straining their motors. (Pepper and Salt)

Think It Over

A dog is loved
By old and young;
He wags his tail,
And not his tongue.

—Grit.

Today's Tall Story

A ship's gunner, home on leave, was sitting with his cat before the fire. His wife had to go visit some relatives and warned him to keep an eye on the fire.

She went out. The gunner fell asleep. Two hours passed. The fire died. The wife returned. She took one look at her husband sleeping before the dead fire, and screamed: "Fire."

The husband leaped to attention, tore open the door of the oven, rammed in the cat, slammed the door, and cried, "No. 1 gun ready!"—Seahorse.

Candid Comment

When a woman says her husband is a "Liberal" she is most likely referring to his political beliefs.

Trombones

There must be a reason for trombones, otherwise there wouldn't be so many of them. We are peculiarly impressed by Mr. Webster's pertinent and nice description: a powerful brass wind instrument—the first crook is movable and by it the player can

the insignia shown on some of them was retained in some cases and now appears occasionally in state flags.

True Americans will retain a pardonable sentiment for these early banners, so dear to the hearts of our forefathers.

Didst Thou But Know

By IVAN FRANKO

Translated by Percival Cundy*

Didst thou but know how words with power may glow!
One single word that gushes from the heart

Can heal another's long deep-hidden smart

And new life give. Didst thou but know!

Then surely by despair, with eyes abased

And lips in silence pursed, thou wouldst not haste,

But rather comfort wouldst thou spread around

Thy path like showers on parched and thirsty ground,

Didst thou but know!

Didst thou but know what sharp and rankling woe

One word with pride or anger edged may do.

How it some soul with hatred may imbue

And life-long poison leave. Didst thou but know!

Thou wouldst thy passions, like a savage beast,

Chain in the darkest corner of thy breast.

Though thou no word of sympathy, canst speak,

Yet thou with harsh words never harm wouldst wreak.

Didst thou but know!

Didst thou but know how much of secret pain

Is masked by features in forced calmness set;

How many a face that smiles by day, is wet

With tears that on the nightly pillow rain,

With love thou wouldst make keen both eyes and ears

And, plunging in the sea of human tears,

Wouldst spend thy strength to heal and bring relief

And come to know how much there is of grief.

Didst thou but know!

Didst thou but know! Knowledge will only come

Through sympathy, 'tis taught us by the heart.

The heart will to the dark mind light impart,

And thus for thee the world will new become.

Thy heart will larger grow. In times of fear,

Thou'lt steadfast stand, thy path will clear appear.

Like Him who walked in tempest on the wave,

Thou too, shalt say to those who weep, "Be brave!"

Be not afraid! 'tis I."

* (Mr. Cundy is an Englishman, now residing in this country. He is well known for his fine translations of Franko's poetry. The translation above was made expressly for The Ukrainian Weekly.—Editor).

control the length of the vibrating column and thus produce any pitch within the compass of the instrument.

A 14-year-old boy next door is the best medium for a complete understanding of the vibrating column and all the pitches within range of the instrument. A trombone is a delicate affair, and played by ear. A lad who likes to experiment can slide up and down, make wails and moans, emit ear-shattering blasts and coax soft, slightly off-key notes. As he mangles *My Dreams Are Getting Better All The Time*, one wonders. The height of the evening's practice period comes when he strives for that high note in *My Old Kentucky Home*. It's an agonizing, breathless moment. The whole neighborhood holds its breath and strives with him. After that, it's sheer relaxation to hear him massacre *Don't Fence Me In*.

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Funny Side Up

"VACATION PAY (OFF)"

Dear Alka,

What with ODT restrictions on traveling and reservations at vacation resorts practically impossible to obtain, I decided to do something unique and spend my vacation at home.

On Sunday I went to the beach club for a swim. It was a cloudy day; nevertheless I admired the scenery. Some people say that the two-piece bathing suits the girls are wearing this year are simply shocking, but I must admit they look like live wires! Funny thing about those bathing suits. When the gals are in them, they're mostly out of them! In fact, those two piece bathing suits for women are the no-peace bathing suits for men! It was very humid on the beach, and I perspired so much I almost drowned! Just as I swam out in the water, a fellow nearby yelled, "Help! Help! Save me!" "What's the matter? Don't you know how to swim?" we asked. "No," he replied. "I was born in Arizona!" "Save me! Save me!" he spluttered. "I'm the father of 13 children." "O.K." I said "but stop your bragging!" As I dragged the fellow in to shore I noticed he held his fingers on his nose! "How come you were holding your nose that way?" I asked. "I've been reading your column for the last five years," he replied, "and now you ask me a question like that!"

On Monday I went to the Belmont Race Track. It's wrong, they say, to bet on horses... the way I do it is! But I've been following the horses for years... and so have practically every horse I've ever bet on! However, I have been going to the doctor to be cured of betting on horse races, and so the doctor has me on a diet... only one horse a day! In the one race I bet on, six horses were in a photo finish, and my horse sat for his portrait! Enough said. From now on I'll only make mind-bets and only lose my mind!

On Tuesday it rained, so I went to the movies. As I went in I noticed that the marquee didn't wake any mention of a comedy or short subject. So I asked the cashier "What have you in shorts today?" "Listen

Mister," she replied, "this is the movies, not Minskys!" The seat I got was so far back in the balcony that Hopalong Cassidy looked like he was riding a mouse! And boy, was that movie air-conditioned! It was so cold inside that theatre that if you wanted to get a job as an usher, you had to have three years experience in Iceland! My teeth were clattering so much the usher made me take them out and put them in my pocket. And a fat woman who sat alongside of me was shivering so much, it was like seeing a picture of shimmering jelly!

On Wednesday, it rained again. It rained so much that when I set a trap for a mouse in the cellar, I caught a herring!

What a beautiful day Thursday was. I spent the day watching the weather going down the sewer! The Chamber of Commerce wouldn't want people to mention the unusual weather in this town. "So I won't. But I'm glad I've got two umbrellas: a raincoat and rubbers!"

On Friday the sun perspired again. The Chamber of Commerce sent out an announcement that the rain was only a refugee storm from California!

On Saturday, the last day of my vacation, the sun came out... but long enough to apologize! Looking at the bright side, just think of what I saved on sunburn lotion!

"Humorously" yours,
BROMO SELTZER

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Wounded in Action

Boatswain's Mate (2/c) Leo Shayka, 22, was wounded in action on an undisclosed date while serving in the Asiatic area, according to word received from the Navy Department by his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Frank Shayka, 314 Mary street, Dickson City, Pa. He received lacerations on the right knee, and was treated aboard ship before being sent to a hospital, reports the Uke-Views bulletin of Olyphant.

Shayka was aboard the U.S.S. Hugh W. Hadley in the Pacific. The destroyer recently knocked twenty-three attacking Jap planes out of the air, establishing an all-time navy record.

A former student at Dickson City High School, Shayka was employed by Botany Mills, Paterson, N. J., before entering the navy on Jan. 29, 1942. He received boot training at New-Port, R. I., and immediately went on sea duty in the Atlantic. He saw action in the Mediterranean area and later was transferred to the Pacific theater, where he participated in operations at Saipan and Okinawa. A year ago he came home on leave, returning to duty in the same area in September, 1944. Two brothers are in the armed forces, Sergeant Michael with the 6th Air Force in South America, and Seaman (1/c) Frank, recently returned from France, who has reported for duty at Camp Bradford, Va., after a 30-day leave at home.

War Words

This conflict to date has given rise to many new expressions which have now become rather common, and which will no doubt continue to be used in the future.

Take for example the German invasion of Poland. That was a "blitz." Since then we have seen very many examples of blitzing, from the great nations to ordinary individuals. You blitz the cook, your Sergeant blitzes you, we all make a blitz on the pyrohy... and yours truly is trying to blitz this article... if you can see what I mean...

Germany's early war successes gave rise to another expression, a "Quizling." It's a foul word. As foul as the person to whom it applies... or as the one who uses it regarding a person to whom it doesn't apply. It seems we couldn't find a word in our dictionary to describe in one word a person who sells his soul to the devil and his people to the Führer (an individual also given to deviltry) so they accepted the name of the Norwegian sample.

When the German Luftwaffe was bombing the unprotected cities of Great Britain, another expression was born after a heavy raid on Coventry, and so "Coventrization" will long mean destruction on a large scale. Yes—Coventrizing looked big until the Allied Air Forces Hamburgerized Hamburg. But after the latest visit by the Allied bombers to Dresden, the Germans found the destruction so great, that they have coined a new meaning to that scientific word, "atomization." I guess they should know what they are saying and what they mean; after all, they were there!

But the latest "war expression" was created by none other than our genial Historian, at the U.C.S.A. Club.

It seems that on a recent posting from one unit to another (our historian is remustering to the nomads), Shteeff lost his kit-bag (together with contents—of course). So now if it goes, if you lose all your worldly possessions, you pull "a Shteeff Kalin."

P. S. Our U.C.S.A. president pulled a Shteeff Kalin on D-Day when his kit went in the drink during the landing operations.

L.A.C. J. Jazyk

An Essay on Men

Men are what women marry. They have two hands and sometimes two wives, but never more than one dollar or one idea at a time.

Like Turkish cigarettes, they are all made of the same material, the only difference is, some are disguised better than others.

Generally speaking, they may be divided into three classes, husbands, bachelors and widowers. A bachelor is an eligible mass of obstinacy, entirely surrounded by suspicion. Husbands are of three types, prizes, surprises and consolation prizes. Making a husband out of a man, is one of the highest forms of plastic art known to civilization. It requires science, sculpture, common sense, faith, hope and charity—mostly charity.

It is a psychological marvel that a small, tender, violet-scented thing like a woman, should enjoy kissing a big, stubby-chinned, tobacco-and-bayrum-scented thing like a man (but she does).

If you flatter a man, you frighten him to death; if you don't, you bore him to death. If you permit him to make love to to you, he gets tired of you in the end. If you don't, he gets tired of you in the beginning.

If you believe in everything, you cease to interest him. If you argue with him in everything, you cease to charm him. If you believe all he tells you, he thinks you are a fool, if you don't, he thinks you are a cynic.

If you wear gay colors, rouge and a startling hat, he hesitates to take you out. But, if you wear a little brown beret and a tailor made suit, he takes you out and stares all evening at woman in gay colors, rouge and startling hat.

If you join in the gaieties and approve of his drinking, he swears you are driving him to the devil. If you don't approve of his drinking, and urge him to give up his gaieties, he vows you are a wet blanket.

If you are the clinging vine type, he doubts whether you have a brain; if you are a modern advanced, intelligent woman, he doubts whether you have a heart. If you are silly, he longs for a bright mate; if you are brilliant and intellectual, he longs for a playmate.

Man, is just a worm in the dust—he comes along, wriggles around for a while, and finally some chicken gets him.

SHE—from Montreal.

MILITARY AWARDS

(Concluded from page 1)

Distinguished Flying Cross for Fortitude, Courage and Devotion to Duty:

F/O. Wm. Pallidwar, J26781, Brandon, Man.; F/O. Wm. Skerik, J35109, Stettler, Man.

Distinguished Flying Medal for Gallantry in Flying Operations:

F/Sgt. Nick Hawrelechko, R198955 Mundare, Alta.; F/Sgt. Paul Soldan, R142650, Two Hills, Alta.

For Services of the Taking of Elba:

Maurice Novak, L/Supp. Asst., Montreal, Que.

M. B. E.

(S. M.) James E. Walchuk.

Military Medal:

Tpr. Nick Tarnawsky, B62105.

Military Cross:

Capt. Peter Malach, Port Arthur, Ontario; Capt. S. Worobetz, Krydor, Sask.

Commended for Gallant Action:

Cpl. Helen Nowak, W50297; W/O S. A. Motriuk, R157271; Sgt. E. Nowak, R51966.