



SECTION II.

The Ukrainian Weekly

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

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REFUGEE ARTISTS NEED HELP

It seems to us that by this time Ukrainian American artists, singers and musicians should have banded themselves together for the purpose of aiding at least in some small measure their fellow Ukrainian artists stranded now in war devastated Europe, suffering from want and seeing no prospects of any improvement of their lot over there.

Point to this is given in a recently received letter from Staff Sergeant John Kolotylo, U. S. Army, from Salzburg, Austria, who reported on these pages last week the Ukrainian program given there recently.

"Among the thousands of displaced Ukrainians here in Salzburg," S/Sgt. Kolotylo, writes, "can be found all types of talented Ukrainians, including artists formerly members of theatrical and musical groups in Lwiv, Kiev, Kharkiv, etc. Their talent is being wasted here. Not only are the Ukrainian people but the world is being deprived of the privilege of enjoying beautiful Ukrainian music, drama, and dancing spectacles as only the Ukrainians can present them. This group here in Salzburg is only a small cross-section of the Ukrainian refugees for I know that there are much larger settlements of

Ukrainians in cities like Munich, Frankfort-on-Main, Hanover, etc.

"I have tried to persuade the various Special Service Officers to book these artists, but it has been to no avail. These Special Service Officers have had a very limited background in the field of theatrical productions, if they have had any background at all, and therefore are not capable of ascertaining merits of theatrical groups.

"It is, therefore, the duty of Ukrainian Americans to promote our Ukrainian artists stranded in Germany and Austria. These people absolutely refuse to return to their Sovietized homeland, which is easily understood. Their future is completely unknown; their only hope for assistance is the generosity of the Ukrainians living in the United States, Canada and the South American countries."

We hope this appeal will not go unanswered, especially by Ukrainian American artists themselves. Perhaps they can organize themselves for this purpose in a special section of the United Ukrainian American Relief Committee and through it give their fellow artists in Europe a much needed helping hand.

Three Rochesterites Wounded

Raising the casualty list of St. Joseph's parish in Rochester, N. Y. to 13 killed and 39 wounded are the following three servicemen who, the parish's Catholic Advocate bulletin reports, were wounded in action:

T/5 Anthony J. Barnas, 29, son of Mrs. Anna Barnas, 83 Scherer street, Rochester, who was wounded June 1st on Okinawa. He attended Madison High School and was employed before he entered service in March, 1942. He went overseas in April, 1944 with an infantry unit. Two brothers also in service are Pvt. Nicholas, in Puerto Rico; and Cpl. Frank, in Germany.

Pvt. John P. Garon, 29, whose wife, Mrs. Anna Garon, resides at 492 Mt. Read Blvd., Rochester. He was wounded accidentally as he was disconnecting a water trailer about a half a mile from the Rhine river. He entered service in May, 1942 and served previously from 1938 to 1941, two years of which he spent in Hawaii with a Coast Artillery unit. He was sent overseas a second time last October. He holds the Bronze Star.

Pfc. Joseph Duchnyz, 24, son of Mr. and Mrs. James Duchnyz, Chase Road, Hilton, is now in England General Hospital, Atlantic City, N. J., recovering from wounds suffered in action on Okinawa on May 15. He entered service August 10, 1942 and took his basic training at Camp

Mother Gets Dead Son's Medal

Mrs. Peter Kassan, 518 North Concord street, St. Paul, Minn., recently received the Bronze Star for her son Technician Fifth Grade Emil Kassan who was killed in Luxembourg.

The following citation accompanied the Bronze Star award to T/Sgt. Emil Kassan: "For meritorious service in connection with military operations against an enemy of the United States in France and Luxembourg during the period of August 1, 1944 and March 10, 1945. Technician Kassan serving as a clerk with the adjutant general's section, headquarters third United States army, distinguished himself by his outstanding performance of duty. Devoting his entire energies to his tasks he demonstrated exceptional clerical and administrative abilities. His accomplishments and loyal untiring devotion are in keeping with the highest traditions of the military service."

A brother, Pvt. John W. Kassan, in Germany, is a member of the 4th Armored Division which received a Presidential Citation.

Wheeler, and then was stationed in Bermuda and Arizona before going to the South Pacific. A brother in service is Pvt. Anthony.

Cited For Saving Wounded Man's Life

The Bronze Star has been awarded to S/Sgt. Stephen Theodore Worona, R. D. 1, Burghill, Ohio, and a member of U.N.A. Br. 386, for heroic achievement in connection with military operations against the enemy on January 1, 1945, in Belgium, the local press reports (clipping sent to Weekly by Mr. Alexander Popow, secretary of Branch 386).

The citation accompanying the medal states that "While S/Sgt. Worona's battery position was being subjected to heavy enemy artillery fire, a shell exploded near one of the guns, causing three casualties. Two of these men died almost immediately, but the third man's life was saved by the immediate first aid rendered by S/Sgt. Worona. Completely disregarding his own life, he voluntarily ran to the aid of the wounded man, applied a tourniquet to his leg and removed him from the shelled area. The courage and initiative displayed by S/Sgt. Worona reflect great credit upon himself and the armed forces."

S/Sgt. Worona attended Brookfield High school. He worked before he entered the Army in April, 1943. He has been overseas since July, 1944, and is now stationed in France.

A brother, S 2/c John Worona, is with the Navy in the Pacific.

Awarded Bronze Star

Sergeant Michael Wayda, son of Mr. and Mrs. Roman Wayda, 191 Scoville road, Buffalo, N. Y., and a member of U.N.A. Branch, recently was awarded the Bronze Star Medal for heroic achievement in action in Italy. He served on the Fifth Army front in Company M, 339th "Polar Bear" Regiment, 85th "Custer" Division.

During the German retreat in Italy Sgt. Wayda together with two of his buddies discovered a vast collection of priceless arts works hidden by the Germans in an Italian 15th century castle. They found crates containing works by Rembrandt, Rubens, Raphael and Michaelangelo.

UKRAINE IS GROWING RUBBER

Ukraine as a land where rubber grows is a startling conception. We know of the rich wheat, the record grain harvest and crops, the vegetables and fruits. And now in the Kiev, Cherkassy, Summy and Kharkiv regions, kok-sagyz, the rubber-bearing plant, is almost as numerous as sugar beets.

Kok-sagyz, the rather poetical name for the rubber-bearing dandelion, came to Ukraine from the high mountain valleys of eastern Kazakhstan. The milky juicy and the fibers in the bark of its roots contain the rubber.

An acre of the perennial kok-sagyz in its second year produces about

Awarded Silver Star Posthumously

A posthumous award of the Silver Star for "gallantry in action" was recently made to Cpl. John Rozek, son of Mr. and Mrs. Andrew Rozek, 647



CPL. JOHN ROZEK

South 17th street, Newark, N. J., and a member of U.N.A. Branch 76, to which his parents also belong.

After thirty months in service, including the North African, Sicilian, Italian, Normandy campaigns, Cpl. Rozek was killed in action in Germany on April 18.

The citation accompanying the award states that Corporal Rozek distinguished himself by gallantry in action against the enemy on April 18, 1945 in the vicinity of Siptenfelde, Germany. While in a defensive position, Cpl. Rozek's company was subjected to a fierce enemy counter-attack.

The enemy force, armed with automatic pistols and rocket launchers, crept to within ten feet of the motor pool and then opened fire on all personnel. Immediately realizing the seriousness of the situation, Cpl. Rozek voluntarily exposed himself to the intense enemy fire to run to a nearby half-track vehicle and man the 50 caliber machine gun mounted on it. Opening fire on the enemy he diverted the enemy's attention and fire to himself.

Although seriously wounded, Cpl. Rozek refused to leave his weapon, bringing a heavy volume of effective and accurate fire upon the attacking enemy troops. "Cpl. Rozek's aggressive initiative," the citation concluded, "complete disregard for personal safety, and courageous actions contributed materially to the successful repelling of the enemy forces, and were a credit to himself and to the Armed Forces of the United States."

400 kilograms of roots of which 80 kilograms is a 30 per cent high-grade rubber. Automobile tire treads made of kok-sagyz brilliantly stood the test of the famous automobile run in the Kara-Kum Desert.

Mykola Khvylovy — Communist and Patriot

By HONORE EWACH

SINCE the suicide in 1933 of Mykola Khvylovy, foremost of the modern writers of the Soviet Ukraine, there has been no end of controversy among Ukrainians about his political creed. No one doubts that Khvylovy was the leading Soviet Ukrainian writer of his time. The real question is whether he was a Ukrainian nationalist or both a Ukrainian nationalist and a communist. A thorough reading of his works leaves one without a doubt that Khvylovy was a sincere Ukrainian patriot. But was he also a communist? Again his works prove to us that if he was a communist he certainly was not a Russophile communist. Nor was he the so-called international type of communist, but rather he was a special type of communist growing on the Ukrainian soil.

In reading Khvylovy's works one has to remember that their author was always under the strict surveillance of the bolshevist secret police. He had to weigh every word he wrote or else he would have been "liquidated" at the very start of his career and not, as it turned out to be, after years of productive literary work. He was a close observer, a man of fine esthetic taste and of first rate literary talent. He likewise was clever and resourceful. So he used all possible avenues to convey to his countrymen a very urgent message: beware of the Russian peril under Red cover.

Self-Taught

Mykola Khvylovy was born in 1893 in the province of Kharkiv, Ukraine. His father was a very poor laborer, a real proletarian. So Mykola had very little regular schooling. Yet he read books so diligently that eventually his self-education surpassed in scope and depth the education of many a college graduate cum laude. He read all that Russia, France, England, America, Germany, Ukraine, and other countries had to offer in literature. Of course, he read most of the world classics in either Russian or Ukrainian translations. Some of them he read in French, as his works show he knew that language, too. For a time he was a common laborer, like his father. During the First World War, in 1914-1916, he served in the army.

It was in 1917, in the first year of the Russian Revolution, that his first works appeared in print. He began his literary career as a lyric poet. Later he wrote most of his works in prose. Yet his prose works are so permeated with a lyrical element that they seem more like poems than stories. "The Blue Etudes," his first book of short stories, came off the press in 1923. A year later, "The Autumn," his second book of short stories, was published. His longest novel, "The Wild-Snipes," appeared in part in the magazine "Vaplite," the literary organ of the "Free Academy of the Proletarian Literature" (Vilna Akademia Proletarskoyi Literatury).

It evoked consternation among the communists and was denounced as an anti-communist work. This was in 1927. As a member of the Communist Party of Ukraine Khvylovy was forced to announce in public that he had erred in his works concerning the Party. Threatened with punishment he had to destroy the second part of his "Wild-Snipes," which was then still in manuscript form. He had to give his consent for its destruction. Again and again Khvylovy was forced to make new "confessions" of his so-called Party errors, till finally, it is claimed, Khvylovy committed suicide in 1933. Perhaps he was ordered by the Party to shoot himself, or, if he did away with himself of his own volition, he evidently did it because he could no longer continue to renounce his most sacred beliefs. Perhaps he died because he was sick and tired to death

of living any longer amidst the misery and oppression introduced into Ukraine by the Bolsheviks.

His Most Productive Period

The most productive period in the literary career of Khvylovy was during the so-called Ukrainization of Soviet Ukraine (1923-29), which coincided more or less with the NEP in the economic field. It came into being when the Reds realized that the struggle they were still waging with the Ukrainian nationalistic partisans would continue indefinitely unless Soviet policy in Ukraine was somewhat relaxed. During this period Ukrainian patriots gradually made their way into key positions. Many of them wanted Ukraine to be Communist but first of all Ukrainian. They began to de-russify Ukraine and introduced the Ukrainian tongue as the official state language to be used on all occasions and in the various governmental and cultural institutions, as well as within the Party itself.

This Ukrainization took on a mass character when it received the official sanction of the Communist Party of Ukraine during the plenary session of its Central Executive Committee in 1925. The meeting adopted the following resolution: "The task of solidifying the ties between the workers and the peasants and of strengthening the proletarian dictatorship in Ukraine requires the exertion of every possible effort by the entire Party to master the Ukrainian language and to Ukrainize internal Party activity." At the same time the Party also declared itself in favor of an "independent development of Ukrainian culture and the appearance of all creative powers of the Ukrainian people."

During this time the Ukrainian Commissariat of Education was headed by Hrynkó, Shumsky and by Mykola Skrypnyk, all veteran Communists but real Ukrainians at the same time. Under their aegis Ukrainian studies and literature began to flourish. Two hitherto separate literary societies, "Pluh," devoted to peasantry, and "Hart," devoted to the industrialized proletariat, united themselves into the Free Academy of Proletarian Literature in Kharkiv, which had as its organ the magazine Vaplite. S. Pylypenko, Paul Tychyna and Mykola Khvylovy were its outstanding figures. Of them all Khvylovy was the most striking personality and the most original writer.

Soon, however, he found himself in trouble, attacked from two sides. One group, composed of orthodox Communists, charged him with lacking faith in the messianic role of Communism. Another group, consisting of Russian Communists, attacked him on account of his Ukrainian patriotism.

Moscow became truly alarmed when Khvylovy issued his Literary Manifesto in which he called upon the Ukrainian writers of Soviet Ukraine not to imitate Russian literary trends and not to seek inspiration in Russian culture because, as he said, it lacked healthy elements. Instead, he recommended, they should guide themselves by the psychology and literary styles of Western Europe. "Turn our backs to Moscow and our faces to Western Europe" was the rallying cry of Khvylovy's manifesto, and, eventually, the cause of his downfall and tragic end.

The attacks upon him increased in savage intensity, together with demands that he repent and retract his "false nationalistic ideas." As could be expected, he was forced to make such retractions but he continued to adhere in his work to the general line of his ideas. While the Ukrainization period lasted, it was still possible for him to continue to

write. But when reaction set in (1930) when Soviet policy in Ukraine became once more anti-Ukrainian. With the attendant destruction of nationalistic elements in literature and other fields, Khvylovy found it impossible to continue writing. He became an object of persecution from all sides. Since he was not an opportunist but possessed a character as strong as the muscles of the Ukrainian worker, it was inevitable that he would soon meet his end. He did, in 1933.

An Analysis of His Stories

In 1937 a volume of Mykola Khvylovy's Selected Works was published by the Ukrainska Knyhospilka at Lviv. Let us briefly examine its contents. In the short story "Solonsky Yar" we catch a glimpse of a destructive struggle going on between two villages, the communist dominated village of Mlynky and the rebellious nationalist village of Solonsky Yar. Incited by propaganda, the inhabitants of both villages want only destroy each other's possessions. The story is intended to portray the negative side of the communist revolution—a practical struggle among the Ukrainians.

In the short story "Baraky, shcho za Mistom" we get another glimpse of the nightmare of the revolution. We see two communist sympathizers in a town under White Guard rule seizing their victims and burying them alive, forcing them to crawl into a common grave filled with partly decayed bodies.

In "Shlakhethne Hnizdo" we discern what went on in Khvylovy's mind. He shows us an old patriarchal couple living on a farm near the Barrow of the Swedes, that is, somewhere near Poltava, where the Swedes and their allies, the Ukrainian forces of Hetman Mazepa, fought against the dark forces of Russia in 1709. As the old man looks at his and at the same "not his" green sprouts of early wheat in the fields we observe that in reality Khvylovy is portraying here the plight of Ukraine, which is Ukrainian and yet not in the real possession of the Ukrainians. Then he adds for those who can understand his symbolism a message in brackets, saying: "Ukraine is sprouting up, too, Oh, how I love Ukraine, in a youthful and practical manner!" Poor Khvylovy tried his best to tell his countrymen of his love for Ukraine, and of Ukraine's desire to be free and independent. It is quite evident that Khvylovy was a follower of the spiritual leader of the Ukrainian independence movement, Hetman Ivan Mazepa, a person of historic importance, and yet anathematized by both tsarist and communist Russians. He had the same dream as Mazepa, for he desired to see Ukraine free of Russia's domination.

In "Ya" (Romantyka) a disillusioned chief of the Cheka tells how he shot to death his own mother in the wild orgy of murders committed by his degenerate comrade-members of the Communist Party. In the name of something vague and abstract he commits matricide while his better part, his heart and emotions, beat with tender love for all that his dear mother symbolizes to him. A man with a degenerate type of skull, a potential criminal, is the grim guard and executioner of the half illiterate and ignorant workingmen who grimly execute all the orders given to them by their Soviets, composed of educated criminals.

In "Na Ozero" we find a lovely sketch in the manner of Turgenev about a Communist sportsman going with his dog on a hunting trip to an out-of-the-way little farm somewhere in Ukraine where everything is still as it was before the revolution in 1917. There the hero feels that he is at home, far away from the night-

Civilian Americans At Peace

The Government needs and asks its citizens to:

1. Continue to fight the danger of rising living costs by buying only what you need and at ceiling prices. Remember that 40% of the price rise occurred after the armistice in 1918.
2. Encourage merchant seamen to stay on their ships. Returning soldiers, supplies for devastated countries, and resumption of normal trade remain jobs ahead for the merchant marine.
3. Stay at your post as a nurse's aide or return to professional nursing to help your local hospital handle record numbers of patients. Care of sick and wounded will require the services of military nurses for many months.
4. Stick to your plans to help your local crop corps. Limited food supplies must not spoil, and farm labor will continue short until long after harvest.
5. Use your canning sugar economically. The Department of Agriculture will send you on request, free directions for diluting it with safe substitutes. Sugar remains very short despite victory.

mares of the Communist regime.

His Disillusionment in Communism

But it is in his longest novelette "The Wild-Snipes," published for the first time in 1927, that Khvylovy confesses quite openly his disillusionment in the Communist revolution. We find the hero of the story, Dmytro Karamazov, a prominent Communist official, spending his two summer months of vacation somewhere in the southern part of Ukraine and falling in love with a pretty girl of mature years, by the name of Aglaya, who is also vacationing there. It is Aglaya who tells us that she got interested in Karamazov, when they met casually on a steamboat for the first time some time ago, on account of his confused desire to see his own people, the Ukrainians, reborn as an independent and progressive nation. Karamazov, still feeling that he is a Party man and a Communist official, is afraid to own up openly that he is really disillusioned in the work of the Communist system. Aglaya, however, is not afraid to lead his thoughts to final and logical conclusions. From the hints Karamazov drops, it becomes clear to us that he has no more faith, that he no longer believes it would be possible to make out of his own country, Ukraine, an independent and progressive nation without an adequate number of well-educated intellectuals, such as they have in Western Europe. Later on Aglaya tells us that Karamazov at first really believed in the Communist ideology, but when he saw that ideology applied to actual life he realized that he had to do with men who had very little intelligence and practical education and who really bungled whatever they did. He found out that almost all the Russian internationalistic Communists were at heart as imperialistic in regard to other peoples in the USSR as were their predecessors, the Tsar and his pan-Russian nationalistic imperialists. So why shouldn't he care as much for his own country and people, for Ukraine and Ukrainians, as the Russian Reds care for Russia and Russians?

It is no wonder then that the pan-Russian Communists made Khvylovy's life unbearable until his tragic end. To us Khvylovy is equally a symbol of the cultural life of the Ukrainian people under the Red rule of Moscow. In the fictitious Ukrainian Soviet Republic the Ukrainian people do not possess any possibilities developing of their culture freely and in harmony with their liberty-loving traditions.

"Ukrainian Quarterly"

Manchesterites Entertain Servicemen

On several different occasions in the course of the recently concluded war the small Ukrainian colony in Manchester, England, entertained Canadian as well as American servicemen of Ukrainian descent. The latest of such entertainments was held during the weekend of May 12 and 13th. The occasion was Mother's Day. I was unable to get there until late Sunday afternoon because of the Thanksgiving Church Parade in London for all Canadian Army personnel. As a result I missed a very fine time had by all, including dancing, Saturday evening.

Accompanied by Cpl. A. Szun, who had wanted to travel up with me, we arrived in Manchester when dinner was almost over, but in no time the ladies had a lovely dinner before us. A program with singing, reciting and short talks then followed.

Mr. Lesniowsky called the group to order and everyone sang God Save The King. On behalf of all the Ukrainian folks in Manchester Mr. Lesniowsky welcomed the guests, particularly the members of the Canadian and American Forces who were present. He also spoke on the first days of the Ukrainian Canadian Servicemen's Association and on how it had grown since then.

Miss Vera Turnawsky and Olga Lesniowsky then sang a number of Ukrainian songs, for which they were highly applauded.

John Yuzyk, who accompanied the singing on the piano, also favored us with a number of popular Ukrainian songs. He is an old timer in Manchester and his offering was heartily received.

Hamtramck Girl Present

S/Sgt. Stella Danylishyn of Hamtramck, Mich. was then called upon to say a few words. On behalf of the American boys and herself she thanked the folks of Manchester for their kind hospitality, and extended an invitation to all present to visit them when in U.S.A.

Following the talk the Canadian boys present sang a Ukrainian song "Where is the Glory."

At its conclusion, Mr. Moroshko, a Lithuanian, a great friend of the Ukrainian people in Manchester, said a few very welcome words.

John Yuzyk thanked the folks of Manchester on behalf of all the boys for their wonderful hospitality and hoped that some day we would be able to repay them when they visit in Canada.

Mrs. Kaliniuk and Miss S. Zawalski sang a very popular song.

I was then called to say a few words. I told them that it was a nice to be with them even though my visit was very short. During a previous visit I had the pleasure of sleeping under a feather tick, but this time I could only stay for the afternoon and evening and travel back at night. I also extended an invitation to all present to visit my home when they are in the vicinity of Calgary.

Arte Turanski and D. Komarenko then delivered recitations in honor of Mother's Day.

They were followed by Father Horoshko, who gave a short talk about Mother's Day. He thanked the people for their kindness and generosity to our boys visiting Manchester. A sing-song followed.

Finally Mr. Lesniowsky expressed his thanks to the Ukrainian Canadian Committee for the books it had sent to the UCSA club.

The programme was concluded with the singing of "Canada."

Shortly thereafter supper was served by the ladies. They certainly managed to prepare a nice meal. Of course you can always count on our women to prepare a good meal. When everyone had eaten the room was

Kalina is a Cranberry

In the August 11th issue of The Ukrainian Weekly A. G. of Eburne, British Columbia endeavors to find a good English equivalent for the Ukrainian *калина* (*Viburnum Opulus* L.). He concludes that *калина* is not a cranberry but a guelder-rose or a snowball tree. This immediately aroused my interest because here in Manitoba *калина* is quite abundant in a wild state and its fruit is known in English as cranberry, while the tree is called a cranberry tree.

On looking up the word "cranberry" in the "Wild Plants of Canada" by Spotton, I found the following information.

Viburnum Opulus L.—Cranberry-tree.

Vaccinium Oxycoccus L.—Small cranberry

Vaccinium Macrocarpon—Large or American cranberry.

On page 800 of the Standard Dictionary I find that *Viburnum Opulus* L. is high cranberry, while guelder-rose and snowball tree are the cultivated varieties of it.

In Webster's Collegiate Dictionary, *Viburnum Opulus* L. is cranberry-tree, while guelder-rose and snowball tree are the cultivated varieties of it.

This is sufficient to prove that cranberry-tree is a correct English equivalent for *калина* in general, while the terms guelder-rose and snowball tree may be used for the cultivated varieties of *калина*. To my mind, the deciding factor here is that the name "cranberry" is actually used in the living language, not only in dictionaries and encyclopedias.

A. G. rejects the name "cranberry" for two reasons. First, because it is not used in Encyclopædia Britannica for *Viburnum Opulus*, and he considers it as his final authority. Secondly, he finds that this same name is used for other plants.

With respect to Encyclopædia Britannica, it cannot be considered infallible in every detail in spite of its great merits. Why not rely, in this case, on an equally good authorities, Webster and the common usage.

No doubt a great deal of confusion lies in the fact that much the same names are given to somewhat different plants. But there is nothing extraordinary in this. The same thing occurs in naming other things in all languages. For example, in French, *garçon* is boy or waiter; *fil* is thread or wire; *file* is daughter or girl. And in English, each of such words as stag, hind, kind, mole, can, etc. have more than one entirely different meaning.

Again, it must be noted that no matter how we translate the word *калина* it can never convey the same ideas to an English mind as to Ukrainian. *Калина* is a very melodious and highly poetic word, symbolic of love and beauty. Nothing of the kind can be said of any of its English equivalents.

GEO. WOLOSHYNSKI
Sandy Lake, Man. Canada

cleared—and dancing and singing were enjoyed by all. The two Yuzyk brothers, John and Bill, supplied the music and believe me it was fun to once again dance a good polka and *kozak* to a violin. Bill used to play at weddings in Canada so he knew just kind of pieces people liked.

Evening Closed Too Soon

The evening came to a close much too soon for me as I had to catch the mid-night train back to London. I dreaded the crowded train back, but it was worth it. Before going to the train Mr. and Mrs. Solar invited a number of us to their home for a snack. It was very kind of them. That is only one example of the hospitality shown any of the Canadian Ukrainians visiting in Manchester.

Some day when we are back in

WHAT HAVE YOU TO OFFER?

[A recent message to members of Ukrainian Canadian Servicemen's Association (Overseas) by its president, Flight Lieut. Bohdan Pan-chuk.]

There is something that one receives from a heart to heart chat that helps no end to bolster and sustain the spirit of the parties concerned. We are not in a position to meet and talk whenever the urge comes, and so our only resort is this message.

Since U.C.S.A. came into being, the number on the nominal roll has grown from the original 15 and later 75 to well over 2,500. These came singly or in groups. They represent an element of the fighting forces of Canada and the United States mostly; but here are representatives from Great Britain, France, the Polish and Czechoslovakian forces. The question arises, what is it that brings these servicemen together? Soldiers and airmen from the ranks, junior and senior officers, men from Nova Scotia, Quebec, Ontario, the Prairies, British Columbia, New York, Illinois, from Paris in France, Manchester in England, Prague in Czechoslovakia, L'viv in Western Ukraine, they all drift together if only to meet for a short while. It is impossible to remember them all. Perhaps some day after the war we will have a grand re-union somewhere and talk over those "war days." All these soldiers, sailors and airmen crave to get together because there flows in them the common blood of the *Kozak* race and because they still retain the elements of an old tradition.

You have seen them around the piano, straining their voices to "Reve ta Stohne," or "Oj u Luzi" or "Werkhovyno." You have seen them dance the "Hopak Kolom," "Kateryna," or the "Kolomyjka." And when they all go to the church together on these get-togethers, you can hear the beautiful strains of "Hospody Pomyluj" and "Kheruvymy" in choir, "The Creed" in deep baritone, or the "Apostol" in low bass. And when we have our Christmas or Easter dinners, remember the "kootia," "pyrohy," "holubtsi," borsch, and so many other savoury dishes you recall from boyhood days. All these and very many more such customs are the elements of that old tradition that brings us all together, that thousands of men in the forces, whether it be in Africa, Italy, India, France, England, or back home, are cheered by these things. Yes, we who have partaken of the spirit of our Club and the spirit of our dual tradition do not hesitate to say, "these are the things of this war that we shall never forget."

Our Tradition Worthy of Pride

And so it should be. The Ukrainians have a history and a tradition that they can well be proud of. Do you remember the words of our late Governor-General Lord Tweedsmuir, when he said, "You will be better Canadians if you are good Ukrainians?" That is what he meant. Our value in this world and in this life is dependent on the contributions that we can make to our people, our country (wherever we may be), and to civilization. The Ukrainians as a race have much to contribute, and we are proud of that. But, what have you as an individual to contribute? The Ukrainians are known throughout Europe as a singing race. You have heard of Chalkowsky, Lysenko, Koshetz. Can you sing these songs of old or do you at least recognize the melodies? The Ukrainians are famed for their beautiful religious customs. Can you re-

Canada we shall talk of those jolly times spent in the homes and company of our good Ukrainian people in Manchester.

(Sgt.) HELEN C. KOZICKY.

RULES FOR MAILING YULE GIFTS OVERSEAS

Millions of Christmas gifts will go overseas again this year to our armed forces. It will be especially difficult to deliver these gifts safely and on time, the Army and Navy point out, unless families of service men and women cooperate in starting them off right. The following rules are therefore suggested for mailing Christmas packages abroad.

1. If your soldier is en route home or about to come home, don't send him a Christmas package.

2. Use his latest address and be sure it's complete and accurate: name, rank, serial number, organization and unit, APO, in care of postmaster at port of embarkation. Address it—then check it.

3. Mail Christmas gifts overseas from September 15 to October 15. In the Army, this is the only time you can mail a parcel overseas without a written request from your soldier. But...

4. If there's reason to believe he may move to a new location, it's safer to wait till you can mail your gift to the new address—even if this means asking him for a letter requesting your gift so that you can mail it after October 15.

5. Use a heavy box and strong cord. (Government-approved overseas boxes can be bought at retail stores.)

6. Send only usable gifts like tinned dried fruit, canned luxury foods, razor blades, fountain pens, wallets, watches, etc.

7. Don't mail perishable foods, intoxicants, weapons, poisons, and all inflammable materials, including matches and lighter fluids.

8. Your package must not weigh over 5 pounds. It must not be more than 15 inches long, or more than 36 inches in length and girth combined.

Navy gifts should be sent during the same period—from September 15 to October 15. However, gifts destined for Navy, Marine or Coast Guard personnel may be sent throughout the year without a written request.

Mail Christmas cards any time, but seal them and put on first class postage.

cognize our old religious melodies? Do you know the history of some of the Ukrainian saints? The Ukrainian national dances are the most colorful and the most beautiful in the world. Can you at least recognize a real "Kozachok," or are you happy with the jitterbug? And so we could go on and on. The point we wish to bring out is that the learned man, the man whom Canada wants, or Britain wants, or France wants, is the man who has something to offer.

Canada is a very cosmopolitan country. We have representatives of practically every racial origin in the world. Each race has its tradition. And all these representatives of all these various races have something to offer. The Scotsman has his beautiful songs, "Loch Lomond," "I was born in Glasgow," etc.; the bagpipes, the highland fling, the haggis, etc. The Irishman has his colorful tradition. The Welshman, the Frenchman, the Ukrainian, the Pole, the German, and what have you each has his contribution to make. Together among us, we are helping to evolve a new Canadian tradition, that is second to none. The important question to all of us, whatever our race or creed or color, is "What have you to offer?" If you feel you haven't anything, or very much—be you Englishman, Scotsman, Irishman, Ukrainian, French or Indian—what are you doing about it?

All in all, I don't know how you feel about it, but I am glad and proud that I am a Canadian of good old Ukrainian stock, and if I were going to have my life all over again, and if I could choose my home and my racial origin, I would not have it otherwise.

THROUGH DARKEST ENGLAND WITH GUN AND CAMERA

MY journey of exploration is nearing its end. So I'll devote my time, on this occasion, to more general observations.

As has so often been remarked about the English, everything stops for tea. Everything also stops for coffee at eleven a. m. It stops for the week-end at one p. m. on Saturday. And it adds up to some very sound common sense, even though it can be a bit exasperating at times. It is, I think, partly habit—and habits cling to the English like barnacles to a ship—and partly their refusal to be hurried. They will also take plenty of time for lunch—anything up to two hours, in fact—for the same reasons.

They don't share our simple belief that time is money. The vast majority of them live on small incomes, usually earned. And precious few of them will break their necks to increase the earning capacity. They believe that people should have a certain amount of leisure, and they insist on getting it. They think it keeps them healthier and more efficient in the long run. The protracted lunch hour is not, of course, universal with them. But the breaks for morning coffee and afternoon tea are.

Not Worth Rushing

Those breaks, though they can be irritating when you are working against time, can be pleasant and refreshing if you will accept the prevalent English viewpoint that nothing is really worth rushing yourself into a state of nervous indigestion. The English themselves maintain that they are naturally rather lazy. Doubtless a good many of them are, even as you and I. But I think the deeper reason is their natural resistance to unnecessary bother. They'd rather live in their accustomed way, with a reasonable amount of leisure, than think and live business and the urgency of making more and more money. They find it more fun to hope that a little gambling on horses, dogs, or football pools will bring a bit of extra money. They prefer to keep their tastes rather simple, tailored to fit their incomes, to scheming and struggling for riches. They've never had a Horatio Alger to guide them.

There are, of course, plenty of well-to-do people here, though there are no immense fortunes such as John D. Rockefeller's and Henry Ford's are reputed to be. But the great majority of English people have very modest incomes. I am told that eighty percent of them live and keep their families on twenty dollars a week or less—usually less. And most of them will never earn more. The people of the lower classes and wage-scales accept their status with little question, from long habit, though there is a growing rebellion against poverty and want throughout the whole social structure.

I remember a cobbler in Bristol—a mild, pleasant old man who reminded me a little of the White Knight in *Alice Through the Looking-Glass*. His shop was small and incredibly untidy. There was none of the attempt of the Greek on Sixth Avenue to make it look like a growing business—no row of chairs and brass foot-rests for a shine, no window-dressing, no slogans in frames on the wall, no bustle, no amiable useless conversation. It was just a grubby little shop, which his father had since he was a boy. He undercharged me, or so I thought, for a small repair job. (And let me say for the benefit of any English readers that we Americans prefer being overcharged to undercharged, seldom, as our European critics are apt to aver, because we want to buy goodwill or like to throw our money around, but usually because we hate to be needlessly beholden to anyone.) I remarked to him that he'd never get

rich at that rate. He smiled placidly and replied, "I don't want to get rich. I shouldn't know what to do with the money." He had his little home and a small garden. He had his cronies, with whom to chat over a pint of a Saturday evening. In short, he had what he was used to and could be sure of understanding. And he possessed a talent for contentment.

I remember, too, the wife of one of our workmen at the B.B.C. He had gone out of his way to be helpful on one or two occasions, and, to show my appreciation in a manner that wouldn't embarrass him, I took some Christmas presents round to his two youngsters. I stayed to tea, and his wife went to great trouble to make it a very special, slap-up tea, with canned peaches that meant precious points, and a week's butter ration spread on generous slices of bread. My host chattered away happily, and showed off the kids, but my hostess was a bit stilted and shy. The explanation came when she finally said, "I don't understand how you can bother with us. Why, we're only working people." I asked her what the devil she thought I was, and that seemed to help. But the conviction was still in her mind that I had stepped out of my supposed class, and it didn't seem quite right.

A Reasoned Placidity

Those are only two small examples of what I mean. But I have often noted the contentment with simple things among the humbler Englishmen—a reasoned placidity that somehow gives the impression that they are a race of old souls who have gone through all this many times before and become convinced that few things are really worth a lot of fuss and bother. Mind you, when they get their backs up, they'll bother a great deal. For instance, when the General Strike was called in 1926. Then the vast Middle Class said as one man, "No. We won't have this." And they buckled down methodically and cheerfully to break it. But again that placidity was in evidence. There was little bad temper shown, and much good humor. The ones who took over the running of tubes and buses chalked absurd slogans on them. People in shoals took on extra jobs after finishing their usual day's work, and joked about having to walk four miles home at midnight. They were rather awe-inspiring. And they broke the strike. It wasn't a matter of being either for or against Labor. The stubborn, easy-going English weren't having that method of settling a dispute, that's all.

They're very security-minded. They'll put up with a lot for the sake of that pension that's to come one day. I can't criticize that, even though I am constitutionally very different. For I have no dependants to consider. And the family is the core of English life. They are people who turned out in their millions to celebrate the Jubilee of King George V and Queen Mary, who loved and honored them because they were decent, simple, "family" folk. They love their present sovereign for the same solid, simple reasons that they loved his father and mother.

If we must judge the English, I wish we'd think of them in terms of the vast majority—the Common Man. The hard, tough, good-humored north countrymen, speaking a dialect very far removed from Oxford English; the soft-spoken peasantry of the southern counties; the affable west countryman, with his "Aye, zurr, it be a foin day"; the cockney, with his incomprehensible rhyming slang; the women of the great lower middle class, who find most things "ever so" something—usually either lovely or awful—and who often seem to have plums mixed with their adenoids, and who worry as to whether things

Weekly Banter

Wasted Effort

A Metropolitan symphony orchestra had given a special performance in a small New England town. It was a new experience for many of the inhabitants. The next day some of the old-timers, gathered around the stove in the general store, were expressing their opinions of the concert.

"Well, all I got to say," commented one old character with finality, "is that was a danged long way to bring that bass drum only to bang it wunst."

No Strings

Professor Brander Matthews, a great stickler for proprieties, was asked by a member of his class how he had enjoyed the premiere of a new four-act play he had witnessed the previous evening.

are "quite naice"—those are the English. So, too, are many unassuming, forthright folk, who go about their business unostentatiously, who speak casually and easily with the accent that the best English actors have taught us to expect as the standard, who manage to be extremely well read and well informed without being unpleasantly over-conscious of the fact. So, too, are the comparative few of the ruling class. And so, too, are the ones who appear in Washington on a war job, lunch at The Mayflower and remark superciliously, and a shade too loudly, "I say, I wonder what the beer is like in this place." They are all "The English,"—just as the Yankees, Texans, and Georgia Crackers are all "The Americans." But the great majority, the heart and soul of this little island, are not the Machiavellian menaces that the Anglophobes picture, but the reasonably amiable, ordinary folk who don't like to be bothered too much, who certainly don't want to bother anybody, and who don't know the difference between a cartel and a cartographer, and don't really care.

Those Are the English

These are the English. Watch them in crowds at any great public show such as the Coronation. Few of them cause the police any trouble. They are orderly and amiable. Even on VE-night, when they had every excuse to let off steam, and nerves that had been taut too long might have reacted violently, there was little disorder and surprisingly little drunkenness. I was taken by car to see the flood-lighting that night. My view of it was obstructed by the score of soldiers, sailors, and their girl-friends who clambered aboard, but they were so gay and pleasant that I was glad of it. They bantered with us, helped us through some crowded spots, and, when they finally left us, thanked us very politely for the ride.

Yes, most English people are just ordinary folk, trying, with varying degrees of success, to get along—just like most of us. Only a small number of them represent that story-book world of pomp and peerage, into which our heiresses used to like to marry. Even that world is changed now, thanks to wars and taxation, and quite a few people of anciently illustrious lineage have become quite ordinary folk of modest means again. The matrimonial tide has turned, too, for some thousands of English girls have discovered that G.I. Joe is just an ordinary nice guy with whom it is easy to get along, and without whom life wouldn't be the same. And when G.I. Joe takes his English bride—who has already, by the way, learned to chew gum—back to Des-Plaines, Ill., or Oskaloosa, Ia., or Fair Haven, Vt., or Dallas or Denver or the San Fernando Valley, do you know what will happen? Everything will stop for tea.

JAMES DYRENFORTH

"Well, gentlemen," Prof. Matthews replied, "the play didn't go so well. After the first act the audience sat silent. But I, being there as the guest of the author, politely applauded. At the end of the second act I sat silent while the audience hissed."

"And the third act, Professor?" Prof. Matthews grinned. "Well, gentlemen," he announced, "after the third act I went out and bought standing room and hissed too."

Enough As It Is

Because the standing passengers obscured his vision, the bus driver pulled the lever to close his front door a bit too soon and caught a disembarking passenger between the panels. No damage was done, but a standee observed: "You might o' cut her in two."

"I shore wouldn't want t' do that," replied the busman. "There's enough women runnin' around now, without slicin' 'em up to make more!"

Hidden Defects

A certain prominent Roman, according to Plutarch, was harshly censured by friends for divorcing his wife.

"Was she not fair, was she not chaste?" they inquired.

Holding out his shoe, the Roman asked them whether it was not new and well made.

After examining it, they replied that it was.

"Yet," observed he, "none of you can tell me where it pinches me!"

As She Is Spoken

Down in New Orleans a patriotic civilian noticed a sad-looking soldier standing outside the Pelicans' ball park and evidently determined to cheer him up by talking in the khaki-clad lad's own language.

"Say corporal," he greeted, "what time does the game start this afternoon—1400 hours or 1430?"

The sad-panned doggie doffed his hat, scratched his head. "Far as I make out, Bub," he answered in pure and beautiful Brooklynes, "it commences at t'ree toity!"

Three Strikes—And Out!

Mr. Ash had a weakness for meek, mousy women. The first Mrs. Ash was a mild little creature, and when she died her grieving mate left one of her hats hanging on the hat-rock in the hall to remind him of her tender, yielding nature.

The second Mrs. Ash was likewise a quiet, meekly accommodating woman, and she showed her meekness by permitting the hat the first Mrs. Ash to remain on the hat-rack.

When Mrs. Ash No. 2 gave up the ghost, Mr. Ash found another apparently indulgent and tolerant wife in the person of a certain friend and neighbor.

As he carried his third mate over the threshold, Mr. Ash nodded toward the two hats hanging side by side on the hat-rack and requested that they be permitted to remain.

"I will not disturb them," said the new Mrs. Ash. "But," she added, as she disengaged herself from her new mate and stood firmly upon her own two capable feet, "the next hat that hangs there will be a man's."

And it was.

STOLE MAMMOTH'S SKELETON

During their retreat from Ukraine the Nazis caused great losses to the Ukrainian Academy of Sciences in Kiev. From the Institute of Geology they removed the skeleton of a mammoth elephant, the only complete skeleton of this particular species in the world (skeletons of this species are ordinarily assembled from the bones of several animals).

Approved Flag Customs

Highest honors are rendered to the National Flag by all branches of the military or naval service and the various patriotic societies throughout the country.

Laws have been written to govern the use of the Flag and to insure a proper respect for the Stars and Stripes. Custom has decreed certain other observances in regard to its use.

All branches of the service have precise regulations regarding the display of the National Flag, or when, where and how it shall be hoisted or lowered.

When U. S. Naval vessels are at anchor in port, the Flag is flown from the flagstaff daily from 8:00 a. m. to sunset. It is flown prior to 8:00 a. m. and after sunset when other vessels are entering or leaving port.

When entering or leaving port, in sight of land or other vessel, the Flag is flown during daylight from the gaff rigged, otherwise the flagstaff.

Honors to the Colors are rendered at the gangway when boarding or leaving a ship of the U. S. Navy. Remove the hat, if in civilian clothing, or give the hand salute, if in uniform.

More than fifty years ago it was the custom to salute the National Flag by uncovering; nowadays the hand salute is rendered by the entire personnel of the Armed services.

The origin of the hand salute, rendered either to an officer or to the Flag, is obscure. It is supposed to have originated at the time of the Crusades. It appears to be a military substitute for raising the hat as a token of respect.

Only one flag may be flown above the Stars and Stripes in the U. S. Navy and that is the Church Pennant, a dark blue cross on a white background.

Code Signal Books of the Navy, which date back to the early 60's, state: "The Church Pennant will be hoisted immediately above the ensign (National Flag) at the peak or flagstaff at the time of commencing and kept hoisted during the continuance of divine service on board all vessels of the Navy."

The law provides that where an honorably discharged veteran of any war, or person honorably discharged from the Army, Navy, Marine Corps or Coast Guard, after serving at least one enlistment or for disability incurred in line of duty, dies after discharge, a Flag to drape the casket will be furnished. This Flag is to be given to the next of kin after burial of the veteran.

BOHDAN, HETMAN OF UKRAINE

by
GEORGE VERNADSKY
(\$2.50)

YALE UNIVERSITY PRESS
SVOBODA BOOKSTORE

The quiet man in the crowd had grown tired of the boasting of others. So, when there was a lull in the conversation, he began: "This morning I went over to see a new machine we've got at our place, and it's astonishing how it works." "And how does it work?" asked one.

"Well," was the reply, "by means of a pedal attachment a fulcrum lever converts a vertical reciprocal motion into a circular movement. The principal part of the machine is a huge disc that revolves in a vertical plane. Power is applied through the axis of the disc, and work is done on the periphery. The hardest steel by mere impact may be reduced to any shape."

"What is this wonderful machine?" chorused the crowd.

"A grindstone."

—Tid Bits.

What They Say

President Truman, speaking from the White House portico on August 14, the day Japan surrendered:

"This is a great day. This is the day we have all been looking for since December 7, 1941. This is the day when fascism and police government ceases in the world. This is the day for the democracies. This is the day when we can start on our real task of implementation of free government in the world where we are faced with the greatest task we have ever been faced with. This emergency is as great as it was on December 7, 1941. It is going to take the help of all of us to do it. I know we are going to do it."

John W. Snyder, Reconversion Director, in a statement to the President:

"The job ahead is one of redirecting from war to peace the four main resources from which the wealth of our economy springs: our manpower, our raw materials, our plant and equipment, and our managerial know-how. The goal of our economy now that peace has come is in a sense the same as it was in war: production. Only a peacetime production vastly expanded over anything this or any other nation has ever seen, will make possible the attainment of the four major economic objectives which face us in the months ahead. These objectives I conceive to be: (1) Jobs for all those willing and able to work. (2) A steadily rising standard of living. (3) Stabilization of our economy to avoid disastrous inflation or deflation. (4) Increased opportunities for farmers and business men.

"In fact, the urgent need to increase peacetime production is the keystone of all the Government's economic policy and planning. Every step taken by the Office of War Mobilization and Reconversion, and every policy and action of the agencies which this office coordinates, is oriented to this central goal."

Supreme Court Justice Roberts H. Jackson, Chief Counsel for the United States in the coming war crimes trials in Germany:

"For the first time, four of the most powerful nations have agreed not only upon the principle of liability for war crimes and crimes of persecution, but also upon the principle of individual responsibility for the crime of attacking international peace. Repeatedly nations have united in abstract declaration that the launching of aggressive war is illegal. They have condemned it by treaty. But now we have the concrete application of these abstractions in a way which ought to make it clear to the world that those who lead their nations into aggressive war face individual accountability for such acts. The definitions under which we will try the Germans are general definitions. They impose liability upon war-making statesmen of all countries alike. The action of masses of men are the result of their thinking. If we can cultivate in the world the idea that aggressive warmaking is the way to the prisoner's dock rather than the way to honors, we will have accomplished something towards making the peace more secure."

Mrs. Franklin Delano Roosevelt, speaking on the radio:

"One thing we must all remember is that this discovery (the atomic bomb) was made by the pooling of many minds belonging to different races and different religions, that the way the work was done sets the pattern for the way in which in the future we may be able to work out our difficulties—not by setting up superior races, but by learning to cooperate and using the best that one has to contribute to solve the problems of this new age."

UKRANDOMS

By ALEXANDER YAREMKO

Now that the war is over and our servicemen will be returning home from Europe and the Pacific it would be nice to see the churches and institutions in various Ukrainian communities start making plans to throw them all a big "Welcome Back" party. The first one could be held Thanksgiving Day with subsequent parties for later arrivals every two or three months. This would not only make them all feel good but would also be an indication that when they were away we at home thought about them often and now are glad to see them with us.

★
Unlike the long, unpronounceable and hodge-podge-lettered names of European cities and towns which most of us had difficulty in pronouncing and remembering, names of Japanese towns and isles provided a relief, as reading, spelling, pronouncing and remembering Jap locations were easy. Most Jap names are short, phonetic, and have one or two-lettered syllables. The vowels are always pronounced the same regardless of their position. And every word is spelled exactly as you hear it. For example, yama, homa, shima, jima, buna, buka, kima, sake and hiroshima. Compare these words with our tricky coiffeur, chauffeur, psychic, bough and connoisseur and you'll appreciate the difference. Ukrainian words are just as easy to say and spell as the Ukrainian language is also phonetic. Japanese vowels are pronounced exactly as are Ukrainian vowels and maybe that explains why several Ukrainians have so readily grasped the Japanese language during their military study of that language.

★
To frustrate the possibility of a Ukrainian separatist movement, and to appease some Ukrainians as well as to buffalo the world into believing that Ukraine is free and happy under Moscow's rule, Stalin sent a "Ukrainian" delegation to represent the Soviet Ukraine in San Francisco. Although the Ukrainians in America welcomed this move as providing publicity for the Ukrainians (whom some dupes still think are Russians), the attempt to fool the world was a flop. Here is how Newsweek magazine reported and belittled these delegates, who pretended to represent Ukraine as though it were a free country: "Under the watchful eye of F. T. Orekhoff, the Soviet Union delegation's press officer, Dimitri Z. Manuisky, Foreign Commissar of the Ukrainian Republic, stressed the individual character of the Ukraine, its culture, and its language... In reply to questions as the extent of their independence from Moscow, Manuisky cited their constitutional right to secede from the U.S.S.R. 'We have not seceded,' Manuisky said, 'because this union in economic, political and military respects is beneficial to the Ukrainians.' Until a few days ago Manuisky was not sure as to what the Ukrainian national flag was, but after hasty consultation with Soviet counterparts, a San Francisco firm made a flag—a golden hammer and sickle and the initials URSSR in the upper right corner of the red flag. Meanwhile, some of secretariat members designated to assist the Ukrainians in creating a flag amused themselves by drawing a head with a shock of wheat in lieu of hair being pulled by an unidentified hand."

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PHILLY FETES TRESH

Mike Tresh, veteran Chicago White Sox catcher and the only Ukrainian player in the major leagues, was honored by the Ukrainian-American Citizens' Association of Philadelphia on July 16th under circumstances that shall long be remembered. For not only was Tresh feted but half of the Chicago White Sox team was treated. Here's what happened.

When the White Sox came to Philly to play the A's Sunday, July 15th in a scheduled double-header all the Philadelphia newspapers carried accounts informing the fans that Tresh would be honored between games by the Ukrainians. But after only three innings of play a downpour of rain postponed the games and the festivities. Realizing that the players were through for the day, upon the suggestion of Maj. Michael Darmopray, president of the U.A.C.A., the committee called on Tresh at his dressing room and took him and half a dozen of his teammates to the Ukrainian Club at 847 N. Franklin Street where the drinks were on the house. After this the boys were taken out to, yes, a steak dinner where an accordionist played a medley of Ukrainian tunes to the delight of the entire party of 30. Back to the Ukrainian Hall came the boys at eight where Mike Tresh was feted and his colleagues introduced to the special guests who gathered to meet Mike Tresh and numbering around 100. Alexander Yaremko, chairman of the committee, was M. C. and introduced the following White Sox players sitting at the main table: Frank Papish and Karl Scheel, pitchers; Joe Orengo, shortstop, Ray Schalk, 2nd base, Oris Hockett, center field, Bill Dickshot, leftfield, and of course Mike Tresh of whom Major Darmopray and others spoke proudly. Festivities followed until midnight, amidst constant autographing.

Next day the White Sox played the A's in a twilight-night twin bill and what rain stopped on Sunday happened Monday night. After the reserved section of Ukrainians in back of the White Sox dugout cheered itself hoarse to see Chicago win the first game the amplifying system announced to the 15,000 gathered fans that Tresh would be honored before the second game would start. As both the White Sox and Athletics lined up facing each other at home plate a Ukrainian Committee consisting of Major Michael Darmopray, Alexander Yaremko, Mrs. Stephanie Wowchuk and Miss Dorothy Darmopray walked out to greet Tresh and present him on behalf of all the Ukrainians of Philadelphia a beautiful gold wrist watch. Following Major's words of presentation Dorothy put on a new twist in such formal proceedings. Let us here quote the Inquirer: "More interesting from the fans' point of view was the big kiss which an unidentified brunette planted upon Mike Tresh's lips." The crowd roared its approval and gave Tresh a cordial hand as the committee and players dispersed. Station WIBG which broadcasts the games, aired the proceedings and the newspapers gave some more publicity to Tresh and the Ukrainians.

As usual, Tresh caught both games. He got on base four times. But the A's copped the second game.

After the second game Tresh and his friends were again taken to the Ukrainian Club, where, it is reported, thanks to the companionship of Ukrainian pulchritude, the players made merry, with Tresh doing the Kozak. An autographed baseball by the White Sox is on display at the club bar and a big circle around September 7th can be seen on the calendar as a reminder that the White Sox will be back at the Ukrainian Club on that date, a habitat with friends which they learned to love.

AL YARR.

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**UKRAINIAN RELIEF COMMITTEE
IN GREAT BRITAIN SET UP**

The establishment of a Ukrainian Relief Committee in Great Britain to aid Ukrainian war refugees and displaced persons and to coordinate relief activity of similar committees in other Allied Nations, was announced on August 15 in a circular released by the newly established Ukrainian British committee.

Its Aims

The specific aims of the Ukrainian Relief Committee in Great Britain are listed as follows:

- (a) To bring moral and material aid to all Ukrainian refugees and displaced persons who claim "stateless status," and who may now or at any time find themselves in the United Kingdom.
- (b) To act as a representative "caretaker" body in their behalf.
- (c) To cooperate and work with Ukrainian relief committees in the United States, Canada, and other Allied countries in extending aid to Ukrainian refugees in Europe, and particularly on the continent in the British and American zones of occupation.
- (d) To cooperate with and lend all possible assistance to the Allied Control Commission, UNRRA, the Red Cross organizations and any other Welfare and Relief Institutions and organizations whose aim is to bring aid to displaced persons in Europe.

Nature

As to its character the Ukrainian British relief committee announces that (a) it will be non-political and non-sectarian, (b) its aims and purposes shall be limited to social Christian and humanitarian principles, (c) it will have no affiliations but will always work and cooperate with all other institutions and organizations based on these same principles, (d) all its work and proceedings will be conducted according to the accepted British rules or organizational conduct and procedure.

In regards its fund and material, the committee announces that they will be gathered by means of voluntary donations and contributions submitted by voluntary subscribers, and that, furthermore, all finances will be handled through a chartered British bank.

Officers of the Ukrainian Relief Committee of Great Britain are, G. Tarnawski, chairman; M. Cannon, secretary; W. Czuczman, treasurer; and J. Lesniowsky and Miss Olga Nykoriuk, committee members. Its address is 188 Cheetam Hill Road, Manchester 8, England.

An Appeal for Help

Pointing out that with the ending of the war the Allied Nations are now faced with the big problem of repatriating, rehabilitating and re-establishing, feeding and clothing millions of Displaced Persons who have been moved or forced from their homes through force of conditions and circumstances brought about by the war, the Ukrainian British relief committee estimates that among these Displaced Persons there are over 4,500,000 Ukrainians. Many of these will eventually return to the Ukrainian homeland. Many of them, however, because of numerous changes in the occupational powers will remain stateless.

These stateless Ukrainians, the committee statement stresses, are now in great need of food, clothing and general material benefits. They are also in need of moral and spiritual assistance. Among them are many intellectuals as well as missionaries of Ukrainian churches, together with trained professional and technical men. There are also many complete families with old men and women and little children, high school and university students, and countless numbers of Ukrainian peasants and workers.

Funny Side Up

"SUNDAY DRIVER"

It was the first Sunday that the ban on gas rationing had been lifted. A crafty motorcycle cop waited patiently, hidden behind a huge board which read, "Welcome to Hick Town," and in very small type, "Speed limit 30 miles per hour."

Suddenly a blonde flashed by in a limousine traveling a nifty 70. The cop started after her on his motorcycle and 1/2 mile down the road he caught up with her.

"Hey there," shouted the cop. "Where's the fire?"

The blonde snapped back. "What are you worrying about? You're no fireman!"

"Pull over to one side!" ordered the cop.

The blonde stepped on the gas. "Nothing doing!" she shouted back. "What do you want, the whole road to yourself?"

The cop blew his whistle but the blonde speed ahead. Ten miles later, the cop pulled alongside. "Pull over to the curb!" he ordered.

The limousine slowed down and stopped.

"What's the matter?" he asked angrily, as he stepped over. "You hard or hearing?"

The blonde smiled prettily. "Certainly not," she asserted. "I heard you whistle after me."

The cop tore his hair. "You did?" he roared. "Then why didn't you stop?"

The blonde reached for her lipstick. "Why should I?" she said coyly. "How did I know you weren't just trying to flirt with me?"

The cop pushed his hat back on his head. "Well, you certainly gave me a merry chase," he growled. "Do you know I've been following you for 10 miles?"

The blonde placed a finger to her lips and pointed to back seat where her husband was sleeping. "Not so loud," she warned. "My husband is a very jealous man!"

The cop swallowed hard. It was a tough job, but he was trying to be very patient. "Don't you know we have a speed limit in this town?" he asked. "You were doing over 65 miles an hour!"

The girl looked extremely innocent. "Why officer?" she protested. "I was only going thirty."

"Only thirty, eh?" snapped the cop. "Then why is it I had to go over 65 miles an hour to catch up with you?"

The girl shrugged haughtily. "Look here, my man," she cried. "What are you trying to do, compare a cheap motorcycle to my limousine?" She continued. "Don't be silly, officer. I couldn't have been going over 30 at

The Victory Loan Drive

The Victory Loan Drive is scheduled to begin October 29th and will continue through December 31st. Sales to individuals will be credited from October 29th to December 31st.

A goal of 12 billion dollars has been set for the nation, with individuals expected to contribute five billion dollars of this total. The dates and the goal were set at a meeting held in Washington last Saturday, at which time Secretary of the Treasury Vinson met with War Bond leaders from all the states. Particular attention was paid to the fact that the payroll savings plan for the sale of War Bonds be continued wherever installed. Both Labor and Management have requested that this form of saving be carried on for Government financing and to ward off threats of inflation.

This was the first meeting with the new Secretary and the members of the War Finance Committee. The Secretary paid tribute to these men and women for their outstanding support of the program for the past 3 1/2 years and urged their continued support in these all important post war months.

It has been announced that meetings of the various County War Finance Committees would begin at the earliest possible date so that definite policies for participation in the Victory Loan would be made. A call was sent out to the Industry Chairmen in all the counties to gather their volunteer Treasury Representatives to make an intensive drive to sell bonds to all persons on payroll.

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the most. In fact, I don't think I was going more than 25."

"Well, maybe you're right," replied the officer. "Maybe I'd better give you a ticket for parking!"

As the cop brought out his book, the husband in the back seat woke up.

"Brother," growled the cop. "Your wife's making no sap out of me! I'm going to give a ticket for speeding and another for insulting an officer."

The husband's eyes popped! "What do you mean... 'insulting an officer?'" he howled. "Why, I never opened my mouth!"

"That makes no difference," snapped the cop. "I know what you're thinking!"

BROMO SELTZER.

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