



SECTION II.

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

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UKRAINIAN WAR EMIGRATION SURVEYED IN AN APPEAL FOR HELP

The various stages of Ukrainian political emigration and the much greater forced labor emigration during the last war into Central Europe, together with the present plight of these Ukrainian D. P.'s (displaced persons), are described in an appeal for aid by a "Ukrainian Committee" at Bad Nendorf, in Hanover province, Germany sent to the Ukrainian Canadian Committee and released by the latter for publication in the Svoboda (see August 23, 24, and 27 numbers) and other Ukrainian American and Canadian press.

Pre-War Immigration

The reports states that the first emigratory wave left Ukraine at the close of the unsuccessful Ukrainian war for national liberation, 1917-20. In the main it was drawn from those both the fighting and home fronts. This wave was swelled subsequently by individuals fleeing from Polish persecution. It also included many who emigrated in search of better employment, especially to France. All in all this Old Immigration, as it may be called, numbered at the opening of the recently-concluded war at about 100,000.

Beginning of the New

The second emigratory wave, or the beginning of the New Emigration, got under way following the outbreak of the war and the Soviet occupation of Western Ukraine during the Soviet-Nazi partition of pre-war Poland. Thousands of Ukrainian patriots fled westward in order to save themselves from imprisonment, banishment and execution at the hands of the new rulers. Those who did not flee in time suffered this fate.

At first these refugees went no further than the westernmost stretches of Western Ukraine, beyond the San river, which did not fall to the Soviets in the course of the partition. This emigratory wave, which lasted until the opening of German-Soviet hostilities in June, 1941, was not large.

Biggest Emigratory Wave

The largest emigratory wave of Ukrainians during the war was between the opening of the Nazi-Soviet war and the re-occupation of Ukraine by the Soviets following the German debacle in Ukraine. Within that period the report estimates that approximately 4,000,000 Ukrainians were driven out of their homeland into Germany as forced labor.

Significantly enough, during this period there was hardly any voluntary Ukrainian emigration at all into Germany. For by then the Germans by their brutal rule, pillage, and anti-

Ukrainian policies, had become deeply hated by the Ukrainians. Although before the war there was talk among Germans about the necessity of a free and independent Ukraine, yet from the very outset of German occupation every attempt by the Ukrainians to regain their national liberties was ruthlessly suppressed by the Nazis. This of itself fanned great bitterness among the Ukrainians toward the Nazis. One result of this was that during this period those who fled before the Soviets because of the fate awaiting them as advocates of Ukrainian independence, went no further than Western Ukraine, settling mostly in Galicia.

Last Wave Political in Character

The fourth and last Ukrainian emigratory wave ensued following the by the Soviets, somewhere around August, 1944. Formerly persecuted by the Nazis for their nationalistic sentiments, scores of thousands of Ukrainians from both Eastern and Western Ukraine now found themselves facing certain death, or at least banishment into the Siberian wastes, precisely on account of those self-same sentiments. For them it was a case of — out of the frying pan into the fire. So they fled westward, and as the Allied armies in the west steadily forged deeper and deeper into the continent these Ukrainian political refugees tried to get under Allied occupation. Quite a number of them eventually succeeded.

This last emigratory wave can be definitely characterized as political. Its number is said to be over 250,000. Combined, these emigratory waves carried out of Ukraine into Central and Western Europe approximately 4,500,000.

What Sort of the People Are the Refugees?

What sort of people are these Ukrainian forced labor immigrants and political refugees? The report describes them as being in the majority of the younger generation, who despite their many privations are still sound of body and spirit, idealistic and ambitious, good material to go into the making of a nation.

Among them can be found young peasants who are expert in the handling of farm machinery, who know the enslavement of collectivisation, and who have not forgotten how their parents died from hunger during the infamous Moscow-fostered famine in Ukraine in the early 1930s.

Among them are workers from various industries, who despite their sufferings and hardships first as victims of Soviet exploitation of the human body and spirit and then as slave labor under the barbarously

AIR HERO ENDS LIFE AT HOME
SGT. CLEM, JR., COMPLETED 99 MISSION OVER EUROPE

Staff Sergeant Andrew Clem, 36, of 70 Oak street, New Britain, Conn., a Ukrainian American veteran of 99 air missions as a tail gunner in the Mediterranean and European war theatres, who was honorably discharged last May after begging for Pacific duty, which he was refused, took his own life by hanging himself with a rope to the head of his bed, the New Britain Herald reports (clipping sent to Weekly by Andrew Melnyk).

S/Sgt. Clem's body was found Friday, August 24 about 4 p. m. by his mother, who, not having heard any sound from his room for many hours, decided to look in. About three days before then he had told his mother not to come into his room and she had not done so until Friday.

She called a neighbor from an ad-

skilled and productive in their particular lines of work.

Then, of course, there are many intellectuals, scholars, engineers, chemists, architects, artists, writers, lawyers, musicians and other professionals.

Their Plight

All these Ukrainians are scattered throughout the length and breadth of Germany and the countries formerly occupied by her. Often they are in dire want of food, clothing and shelter. They live in groups which have little or no contact with one another, because of the complete disruption of the transportation and communications systems. As could be expected under the conditions, they have no single representative body to represent their interests.

The Soviet government is moving heaven and earth to repatriate all these Ukrainians, to bring them back to the "Soviet paradise." Agents of the N.K.V.D., Soviet secret political police, circulate among them with blandishments and threats to return to the U.S.S.R.

It is problematical on how many of these Ukrainian war immigrants would return to Ukraine under the Soviet rule. The report states that if they were given an opportunity to express themselves freely in the matter, without any pressure, threats, or future reprisals on themselves or their loved ones, at least one million would refuse to return.

The report concludes with an appeal to Ukrainian groups in America, Canada, England, and elsewhere to come to the aid of these Ukrainian political refugees with food, clothing and shelter and to help them to obtain for themselves asylum in some country where they would be able to live amidst freedom and democracy.

joining apartment and police were

summoned. The medical examiner estimated that death had taken place Thursday night.

In a note he left Sgt. Clem directed that his medals be given to his godson, to whom he referred as "Butch."

One of outstanding Ukrainian American war heroes, Sgt. Clem's medals included the Distinguished Flying Cross, Air Medal with 15 Oak Leaf Clusters, Presidential Citation, European-African-Middle Eastern theater ribbons, Distinguished Unit Citation, American Theater ribbon, Good Conduct Medal and three overseas stars.

A note to his sister read: "Sorry, Ann. It's the best way. Not yellow. I hope you understand. Just as I showed you before, it's the best for all of us. I have been thinking of this for a long time. Tell Pa and Ma it's okay."

later went back overseas, bringing his missions to a total of 99. He wanted to make one more and achieve 100 missions but his officers refused after an examination revealed that he was feeling the effects of injuries received in a crash landing during his service in the Mediterranean theater. He then tried to be transferred to Pacific service and resume flying on bombing missions, but when he returned to this country he was granted an honorable discharge in May of this year, with a total of 166 service points. With four more points he could have gotten out twice.

Full Military Honors At Funeral

Full military honors were accorded to S/Sgt. Clem at funeral services held last Monday morning at St. Mary's Ukrainian church. Rev. Eustachius Pysar, pastor, conducted the services.

A firing squad from Bradley Field took part in the funeral. The bearers were Sgt. Leonard C. Joyce, who flew the first 50 missions with S/Sgt. Clem and took him from the plane after a crash landing and who arrived in the United States on Thursday; S/Sgt. Walter Timchishin, Theodore Kopka, Michael Roman, Walter Prestash and John Zurat.

Mayor George A. Quigley and members of the Disabled Americans Veterans attended the services.

Father Pysar conducted the committal services at the grave. Burial was in the family plot in the Ukrainian cemetery. The flag which draped the casket was presented to S/Sgt. Clem's family.

Missions Took Him to Hottest Spots

He joined the Army Air Force in April, 1942, and won his gunner's wings at Las Vegas, Nev., August 16, 1942. His missions took him into the hottest spots in the Mediterranean theater of operations, the invasion of Sicily, Italy, military objectives in Rome, Naples and Bologna, in Greece, the Ploesti oil fields and then in

(Concluded on page 6)

One Who Gathered Nature's Smiles

By DR. C. H. ANDRUSYSHEN

THIS month marks the birth anniversary of Michael Kotsiubinsky, born September 5, 1864, in Vinnicia, a western town of Eastern Ukraine. He was one of the six children of a petty clerk who with difficulty managed to steer his family through poverty. "My boyhood was happy," writes Kotsiubinsky in his later life. "I was the preferred one in the family, especially to my mother from whom I inherited her psychic disposition, both sensitive and excitable. It is really thanks to her that I am gifted with the inclination to all that is beautiful, and with the love and understanding of Nature."

He was destined for the priesthood and, for that reason, was sent to a bursa (elementary seminary) in a near-by town. He mingled little with his fellows, preferring the company of books. The authors he read in his youth were well-known European men of letters, but, above all, he was drawn to Shevchenko, whose collection of poems—*Kobzar*—was a continuous source of delight.

In 1880, upon completion of his studies, Kotsiubinsky faced a gloomy prospect: his mother became blind, and his father was discharged, which meant that all thought of a university education had to be abandoned as long as the family remained destitute and needed his assistance. He performed his filial obligation by tutoring privately, thus enabling his dependents to keep afloat.

In the meantime, he continued to read, write and mingle with the peasants. His writings were as yet devoid of genuine literary quality, as he was still in his initial observational stage, but the seeds of his future greatness were already there; and his chief aim, as expressed in his first literary work, was based more or less on his readings of Fourier, who aroused in him sympathies toward the socialistic tendencies of his day. At that time, too, his religious beliefs were shaken by the writings of Feurbach.

The western portion of Ukraine, then under Austria, enjoyed a greater degree of freedom than did Tsarist-dominated Eastern Ukraine across the border. Kotsiubinsky was lured by a prospect that there life would be easier to live, for the Austrian government, if it did not encourage, at least did not repress the use of the Ukrainian language, and allowed relatively tolerable conditions to exist for the cultural development of the peoples forming that Empire. There Kotsiubinsky went and remained for a while, but was not successful beyond making arrangements with several periodicals for the placement of his writings.

The Unbearable Five Years

On his return to Eastern Ukraine, he was offered the position of an inspector on the Phylloxera Commission staff. In this employment he persevered for five unbearable years, spent mostly in the district of Moldavia. How unbearable, let witness his account of himself and his work in "For the Common Good."

This story proved to be a source of grief to Kotsiubinsky. It was denounced to the authorities as detrimental to the government's attempts to rid the Moldavian vineyards of phylloxera, and its author was reported as a suspicious character affiliated with the revolutionary element in Western Ukraine. The truth of the matter is that Kotsiubinsky had never been an active revolutionary; he merely favored and strove for social justice and political freedom. But even this the Russian officialdom considered too great an offense to bear with. For that reason he was dis-

charged and henceforth watched closely by the police.

In 1896 he married Vera Deitch and moved to Chernihiv, where his wife taught in a private school. But her income was not sufficient for an endurable existence, and Kotsiubinsky had to seek means whereby to make ends meet. Time and again his application for civil service was refused by the governor of the Chernihiv province on account of the writer's would-be revolutionary ideas. Finally, he succeeded in procuring for himself a paltry position as a clerk in the administration bureau of a newspaper, with a miserable remuneration for a dusty, twelve-hour-day work.

During these trials and adversities his fame as a writer grew and he passed the confines of his country. In the meantime his already precarious health declined more, and he was forced to resort to travels in order to restore it. Capri, his preferred spot, proved very beneficial to his undermined organism. From 1909 he was a frequent visitor to that sunny island.

The Lovers of Literature Association granted him a steady pension in 1911, and he was free to devote his entire time to the work of his predilection. But too late was he given this liberty. He was already too shattered to even dream of ever being brought back to a tolerable state of health. In 1913, after almost a year of agonizing pain, he died and was buried in Chernihiv.

"Freedom" Meaningless to Peasant Then

To understand the period in which Kotsiubinsky lived, it should be recalled that in 1864, the year of the writer's birth, the Minister of Interior, *he called it*, never had existed, does not, and never shall, and that its language was a mere dialectic ex- crescence of the Russian. The wary Russian officialdom was very prone to discover a revolt in the least manifestation of upward striving, and always ready to smother any endeavor that might better the well-being of the Ukrainian people.

Although three years earlier serfdom had been abolished, no signs of freedom were to be felt; the peasants, who form an overwhelming part of the Ukrainian population, continued to suffer as did their predecessors. As regards land ownership, the picture was quite peculiar to the Russian Empire: the soil was owned by wealthy lords who leased their possessions to stewards, and they, in turn, employed the peasants for a mere pittance, hardly sufficient to keep body and soul together. Hence, the lowering of their standard of living. Their entire energy was expended on the soil they tilled, and endless extortions swallowed whatever precious little they gained by the sweat of their brow. It will not be straining the argument to an undue pitch to say that the Ukrainian peasant of the last two centuries had become so inured to continual servitude that the word "freedom" was meaningless to him, and that even misery he accepted as the inevitable condition of life. He saw nothing, heard nothing, beyond the confines of the fields where he was born, toiled and died. Even the voice of Shevchenko, that greatest of all Ukrainian poets, failed at that time in exhorting him to rise, break his bonds, and, with a mighty hand, fell the oppressor. He listened to that voice in wonderment, as in a daze, for those were new words and strange to his ears, reviving the glorious but forgotten past, heralding a future such as the muzhik dared not even dream about. True, his lethargic will was roused to at least

a semblance of volition, but the reflexes failed as yet to respond to the stimulus.

Shevchenko's cry of freedom was stifled in the Siberian wastes, where to he had been exiled for his daring to ridicule the sainted persons of the Tsar and his family, but it was raised by his fellow-craftsmen and the intelligentsia. These, however, in spite of their fearlessness in pronouncing their liberal and radical views, had to wade through a morass of censorship before they could reach the people, and their progress in the direction of general enlightenment was checked and obstructed by the Russian authorities. The Ukrainian written language was virtually prohibited, and any attempt on the part of Ukrainian writers to express themselves in their own tongue was thwarted and, in many cases, considered as a punishable breach of loyalty to the Romanoffs.

The Ethnographic-Realistic School

In this oppressive atmosphere Ukrainian literature could hardly have been expected to flourish. At every step the Ukrainian writers felt the blight of censorship and persecution. (Shevchenko, during his exile, was forbidden to write altogether; he, however, outwitted his overseers by storing whatever he wrote in secret under the inner sole of his boot.) Freedom of thought and expression was doomed. It was dangerous even to talk of freedom, much less to be radically outspoken about it in print, and, besides, in a language so hated by the mighty of Russia. The newly imported ideas of liberty from Western Europe, therefore, had to bide their time, and the writers limited their scope to simple presentations of the unbearable plight of the Ukrainian peasantry—human misery in the idealized, thereby rendering the contrast all the more glaring. For more than a hundred years this ethnographic-realistic school prevailed in Ukrainian literature, and although its manner was seemingly innocent, it had a tremendous effect on the people: it reflected their own life and indirectly made them intelligently conscious of their state, thus paving the way to a future reaction.

Kotsiubinsky himself made his debut in 1890 as a representative of this school. It may be said that all his life he remained, in a degree, an adherent to this ethnographic tradition, although, later in his career of letters, he was influenced by the various literary tendencies of Western Europe to seek new artistic values. One has but to read his lyrical "Out of the Depths" to learn how powerful that urge was.

To the under-privileged tiller of the soil Kotsiubinsky gave his heartmost sympathy: "There is no happiness for the muzhiks on this earth. I witness our existence and am horrified. All one's life is spent in a yoke, like that of a beast... and what is the reward for all this? No rest, no decently wholesome food... no breathing space in the hovels... most unhealthy and breath-stifling... and yet we are human beings, not swine in a pigsty!" Time and again his life's path is darkened by that gloomy, downcast figure, by that very impersonation of misery—the peasant, whom, out of sheer pity, he most dreads to meet. Even in the intermezzos of his life, when he seeks respite from his and others' sorrow, and reconciliation with life in the bosom of Nature, the shadow of grief, co-eval with the sun, mingles its gloom with the star's glare, and palpably weighs upon him. Yet, in the midst of natural beauty, his pessimism, loneliness, despair are finally transformed into a praise of life, his senses are fed by the juicy variegations of the aspect of Nature, and from the very source of life and

light he draws the luxuriance beaming from his verbally plastic compositions.

In each of his pieces there is a human as well as natural element. All his stories are enveloped in a psychological significance and couched in a sociological meaning, and each presents a new phase of its author's versatility.

*

A Shelley In Collision With Realities

"Ah, how wonderful it is to gather smiles and render them to others," muses the artist Kotsiubinsky almost on his death-bed. All his life he had been gathering smiles in the hues and sounds of Nature; and dipping his pen in the sun, moon, sky, sea, clouds, he was sublimating Beauty herself. It was an overpowering urge that set him against the ugly and the trivial, and drove him on in search of perfection across the Himalayas of misfortune, through the bogs of the commonplace. And when, finally, he stood on the summit of his creative activity, behind him lay his ruined life, and before him extended a sunny prospect which his eyes, dimming in-to-death, were already unable to seize.

Heavy was the price Kotsiubinsky had to pay for overcoming his fate in the limited measure that he did. Born a Shelley to walk among the flowers, revel in the sun, indulge in the voluptuous feast of Nature, it fell to his lot to find himself in constant collision with the odious, paltry, dull and painful realities of life. And what realities! Restless nights, insomnia lasting for days on end—during which, as he himself confesses, his pale, bloodless face became almost transparent—gnawed at his organism, feeble since boyhood, and gave rise to a chronic illness which, octopus-like, extended its tentacles to his heart, nerves, stomach, lungs, completing its work of ravage at the victim's estival age of forty-eight.

Kotsiubinsky's spiritual state varied from one extreme to another. Moments of utmost dejection were followed by intense sensitivity, animation, happiness. At times, he admits, his feelings became sharp, and he saw everything lucidly. And yet, these moments of joy, when creativeness boiled within him, he feared most, for, as he communicates to one of his few intimate friends: "I know that somewhere very near a cloud is forming, and a period is nigh when black melancholy will seize me, and it will be long before I am again restored to normal." And at another time: "I can hardly breathe. Now I do not only groan but, at times, weep for fierce pain that is in my chest and for lack of breath. Sometimes my chest is stifled so that it is impossible for me to make a step, and my nerves have reached such a point that the least detail, for example, a news item or an article in the paper, makes me ill for several days." And still: "My illness continues. I am troubled with heart attacks, and I spit blood for the past three weeks."

And this at the time when his creative endeavor produced such chefs-d'oeuvre as "Intermezzo" and "A Dream." We are reminded by Serge Yefremov, the literary critic, that these sun-flooded pieces "were written by a man who was not only groaning but writhing in pain." And who luxuriated in the bright atmosphere of the ideal while feeling his heart chilled by the icy crust of death; and yet, whose life, in spite of all the sufferings, ended with a paean to Being and Beauty.

Extremely Painstaking in His Writings

For a man of Kotsiubinsky's sensitively diseased constitution, according to Yefremov, any undertaking was an endless source of hesitations, anxieties, doubts. He was a Flaubert in severity to the children of his imagination, polishing them not only painstakingly but to the utmost degree of obsession, for months and often for years, before surrender-

DNEIPER SHIPS SAIL AGAIN

Raising the Wrecks

The work was begun by raising the wrecks. The difficulty was to inspect the boats while they were still submerged, and determine whether there was any purpose in raising them. Since the salvage bridges did not possess a single diving suit among them, they had to select the strongest swimmers, who, following the primitive technique of pearl divers, made a quick survey of the sunken craft and reported on the damage.

The building of quays and warehouses, the restoration of harbor installations and communication lines, and the repair of dredges went on simultaneously.

In a surprisingly short time, the warning lights of buoys were glinting in the shallows. By the end of the first navigation season after the Red Army's crossing of the Dnieper, 646,000 tons of cargo had been transported. True, it was only a tenth of the prewar average, but it was far more than had been anticipated.

Efforts did not slacken during the winter. Vessels were reconditioned, shipping offices were rebuilt.

Within about a year after the Dnieper had been recaptured from the Germans by the Soviet forces 215 steamers and 247 barges had been reconditioned. Four dredges were busy clearing fairways and havens. Several passenger stations had been rebuilt. About 800 miles of communication lines were in use again. Likewise just about one half of the wrecked machinery, warehouses, plants and workshops had been replaced. The total amount spent on the reconstruction of the Dnieper steamship service within the first year was over 50 million rubles.

The main problem now is to acquire new river vessels and new equipment. To that end shipyards at Dnepropetrovsk, Zaporozhe, and Kherson are kept busy.

It is estimated that several years will elapse before the Dnieper will be restored fully, before all the dams, sluices and power stations will rise again from the ruins, and when the steamers will ply again from Orshan to Kherson.

Steamship service on the famed Dnieper, "father of Ukrainian rivers," is once again in operation, according to George Kovalenko, chief of the Dnieper Steamship Service. Before the end of this year he expects that the steamships will carry about 1,115,000 tons of cargo, a big increase over that of last year following the Nazi retreat, but still less than a quarter of the pre-war figure.

The Dnieper is the third longest river in Europe—1,500 miles. The area of its basin and tributaries is 190,000 square miles. Before the war, steamship lines served some 2,300 miles of mainstream and its tributaries.

When, in 1932, the sluices and the Dnieper power station were completed, the river became navigable from Orshan in Byelorussia, to Kherson, where it flows into the Black Sea.

Hundreds of steamers and barges plied the Dnieper with loads of Byelorussian timber, Ukrainian grain, Donets coal, oil and salt. The passenger boats carried between six and seven million people a year.

The Dnieper flows through a rich land, and all the industries of that area were connected, in some way or another, with the river.

What the Germans Left

The Germans left only 68 small steamers—all damaged—and a few barges. Only one of the original 19 dredges remained; the rest were sunk. But the most serious loss was the Dnieper power station, dams and sluices. Between Dnepropetrovsk and the Zaporozhe the turbulent rapids had their way again, and for that stretch the river was made unnavigable. Once more, the services on the upper and lower reaches were divided, as they were before the building of the dam on the Dnieper River.

Before the war, 75 percent of the loading at the various ports was mechanized. The Germans left only a fragment of the equipment intact—at Kiev. All the rest was either blown up or sunk. Not more than one-fifth of all the covered landing stages and warehouses remained standing. Seven out of the ten shipyards were totally destroyed. The remaining three were in bad state. Most of their equipment had been wrecked or sent to Germany.

The steamship service used to run hospitals, polyclinics, clubs, nurseries, medical institutions. They all shared the general fate of plunder and ruin.

Rehabilitation detachments were faced, therefore, with salvaging sunken vessels, deepening the river beds, building new wharves and warehouses, and providing living conditions for those who had returned to work.

ing them reluctantly to the public. "Only serious labor entitles an author to appear publicly," was his conviction. Literary work brought him much happiness, but at the same time it tortured his hypersensitive nature, eternally dissatisfied, eternally lamenting his incapacity to fulfill the self-imposed colossal demands in his quest of perfection. "Everything comes out so pale, anaemic, crude, and only irritates me... Whenever I read a fine author (and my favorite are—Hamsun, Schnitzler, Lie, Aho, Garborg, Weid, Strinberg, Maeterlinck), I do not feel like writing at all, for I shall never attain what those talents have attained." One is somewhat bewildered at this discontent, uncertainty and even despondency of the author of "Apple Blossoms," with whose psychological analysis of that particular phase of experience it is difficult to find comparison in the literature of the world. And yet, says he to Gorki, his host on Capri: "So much has been seen, experienced; a whole sea of images, thoughts and tenderly simple songs... stir within my soul! How I would like to rain them down upon the

earth and men—and yet all that does not form, I do not know how to form it."

The travels he made were in a degree remedial and stimulating to his exhausted physique and depressed mind; yet for a while they restored and preserved his health, and filled him with a new impressions which it was his pleasure to elaborate into such masterpieces as "A Dream," "On Capri," etc. At least a third of his entire production is due to his travels. Wherever he went (Crimea, Bessarabia, Greece, Germany, Austria, Italy), he observed everything, noted down everything his avid eyes seized. He went on a rampant quest of the material which later he would laboriously mold into a thing of beauty. He simply could not see anything new and beautiful without feeling an urge to translate it into words. "It would be sinful," he speaks of Capri, "to behold this wonderful island and not write about it."

At this point let us closely follow Serge Yefremov:

Kotsiubinsky seeks his material everywhere, in the very crater of Vesuvius, on the peaks of the Car-

G.I. Describes Plight of Ukrainian War Refugees

The tragic plight of Ukrainian war refugees who as advocates of Ukrainian national independence know what fate will befall them if they are compelled to return to their native land under Soviet occupation, is described in a letter from overseas to "Narodna Volya," weekly of the Ukrainian Workingmen's Association by Dmytro Staroschtak, an advisor of that organization, active in pre-war days in Ukrainian American youth circles in the Pittsburgh area, and for the past three years a member of the U.S. armed forces. Dated August 8 at Wehrheim, Germany and written in Ukrainian its text in translation follows:

Perhaps the Ukrainians in America are not very aware of the tragic plight of our people in Germany now.

Having had an opportunity of seeing thousands of Ukrainians and talking with hundreds of them, I am convinced that not all of them want to return beneath Soviet rule. On the contrary they greatly fear that if they do return "father Stalin" will "reward" them either by banishing them into Siberia or by slaughtering them like animals. Hailing from Galicia, as well as from Eastern Ukraine, these Ukrainians existed from two to twenty five years under Soviet rule and want no more of that "paradise."

When I informed them that a small portion of the Ukrainian people in America is well disposed and loyal to the Soviets, they replied: "Let those people go and live in the Soviet Union one or two months, and if they manage to escape from that 'Soviet paradise' then they'll surely be rid of their pro-Soviet sickness."

Agents of the Soviet secret police (N.K.V.D.) swarm all over Germany. Sometimes they abduct persons at night. Why do they attempt to force people to return to their homeland? The answer is clear. They know that as long as these people remain free they will continue to talk and write what they experienced and witnessed in the "Soviet paradise." In this manner the world will soon learn that

the Communist dictatorship in the Soviet Union is terrible. That is why the Red agents want to return these people to "father Stalin."

I am not certain concerning the number of our Ukrainians in Germany, but according to available information there are more than a million of them.

The Ukrainians in the United States and Canada ought to interest themselves in the plight of these refugees and save them, else they will perish.

This is no phantasy. The Soviets are trying to persuade America to return to the Soviets all those who were under Soviet "care" before 1939. Rumors are going around that the Reds are demanding that even those who were under the Soviets before 1942 be returned too. You can see now how "father Stalin" takes care of his children.

I anticipate that our Ukrainian Communists in America will immediately say that, "these people are fascists, and that is why they don't want to go back to Soviet rule." To call them fascists is mere nonsense and a bluff.

I personally spoke with many of them. Among them are intellectuals, professors, teachers, students, tradesmen and even most backward peasants. All of them refuse to return to the Soviets and all of them suffer from Soviet inhuman economic and political persecution.

They told me that if the time arrives when they will be compelled to return they will slay their families and commit suicide, or let themselves be killed by their captors, rather than return to Soviet rule.

I am certain that if our Communists in America and Canada had an opportunity of talking with these refugees who lead a gypsy-like existence in Germany they would realize that what the Soviets tell the world is entirely different from what is actually happening in the Soviet Union.

Why do I write this? There is but one answer. These refugees need immediate help. A month or two hence may be too late. The Ukrainian people have no communal life here, but flock together wherever they can to save them themselves, irrespective of their religious or political differences. The Ukrainians in American and Canada ought to organize help to save their kinsmen here from extinction. Time is costly, do it now, for tomorrow will be too late.

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pathians. Nature cannot conceal anything from him; he penetrates her innermost depths, gathering her colors and sounds; he peers into the most secret recesses of man's soul, flashing into it the powerful projector of his scrutiny, and examines not only its intimate and delicate but also its subconscious workings. Everything, everything must serve him as material. Even death must reveal itself to him in all its gruesome aspects. For he is an analytic psychologist who subjects all surrounding objects and his own experiences to the sole purpose, that of using them as literary material. To Hrushevsky, the foremost historian of the Ukrainian nation, who visited him in a clinic, Kotsiubinsky once imparted his new observations in the psychology of human dying. Even in his death-bed his mind was on the alert for anything that would serve him in good stead for his minutely analytic studies.

A Blender of Life and Art

Kotsiubinsky does not think it necessary to elaborate his plots. What is of prime importance to him is to make his compositions alive with feel-

ing, movement, color, sound. He is an impressionist. But that only in a way. For one detects in his meagre but qualitative literary output French naturalism, Ukrainian realism, Scandinavian symbolism, Russian inclination to treat literary matters psychologically. To this quadruple influence he but added the spark of his idealism. Like the larks which in his "Intermezzo" unified heaven and earth with their song, so did he blend, in a harmonious synthesis, life and art.

As Yefremov suggests, Kotsiubinsky's work is an unfinished symphony, a song interrupted at a syllable. Life itself was against him, plaguing him incessantly, impeding that great quest whereby he sought to justify his existence. "My head is full—but there is nothing on the paper," he protested. And yet, we must marvel that he had accomplished what he did, and that in spite of a gloomy, painful and wearisome life. His work is so full of the sun, so teeming with joy, vividness, sparkle, animation. He was really gathering smiles of Nature and showering them on others.

THE KINGLET AND THE BEAR

By IVAN FRANKO

A BEAR once was walking with a Wolf in the forest. They suddenly heard a strange twittering in the bushes. They drew nearer to see who it was and noticed a small birdling with a tail turned up as it jumped from twig to twig and twittered.

"Brother Wolf," said the Bear, "who is that birdling that sings so nicely?"

"Hush, brother Bear. It's the Kinglet," whispered the Wolf.

"A Kinglet?" whispered the Bear in fear. "Then we better bow to him."

"Certainly," said the Wolf, and both bowed down to the very ground. The Kinglet, however, did not even give them a single glance, but went on twittering and leaping from one twig to another.

"Look, so small and yet so haughty!"—the Bear grumbled. "He wouldn't even give us a glance! Wouldn't it be worth while to see what his palace looks like?"

"I don't know," the Wolf said. "I know where his palace is but somehow I have never thought of looking into it."

"Is it really so terrible to look at it?"

"No, it is not so terrible as improper to look into it."

"Then let us go! I simply must look into it!"—the Bear said.

They came to the tree hole where the Kinglet had his nest. The Bear had hardly peeped in when the Wolf jerked him by the elbow.

"Bear!" he whispered. "Stop!"

"What is it?"

"Don't you see? The Kinglet has come flying. And here is the Queenlet herself! It is not proper to look into their nest in their presence."

The Bear and the Wolf walked off into the bushes and the Kinglet and his mate flew down to their nest to feed their fledglings. A few moments after they had flown away, the Bear came nearer to the tree hole and looked inside. What he saw was just the usual thing one can see inside of a tree hole: the tree had a rotted inside, some feathers had been spread on the bottom of the hole, and on that nest there sat five young Kinglets.

"Bah, and this is the royal palace?"—the Bear called out. "Why, that's a beggar's den! And those naked fledglings, are these a king's children? Phew! what ugly changelings!"

The Bear Insults the Kinglets

As the Bear said this, he spat into the tree hole. He wanted to leave, when the young Kinglets twittered in the nest, "So, Mr. Bear? You spit on us? What have we done to you? Aren't we children of honest parents? Why do you call us changelings? For this insult you must answer to us."

The Bear was so frightened by their cries that he shook with fear. He rushed with all his might away from the nasty tree hole, ran to his lair, and hid there. In the meantime the young Kinglets kept on making a racket in their nest until their mother and father came flying to them. "What happened here?"—the parents asked, handing their young ones worms and flies.

"We don't care for flies! We don't want any worms. We won't eat, even if we were to die of hunger, until you show them if we really are changelings and no children of an honest father."

"What has happened?" the parents asked.

"The Bear came here, called us changelings and spat into our nest."

"Is that so?" the Kinglet called out, and, without thinking long, flew to the Bear's den.

"Hey, old Bruin," he said, perching on a twig above the Bear's head. "For what reason have you called my children changelings and spat into my nest? You must answer me for that insult. Tomorrow the first thing in

the morning you will come out for a war against me."

War

What could the Bear do? If he was challenged to war, let it be war. He went about calling all the animals to help him: the Wolf, Boar, Fox, Badger, Deer, Rabbit,—in short, every animal that walked on its four feet.

At the same time the Kinglet flew about calling all the birds and all the insects. Flies, Bumblebees, Hornets, Mosquitos,—in short every creature that flew on its wings. The Kinglet told them to get ready for a great war on the following day. In the evening they came together to hold a council. "Listen," the Kinglet said, "we must send somebody reconnoitering into the enemy's camp so that we may know who is their general and what is their pass-word."

After some counsel, they sent out the Mosquito, who was the smallest and the shrewdest. The Mosquito came to the Bear's camp just as the animals were starting their counsel. "What shall we do," the Bear began his speech. "You, Fox, being the most cunning of all the animals, you will be our general."

"All right," the Fox said. "You see, if we had a trouble with animals, it would be best to make the Bear our general, but this being a conflict with those winged mites, I might be to you of greater service. The main thing here is a quick eye and a keen mind. Well, listen then what is my plan. The enemy's army will fly in the air, that's true. But what do we care! Let us go straight to the Kinglet's nest and take his children prisoners of war. As soon as we have them in our hands, we will force the old Kinglet to put an end to the war and surrender to us. Thus we will win."

"Hurrah! Hurrah!" all the animals cried.

"That means," the Fox went on, "we have to march in close order as the enemy has Eagles and Hawks who might gouge out our eyes should we scatter. It is always safer to be close to each other."

"That's true, that's true!" called the Rabbit, who at the very thought of Eagles felt his legs shaking.

General Fox's Orders

"I will go at the head," the Fox went on, "and you shall follow me. Do you see my tail? Well, this will be our battle banner. All of you will look attentively at my tail. As long as I shall hold it straight up, there will be no danger, and you may march bravely on. Should I catch wind of an ambush, I will at once lower my tail: this will be a signal to you that you should proceed more slowly and with greater caution. And should there be real trouble, then I will press my tail between my hind legs, and then you shall run fast as your legs will carry you."

"Hurrah! Bravo!" all the animals called and all praised the Fox's smartness. The Mosquito, having overheard the whole clever plan, flew to the Kinglet and told him the plan with every detail.

On the next morning, with the very daybreak, the animals gathered for the campaign. Twigs and branches crunched as they pushed through the thickets, the earth resounded and groaned under the weight of their heavy paws and hoofs. The air was filled with cries, howlings, barkings, and roars. Leaves trembled from the noise.

Hearing the noise, the birds began flying together. The air whirred from the motion of their wings, leaves fell from the trees. Cries, calls, hoots, pipings filled the air and split the ears.

The animals marched on in a close formation in the direction of the Kinglet's nest. The birds flew above

THE ROOTS OF UKRAINIAN CULTURE

By HONORE EWACH

THE tragedy of Ukraine is mainly due to the fact that it has very rich soil, mild and genial climate, and plenty of such minerals as iron, manganese, and coal. As such it has always been a tempting bit for the greedy neighbors. In short, Ukraine is potentially rich. It is the same with its people. Ukrainians are rich, but not in worldly riches. They are rich by nature and culturally.

Perhaps, if Ukrainians were less rich by nature—less warm-hearted, less poetically imaginative, less given to the enjoyment of the things that belong to the sphere of deep emotions—they might be more interested in the potential riches of their own country. Perhaps, they would hold more tenaciously to their own soil and defend it, tooth and claw.

But the fact is that the Ukrain-

ians are more interested in their inner world, the world of heart, than in the riches of their soil. They are rich spiritually and they hold tenaciously to their spiritual riches. That is the reason why they are still Ukrainians. For instance, Poland held Galicia, one of Ukraine's provinces, under its domination from 1387 to 1772, and the Polish squires clung to Galicia up to 1939, yet in spite of all the efforts of the Polish chauvinists the western Ukrainians still retain their spiritual riches—their national culture. They still think as Ukrainians, they still talk Ukrainian, they still sing Ukrainian songs, and they still cling tenaciously to their church rituals of Greek origin. The same is true of the eastern Ukrainians. In spite of the fact that the Muscovite jingoists have been doing their best since 1654 to turn Ukraine into a Russian province and its inhabitants into Russians, Ukraine is still a separate nationality and its inhabitants still feel and think only as Ukrainians, cherishing their own culture.

When one examines thoroughly such languages as Russian, Ukrainian, and Polish, he may see more similarities than differences. Such is the theoretical aspect of the language differences. In practice these three languages are very widely separated by the fact that they are the mediums for expressing three different molds of living, thinking, and feeling.

There are many Ukrainians who can speak perfect Polish or perfect Russian, but, in spite of that fact, they feel, think, and act as Ukrainians. For instance, Nicholas Hohol (better known as Gogol) wrote all his stories, novels, and plays in Russian, yet all the while he remained a Ukrainian, in his heart and soul. When he wrote of the time he spent in Ukraine as a Ukrainian student he wrote with love. That was how he produced his "Evenings at Dikanka". How warm-hearted is his description of the old Ukrainian Kozak leader Taras Bulka! Such were the themes dear to his heart. Whenever he wrote of Russians, though in Russian, he wrote cynically and with contempt. This is noticeable, for instance in his play "The Inspector." There are also many apt but cynical remarks in his "Dead Souls" where he describes the life of the rich landlords and squires who were to a great extent either of foreign origin or greatly Russified. Finally, he fell sick and died on account of the fact that he always was a Ukrainian deep down in his heart, but had to masquerade in front of the world as a Russian writer.

The roots of the Ukrainian culture are so deep in the hearts and souls of the Ukrainians that even now there is no danger of the possibility that Ukrainians might turn into Russians. What Ukrainians find in Russian authors is sheer interest and curiosity. They are quite intrigued by the ideas of Tolsoy, Gorky, Pushkin, or Turgenev. But they are stirred to the depths of their hearts and souls when they read Shevchenko's verses or Marko Vovchok's stories. They can sing some of the popular Russian songs but they are moved to their very depths when they sing their own folk songs, and the songs composed by their own composers.

The roots of the Ukrainian culture go deep into the dim past. They intertwine with the roots of the ancient Iranian and Greek cultures. And they also reach deep into the hearts of Ukrainians.

At this moment the Hornet stung the Fox with all his might. The Fox howled from pain, leaped a yard into the air, and then pressed the tail between his legs and ran! The animals did not know what had happened but ran in panic as fast as they could, trampling each other. And the Birds, Wasps, Mosquitoes, Hornets pursued them, fell upon them from above, stinging them, biting, tearing. There was a terrible slaughter. The animals who were saved from the slaughter ran in all directions and hid in their bowers, dens, lairs, and caves.

Having won a great victory, the Kinglet flew to his nest and said to his young ones, "Well, children, now you may eat. We have won the war."

"No, we won't eat" the young ones said, "until the Bear comes here and asks our pardon."

What could the Kinglet do? He flew to the Bear's den, perched on the branch above his head and said, "Well, Bruin, how did you like to war against the Kinglet?"

And the Bear, who had marched in the rear of his army, had his flanks torn by the Boars and had his ribs trampled upon by Deer and Stags, lay sick in bed, hardly able to groan. "Go away, leave me in peace," he grumbled. "I'll forbid my family to the tenth generation to start any trouble with you."

"No, Brother, that won't do," the Kinglet said. "You must come to my tree hole and apologize to my children, or else you will come to a still greater trouble."

The Bear could not argue. He had to come to the tree hole and ask pardon of the young Kinglets and to assure them that they were no changelings, but decent children of decent parents. And only then the young ones were contented and began again to eat and to drink.

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What They Say

Secretary of State James F. Byrnes:

"The United States is today a bastion of democracy and private enterprise. In many countries throughout the world, our political and economic creed is in conflict with ideologies which respect both of these principles. To the extent that we are able to manage our domestic affairs successfully, we shall win converts to our creed in every land. If we are successful in realizing the enormous productive potential of our system, we shall have a standard of living which will be the marvel of the world. A strong, stable and prosperous America will give courage and hope to all friends of democracy abroad. The example we set will certainly affect, and may even determine, the direction of the world's political and economic development."

Fleet Admiral William D. Leahy, the President's Chief of Staff:

"We have assumed heavy world responsibilities that must be discharged. Our true strength is in the power of our purposes and of our way of life. This was the secret weapon which really destroyed Hitler and Japan. From our basic virtues as a freedom-loving nation came the strength which beat back the aggressors. And that strength is the natural possession of all right-minded people throughout the world. From a unity of all the people for the purposes of peace and from the dignity of man will come a continuing power to maintain peace in the world and heal the wounds this war has inflicted. We must not falter in the duties and responsibilities which still remain to us in making secure our victory. To fail in this would be to deny the glory of those who died and suffered in winning this war."

Spruille Braden, United States Ambassador to Argentina, speaking at a thanksgiving service held by the American community in Buenos Aires:

"... No longer can a self-respecting world standing for the rights of man under democracy accept a government that rules through violence and humiliates man under dictatorship. To assure the peace of the world we, the victorious democracies, must and will establish the only legitimate sovereignty: the inviolable sovereignty of the people. That is our pledge of gratitude to those who have given their lives to make the world free."

Bernard M. Baruch, financier and philanthropist, and adviser to Presidents for a generation:

"The American people can do anything if you will tell them why, but you must tell them why. But they are never subordinate to the state, as in some other lands. The state does not control them; it comes to their assistance when they need it."

Byron Price, Director of Censorship, speaking over the radio:

"I should like to speak of only one of our war aims—the preservation of freedom of expression, a freedom which has been bequeathed as an American heritage from generation to generation. If the war had cost us this freedom, or any measure of it, the victory would be a victory in name only. As it is, the radio and the press throughout the United States are now assured of emerging from the great crisis as free as they were before the Japanese assault on Pearl Harbor. During the intervening three years and eight months, both broadcasters and editors have voluntarily withheld information which would have helped the Germans and the Japanese to defeat us; but even these restraints—self-imposed and loyally upheld—were removed August 15 when the Office of Censorship ceased performing all its wartime activities. The record is a bright page in the history of free enterprise."

★ TEN MINUTE BREAK ★

Three turtles decided to have a cup of coffee. Just as they entered the restaurant, it started to rain, so the biggest turtle said to the little turtle, "Go home and get the umbrella."

The little turtle said, "I will if you don't drink my coffee."

"We won't," said the two other turtles.

It was two years later that the big turtle said to the middle turtle, "Well, I guess he isn't coming back, so we might as well drink his coffee."

Just then the voice of the little turtle called in from outside the door, "If you do, I won't go."

The town character had been given the job of polishing the court house lawn brass cannon at \$10 per month to keep him busy and in spending money. After 3 months he reported to the paymaster that he was quitting.

"Why, is the work too hard for you?"

"Nope," said the half-wit.

"Do you want more money?"

"Nope."

"Then why are you quitting?"

The bum drew himself up and with haughty pride said: "I've saved my money and bought a brass cannon—I'm going into the business for myself."

"Say, why do they call our language the mother-tongue?"

"Because the father so seldom gets a chance to use it."

Sending a telegram to his wife—really to announce his safe arrival to his destination after a long train journey, a soldier filled in the telegram blank: "Darling, darling, darling, darling."

"With the address, that makes eleven words," said the post office assistant. "You're allowed another"

"But there's nothing else I want to say," said the soldier.

"You could always put in another 'darling,'" suggested the assistant.

The soldier pondered for a spell. "Don't you think that would look rather silly?" he asked.

Late to bed,
Early to rise,
Makes a man saggy, draggy and baggy,
Under the eyes.

Mose: "Sam, if you had your choice, which would you rather be in, a collision or an explosion?"

Sam: "A collision, of course."

Mose: "How come?"

Sam: "Well, in a collision dere you is; and in an explosion, where is you?"

Stepping out of a luxurious car, a woman, dressed in furs, approached the sentry and asked to speak to her soldier son. "He is tall, good looking, with blue eyes. His name is Clarence Montmorency."

The sentry stopped her. "I don't know," he said. Then putting his head round the guard-room, he shouted: "Hey, Stinky, you're wanted."

"Do you learn fast in OCS?" the officer candidate was asked.

"Fast!" he echoed. "Why the other day I dropped a pencil, and while I was leaning over to pick it up I missed a whole year of college algebra."

A smile is a language that even a baby understands... Character is like a fence, you can't straighten it with whitewash... You don't make footprints in the sands of time by sitting down... The best applause is that which comes from your own conscience... Big heads from little successes grow.

Old Mrs. Miggles managed to get

a long in the world in spite of her educational deficiencies, says a London paper. One day she was called upon by a lawyer to sign an important document.

"You sign it yourself, sir, an' I'll make me mark," said Mrs. Miggles. "Since me eyes gave out I'm not able to write a wurrd."

"How do you spell it?" asked the lawyer, his pen poised above the document.

"Spell it whatever way ye plaze," said Mrs. Miggles. "Since I lost me teeth, there's not a wurrd I can spell."

Don't worry if your job is small,
And your rewards are few;
Remember that the mighty oak
Was once a nut like you.

The young man went into the store and said to the cashier:

"I wish to pay the last instalment on the perambulator."

The smiling cashier handed him his receipt and asked: "And how is the baby?"

"Oh, I'm feeling fine, thank you," was the reply.

An Irish priest offered sixpence to the boy who could tell him who was the greatest man in history.

"Columbus," answered one boy.

"George Washington," answered another.

"St. Patrick," shouted a bright little Jewish boy.

"The sixpence is yours," said the priest. "But why did you say St. Patrick?"

"Right down in my heart I knew it was Moses," said the Jewish boy, "but business is business."

There aren't any idle rumors. They are always busy.

The Advocate

STADIUM

The Ukrainian S.S.R. government has allotted forty-five million rubles for the restoration of the huge stadium in Kiev, capital of Ukraine, with grandstands holding sixty five thousand spectators.

It is reported that the stadium will have a military sports ground, athletic grounds, a palace of physical culture, a swimming pool, eight basketball fields, eight volleyball courts, eight tennis courts, and a hotel-restaurant to accommodate the guests.

Ukrainian Girl Is Runner-Up To "Miss Philadelphia"

Miss Anne Billos, winner of the "Miss War Bond" beauty contest sponsored by the Ukrainian Cultural Centre in 1943, was honored with the runner-up title in the "Miss Philadelphia" contest held on August 21st.

Miss Billos, who is 18, lives on North Franklin Street in Philadelphia, has blonde hair, blue eyes, fair complexion, is 5'4", 117 pounds, and is a clothes model.

From the original cast of 45 girls, 15 qualified for the finals. All 15 had to either dance or sing, and appear in a gown and bathing suit. When the judges cast their votes, Gloria Bair was named Miss Philadelphia and Anne Billos was crowned Miss Philadelphia Runner-Up. Both girls received huge trophies, had their pictures taken, met city dignitaries, had luncheons in fine hotels and appeared as part of the floor show at Jack Lynch's Walton Roof for two weeks.

Miss Billos is the first Ukrainian girl to reach such heights in the city-wide beauty contest. Miss Billos will be one of the judges at the next U.C.C. beauty contest to be held at the Ukrainian Hall on September 22nd.

AL YAREMKO

WOOD FOR FUEL URGED BY WPB

Increased production, distribution and use of wood as fuel for residential heating is suggested by the Consumer Fuels Division of the War Production Board's Office of Civilian Requirements as one way to relieve the nation's critical fuel shortages this winter. OCR officials emphasize wood, especially hardwoods, to permit drying for 60 to 90 days before use. The importance of wood as a fuel is emphasized by the fact that the heat generated from one cord of hardwood (a pile 8 feet long, 4 feet high and 4 feet wide) is almost equivalent to that produced by a ton of coal, WPB says.

Farmers who earn partial livelihoods from wood crops, and workers released from war plants because of military cutbacks, are urged by OCR to make more fuel wood available to homes in their rural districts and to the urban areas in the vicinity.

"PROFESSOR CLARENCE A. MANNING, OF COLUMBIA UNIVERSITY, IS RENDERING A SERVICE TO INTERNATIONAL LETTERS IN MAKING AVAILABLE, IN ENGLISH, A BRIEF BUT COMPREHENSIVE HISTORY OF UKRAINIAN LITERATURE. IT IS A TIMELY TASK, COURAGEOUSLY CARRIED OUT."

PROF. WATSON KIRKCONNEL
Hamilton, Canada.

UKRAINIAN LITERATURE

STUDIES OF THE LEADING AUTHORS

By

Clarence A. Manning

Acting Executive Officer of the Department of East European Languages, Columbia University

With a Foreword by

PROFESSOR WATSON KIRKCONNEL

Published for the Ukrainian National Association by the Harmon Printing House, Poughkeepsie, N. Y.

"Our young people of Ukrainian descent who are alive to their responsibility to become fully acquainted with their Ukrainian cultural heritage for its own sake and in order that its finest elements may be introduced into American culture, have long been asking for an authoritative work in English on Ukrainian authors and their writings. Such a work has now appeared—Prof. Manning's 'Ukrainian Literature.' Everyone of these young people should make it his business to get himself a copy of it and read it. Much will be learned and much will be enjoyed."—Ukrainian Weekly.

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The National Flag should be raised and lowered by hand. It should be displayed only from sunrise to sunset, or between such hours as may be designated by proper authority.

Do not raise the Flag while it is furled. Unfurl, then hoist quickly to the top of the staff. Lower it slowly and with dignity.

Place no objects on or over the Flag. Various articles are sometimes placed on a speaker's table covered with the Flag. This practice should be avoided.

(1) When displayed over the middle of the street, the Flag should be suspended vertically with the union to the north in an east and west street.

(2) When displayed with another flag from crossed staffs, the Flag of the United States of America should be on the right (the Flag's own right) and its staff should be in front of the staff of the other flag.

(3) When it is to be flown at half-mast, the Flag should be hoisted to the peak for an instant and then lowered to the half-mast position; but before lowering the Flag for the day it should again be raised to the peak. By half-mast is meant hauling down the Flag to one-half the distance between the top and the bottom of the staff. On Memorial Day display at half-mast until noon only; then hoist to top of staff.

(4) When flags of states or cities or pennants of societies are flown on the same halyard with the Flag of the United States of America, the latter should always be at the peak. When flown from adjacent staffs the Stars and Stripes should be hoisted first and lowered last.

ПОШУКУЄ ПОСАДИ

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18 GET DISCHARGE

The American Ukrainian Parents Organization of New Britain, Conn. states that 18 boys from its group have been discharged from the service so far. The latest is Michael Roshka.

CIVILIAN AMERICANS AT PEACE

The Government needs and asks its citizens to:

1. Use the nearest of 4,000 United States Employment Service offices to locate a job or a worker for a job. By using these clearing houses you will avoid turnover, duplication and lost time and travel in the job shifts during reconversion.

2. See the councillor in your military separation center or assembly area about your veterans' rights to medical or dental training. Twelve thousand students for medical and dental schools are needed to help meet the nation's serious shortage of doctors and dentists.

3. Eat and store potatoes to avoid spoilage of this nourishing, cheap and plentiful crop. The 1945 crop is expected to be one of the largest on record.

4. Postpone your pleasure travel a few months longer. Leave the trains free for more comfortable journeys for troops who will soon be returning at rate of more than 500,000 a month.

5. Continue to save tin. Large quantities of salvaged tin will be necessary in the manufacture of many civilian articles and there will be no supplies from formerly Japanese-held tin mines for months.

(5) When the Flag is suspended over a sidewalk from a rope, extending from house to pole at the edge of the sidewalk, the Flag should be hoisted out from the building, toward the pole, union first.

(6) When the flag is displayed from a staff projecting horizontally or at any angle from the window, sill, balcony, or front of a building, the union of the Flag should go clear to peak of the staff (unless the Flag is to be displayed at half-mast).

(7) During the ceremony of hoisting or lowering the Flag, or when the Flag is passing in a parade or in a review, all persons present should face the Flag, stand at attention, and salute. Those present in uniform should render the right hand salute. Those men not in uniform should remove their headdress with the right hand and hold it at the left side.

IN YOUR SPARE TIME

Why not relax from routine duties and interest yourself in

**NEEDLE-POINT
AND
PETT-POINT**

We have in stock now a book illustrating in colors very beautiful designs with full instructions.

Price \$1.00.
Send your order together with remittance to:

"SVOBODA"
P. O. BOX 346, JERSEY CITY, N. J.

**Another Ukrainian Movie Star
Makes Debut**

Add to the growing list of Ukrainian movie stars in Hollywood the name of Lizabeth Scott who can be seen in her first picture "You Came Along." Lizabeth Scott, who resembles Veronica Lake, has been described as "the screen's most glamorous new face."

Before she changed her name to Scott, Lizabeth was known in her home town in Scranton, Pa. as Emma Matzo. Her parents, who came to America from Carpatho-Ukraine (the eastern tip of former Czechoslovakia which was recently officially made part of Soviet Ukraine) live at 1001 Capouse Avenue in Scranton.

Now that Mike Mazurki married a Los Angeles reporter, we wonder if John Hodiak, the only other eligible Ukrainian movie star, will invite Lizabeth to his parents' home in Hollywood for a Ukrainian dinner of borsch and perohy?

AL YAREMKO

7th War Loan Record

Newspapers established a new record for advertising and editorial support in the Seventh War Loan Drive and may justly be proud of this accomplishment during heavy newsprint restrictions. Although advertising in behalf of War Bonds during the drive was higher than in the Sixth, it is the editorial space contributed voluntarily in which newspaper men may take pride.

Sixty-two million lines of news, art and editorial support were devoted to War Bonds, according to Treasury figures. More than 26,000 full pages of this, or 29%, was on newspapers' front pages. And none of it is, or was, sponsored or purchasable.

The drive's participation was 20.8% in excess of that given during the 6th. Daily papers accounted for 20.8% of the increase and weeklies 41.8%. These figures are measured by statisticians in the Treasury Department.

Radio leads all media in the flat presentation of dollar contributions to the Seventh Drive. Radio's report to the Treasury—broadcast time devoted to War Bonds is not measured as is newspaper linage—claims a \$23,000,000 in time and talent.

Comparisons are odious, but: radio's claim approximates 10% of all radio billings for the year 1944. And this effort on behalf of the Seventh Drive was made in a little over two months' period.

Radio's figures are undoubtedly accurate according to its current measuring practice. The inequality appears in crediting to the Bond Drive a proportionate of the time and talent cost depending on the percentage of the commercial mentioning the subject.

Newspaper figures stand indisputable.

No computation is made by the Treasury of the total value of news and editorial space given to War Bonds. If it were figured at "reader rates," which is the only rate that applies to news space, total value would run in the neighborhood of \$37,000,000 at an average rate of 60 cents a line.

Newspapers need how to one. They have done a remarkable job and their

AT TWILIGHT

Softly, peacefully, descends the hush
O'er hill and vale
For God walks upon the Earth.
Listen quietly
Feel the brush of His Garment?
Grasses, russet-touched
Whisper softly of His Presence
Still; the tree-tops listen.
Gently, soothingly
Lulling to sleepiness
The footsteps
Of Omnipresent
But Invisible God.

Theodosia Borensky

HERO ENDS LIFE
(Concluded from page 1)

northern Italy and Germany. He was in the lead plane of the first American group to bomb Rome. With 37 months in the army and 19 months overseas, his hours of combat flying totaled 576.

A native of Minesville, Pa., he was employed as a machinist's helper by M. H. Rhodes, Inc., of Hartford, before entering the service. He was a friend of Mayor George A. Quigley of New Britain and corresponded regularly with him during the war.

S/Sgt. Clem was a member of St. Mary's Ukrainian church. He leaves his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Andrew Clem, Sr., of this city; four sisters, Miss Mary T. Clem, New Britain, a nurse at the Hartford Municipal hospital; Mrs. Otto Zahneke and Mrs. Elmore Gaudreau, both of Bristol, and Mrs. Mario Cirro of Meriden, and several nieces and nephews.

**BUILDING INDUSTRY SEEKS
APPRENTICES**

Because it has found that there are not enough skilled workers for the expected post-war building needs, the construction industry is seeking an immediate and marked increase in the number of apprentices in the building trades, the War Manpower Commission's Apprentice-Training Service says.

The construction industry, through its General Committee on Apprenticeship for the Construction Industry, consisting of leading contractors and union officials, has urged that each local union and employer association in the industry renew and extend its activities to develop more apprentices within crafts, and that a "uniform, sound policy be developed in handling returned veterans in terms of Public Law 346, (G.I. Bill) and in terms of its application," according to ATS.

The committee reported that the war period and the depression years that preceded it were not conducive to the training of craftsmen in the numbers needed.

A recruit was being given an intelligence test in the army.

"What would happen if one of your ears were cut off by a bayonet?" asked the examiner.

"I couldn't hear so well."

"What would happen if your other ear were cut off?"

"I couldn't see."

"What do you mean?"

"My hat would fall down over my ears."

influence is recognized in each community.

"The press of America deserves high praise for the leadership it has taken in promoting the War Bond drives."

ANNUAL BALL

— sponsored by —
ST. JOHN'S UKRAINIAN CATHOLIC CHURCH
— to be held at —
UKRAINIAN CENTER, 180 William St., NEWARK, N. J.
SATURDAY, SEPT. 1, 1945
COMMENCING at 8 P. M. ADMISSION 50 cents
JOSEPH SMYR AND HIS ORCHESTRA