



SECTION II.

The Ukrainian Weekly

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TWO UKRAINIANS WORKED ON ATOMIC BOMB

A Ukrainian American and a Ukrainian Canadian worked on the production of the atomic bomb, it can now be revealed.

The first is Major F. Sally, 32, chief of production at the Hanford Engineer Works at Richland, Wash. He is the son of Trophim Sally, 2031 Creston avenue, Bronx, New York City.

And Associated Press dispatch of August 8 from Richland reported that Major Sally had declared that the supply of atomic energy could be stored safely in "large quantities. It won't spoil in storage. The plant at which the major works is extremely well guarded, according to

the AP, and not a visitor gets closer to it than the city limits of Richland, twenty-six miles away.

Among the Canadian scientists who collaborated with American and British in the research and production of the atomic bomb was Peter John Sereidiw, son of Ukrainian parents, Mr. and Mrs. John Sereidiw of Brombury, Sask. Two years ago Sereidiw completed his chemical engineering course and in the following year, 1944, he received his Master's degree at the Alberta University. Since then he has been employed in a Canadian War Department laboratories in eastern Canada.

PT Boat Gunner Raked Jap Convoy

During the last stages of the Jap war seven fleet PT boats successfully attacked a Jap convoy carrying reinforcements to trapped enemy



Torpedoman Walter J. Bachinsky

troops on Morotai Island, Halmaheras, destroying a large, armed, armored barge escorting the convoy.

Walter J. Bachinsky, torpedoman, first class, USNR, son of Mr. and Mrs. Leo Bachinsky of 46 Washington Pkwy, Bayonne, N. J., where his wife Olga also dwells, manned a twin 50 caliber machine gun aboard a PT when the convoy was sighted through the darkness about 1,000 yards off the nearest coast of enemy held Halmahere Island.

"We roared in for the attack," Bachinsky related, as reported in Bayonne Facts. "The Nips saw us coming and opened fire. Their fire was pretty accurate, too. The shells whistled overhead and burst too close for comfort."

No one was injured aboard the PT boat and the damage to the boat was slight.

"Our time came now," Bachinsky continued. "We opened up on the armed barge and set it ablaze. Then we shifted our fire to the craft that

In Boxing Bout With Billy Conn

When Lt. Frank Hawrylak of 498 Valley Road, West Orange, N. J., left this country 15 months ago as a staff sergeant in the coast artillery, he had no idea he would be giving a two-round exhibition match with Cpl. Billy Conn, the leading contender for the world's heavyweight championship, a year later in Ingolstadt, Germany.

A member of U.N.A. Branch 76, to which belong his father, Mr. Fred Hawrylak, and sister, Helen and Mary, the sergeant entered officer's training school in Fontainebleau, France, nine months after arriving in Europe.

As reported in his hometown press, he was commissioned as a second lieutenant in the latter part of May and was assigned as an assistant athletic director with the 39th Division of General Patton's Third Army. A month later he was given complete charge of the athletics and now has two assistant directors.

Lt. Hawrylak is not a novice at the fistic sport. While attending Potomac State College in West Virginia he evinced an interest in boxing, and the following year he took second place in an intercollegiate heavyweight boxing match in Wisconsin. He had transferred to Pennsylvania State College and was a representative of its boxing team.

Boxing is not his sole interest, however. While a student at West Orange High School, from which he was graduated in 1941, Lt. Hawrylak played a stellar role on the football team.

were following it and raked them from bow to stern."

Officially the PT's were credited with destroying the armed barge and damaging others.

Bachinsky, in the Southwest Pacific 10 months, has 70 combat patrols to his credit. After recruit and torpedo training at Newport, R. I., he was accepted for PT duty and graduated from motor torpedo boat training center, Melville, R. I.

Wins Bronze Star

Technician Fifth Grade Myron Krochak, son of Mr. and Mrs. John Krochak, 309 E. 93rd street, New York City, and a member of U.N.A. Branch



CPL. MYRON KROCHAK

204, recently received the Bronze Star Medal for heroic achievement in Germany on February 23, 1945.

The citation accompanying the award states that during the crossing of dangerous river, Krochak helped to lay a vital communication cable to maintain contact between the assaulting elements and the headquarters which controlled the troops. "Despite intense enemy fire which continually harassed their efforts," the citation reads, "Krochak and other members of his crew succeeded in their fourth attempt to accomplish their difficult and dangerous mission. Their exemplary courage and devotion to duty reflect highest credit upon themselves and the military service."

Young Krochak's entire family are members of U.N.A. His father has been an active member of Branch 204 since becoming a member of it in 1930. Two brothers Ostap and Bohdan, and his sister Stephania's husband, are also in service.

Cited For Heroism

Lt. (j.g.) Emanuel T. Rudy, son of Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Rudy, 33 Continental avenue, Belleville, N. J., and a member of U.N.A. Branch 371, has been awarded two decorations, the Navy and Marine Corps Medal and a commendation ribbon, for his work in rescuing Navy personnel in the Pacific, it was announced last Wednesday by the 11th Naval District in San Diego, Calif. and reported in the Newark Evening News.

The 24-year-old officer, who was stationed on the destroyer McCall, won the first medal for his part in rescuing 109 survivors of a burning escort carrier and the second as member of a rescue party which boarded a stricken destroyer. His citation for the first action reads:

"Lt. Rudy volunteered and acted as boat officer in the rescue of 109 survivors of an escort carrier and, with complete disregard for his own safety, contributed materially to the

Reported Dead, Found Alive in Jap Prison

Captured by the Japanese early in the war when Wake Island was overrun by the Japs after a gallant defense, and subsequently erroneously reported dead by the Navy Department, Marine Pfc. William Krenitsky, 23, son of Mrs. Nellie Krenitsky, Edella, R.R.L. Clarks Summit, Pa., was recently liberated according to a Washington, D. C. announcement.

The eldest of twelve children, Pfc. Krenitsky enlisted in the Marine Corps on October 17, 1939. His father, Anthony, a veteran of the first World War, was fatally injured in October, 1941 when a silo blower exploded on their farm at Edella.

Killed On Okinawa

Staff Sergeant John Lavrowsky, son of Mr. and Mrs. Gregory Lavrowsky of Gary, Ind. gave his life for his country in the bloody fight-



S/SGT. JOHN LAVROWSKY

ing against the Japs on Okinawa Island on April 26th. He was killed by a shell explosion. On account of the heavy fighting, however, he could not be buried until eight days later.

About a month after his death his grave was visited by his uncle, William Wasyloko of Pittsburgh, Pa., who is serving with the Merchant Marine.

Funeral services for the slain soldier were held at the Gary Ukrainian church on July 25th.

S/Sgt. Lavrowsky was a member of U.N.A. Branch 100 since childhood. His father has been branch's treasurer for the past twenty years.

success of the rescue operations. He displayed daring seamanship in the recovery of injured men from the water."

A graduate of Belleville High School and the United States Merchant Marine Academy at Kings Point, L. I., Lt. Rudy entered the Navy 2 1/2 years ago and has been on sea duty most of the time.

The Duel — (Поединок)

By IVAN FRANKO

Translated by PERCIVAL CUNDY

The smoke rolled up in clouds. The cannon roared.
Like unseen serpents bullets hissed. Shells
whined,
And as they burst, death and destruction poured.

The face of earth with bloody streams was lined.
And hearts pulse with high courage for the fray.
A thousand hopes expired in death entwined.

The proudest standards went down on that day.
Thrones fell that yesterday still seemed secure.
Nor dreamed that they would ever feel dismay.

And in those ranks, in dread discomfiture,
With dust begrimed, extenuated frame,
I also marched, our victory to assure.

Upon my cheeks there glowed a feverish flame
A voice reproving spoke within my breast,
Yet on I marched, like traitor whipped by shame.

For I, a loyal subject like the rest,
Marched there, obedient to authority,
Fulfilling duty at the state's behest.

I marched against the wild hostility
Of those who on all thrones would wreak vile
harm,
Who sought to put the torch to majesty.

Flood-like, we spread o'er fertile field and farm—
Naught but our troops where'er one turned the
eye.
Somewhere, far off, we heard bells ring alarm.

A village burns . . . The smoke rolls up on high . . .
The bugles blare and dissipate all thought . . .
Our pulses throb, our throats are parched and
dry.

Right up unto the foe we have been brought,
Through smoky haze they loom indefinite,
Their ragged flags speak of grim battles fought.

In close formation they stand opposite,
Fatigued, in wretched garb, yet without fright.
Each holds his weapon with determined grit.

Like sun rays dart to put the night to flight,
Or frightened birds flee from the hurricane,
So from their rifles spurts a leaden blight.

Like whizzing hailstones slash the standing grain,
Like furious tempest whips the falling snow,
Our answering volley mows them down amain.

"Hey, men, advance! Go forward, strike a blow
Before they rally! Not a single one
Must get away who dares resistance show.

"No prisoners! Kill every mother's son!"
The general yelled to urge us to the fray.
Like wolves on sheep, we all began to run.

What then came over me, I cannot say;
A fit of shivering almost made me yield,
I saw not where I ran or stood that day.

I only know that on that bloody field
I stepped on bodies now beyond all aid
And trod on dreadful wounds still uncongealed.

I heard wild yells that in my hearing brayed,
Smoke burned my eyes and bullets whistled by,
And men rushed past who raved or swore or
prayed.

In that wild rout naught could I clear descry,
Ears, eyes and feet, flashed past in turbulence,
As stinging swarms of angry bees might fly.

My hands were glued unto my rifle, whence
A stream of bullets seemed to multiply,
Like serpents spitting bloody violence.

"Death to the rebels!" from my breast the cry
Burst forth. Then, as though stabbed, I felt
the gad
Of conscience, recognized the monstrous lie.

And that same moment, from that welter mad,
Before me stepped a rebel, armed like me,
Who in a blood-stained uniform was clad.

What's this? My fleshly double do I see?
Like me in every trait, eyes, mouth and hair,
The very same down to the least degree!

I stood there petrified. The bugles blare,
But yet I could not take my eyes off him,
I seemed to wait my fate from him to hear.

Fear, like an icy shroud, wrapped very limb
In helplessness. I stood there like a bird
Fixed by a serpent's fascination grim.

But he gazed at me calmly, undeterred
By what went on, then with reproach looked
round

Upon the blood, the dead who no more stirred.

By his accusing gaze I stood there bound,
I felt my strength give way, my courage flee,
At last I cried: "Why dost thou me confound?"

"Why standest thou there with the enemy?
Whence comes it that thou canst my gaze so
claim
That I in thee myself can only see?"

He calmly said that Myron¹ was his name,
That he was born where I was, the same date,
Of my schooldays he told the very same,

My own life-story did he recreate.
"Tis false!" I cried. "This is a foul deceit,
For I am Myron! Thou dost simulate

This form of mine and with my story cheat."
He smiled and said: "Go slow, my friend, be-
ware!

Be not so swift to speak words indiscreet.

¹ Myron: a pen-name used by Franko in signing many of his earlier pieces, particularly satires.

"Alike one name and history we share,
With this exception: I the true one am,
While thou an image art, a ghost of air,

"Creation of disordered nerves and sham."
He said this calmly as a doctor might
A sickness mention or prescribe a dram.

Then in my throat fear rose and gripped me
tight.

Of name and form, of all that life implied,
Had I been stripped by this demonic sprite?

"Nay, thou thyself the phantom art!" I cried.
"What proof hast thou to show that thou art
real?"

"The proof?" he said, "Tis this: thou hast
denied.

"The cause of freedom, for 'gainst this ideal
Thou fight'st today, while to the oppressed and
weak

The true Myron was always staunch and leal.

"Revenge against the tyrant he would seek,
He'd stand up for the right. In death's despite,
The real Myron still for the truth would speak.

"Thou marchest 'neath a tyrant's flag to fight,
Men's blood thou sheddest in brutality,
Thou dost defile the name of Myron bright.

"Away! Melt back into that nullity
From whence thou cam'st! Renounce that name!
Myron will fight for sacred liberty!"

His words cut deep, and though I felt keen shame
And courage ebbed, I still my ground main-
tained

And raised my rifle to my cheek to aim.

My double laughed, derisive, unconstrained:

"So, phantom, thou wilt shoot? Now thou shalt
learn

I fear no bullet by a specter aimed.

"Here is my breast! Take aim, have no concern!
But if when thou hast shot, I do not fall,
Mine is the right to shoot at thee in turn,

"And then, pierced by my consecrated ball,
This bullet, that has dedicated been
To battles wages the slave to disentrail—

"No more shall these false civil powers be seen,
Or sly abuses made by human art,
Or hate, oppression and their train obscene!"

Without a word, I aimed straight at his heart
And shot. But from my weapon no sound came.
My double fell not, neither gave a start.

"Behold the emptiness of thy false claim!"
He said. "Thou hast assumed my form in vain,
Thou cam'st from nothing, back then, to the
same!"

He shot, and I fell dead among the slain.

Love

(From a letter found in a day-coach)

By MATHEW CHANDOHA

Translated by Theodosia Borecky

What Is Love?

LOVE is an emotion centered in the
heart. It is a desire—to love
and to be loved, to share all with
another; to daydream about him and
to see him in our dreams at night.

Love is the essence of the soul,
the lyric poetry of the heart, the
secret reservoir of winged thoughts
and the source of all inspiration.

"Oh, where is that enchanting
dream of love that created such
sweet melody in my heart?" mourns
the Ukrainian poet.

Love cannot be bought any more
than a mother and father. It appears
of itself, unexpectedly. It is a great
blessing when it unites both their
hearts; but if only he loves her or
vice versa, then it is indeed a tragedy.
At such a time, it does little good to
appeal to common-sense. "When you
see how impossible is the situation
why do you pine away and continue
to befuddle reason?" Therefore logi-
cal reasoning and the application of
the will are powerless in the face of
it, for love is neither of the intellect
nor of the reason but is an emotion
arising spontaneously from the depths
of the heart.

The Moon and the Nightingale

It is evening in Ukraine, not in
the city but in a village; the moon,

round as a millwheel, illumines the
heavens with myriad trains of stars
glistening about it like precious
jewels; and a young couple is sitting
on a bench beside a clump of white
jasmine just bursting into bloom,
wafting its exquisite fragrance into
the night and within whose branches
the king of the songsters, the night-
ingale, has built himself a nest.

They're whispering, but the night-
ingale is loudly proclaiming their love
in song.

"Ooo, chi-chi-chi! Maaamo, tam-h
(Mother, look there). Do domu, do
domu, patikom, patikom. (Chase
them home with a stick, with a
stick)."

And the mother herself is re-call-
ing the days of her youth, for the
nightingale once sang thus for her.

To a Good Man

It was while riding by train from
one city to another that I found on
the shelf in the coach an epistle to
love, addressed thus: "To be read by
a good man."

"A good man?" No matter whom
you may question, "Are you good or
are you bad?" the reply invariably
will be, "I'm good," and not bad or
evil. Therefore, everyone, at least
in his own opinion, considers him-
self to be good. Ordinary curiosity

will prompt him, "Read it!" And so
he opens it.

What It Says

"I am young and my parents are
dead. I have neither brothers nor
sisters nor any other relatives. But
I am not poor. I was left an in-
heritance of \$100,000 and no debts.
I am in good health and as you can
see by the enclosed photo, I am not
ugly. I am not a drunkard, a card-
shark, nor a bum, but a decent, re-
spectable fellow, nonetheless I am
very unlucky.

"I fell in love with a Ukrainian
girl, Marusia. She was poor and I
gave her my heart. I wanted to
marry her, but she wouldn't even
look at me.

"She is my first love and I can't
live without her.

"How can I ever forget her? She
is as lovely and proud as a princess
in her pretty Ukrainian costume.

"When, as it is the custom at
Easter time, she gave me a 'pysanka'
I was as thrilled as if she had
reached up into the heavens and
plucked out a star.

"When she sang 'Thunders and
Roars the Dnieper Wide' to me, I
seemed to see her Ukraine, valiant
and beautiful as she herself.

"Dear Reader, please think kindly
of me and don't laugh. Offer instead
a prayer of supplication to the Al-
mighty that His blessing may descend
upon me and somehow change my
unfortunate existence!"

"Marusia, my beloved Marusia!"

Who Wrote the Letter?

Since there was no return address
on it, I put the letter back on the
shelf where I had found it. "Per-
haps," I said to myself, "someone
else with an understanding heart may
read this letter and possessing the
Grace of God may be better able to
intercede with Providence for him."

The Heart and the Locomotive

Higher up-hill climbs the locomotive,
the train is long and it puffs mighti-
ly as it pulls it along. "Ekh, ekh,
ekh!" And the brain itself can't
seem to stop the train of thoughts
that have been started by reading
the letter. Like bees they swarm
upon the forehead buzzing in the
ears while the heart groans in unison
with the locomotive, "Oh, oh, oh!"

A young man and rich—and he in
common with other people would fain
be uplifted by love to a higher
spiritual level and here it's im-
possible.

He lives in torment.

To what far off places
Have you flown
Sweet Peace?
Vanished, like a
Moonlit-misty fairy
Form at dawn.

How much truth is in this song!

Money and Love

There are those who will say, "what

The Capital of Western Ukraine

Lviv, center of "Ukrainian Piedmont" is now just another Soviet Town—By YAROSLAV CHYZ

THE capital of Western Ukraine, Lviv, was named by its founder, King Danilo, after his son Lev, which means "lion." Hence the French name of the city is Leopold, and the Latin *Leopolis*. The origin of the German name, *Lemberg*, is obscure unless it is a corrupt form of *Loewenburg*. The Polish *Lwów* is merely a translation of Lviv.

The exact date of its founding is unknown, but it must have been sometime during the reign of Danilo (1238-1264). The Tartar chief Burunday ordered the destruction of the Lviv castle in 1263. It was rebuilt later.

Early History

Archeological research verifies that the site of Lviv was inhabited long before historical times. Prehistoric pottery and various implements have been found, particularly in the suburban village of *Holowsko*. It is therefore probable that the rulers of the *Halich-Volodimir State*, which existed in the western part of Ukraine from the 12th to the 14th century, chose the vicinity of an ancient village for their fortress and later made it the capital of their kingdom.

During the reign of the Ukrainian princes and kings, Lviv consisted of two castles and of an adjacent enclosed town. There were several churches and a market place outside the walls. It was an important trading post between the European West and the Tartar and Byzantine East. Ukrainians, Greeks, Jews, Armenians, Tartars, Moldavians and even Arabs traded here with Polish, German, Scandinavian and other Western European merchants. Skins, leather, textiles, silks, spices, weapons, art objects of various cultures were exchanged between the East and the West.

In 1340 the *Halich-Volodimir* kingdom was "inherited" by Polish kings and occupied by their armies. Lviv lost its political significance as the capital of an independent state but

does it matter as long as there's money! Well, he has money; he could gild her with it. But she doesn't want him or his money.

No, you can't buy love, not true, deep, sincere and eternal love. Here money is of no use at all.

Wounded Hearts and Illness

How many are the hearts wounded by love! This pain quite often overshadows lives, but not for always. At times, seemingly without any apparent reason the wound is re-opened and the heart bleeds, drop by drop.

"Love is a sickness!" say the learned. Perhaps it is so. And if it is so, then it is incurable.

From a sword, a knife or a bullet the wound will heal. A hand, a finger or a leg can be amputated and it will heal, but a heart wounded by love will never become healed!

The Heart and the Intellect

"Where is his common-sense?" they will say. Love is a law of the heart and not of the head. Reason cannot conquer it. Whenever it does manage to get the upper hand, it still cannot heal the wound left by unrequited love.

Logic cannot dictate to the heart. One cannot command:—
Be still my heart and do not love!
'Tis better, oh my soul
To bury it alive!

'Are there people without hearts? There may be hard hearts and soft hearts, but hearts there are. And since there are hearts then there is also possibility for a spiritual life which is on a higher plane than a purely materialistic existence.

retained its importance as a trading center. The original Ukrainian population was gradually removed from a dominant position in the city by the uninvited Polish officials, artisans and merchants. Roman Catholic churches were built while some Ukrainian Greek Orthodox churches were forcibly taken by the Poles.

For four centuries a stubborn fight was waged between the Ukrainian population and the ever increasing Polish newcomers, the latter being supported by their government. The city proper, with the exception of a few streets, was owned by the Poles, Polonized German colonists, Armenian merchants and a few Ukrainians who preferred to cast their lot with the ruling nationality. Thus the Ukrainian Orthodox Cathedral of St. George had to be built on a hill outside of the city itself. But the stubborn "Rusins" held together and the city never did become entirely Polish.

In 1648, during the famous uprising led by Hetman Bohdan Khmelnytsky, the Kozak armies besieged Lviv, which was defended by a Polish detachment. Khmelnytsky desisted from bombing the city because of the Ukrainians within its walls and was satisfied with a ransom. After his retreat the Ukrainian townsmen paid dearly with their lives because they had been identified with the Ukrainian Hetman. The fact that the city was saved because of their presence was not taken into account. A story—since become legendary—was invented that some saint appeared in the skies told Khmelnytsky to retreat.

After the first division of Poland in 1772, Lviv became the capital of the Austrian province of Galicia, which consisted of about an equal number of Ukrainians and Poles and a considerable Jewish population. The Austrians left the administration of the province in Polish hands and Lviv was the center of Austro-Polish rule. At the same time it became the hotbed of Ukrainian resistance to Polish domination. The first Ukrainian cultural institutions were founded in that historic city.

Its Importance at Turn of This Century

The importance of Lviv as the center of Ukrainian activities during the 19th and the first decades of the 20th centuries was all the more greater because the eastern—and largest—part of Ukraine was at that time going through the darkest period of Russian tyranny, during which even the use of the Ukrainian language was prohibited. Galician Lviv thus became the cultural and political capital of all Ukraine.

That period was also marked by constant clashes between the Ukrainians and the Poles. Those clashes became especially violent when Ukrainian students started a serious, though futile, struggle for a Ukrainian university.

During the Great War the nucleus of the later Ukrainian Army, the Sharpshooters' Corps, was organized in Lviv.

For a short period in November, 1918, Lviv was the capital of the independent Western Ukrainian People's Republic; for several months it was the object of the Ukraino-Polish war. Only the American-equipped Polish divisions of General Joseph Haller succeeded in the summer of 1919 in throwing back the Ukrainian troops from Lviv's gates. Lviv then became the seat of the Polish governor and the headquarters of the twenty-year Polonization effort of the occupants of Western Ukraine. This effort was met by incessant and very bitter Ukrainian opposition.

During that struggle the Ukrainians managed to organize some of

their strongest cultural and economic institutions in Lviv. The city became the headquarters for several co-operative leagues with thousands of consumer stores, dairies and loan associations throughout Western Ukraine. The educational association "Prosvita" (Enlightenment) operated over three thousand reading clubs in Ukrainian villages. The Scientific Society of Taras Shevchenko was tantamount to a Ukrainian Academy of Sciences in the eyes of the learned societies of Europe.

The Home of Ukrainian War Invalids, two Ukrainian Labor Centers, a vocational boarding school for girls, numerous private elementary and high schools, for some time a secret private university were located in Lviv. Some of them were established and maintained entirely or partly by donations of Ukrainian Americans.

In September, 1939, after Poland collapsed under the blows of the German Army, Lviv was occupied by Soviet troops. It is now a provincial city, dirty and destitute, like all Soviet troops. The latter lost it early during the Nazi-Soviet war, but finally recovered it following Hitler's debacle in Ukraine. It is now a Soviet-ruled provincial city, war-torn, dirty and destitute.

Physical Aspects

According to the last census (1931), Lviv had 316,000 inhabitants. One-fourth to one-third of them were Ukrainian, an equal number were Jews, the rest Poles. Of course, Polish-doctored statistics gave the Poles an overwhelming majority.

The city is situated at the southern end of the Lviv-Tomashiv hill range which extends from there for some seventy miles in a northwesterly direction. The old city and the adjacent districts are located at the foot of the picturesque Castle Hill, upon which are situated the ruins of an ancient fortress and an earth mound. The earth mound was put there by the Poles to commemorate the Union of Poland, Ukraine and Lithuania, which was concluded in 1569 and which ushered in the oppression of Ukrainians and Lithuanians by the Polish nobility.

On an opposite hill is situated the magnificent Ukrainian Catholic Cathedral of St. George, surrounded by the buildings housing the Metropolitan of the Ukrainian Catholic Church, including his library, offices and the living quarters of his staff. Built in the beautiful baroque style, the church is the most impressive structure in the city. What its fate and that of other churches under Soviet rule will be, remains to be seen. Current reports have it that the present Metropolitan, Most Rev. Joseph Slipiy, successor of the late Metropolitan Sheptitsky, has been banished to Siberia.

Another ancient Ukrainian church, *Wološka Tserkva*, is located in the "old city," near the old market place and the very unsightly city hall. Among other buildings, the ancient Boim Chapel next to the Roman Catholic Cathedral, the historic Bernardine Cloister, the beautiful Ukrainian Girls' High School and the old Galician legislative building are worth mentioning.

Many prominent Ukrainians found their last resting place in Lviv cemeteries. Ivan Franko and Markian Shashkevich are buried in the *Lychakiv Cemetery*. Many Ukrainian soldiers and the well-known woman martyr *Olha Basarabova* (tortured and murdered by Polish police for her activities) are buried in the *Yaniv Cemetery* on the other side of the city. It is the graves on these cemeteries which endear Lviv in Ukrainian hearts, for they are reminiscent of the Ukrainian struggle for freedom.

Truman Urges War Fund Support

President Harry S. Truman, who styles this year's War Fund drive as a "One-Pledge-For-Three-Fronts Campaign," is urging the most generous support by the contributing public.

The President made known his keen personal interest in the drive, as well as his concern as the nation's chief executive, in letters to heads of all government executive departments and agencies, and in a statement to Winthrop W. Aldrich, president of the National War Fund.

To Mr. Aldrich he wrote:

"There are at least three good reasons why everyone should approve heartily the decision of the National War Fund to carry on with undiminished sense of responsibility to our own forces and to our friends who suffered most in the long bitter war.

"One reason, and reason enough, is that all efforts like yours, related to bringing peace, should go forward with full vigor.

"Another reason is that our concern for the morale and well-being of our own forces must carry through to the happy hour when a proud America can take back to its heart and home the men and women who have won the fight.

"And there is a third reason, perhaps not so readily understood, but which can scarcely be over-emphasized. We have won the military fight but are virtually just beginning the fight on famine, pestilence and general disease. And I say to you, with full knowledge of everything UNRRA can do, and everything that can be done by other instrumentalities financed by public funds, that the private agencies of the National War Fund have a special task to do that is indispensable and unique. What these agencies have done, and can do, is important out of all proportion to the relatively small funds involved.

"In no other way can the American people themselves express so clearly an intelligent sympathy and active concern in their determination that justice and mercy shall prevail in this world, with the help of every good man and woman, and with the blessing of God.

"May I, therefore, wish success to the National War Fund and all its associated state and community funds, in the plans you are laying for a united appeal to a united people."

In his letter to heads of government departments and agencies President Truman wrote:

"This campaign includes those agencies devoted to the aid and comfort of the men and women of our armed forces through USO, United Seamen's Service, and supports our gallant Allies through United Nations Allied Relief Agencies, and maintains those agencies in service which are included in local welfare and Community Chests.

"I am confident that you will extend the full cooperation of your department to this campaign throughout the United States and its territories and possessions, for these most worthy causes. Such cooperation logically includes both the organization of effective solicitation of all employees of your department, and subsequent setting up of an adequate collection method for the convenience of those who wish to make contributions on an installment basis.

What's the Use?

Once upon a time there were two little worms. One was naughty and the other was good. The first was lazy and improvident and always stayed in bed late. The other was always up early and about his business.

The early bird got the early worm, and a fisherman with a flashlight got the night crawler.

The moral of the story, kiddies, is this: You can't win.

"A COCKNEY ON MAIN STREET"

WHAT is the reaction of typical Londoner on his first visit to America? Herbert Hodge, taxi and bus driver, author and broadcaster, gives the answer in this book. (Michael Joseph, 10s. 6d.) Not that Mr. Hodge can really be called typical, since he is an experienced writer and speaker, a keen observer, a clear thinker, and a man of exceptional public spirit. Yet his basic qualities of intelligence, tolerance, humor and sympathy are those which form the foundations of all that is best in the English character, and what he does is to give expression to what thousands of his like, less articulate, would nevertheless feel and think.

As reported in the London "Outpost"—

He was sent over to America in 1942 by the Ministry of Information, at the invitation of the American Workers' Education Bureau. He had no "assignment," and was given no guidance as to what he was to say. Indeed, none seemed to be able to give him any information about what America wanted to hear—not even even the Americans themselves. He found, particularly in the East, a great fear of "propaganda." "Is there any propaganda in your speech?" was a common nervous inquiry; to which he would reply that if the interrogator meant lies, there were none, "but if he meant trying my hardest to persuade other people to believe what I believed, why then my speech would be crammed full of propaganda."

But he found that he had only to be natural and spontaneous, and communicate to the best of his ability (and his best was obviously very good), what life in England felt like in wartime: "the sensations of an air raid, of being underneath the arches at Shadwell, of coming back along the street at dawn to find a wrecked home, of working under the Essential Work Order. Above all, I was eager to make them feel the comradeship that we felt."

First Sight of Fifth Ave.

His success in getting these things over is very understandable from the book, for Mr. Hodge excels in the communication of atmosphere and sense impressions, and writes as vividly and vigorously as he speaks. His first sight of 5th Avenue, clear and clean in the bright, morning sun, seems to him, newly arrived from London and Liverpool, too good to be true, "more like a technicolor film than flesh and blood." But he finds the dinginess and dirtiness of the New York subways very marked after the cosiness and comfort of the London Tubes, and of the Pennsylvania Station he remarks, "the whole place had a strangely cold appearance, like a cathedral without a religion." Very lively too are his descriptions of what he sees and does: e.g. the contrast between the fingers and the faces of the girls in the sausage room of a meat-packing plant—the ones so deft and nimble, the others so dull and dead; or his travelling in Canada in winter, gasping for breath in over-heated trains, stumbling out of them into icy darkness and murederous winds. No one could have responded more delightedly to the general atmosphere of America than Mr. Hodge. "There was a big broad burliness about everything, an openness, a frankness, like the hand-clasp of a friendly giant." He never gets over the capacity of Americans for enjoyment, for drink, for late hours and for doing without sleep, and he finds the "social climate" of America far more congenial than that of England. He doubts if the product of the English public school is as happy in America as at home, "but the council school boy will warm and glow." He will feel himself like a plant brought out of a cellar into the sunshine. For the first time in his life he will feel free to chuck out his chest to its full capacity. It is prob-

able that he won't be introspective enough to look for the cause of it. He will simply notice that he feels a lot better, mentally and physically, and that he has suddenly acquired an enormous confidence in himself."

"American Foundations Are Right"

Mr. Hodge knows that in cold fact men may be no more free and equal in America than in England, "but they do tend to behave in their social intercourse as if it were so. And that is at least the beginning of true democracy. That's how the council school boy feels about it anyhow," he says and adds: "And I say so bearing in mind all the American snags; the Negro problem, the financial class differences, the dollar complex, the small town class divisions and the rest of it. The point is the American foundations are right. What kind of civilization the Americans will succeed in building upon these foundations is another matter."

UKRANDOMS

By ALEXANDER YAREMKO

Join the 500 Century Club! By donating \$100 toward the Ukrainian War Relief fund you will be included in this humanitarian list which is now approaching the 200 mark. An individual or a club may send the money which is used to alleviate the suffering and clothe Ukrainian war refugees. Send the money to the: Svoboda, 81 Grand Street, Jersey City, and do so now!

The Ukrainian girls in Philadelphia are all excited about the forthcoming beauty contest to be held in the Ukrainian Hall (849 North Franklin Street) on Saturday, September 22. The winners will receive beautiful trophies and free courses in Philly modeling schools. Miss Anne Billos, 1942 winner, and who was runner-up to Miss Philadelphia this year, will be one of the judges. John Rosol, famous Ukrainian cartoonist together with an RAF officer will serve as judges, plus Gwen Schoch of the Gwen Schoch Charm School.

Miss Helen Wasylenko, 18, won a scholarship to the Philadelphia College of Pharmacy and Sciences, in competition with 27 finalists in a national essay contest offered to high school graduates who have attained high scholastic marks. The aspirants had to write essays on "Why I would Like To Study Pharmacy" and pen a brief autobiography. Miss Wasylenko mentioned that she is of Ukrainian descent and belonging to the Ukrainian Catholic Cathedral Choir of Philadelphia.

When the Chicago White Sox were in Philly to play the Athletics on September 5, 6, 7, 8, most of the players spent their evenings at the Ukrainian Club (847 North Franklin St.). In addition to Mike Tresh, only Ukrainian major league ball player, Dickshot, Appling, Schalk, Scheel, Papish, Grove, Haynes, Orengo, and Lopat were present and had a merry time with the Ukrainians who came to see them. Despite three consecutive double-headers, the players stayed until late, particularly on the 7th, when the Catholic Cathedral Choir and the U-Canteen members came en masse.

Thirty members of the U-Canteen (a club for teen-agers of Ukrainian descent who meet at the Ukrainian Club every Tuesday and Wednesday) were treated to a free ball game between the A's and Senators (thanks to Connie Mack. This same group later enjoyed itself on a six-hour boat ride down the Delaware. Membership to the U-Canteen is still open. There one can play games, do stunts, read magazines, learn something about Ukraine and get acquainted.

Dan Parker, whiting in the Sat-

SOMEWHERE IN...

[Below is a letter of a series written from overseas by a Ukrainian American soldier of Olyphant, Pa. for the "Uke-Views" bulletin.—Editor.]

THE more I see of Sydney, the more my wonder increases. If it weren't for the blimey accent, you'd think you were in an American city, let's say like Detroit. It's modern in every respect and it's much cleaner than American cities of the same size. In fact, I've been all over the city and haven't seen a slum area yet. The homes are almost all built of red brick with tile roofs.

I've been eating like a blooming gourmet. I must have had about fifteen filet steaks up to this point. These steaks have been washed down by about ten gallons of milk. I can see a change in my physical condition already. The Red Cross offers us a deluxe dining service. They start off every meal by placing two pints of milk before each one of us and as much more as we ask for. The club loses thousands of dollars every day. Another one of the club's features is its liquor ration program. To protect us from the bootlegger, the Red Cross sells us all the liquor—up to a point—that we want at wholesale prices.

The Red Cross has made plans for our evening tonight. Ten of us are scheduled to go to the home of one Mrs. Noel Spears for dinner and dancing. It doesn't sound too promising but we're going to try it. Unless I miss my guess, we're going to have to learn to do a minuet.

Violent Penchant for Entertaining G.I.s

It was fun the other night at Mrs. Spears. God bless her, her sentiments were honest. We had a wonderful meal served by David, after whom the book "Jeeves" must have been written. Coffee was served in the drawing room. Mrs. Spears looks as if she has a violently patriotic penchant for entertaining visiting soldiers. She overdoes everything—gushes all over the place. She probably has a million bucks or so. I'm going to steer clear of these shindigs.

I'm going out to dinner at the home of Mr. Roy James, Sydney's outstanding Sports Announcer. He's planning to take me to the races, boxing bouts, wrestling matches and a dozen other places, I'll never have time for. He has a beautiful home on Watson Bay. I met him on a tram yesterday morning and we were close friends before we reached our destination. Talk about your Southern hospitality. South Australia sure has it.

They sure treated us royally at the Royal Gold. We were furnished everything from spike shoes to tees. I used the clubs and locker of His Excellency, the Governor General Lord Gowrie. The clubhouse is as fine as any I've seen anywhere. It's about five times as big as the Scranton Country Club, and is supposed to be rather exclusive. We had lunch at the club, with coffee served on the veranda. When I get home, I'll need at least three rooms for each meal.

I wish you could see this country. Basically, it's like the United States. However, its political government and social program are years ahead of ours. The State subsidizes all children up to the age of sixteen and

evepost, calls Lee Oma one of pugilism's most colorful recent discoveries, and rates him as an important contender to Joe Louis's boxing crown. Lee Oma, whose real name is Frank Czajewski, is apparently of Ukrainian descent, as his parents came to America before the first war from Kiev, Ukraine.

the aged get pensions and benefits of all kinds. As an example, they have no excise taxes and they have passes to ride free on trams, trains, etc. The newspapers are real "down to earth," written in the conversational style. It seems a bit old fashioned until you know it better.

A Real "All Out"

I've met a score of Australians so far, and have been through one of their munitions factories. You don't know what an "all out" effort means until you study their manpower regulations. They have the right to take you from one job to put you in a higher priority job without your consent. If necessary, they provide a police escort to the job. Once on a job, you cannot quit unless released by the Manpower Commission. Working or not working is no longer a matter of choice. Good idea, especially in a country the size (population size) of Australia.

Today my head feels like a receptacle for a boiler factory. One of our neighbors, an Australian radio personality, whose name sounded like Mrs. Spitzcarefully, invited us to a party at her flat. I knew there was a catch to it, however. Before long, the party was on us, our liquor anyhow. It seems like all of Australia's stars of stage, screen and radio were there... Edwin Style, No. 1 stage actor; Hal Thompson, currently starring in "Boy Meets Girl"; Peter (Pronounced Petah) Pagan; Peter Bentley; Peggy Barnes, star of "Wrangle River"; Victor Jory and a host of others. They were acting all over the place, trying to outdo each other. It was a lot of fun trying to interpret the deep British accent, with R's rolling in all directions. What a head!

It's amazing how time flies. It seems like I've done nothing but eat a few good meals, drink a few good drinks, play a few games of golf and the end of my leave is in sight. Its primary value has been the breaking up of that deadly New Guinea monotony. I don't expect to become eligible for another leave during my overseas tour of duty since contingencies of war are never predictable.

The trip back, as you know, was by water and was quiet and peaceful. The change of atmosphere in Australia was just what I needed. Now I think I can stand New Guinea for another nine or ten months.

Excitement has begun. We were caught short last night by a few low-flying strafers. George D. had one shoe on when things started popping. In his hurry to reach his foxhole with one shoe, he first stubbed his big toe on the door jamb and then fell into his foxhole headfirst, almost breaking his neck. We've been kidding him about getting a Purple Heart.

This story you've been hearing about the boxer, who allegedly drank stagnant water to contract malaria is a base canard if ever I heard one. The only way to get malaria is to become exposed to the night-traveling female anopheles mosquito. Like all, the species of that night-traveling sex, she's a menace to humanity. How in the world do these ruhors start?

The value of an Australian pound is \$3.22 and not \$4.86 as you believed. A shilling is worth 16 cents. There are 12 pence in a shilling.

Notice to the Subscribers OF "SVOBODA" AND "UKRAINIAN WEEKLY"

When changing your place of residence, be sure to notify the home office of "Svoboda" immediately thereby avoiding any delay in delivery of newspaper to new address. Also, be sure to enclose ten (10) cents in coin or stamps to cover the cost of making a new stamp. Canadian subscribers will please remit COIN ONLY, as stamps cannot be redeemed.

Origin of Ukrainian Flag

The following appeared in the Letter Box of the Windsor Star, Windsor, Ont., Canada, on Aug. 28th. Its writer is Miss Mary Humeniuk of that city.—Editor.]

Sir: I feel that it is my duty as a Canadian of Ukrainian descent to answer the libelous and scurrilous attack on the Ukrainian flag in the Windsor Star Letter Box on August 20.

What the correspondent was trying to say in his wordy and passionate outburst was that now that all of the Ukraine is part of the Soviet Union and the Ukrainian blue and yellow flag has long been banned by Moscow, the Ukrainian Canadian Committee should have appeared in the V-J concert under the hammer and sickle, which incidentally has some yellow, a color which the correspondent seems to object to very much. Why the objection to the blue and yellow? Because the Ukrainian blue and yellow (please note not yellow and white) flag is not only a symbol of the centuries-old Ukrainian struggle against aggression and for national freedom and democracy, but it is also a symbol of the fight the Ukrainian Canadian people, united under the Ukrainian Canadian Committee, have been relentlessly waging against Communism in Canada.

Our correspondent would have the Star's readers believe that the Ukrainian blue and yellow flag was some timely innovation of A. Hitler. How far from the truth! The Ukrainian flag has an origin and history of which the Ukrainians are proud. Allow me to present its history. Why is the Ukrainian flag blue and yellow? For the answer it is necessary to travel far back in time, as far back as the beginning of trade relationships of ancient Ukrainians with Byzantium and the East. These ancient Ukrainians for centuries exchanged with Greeks and other Eastern peoples their raw products in return for which they received objects of luxury and art. Among the beautiful objects they received were all sorts of silks, satins and velvets with beautiful golden embroideries on a field of light blue. This color combination greatly attracted the ancient Ukrainians and there was a steady demand for it, not only on fabrics but on potteries, books and decorations as well. The colors were transferred by someone to a banner, which quickly rose in popular favor, until by use and tradition it became the official flag of the Ukrainian people.

Just exactly when the Ukrainian blue and yellow banner came into popular use is unknown, for although the ancient books and manuscripts contain rude illustrations of ancient banners, yet they are not colored, and therefore it is impossible to tell what color they bore. We do know that it was in existence during the Kozak period. For example, we have a historical record of Jan Kazimir, the Polish king, sending Bohdan Khmelnytsky, the great Ukrainian Hetman (1648-1657) a gift of a beautifully wrought yellow and blue banner. Then there are numerous "polk" (regimental) blue and yellow banners of famous Kozak "polks" which are preserved in many museums in Ukraine. Also numerous references to Ukrainian colors are made in the old Kozak "dumy" (songs). Taras Shevchenko uses the color combination to describe the Ukrainian landscape, comparing the blue to the blue of the Ukrainian sky, and the yellow to the golden yellow of the steppe.

It is obvious that the Ukrainian blue and yellow flag preceded Hitler by many centuries and that it will long outlive him in the future span of history.

Our correspondent is ignorant of Ukrainian history. It is evident by his many misstatements. Accurate accounts, uncensored by Moscow, can be read in the English translations

★ MID-VALLEY SERVICEMEN ★ IN ACTION

THE "Uke-Views" bulletin published by St. Olyphant's Ukrainian Catholic parishioners reports in its current September issue that—

Served 45 Months

S/Sgt. Anthony F. Pish, son of Mrs. Eva Pish, 107 School St., has been honorably discharged from the Army at Indiantown Gap, after serving 45 months in the services, 39 of which were spent overseas. He first landed in Ireland and then later went to Scotland. He participated in the Invasion of Africa and Tunisia and then joined the fifth Army in Italy. He participated in the Naples, Foggia, Rome, Arno, Northern Apennines, and Po-Valley campaigns. He wears the Bronze Star, Good Conduct Medal, Pre-Pearl Harbor and E. T. O. ribbon with six battle stars.

Ensign Home

Ensign Andrew Shekitka spent a 30-day leave at the home of his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Andrew Shekitka Sr., 418 Fourth Street, after eight months of duty in the Mediterranean on an LST. 32. A graduate of Blakeley High School, Ensign Shekitka attended Manhattan College, New York, and Hobart and Smith College, Geneva, N. Y., and was commissioned an ensign at Northwestern University in November, 1944.

A brother, S1/c Eugene, who recently spent a brief leave at home after graduating from the Naval Radar School, Gulfport, Miss., is now receiving training at Washington, D. C.

S/Sgt. Nicholas Herninko, 129 River Street, has been honorably discharged from the Army.

Wounded on Luzon

Pvt. George D. Priblo, Jr., son of Mr. and Mrs. George Priblo, Delaware Avenue, spent a furlough at the family home after service in the Philippines. Private Priblo entered the service in February, 1944, and went overseas in December of the same year. He was wounded on Luzon on February 11, and has been awarded the Purple Heart, the Bronze Star Medal and two battle stars.

Nurse Becomes Captain

Former Lt. Lubov Wilcha, member of the U. S. Army Nurse Corps, Rheims, France, has been promoted to captain, according to word received by her mother, Mrs. Anna Wilcha, 113 Grant Street, Olyphant. A graduate of the Scranton State Hospital School of Nursing, Captain Wilcha was a member of the staff of the Visiting Nurse Association before entering the army on June 30, 1942. She has been in the European theater of operation for the past ten months.

Wins Commendation

AAF 318th Fighter Group, Okina-

of Doroshenko's and Hrushevsky's "History of the Ukraine." Learned and authoritative articles on Ukrainian history and culture can be found in the Ukrainian Quarterly review. These publications are available at the Windsor Public Library.

The Union Jack need not be ashamed to wave side by side with the Ukrainian blue and yellow, just as Canada need not be ashamed of the thousands of Ukrainian Canadians on active service. These Ukrainian Canadian boys fought valiantly under the red, white and blue, just as their forefathers fought relentlessly against Ukraine's enemies under the blue and yellow.

M. H.

wa.—Cpl. Gene Oskorip, has won a commendation for "invaluable assistance" to the Army's veteran, hard-slugging 318th Fighter Group. The commendation came from Maj. Gen. Robert W. Douglas, Jr., commander of the Pacific's Seventh Air Force, who awarded a Meritorious Service Unit Plaque to the air engineering squadron of which Corporal Oskorip is a member.

Cpl. Oskorip and fellow technicians, veterans of Pacific warfare, provided advanced maintenance and repair work for the 318th P-47 Thunderbolts.

The plaque, one of the highest unit awards for which a service unit is eligible, was awarded in recognition of services for the 318th Group during the Mariannas campaign and the subsequent pounding of Truk and Iwo Jima.

During this time, a seven-month's period, battered and aging fighter planes of the 318th were kept flying for 47,000 hours as a result of what pilot called "miracles of maintenance and repair" by the engineering squadron.

Cpl. Oskorip's mother, Mrs. Mary Oskorip, lives at 214 James Avenue. He entered the service in July, 1942 and arrived overseas in December, 1943.

Traveled Over Stilwell Road

Ledo, Assam, India.—First Lieut. Charles Urishko, son of Mrs. Anna Urishko, 127 River St., recently completed a trip over the Stilwell Road from India to China as a member of a convoy laden with supplies for our Chinese Allies. Ever since American Army engineers completed the great highway last January, trucking company personnel and volunteers from other units throughout the India Burma Theater have been making the 1,079-mile trip from Ledo, India, to Kunming, China, with the vital war material. Most convoys make the trip in ten to twelve days along one of the most picturesque routes in the Far East. Some of the world's highest mountains, thickest jungles, and deepest gorges are traversed. Ancient Hindu and Burmese temples and Chinese pagodas of great beauty are some of the sights along the ever-changing route. Throughout the journey there is ample time to rest, sleep and freshen up in Army-operated hotels. Upon completion of the trip and delivery of the vehicles and supplies to the Chinese Government, Army transport planes take the men back to India over the famous "hump" route above the Himalaya Mountains.

Three Sons in Service

Three sons of Mr. and Mrs. Alexander Mishko, 1303 Railroad Street, Dickson City, are in the armed forces. Warrant Officer Michael, a veteran of twelve years, is stationed somewhere in the Pacific Theater. He is married to the former Miss Nancy Edwards, Palm Beach, Fla. Staff Sgt. William entered the air force in December, 1941, and spent twenty-nine months at Porto Rico. He is now at Haward, Neb. Pfc. George Mishko, in the army since January, 1941, is in France with a signal corps unit. He has been overseas since December, 1944.

Gets Purple Heart

S1/c Joseph Cucura, 651 East Pine Street, has been presented with the Purple Heart for wounds received in action at Okinawa. Cucura was hit by shrapnel while manning an anti-aircraft gun aboard the USS Allegan. Despite his wounds, he asked to return to his gun station after getting treatment.

Urges U. S. Help Ukraine PW'S

Ex-Captives of Nazis Fear Exile
or Execution by Reds

Declaring they feared execution by the Russians, a plea for Ukrainians who formerly were prisoners of war of Germany was made to President Truman yesterday in a letter from Stephen Shumeyko, president of the Ukrainian Congress Committee of America.

Shumeyko, of 348 Boyden ave., Maplewood, N. J., in his letter, addressed also to Secretary of State Byrnes, asked U. S. intercession to prevent forced repatriation of Ukrainians.

Classified as "displaced persons," he said thousands were in Central Europe, particularly in the American zone of occupation, and afraid to return to the Ukraine.

FEAR EXECUTION BY REDS

"As traditional foes of tyranny and totalitarianism and as believers in the independence of the Ukraine, these Ukrainian DP's suffered much at the hands of the brutal Nazi's either as forced laborers or as hounded political refugees in concentration camps," Shumeyko wrote.

"Today, on account of the same reasons they face imprisonment, banishment to Siberian wastelands, or execution at the hands of the Soviets if the latter succeed in forcibly repatriating them."

New York Journal American,
September 2, 1945.

Showed Russians How to Operate U. S. Ship

Lt. (jg) John Cheplick, 24, U. S. N. R., son of Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Cheplick, served with a special unit of seven U. S. Navy officers and six enlisted men who taught Russian sailors how to operate the U.S.S. Milwaukee when that light cruiser was turned over on loan to the Soviet fleet, it has been revealed.

The U. S. Navy men described details of the vessel's transfer and methods they used in teaching the Russians to man the ship. The American sailors who turned instructors are the same interpreters who helped surmount language barriers at the "Big Three" Crimea Conference.

Boarding the cruiser in a British port, the men acquired a thorough knowledge of the ship, so they could teach the Russians everything about her. After a voyage which included contacts with many U-boats, the Milwaukee moved into the dock at Murmansk under her own power, the first U. S. warship to enter that port during the war.

For five weeks the ship's compartments served as class-rooms in which Russian officers and men bombarded the U. S. Navy men with questions about every one of the vessel's levers, bolts and valves. On two exciting occasions, Soviet curiosity created mild havoc.

By pushing a red button on the ship's bridge to see what would happen, the Russians set the crew speeding to battle stations. It was the "general quarters" alarm button.

The ship made a shakedown cruise after indoctrination was completed, and later was turned over to her Russian skipper with appropriate ceremonies.

Lt. Cheplick is a graduate of Mansfield State Teachers' College. He recently spent a 30-day leave at the family home after service over overseas.

(To be concluded)

For New Mothers

When giving the baby a bath, a thermometer is unnecessary. If the baby turns red, the water is too hot; if the baby turns blue, the water is too cold; if the baby turns white, you will know he needed the bath.

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Funny Side Up

We were walking along Broadway the other evening when it started to rain. Hopping into a store doorway to escape old Jupe Pluvius, our ears picked up the following sales talk of an auctioneer inside:

Auctioneer: I'm going to auction off this handsome trombone. The trombone, ladies and gentlemen, is a cornet with sliding doors. Who'll start the bidding?

1st Bidder: I'll bid fifty cents.

Auctioneer: Com'on folks, who'll bid \$1.00? Say Bud, you there in the front row, what's your favorable bid?

Man in front row: The American eagle on a silver dollar.

Auctioneer: A silver dollar. The man bids a dollar. Who'll say \$2.00?

2nd Bidder: I'll bid \$1.50.

Auctioneer: Going once for \$1.50... going twice for \$1.50... going three times for \$1.50.

Sold to the man for 3 times \$1.50 or 4.50.

(Sucker relinquishes his money)

And now folks, what am I offered for this beautiful bust of George Washington?

Man in crowd: That ain't Washington. That's Lincoln.

Auctioneer: Well folks, I guess the joke's on me. That shows how much I know about the Bible. Well, how much am I offered?

(silence in the audience)

Come on ladies and gentlemen. I'll be a good sport and start the bidding off by bidding \$15. You are missing the offer of a lifetime if you don't buy this bust of Lincoln. For such a low price it's a steal. I know it's a steal because I stole it myself.

(more silence from the audience)
Come, come, good people. Remember our forefathers. When was it they signed the Declaration of Independence?

Man in Crowd: Seventeen seventy-six.

Auctioneer: Thank you sir. The gentlemen bid \$17.76. Do I hear \$18.00?

3rd Bidder: I'll bid \$18.00.

Auctioneer: Eighteen? Are you a citizen, sir? Do you know how old you have to be to vote?

3rd Bidder: Sure... twenty-one.

Auctioneer: Twenty-one, the man bids \$21.00. Anyone here know what the odds are on tomorrow's game between the Giants and the Cubs?

Spectator: Six to five.

Auctioneer: The bids \$65. Who'll go higher? How much do you bid Eddie?

Man in crowd: My name isn't Eddie.

Auctioneer: Thank you sir. The man bid 80 (Eddie) dollars.

Man in crowd: Where the heck will I get \$80 for that bust? I'd have to go out and hunt it up.

Auctioneer: What's that?

Man in crowd: I'd have to hunt it up.

Auctioneer: The man bids a (hunt it) hundred dollars. \$100 is the bid. Say there Mr., yes, you in the 3rd row, what's your favorite comic strip?

Man in third row: Tarzan.

Auctioneer: The man bids a Tarzan (1000) dollars. Sold to the sucker... I mean... successful bidder for \$1000.

(slight pause while sucker hands over his dough)

The next article, ladies and gentlemen, is beautiful antique, Louis XIV bed. It's the only one of its kind in the world. Any one here know what time it is?

Man in crowd: It's 9:45.

Auctioneer: The man bids nine forty-five. Who'll make it \$15.00? How about you Mr. (pointing to a man in 4th row) Will you bid \$15.00 for this 19th century bed?

Man in forth row: Why, I'd have to be an imbecile to bid \$15.00 for that bed.

Auctioneer: Sold to the man in the 4th row for \$15.00.

Man in 4th row: What's going on

SERGEANT WITH "HAREM" NICKNAMED "SHIEK"

WITH THE 96TH INFANTRY DIVISION ON OKINAWA. — Ever since he came in leading five Okinawan nurses during recent mopping up operations on this home island of Japan, Sgt. Mike Moroz, son of Mr. and Mrs. Nicholas Moroz, 21 West 28th street, Bayonne, N. J. and a member of U.N.A. Branch 281, is jokingly known as "The Shiek" by his buddies of the 382 Infantry.

The sergeant discovered his "harem" in a cave near the southern tip of the island. Although none spoke or understand English, Moroz persuaded them to come out of the cave with a series of hand signals.

Once they emerged, a search revealed that four of the five nurses carried hand grenades in their small hand bags.

"Just goes to show you can't trust a woman," laughed Moroz, though he added that he felt reasonably sure the nurses intended the grenades for hara kiri use, rather than offensive action. All surrendered their grenades quite willingly, he said.

here. I don't want that Louis XVI bed. I'm satisfied with my Murphy bed.

Auctioneer: You made your bid Mister... Now lie in it!

At this point the rain stopped, so we left the auction. But there's a moral to this title episode... when at an Auction, keep your mouth shut!

BROMO

BOHDAN, HETMAN OF UKRAINE

by
GEORGE VERNADSKY
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AUTUMN DANCE

sponsored by
SITCH GIRLS SERVICE CLUB

to be held at
UKRAINIAN SITCH HALL, 506 EIGHTEENTH AVENUE, NEWARK, N. J.
SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 22, 1945, AT 8:30 'TIL?

Music by **JOHNNY STOKES** and his Orchestra.
Admission 85 Cents, Tax Incl. Service Men Free
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GALA ENTERTAINMENT
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EVERYBODY WELCOME

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Sponsored by the
UKRAINIAN CULTURAL CENTRE
SATURDAY SEPTEMBER 22, 1945
UKRAINIAN HALL, 849 N. FRANKLIN ST., PHILA., PA.

Continuous Music from 8 to 12 by **NICK BOLEY'S Casa Del Rey Orchestra** in Main Ballroom, and a Polka Orchestra in the Rathskeller.

Featuring this Dance will be the selection of a **MISS WORLD PEACE** as first prize and a **MISS RECONVERSION** as second prize. Both winners will receive trophies donated by **Miss Snyder** and **Tommy Chrochak** (trade proprietors) and free courses at model and theatre training schools. Celebrities will be contest judges. This beauty contest is open only to Ukrainian girls.

"CABARET NIGHT"

sponsored by
UKRAINIAN JUNIOR LEAGUE, BRANCH 52, C.Y.A.
SUNDAY, SEPTEMBER 23rd, 1945
at the **UKRAINIAN HALL, 847 NORTH FRANKLIN ST., PHILADELPHIA, PA.**
Proceeds from this affair will be given to the Ukrainian War Relief.
There will be an appetizing Ukrainian menu with refreshments, dancing and a Floor Show. Those wishing to reserve a table may get in touch with the Hostess of the evening, **ANNE KRESSLER**, by calling **Poplar 6017**.
Since the war is over and gas is plentiful, hop in your cars and attend this "Gala Affair" to make it **ONE BIG SUCCESS**.

DANCE

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SUNDAY, SEPTEMBER 23, 1945

from 7 to 12

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