

СВОБОДА

Український Щоденник

PIK LIII.

Ч. 202.



SVOBODA

Ukrainian Daily

VOL. LIII.

No. 202.

SECTION II.

# The Ukrainian Weekly

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

No. 39

NEW YORK and JERSEY CITY, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 13, 1945

VOL. LIII

## Describes Plight of Children Refugees

The plight of Ukrainian children war refugees and their parents is graphically described in a letter dated Sept. 20 to the editor of the Ukrainian Weekly from a former New York City policeman, Pfc. Harry Polche, member of U.N.A. Branch 361.

At present a Military Policeman with the 9th Infantry Division, Pfc. Polche, writes from Ingolstadt that,

"I've been traveling through Europe and have seen many sights, but there is one in particular I want to tell you about. It concerns the welfare of a great number of Ukrainian people. It is only recently that I was stationed in Ingolstadt, Germany. I happened to take a walk through a park, and suddenly I heard Ukrainian voices. I looked into a grove of trees and there I saw a group of about thirty children ranging in age from three to seven years, and a teacher, a girl of about twenty years.

"Sure enough they were saying a prayer in Ukrainian. After that the teacher began to teach them a verse. And then one of the children would recite out loud in Ukrainian. I was surprised and decided to inquire into this. First I went back to my barracks and got some candy, and then returned. I approached the group and introduced myself. I told her I was Ukrainian. She was glad to see me. She explained that there are many Ukrainians living there in the camp. The teacher then had the pupils recite for me and sing familiar Ukrainian songs. They sang very well with their childish voices. Then they played Ukrainian games, just as we used to in America, only they conducted these 'games' in Ukrainian. I liked them very much and gave them all some candy. They were glad to get it for they seldom get any sweets here.

"Meanwhile other Ukrainian people hearing me speak gathered around. I found out that these Ukrainian people were taken from their homes in Galicia, Western Ukraine, and forced to work for the Germans. These same people had been mistreated first by the Poles, then by the Russians, and finally by the Germans. I spoke to some of them who came from my mother's town, Berezhane, and they said that it was greatly ruined. They told me of the dreadful conditions they endured at home and the cruelties the Germans inflicted on them. They were all poorly dressed. I gave the men cigarettes, which are a luxury to them. The UNRRA helps them to keep alive but that is about all.

"At our mess hall Ukrainian children beg for the left over food and coffee. It made me very sad to see the Ukrainian children reduced to this. I visited the barrack where they lived and it was pitiful to see where they slept. Many people slept in a room on straw mattresses. I don't see how they will be able to spend the cold winter in this manner. Their clothing is flimsy and they need something much heavier for the

winter. They have just about one suit of clothes to their name.

### Refugees Refuse to Return to Soviet Rule

"They are a homeless people. They want to go home, but they know that under the Soviet rule they will suffer more. They all hate the Soviet rule and have suffered much under it. They do not want to go back to that sort of life. So they remain here as the lesser of two evils. These people are the same kind of Ukrainians that we are, and many of them have friends and relatives in the United States that could help them. I spoke to the young teacher's father, a priest, and he gave me a letter to enclose.

"I feel sorry for these, our people, and something should be done to help them. They need food and clothing and most of all encouragement, by showing them that we will help them.

"In spite of their misfortunes they have managed to organize a very fine chorus. I was delighted to hear them and also to see them perform some fine Ukrainian folk dances.

"These people are living for the present and have no future before them. They are many in number, and they comprise all ages, from children to old people.

"As a Ukrainian I would not feel right if I did not try to help them. And you have been fighting all along to help better the condition of our people. An article in the paper would bring these present conditions to light, and I am sure that the Ukrainian American people would do all in their power to make life better for these refugees. I only hope that these Ukrainian people in Ingelstadt, Germany can be relieved of their misery."

The letter enclosed in Pfc. Polche's letter is addressed to the editorial staff of Svoboda and is from Rev. Michael Hankevich, "pastor of the Ukrainian camp," and asks for help for the refugees.

### WRITES ON IRON POWDER COMPACTS

The effects of pressure and temperature on iron powder compacts is described in an article in the July number of Metal Progress magazine written jointly by Joseph D. Stetkewicz, associate professor, member of U.N.A. Branch 25, and Charles H. Heath, Jr., instructor, in the Department of Mechanical Engineering, Rutgers University, New Brunswick, N. J.

The manufacture of small parts from metallic powders has now become a recognized method of fabrication where mass production can offset the initial high cost of equipment and dies, the article states. During the last few years, such dense metal compacts have offered real competition to the slower, skill-requiring machining and grinding methods of producing small parts of accurate, and often intricate, profile.

## YOUTH NEEDS HELP

Now that the war is over organizations and individuals interested in the welfare of youth are turning more and more of their attention toward the problem of juvenile delinquency. The war with its attendant dislocation of homes and families—with both parents at work and the child left at home to shift for itself in many cases, to cite but one example—caused a sharp rise in such delinquency and unless something is done now it may grow to more alarming proportions. One merely has to recall the "flaming youth age" immediately following the first World War to realize that the post-war period is dangerous to young people.

Fate deals some children heavy blows and subjects them to severe trials. Boys and girls must be prepared to meet them by developing their latent abilities, force of character, strength and skill. Their primitive impulses must be brought under control to acquire foresight,

judgement and self-reliance. On this account they need the help of parents, teachers and counsellors. When such help is not forthcoming the children quite often drift to places where they see and hear things that do them more harm than good.

The problem child has often been mishandled through cruelty, temper, bad influence and neglect. Somebody has refused to assume the responsibility of ministering to the child's natural requirements, especially religious, and he ends up in a bad way, sometimes a jailbird. From then on his chances of becoming good citizen are rather slim, although, to be sure, many good citizens have had periods in their young lives when all was not as it should have been.

Our secular and religious institutions and organizations would do well to give serious consideration to the youth problem which our nationality group has too. Else it may eventually grow too big for solution.

## Released From Jap Prison

Among those freed from the Japs is Pvt. Michael Kosakevitch, 28, son of Mr. and Mrs. Nicholas Kosakevitch, 416 Fourth street, Blakely, Pa. He was captured May 7, 1942 when the Philippines fell, and was liberated September 16 from an enemy prison camp.

A graduate of Blakely High School, Pvt. Kosakevitch enlisted in the Army Air Force in August, 1939, and was stationed at Clark Field, Manila, when the Japs attacked. He was completing his enlistment and was about to be discharged from the army when the war broke out. The first word of his fate was received by his parents in May, 1943 from the International Red Cross via the War Department. Numerous listeners informed his parents that he was heard on an enemy broadcast, stating that he was well.

A sister, Lieut. Anna Kosakevitch, is with Army Nurse Corps at Pearl Harbor, Hawaii, and a brother Pvt. Stephen Kosakevitch, is stationed in this country.

## Jap Prisoner Freed

Pvt. Paul Nagurney, 30, son of Mr. and Mrs. Michael Nagurney, 619 Fourth avenue, Jessup, Pa., who was taken prisoner by the Japs in the Philippines in May, 1942, after earlier suffering wounds in action, has been liberated from an enemy prison camp, the War Department has advised his parents, the Uke-Views bulletin reports.

Pvt. Nagurney entered service in 1937 and spent two years in Panama and four years in the Philippines before the outbreak of the war. He

## Lost Son in Sea Disaster

Hopes that their son would be returned to this country with other survivors of the accidently-sunk U. S. S. Extractor were shattered recently when Mr. and Mrs. Eli Bahrey, 968 Sard ave., Chicago, Ill. were informed by the Navy Department that their son, Walter Stanley Bahrey, S2/c, 21, a member of U.N.A. Br. 252, is now officially dead, the Chicago press reports (clipping sent to Weekly by Branch 252 secretary, Mr. Nicholas Batiuk.)

The parents had pinned their hopes on their son's survival when his name was not included in a recent listing of the six missing men on the ship, a converted cargo steamer which was torpedoed by an American submarine January 24 last.

Seaman Bahrey, who left his studies at West High school to join the Navy as soon as he was old enough to enlist, served aboard a Marine transport during his first two years at sea, and was believed to have participated in landing craft operations at Guadalcanal, Tulagi and Bougainville. Since his return to duty following a leave last year, he had been based on a South Pacific island, and was en route to the Philippines when his ship was attacked.

was wounded on December 10, 1941, three days after the Japanese attack on Pearl Harbor and during the initial assault on the Philippines. Last March the Provost Marshall informed his parents that in an enemy broadcast their son was reported to be in good health in a prison camp at Osaka.

A brother, Captain Peter Nagurney, is with the Air Transport Command in Europe.



# Text of Canadian Parliament Speech on Behalf Ukrainian DPs by Anthony Hlynka, M. P.

MR. Speaker, during the course of the past twelve days we have had the privilege of listening to some very fine contributions to this debate, dealing with the problems mentioned in the speech from the throne. The most important and immediate problems, of course, are those which have arisen directly as a result of the war. Our domestic problems should be less difficult of solution, particularly in view of our fortunate geographic position, since Canadian soil has not been ravaged by war. But in war-torn Europe the problems of providing food, clothing, shelter and medical supplies, finding refuge for millions of displaced persons and their rehabilitation, are matters of great magnitude and extreme urgency. It is my firm conviction that on humanitarian grounds alone we have a moral responsibility to those unhappy people, particularly when we consider the tremendous sacrifices and limitless contributions they made to the winning of the war. It is true that the lion's share of this gigantic task is being discharged, and with some success, by such official organizations as UNRRA, intergovernmental committees, the International Red Cross and its auxiliaries, and so on. However, I am more concerned with that phase of the problem which extends beyond the scope of officialdom but which is by no means less deserving of the most sympathetic and humanitarian consideration.

## Recommends Direct Gifts to Refugees

Before proceeding further I should like to say that I have nothing but the highest admiration for the organizations to which I have referred and for the work they are doing with the limited resources which have been placed at their disposal for such a colossal task. I believe, nevertheless, that we have fallen short in our humanitarian response to that other phase of this gigantic problem which, as I have said, extends beyond the jurisdiction of the organizations I have mentioned. I would refer to the situation which exists in regions where complications have arisen due to racial or political differences. In order to alleviate the situation with respect to food, clothing and other supplies in regions where complications do exist I should like to make the suggestion that societies, private individuals and relatives of displaced persons be permitted to make direct gifts to those needy people so that all such articles may be received by those for whom they intended. Under the present arrangement all articles of food, clothing and so on are collected into a common pool and distributed in the various zones by local officials and agencies as they see fit. Should the suggestion of direct gifts be adopted I am certain that additional aid would be forthcoming, both from those who are interested in their own relatives and from many other public-spirited individuals and societies on this continent.

Speaking in this house on March 26, 1945, in a debate on the San Francisco conference, I suggested then that there was a great need for some mechanism to be devised whereby stateless peoples and persons would be provided with the means of voicing their own opinions on their own behalf, when and if they consider themselves not represented by the various de facto governments. Today, in the light of what is taking place in the Soviet sphere, I am convinced more than ever that there has become a still greater need for the setting up of such mechanism. For it is quite obvious that any problem which involves millions of people cannot and must not be lightly dismissed

or brushed aside. To substantiate my contention that the magnitude of this problem has reached serious proportions, may I quote from an editorial which appeared in the Ottawa "Evening Citizen" of September 15, 1945, under the heading "Estonian Odyssey." The editorial says:

### A Desperate Voyage

"A small Canadian press item from London tells of the setting out in a 37-foot sailing yacht of a group of sixteen Estonian refugees from the west coast of Scotland. The destination of these seven men, five women and four children is the United States. Three times already the small craft has set out, but it is in an earnest of the determination of the group not to return to their native land that a fourth attempt is now being made to reach the new world in the hope of a new life.

"The desire to go far from their own land will surely raise problems on this side of the Atlantic if they complete their desperate voyage. It emphasizes the plight of many thousands of what are now known as displaced persons.

"Such lands as Estonia and Latvia, and other territories in Europe where governments have changed, inevitably leave numbers of former residents unwilling to return to their former homes. In the case of the Estonian group they are unwilling to return to the land which is now incorporated under the Soviet union.

"It will take a great deal of wisdom and understanding to deal with this class of refugee. The war has been fought in the great cause of freedom. It would be a negation of that struggle to be a party of the unwilling return of such refugees or other displaced persons—they include victims of Nazi forced labor from Poland and even Russia—to former homelands. The united nations, particularly the big three, have a test of their ideals in stern realities to face."

I have other reports describing in the most pathetic and desperate terms the fate of these homeless millions. Here is another extract found in the Czech press service bulletin of June 28, 1945. This bulletin is published in London, England. The article is entitled "News From the Crucified Continent," and the subheading reads, "Be Communist or Perish." It states:

"According to the information received from Trieste, the western allies are forcing large numbers of people who escaped the wrath of Tito communists to return to the parts they ran away from. Thousands of Croats and Slovenes who sought refuge in the British-American zone in Karinthia, have been handed over to Tito. They were stripped naked and executed by the deadly fire of machine guns. The Bishop of Lubljana, together with 161 Slovenian priests and clerics, made their way into the American zone beseeching protection. It has not yet been decided whether they will be given up to Tito or not.

"There is silence over these horrors in the press of the Christian civilized countries in the west. It seems almost as if a decision has been taken that the people of the European continent must be communist, or else perish."

It will readily be seen, Mr. Speaker, that the two quotations which I have cited reveal the desperate situation which faces so many freedom-loving people of the world. I may say further that the fate of the continent of Europe is in the hands of the English-speaking nations—Canada included.

According to the figures of the international labor office there are no less

than 40 million displaced persons as a result of the war. A good number of these persons will return to their former homes of their own free will, but in the case of what I call "stateless persons" the word repatriation has a different meaning. To them it means penal servitude, concentration camps, or, to use the favorite Soviet term, liquidation. This group of stateless people comprise several millions of Ukrainians, Jews, Czechs, Slovaks, Estonians, Latvians, Lithuanians, Finns, Poles and others, and the most tragic and ironic thing of all is that this group is made up of persons who hold democratic views, and, as the quotation says, democracies are forcing them to become communist or perish.

I find brief reference to this subject of repatriation in the British Hansard, for August 20, 1945, wherein Hon. Ernest Bevin, Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs in the British government, asserts "that over 600,000 Russians," as he calls them, "have been transported from the British zone to the east," and "that it was expected that by autumn only 645,000 will be left, of whom 500,000 will be 'Poles'."

### Cites Cases of Forced Repatriation

During the past several weeks desperate letters, messages and pleas have been reaching many of our Canadian homes, and we have read press dispatches to the same effect, that the group of displaced persons who are found in American and British zones are being repatriated by force to their former homes. Many of these displaced persons commit suicide rather than return under the Soviets. Still others go so far as to resist the British and American military police in self-defence, and we learn from the latest reports that the situation is growing worse. In dealing with this question I should like to ask: Is repatriation by force a solution to the problem, and is it in conformity with the principles proclaimed in the Atlantic charter and later endorsed at Yalta, namely: "the right of all peoples to choose the form of government under which they will live," and also "afford the assurance that all the men in all the lands may live out their lives in freedom from fear and want?"

Representations have been made to me, Mr. Speaker, by many of our Canadian veterans of world war II, who have met many of these displaced persons and who have personal knowledge of the situation as it exists with respect to the question of repatriation; and being of Ukrainian origin themselves, they asked me to plead the cause of these unfortunate people, among whom there are many Ukrainians. In addition to this I have been receiving letters and telegrams almost daily from all parts of Canada, sent by Ukrainian church bodies and other Canadian-Ukrainian organizations, requesting that I bring this matter to the attention of this democratic tribunal.

### Makes Five Requests

I should like, therefore, on behalf of Ukrainian refugees who are involved in this repatriation, and on behalf of others to submit a plea to the Canadian government to transmit through its high offices to the British and United States governments an appeal to cease forceful repatriation of displaced persons, and in addition to give sympathetic consideration to the following specific requests.

1. That permission be granted to representatives of Ukrainian relief committees to visit various camps and districts where Ukrainian refugees are found. These representatives to act on instructions of the British and

United States commanders in their respective zones.

2. That where the number of Ukrainian refugees warrants it, they be organized or granted permission to organize themselves into Ukrainian refugee camps, and that they be permitted to organize their own welfare committees. If this were done, all material aid meant for Ukrainians would be more likely to reach them.

3. That radio news and information broadcasts—now being transmitted to Europe in many languages, but not in Ukrainian—be also given in Ukrainian language. For at present all authoritative information is broadcast in languages which are not adequately understood by Ukrainian people.

4. That British and United States military governments alone issue and announce statements of policy in regard to problems respecting refugees, instead of permitting Russian and other representatives to confuse the Ukrainian refugees.

5. That permission be granted to Ukrainian refugees to edit, print and distribute a "news letter" in the Ukrainian language for the benefit of Ukrainian refugees, as is being done in Russian, Polish and a few other languages.

From the five specific requests which I have just placed before the government and this honorable house it will be quite evident that not only do Ukrainians share the unfortunate fate of a refugee life, but they also have been overlooked in respect to the privileges granted to Polish, Russian and other refugees. It is in the light of all these cruel and horrible conditions and because of the tragic fate of the Ukrainian refugees that I make this plea.

In conclusion, I should like to read an extract from Mr. Churchill's speech which he delivered in the British House of Commons on August 16, 1945 and which is recorded in the British Hansard of that date. This extract describes a scene which appears in the tragic world drama of today and which I could not even hope to describe in my own inadequate words. Mr. Churchill said:

### Quotes From Churchill's Speech

"It is not impossible that tragedy on a prodigious scale is imposing itself behind the iron curtain which at present divides Europe in twain...

"I cannot conceive that the elements for a new conflict exist in the Balkans today... Nevertheless not many members of the new House of Commons will be content with the new situation prevailing in those mountainous, turbulent, ill organized and war-like regions... for almost everywhere communist forces have obtained, or are in process of obtaining, dictatorial powers... We must know where we stand in these affairs of the Balkans and of eastern Europe into this field.

"Our idea is government of the people, by the people, for the people—the people being free without duress to express by secret ballot without intimidations under which they are to live. At present... a family is gathered around the fireside to enjoy the scanty fruits of their toil and to recruit their exhausted strength by the little food that they have been able to gather... Suddenly there is a knock at the door and a heavily armed policeman appears... It may be that the father or son, or a friend sitting in the cottage, is called out and taken off into the dark, and no one knows whether he will ever come back again, or what his fate has been. All they know is that they had better not inquire. There are millions of humble homes in Europe at the moment, in Poland, in Czechoslovakia, in Austria, in Hungary, in Yugoslavia, in Ru-



# The Duel...

By MICHAEL KOTSIUBINSKY

Translated from the Ukrainian by DR. C. H. ANDRUSYSHEN

THEY had just finished dinner—

Madame Antonina and her daughter's tutor, Ivan Poddubney.

He rose from the couch, carefully moved the round table with the remains of the supper still on it, and she held out her hand for him to kiss. He began to kiss it, not as acquaintances usually do, but on the palm and higher.

Madame Antonina did not mind; on the contrary, throwing her head back and, with her greenish eyes watering within their reddened lids, as they always did after the liqueurs, she looked down on the lad's curly head. With her free hand she unbuttoned her sleeve and pointed, saying:

"Here, here..."

His lips followed the blue vein up to the soft white contour which shone in the subdued light of the table lamp.

All of a sudden they heard a violent clatter on the window pane.

The window frame shook, and all its panes jarred wildly.

They started, their bulging eyes stared at the dark window through which the snow-covered branches of the trees in the garden tried to pass in vain.

"Who is it? What is it?"

The husband—he saw it all.

And while they stood there in helpless expectation of something terrible and inevitable, the sepulchral silence was broken by the slamming of a door. The sound of feet was heard, and the master of the house leaped into the room with his cap and overcoat still on and snow clinging to his galoshes. He was short, his eyes sparkled with anger, and his beard trembled.

He carried his arm outstretched from the moment he had entered the house, and, having reached the dining room, he pointed to the door.

"Out! with you!"

Ivan Poddubney's features changed, he wanted to say something, staggered, raised his hand and then, head lowered and step uncertain, crossed the dining room, brushed past the master through the next room, and into the vestibule. Behind him he heard Madame trying to pacify her husband in a subdued, dull voice:

"Be yourself, Mikola. Have you lost your senses?"

"Out! Out with you!" Mikola shrieked thinly and unnaturally, stamping his galoshed feet.

As the instructor was putting on his sheep-coat, his pupil, ten-year-old Ludia, having heard the commotion, rushed into the vestibule. She was half undressed: a short white slip hanging on white shoulder-straps did not even reach her stockings, revealing her bare knees. She crossed her arms over her breast and, bending slightly forward, turned her

mania, in Bulgaria—where this fear is the main preoccupation of the family life... "Freedom from fear"—but this has been interpreted as if it were only freedom from fear of the ordinary family in Europe tonight. Their fear is the policeman's knock... It is for the life and liberty of the individual, for the fundamental rights of man, now menaced and precarious in so many lands that peoples tremble.

"... Democracy is now on trial as it never was before, and in those islands we must uphold it, as we upheld it in the dark days of 1940 and 1941, with all our hearts, with all our vigilance and with all our enduring and inexhaustible strength."

Yes, democracy is on trial. No atheistic philosophy of force, torture and extermination shall ever restore the God-given democratic right to humanity unless the surviving democracies write a new chapter of history founded on Christian principles.

frightened blue eyes upon her father beseechingly:

"Daddy! Daddy! Don't chase Pan! Ivan away..."

That's what she called her beloved teacher. But Daddy paid no attention to her. He also sprang into the vestibule, gesticulated comically while declaiming:

"I took you in as my own son, as a gentleman... I fed you, paid you..."

Madame Antonina was saying something, Ludia was screaming—but Ivan did not hear it. He found his cap, mechanically grasped Pan Mikola's umbrella out of the corner, and hurried out.

A sharp gust of cold air, blazing windows of the houses, people's voices, coachman's bells—be careful!—and he found himself on a silent, deserted street. Before him he saw Pan Mikola's outstretched left arm and two red blots—were they caused by the frost or by emotion? His ears continually dinned with: "Out! Out with you!" ... A scandal! Shame! Blood

boiled in his ears, he felt a lump in his throat. He ran on unconsciously, his sheep-coat unbuttoned, somebody else's umbrella under his arm.

The moon had already set. The stars were sparkling on the snow, as if they had rained down from the sky. The contours of the objects around were angular. The trees, buildings, fences seemed so hard, as if chiselled out of marble, and appeared strangely calm, strangely strong. The blue light was sharp and prickly as if frozen.

The tutor didn't notice anything—he kept running down the street with but one desire: to reach home as quickly as possible, to hide himself from people, from shame.

"Out!"

"Out!" just kept following him. It even ran ahead of him.

He passed several coaches. He wanted to ride home, but thought that it might cost him more than five kopecks.

Poddubney leaped into his room and, without putting the light on or taking his clothes off, threw himself upon the bed.

The entire event stood vividly before his eyes. Besides the shame, the dishonor that burned in his blood, he felt ridiculous. He had been driven out like a dog, and humbled like a dog, he had left impotent, speechless, timid. She would never forgive his disgrace, his baseness. He should have said something, done something. But what? He did not know. It was his first love affair with a lady of quality. A poor tutor, from an impoverished urban family, once dismissed from school, he had never allowed a sinful thought to reach beyond a house-servant or some poor lass who dressed in her best only on holidays and whose hands were always red from work. It so happened that this forty-two year old dowager had thrown herself into his arms so suddenly and craftily that he hardly dared to protest. He became her prisoner. She needed him every hour, every minute, day and night. She assured him that he had good taste, and had him buy buttons, thread, cloth and furniture for her. She dragged him along with her from store to store on shopping tours. Then she decided that Ludia should study more, and, instead of one hour, he was to put in three. Since the lunch hour came in the middle of the lesson, he was always asked to join them. She took him to concerts and to the theatre when her husband was occupied elsewhere. He had to listen to her music, much music, although he did not understand it; and whenever he stayed late in the evenings, it appeared that not only she, but her husband also, asked him to remain for the night. He was

<sup>1</sup> Pan—Mr.

then given a separate room which once belonged to the nurse maid.

Coming for a lesson, Ivan usually entered an empty, almost dead house. The husband would be at work, Ludia would be playing somewhere at the farther end of the garden or at the home of her friends, and the servants were not permitted to show themselves in the living room while the mistress was busy with her toilette. She would hold open the door of the third room, her dressing room, look out, and call him to her. She would kiss his eyes, cheeks, lips, passionately, endlessly, tickle him with her unraveled hair which smelled of a stale pomade, throw her arms around his neck—while his head whirled.

"Ivas... Ivashechko... Ivanko... my own, my little darling," she moaned between kisses, "my master, my lord, blood of my heart, poesy of life, my Romeo."

Then she would tell him to kiss her, and then laugh nervously when he tickled her with his moustaches. She would sway to all sides, and her greenish eyes would look down upon him from out of their red lids, while the wrinkles on her face smoothed out under these caresses. Then she would produce from under a pillow a folded paper and thrust it into his hands quickly and mysteriously:

"Here! This is for you."

The fine feminine hand-writing and the blue ink would tell him that it was a letter from her.

While attending to Ludia, he would secretly unfold the letter and read it. Ludia was then free to do whatever she liked.

The letter would be five or six pages long, written in a somewhat old, florid style, with allegories and long, labored periods. It would smell of stale pomade and was spotted with kissprints, not allegorical but real, impressed on the letter paper and added as an illustration to the tender words. "If you could only look into the abyss of my feelings, and, enhaled by the celestial brightness of my love... I wish I could live eternally on your breast, make my abode upon it and, in the ineffable happiness, in boundless ecstasy, drink the dew from your lips, kiss your footprints, caress the air you breathe..." "You are my lord, my master, my life and death..."

She wrote him such letters at least twice a day. She either thrust them into his hands or asked Ludia to deliver them. He often found them in the pockets of his overcoat or received them by mail. The drawers of his table were stocked with papers in blue ink, and the air of the room was filled with their particular odor. To every letter she demanded an answer, a long, passionate answer, brimming with unearthly feelings, with the spirit of knighthood. She demanded it. His duty was to lay bare his soul before her—and he decorated it with theatrical tinsel, toiled, perspired, and yet nothing would come of it. Whenever he failed to answer, or, if he did, it was short and pale, she quarreled with him, called him a good-for-nothing, common; but after a while she again threw herself on his breast, petted him, placed even longer letters into his pockets, and dressed more lightly. During her attacks of tenderness, she moistened the cigarettes which she smoked without number, and stuck them into his mouth. Or she would snatch a cigarette from his lips and smoke it herself—and then her greenish eyes within their red lids were encircled with wrinkles of gleaming satisfaction. Such love tortured him, although at the same time it tickled his arrogance. What he feared most was to become ridiculous in her eyes—and now:

"Out!" And out he had gone like a dog.

Poddubney groaned as if he were

wounded. It was his own fault. He should have done something. But what? Fight? No. Throw a glove at his face? But he had no gloves with him. Challenge him to a duel? Perhaps.

His eyes happened to fall on the window and he writhed in pain. That window pained him. He rose from the bed and pulled down the blind. Then he lay down again and covered his head with a pillow. A vague and formless dissatisfaction with himself crept up in his breast. His head seemed to blow up and, at the same time, become empty. Only incoherent and disordered thoughts passed through, like summer shadows.

She would see him in the nursemaid's room. Kiss me! But when he became too pressing in his desire, she would be seized with fright.

"I am afraid... I am afraid, my darling," she would whisper, terror in her eyes and pain on her lips—and then looking uneasily around her, she would push him away.

He had nothing to fear and did not listen to her. Then she would tremble and shriek like a fly in a web, but this conventional mannerism, feigned by an ageing woman, only irritated him.

"Oh! my darling, my own!... I am afraid... I hear somebody coming..."

And she would tear herself away from him, leaving him alone...

At other times she was simply merciless. During long evenings, she forced him to listen to music, mostly classical—Bach, Haydn, Beethoven—and at the end of a fugue or a symphony rendered with understanding and expression, she turned to him together with the tabouret, and asked with triumph in her eyes:

"Do you like it?"

His answer would be vague: "Yes... no... well, you see..."

She'd fix her angry eyes on him. "You are an ass, you don't understand anything," she'd say.

She would then purse her lips and turn her round back toward him.

He would sit depressed and think that she was right.

She was capricious, passionate, sentimental and old. Her behavior reminded him of an old French novel.

"Daddy, don't chase Pan Ivan away!"

He saw the bare arms and long legs under the white slip, and that beseeching, innocent look in the eyes of the child...

Why did they make this innocent soul the witness of this domestic slough?

How he hated that official with those red spots on his face, that trembling beard and that shrill voice! How he hated him for being the husband of this woman, the cause of his shame and timidity! Oh, how wonderful it would have been to strike him down, to press him with the entire weight of his body, to seize him by the throat! But what would she have said?

"A ruffian! A hoodlum!"

She would expect decorum, a duel...

"Well then, let it be a duel!"

This he said aloud, then sat up in bed and stared into the darkness.

A duel scene from some novel passed through his mind. A green meadow. The witnesses were wearing top hats. He raised the pistol... bluish smoke... and Pan Mikola sank down... a red streamlet trickled through his shirt...

Poddubney closed his eyes, trembled and hid his head under the pillows...

No, he could not do that! He just couldn't!

His entire body jerked at the very thought of blood. Finally, he was comforted by the supposition that Pan Mikola would refuse a duel. Pan Mikola was an official, a loyal one. He would notify the police immediately. That was certain... most certain... which would be worse. Inquiries, the police, a trial. This would place him in a ridiculous position. What then?

Poddubney lay there long and



# Berlin — Odessa — U. S. A. — The Hard Way

By PFC THEODORE LUTWINIAK

(Delayed)

## Shot Down Over Berlin

THE story of T/Sgt. Edgar A. Jurist of New York City, whose mother was born in Kiev and his father in Moscow, can best be described as ironic. A radio gunner on an American bomber, he had participated in many raids over German territory. He was finally shot down, receiving injuries. During the many months that he was a prisoner of the Nazis, he went through many painful experiences and several times attempted to escape. Finally liberated by the fast-moving Red Army, he was on his way home to the United States when he was accidentally injured while "fooling around" with newly-made friends on a troop transport. He was evacuated to a destroyer at sea, and from the destroyer was evacuated to the Army Hospital Ship Larkspur, where it was found his neck was dislocated. The Larkspur, however, was bound for a port in Italy, so Sgt. Jurist found himself returning to the European Theater of Operations instead of going home. The GI found, too, that he was to make the trip back to the United States on the Larkspur, instead of flying home by hospital plane from the ETO; he referred to the matter as "a tough break."

The 28-year-old soldier entered the Army on Sept. 22, 1942, and took three months of basic and specialized training in the Signal Corps at Camp Crowder, Mo. He was transferred to the Air Corps and was sent to Salt Lake City; he attended radio school in Chicago and then went to a B-17 base in Kearny, Neb., where he did line work. From Kearny he went to gunnery school in Pyote, Tex. He was assigned to a combat crew and went through three phases of intensive training which included flying. He flew to England with a provisional group and received additional combat training as a radio gunner.

The first mission in which Sgt. Jurist participated was the longest undertaken by the Eighth Air Force. That was the bombing attack on Poznan, Poland, in February 1944. Following that, the radio gunner participated in raids on Rostock, Regensburg, Brunswick, Berlin, Hamburg, Osnabruck, Pas-de-Calais, and many other places. On March 4, 1944, Jurist's group staged the first daylight raid on Berlin. The entire Eighth Air Force was in the air, 950 American B-17s exclusive of fighter escort.

On March 6, 1944, the sergeant's plane was brought down over Berlin; a 20-millimeter shell struck Jurist's gun, inflicting superficial head injuries to the gunner. No other member of the crew was hurt, and all bailed out safely. Before being brought down, however, the crew accounted for three German planes of the Focke-Wolf 190 type. They were immediately captured by the Nazis and taken to an interrogation center in Frankfurt-on-Main, and from there to a prison camp in Memel, East Prussia. On July 15, 1944, the prisoners were evacuated elsewhere due to the progress of the Russian advance.

On April 28, 1944, Jurist and T/Sgt. George Walker of Spartanburg, S. C., attempted to escape. Specially-trained German police dogs were loosed upon them, causing them to surrender. Walker was shot through the heart with his hands in the air, while Jurist, who was lying prone on the ground feigning death in order to fool the dogs and the Gestapo agents who shot Walker, remained prone until a crowd of German soldiers arrived on the scene. He then considered it safe to rise, and surprised everyone by getting on his feet. The Gestapo agents would have probably shot Jurist, had they known he was alive, before the soldiers arrived. Jurist was placed in solitary confinement and was then hospitalized for thirty days to recuperate.

The prisoners, because of the steady Soviet advance, were again evacuated, this time to the holds of two boats together with many Allied prisoners of war. They received no food or water for two days and nights; the air was bad, and there was no means of any type of ventilation. From the boats the prisoners were taken to box cars, in which they were chained together for 24 hours without food until they reached Kiefheide in Pomerania. Here they were forced to march on the double, chained, weak, and hungry, four and one-half kilometers on a dirt road guarded by Nazis equipped with machine guns. A maniacal Nazi captain had arranged the reception, ordering his men to beat and bayonet any prisoner who fell down. A total of 3,200 prisoners of war ran this gauntlet; chained together as they were, many soon fell, unable to

keep up the pace. Many discarded kits containing essential personal items so as to make better progress; these items were picked up and retained by the Nazis. The men who fell were picked up by fellow-prisoners, but not before they had been beaten and bayoneted; 250 prisoners were hospitalized for bayonet wounds following the atrocity.

## Beaten by Gestapo

Upon reaching the prisoner camp, the Allied soldiers were beaten and searched by the Gestapo. On Feb. 6, 1945, the camp was evacuated to an unknown location on foot under the most terrible conditions. The Germans put the prisoners in a Canadian prison camp for the night, and Jurist and two other men escaped the following day. They then traveled through ice and snow and hid in the woods to avoid police dogs. They slept in the woods two nights. Subsequently, they came across two Nazi soldiers and told them that they were lost, having become separated from their prisoner columns during a march. The Germans escorted the escaped men to a town, and gave them directions as to the prisoner camp; that night the Allied soldiers slept in a place called the "Adolf Hitler Saserne." The men finally returned to the camp they had escaped from, believing that it had been captured by the Reds. Instead they were greeted by the Germans.

Five days after being recaptured, the prisoners were marched out again; on the eighth day out, Jurist and two other men escaped and hid in the woods. They met two Frenchmen, who had been taken to Germany by the Nazis to work, and they hid the three prisoners in a barn in a village; the Frenchmen procured food for two days as the little group moved from one barn to another. It was soon learned that the Gestapo was on their trail. The French people in the village told them of a German hospital where there were French friends, and the group, including the two Frenchmen, decided to go there. As they were abandoning the village, the Gestapo arrived. All five men, and another escaped prisoner who had joined them, made good their escape with the cooperation of the French people, who flashed an escape route for them by making use of flashlights.

## Freed by Soviets

The weary men hid in a cellar of a building in the German hospital area until March 4, 1945, when the Soviets overran the surrounding territory. The Reds allowed them complete freedom, and they had a "wonderful" time and the best of every-

thing for two weeks. They moved to the rear and finally reached a Russian congregation center for the liberation of Allied prisoners of war. Jurist was sent to Odessa, where he was clothed, fed, and made comfortable, and was put on a liberty ship. At Oran he was transferred to another liberty ship, which was to take him to the United States. Unfortunately, however, Jurist's neck was dislocated following a bit of horseplay with some of his newly-made friends on the transport, and it was necessary to transfer him to a destroyer at sea. On April 26, he was transferred from the destroyer to the United States Army Hospital Ship Larkspur, also at sea, and remained on the Larkspur until May 28, when he was transferred to Stark General Hospital in Charleston, S. C.

Sgt. Jurist, who speaks a little French and German, and Russian and Ukrainian fluently, was released from Nazi imprisonment by Marshal Rokossovsky's Second White Russian Army. His father was born in Moscow and his mother and her parents were born in Kiev, capital of Ukraine. In being evacuated from the front lines to Odessa, Sgt. Jurist passed through Galicia and the Ukrainian SSR. He said that the people in the section of Poland he passed through appeared stunned and poverty-stricken, and that Poles were beginning to return from forced labor camps in Germany. The city of Poznan was "in terrible shape; bodies were being found among the ruins two months after the Germans left."

Sgt. Jurist saw much rich but uncultivated land in Russian Ukraine; the country appeared desolate. The people of Kiev appeared shocked when Jurist saw them, and the capital itself was almost in complete ruins. The people, however, have begun clearing away the wreckage and reconstruction is under way.

## Met Ukrainians

In general, Sgt. Jurist said, the Ukrainians were wholeheartedly behind the war effort. Everything they produced and manufactured was sent to the front line soldiers. Although food seemed plentiful, clothing was scarce; Sgt. Jurist and other men on the train that was taking them to Odessa, exchanged articles of clothing for eggs, bread, chickens, and the like. The people, mostly women, children, and old men, were very proud of their part in the war effort. Shortly after being liberated by Soviets, Jurist said, he witnessed several scenes where Russian and Ukrainian soldiers were reunited with relatives who had been deported to Germany for forced labor.

From what Jurist had seen of the

alone in darkness, thinking to the accompaniment of the night watchman's rattle.

"Well!" said Ivan, sitting up in bed. "You've acted like a pig. You have forced yourself into the family and took somebody else's wife. Have the boldness, then, to acquit yourself honorably. Take her, and make your own nest... On what? The ten kopecks left in your pocket? On your poverty? And what about the child?"

He felt something stir within him; it gurgled through his throat in a convulsive laughter. "Such an old woman? The remains? No!"

His thoughts again receded to the idea of a duel. He must wash away his shame with blood.

Another scene.

They fired at each other. Something sharp and hot pierced his body in the very spot where that insult rankled, and he felt relieved—he was both a corpse and a hero!

They talked about him, sympathized for him, wept for him, wrote him long and tender letters—endless, blue lines on expensive paper—letters which he would never read.

His consciousness doubled, and, at the same time, as he noted the result of the duel, he realized that it

was only fantasy. Nonsense. He would never—for nothing on earth!—expose himself to the barrel of a pistol.

He kept forcing his thoughts to dwell upon the duel. He tried to imagine what would happen to him after he was dead. In the first place, he would not breathe—and he really stopped breathing and lay motionless. The blood in his veins grew cold and thick, like jelly; the members of his body became rigid, wooden, inflexible. Like papier mache. Emptiness in his head, emptiness in his breast. It was impossible to cover his mouth or to force a sound through his throat...

Then, in a passionate impulse of life, he forced a short sound out of his breast, touched his body, bent his arm.

All of a sudden he jumped to his feet. A happy thought flashed through his mind. It was without form as yet, light and subtle like ether; and while it trembled and agitated before him, like escaping gas, he felt how, from the very depths of his being, there rose his own insignificance, falsehood and capitulation, to glare at him with green eyes, to sinuate around him like snakes, to fume his head with ill-smelling vapors.

Finally he succeeded in grasping this thought. There it was!

He would challenge Pan Mikola to a duel by letter, a letter which would pass through Antonina's hands—and she certainly would not allow the matter to go to extremes, one way or another.

He jumped to his feet almost happily.

The window behind the blind greyed with several bright blots, a pale, wintry light entered the room from the outside. It had snowed all night. Poddubney lit a candle.

In what form was he to write the letter? He did not know. There were a few romantic novels around somewhere, perhaps something could be found there. He began to rummage for them. What in the devil happened to them? They were nowhere to be seen. Well, it didn't matter. He only knew that he would close the letter with, "Yours contemptuously."

"Dear Sir!"

And he stopped. Thoughts took possession of his head, but forms were driving them out.

Finally, after crossing out words and recopying them again and again, he composed the letter.

"Dear Sir! Yesterday you were

bold enough to offend me gravely. Only blood can wash away this insult. Kindly arrange for a time and place where I may direct my seconds. Yours contemptuously, Ivan Poddubney."

Then he crossed out "contemptuously" and wrote "truly," recopied the letter and addressed it to Pan Mikola Ciupa, in care of Madame Antonina Ciupa.

There!

It was still early, half past seven. But the Ciupas usually rose at about nine. Poddubney paced his room and kept glancing at his watch. Time dragged. Finally he put on his sheepcoat and went out.

It was sunny and warm. Soft snow covered the ground and the buildings, obliterated the lines of the fences, clung to the bark of the trees and to the branches. Through the white net formed by the branches the bright blue sky shone, while on the snow, in the gold of the sun, bluish shadows flickered. The sun and the air tickled one's cheeks, and the greenness of the fir branches peeped from under the snow so freshly that it seemed as though Spring had merely been clothed in white garments.



## A G. I. GUIDE TO NEW YORK

O. Henry called New York City "Bagdad on the Subway," but he didn't know the half of it. The city has almost 8,000,000 inhabitants who live on top of one another and love it. Yet, at one time, each has said, "I like the city, but I wouldn't care to live in it."

It was discovered by Hendrik Hudson ten years before the Mayflower floundered on Plymouth Rock, and in 1626 was purchased from the Indians by the Dutch for \$24 worth of Woolworth's best. The Indians may have evacuated a long time ago, but many an unwary stranger has since been scalped.

The British captured the city in

### Gets Bronze Medal

Cpl. Steve Datsko, son of Mr. John Datsko and late Mrs. Mary Datsko, 112 Delmore Ave., South Plainfield, New Jersey, and a member of U.N.A. Br. 512 recently received the Bronze Medal for heroic achievement in Germany on February 25 1945, and he is expected home soon, reports Rev. Walter M. Propheta, pastor of the local Ukrainian Orthodox church.

Young Datsko's father is one of the organizers of the local branch of U.N.A. and is at present the oldest member of it.

A brother, Michael Datsko, was honorably discharged from U. S. Army last year. Since his discharge he has served as the treasurer of the local church parish, to which all of family belongs.

Red Army, the soldiers are absolutely fearless men from all parts of the U.S.S.R. There appear to be among them a nationality was well represented in Marshal Rokossovsky's Second White Russian Army.

Sgt. Jurist spoke to many Ukrainians while en route to Odessa, and says that they treated the Americans well. He said that, while there appears to be indications of a political split among the people, they are behind the government in the current war emergency.

1664 and changed its name from New Amsterdam to New York. In 1789, Aaron Burr, vice-president to Thomas Jefferson, and the guy who killed Alexander Hamilton in a duel, founded Tammany Hall and tried to establish his own empire. When last heard from, Tammany was still trying.

In 1861, Mayor Fernando Wood and several Wall Street moguls, planning to get financial control of the South, almost got the city to secede and join the Confederacy. Other people, however, had different intentions.

And from these little acorns New York City grew and grew and hasn't stopped yet. It is the greatest cultural, financial, industrial, labor, shipping, publishing and amusement center in the world; and up in Bronx Park there is featured the model farm.

(Warning! Before any stranger starts a tour of the city, he should take proper heed. Don't be a sucker! If anyone tries to sell you the Brooklyn Bridge, do not listen to him. The George Washington Bridge is much larger and has collection booths installed at both ends.)

Subways: The famous subways are crowded and dirty, but they get you to all places fast and furious. Usually there is only a two-minute wait between trains, but natives shove and push and pack themselves in like souvenirs in a barracks bag. Yet, is a scientific fact that because of the packed subways, New Yorkers have acquired a large degree of immunity against colds, influenza, pneumonia, nasopharyngitis, and BO.

Statue of Liberty: This lady has been carrying the torch for GIs for a long time. She can be visited from the Battery at the cost of 25c for the boat ride. Elevators never work, so you climb up the circular stairway to the crown, look out, and then climb down again. It was presented to us by the French in 1886. On June 6, 1944, we returned the compliment with interest.

Radio City: This is the place that plenty of jack built, so it is sometimes called Rockefeller Center. You can't be taken over by its numerous shoppes if you just window-shop. Its

Music Hall seats 6,200 persons, but many more get lost in the theater's lobbies and are never found. The Center Theater is just as grand, though smaller, and specializes in cold weather all year round.

Times Square: You'll find out about this place fast enough. Even natives visit here occasionally. The choice of shows, movies and night clubs all over the place—anything from a flea circus to an opera at the Metropolitan. Amusements to suit any pocketbook, so long as there is money in it.

The Bowery: Once the Great White Way and now the hangout for human derelicts. Leads off to the Civic Center, Chinatown, and the slums of the lower East Side. Owns the only "L" left in the city. The others were bought by the Japs before Pearl Harbor. But they forgot about this one and were led to believe that all we had left were a couple of atoms. Heh!

Bryant Park Library: Contains more volumes than any other except the Library of Congress. On a cold, wintry day many a studious scholar walks in, checks his hat and coat, orders some voluminous tome, seats himself in a comfortable chair, and directly falls asleep. It's a cozy place.

City Hall: Mayor La Guardia is calling the shots from the place where General Washington read the Declaration of Independence to his troops in 1776. Opposite, on the Chambers Street side, is the City Court which was built at the time Boss Tweed was the chief sachem of Tammany. When the bill was presented there was no one around to pay. So the sheriff padlocked the City Hall and Tweed visited South America. An itemized account showed that spittoons cost \$1,000 each and were so shiny that no one dared spit in them.

Greenwich Village: Ordinarily, its easy to go about Manhattan for the streets are numbered consecutively. But if you should find yourself on the corner of 4th and 8th Streets, you'll be in Greenwich Village—its the only place that can happen. Swell night spots here, but usually expensive.

Central Park: Proves that a tree doesn't grow only in Brooklyn. The Museum of Art, the Haydn Planetarium, and the Museum of Natural

History are attractions for the intellectual. For those who seek old-fashioned fun there is the lake for rowing, the mall for dancing, and many shady nooks.

Wall Street: The towering buildings and narrow streets here have trapped many a fortune seeker. George Washington took oath as first President of the U. S. in the building on Broad and Wall Streets, and it is said that he wasn't swearing at his stock broker.

Brooklyn: Was attached to civilization by the Brooklyn Bridge. Steve Brodie once took a walk on that bridge and when he found out where it led to, became the first man to jump off it. People living in Flatbush drink water out of lister bags. Prospect Park is famous for something and Ebbetts Field is the natural habitat for the most peculiar specimens. Coney Island should be visited once, to see why it shouldn't be visited twice. Since the Star Burlesque was closed down, attendance at St. John's and Brooklyn College has been more regular. Yet Brooklyn is the largest residential section of the city. And, in case there might be a misunderstanding (the 209th may be transferred to Ft. Hamilton), let the reader be assured that some of this writer's best friends and relatives live in Brooklyn.

The Bronx: Called the Borough of Universities by its proud Borough President and he gets reelected every time. The Bronx Zoo contains more species of animals, birds, reptiles and insects than the wilds of Africa. The Aquarium was moved out here to attract more poor fish. Hippopotamuses, rhinoceroses, bongoes and okapis vie for the spotlight. It's a toss-up as to who has more fun, those in front of the cages or those behind. The other reasons anyone goes to Bronx are: (1) to see the Yankees play, (2) if he lives there, and (3) if he falls asleep on the subway.

Queens: The Republican stronghold of the city, but they never win. Despite the dark and lonely streets, it's hell to take your girl friend here after hitting the high spots in Manhattan. Even the subways get lost out here. It contains more cemeteries and racetracks than the four other boroughs together. The Rockaways (Concluded on page 6)

A raven flew by and perched on a fence.

But how was he to send the letter so that it would fall into Antonina's hands? He feared meeting Pan Mikola, who often left home earlier than usual.

A herd of cattle was being driven to the abattoir... a heap of russet hides, legs and horned heads.

How wonderful it was to breathe—one drank the air as though it were warm milk. Look the sun had brought a starlet on a snowy branch to life.

The letter was getting crumpled in his pocket. It had to be sent. It would be brought to her—she would come to the door. A letter? From whom? Ah, yes! Her face would change color as she took it to her husband.

A deserted street. Two rows of whitehouses topped with white roofs, snow between them. Smoke wiggling skyward. A Russian was hurrying by with a basket on his arm. Hey, you! Hey!... The fellow approached Ivan.

"Take this letter... There, see those two windows? Given it to the lady, do you hear? I'll give you ten kopecks when you come back."

He fumbled in his pocket and found money.

He walked up and down the street and waited.

The moskal returned.

"Are you sure you gave it to the lady?"

"Yes, she took it."

"Here you are."

And he returned home.

What would happen now? How would it all end?

The day was long, endless, portentous. At noon the sky was smiling. The roofs were dripping and the entire room was bathed in gold.

Food wouldn't pass his throat, his mouth was dry, his head heavy. What would happen?

After lunch, he lay down on the bed. He was cold, indifferent, numb, expecting nothing.

It would turn out one way or another.

Grey shadows wandered about his room, the window darkened and dissolved, evening dusk invaded his heart. Nobody, nothing was heard around him.

Knock-knock...

Was somebody knocking at the door?

"May I come in?"

Whose voice was it? He trembled and sprang out of his bed.

"Come in."

It was he... Pan Mikola. His voice was hoarse, he looked sideways, he didn't take off his overcoat, nor did he offer his hand.

He sat down.

Ivan looked for matches; his trembling hand couldn't strike fire.

"Never mind, thank you."

Ivan kept trying to strike fire.

"You... you..." Pan Mikola began hoarsely, "you mustn't be angry with me, I was drunk last night. Nothing else, simply drunk... nothing else..."

Well, when a man is drunk, you understand..."

Aha! of course, he was drunk... stark drunk... and nothing else... nothing else... Ivan couldn't understand how it was possible not to have noticed that the man was drunk as

a hundred-litre cask of brandy, as a cabaret full of women... ha-ha!... how was it possible not to have noticed that

"Ludia misses you... come tomorrow and continue her lessons... and forget what happened between us yesterday..."

Ha-ha! Ah, you old drunkard! You were as drunk as a... and nothing else... Of course he would come, by all means, ha-ha... Everything within him laughed. He had a mind to stifle the hoarse throat of that man, although he tried to reveal neither his joy nor his desire...

Of course he would come... and nothing else... ha-ha-ha!

And not a word about the letter! Swine!...

★  
Poddubney was roused from sleep. He had slept soundly all night, as if he were dead. Around noon he took Pan Mikola's umbrella under his arm and hastened to his pupil. The familiar feelings of a teacher, on his way to give a lesson, comforted him. Only when he crossed the threshold and glanced at the steps he had descended the day before yesterday, and, above all, when he put the umbrella in the corner—the thoughts of that evening rushed at him like cold water and fettered the freedom of his movements.

Ludia was already standing in the doorway of her room, and, jumping on her long legs, she was stretching out her thin arms to Pan Ivan.

"Pan Ivan... Pan Ivan..." she squealed joyfully, looking at him with amorous eyes, eyes like mother's.

They went to work immediately.

Nothing had changed: the lesson was interrupted and they were called to lunch.

Once more he crossed those rooms out of which he had been driven out. In the dining room he saw the round table, and Pan Mikola and Madame Antonina.

Pan Mikola pressed his hand, dryly. Madame Antonina looked tired but beaming; and, taking advantage of a moment of Pan Mikola's inattention she thrust into Ivan's hands such a bundle of papers that he hardly knew where to hide it.

They lunched in silence, though trying to converse.

Pan Mikola was polite, serviceable, too much so perhaps. From time to time, he passed the food to Ivan, saying, as he looked somewhere beyond him:

"Come, come, why don't you eat? Won't you have this? And this?..."

And that "this-s-s" was spoken with such emphasis, as if his mouth were full of wasps.

Ivan had not yet come to himself; he lowered his eyes and ate, endlessly, unconsciously, with as much courage and self-sacrifice as exhibited by Pan Mikola in urging him to eat.

Madame Antonina would often lose her serviette, and, bending to pick it up, she would pinch Ivan's leg.

At times she would grip his hand. Ludia sighed and raised her head heavenward.

"Thank you, dear God! Now we are all happy!"



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**Relief Committee Report to President's War Relief Control Board**

**UNITED UKRAINIAN AMERICAN RELIEF COMMITTEE**

**Statement of Receipts and Disbursements**

For Period from September 1, 1944 to September 30, 1945.

**RECEIPTS**

|                       | Active Mem-<br>bers Dues: | Supporting<br>Members Dues: | Contribu-<br>tions: | TOTAL            |
|-----------------------|---------------------------|-----------------------------|---------------------|------------------|
| September 1944        | 675.00                    | 415.00                      | 331.00              | 1,421.00         |
| October 1944          | 700.00                    | 745.00                      | 558.72              | 2,003.72         |
| November 1944         | 382.50                    | 408.00                      | 519.25              | 1,309.75         |
| December 1944         | 140.00                    | 315.00                      | 182.25              | 637.25           |
| January 1945          | 90.00                     | 485.00                      | 119.00              | 694.00           |
| February 1945         | 445.00                    | 630.00                      | 993.74              | 2,068.74         |
| March 1945            | 130.00                    | 195.00                      | 297.50              | 622.50           |
| April 1945            | 260.00                    | 300.00                      | 685.75              | 1,245.75         |
| May 1945              | 220.00                    | 320.00                      | 7,111.16            | 7,651.16         |
| June 1945             | 130.00                    | 600.00                      | 10,431.60           | 11,161.60        |
| July 1945             | 335.00                    | 780.00                      | 9,804.17            | 10,919.17        |
| August 1945           | 1,195.00                  | 560.00                      | 5,930.80            | 7,685.80         |
| September 1945        | 220.00                    | 830.00                      | 16,869.15           | 17,919.15        |
| <b>Total Receipts</b> | <b>4,922.50</b>           | <b>6,583.00</b>             | <b>53,834.09</b>    | <b>65,339.59</b> |

**DISBURSEMENTS**

**Expenses:—**

|  |                 |
|--|-----------------|
| Printing                               | 125.60          |
| Office Expenses                        | 619.80          |
| Incorporating Expenses                 | 46.50           |
| Traveling Expenses                     | 442.13          |
| Dues—American Council of Relief Agents | 100.00          |
| <b>Total Disbursements</b>             | <b>1,334.03</b> |

**Relief:—**

|  |                  |
|--|------------------|
| Saint Basils Orphanage                             | 50.00            |
| Bishops Chancery                                   | 25.00            |
| American Friends Service Committee for Switzerland | 2,000.00         |
| Ukrainian Relief Committee — Paris, France         | 5,000.00         |
| Ukrainian Relief Committee — Bruxelles, Belgium    | 5,000.00         |
| Ukrainian Relief Committee — Rome, Italy           | 1,000.00         |
| <b>Total Disbursements</b>                         | <b>14,409.33</b> |

**Balance in Bank:**

|  |                  |
|--|------------------|
| Land Title Bank & Trust Co., Philadelphia, Pa. | 48,336.64        |
| The Pennsylvania Co., Philadelphia, Pa.        | 2,593.92         |
| <b>Total</b>                                   | <b>50,930.56</b> |

**H. WARREN MEASE ASSOCIATES**

**PUBLIC ACCOUNTANTS**

1333 Real Estate Trust Building  
Philadelphia, Pa.

October 5, 1945

Ukrainian American Relief Committee  
Philadelphia, Pa.

Gentlemen:

Pursuant to your request we have examined the Books and Records of Ukrainian American Relief Committee from the time that receipts were first accepted, namely September 1, 1944, to September 30, 1945 and beg to submit our report comprising:—

**Statement of Receipts and Disbursements**

September 1, 1944 to September 30, 1945

**Reconciliation of Bank Balances.**

For all contributions or dues that have been received, a receipt has been issued to the donor. A duplicate of this receipt is retained in your office. All receipts and duplicates are consecutively numbered. We have compared these duplicate receipts with your Cash Book and accounted for all numbers and found them in agreement with your Cash Book.

We have checked your cash receipts with deposits in bank and find that all receipts have been deposited in bank.

We have examined the checks issued for expenses and found that all expenses were ordinary and not excessive.

We have examined the checks issued for relief and found that they were paid to the institution or committees as shown by our report.

Respectfully submitted,

H. Warren Mease Associates  
By CECIL CADMAN

All contributions and dues should be mailed to—

UNITED UKRAINIAN AMERICAN RELIEF COMMITTEE

P. O. BOX 1661

PHILADELPHIA, PA.

Злучений У. А. Д. Комітет.

*Funny Side Up*

**"THE CUSTOMER IS ALWAYS RIGHT"**

Any of your folks planning a post-war career in business for yourself? Besides the capital, have you got patience and fortitude? Are you a mind-reader? Can you be tactful? Have you a sense of humor, et al? The following episodes depict all too truthfully, life as it sometimes is for proprietors:

**IN A BOOK STORE**

Customer: I want to see the proprietor. Is the gentleman in?

Clerk: Yes, I'm in.

Customer: Oh, are you the proprietor?

Clerk: No, but I'm the gentleman. The proprietor is out to lunch!

Customer: Well then, you can help me. Do you return the money when an article isn't satisfactory?

Clerk: That depends on the book. What was wrong with it?

Customer: Oh, I didn't like the way it ended.

Clerk: Well madam, that's no reason to return a book.

Customer: The man that wrote this book was a good ether.

Clerk: You mean author. Ether puts people to sleep.

Customer: Well, this story put me to sleep.

Clerk: Well madam, we don't want to lose a customer. We'll exchange it for you. What book would you like?

Customer: Have you the book on the "Missing Pair of Dice?"

Clerk: I'm sorry, I never heard of that. Who's the author?

Customer: It was Milton.

Clerk: Oh, you mean Milton's "Paradise Lost."

Customer: Yes, that's right, I also want the book about the Red Cruiser or the Scarlet Ship, or something like that.

Clerk: Could you by any chance mean "The Rubiyat?"

Customer: Yes, that's it. And have you a book of stories written by Edgar Allen?

Clerk: Oh, do you read Poe?

Customer: No, I read pretty good!

Clerk: Poe is the author. Don't you know Poe's "Raven?"

Customer: What's the man mad about?

**IN A GROCERY STORE**

Customer: I didn't like those eggs you sold me yesterday.

Proprietor: What was wrong with them, madam?

Customer: I thought they were rather undersized for their age.

Proprietor: All my eggs are strictly fresh, and they're sold the same day they're received from the farm.

Customer: How can I believe that?

Proprietor: Feel those eggs on the counter, madam, and see whether they're cool enough to buy.

(dog comes into store and starts to eat apples from basket)

Customer: Aren't you going to chase that dog away?

Proprietor: I got to let him get away with it. He's a police dog.

(woman exits and midget enters)

Midget: Give me two slices of swiss cheese, 1/2 dozen peas and 4 tooth-picks.

Proprietor: We have different grades of swiss cheese. Do you want the best?

Midget: Makes no difference. I just want to play a round of golf before I go to work.

**Rehabilitation**

**OR HOW NOT TO TREAT THE RETURNING VET**

When Pvt. Joe (whose APO and surname we're not free To let you have for reasons of security)

Came home one day in the month of May with ribbons on his chest; To settle down in his home town and get some needed rest.

Away from war and battle's roar— Ah, this would be the life!

And then, no doubt, he'd look about and get a dog and wife.

But, alas, poor Joe didn't know that when he crossed the sea,

The folks at home had read a tome about psychiatry.

They learned that Joe from ETO would suffer transformation;

They didn't shirk but set to work on rehabilitation.

When Joe went to bed to rest his head they stood outside his door

And watched his every movement and counted every snore.

While on the street they dogged his feet from early morn till late;

The cops were warned to watch him lest he draw a 38.

Now all this fuss made Joseph cuss and still they wouldn't stop:

But Joe was wise like most GIs and didn't blow his top.

One day he took his bedding roll and packed his old mess kit

And dug a fox hole in the yard and crawled right into it.

The old home front let out a grunt and raised a mighty stink:

"The Vet," they said, "has lost his head and should be in the klink!"

They called in all psychologists and every Ph. D.,

Who said we must readjust this simple CDD.

Joe raised his head and sternly said, while standing in the trench,

(His language wasn't very nice and he wasn't speaking French!):

"Go home," said he, "and let me be and tell this to the nation:

"Its not GIs but you're the guys that need rehabilitation!"

Chaplain (Capt.) E. J. McTague, from "Chaplain's Digest," Aug., 1945.

**NEW YORK GUIDE**

(Concluded from page 5)

and Riis Park, when not inundated by a confluence of the Atlantic Ocean and Jamaica Bay, are pleasure spots for those who enjoy surf bathing.

Staten Island: Famous for Halloran General Hospital and the nickel ferry ride from Manhattan. Whenever there is a paucity of news, the N.Y. papers begin a campaign to give this place back to New Jersey, and the Jersey papers loudly protest. A war between the States was averted when the U. S. made Staten Island a free port.

For a cheap, quick look, a 5th Avenue bus will take you from Greenwich Village, up 5th Avenue, past the Empire State Building, Bryant Park Library, Radio City, Carnegie Hall, Central Park, Harlem, Riverside Drive, Grant's Tomb, Rockefeller Institute, George Washington Bridge and on to Ft. Washington. And for another dime you can come right back again.

—mb.

**УВАГА! McADOO, PA!**

ПРИХОДИТЬ УСІ НА

**ВІЧЕ**

що відбудеться з рани Укр. Конгресового Комітету  
**В НЕДІЛЮ, 14. ЖОВТНЯ 1945 Р.**

в годині 6. ввечір

В ЦЕРКОВНІ СЯЛІ, 212 W. BLAINE ST., McADOO, PA.

На вічу буде промовляти проф. М. Чубатий.

Комітет.

Come Celebrate the Victory at our  
**SIXTEENTH ANNIVERSARY DANCE**  
sponsored by the Ukrainian Social  
Club of Carteret, N. J.  
**SATURDAY, OCTOBER 20th, 1945**  
at the Ukrainian Pavilion, 691 Roosevelt  
Ave., Carteret, N. J. Adm. 55¢  
(Tax Inc.). Com. 8 P. M. Music by  
George Rudy and His Orchestra.

JOIN SVOBODA'S MARCH OF  
**\$100 BILLS**  
FOR  
**UKRAINIAN WAR RELIEF**  
SEND IT NOW!