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

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OUR VETERANS' ORGANIZATIONS

Ever since the time when driblets of the stream of discharged GIs began to return to Ukrainian American communities, sporadic attempts have been made to organize them into Ukrainian American veterans' posts. These attempts became accelerated with the end of war in Europe and then in the Pacific. Thus far some measure of success has been achieved, as in New York, Philadelphia, and in Cleveland.

Thus in a letter from the former UYLN-NA sports director, John S. Billy of Cleveland, we learn "that to date we have a nucleus of 53 veteran members. Undoubtedly more will sign up as soon as they are released from active service. This organization can realize a strength of over 1,000 members. This group, to be known as the Ukrainian Veterans for the present, is accepting men from all branches of service, whether they've had overseas service or not, regardless of their religious faith—as long as they are of Ukrainian descent."

The letter concludes with an appeal for help. Naturally such help

will be given by the Weekly. Its pages are open for that purpose, as it is in the interest of Ukrainian American development that such veterans posts be now formed. Other nationality groups have succeeded quite well in this, notably the Jewish War Veterans. It is all in harmony with the American spirit and traditions.

Considering the vast number of servicemen yet to be discharged, the Ukrainian veterans' groups are still in an embryonic stage. Nevertheless now is the time for them to come to some manner of understanding with one another, particularly in regards their common aims, organizational set-up, cooperation and affiliation. Plans drawn up now will not necessarily be binding upon the host of new members when they sign up, and by majority vote they will be able to change them; still they will provide a base of operations at least for the present.

We invite our veterans' views in this matter.

Accidentally Shot by Sentry

Mrs. Rose Kozar, 52 Morris street, Jersey Jersey City, N. J. was notified by Chaplain Samuel G. Lovell that her son, S/Sgt. Paul Kozar, member



S/SGT. PAUL KOZAR

of U.N.A. Branch 170, died a non-battle death 27 May, 1945 in Germany, reports Mr. O. Lohyn, Br. 170 treasurer.

"Paul was Squad Leader in Company 'A,'" the chaplain wrote. "His unit was a part of Ninth United States Army which was on occupation duty in the vicinity of Hamm, Germany. At the time of his death Paul was killed by a Sentry who was unable to recognize him due to darkness."

Eight Sons in Service

What appears to be a record among Ukrainian American and Canadian families is that Mr. and Mrs. William Strydnakiw of Rossburn, Manitoba, Canada, have eight sons in service, all of whom enlisted, according to the "Ukrainsky Holos."

In addition to the eight sons in service, there is another son and three daughters of the same parents, all living in Rossburn.

The boys in service are John, Alex (in Italy), William, Peter, George (killed in Holland), Michael (in Holland), Metro, and Daniel.

Soldier Describes Plight of DPs

Among the many letters from Ukrainian American servicemen stationed in Europe describing the plight of Ukrainian war refugees there whom the Soviets are trying to forcibly repatriate, is one recently received by Mrs. Mary Korpa of Pittsburgh from her brother Sgt. Stephen Kryzalka stationed in Oberammergau, Germany, and forwarded to the Weekly by Mrs. Dola Davis.

Dated September 9, the letter tells how Sgt. Kryzalko, while out on an advance patrol, learned of the presence of a Displaced Persons camp on the outskirts of Oberammergau. A sentry told him that there were no Ukrainians in it, but just then he heard "some beautiful choir music" of a Ukrainian male group coming from the camp. He was allowed to go in, and soon made his presence known to the singers. "After talking to them I found out that they were all well educated," Sgt. Kry-

Relief Committee Wins Independent Registration and Status

The United Ukrainian American Relief Committee, which had previously won from the President's War Relief Board in Washington authorization to solicit funds up to \$300,000 and use them for the relief of Ukrainian war refugees and other needy persons, has now obtained independent registration from the P.W.R.C.B.

This grants an independent status to the Committee, enabling it, for example, to send relief directly to recognized Ukrainian relief bodies in Europe. Previously such relief had to be sent only through already independent and long-established relief bodies, such as the Unitarian relief committee.

In its letter granting the Committee's application for independent registration, the President's Board states that the solicitation of the United Ukrainian American Relief Committee shall be confined to established organizations, whose membership is predominantly of Americans of Ukrainian origin. "Organizations

of such character may be authorized by the United Ukrainian American Relief Committee to serve as auxiliaries to solicit within their bona fide membership and to collect funds therefrom on behalf of the United Ukrainian American Relief Committee."

The P.W.R.C.B. likewise directs that the Committee "will obtain from each of its auxiliaries periodic reports on funds solicited and received and will furnish quarterly reports, public audits, and other information from time to time as may be required by the P.W.R.C.B. of all registered agencies."

The first of such quarterly reports is about to be submitted now, the Committee states in its latest communique. The latter appeals to all Ukrainian Americans to step up their contributions to its relief fund. All contributions should be sent to the United Ukrainian American Relief Committee, P. O. Box 1661, Philadelphia 5, Pa.

UCCA Urges Foreign Ministers Council To Aid DPs

An appeal to the Council of Foreign Ministers, currently meeting in London, to help prevent the forced repatriation by Soviet authorities of Ukrainian displaced persons in Central Europe, was lodged with Secretary of State Byrnes in form of a 500 word cablegram sent on behalf of the Ukrainian Congress Committee by its president, Stephen Shumeyko, last Tuesday, September 25.

Referring to the discussions this past week at the Council meetings on the subject of repatriation by the Soviets, the cable stressed that the forced repatriation by the Soviets of

the Ukrainian DPs would spell their doom.

"As traditional foes of tyranny and totalitarianism and as embattled believers in true democracy and the independence of their native but foreign ruled Ukraine," the cable read, "these Ukrainian DPs suffered much at the hands of the brutal Nazis, either as forced laborers or as hounded political refugees in concentration camps. Today on account of the self-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."

zalka writes. "Then they put on for my benefit a performance of few folk dances and songs. I then told the oldest one among them, who seemed to be their leader, that I would return the next day to talk to him, for he had told me that they did not want to return to their homeland and that they didn't know what to do. But one thing over all, they said, they would rather be dead than go back and be under Russian rule."

The next day Sgt. Kryzalka learned that the man with whom he had spoken the previous day was about 53 years old, that during the first war he had first served in the Russian army, and when the revolution came he served as a colonel "in the Ukrainian army and fought for the liberation of the Ukraine." Following the loss of that war he went to Czechoslovakia to finish his education. Later he went to Warsaw and was active in a semi-military Ukrainian anti-Communist and pro-free Ukraine organization, which in 1933 the Polish government dissolved, and some of its elements, including him-

elf, were incorporated into the Polish army.

"I then asked him," the sergeant writes, "about the sending of clothes and food from America. He replied that . . . it would be a waste of time and money to send relief through the Russians because the Ukrainians would never get it. The Ukrainian refugees have no representative body here and they don't know where to turn. They have tried to get a piece of land or something to live on, but when they go to Americans the latter are told by the Russians that, 'We are representing these Ukrainians. Why don't they go home?' etc. etc., which that puts an end to it. One of the biggest problems now is that although the Americans don't force them to go home still the Russians are allowed to come over to the American side and go through the files of the city. Then they pick out the names they want and tell the Americans that 'we want these men because they are war criminals' and the Americans say 'O.K., take them.'

Personal Recollections of Ivan Franko

BY DR. ANDRIY CHAYKIVSKY — Edited and translated by PRINCIVAL CUNDY

IN autumn, 1877, I went to Lviv to begin my army service as a one-year volunteer. I looked around for people from my native place, but found none. Franko and Pavlyk were still in prison at the time and everything worthwhile in student life had gone to pieces. There was no leadership. The students drank and roistered, even those whom I knew to be men of ideals. It was a regular lunacy. I knew few people and seeing the state of things among those who were nearest and best known to me, I renounced social life and kept to the barracks. One evening, however, I felt the urge to go to a student's evening party as the admission was very cheap.

I went in among strangers and, being very provincial, I felt embarrassed and soon prepared to leave. A certain Zanklynsky, whom I had not known up to this, barred my way and pulling out a sheet of paper, he said: "Give a trifle to help poor Franko. He's come out of jail with hardly a shirt to his back."

I gave him my last few cents and said: "Why don't you go around among the people in the hall? They'll surely give you something."

"What are you thinking about? If I really did do so, they'd throw me out of the door. Don't you know they all look on Franko as if he were the Devil?"

Early Prejudice Against Franko

I really did not know it at all, for I never came in contact with any of the older generation. Later, I learned that the Lviv community regarded Franko as a leper.

After my army service, I left Lviv, but a year later I got a paid position with the Society for Cultural Progress. Then I had an opportunity of coming in contact with the Ukrainian community in Lviv. The majority were teachers.

I went through the society's membership list. I found the name Ivan Franko. A line was drawn through his name with the notation: "expelled."

I asked our people why? They poured out thunders against Franko, Pavlyk and Drahomaniv. They were the source of great misfortune, the cause of suspicion on the part of the government. I was warned against having anything to do with them. If I were to get into their company, I might lose my military rank, could never become an imperial official, and my society might not look on such conduct with indifference.

This really scared me. I shared in the then prevailing ideology, namely: that the greatest good fortune for a "Ruthenian" was to get through the University and then cling with both hands to the imperial door-latch until one became a government official with prospects of position, promotion, pension, etc.

The then "Ukrainophiles" or "Nationalists" limited their patriotism to literature, to wordy warfare against the "Katsapy" or "Moskophiles," to life under the aegis of loyalty to the Austrian Empire, which gave us nothing nor even promised us anything.

It is not to be wondered at, therefore, that an inexperienced youth, who had been nourished on the prevailing clichés, should fall into the same whirlpool and become one of the youthful anti-Frankoites. Some of the finest young men, however, gathered around Franko. The nastiest rumors circulated concerning his friend Pavlyk, with whom and his sister, Franko lived. But nobody looked to see in what poverty they lived.

In partnership with Pavlyk, Franko published "The Bell" and "The Hammer," etc. But I could not read them. I was so filled with the pre-

vailing ideology of the "Nationalists" that I could not comprehend what it was that the supporters of Drahomaniv were driving at.

Expelled From Student Society

During this time I was elected president of the students' aid society, "Druzhny Likhvar" (The Friendly Lender). At the general meeting I proposed a resolution that the members of our society should not join the rival organization, "Akademichny Kruzhok" (Academic Club or Circle), in which Franko and Pavlyk played a leading part. Against this, Franko entered a sharp protest and expressed his amazement that a newly elected head should try to lay fetters on the minds and wills of the members. This opposition so upset me that I wanted to resign. I was of the opinion that Franko had insulted me.

But it did not hurt our society. Franko and his friends developed a great activity in our midst. A sub-committee was elected to arrange lectures and papers. It worked indefatigably and a program was announced. The first one was by Franko. He read his translation of Heine's "Germany."

But it caused a lot of trouble. The majority of the members raised a cry against the immoral tone of the reading. These over-modest ones began to attack me, asking how could I, as head of the society, allow such a performance.

At the next meeting, censors were elected who were to attend the sessions of the committee on lectures and were to place their "approved" or "forbidden" on all proposed lectures or papers. All sorts of collisions ensued, however, for the sub-committee refused to be controlled. They announced the next lecture as "uncensored."

Protests! I left our meeting place after having laid down the law in accordance with the society's decision. But the lecture was held.

The older generation took a great interest in the affair. And again a storm beat on me from that direction to the effect that Franko must be expelled at any cost or else the police might close down our society.

But how could this be done? The finest part of our members, including Even Olesnytsky, who supported the society both morally and materially, stood for Franko as the apostle of the new ideas. I found myself between the hammer and the anvil. Both the elders and the majority of the members brought pressure to bear on me. I myself was convinced that Franko's activity had been and would be harmful and dangerous to the society.

The executive committee met. There was a standing resolution to the effect that anyone who joined during a current year was to be treated as a new member and elected regularly at the annual meeting. I took advantage of this. I ordered the secretary to revise the list of members for the past year and it appeared that Franko came under this ruling. A motion was made to receive him, but it failed to pass and Franko ceased to be a member. On the one hand there was great rejoicing, but on the other and more important one, there was loud dissatisfaction and cries of "Scandalous!" and "Shame!"

The older generation were very pleased and praised us for our action. It seemed that now there might be "harmony in the family, peace and quietness." But it turned out quite the opposite, for all Franko's supporters resigned and the society almost went to pieces. We could not pay the rent for our rooms and some of the elders at my request agreed to

take over our equipment to the publishing office of "Dilo" for safe keeping.

Sometimes Franko stayed in Lviv and sometimes he went on trips into the province. People avoided him as one would shun a leper. He often came into contact with the police and was jailed on the most frivolous charges and after investigation by stupid officials he was set free for "lack of sufficient information." When I think of those times, I come to the conclusion that Drahomaniv and Franko startled and scared the Ukrainian community, which was totally unprepared for the reception of new ideas, that they appeared prematurely, but again, had they appeared when they did, our ideology would not have moved from its dead center and we would have continued in the same way, limiting our work to a struggle with the "Moskophiles" and the like.

After this I went off to a remote corner of the province, to Berezhany, and my literary work was confined to numerous letters to "Dilo."

It was while I was in high school that I first felt the impulse to write. In the beginning I wrote short stories, then after I had seen and heard the Ukrainian drama on the stage, I attempted to write plays. I was ashamed to confess this to anyone outside of my school-fellows and I would not dare at any price to acknowledge this sin to any of the elders. For these were professors, haughty people, who looked with little appreciation on a person who was not on an equal standing with them in the community.

Writer Encouraged by Franko

While my "Recollections of Ten Years Ago" was running in the columns of "Dilo," I visited Lviv and came across Franko in the Rynok (Market Place). He began the conversation by saying: "I am reading your 'Recollections,' and I must say that they have real literary merit. Keep on writing."

This greatly encouraged and spurred me on further writing. Later, I learned from Olesnytsky, that in "Zorya's" literary competition, it was none other than Franko who proposed my "Olyunka" for the first prize.

So it was that, thanks to Franko, I became a writer when I was already past thirty-five years of age. If I had recognized Franko for what he was in earlier years, perhaps by now I might have gone much farther.

Thus, sincere and friendly relations began between Franko and myself. I considered him as my teacher, turned to him for advice and he never refused to give me good counsel.

One summer I invited him as a guest in my home at Berezhany. In order to persuade him, I mentioned that there was a monastery, Krasnopushcha, not far away, in which there was supposed to be a very old library.

Franko arrived as my guest. There have been few such splendid days in my life. How much did I not hear from him, how much did I not learn from him! And he knew how to talk so amiably, so pithily, one would not want to lose a single word. We inspected the historical castle of Synevsky with its ancient chapel in Berezhany and then prepared to visit Krasnopushcha.

A Visit to a Monastery

In this monastery there lived an old priest of the Basilian order named Fedorenchuk. I had heard of him that he was a fearful eccentric. If he were to learn who was coming to visit, we would certainly not be received. There were people who crossed themselves at the very mention of Fran-

ko, and I also, owing to my friendship with him, had the reputation of an unbeliever. So we both travelled to Zhukiv under the protection of Rev. Fr. Sylvester Lepky, father of the writer, Bohdan Lepky. The latter was then on vacation and formed one of the party. I took with me my two boys, Mykola and Bohdanko. When I told Father Sylvester why we were going, he declared his willingness to go along. He knew Fedorenchuk well as a near neighbor. In order to soften and make the old Basilian more compliant, Father Sylvester took with him a few bottles of wine and some delicatessen for lunch. The old man, having heard from Father Sylvester what sort of visitors he had brought was not very well pleased. However he showed us over the church. We inspected it and the magnificent iconostasis presented by King John Sobiesky and then there remained to library to see.

We went for a brief rest under the bell-tower and to drink the miracle-working water of the monastery well. Then Father Sylvester brought out his provisions. This put Father Fedorenchuk in a good humor and he acknowledged that there was a sort of old library in the monastery and promised to show it to us. We drank a glass or two and ate our luncheon and then proceeded to the monastery library. Our reverend host, led us into a small cell. There were a few books on the shelves, some on the benches and the rest lying in the litter on the floor. Among that litter and rubbish were the remnants of a church organ, odd pipes and tubes, etc. My boys immediately pounced on this precious stuff as boys will. Franko began to hunt among the books. He found some copies of a breviary that greatly interested him. He wanted to have one to take away for himself and proposed to Father Fedorenchuk either to purchase it or give something in exchange, and when this was refused asked to be at least allowed the loan of it under guarantee. No, and no again! The monastery chapter would first have to give its consent. Franko began to look further, and Father Fedorenchuk sat down with my boys on the floor to play with the pipes and tubes, amusing himself like a child, showing them how to get the best sounds out of the things. We, that is, Father Sylvester, Bohdan Lepky and myself, stood and looked on.

Finally Franko gave a sign that he was finished and we took farewell of our queer host.

Franko's "Booty"

It was already twilight as we came out of the cloisters and Franko, in high spirits, clutched me by the arm and squeezing it tightly, whispered in my ear:

"I got it!"

"What? How?"

He pulled out of his pocket a stitched, unbound book, showed it to me and said:

"This is very valuable."

"Where did you find it?"

"On the floor. You trod on it with your feet. Didn't you feel it when I moved your foot away?"

I did not remember, for I had not noticed anything.

When we returned to Father Lepky's home that evening, Franko exhibited his booty. It was a book on old grey paper. On the title page drawn in red ink there was a triangle containing certain cabalistic signs and letters.

"This," he said, "comes from such and such a period. It is a magic incantation, but it is strange to me how it came into a monastery, for one pope after another forbade the clergy to have anything to do with magic or sorcery."

Then he began to interpret to us the meaning of the signs and characters, but after a while I lost interest for I did not comprehend what it was all about. Franko was very pleased with his find. And it was a

Russian Lebensraum Propaganda

Russian Lebensraum propaganda is busy coining euphonious synonyms for territories and peoples Russia has conquered to save the conscience of the world beyond its Soviet perimeter.

The term "Western Lands"—"Western, viewed from the standpoint of the Newer Russia" is the bait that has been coined and cast time and again before the unwary readers of a new book just published by the Princeton University Press.

Edited by Professor S. Konovalov, of Birmingham University, it surveys "Russo-Polish Relations" (title of the book) for last 500 years. It was undertaken at the invitation of the "Anglo-Soviet Public Relations Association."

For a book that purports to reflect "a higher level of historical accuracy than any compilation previously available in America," it spews the rankest kind of historical fraud that ever masqueraded under the guise of authenticity. The fraud lies revealed in the use of the terms "Western Lands" to suggest amorphous space, peopled by Russians, never wholly consolidated by Moscow until the recent Soviet successes. While the author's avowed "chief aim has been to bring out and elucidate the century-old fundamental issue at stake between the two countries (Russia and Poland)—the crucial problem of the Western Lands," (page 51), he does not even hint of a separate Ukrainian national state and its struggle for independence against both Russia and Poland.

A few quotations selected at ran-

* Princeton University Press.

good thing that he took it, for certainly it would have been swept out with the litter some day. When a little later I went to Lviv and called on Franko, the find was already on his shelves, newly bound and catalogued.

Later that evening we all returned to Zhukiv to spend the night. Franko rode in one of the two country carts which carried us, and I and my two boys accompanied him. It was a wonderful night. The boys both fell asleep, Bohdanko in my arms and Mykola put his head on Franko's knees. He covered him with his shawl and hummed a tender lullaby. That kind, quiet voice of his still resounds in my memory.

Greatness of His Character

During his stay with me, we talked a good deal and I had the opportunity of discovering the greatness of his honest soul and the inflexibility and firmness of his character. I admired him. No matter how many advantageous propositions he had received from universities in Russia and Germany, he had always declined them and remained among his own people, although he had to live in such miserable circumstances that sometimes he did not have "a dime to pay the chimney-sweeper." If I had had to endure persecutions like his, I should have thrown it up long before.

No wonder that Franko now and again snarled back at his attackers in very painful fashion.

The greatest wonder to me is that those people to whom he was a teacher and for whom he everywhere stood up, were the ones who most caviled and carp at him.

Only consider, how much Franko might have produced, had he been assured of bread and quietness! How much we might have profited by him had he occupied a chair in the University! But no one helped him in this, but on the contrary, stumbling blocks were placed in his path.

I met Franko for the last time shortly before his serious illness. He was only the ruin of the one-time strong man. He began to complain of his compatriots:

"They have so taken advantage of me that I have lost all desire to live.

dom will suffice to illustrate the quality of the book's "historical accuracy":

"The incorporation, between 1250 and 1450, of Western Russia (White Russia and northern Ukraine) in the Grand Duchy of Lithuania..." (Page 2)

"Thus, between 1250 and 1450, before Muscovy became consolidated, Lithuania rose to be the major Russian State." (Page 4)

"Thus the great Poland of the fifteenth to the eighteenth century (like the Muscovite Empire) a composite state, with western half Polish and eastern half Russian or Lithuania."

The theme of the survey is that the "Western Lands" between the rivers San and Dnieper are and always have been Russian. The book, among other things, justifies the partitions of Poland on that basis. Nowhere in the survey is there even a suggestion that Ukraine is neither Russian nor Polish, and that the last three hundred years of Polish-Russian relations were marked by mutual rivalries for the partition of Ukraine between them against the indomitable struggle of Ukrainians for independence from both designing rivals in crime and aggression.

"Russo-Polish Relations" is just another of a series of nauseating propaganda books calculated to promote Russification and Soviet Imperialism. This sort of stuff is just as pleasing to the Commissars of modern Kremlin as it was to the Tsars when they ruled Muscovy.

JOHN PANCHUK

I am worn out with the proof-reading of foreign works, correcting translations by translators who are no good at literature, let alone scientific works. I have to do this because my livelihood is threatened. I'm getting blind and deaf with such work."

I felt greatly concerned and grieved for him. Truly Providence did not send Franko to the Ukrainian people for work such as this, proof-reading of foreign works and correcting the defects of incapable translators.

Then suddenly, he said to me: "When I was with you at Berezhany, I left some notes there which are very valuable to me. Send them on to me right away."

When I explained to him that it was impossible for me not to have sent of his, he said: "No? Well, I must certainly have left them with someone else, but I can't remember with whom."

These last words made a very unpleasant impression on me. I could plainly see that all was not in order with the poor fellow's mental health, that he was worn out with overexertion and fatigue.

Not long after that my worst fears were confirmed. Franko fell dangerously ill with partial paralysis.

(Lviv, May, 1896)

Spring Training

A young medical interne had a habit of walking past the psycho ward each morning; in the yard of the ward one of the inmate was always going through the motions of winding up and pitching an imaginary ball. "Why do you stop every morning and watch that screwball go through his pitching motion?" one of the doctor's friends finally asked him. "Well," he replied, "if things keep going the way they are, I'll soon be out there with a glove catching for that fellow, and I want to get on to his curves!"—Chase News.

Old Meantie

Smart Alec says some scientist would help humanity by perfecting a hand-lotion that would give the best results when diluted with warm water containing the day's dirty fishes.

Text of Women's League Memorandum on Displaced Persons in Middle Europe

Dispatched to President Truman, Secretary of State Byrnes, General Marshall, and Ambassadors Bonnet and Halifax

September 22, 1945

We, the undersigned, in the name of the Ukrainian National Women's League of America, Inc., an organization representing thousands of American women of Ukrainian origin, take the liberty to submit to your kind consideration the following:

MEMORANDUM ON DISPLACED UKRAINIANS IN MIDDLE EUROPE

According to the official data of our military authorities and of charitable organizations, the European countries newly liberated by the Allies now harbor several millions of displaced persons from Eastern Europe, the majority of them being in the American zone of occupation. The larger portion of these people, as doubtless know, are being repatriated to their former homelands.

About 1,250,000 displaced refugees, however, are reluctant, in fact they are vehemently opposed to their return to the Soviet Union, as they fear that on their return to Russian occupied territories they will again be subjected to relentless religious, social and national-political persecution, banishment to Siberia or to the Solovki Island, imprisonment, torture and even death. That these fears are not groundless is borne out by information contained in the news and private communications received from behind the closely guarded Soviet zone of occupation,—from Lithuania, Latvia, Poland, Galicia, Ukraine, Bulgaria and Yugoslavia—news describing mass executions, deportations and imprisonment of intelligentsia, clergymen, well-to-do persons, kulaks (farmers) and many others.

Ukrainians: Largest Group of D.P.s

The largest group among these unhappy, homeless, displaced people are the Ukrainians, who for technical reasons, are erroneously classified as "Poles" or "Russians," their classification being dependent upon what power ruled the land that they lived in the past. This classification does not take into account the ethnic, linguistic, religious and racial individuality of these people and consequently is a source of grave misunderstanding and needless cruel suffering of these unfortunate.

Our Allied Military Government authorities in the American Zone of occupation are obviously not cognizant of the fact that Poles and Russians are bitter enemies of Ukrainians. As a consequence they very often succumb to the misinformation handed out by the Soviet military commissars, and wrongly interpret the unwillingness of Ukrainian refugees to return under Soviet rule, as a kind of sympathy to Germans. Accordingly they treat them as enemies. We have reliable information of such cases where American officers unknowingly played into the hands of the Soviet Police by forcibly delivering these unfortunate Ukrainians into the toils of the Russian's "Gestapo."

This occurred when Ukrainian women, slave laborers in Germany, although unwilling to return to Soviet Union, have been forcibly delivered by American military detachments to Russian military guards in spite of these women's desperate pleadings not be delivered into the hands of their well-remembered persecutors.

Calamity Approaching Disaster

Many of our prominent people in America have already received hundreds of letters from these refugees. We can say that every third family of Ukrainian Americans has relatives among these displaced people in Middle Europe. It is a calamity which

reaches the proportions of general disaster.

Being a women's organization especially interested in the welfare of our suffering kinsmen abroad, we have to emphasize that the majority of these refugees consist of women and children, whose lives have been subjected to the two brands of totalitarian rule. We have been reliably informed of the numerous instances were Ukrainians girls, rounded up in their high-schools in the native Ukraine by the conquering Germans, and forbidden even to return home for clothes, let alone to bid farewell to their families, had been herded into railroad box cars and shipped to Germany as slave laborers. Their fate was never learned by their families for years. Nevertheless, many of these girls would prefer to remain where they are, than be returned to their Soviet-ruled homeland, where they would be abused and persecuted, or be banished to Siberia or to Solovki. This fate awaits them and their kinsmen for their tenacious age-old belief in, and their continuous fight for, the democratic ideals, particularly the establishment of a truly independent and democratic Ukraine—an ideal abhorrent to the foreign and totalitarian rulers of Ukraine.

In view of these deplorable conditions we submit this grave matter to your kind consideration, in the name of Christian humanity and high American ideals, as well as for the honor of our American flag under whose protection these displaced Ukrainians now live. And we humbly beseech you to do anything in your power to ameliorate these conditions, to restore the human rights and dignities to these displaced persons.

Particular Requests

Particularly we request you:

a) to instruct our military authorities in occupied zone of Germany, Austria and Czechoslovakia, that people of Ukrainian origin should be treated as a separate group, should be segregated in separate camps and not be mistaken for Poles or Russians;

b) to grant these stranded Ukrainians the right of asylum and not to repatriate them against their will;

c) to grant these Ukrainians the right to organize their charity committees under the surveillance of the American authorities;

d) to extend to them the help of the UNRRA and American Red Cross;

e) to allow our representatives to be sent abroad as intermediaries between our military authorities and Ukrainian refugees;

f) to allow the Ukrainian American Relief Committee to send help in food, clothes and money to our unfortunate kinsmen.

As Americans, cherishing highly the ideals of liberty and personal rights to human treatment for every individual of whatever race or religion, we express our belief that you will take up this matter with the proper authorities and help provide relief and protection to these hundreds of thousands of people who suffer merely because they believe in the same ideals of liberty, freedom and equality which are the heritage of American people.

For the

Ukrainian National Women's League of America, Inc.

HELEN F. D. LOTOTSKY,

President

ANNETTE L. KMETZ,

Chairlady, Public Relations

ANNA SYWULAK,

Secretary

PREJUDICE! — ROADBLOCK TO PROGRESS

(1)

(Each week the Orientation Section of the Information and Education Division, Army Service Forces, distributes a discussion outline throughout the Army. A minimum of one hour per week is devoted to a free discussion based on these outlines—called Army Talk—on current events, war aims, the nature of the enemy, the United Nations, and other matters of interest. The purpose is to produce well-informed soldiers today, well-informed citizens tomorrow. Millions of American soldiers participate in these discussions weekly. Believing that The Ukrainian Weekly readers will be deeply interested in the Army Talk for May 5, 1945, on Prejudice, we reprint it here from the Common Ground magazine where it appeared.)

★

PRACTICALLY every one of us has prejudices. Some of us may shudder at the idea of eating frogs and other foods we've never tasted but which other people enjoy. Or we may be prejudiced against bow ties or purple shirts. But these are meaningless prejudices which don't hurt us. There are other prejudices, however, which affect our lives very much. A prejudice against a necktie because of its color is harmless—but a prejudice against a person because of his color, race, nationality, or religion can do plenty of damage.

A prejudice is an opinion or emotional feeling which isn't based on fact or on reason. It is at it is in a closed mind. Prejudice has been used by the Germans and the Japanese to split nations wide open with hate and confusion. Recognizing how powerful is this weapon in the Axis arsenal, ASF Manual M 5, issued October 1944, declares:

"Enemy attempts to cause confusion in the U. S. through the spread of racial doctrines have made it particularly necessary that there be frank and objective discussion of this subject during the present War. The doctrine of 'Aryan' superiority has become one of the dominant factors in the present world struggle. Hitler has made this doctrine the 'reason' for untold aggression and devastation.

"Likewise, on the other side of the world," the Manual continues, "the Japanese have been trying to demonstrate their inherent superiority..."

The magic of race prejudice, the Japanese discovered, had performed miracles in Europe. It had enabled the Nazis to get away with murder. If Hitler could seize Germany and disrupt Europe with the help of race hate, the Japanese saw no reason why they couldn't do the same thing in Asia.

About a week after Pearl Harbor, the Japanese were broadcasting: "How can America be fighting for racial equality when it does not exist in America?" During the 1943 race riots in Detroit, the Japanese propagandists had a field day broadcasting the news to hundreds of millions of non-whites in Asia and throughout the world.

Japan's "championing" of the Negroes in the United States has only one purpose—to divide us. Negroes, forming as they do about one tenth of the American population, are an important minority, and Hitler has shown how minority problems can be exploited to the advantage of fascism.

"The man who spreads rumors," ASF Manual M 5 declares, "particularly race rumors, about any group—racial, religious, or national—is doing Hitler's or Tojo's work. The Nazis assumed that in this country they would find antagonistic groups who would spend their time fighting each other instead of the German armies.

Goebbels said to one of his confidants: 'Nothing will be easier than to produce a bloody revolution in America. No other country has so many social and racial tensions. We shall be able to play on many strings there.'

Any American who "plays on these strings" by spreading prejudices against minorities—Catholics, Jews, Negroes, foreign-born, and others—is, whether he knows it or not, playing the Axis game.

1. How do we get prejudices?

All of us inherit certain characteristics such as the color of our skin and the shape of our head. But we do not inherit our prejudices. When we are born we have only the capacity to develop love and hate and the other human emotions.

Whom we learn to like or dislike, love or hate, depends on our experiences—in our home, in our school, in our neighborhood—and the effect these experiences have upon us. The language we learn, our religion, ideas, feelings, and attitudes, our manners and prejudices—all these come from our environment.

As children, we imitate not only activities of those around us, especially our parents, but also feelings, attitudes, and opinions. Prejudices, too, are absorbed unconsciously from our parents and other people in our environment.

By the time we have grown up we already have "pictures in our mind" of many people with whom we've had little or no contact. We may have a stereotyped picture of Negroes as lazy, stupid, happy-go-lucky; of Jews or Scots as stingy and money-mad; of Irishmen as hot-tempered, brawling, whiskey-loving. These stereotypes are being constantly reinforced through newspapers, movies, conversations and jokes, books and radio. A single story, comic strip, or movie may not make too deep an impression. However, when time after time the Negro is presented as a crapshooting, shiftless character; the Latin as a gangster or racketeer; the Oriental as a slinking, mysterious, and crafty person—then deep and lasting impressions are made which go to form attitudes and prejudices.

There is another way that we get false ideas about whole groups of people. As youngsters we may have played games with boys in the neighborhood, and one of them, perhaps a Pole or an Italian, may have cheated. We then concluded that all Poles or all Italians cheat, and we carry this idea with us all through life. We conclude that because one member of a group acted in a certain way, all members of that racial, religious, or national group will act the same way. We usually make these false generalizations about any group but our own. If we're Protestant and a member of our group lies, we don't condemn all Protestants. If we're Catholic and one of our members steals, we don't say all Catholics are thieves. If we're Jewish and one of our group commits a crime, we don't say all Jews are criminals.

It is only natural and human to be curious about things or people about whom we know very little. Curiosity is wholesome, and when it leads a man to investigate honestly the things that arouses his curiosity, he often finds something new and interesting. However, when he does not make the effort to look honestly into the thing that first called forth curiosity—when, instead, he lets the matter dwell and go unanswered—he closes his mind to healthy thinking, and trouble begins: curiosity gives way to suspicion—suspicion quickly converts itself to fear—and fear grows into hate! One fears the thing he suspects, and hates that which makes

him afraid. This fear of the strange and unfamiliar is called by a high-sounding name—Xenophobia. Primitive tribes usually feared and therefore hated a neighboring tribe because they didn't know them. Unenlightened people today have that same fear and suspicion of the unknown. Only when we've lived and worked with people of different races, cultures, and backgrounds, and learned to know them, can we really overcome these primitive fears.

Prejudices develop, too, from a feeling of insecurity or frustration. We may feel uncertain about our ability or prestige. We may feel insecure in our job or our social position. To strengthen our own confidence and feeling of self-importance, we often search for someone to look down upon as "inferior" or some group to blame for our failure and misfortune. That is why there is more prejudice in times of social stress and economic depression. Depression brings insecurity—and insecure people begin looking around for someone or some group on whom they can pin the blame.

Prejudices are often deliberately exploited by some people to further their own purposes. The Germans used the "hate" technique to divide opposition, to confuse the real issues, to blame national or international ills on innocent scapegoats, and to gain a following by a common hate. "Hate the Jews!" they yelled. "Hate the Poles!" "Hate the Russians!" "Hate the Negroes!" "Hate the Catholics!" Hate them for their color—their religion—their politics—their nationality. Hate them for any reason—or no reason—but hate them. For hate meant power—to the Nazis!

2. What do we mean by a minority?

The dictionary defines a minority as less than half. But that doesn't quite explain the kind of minorities to which you and I and everyone in America belongs. If you're a Catholic, you're part of a minority, because Catholics don't number more than half of the people in this country. If you're a Negro, a foreign-born, a Jew, you're a member of a minority.

Now, if you're a Protestant, you're a member of a majority group in America—but Protestants include Baptists, Methodists, Episcopalians, Presbyterians, and scores of other minorities. And while a Protestant may be part of a majority group in one locality in the United States, he may be in a numerical minority in another locality.

America, like the rest of the world, is made up of minorities—religious, racial, and national. Let us remember that a minority group, like the Poles or the Negroes in America, may be a majority group elsewhere (say in Poland or Africa), and that a majority group today may become a minority group tomorrow—or vice versa.

In ancient days many people believed that their guilt and sins could be transferred to some other person, animal, or object. During rituals performed by a leader of the tribe, a goat was often chosen by lot and the sins of the tribe passed on to the animal. The goat was then driven into the wilderness or destroyed.

Today, when people blame their troubles or woes on innocent people, we call this unjust persecution "scapegoating."

3. Have all minority groups been "scapegoated"?

At one time or another, every minority group has been used as a scapegoat and has suffered from prejudice and persecution. If we go back deep into history, we find powerful leaders who covered up their own selfish motives by inciting people's emotions against "troublemaking" minorities. In the days of the Romans, Christians were blamed for all the trouble of the Roman Empire—including the burning of Rome—and for years they were persecuted.

Oh Happy Day!

Some of the discomforts of a soldier's existence on the Italian front of not so many months ago are told by a Ukrainian Canadian serviceman stationed there then, in a letter to the UCSA Newsletter—

"I just finished my new home. I call it home because I dig the hole in mother earth, and myself place the sandbags all around it and over it. You'll understand that it's not permanent, but it will last for a few days we hope. I make my bed on the solid ground... using of course a straw mattress that I manage to sneak into the truck every move we make. I've heard rumors that the Quartermaster wants two of our three blankets turned in because he saw the sun yesterday. He forgets the moon gives light only and no heat. Dear me... Oh well, we don't mind, really. Chances are, they may give us a double ration of rum. That'll be the frosty Friday... But, Praise the Lord... we still have our blankets.

"Now, the mosquitos really have a nerve out here! When you are peacefully sleeping, they buzz around like a dive bomber and usually park on the exposed parts of the body. They are pests I must say. They stab you when you are down and sleep—the cowards. They drive their hypodermic needle in and inject a peculiar serum that sends some of us to the hospital for treatment. The mosquito thinks he is playing a game, but most of us got him thinking. We put anti-mosquito ointment on our faces and hands, (smells like...), and when we crawl into bed we have a net. We often wonder if the Italians think that this is the Allied soldiers' way of living at home and that do it for luxury. It does look cute to see us all caged in white. Often I feel like the proverbial bridegroom, but the bride is invisible. We really got the jinks on the mosquito.

"The bugs, lizard, spiders and flies are very popular. We wage a war on them also by spraying our sleeping headquarters with powder. We often spray the ditches as well. You must remember the Jerry is not the only pest we have to fight although it is not fair to class him with the creeping insects. He prefers running...

"The army rules insist on a shave every day. We sure have had some close ones. I imagine we will have quite a few more before we reach Berlin.

"At times the water supply is not plentiful. A water bottle is supposed to provide you with a shave, a wash, brush your teeth and quench your thirst. It isn't always that way, but it is for me at the present. It isn't always that we come across a spring or a stream. Sometimes we lose our improvised washing basins (petrol cans) so we use the mess tin for a wash and shave. We manage to keep the hair and dirt from mixing in our porridge or tea, but it all goes all right with beefsteak and pork chops.

Please forgive the unevenness of the writing. I am sitting on my kitbag with my pad on my knee, on a train bound for Rome. Oh happy day...!"

Christians, in turn, have persecuted Jews. During the "Black Death" in the Middle Ages, when bubonic plague killed off one-fourth of Europe's population, responsibility was laid to the Jews who were tortured and oppressed, even though Jews were dying off as rapidly as Christians. In Spain, monarchists rode to power against the Jews. The autocratic empire of the Czar blamed the Jews for the abuses of the Russian feudal regime and massacred thousands of them.

(To be concluded)

A Message From The Ukrainian-Canadian Service-men's Association (Active Service O/S)

Dear friends and relatives from the Atlantic to the Pacific,

There are so very many things that we would like to tell you about and find it just impossible to put on paper in sufficient enough detail to make it perfectly clear to everybody. The ideal way would be to have some of our soldiers or airmen visit all of you some day, in your homes, in your organizations, in your various churches and communities, in your schools and halls, and try to make clear to all just what is on our mind, and give you at least a rough picture of what is going on and has been going on here overseas. You see for some reason or other, we feel so far removed from all of you, so separated—almost in a different world it would seem. Many of us have been away for as long as five years and more, and we find it rather difficult to picture 'home-life' as we left it. Time has changed all of us, both those who went into the forces and those who for one reason or another have stayed behind. Removed from the environment and conditions of our homes, whether we were conscious of it or not, serving overseas, in England, through Sicily and Italy, through France, Holland, Belgium and Germany, our outlook on life and the world has had to change in many ways. In the same way, many of you have moved to different cities, have obtained different jobs, have also had to adapt your lives to war conditions, and so you too must have changed in your outlook on life and the world as a whole. We somehow feel afraid that the changes that both you and we have undergone have helped a lot to separate us even more. These letters, the UCSA Newsletters that we send you, the communes and the information that we print in all the Ukrainian papers in Canada and the States, is our way of trying to draw us all closer together. We want to re-establish that close relationship and even strengthen it. We want to help you as well as ourselves in finding a way of renewing the acquaintance and the friendship and the relationships that the war has thrown away and apart. You can help us by at least acknowledging this letter—or if nothing else—at least read it through to the end.

1. Our Comrades - in - Arms in the American Forces.

The number of Ukrainian American Servicemen who are visiting our Club in London and who are associate members of the Association is still growing daily. In truth it may be said that our organization now is more Ukrainian-All-American (meaning Canada and the United States) than just Ukrainian-Canadian. You see we have so much in common. We are all Ukrainian in racial origin and we like all the same traditional Ukrainian costumes, songs, dishes etc. We are neighbors in every sense of the word because nowhere in the world can you find two countries living as close together on such brotherly terms. And then over and above that we have in common the fact that we are all far away from home and from our friends and relatives. Being of Ukrainian descent we have no relatives in England. And so all these things pull us together to make us more than ever brothers-in-arms. Among the recent visitors to our Club were two Ukrainian girls Miss Mary Sawchuk and Miss Anne Dudiak, both from New York and both working here in London now in the American Embassy.

The same thing applies to those Ukrainian Canadian and Ukrainian American servicemen who are on the continent, France, Belgium or Germany. They attend the get-togethers and visit the centres organized for them in Brussels and Paris and in

everyway, the Ukrainians in the Canadian and American Armed Forces are just one big happy family.

2. Our London Service Club

We have received a large number of letters asking us when the Club is closing down. Some have even written to say they will meet our train. As a result the parcels and assistance that the Club has been getting have dwindled to almost nothing. Some people feel that just because actual fighting is over in Europe, that packing up and moving back home is just a matter of snapping the fingers. Some have even written letters to some of our members, scolding them for not being home yet. Of course most of you appreciate that it's not as easy as it may appear. Repatriation and demobilization is going to be a slow process. There is the question of shipping. There are many more considerations that do not readily appear on the surface. The important thing for everybody to realize is that there is a greater need for our club in London than ever before. And this will be true for some time yet. All those soldiers and airmen in England who are waiting for repatriation now get more leave than ever. As a result our Club is now filled to the brim practically all the time. On week-ends we often have to make special arrangements and reservations at some of the other Canadian Clubs in London. This situation is expected to last very easily until Christmas and possibly until next Easter. So that to your question, "Should we continue to send parcels and donations?" we are forced to reply, "Yes, more than ever before!" The articles that are required you well know but we feel obligated to repeat some, namely: Klik, kam or spam or any other packed meats; condensed milk; noodle soup; canned and dried fruits; cakes; tea and coffee; sugar; and of course cigarettes.

We wish to thank you all for your kindness and generosity up till now, and feel sure that you will not let us down. For us, the war is not over, until we can come home and discard our uniforms.

We would also bring to your attention that we have a Club in Brussels for those on the continent, and arrangements are being made to organize something for the Pacific theatre. Your assistance will help us to continue helping the thousands of Ukrainian boys in the Armed Forces. And again we repeat, our needs now are greater than ever before.

3. Our Two Chaplains

We must devote at least a paragraph to our Ukrainian Canadian Chaplains H/Capt. S. W. Sawchuk (Greek Orthodox) was the first chaplain to come overseas. In February this year he returned to Canada and was replaced by H/Capt. S. P. Symchych. H/Capt. Father M. Horoshko (Greek Catholic) was the second chaplain to come to us. Every Sunday we have a real Ukrainian church service in the Club, alternating the two. Those who wish to attend one or the other have the given opportunity. Some like to attend both. The spirit in the Club is just too wonderful for words. When the Catholic boys have their service, the Orthodox members staying at the Club prepare the Sunday dinner. When the Orthodox boys have theirs, the Catholic members do the same. During the week they all pitch in regardless. In their visits to all the various Army units, hospitals etc., both chaplains 'advertise' the Club to all the Ukrainian boys. Every Sunday, after Mass and dinner, we hold an Educational Study Group meeting in our lounge at which we discuss all matters of common interest to all service

men—from the problems facing the veterans to darning socks. In all these discussions the chaplains take a leading part. We are all really very proud of our chaplains, and at the same time grateful to them and to all their followers for the support that they are giving to our Club and our Association.

4. Ukrainian Canadian Veterans

With the cessation of hostilities and the large numbers being repatriated and discharged, our eyes are now also turned to the future of the veterans. It is agreed by all that our Servicemen's Association will continue as a Veterans Association as well, and for this purpose an Initiative Committee has already been formed with its temporary headquarters in Winnipeg. The members of the committee are: Capt. J. Karasivich, chairman; Mr. Cherney, vice chairman; Mr. Hrymaliuk, secretary; Messrs. Swyschuk, Proselowsky, Kozaik and Babyluk, assisting members. They are responsible for all matters relating to veterans until such time as a Dominion conference can be called.

Mr. L. Wojcichowsky is now touring the Western part of Canada on behalf of the Ukrainian Canadian Committee and our servicemen and veterans, and Mr. Kraus is doing the same in Eastern Canada. We would appreciate it very much if all our friends throughout Canada would give these accredited representatives and organizers every support. At the same time, when branches of the Veterans organization are formed in your town or district, we count on you all to help them as much as you did before when they were still soldiers. If there are veterans in your town or district now, ask them to write at once to the address given here for further details and information. The address is: Ukrainian Canadian Veterans Committee, 715 McIntyre Building, Winnipeg, Man.

5. Giving Us and Passing Around Information

You would be surprised to know how many Ukrainian boys there are in the services who still don't know a thing about our association or our London Club. We would take this opportunity to ask you again, send us names and addresses of all servicemen and all veterans. At the same time send them the address of our Club and our Veteran's Association. It's only by everybody pitching in, that we can grow and develop into an organization fully representative of all those Ukrainian Canadians who fought—and those who died. Don't take for granted that we know or that they know. Pass it on!

6. UCSA Welfare Work

There is sometimes a feeling that all the work of our association is concentrated on our London Club. That is far from being the case. Although the Club is one of the bigger projects there are a lot of other services that the association tries to offer. We are resolved that if there is anything that we can do by way of social and humanitarian welfare, we will make every effort to do it. We are particularly anxious to do everything we can for those servicemen who are not in England. For that reason, every effort is made to send out parcels and assistance to those of our members now on the continent in France, Belgium, Holland, Germany, Italy, Africa and above all in the Pacific theatre. From our members everywhere on the continent we also receive much information with regard to the Ukrainian refugees that they have met and often befriended in one way or another. For that reason we would again stress, that anything that you can send or

provide for our services Club, will never go to waste, but sooner or later will be used or distributed to whoever it will do most good. This applies to everything, funds, parcels, books and newspapers, even used clothing. Rest assured, we can always find a place and a use for anything and everything.

7. UCSA Newsletter

With this letter we are sending you a copy of our organization journal, "UCSA Newsletter" No. 9. You have probably seen or received copies of the previous issues. If not, and if you would like to bring your 'set' up to date, we will send you back numbers on request. Our editorial committee is now working on a very 'special' Canadian edition of the Newsletter with special effort to include material that you, our friends back in Canada, would like.

We would be very grateful to all of you however, if you would make it a point to send us everything and anything that might be useful for our journal. We would like every person to consider himself or herself as a special reporter to our Newsletter.

8. Who Visits the Club

People always keep asking us, Who visited your Club this week?" "Has my son Slawko been there recently?" and so on. It is just impossible to answer all these queries because we just haven't got the staff. All the work at the Club from office work to cooking meals and washing dishes is done voluntarily by the soldiers themselves who are on leave. We can assure you, however, that never a week goes by but we have a cross-section of visitors from every single Province in Canada.

9. Ukrainian Canadian Committee

It is only fair and fitting that we end this letter by publicly thanking for and acknowledging the financial assistance given to us by the Ukrainian Canadian Committee. Although it is true that we get many donations direct, and that many of your donations go to the Committee first, who forward it to us, the assistance that they are giving us is very extensive indeed, and we can assure you that any assistance that you can give them in anything that they may do is very worthy indeed and more than appreciated. They deserve and have earned the faith and the support of all of us Ukrainian Canadians wherever we may be or whatever our job or occupation. At least, that is the feeling of us in the forces on active service overseas.

Yours gratefully and fraternally,
Ukrainian Canadian Servicemen's Association

218 Sussex Gardens, Paddington,
London, W. 2, England

CANCELLED OUT

Down in South Alabama a trial was held up by the absence of one of the jurors, who had been permitted to go to his farm overnight and had failed to return to court at the appointed time.

At length, after a mistrial had been declared, the missing man appeared, puffing and perspiring. The judge demanded to know what had detained him.

"Oh, Judge," he gasped. "There war two things that kept me from gittin' here. Fust, I was took powerful sick last night, and this mornin' I could hardly hold up my head. Thought I'd die. Then, when I got to the river, Judge, what do you 'spose had happened? It had rained so powerful hard last night that the river had riz four feet above the banks. Took me two hours to find a boat and git across."

"Hiram," said the Judge, "those were both fust rate excuses; I could've 'st you off on either one of 'em. But both of 'em put together—no, Hiram. Fifty dollars and ten days in jail!"

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МУЖЧИН—ЖІНОК

Чоловіка або Жінки, стала робота, не треба досвіду, таких, що вміють ручно шити. Платня згідно з умовою. Добра нагода навчитись фаху. Голоситься денно від 9 рано до 9 вечір. крім неділі. H. Kowarowich, 120 St. Mark's Pl. (bet. 1 & Ave. A), N.Y.C.

Ukrainian Relief Action Spreading

To extend relief to the scores of thousands of Ukrainian war refugees scattered throughout Europe the following Ukrainian agencies have come into being thus far and now are operating:

United States

The United Ukrainian American Relief Committee, Inc., P. O. Box 1661, Philadelphia 5, Pa. Authorized and registered by the President's War Relief Control Board, the Ukrainian American committee has as its primary object the funneling of Ukrainian American relief aid to recognized Ukrainian relief agencies in Europe for distribution among the suffering and needy there.

Canada

Ukrainian Canadian Relief Fund. P.O. Box 2136. Winnipeg, Manitoba.

It's an Auxiliary of the Canadian Red Cross Society.

Belgium

Comite Ukrainien de Secours en Belgique, A.s.b.l. (Ukrainian Relief Committee in Belgium), 24, Ave. Livingstone, Bruxelles, Belgium.

Great Britain

Ukrainian Relief Committee in Great Britain, 188 Cheetam Hill Rd., Manchester 8, England.

France

Comite Ukrainien de Secours en France, 186 Blvd. St. Germaine, Paris 6, France.

Switzerland

Croix Rouge Ukrainiene, Comite Central, a l'Entranger, 1 Place Gran-Mezel, 4, Geneva, Switzerland.

Bad Pun Department

Little Mary: "Why do they call small change 'chicken feed'?"

Little Annie: "Cause it's a poultry sum."—American Girl

Patrick, having consumed his repast, turned attention to the bit of newsprint in which it had been wrapped. "Michael," he said presently, turning to a companion, "it speaks here o' the 'witching hour.' An' what time would that be pray?"

"Shure, Pat," said the other workman, "that's the hour of two in the mornin' when yer wife meets ye wid, 'Which story is it this time?'"—Typo

НАДУТЬ ПОСКУДУ

КОНКУРС

УКР. ГР. КАТ. ПАРОХІЯ Преч. Діви Марії в Мікіз Ракс, Пн., пошукує іспитованого ДЯКОВЧИТЕЛЯ, доброго диригента українського хору, професора діточої школи, удаювати підприємства на всі окаї. Посаду може обнати зараз. Голоситься треба на парохіальну адресу:

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116 Ella St., McKees Rocks, Pa.

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UKRAINIAN-AMERICAN WAR VETERANS

POST № 1

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OCT. 7, 1945

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Funny Side Up

"LIGHTS OUT"

It was the night of the big fight. The fight manager was readying his fighter in the dressing room. The right glove was weighed with 175 yards of leaded tape, cement-soaked gauze, and part of a horseshoe. "Now looka, Punchy," counselled the manager, "when you see an opening, swing that right."

Well, the first two minutes of the opening round found Punchy being smacked all over the ring by his opponent, Killer Diller, and Punchy only used his left for defense.

"Your right! Your right!" shouted the sure-thing manager, "For goodness sakes, swing your right!"

"Swing it yourself," was Punchy's retort, "I can't even lift it!"

Needless to say, in the first round, Punchy hit the canvas five times, at the end of which he walked to his corner with one eye closed.

Punchy went back, and when the bell ended the next round, he staggered back to his corner with both eyes closed. "I can't go on," he mumbled. "Everythin's dark."

The manager patted him on the shoulder. "Don't let that worry you," he advised. "Just go in there and keep swinging until you connect with something."

"But I just told you," complained the blinded fighter. "I can't see nothin'!"

The manager scowled. "So what?" he growled. "You ain't a payin' customer!"

The next round wasn't on more than 10 seconds when the Killer gave Punchy a right swing to the beezer that made him look like a tomatoe omelet after the waiter stumbled! Punchy staggered over to his corner. "Throw in the towel! Throw in the towel!" he yelled to his manager. "I haven't got any" yelled back his manager. "Well, throw in something," begged Punchy. "I ain't coming around this way any more!"

Punchy was right for at that moment the Killer let fly a wild uppercut and it connected. Then the Killer stepped to one side, looked up at Punchy, who was 6 ft. 3, and yelled, "Timber!" Punchy dropped to the canvas, rolled over on his face, out cold.

The roar of 40,000 fight fans filled the arena. The radio announcer grabbed the victor by the arm and rushed him to the microphone. "Hello everybody," cried Killer Diller, "it was a swell fight, and the toughest of my career. I'll be right home, mom."

In the meantime Punchy's seconds had lugged him to his corner, tossed a bucket of water in his face, rubbed his arms, his chest, his legs. They did all but shove a a bottle of smelling salts up both of his nostrils. Finally, with a prolonged sigh, Punchy came to.

The Killer left the ring and the radio announcer collared Punchy. "Come on," he urged. "Say a few words to the radio public."

Promoting Symphonic Music

Miss Anna Maria Magura, member of U.N.A. Br. 270, is chairlady of Division Four of the membership campaign of the Jersey City Phil-



MISS ANNA M. MAGURA

harmonic Symphony Society for the week of October 1st through the 6th. Committee headquarters are at Davega's, 30 Journal Square. Miss Magura's captains are, Mrs. Leo Lotowycz, Miss Pauline Baran, Miss Pauline Can, Miss Mary Barna. Names of workers will be announced later. Anyone desiring information about the Symphony membership week should call Miss Magura at 37 Wegan Parkway.

A Tough Customer

Among the stories which have crossed the ocean about those fabulous British Commandos is this of one who had spent a long evening with friends at the village inn. They showed him a quick way home across the fields, forgetting that the local bull was loose.

The bull attacked, not recognizing the Commando's red beret. The unfortunate animal was gripped by the horns and lugged about the field until it managed to break free and bolt.

"Pity I had those last two drinks," said the soldier-matador. "I ought to have got that chap off his bike."

— Pepper and Salt.

Punchy looked around him with glassy eyes. He was still out on his feet. The arena was emptying rapidly by this time and the lights were beginning to dim.

"Go ahead, Punchy," coaxed the announcer. "Say a few words."

Punchy swayed before the microphone, his a perfect blank. And then suddenly he seemed to come to. He snapped back to life. He clutched the mike with both hands and wrapped his mouth around it.

"You ain't seen nothin' yet folks," he shouted hoarsely. "Just watch what I'll do to that mugg in the next round!"

BROMO SELTZER

УВАГА! COHOES, N. Y., 1 СУСДИ З: УВАГА!

ВОТЕРВЛІТ, Н. І.; ТРОІ, Н. І.; ГУДСОН, Н. І.; АМСТЕРДАМ, Н. І.

ДОПОМОГОВИЙ КОМІТЕТ ДЛЯ НАШИХ ВІЙНИХ БІЖЕНЦІВ І ПОТЕРПІВШИХ ВІД ВІЙНИ

— скликане:

МАСОВЕ ПРОТЕСТАЦІЙНЕ ВІЧЕ

В НЕДІЛЮ, 30. ВЕРЕСНЯ (SEPTEMBER 30, 1945)

В ГАЛІ УКРАЇНСЬКОГО ГОРОДЖ. КЛЮВУ

Початок у 4-тій год. пополудні.

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Комітет.