

ing the Civil War, and afterwards served as the first American governor of the territory of Alaska. Captain Konstanty Bledowski, who was the first Union officer to be killed on the field of battle, May 10th, 1861. In the Spanish-American War, more than 80,000 Poles were volunteers in the U.S. Army. During the last great war in which our country was engaged nearly 300,000 were of Polish birth or descent including one of the first American soldiers to be killed in action, Sergeant John J. Czajka, killed in action November 13, 1917.

And now we shall dedicate a number to Mr. Anthony Klonowski, the reliable sexton at the I. C. Church for the past 14 yrs, who on Tuesday next celebrates his 70th birthday. Panie Klonowski za wasza mozolna prace niech Bog dobry zawsze blogoslawi i udzieli sto lat zycia. A zatem na wasze zdrowie Panie koscielny zagramy wesola Polka:

"Lap Cap" - Polka

Perhaps you have some clothes and shoes you no longer need. If you can spare them for the destitute and homeless families of the heroes of Poland, send them to the Immaculate Conception School, Delaware Avenue, anytime at your convenience. If you have no clothes nor shoes to give, then you may send a contribution to help carry on this noble work of charity.

And now for the good ladies who under the able direction of Mrs. Michalina Raczkowski, meet every Tuesday evening to prepare these bundles and send them to the Polish War Relief we play:

"Na Okolo" - Oberek

"All Around"- Oberek

Last Sunday I read you Fr. Kozak's letter in which he informs us of the faith of our boys in the service. May I add to this that before our boys were called into service for Uncle Sam, some of them were a little indifferant, perhaps lax in the practice of their religion. The war however has made them God-fearing and God-loving warriors and we can be proud of each and every one of them. May I clarify my point by a poem which was found upon the body of a dead Yank soldier lying on an African battlefield. Its entitled "Look God". Please listen.

Look, God,
I have never spoken to You,
But now I want to say "How do You do."

Last night from a shell hole, I saw your sky
I figured right then they had told me a lie.
Had I taken time to see things You made,
I'd have known they weren't calling a spade a spade.

I wonder God, if You'd shake my hand.
Somehow I feel that You will understand.
Funny I had to come to this hellish place
Before I had time to see Your face.

Well, I guess there isn't much to say.
I'm sure the zero hour will soon be here,
But I'm not afraid since I know You're near.
The signal! Well God, I'll have to go.

I like You lots, this I want You to know,
Look now, this will be a horrible fight.
Who knows, I may come to Your house to-night.
Though I wasn't friendly to You before
I wonder, God.... if You'd wait at Your door?

Look, I'm crying! Me! Shedding tears!
I wish I had known You these many years.
Well, I have to go now, God, Goodbye!