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# The Ukrainian Weekly

Dedicated to the needs and interests of young Americans of Ukrainian descent.

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CAROLING IN UKRAINE, from the Painting by K. Trutowsky

## Our Christmas Eve

Tomorrow night, we Americans of Ukrainian descent will sit down to our traditional Christmas Eve "holy supper," as we still observe our religious holidays according to the old Julian calendar. So once again our thoughts will turn to Christmas Eve in the land from which came our immigrant parents, in Ukraine. What images that term used to evoke within us in times of peace, and what images and emotions it evokes now, when Ukraine is devastated by war, and our country has just entered into it.

Then it was a heart-warming picture of the Ukrainian family gathered around the candle-lit table for the "holy supper," to feast on the various specially-prepared courses that ancient Ukrainian traditions prescribe, to sing the equally ancient "koliadi," and to enjoy the cheer and happiness of the holiday and of one another's company; while outside their straw-thatched peasant home the moon shone and the stars twinkled over the snow-covered countryside, and the soft breathless stillness in the air was broken only by the singing of the approaching "koliadniki," wending their way from home to home and announcing their arrival with the joyous tinkling of bells.

But how different it will be tomorrow in war-torn Ukraine. Very few homes, we fear, will know the joy and cheer of Christmas Eve. Families have been broken up, so that in many cases only-widows and orphans remain. The men are at the front, or in the concentration camps of the evil oppressor, or buried in their hastily-dug graves—if buried they are at all. Where sturdy homes once stood, only flame-blackened ruins rear to the sky. The countryside is devastated and torn, and even the snow cannot conceal its ugly wounds and gashes. Instead of the "koliadi"—are heard the shouts of men in battle or on the march. Instead of joyful bells—exploding bombs and shells, the rattle of machine guns, the clank of monstrous tanks, and the roar and shriek of diving planes. And over it all is light, not of the moon and stars, but of raging flames.

And so, tomorrow night, when we young Americans of Ukrainian descent, sit down to our traditional Ukrainian Christmas Eve "holy supper," let us utter a prayer of thankfulness that we are privileged to be native sons and daughters of this land of the free and the home of the brave, of this great America of ours, which has now risen in righteous wrath against those forces of evil and aggression which have brought war and suffering not only into Ukraine but throughout the whole world as well, and which with God's help our country and her great and Christian ally, England, shall defeat and destroy, so that never again will they rise to disrupt the world peace, freedom and democracy for which Christmas stands.

And let us also highly resolve tomorrow night that we shall do everything in our power, and make every necessary sacrifice, to advance our country's war effort and its ultimate victory over the brutal forces of aggression and human enslavement. When that great day comes, freedom and democracy will reign in Ukraine as well.

## SEASON'S GREETINGS

from the

UKRAINIAN NATIONAL ASSOCIATION, THE "SVOBODA"  
AND THE UKRAINIAN WEEKLY

### ADAMIC MISINFORMED ABOUT UKRAINIANS, SAYS MRS. ROOSEVELT

Replying to a letter calling her attention to the mistatements about Ukrainian Americans in Louis Adamic's latest book, "Two Way Passage," Mrs. Franklin D. Roosevelt wrote:

"Dear Mr. Shumeyko:

"Thank you for your letter and for the copy of the Ukrainian Weekly.

"I am sure that Mr. Adamic was misinformed about the Ukrainian Americans, because he is a very fine person.

"Sincerely yours,

(signed) "Eleanor Roosevelt."

Mrs. Roosevelt's letter originated at the White House, and was dated December 26, 1941. The Ukrainian Weekly mentioned in it was the October 20, 1941 issue, containing an editorial commenting upon Mr. Louis Adamic's mistatements in his book.

The letter sent to her by Mr. Shumeyko, dated December 19, follows:

"Dear Mrs. Roosevelt:

"I noticed in one of your columns early this week that you have read Louis Adamic's "Two Way Passage." I assume, therefore, that you have read in it the chapter entitled "Confusion Among Ukrainian Americans," wherein Mr. Adamic links them with Nazis. It has evoked the greatest indignation among our people throughout the country. I ought to know, for I did a little auto traveling recently, and have received much mail on the subject. Mr. Adamic's account of Americans of Ukrainian extraction is a perversion of the truth of the matter; I prefer to think it was an unintentional perversion, a product of misinformation or very loose and rapid observation and writing. In any event, it is false, and highly harmful and un-American, hurting many innocent people. For your further information on this I have taken the liberty of enclosing herein an editorial I wrote on the subject in The Ukrainian Weekly. Please read it, and see for yourself wherein lies the truth..."

### LEAGUE PLEDGES PRESIDENT ITS SUPPORT

The following telegram was sent to President Roosevelt late last week:

"The Executive Board of the Ukrainian Youth's League of North America, a national organization representing young American men and women of Ukrainian descent, resolved unanimously at its semi-annual meeting held on December 30, 1941 in New York City that all the energies, facilities and resources of the League shall be directed henceforth to the advancement of our country's war effort and its ultimate victory over the brutal forces of aggression and human enslavement. God speed, Mr. President, to your valiant endeavors in the cause of freedom and democracy for all."

It was signed by Chester Monaster-sky, President, of Aliquippa, Pa., and Joseph Lesawyer, Treasurer, of New York City.

## Sing These Carols and Keep Alive

## Our Christmas Traditions

## БОГ ПРЕДВІЧНИЙ НАРОДИВСЯ

Бог Предвiчний народився,  
(2) Пришов днесь із небес,  
Щоб сласти люд свiй ввесь,  
Тай угiшився.

В Вифлеємі народився  
(2) Месiя, Христос наш,  
Господь наш, для всiх нас,  
Нам народився.

„Слава Богу” заспiваймо,  
(2) Честь Сину Божому,  
Господу нашому  
Поклiн iвдаймо!

## ВСЕЛЕННАЯ, ВЕСЕЛИСЯ!

Вселенная, веселися,  
Бог вiд Дiви днесь родився,  
(2) У вертепi, мiж бидляти,  
Там Христовi поклiн дати,  
Три князi, три князi приходять...

Ладан, миро, злато в дарi  
Тут принесли ти владарi,  
(2) Новорожденному Князевi,  
Всього свiту Господевi,  
Вiддають, вiддають покiрно.

Ангели ся поклоняють,  
„Слава во вишних” спiвають,  
(2) Новородженому Дитяти  
Поспiшають поклiн дати,  
Боговi, Боговi у яслах.

Пастирям уподобiмся,  
Родженому поклонiмся,  
(2) Щоб нам зволив долю дати,  
Українцям мир зiслати,  
Вiруючим, вiруючим у Нього!

ВОЗВЕСЕЛIМСЯ ВСI РАЗОМ  
НИНI

Возвеселiмся всi разом нинi,  
Христос родився в бiднiй яєкинi,  
(2) Послiдним вiком став  
чоловiком,  
Всi утiшаймось на землi!

Всi утiшаймось на землi гоiно,  
I честь вiддаймо Йому достойно;  
(2) Пожаданому, з неба даному,  
Котрий увесь свiт вiдкупив.

Пiснi спiваймо согласно, мило,  
I торжествуймо всi разом щиро,  
(2) „Слава во вижних, а мир для  
нижних!”  
Весело свiту голосiм!

## НА НЕБI ЗIРКА ЯСНА ЗАСЯЛА

На небi зiрка ясна засяла  
I ясним свiтлом сяє,  
Хвиля спасення к нам завила  
Там Дiва Бога раждає,  
(2) Щоб землю з небом в одно  
злучити,  
Христос родився: Славiте!

Благослови нас, Дитятко Боже,  
Скрiпи своєю ласкою,  
То i пекельна сила не зможе  
Нас роздiлити з Тобою,  
(2) Благослови нас, мiж Твоi  
дiти,  
Христос родився: Славiте!

Благослови нас i збав нас,  
Христе,  
Визволь нас, Боже, з недолi,  
Засiй в серцях нам бажання  
чисте,  
Дай всiм дiждати дня волi!

(2) Щоб Україна могла радiти:  
Христос родився: Славiте!

## БОГ СЯ РАЖДАЄ

Бог ся раждає, хтож Го може  
знати,  
—

Исус Му iмя, Марiя Му Мати!

(2) Тут ангели чудяться,  
Рожденного бояться,  
А вiл стоiть, трясеться,  
Осея смутно ласється,  
Пастирiє клячуть,  
Бога в яслах бачуть

Тутже, тутже, тутже, тутже, тут!

I пастирi там к Ньому

прибiгають,  
В Ньому Господа свого  
витають.

(2) Тут ангели чудяться... (i так  
далi)

I ми днесь, браття, к Ньому  
прибiгаймо,

Божому Сину славу, честь  
вiддаймо!

(2) Тут ангели чудяться... (i так  
далi)

## НОВА РАДIСТЬ СТАЛА

Нова радiсть стала, яка не  
бувала,

(2) Над вертепом зiрка ясна  
свiту засяла.

Де Христос родився з Дiви  
воплотився,

(2) Як чоловiк, пеленами убого  
повився.

Просим Тебе, Князю, небесний  
Владарю

(2) Даруй лiта щасливi тому  
господарю!

## ВО ВИФЛЕЄМI НИНI НОВИНА

Во Вифлеємi нинi новина,  
Пречиста Дiва зродила Сина,  
(2) В яслах сповитий, помiж  
бидляти,  
Спочив на сiнi Бог необнятий.

Вже херувими славу спiвають,  
Ангельськi хори Бога витають,  
(2) Пастир убогий несе, що  
може,

Щоб обдарити Дитятко Боже.

Глянь оком свiтлим, о, Божий  
Сину,

На нашу землю, рiдну краiну,  
(2) Зiшли нам з неба дар  
превеликий,

Будь Тобi слава на вiчнi вiки!

НЕБО I ЗЕМЛЯ НИНИ  
ТОРЖЕСТВУЮТЬ

Небо i земля 2) нинi  
торжествують,

Ангели й люди 2) весело  
празнують:

(2) Христос родився, Бог  
воплотився,

Ангели спiвають i князi витають,  
Поклiн вiддають, а пастирi  
грають,

„Чудо, чудо!” повiдають.

Во Вифлеємi 2) весела новина:  
Чистая Дiва 2) породила сина!

(2) Христос родився, Бог  
воплотився, (i так далi)

I ми Христовi 2) Богу поклiн  
даймо,

„Слава во вижних!” 2) Йому  
заспiваймо!

(2) Христос родився, Бог  
воплотився, (i так далi)

## Our Carols

THE approach of Ukrainian Christmas and New Year's Day brings to mind the thought that few people observe their holidays with so much singing as do our own. Every one of our leading holidays has its cycle of songs. Especially is this so in the case of our religious holidays. Here the songs are inseparably bound with them; and it is hard for us to conceive Christmas or Easter, for example, without at the same time recollecting the songs sung on those holidays.

Most of these songs, as we know, have their origin in prehistoric mists, when our Ukrainian ancestors were nature worshippers. As tillers of the soil they paid special homage to the Sun, who was known among them as "Daibon"—the giver of life and all good things. In addition, they worshipped other deities, chief of whom were "Perun"—god of lightning and thunder, "Striboh"—god of the winds, and "Svaroh"—god of the skies. The Sun, however, was their supreme god, and his annual vegetation cycle the basis of all their holidays. And so, in winter, just when the days were beginning to grow longer again, the ancient Ukrainians celebrated a festival known as the "Kolyada," while in summer, at the time when the days were beginning to pass their peak, they celebrated another great festival, the "Kupalla."

## "Kolyadky"

Despite the coming of Christianity into Ukraine, paganism in all its many forms still persisted, just as among other peoples, with the result that pagan holidays and feasts continued to be celebrated; with this modification, however, that Christian influences began to permeate them. At the same time the Christian holidays also began to adapt themselves a bit to the pagan holidays. In effect, each made certain contributions and concessions to the other. As a consequence, there gradually developed the custom of observing both pagan and Christian festivals at about the same time, with the latter gradually displacing the former. A good example of this natural process is the "Kolyada" festival, which, originally signifying the birth of a new Sun, gradually became merged with the celebration of Christmas, the Birth of Jesus Christ, the Son of God; and with the passage of time and advance of Christianity this nature-worshipping festival passed out of existence entirely, to be replaced by the Christian holiday.

It is because of this that we find the word "kolyadka" having today an entirely different meaning than it did originally. In ancient times "kolyadky" (plural) were ritualistic folk-songs based upon the folk-life as well as upon the exploits of the sundry heroes of the day; today, the term signifies Christmas carols, festival hymns based upon the Birth of Christ.

## "Schedrivky"

In many parts of Ukraine, such as in Poltava, or in Hutzulschyna (land of the Hutzuls—Ukrainian mountaineers) New Year's Eve is known and celebrated as "Schedry Vechir," which means Bountiful Evening. Groups of young and old people go from house to house that evening in the manner of Christmas carolers, singing "schedrivky" before the windows of the master of the house, wishing him good cheer, good luck, and bountiful crops. These "schedrivky" are very similar to Christmas carols, being in fact, a continuation of them. After they have been sung, the leader of the group steps forward and extends to the master of the household their greetings and best wishes. The latter then thanks them courteously and gives them various gifts ranging from

money to different kinds of Ukrainian culinary products, such as "perohy," and "holubtsi," all depending upon the wealth of the household.

These "schedrivky," like the "kolyadky," had their origin in pagan times, and gradually changed into Christian forms.

In other parts of Ukraine, however, these "schedrivky" are not sung until the evening before "Jordan" (Epiphany Holiday). And in still other parts, only young men are permitted to go around singing "schedrivky," while the girls can join only in the Christmas caroling. Where, however, "Schedry Vechir" is not observed until Jordan's Eve, then in such places New Year's Eve is usually devoted to celebrating "Malanka." On this evening the villager tends to his cattle sooner than usual, and after all chores have been performed, the whole family sits down to supper. After they have eaten, neighbors come to visit and to prophesy what will transpire during the coming year, what sort of crops there will be, who will marry, who will die, and so on.

## Some New Year's Customs

While on this subject, it is interesting to recall that in certain sections of Ukraine it used to be customary on New Year's Day for thieves to go to the nearest cemetery, and there loudly announce "I will steal!" If any echo of this shout was heard, then that was taken as a bad omen, and the thief right then and there decided to cease his nefarious activities until a more propitious time. But if no echo was heard, then that was taken as a good sign, and the thief went blithely about his "business," secure in the knowledge that he was safe from detection. How really safe he was can perhaps be best judged by the fact that this custom, to the best of our information, has been discontinued.

On New Year's Day itself, bright and early, little boys enter the home and wish everyone health, luck, long life, and bountiful crops, scattering about them in the meanwhile grains of oats and barley that they carry with them for this express purpose in little bags. For this they receive from the household a "novorichne"—New Year's gifts. The household, it should be pointed out here, takes pains to see that the first person to enter that day is not a woman, for if it is, then the family will have had luck during the entire year. For a similar reason, no sick person is allowed to enter first either.

All this, of course, was before the present war and only in sections where the misdeeds of the Ukrainian people permitted it.

In conclusion, it is worth observing that in ancient Ukraine, New Year's Day fell in March. Beginning with 1348; however, it was observed in September. And it was not until 1700 that New Year's began to be celebrated on January 1st of the Julian Calendar.



# Love And Chivalry

(A Story of Ukrainian Christmas Eve During Wartime)

By YURA SHKUMELIAK

Translated by STEPHEN SHUMEYKO

CHRISTMAS Eve, 1926, found us, a group of close friends and veterans of the Ukrainian Army, far from home, exiled in Prague. A local Ukrainian student organization had arranged a communal Holy Supper to which we were invited. But though the speeches were ardent, though the traditional Ukrainian courses were served, though we sang the "kolyadi," yet none of us felt at home. Despite all efforts of our hosts, the supper reminded us too much of the restaurant or mess hall. There was none of that warm atmosphere of home. And therefore, when at the close of the supper my comrade Vasylyko suggested that a small group of us leave and go to some more homey place and there finish our supper, we all readily agreed.

At the first opportunity we left, four of us: Vasile, Mikola, Volodimir and myself. It was snowing. A few minutes of trudging brought us to the door of Volodimir's quarters. Entering, Volodimir made haste to start a fire, for it was quite cold inside. In a few moments the crackling and cheerful humming of the fire lightened our spirits. We discarded our overcoats and sat down to the tea which our host had prepared.

In accordance with the ancient Ukrainian custom, we first sang a few "kolyadki," but rather softly, timidly, so that we would not waken the others in the building. The singing livened us up, however. We began discussing the various Ukrainian customs connected with Christmas. Volodimir refilled our cups with steaming tea.

"Listen, comrades," he broke in. "The night is long. Let's enjoy ourselves in some manner, but quietly." "How can we enjoy ourselves quietly?" smiled the lively Mikola.

"I've got an idea," continued Volodimir, casting a rather strange glance at Mikola. "Suppose everyone of us tells a story based on some incident in his life that happened on Christmas Eve. That should be interesting."

"Good idea!" I exclaimed "let's start now." For a moment there was absolute silence, as each one of us tried to recall some such incident. Mikola was the first to break this silence. He seemed, in the brief interval, to have saddened.

"Your minds are sluggish," he said, "and so I will tell my story first." "Go ahead, Mikola, tell yours first," we chorused.

All grew quiet again. Somehow I had the strange feeling that this was to be an unusual story. This feeling grew more positive when I saw Volodimir looking with peculiar intentness at Mikola.

"That about which I shall tell you," began Mikola, "took place in the winter of 1918-1919. You all remember those memorable years. The scene of my story lay on the Polish-Ukrainian front near L'viv. It was Christmas Eve, 1919.

I was a lieutenant then, in command of the sector near the memorable for us and our enemy the village of Sokolnyk. You recall the fighting at that time—a long drawn out struggle. Neither the enemy nor ourselves could dislodge one another from his position. As a result, both sides dug in. Fighting diminished in intensity, which left more time on our hands than before. Leaves of absences were granted quite regularly.

But where could a soldier on leave go when he was so near the front. Some sat around in the rough shelters and played cards, talked, while others took a "jump" to the nearby villages. Among the latter was I.

In one such village, which I shall call Slavyaniv, I found a most welcome relaxation. In the local preceptor's home there was a very pretty, and what is more important, intelligent daughter, 18-year-old Slavtsa. She was a College student, but now at home because her parents feared to be alone so near the front.

Slavtsa was most agreeable girl,

of a happy disposition, dreamy, and I was 22. There is no wonder then, that we, having met "accidentally," became inseparable. I fell deeply in love with her—and, it seemed to me, she returned my love. Hardly two weeks had gone by when we had already determined to plight our troth. Christmas Eve coming in a few days, we decided to tell her parents of our intention then, and by the Jordan Holiday get married.

I was happy as a lark, but as yet I did not disclose my love for her to anyone.

But no...there was one whom I told. His name was Roman. He was my closest friend. We had known each other well from boyhood, attended Gymnasium together, and now, being lieutenants in the same sector, were inseparable comrades, so much so that we were dubbed "twins." And thus only he, my friend Roman, knew my secret, and in my company several times visited the girl's home as the guest of her parents. I disclosed to him my intention of marrying her. And he gave all evidence of his happiness at the news, congratulated me heartily, and began to prepare to be the best man at my wedding. I did not anticipate the slightest trouble from anyone and impatiently awaited Christmas Eve—and then, Jordan!

But! Trouble never sleeps! Listen further.

Came Christmas Eve. And it so happened that our company became transferred to my sweetheart's village. It could not have been any better!

"Well, today is the day of your major offensive on the ramparts of your Slavtsa's heart!" exclaimed Roman banteringly.

I nodded vigorously. "Yes, today is the day. I shall propose to her, ask for her parent's consent, and then we shall become engaged!" And in my happiness I vigorously pumped his hand.

"Go, pal, and good luck to you!" Roman said as I was leaving.

And I went. The Holy Supper went off very pleasantly. My Slavtsa's cheeks were red as roses. We both had considerable difficulty in repressing our excitement while waiting for a suitable moment to break the news to her parents.

Finally that moment arrived. After we had sung the first "kolyada," I rose from behind the table and approached her parents. Just then I heard a slight sound outside the window, as if someone had darted past. But in my present state of nervousness, I paid no attention to it. I stepped up to the father and mother of my Slavtsa, and, bowing ceremoniously...

Suddenly, the door was flung open. It banged against the wall. In the doorway appeared my friend Roman. He looked wild and dishevelled.

"Christ Is Born!" he greeted us excitedly, and then turning to me cried:

"Mikola, don't lose a moment! The enemy has broken through our lines! Our forces are in full flight. They are nearing the village right now! There is no time to lose! Come!"

I felt as if the ground had dropped out from under me. My Slavtsa was pale as a ghost. Her parents looked as if they were about to faint. However I did not utter a word. Just a "good night" and I was out of the house.

Two saddled horses were standing nearby. I looked inquiringly at Roman.

"I got the horses because our com-

mands are far in the front, and we will have to race to catch up with them," Roman explained. "So let's go!"—and off we went.

We galloped with the wind for about two miles. All around us was deathly silence. Above a full moon shone. Our racing shadows cast grotesque shapes on the snow-covered ground.

"Why is everything so quiet, if there was an attack?" I asked Roman, who was riding at my side.

"Probably a lull," he replied, "Over there yonder, beyond the rise in the ground, are our troops."

We galloped on. Finally we topped the rise.

Nobody was in sight. All quiet and peaceful.

"What is this, Roman? Are you playing a joke on me?" I cried, bringing my horse to a halt. A sudden thought struck my mind. Yes! That was it! Now I knew!

"No, Mikola, I'm not joking," replied Roman. "I was never more serious in my life. Listen, I purposely got you out of the house so that you would not become engaged to Slavtsa!"

"But why?" I exclaimed, amazed. "Don't you want me to take a wife for myself? Why?"

"That's not it, Mikola. The fact is—I love Slavtsa too! And whether she is to be yours or mine, we shall settle right now, with weapons!..."

"Oh!" I cried, wounded to the very heart. All my ideals came tumbling down before my feet. But quickly I recovered my self-possession. Jumping off my horse I drew my revolver, and said:

"Agreed, comrade! Get ready! Five steps!..."

Roman took his position five paces away from me and drew his revolver.

"On 'three' we shoot! Aim well!"—and he began to count off.

"One... two... three..."

Suddenly the rat-tat-tat of a machine gun was heard, followed by sounds of heavy firing. We could hear the cries and shouts of men, somewhere to the left of us.

For a few seconds we stood there like graven images, then slowly lowered our guns.

"Mikola!" spoke Roman. "Let's leave this to some other time, for it will indeed be a crime to settle a personal dispute at this time."

I nodded my head in assent. "I think the enemy is trying to surround our sector," I commented.

Without another word we both mounted and galloped off to the sound of the firing. In a quarter of an hour our company fell upon the enemy who was attempting a flank movement, and quickly wiped him out. Such was Christmas Eve in 1919.

And in the early morning, when our work was over, I stood by a sleigh, and on it there lay—Roman, dead. He had been killed in the thickest of the fighting—a hero's death.

Standing there by his corpse, the corpse of my dearest friend, I resolved:—Farewell, my Slavtsa, forever!... My comrade Roman won you and not I... for he laid down his life before me in a holy cause—Ukrainian Freedom. I shall never become engaged to you. That is my duty to my dead comrade, who loved you too...

And thus, I wrote to her—about everything, just as it happened—and from that time I have never heard from her nor seen her. I did not want to see her...

"And so," concluded Mikola, "my story is finished." His usually lively

features were heavy with sorrow. No one spoke. All of us stared into the ground, sad and thoughtful.

"But no, Mikola! It is not finished!" Volodimir's voice, tense, broke the silence.

We all looked up, surprised. "Listen, Mikola!" Volodimir continued, rather breathlessly. "Is your resolution to never marry Slavtsa as strong as ever? Neither you nor she are married, you know..."

"Do you know her, Volodku?" Mikola asked in an amazed tone.

Volodimir nodded his head. A gleam of happiness appeared in Mikola's eyes, but just as swiftly disappeared.

"Yes, Volodku," he continued, sadly, yet resolutely. "My resolution is as strong as ever, and always will be. I shall never marry her."

"In that case I have a free hand with her!" exclaimed Volodimir, drawing out of his pocket a letter, and handing it over to Mikola.

"I have known Slavtsa for a long time and have loved her from the very start," he explained. "She told me about you two, Mikola and Roman, and for that reason I did not take steps to marry her. For I first wanted to hear from you. And tonight I purposely gave the beginning to the recital of your story, so that we could mark a 'finis' to the whole episode. Please try to understand, and don't be angry with me..."

Mikola finished reading the letter, his hands slightly trembling. He gave it back to Volodimir, and said in a quiet voice:

"She sends her greetings to me... Yes, Volodku, go ahead and marry her, and may God bless you both. You have my best wishes. And as for me—tell her to forget me..."

Volodimir rose and gripped Mikola by arms. His eyes were glistening when he sat down again. Mikola, the lively one, wept unashamedly.

Nobody spoke after that. We were all too moved to listen to any more stories. Drinking down the tea, we bade each other good-night and a Merry Christmas, and departed.

Trudging home through the snow, which was still falling, I felt rather depressed, and yet I could not help but feel happy that Chivalry still lives in this world, and that among us—Knighthood is still in flower.

The End

(Reprinted by request)

## Where We Stand

We are standing for a united America, a noble race, worthy of its past, fearless of its future.

We are standing for ideals which are the strength and the soul of our nation and which if we surrender shall perish.

We are standing behind those noble aviators who ride the midnight tempests that dawn may remain the heritage of free men.

We are standing behind those brave men of our own and other navies who night after night fearlessly face death as they zigzag through the danger zones.

We are standing behind all of our youth who are defending or hereafter may be called upon to defend their heritage.

We are standing against a Satanic force that would make of God's fair earth a hell.

We are standing behind every nation that is fighting to retain or regain its freedom.

We are standing for decency and democracy against savagery.

Here we stand; we can do no otherwise. God help us!

STELLA PALIVODA,  
Cleveland, Ohio.

## IN QUEST OF HIS SISTER

A TALE OF OLDEN KOZAK TIMES

(19)

(Concluded)

"SINCE you are going to stay with us," continued the Vizier after a slight pause, "you will have to abide by our customs. The girl will have to go to the harem, for it would be unbecoming for her to roam around the house with her face uncovered and talk to men-folk, even if the latter be her brother. She is no longer a child."

Paul and Anne looked at each other in dismay.

"Won't we even be permitted to talk to each other, even through a screen?" Paul asked. He felt his throat choking.

"All right, you may," replied the Vizier kindly, seeing that both brother and sister looked ready to cry. "But only at a distance," he warned.

He clapped his hands. A woman servant approached and at his order led Anne away, to the harem. Paul returned to his quarters.

### Wintering At Vizier's Home

Winter came. Paul accustomed to the rigorous winters in Ukraine with their heavy snowfalls and icy temperatures, could not get over his wonderment at the sight of green vegetation all around him. Only an occasional spell of cold weather and gleaming white snow high up on the nearby mountain-tops, served to remind him that it was winter. No doubt, he reflected, back home his people were now observing Christmas, while here he was, far from home in the palace of the Grand Vizier Ibrahim. A wave of homesickness swept over him, and he sadly wondered how long it would be before he and his sister Anne would see their native land again, if ever.

A whole month had gone by, and not the slightest news was heard of the deputation sent by the Grand Vizier to Ukraine to ransom off his son Mustapha from the Kozaks. Paul began to worry. Suppose the deputation found Mustapha dead, then what? The Grand Vizier also worried, and awaited the deputation's return with growing impatience. He knew that no harm would befall it from the Kozaks, for they would honor its peaceful and neutral character; but he greatly feared that perhaps it ran into some roving band of Nogary Tartars or bandits, who would not respect its peaceable mission but cut it down to the last man and rob it of the ransom money. To hasten news of the fate of the deputation, he ordered that couriers be stationed along the lengthy route it would take, with orders to rush ahead the news of their coming.

Finally!

### Return of Mustapha

One late afternoon a spent courier came dashing into the grounds of the palace with the news that the deputation, bearing Mustapha safely in its midst, was coming.

Joy reigned in the household. Hurred preparations were made to welcome the Tartar prince. The Grand Vizier made no attempt to conceal his great happiness, and immediately ordered his horse saddled. Taking a body of his warriors along, he galloped off to meet his son.

Paul, when he heard the news, jumped off the couch he was resting on, and ran down as fast as his legs could carry him into the courtyard. He got there just in time to see the Grand Vizier with his men dashing out the main gate. He turned back into the palace and hurriedly made his way to the harem where his sister was kept. The gates to it were closed. Although he knew it was against the strictest orders, he started to open them. A guard, sta-

tioned in the corridor nearby, ran up and sought to stop him, but Paul paid no attention to him. He was too excited. A struggle ensued.

"Let me go, you fool!" exclaimed Paul, breathlessly, seeking to force his way in.

The guard, however, did not relinquish his hold upon him. Had Paul been someone else, he undoubtedly would have had a knife struck into him for seeking to break his way into harem. But since the Grand Vizier had given orders that no harm should befall the boy, the guard contented himself with holding Paul back. Finally, seeing that his struggles were of no avail, Paul ceased, and said:

"If you won't let me in, then call my sister to the door!"

The guard, panting from his exertions, for Paul was a strong boy for his age, called out to one of the women attendants to summon Anne to the door. In a few minutes a swift pattering of feet was heard, and Anne, dressed like some rich Tartar princess, appeared at the door.

"Anne! Anne! Mustapha is coming! We shall soon be free!" Paul cried excitedly, his face alight with joy.

A cry of joy broke from her, but before she could reply, Paul was gone. He was determined to go and meet Mustapha himself.

Running to the stables, Paul quickly obtained his horse and mounting him, was off.

He rode furiously out of the grounds and town limits and into the open country. He was rapidly leaving the town far behind him, when a sudden thought caused him to rein horse to a stop.

"Why should I rush ahead and greet this infidel who was responsible for the death of my mother, Grandfather Andrew, and the destruction of our home!" thought he. "The devil with him and all other Tartars! Just wait, you wretches! My time shall soon come when I shall be able to repay you double-fold for all the misery you have brought upon us! Just wait!..."

With this resolution in mind, he turned around and cantered back to the palace. It was already growing dark when he reached it. A stable-boy took his horse, and Paul went to his room. He threw himself on the couch and tried to fall asleep. He had entirely forgotten about his supper. But he could not fall asleep. His mind was like a mill. Thought after thought raced through it:

What will it be now? Should he and his sister return now or wait until Spring? For it was very unsafe in winter in the steppe. Great packs of wolves roamed, and there was always the danger of freezing to death. But then it was so difficult to continue living with the Tartars. Their customs and mode of living were so strange.

And what would happen if the Grand Vizier failed to keep his word and refuse to let them go free. True, he never promised that he would let them go free, saying only that he would reward them greatly; but what greater reward could there be if not freedom.

Paul grimly resolved that if the Tartars refused to let them go free, he would slay his sister, then the Grand Vizier, and then let them hang him or else have him torn apart by wild horses. It was all the same...

And so he mused far into the night...

The sun was high when Paul awoke. He was awakened by a great commotion in the courtyard. Leaping off the coach he looked through the window. Yes, it was the Grand Vizier returning! and with him his son Mustapha. The latter was seated on a splendid stallion, laughing and jok-

ing with his father, who was fairly beaming with happiness.

"Look at him now, how light-hearted and gay this Mustapha is," reflected Paul. "Quite a difference from the time when lying on the battlefield with a lariat around his neck he was begging for his life from Semen the Helpless."

A servant appeared in his room and bade him to come downstairs.

Paul descended and encountered who had been also summoned. In a few moments both stood before the Grand Vizier, who was holding unto his son's arm as if he was afraid some unseen force might take him away from him.

"You spoke the truth," said the Grand Vizier. "And now I shall keep my promise and reward you. What do you desire? Say the word and it's yours. Perhaps you would like to stay with us. If you do and accept our religion, I shall adopt you as my own children."

### Paul Wants No Reward But Freedom For Himself And Sister

"May God reward you for your kindness, O mighty lord," answered Paul, hesitantly. "But we desire nothing more than our freedom... Please let us go..."

"Aren't you comfortable here?"

"Very much so, but we long for our Ukraine... And we would like to see our folks."

"Then so shall it be!" spoke the Grand Vizier. "You may go home. But not until spring, for it is too dangerous now in the dead of the winter. When you go I shall provide for you a safe conduct. Until then, however, you shall be my guests."

Paul bowed his head in assent and thankfulness.

"Now that you are free, let me shake your hand, my friend!" said Mustapha, extending his hand to Paul. "Everyone has told me what a courageous Kozak you are... But tell me one thing: how could your sister see me when I was captured when at that time she was in our camp, far away?"

"That is just what I wanted to tell you," hastened to explain Paul. "I must admit that I lied. I was the one who saw it all, and not my sister. But I led your father to believe that my sister was the only one who knew, for that was the only possible way for me to save her and get her back."

"You are indeed a sly one!" smiled the Grand Vizier. "But I shall forgive you for this deception, for I have my son with me once more."

Just then a sudden thought struck Paul. He grew red with remorse for having forgotten a very important matter indeed.

"What's the matter?" asked the Vizier, seeing the boy's confusion.

"O mighty Grand Vizier!" replied Paul. "You have already shown me extreme kindness, so please don't refuse me one more favor."

"Even if you asked for half my estate, I would not refuse you," declared the Grand Vizier.

"I don't want any estate," replied Paul. "All that I plead for is the following: In the household of Suleman-Efendi there is an old Ukrainian slave named Ostap Shvydky. He befriended me greatly when I was there as a slave, and I promised to help free him when I got the chance. So please have him freed."

"You have a kind heart, my lad," replied the Grand Vizier. "When you shall return to Ukraine this spring, Ostap Shvydky will accompany you."

Tears of happiness appeared in Paul's eyes.

He forgot all his anger against the Tartars, and forgave them for everything...

The End

## THEY SAID...

Sidney Hillman, Associate Director General, Office of Production Management:

"Over and above questions of military might and strategy, this war is war of machines, of materials. Above all, it is a war of labor. Material and machines are useless to us unless they are vitalized and put in motion by the skills and energies of free workers who fashion from them the weapons of war. This victory of ours—and it will be our victory—will come out of the ability and ingenuity and devotion given eagerly and without stint by the free workers in the free nations of the world. Wars have been recorded for centuries in terms of three lines of battle—the military, the political, and the financial. Today—crucially important—labor's line we know that there is a fourth line of battle. I believe that this fourth battle-line will play a most significant role in winning this war."

James Bryant Conant, President of Harvard University:

"The bitter fact that must be faced in modern world is that there are only two kinds of neighbors that can be trusted to keep the peace: one is a nation with small industrial resources, the other, a free society with a will to peace. Until we are absolutely certain that Germany and Japan have been transformed by hard circumstances into the one or the other, there can be no hope either of eventual disarmament of other countries or of enduring peace. Grim necessity requires the unconditional surrender of the Axis Powers to be the first war aim of the United States."

Leon Henderson, Administrator, Office of Price Administration:

"There is no longer such a thing as junk. A pile of so-called junk, when rehabilitated, becomes tanks, bombers and bullets. A pile of old newspapers is a potential cardboard carton to carry weapons and ammunition to their destination."

Paul V. McNutt, Federal Security Administrator:

"If there is one thing the depression taught us, it is that human lives cannot be departmentalized—ignorance, poverty and ill health are not isolated problems; too often they have proved themselves a vicious circle of cause and effect. So also the wages and buying power of city dwellers and the economic welfare of farm families now stand revealed as the warp and woof of a single fabric. Nor, we have found, can individuals today live unto themselves alone. Too often individual and family effort can no longer provide single-handed for health protection, for economic and social security, for education and recreation. But all the people, acting together through government, can—and do now—provide these common services and 'joint safeguards.'"

Claude R. Wickard, Secretary of Agriculture:

"Our national fate will be settled on the field of battle. But whether our brothers and sons and nephews and cousins who do the fighting are victorious depends on hard work by each of us in producing the essential goods for making war. Equipping one man for service in the modern fighting force requires the services of a score or more of civilians. One indispensable line of war production is food. The fighters need food, and the workers who help equip the fighters need food to make possible the top performance of which is demanded by the danger we are facing as a nation—and the danger many of our men are facing as individuals."

The Ukrainian National Association has more young (as well as old) Ukrainians - Americans within its ranks than any other organization. Sign up with them!

## YOUTH And The UNA

### NEW JUVENILE CERTIFICATES

At the 20th convention of the Ukrainian National Association, held in Harrisburg, Pa., from the 12th to the 17th of May, 1941, it was resolved to adopt two new classes of insurance for the Juvenile Department of the organization, to be known as Class IV and Class V.

Class IV is the 20-payment life certificate. In this class, a member pays dues for 20 years after which he stops paying dues and receives a paid up certificate for the full amount of insurance. This sum is payable at any time in case of death of the member.

Class V is the 20-year endowment certificate. In this class, a member also pays dues for 20 years, at the end of which time he receives the full amount of his insurance in cash. In case of death of the member before 20 years, his beneficiary receives the full amount of insurance.

In Classes IV and V, applicants are admitted between the ages of 6 weeks and 15 completed years and may be insured in either class for the amounts of \$250, \$500, or \$1,000. In these classes it makes no difference if the applicant is a few weeks, a few months, or a few years old; he may be insured for any of the above amounts.

The maximum amount of death benefits payable is the same for both classes of insurance. That amount of death benefit depends on the age of the child at admittance and on the number of years the certificate was in force at the time of death:

Holders of certificates in Classes IV and V, after three or more years' membership, are entitled to such modern options as paid up insurance, extended insurance, and, after five years' membership, cash surrender. Here specific attention should be drawn to the fact that in Classes IV and V cash surrender is granted after 5 years, whereas in Classes II and III cash surrender is granted after ten years.

Comparing the U.N.A. dues for Classes IV and V with the dues of the two largest insurance companies in the eastern section of the country, we find that the dues of the U.N.A. are the lowest. Here are some examples: the annual dues for a child one year old, insured in Class IV, on \$1,000, amount to \$17.38 in the U.N.A., \$19.19 in Company A, and \$18.81 in Company B; the annual dues for a child four years old amount to \$18.42 in the U.N.A., \$20.00 in Company A, and 19.48 in Company B; the annual dues for a child eight years old amount to \$20.29 in the U.N.A., \$21.52 in Company A, and \$21.16 in Company B; the annual dues for a child twelve years old amount to \$22.72 in the U.N.A., \$23.31 in Company A, and \$22.91 in Company B. The annual dues for a child one year old, insured in Class V for \$1,000, amount to \$42.09 in the U.N.A., \$45.39 in Company A, and \$45.66 in Company B; the annual dues for a child 4 years old amount to \$42.64 in the U.N.A., \$45.43 in Company A, and \$45.80 in Company B; the annual dues for a child eight years old amount \$43.33 in the U.N.A. and \$44.80 in Company A, and \$46.41 in Company B; the annual dues for a child twelve years old amount to \$44.50 in the U.N.A., \$44.60 in Company A, and \$47.04 in Company B.

Remember, however, that the figures given for Companies A and B were effective before December. We understand that most if not all of the companies in the country will increase their premium rates because of existing circumstances. As we understand it, the dues of new adult applicants will be increased about 15 per cent. **THE U.N.A. HAS NO INTENTION OF INCREASING ITS PREMIUM RATES FOR NEW MEMBERS.** Low

## Ritualistic Richness of Ukrainian Christmas

**T**HE best way to describe how Christmas is celebrated in Britain, Canada, and the United States is to say that Britons, Canadians, and Americans celebrate their Christmas before the actual Christmas, during the three or four weeks prior to it, when with each succeeding day they put themselves more and more into a happy, festive spirit, by buying their Christmas presents, decorating and illuminating their streets, singing Christmas carols, and parading with Santa Claus through the streets. The nearer Christmas Day draws nigh the more they shop. Just before it arrives their large department stores resemble beehives. But when the actual Christmas Day finally does arrive, all they have is their Christmas-tree, Santa Claus, Christmas presents, some more carols, and a big turkey, and, of course, their plum-pudding. In short, there is less of Christmas joy on the very Christmas Day than on the days preceding it.

In Ukraine it is just the other way around. With Ukrainians Christmas Eve is just the beginning of Christmas joy and hilarity. The Ukrainian Christmas spirit lasts for two weeks—from Christmas Eve to Twelfth-night, called in Ukrainian Bountiful Eve, and the next day, known in colloquial Ukrainian as "Yordan" (Jordan), that is, Theophany. The spirit runs high during those two weeks in Ukraine. All people then are in a festive mood. Yet they do not do any Christmas shopping during that period. They have no Christmas-tree. They have no Santa Claus. They have no turkey. They haven't even their plum-pudding. Then, in heaven's name, what do they have?

For Ukrainians the Christmas season, from Christmas Eve to Theophany, is really a rich ritualistic drama, full of joy and hilarity. They celebrate their Christmas as a purely agricultural people, in accord with their age-long agricultural habits. Traditionally they still regard agriculture as the most noble occupation. So when Christmas comes each family in Ukraine enacts the drama of Christ's Nativity against the rich agricultural background. Each head of the family plays his part as "pan-hospodar"—as master of the household, and also as an ancient "family high priest." On Christmas Eve, when the first star appears, he puts in the place of honor at the table a fine sheaf of rye or wheat, called "dyid," that is, "grandfather." In some parts of Ukraine a Christmas sheaf is called "dyidukh," that is,

as they are in comparison with those of the other companies, U.N.A. rates will be even lower in comparison once the other companies adopt the increased rates.

Now is the time to insure your brothers and sisters or sons and daughters with the financially sound and dependable organization founded by hard-working Ukrainian immigrants. And, of course, the same applies to the reader who is not yet a member of the Ukrainian National Association. Write for further information.

### Correction

A typographical error occurred in the report, published on December 22nd, of the election of officers of U.N.A. Branch 435. It was stated that Miriam Kurlak was re-elected financial secretary-treasurer. As a matter of fact, Stephen Kurlak was re-elected to this office, while Miriam Kurlak was re-elected recording secretary.

THEODORE LUTWINIAK

really "dyid-duk" — grandfather's spirit. Thus symbolically Ukrainians invite their ancestors to celebrate Christmas with them. The hay or straw which they spread on the floor on Christmas Eve is also known as "Dyidukh," each blade of hay representing some one of their ancestors way back—perhaps even a thousand years back. They also put a little wisp of extra fine hay under the table, regarding that nook as the manger in which the Baby Christ was born.

"The family high priest" of long ago, the "pan-hospodar," begins the Christmas Eve supper by dipping the tip of his spoon in a dish of the ritualistic cooked grains of wheat with honey, throws the grain up and says, "May our beehives thus swarm!" Then the whole family goes to it, eating twelve different dishes of choice food—made of everything that a well-to-do farmer grows in his garden, his fields, and of what he catches in the nearby river. All the different dishes of food are interlarded with Christmas carols.

During the three days of Christmas festivities the Ukrainian carol-singers go in groups from house to house and sing carols, standing on the outside in front of the main window. Little boys and girls are rewarded for their carolling with nuts, honey-cakes, and other such dainties. On the other hand, the grown-up carol-singers collect gifts in money for their church, charity purposes, etc. On New Year's night young men of the village go from house to house dressed up as King Herod, his soldiers and henchmen, the "Three Magi," as clowns, etc. When they enter the house their musicians begin to play. Then the girls of the house are invited to dance with the masquerading young men. On Bountiful Eve (Twelfth-night) there is some more carolling of the special carols, known as "shchedrivky," and generous gifts of food are sent to the poor relatives and needy people in general. Next day, on Theophany, the local clergyman performs the ceremony of the Blessing of Water—in commemoration of the day when Christ was baptized by John the Baptist. It is also a grand affair. A hole in the ice of the river is cut in the form of a huge cross. There the clergyman blesses the water, surrounded by hundreds of people who are waiting to get a cupful of the blessed water.

HONORE EWACH,  
Winnipeg, Can.

### NEW YORK STATE GUARD NEEDS MEN URGENTLY

The New York State Guard needs urgently 10,000 men for emergency assignments. Should it become necessary it may be called into active duty to protect "some of our sensitive spots." Membership in the Guard, however, does not relieve a man from being drafted but his training affords a useful pre-view of military organization. Unless you work in defense industry and have not yet enlisted in the Army or Navy, here is your opportunity to serve your country and at the same time continue working in your present occupation.

Drills are being held every Monday and Thursday evening from 8-10 P.M. Men from all walks of life have already enlisted. They are office workers, business men, workmen, students, musicians, service men and professional men. Only American citizens may apply.

The recruiting office is located at 120 West 62nd Street, New York City, near Columbus Avenue in the building of the 62nd Street Armory. Bring along your citizenship papers.

## Ibibios and Scholarships

Several months ago I had occasion to discuss the matter of scholarships for Ukrainian American students, particularly in reference to the benefits which would result therefrom not only for the recipients of the scholarships but also for our people as a whole. Also the dissertations produced by such postgraduate students would be valuable to the public as informative literature dealing with such of our heritage as history, literature, music, traditions and culture. It was not my intention to dwell upon the subject again for sometime, were it not that I recently became inspired by a very striking example of the award of stipends in a manner similar to that which I have advocated. I have reference to a system of scholarships which has been instituted by a people whom we are apt to regard as being much behind time in civilization and culture.

At McGill University, where I am pursuing a course in the College of Medicine, taking subjects which shall be useful in my law practice, I became acquainted with a medical student whose name is Asuquo Udo Idiong, a very capable young man in the second year of Medicine. He hails from the village of Ediene, Abak District, Nigeria, West Africa, a British protectorate.

Idiong is a member of the Ibibio tribe which numbers approximately 70,000 people. The Ibibios live a crude, simple life, sleeping on the floors of their huts and existing mostly on their principal food, yam and cassava. Their civilization may be considered as being in its infancy, since their mode of living is quite primitive. True, the population is now mostly Christian, but still very superstitious. Until recently a mother of twins was considered possessed by the evil spirits, and was, therefore, obliged to spend the balance of her life outside the village, while the twins were put to death as products of the devil. Even at the present time corpses of individuals dying as a result of certain diseases, such as small-pox, are left in the woods for the birds and beasts to devour.

Yet several years ago this Ibibio tribe organized a Union, and in 1938 sent out into the world six students to acquire a university education and return to their homeland to help their people with the knowledge they gained. One of the students is studying Medicine at the University of Edinburgh, Scotland; another, Law at Dublin, Ireland; still another, Education at Columbia University, New York. The fourth is specializing in Sciences at Storer College, West Virginia, while Idiong is at McGill.

The Ibibio tribe pays these students their transportation to the various countries, where they will study, and their tuition and living expenses during the time of their studies. Funds for the purpose are raised by gratuitous donations of the tribe, which apparently appreciates the value of higher education. There can be little doubt that the qualified professional men on returning home will do their utmost to justify the confidence reposed in their ability and integrity. As a reminder for each selected student, he is handed, on his departure from Africa, an envelope containing a letter from the Union and quantity of soil from the district in which he was born. The inscription on the envelope reads: "Remember your birth-place, and the needs of your people."

The above intelligent action of a primitive people is worthy of commendation. It speaks strongly for itself and hardly requires further elucidation. Would it not be worthwhile to copy it?

JOHN YATCHEW  
McGill University,  
Montreal, Can.

## A LONG WAR FORSEEN

EVERYONE must realize by now that the Japanese-American war is not an isolated conflict in the Pacific, without bearing on the wars that are going on elsewhere in the world. When the Japanese attacked Oahu without warning, they were simply carrying out their part of a tremendous plan for world domination that in all likelihood was framed in Berlin. The amazing efficiency with which the Jap blitzkrieg was delivered, suggests a German High Command influence. Japan's war leaders have never been famous for surprise and subtlety. The Germans, on the other hand, have proven themselves masters of strategy, and it is very probable that German staff officers had much to do with laying out the pattern of attack.

As the President has said, this war is primarily a war against Nazism and everything else is incidental to that. The reasons for Germany doing everything in her power to provoke an American-Japanese war, are clear. First, actual American involvement in a major shooting war will mean that, for the time being at least, American lend-lease aid to the Allies will be reduced. It may also be necessary for both America and Britain to transfer naval strength from the Atlantic to the Pacific.

Second, if Japan can succeed in her drive to isolate this country from the Far East, the Axis powers will have control of immense quantities of vital materials, of which oil is the most important. For example, the Dutch, rulers of rich Batavia, are putting up a fine fight but they simply haven't the manpower, the shops or the equipment to fight on alone. Their forces act as adjuncts of British-American forces. If British-American power were destroyed in the Far East, the Dutch would be through.

It has long been said that this country should be able to defeat Japan in a very brief period of time. That might be true if it were possible to concentrate all American fighting force and production capacity on the prosecution of a Pacific war. But we must maintain an Atlantic fleet of considerable size to help the British in combating the U-boat menace. And the President has said that aid to our Allies will continue, even though it may be temporarily on a reduced scale. It is known that Japan has for years built up reserves of war materials. Some think that she has enough on hand to last for a full year's all-out fighting.

The Japanese are fanatical fighters, and their Samurai tradition holds that a man who dies in battle will go to an Asiatic Valhalla in which all is milk and honey. Therefore, it is only the part of wisdom for this country to expect a long war—a war in which there will be serious reverses no less than great victories.

The loss of one American and two British battleships, along with a number of lesser warcraft, is admittedly serious. But it is by no means fatal, as the German-Italian-Japanese radio networks are saying. Our fleet alone is much larger than the Japanese, and it is said to have greater fire power, speed and armor, judged on a ship-for-ship basis. The combined American and British fleets outnumber the Japanese fleet by more than two for one. However, both Britain and the U. S. must keep major naval units elsewhere, while Japan has her entire force in the Pacific, and this, of course, materially cuts down our naval supremacy.

In the long run, most authorities think, this will come down to a war of resources—a war of oil production, steel capacity, etc. Here our edge over economically poor Japan is tremendous. But even if Japan should collapse, Hitler, with all the resources

## A Message To Our Professionals

A new edition of the Directory of "Ukrainian Professionals" in the United States and Canada is now in the process of preparation and we shall be pleased to receive from you at an early date a biographical statement with all the necessary information.

In the face of the stirring events of the past few months, we feel that a stimulus is added to our already deep sense of responsibility as American citizens of Ukrainian extraction. To fulfil the role of a constructive, helpful, healing power in a stricken world, the finest kind of cooperation will be needed, stemming from a unification nurtured by the most practical and realistic idealism the world has ever known.

Because we are of Ukrainian descent and because the need is urgent, it is not too great a flight of imagination to look to the Ukrainian American with his privilege of "life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness" for the intellectual and possibly international leadership.

To this end, we urge that the spirit of unity be fostered among Ukrainian Americans. Let us forgive and forget all animosity and petty personal strivings. In the healing of wounds, old and new, may be found the vision and awareness vitally necessary to the recreating of an order providing justice and peace to all of the people of war-torn countries.

As an instrument in this direction, it is proposed that we enlarge and expand the scope of the "Directory of the Ukrainian Professionals." For instance, your photograph may be included in the Directory besides your biographical data at a cost of three (\$3.00) dollars, without the picture the cost is one (\$1.00) dollar.

Copies of this edition of the Directory are to be placed in governmental circles where indications of Ukrainian American unity are likely to be influential.

An early reply accompanied by your photograph (glossy print) with your biographical data will be deeply appreciated.

JOSEPH CHARNOKE, President  
Ukrainian Professionals Association

**SNOWBALL DANCE**  
— sponsored by —  
**MARRIED MEN SOCIAL CLUB**  
to be held at  
**Ukrainian Sitch Ballroom**  
506-508 — 18th Ave., Newark, N. J.  
(cor. 12th St.)  
**SATURDAY** Eve., JAN. 17th, 1942  
Dancing from 8 p. m. till late.  
Admission 50 cents. Featuring the  
Music of **Joseph Raphael** and his  
**Moonlight Serenaders.** 3,8

of Europe, will remain. And the destruction of Hitlerism is the announced goal of all the Allies. None think that can be done easily.

In the meantime, the Allies have much to be cheerful about. The Russians have done the apparently impossible in not only holding off the German legions, but in actually forcing them into a major retreat. The British campaign in Africa goes ahead, and while German resistance is stubborn, it is steadily lessening. The Italians seem to have practically given up so far as aggressive fighting is concerned. And in the Pacific, the U. S. Army, Navy and Air Force are living up to the finest traditions of American arms. The democracies, which Hitler used to say were soft, decadent and incapable of fighting effective war, are showing the iron which is inside them.

## Free Courses for Civilian Ordnance Inspectors

By early January technical colleges and universities in nine of the nation's thirteen Army Ordnance Districts will have started free courses to train supervisory ordnance inspectors, the War Department revealed recently. Engineering schools such as Cornell in Ithaca, New York, and the Case School of Applied Science in Cleveland, Ohio, are co-operating with the United States Office of Education and the Ordnance Department to set up this program.

Persons applying for this training must be between the ages of 18 and 35. They must have completed one year of engineering college work or two years of general college studies, and they must agree to serve for at least two years. During the free three-month course the candidates will be paid \$28.00 per week and upon graduating they will be recommended for the civil service position of Junior Inspector at \$1,620 per year. Applications for this training should be made to the district offices of the Civil Service Commission.

The course given these men is similar to the training received by the 20,000 civilian inspectors of production who are now on the payroll of the Ordnance Department. Their curriculum will include mathematics, blueprint reading, technical sketching, the study of factory processes and the physical properties of materials, and finally gage and inspection practice. When they are graduated they will put their training to an extremely vital use. They will check all types of Ordnance material as it comes off the production line to see that it is suitable for use by our army. The skill and vigilance of the inspectors will insure, for instance, that shells will be of the proper size to fit the appropriate gun barrel, that they will not explode prematurely while still in the hands of our troops, and that they will not fail to explode when they reach their target.

The 20,000 Ordnance Inspectors work at proving grounds, at arsenals, at the large number of plants owned by the government and operated by private plants which are making Ordnance material. Contracts with the latter type of plant are administered by the thirteen Ordnance District Offices, which between August 26 and November 25 inspected 4,803 prime contracts and 28,781 subcontracts.

The new training program about to go into operation is designed to train only one grade of inspector—the Junior Inspector. There are many other grades, some lower and some higher, and the qualifications as well as the type of training required are extremely varied. One man might be a specialist with years of experience in one of the ordnance Department's manufacturing arsenals. Another

## U.N.A. SPORTLIGHT

### PHILLY SUFFERS FIRST DEFEAT

Playing on Christmas Eve, the Philadelphia U.N.A. Basketball Team engaged the St. Valentine C.C. ball-tossers at Frankford in a free-scoring battle which resulted in Philly's initial defeat on an enemy court, by a 38-59 score, reports Dietric Slobogin.

The Ukrainians took a first period lead of 1 point, but this was erased to an 8-point deficit as the half-time whistle blew. The U.N.A. boys fought back gallantly against the superior team, and shaved this advantage to 5 points with 9 minutes left in the game. The Quakers, however, with an under-manned squad, wilted in the remaining time under a Vallies' rally which clinched the game.

"Squally" Sinkowski paced the U.N.A. offensive attack with 13 point. The game by quarters:

Philadelphia: . . . 12 5 11 10—38  
St. Valentine: . . . 11 14 10 24—59

### Centralia Wins in Bowling

The Centralia U.N.A. Bowling Team defeated the Hazleton U.N.A. Girls Bowling Team, 4 to 0, at the Mt. Carmel Alleys. "Slavy" Wysoczanski and John Palko came through with high scores for Centralia, while the Kostniuk sisters performed well for Hazleton.

### SHCHEDRYK—DING-DONG BELLS

It seems as though the Ukrainian New Year's Carol, "Schedryk," is quite popular with the American radio public. During the five days preceding Christmas, this number was heard over major radio networks at least four times. It was sung on two different occasions by the Fred Waring Glee Club and on the Texaco Star Theatre, Saturday, December 20, the Westock Choir of Wilmington, Delaware, sang Schedryk during their annual NBC Red Network presentation. The announcer of this program mentioned the fact that this was a Ukrainian carol, composed by M. Leontovich. In all instances, "Ding-Dong Bells" was sung with English text.

Ukrainian News Service

might be a high school graduate who had taken an extensive four-month course at an arsenal to prepare himself for one of the higher-level inspection jobs. Still another might be a man who had had very little formal education but who passed the civil service mechanical aptitude test and went on to take a training course, perhaps in a public vocational school or a private industry to fit himself for one of the lower-level jobs. Regardless of the qualifications of the prospective inspector, he would receive a thorough training that would qualify him to join the staff of Army Ordnance Inspectors who are today insuring the excellence of our arms.

UKRAINIAN YOUTH CHORUS OF NEW YORK AND NEW JERSEY  
directed by Stephen Marusevich  
presents

## Concert of Ukrainian Christmas and New Year's Carols

**SUNDAY** Evening, JANUARY 11th, 1942, beginning 7:00  
at the INTERNATIONAL CENTER, 341 East 17th Street, New York City  
Program will include address by Stephen Shumeyko. Dancing after the concert. Admission 55 cents, including tax.

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