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

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Nazis Warn Ukrainians On Sabotage of Harvest

The Overseas News Agency, reports in a dispatch from Zurich, Switzerland that the "Deutsche Ukraine Zeitung" recently bore an announcement of the Erich Koch, Reich Commissioner of Ukraine, that those Ukrainian villages and cooperatives which do not harvest the grain quotas imposed upon them by the Nazi authorities, will be punished severely and also forced to pay for the grain they fail to harvest.

The ONA report states that harvesting in Ukraine is under the "special supervision" of the Reichkommissariat, and that to prevent sabotage during harvesting the Nazis have been forced to establish special guards to watch the Ukrainian farmers.

Similar mention of the measures the Nazi authorities in Ukraine are taking to force Ukrainians harvest a good crop and to prevent sabotage, appeared also in the "Krakiwsky Visti," published in Cracow. The "Visti" also contained a complaint of some Nazi that during the present harvest "there is among young Ukrainians a tendency to leave their work."

Pavlichenko, Soviet Girl Sniper, A Ukrainian

Lt. Lyudmila Pavlichenko, the young woman sniper in the Red Army, who has been decorated four times for piling up an official record of having killed 309 Germans, and who is now in Washington attending the International Students' Assembly now in session, is by her own statement a Ukrainian.

In an interview on August 28 with an International News Service correspondent at Washington, published in the New York Daily Mirror, she described herself and her adventures as follows:

WASHINGTON, Aug. 29 (INS).—I am a Ukrainian. I was born in the town Belaya Tserkov, near Kiev, 26 years ago. I am an ordinary looking girl, medium height, with dark brown hair, which I used to wear long. I had to cut it short when war started, and now my cap covers it.

"I have a scar on my forehead just above the bridge of my nose, a mark left by a German long range shell splinter. I have four of these scars, by the way.

In 1937 I entered Kiev University. I dreamt of becoming a scholar, instead of which, I have become a sniper.

In 1941 they wouldn't take girls in the Army, so I had to resort to all kinds of dodges to get in. After a long time I did, and helped to defend Odessa.

My turn came to occupy the firing position. I lay there and watched the Rumanians digging themselves in 100 yards away. We were forbid-

Ukrainian-Canadian Casualties at Dieppe

Canada has been thrilled by the stories of the attack on Dieppe, in which Canadian units from Toronto, Montreal, Winnipeg, Windsor, and Hamilton took a conspicuous part. Since these cities contain large Ukrainian populations, and since the Ukrainian enlistments in the Canadian forces have been among the very highest of the foreign nationality groups, it was to be expected that among the casualties suffered by the Canadians at Dieppe there would be some Ukrainians.

This turned out to be the case when in the casualty lists released thus far of the killed, wounded and missing in the fighting of the Canadian troops on the French coast, there appeared a number of names whose owners are undoubtedly Ukrainian.

Among them are Theodore Doroshenko, sapper, whose mother lives in London, Ont.—wounded; pvt. William Bahniuk, mother living in Wexbourne, Saskatchewan,—killed in action; pvt. Gregory Wikhtach, mother in Sheffield, Ont.,—seriously wounded; Corporal Michael Dziuba, father in Taylorton, Sask.,—seriously wounded; pvt. William Lewynsky, wife in Calgary, Alberta,—seriously wounded; pvt. Cyril Ostapovich, mother in Windsor,—seriously wounded; pvt. Walter Bolonchuk, wife in Winnipeg,—wounded; pvt. Theodore Puhach, wife in Winnipeg,—wounded; pvt. William Strilchuk, mother in Windsor,—wounded; pvt. Eustace Tomko Baran, father in Ellsborough, Sask.,—wounded; Sgt. Nestor Orlensky, wife in Winnipeg,—wounded; pvt. John Kozakevich, brother in Brombury, Sask.,—killed in action; pvt. Rudolph Cyril Karas, mother in Freeman, Ont.,—wounded; pvt. William Hrabovsky, father in Elmi, Manitoba,—wounded.

In all probability, these are not all the Ukrainian-Canadian casualties at Dieppe, as other lists are forthcoming.

The Germans claim they captured about two thousand prisoners. Among them there were undoubtedly some Ukrainians.

den to shoot without permission. I passed the word down the line: "May I fire?" The commander sent back: "Are you sure of hitting them?"

"Yes!" I said.

"Then fire!"

Kills First Nazis

I took very careful aim and fired. My Rumanian dropped. I waited for a fraction of a second; another head appeared over the top. I got that one, too. A third Rumanian fled.

That was my baptism of fire. From that time on I regarded myself, and so did my comrades, as a full-fledged sniper.

I have been asked what I felt when I kill a German. My feeling is the satisfaction a hunter feels, who has killed a beast of prey, or a poisonous snake.

The Weekly and Our Service Men

A steadily increasing number of our young men in service are receiving The Ukrainian Weekly. They receive it either through their own subscription or that of their parents, relatives and friends, or have the latter mail it to them.

Judging by what we have heard from them, either directly, or indirectly, they are attached to the Weekly because, outside of the correspondence they receive, it is the only link that they have with the Ukrainian American life they knew before the call to arms came to them.

Scattered throughout the numerous encampments and bases in this country and in some of its possessions, finding themselves in new and strange surroundings, isolated from the Ukrainian American institutions and activities to which they had been so closely bound back home, and forced to make adjustments to their new environment, it is only natural that these young men of ours in service welcome the Weekly as a relaxing respite in their military routine, as a reminder of their rich and highly-democratic Ukrainian cultural heritage, and finally as a source of news of what people of their kind, young and old alike, are doing back home.

In addition to all this, some of them have through The Ukrainian Weekly become acquainted with other service men of Ukrainian descent in their camps or bases.

Just the other day, for instance, our subscription department received the following letter, written in Ukrainian, from an Angeline Timots, living in Mahwah, New Jersey:

"I am renewing The Ukrainian Weekly subscription for Pvt. John Hruschyk. He has written me that he likes to read this periodical very much, especially now when he is so far away from home, somewhere in Hawaii. He also wrote me that through the Svoboda and The Ukrainian Weekly he has become acquainted there with four other American soldiers who are of Ukrainian descent. One of them got his address through the Svoboda and writes that now all five of them read The Ukrainian Weekly..."

We call the attention of our readers to all this in the hope that more of them will subscribe to the Weekly for their friends and dear ones in service. The subscription is only \$2.00 per year. It will be a welcome gift.

At the same time we urge our readers to send to the Weekly as many local news items as possible. For through them our young men in service will know what is happening back in their home town, their U.N.A. branch, club, chorus, and among their friends. That is what they want most of all: news of what is happening back on the home front among people of their kind, preferably in the locality in which prior to their enlistment or induction they lived, but also in the towns and cities which they knew and in which through their various pre-war rallies and conventions they made many friends and acquaintances.

Therefore give them such news. Report to the Weekly whatever is happening in your local Ukrainian American circles. Become volunteer reporters of the Weekly, and thereby keep your friends in service posted on what is of especial interest to them.

As a special inducement, the Weekly will with its next issue publish prominently every week the names of such volunteer reporters.

UKRAINIANS IN FRANCE WARNED

A recent Reuter's despatch reports from London that according to Radio Paris all Ukrainians in occupied France who did not report to the police by September 1, will be considered as Soviet citizens and treated as such by the German authorities.

BECOMES NAVAL LIEUTENANT

Roman Popiel, Ukrainian by descent, 21, son of Mrs. Anna Popiel of 30 Grant Avenue, Carteret, N. J., was recently commissioned a lieutenant in the United States Navy.

Lt. Popiel entered the Navy as an ensign, and studied in Washington, D. C.

A Review of Hrushevsky's and Other Works On Ukraine

By PROF. GEORGE W. SIMPSON

University of Saskatchewan

HRUSHEVSKY, MICHAEL. *A History of Ukraine*; edited by O. J. Frederiksen, Preface by George Vernadsky. New Haven: Yale University Press, 1941. Pp. 629. \$4.00.

BREGY, PIERRE, and BOLENSKY, PRINCE SERGE. *The Ukraine—A Russian Land*; transl. by George Knupffer. London: Selwyn & Blount, 1940. Pp. 260. 12s. 6d.

VOWLES, HUGH P. *Ukraine and Its People*. London: W. & R. Chambers, Ltd., 1939. Pp. 224. 12s. 6d.

WINCH, MICHAEL. *Republic For a Day*. London: Robert Hale, 1939. Pp. 286. 12s. 6d.

UKRAINE was better known to Western Europe in the Seventeenth century than in the Nineteenth. Its comparatively recent re-emergence on the map of Europe has caused considerable curiosity as to its historical background. This re-emergence has been the result of a violent political upheaval, and the area is still the unhappy scene of war's convulsions.

The whole Ukrainian situation in Europe has been obscured in a fog of censorship. It has been further darkened by propaganda and wilful misrepresentation. There have been those who have even denied the existence of a genuine Ukrainian nationalism. Stubborn reality is difficult to conceal. Occasionally the fog has been swept aside by contrary political winds and revealing glimpses have shown large groups of Ukrainians stubbornly resisting political absorption and domination at the hands of Poles, Czechs, Rumanians, Great Russians and Germans. Under these circumstances it is too much to expect that histories relating these events will remain untouched by the corroding acids of controversy. Indeed many so-called histories can only be named such by a generous extension of the courtesies of the historical profession. On the other hand, it is well to remember that history also owes something to controversy. The minute and partisan examination of every detail is often a crude, but necessary, preliminary process to the ascertaining of truth. The fact that books are appearing on Ukrainian history is in itself significant. Three years ago there was not a single history of Ukraine in the English language.

Hrushevsky A Great Historian

In Ukrainian historiography Michael Hrushevsky towers above every other name. His ten-volume *History of Ukraine* and his five-volume history of Ukrainian Literature represent a gigantic achievement. In the preface of the book under review Professor Vernadsky gives a moving account of his amazing career. Not only for Ukrainian history but for the whole history of Eastern Europe Hrushevsky's work is indispensable. For example, Dr. Anatole G. Mazour notes in his short but brilliant survey of modern Russian historiography, "Hrushevsky left a contribution to historical literature which, regardless of political feuds, will always have to be taken into consideration if Russian history is to be seen in its entirety rather than as a series of episodic stages loosely revolving around the Muscovite state."¹

The present single volume is a translation of an outline history of Ukraine written by Hrushevsky some thirty years ago. The translation from the Ukrainian has been done by a number of Ukrainian scholars in the

ing of the manuscript was done by Professor O. J. Frederiksen of Miami University University, Ohio, who also wrote the last chapter bringing the account up to the autumn of 1940. The Ukrainian National Association in the United States promoted its publication.

Hrushevsky's *History* is a mine of information. The digging is not at all times easy but the ore yields a high return. The early part is perhaps too detailed for an American public since it was originally written for those who were presumed to have some acquaintance with their own historical tradition. The latter part of the book is of intense interest as it deals with the national renaissance. It is this national movement among the Ukrainians which is of such import at the present time. No reconstructive effort in Eastern Europe can afford to omit full consideration of its potentialities. The space devoted to the period between the Great World Wars is all too short, but the difficulties of filling it in are well known to anyone who has tried to penetrate the smoke screens laid down by the various governments of Eastern Europe.

Brégy and Obolensky See Federalism As Solution of Ukrainian Problem

The book by Brégy and Prince Obolensky is devoted to the thesis that while the particularism of the Ukrainian people exists, that particularism can find satisfaction in some form of federalism within the framework of a Russian Empire. The authors believe that the Soviet government is responsible for the existence of Ukrainian separatism. They are of the opinion that the revolutionary stage of communism will give way to "more human forms of existence." In the better atmosphere then created federalism will be possible.

The present need for the stabilization of Eastern Europe is so urgent that some plan for consolidation seems necessary. Such a plan excludes German domination as a matter of course. Good relations between Poles, Ukrainians, and Great Russians require, first of all, a full and free recognition of each other's rights to existence, and the further recognition that for purposes of protection and economic welfare there must be some form of understanding and co-operation. It is not necessarily the historian's duty to lay down the future development but it is his duty to state fairly past development. In this latter respect the authors sometimes allow their enthusiasm as publicists to outrun their judgement as historians. For example on page 53, referring to Lithuania in the fourteenth century, they declare, "...Lithuania herself became more and more influenced by the Russian elements, and it was in fact a Great Russian State which developed..." Lithuania was largely a "Rus" state but it certainly was not "Great Russian."

In brief, the authors renew some old Russian-Ukrainian controversies in which they take consistently the anti-Ukrainian nationalist point of view. They describe very well many of the distinctive features of Ukrainian geography and economics. They allude to many Ukrainian historical figures. Finally, as already indicated, the suggestion is made that there should be a sort of home-rule government for the Ukraine under a benevolent Russian regime, which one may assume the authors would prefer to have monarchical and mildly liberal.

Vowles Claims Soviets Have Solved Problem of Nationalism

The book by H. P. Vowles admits that there exists in Ukraine a nationalism which has been "their pro-

duct of special circumstances." But unlike Brégy and Obolensky he places the blame on the old regime of the Russian Empire and seeks to prove that under the new Bolshevist régime the problem of nationalism is being successfully solved. "Together with their comrades in other parts of the Soviet Union these Ukrainians have left the old, low-vaulted world forever. With their faces turned toward the future they go forth to life's power and beauty." These two sentences are the closing sentences of the book and they are meant to match the opening sentence of the introduction. "The history of the Ukrainian people is largely a record of their exploitation, persecution, enslavement, and struggles for freedom." The intervening material can hardly be called history, but for one who is combing a field where material is scarce there will be found some interesting incidental facts. The conclusion drawn by the author is, of course, tragically ironical, not only in view of the present war but also in the light of the millions of starved and exiled Ukrainians who felt the full impact of forcible communization.

Winch's Lack of Deeper Knowledge of East Europe

Republic For a Day is a newspaper reporter's account of his visit to Carpatho-Ukraine in the critical months of January, February, 1939. The greatest defect of Winch as a good reporter on the situation was the fact that he did not speak the Ukrainian language, and hence his communication with the Ukrainian people had to be through Polish, Czech or German language interpreters. It was if one should visit Western Canada and attempt to analyze the political situation there without knowing the English language. Though he might find there people who spoke French, and German or other languages he would hardly obtain a true picture even though he were a keen observer. In addition to this handicap Winch further prejudiced his position by taking with him a Polish photographer. It is little wonder that the Ukrainian people regarded him with suspicion or that Winch, for his part, did not form a favorable opinion of Ukrainian nationalism there. It is certain also that had Winch possessed a deeper knowledge of Eastern European history he would have had much more sympathy for a people who thought they were beginning to see the light of liberty after countless generations of political suppression and the most terrible poverty.

In spite of these obvious defects several facts emerge with ample documentation. First, there was no doubt about the genuine enthusiasm which Ukrainian nationalism evoked among the people in this tiny corner of Europe. Secondly, there was no doubt about the interest with which Ukrainians elsewhere followed the events in Carpatho-Ukraine. The author tells of the assistance which came from America and of the plans which were developing for further help. Finally there was the expectation on the part of some that Hitler, who claimed, at that time, to uphold the principle of nationality, would give aid and protection. The complete and cynical abandonment by Hitler of Ukrainian interests resulted in complete disillusionment. The author weaves in a considerable amount of local color.

(Journal of Central European Affairs, University of Colorado.)



Why No Ukrainian Henry Thoreau?

OF course, America has no Taras Shevchenko. No American poet wrote poetry like Shevchenko's. Why? Because all men of genius are different from one another. There are no replicas among them. It seems that just the right kind of a man of genius appears in this or other region of the world to perform some very important task for the local people. Neither England nor France could have produced a poetic genius of the type of Shevchenko. Why? Because even if Taras Shevchenko were born either in England or France he would have found no congenial conditions for his poetic growth. The same can be said about Henry Thoreau. In fact, it is quite ridiculous to imagine Henry Thoreau living somewhere in Ukraine, France, England, or Ireland. Henry Thoreau was a unique product of America, of the United States,—a Diogenes in an American setting.

Emerson says tersely: "No truer American existed than Thoreau." Thoreau was a great American. He loved to be just what he was—a man born and raised in America. He loved the soil that he trod on. He loved everything in the land where he lived, except all the educated and uneducated Babbitts of his times, the men who value above all comfort and plenty of rich food. Although possessing a college degree, he preferred to live a very simple but active life. For over two years (1845-47), he lived for experiment's sake all alone in a little shack, two miles from Concord, at Walden Pond. He lived there in order to find out how little a man needs of everything for a decent and active life. Whenever he needed a little money for food or clothing he would help the local farmers to keep the boundaries of their farms straight, as he was good at civil engineering. He lived there from 1845 to 1847. But as soon as he learned what he wanted to know about the plants and animals of the region, and found out that six weeks of work could support him comfortably to live the rest of the year as a student of nature and as a writer, he quit being a hermit. He went among people to make new studies and experiments. And anybody now who wants to find out what Thoreau learned during his two years' stay at Walden Pond can learn it a few hours from his book "Walden."

Henry Thoreau's "Walden" is really worth reading, especially now in the period of food and gasoline rationing. A man who is interested in learning what Thoreau learned in his life at Walden Pond certainly would never grumble at our present ration system. He would discover that a man needs very little, indeed, for a healthy, happy and vigorous life. Furthermore, he would learn to care more for the beauty of the common and simple things around him. How much beauty and inspiration he would find in all the things that were dearest to Thoreau's heart!—in his love for flowers, birds, trees, clouds, etc.

Any nature-loving Ukrainian will find delight in Thoreau's diary, his "Walden," "A week on the Concord," etc. It is but natural for a Ukrainian to delight in poetic descriptions of beautiful landscapes, flowers, birds, and trees. Yet Ukraine has not yet produced such nature-loving essayist as Henry Thoreau or John Burroughs. Why not? Because Ukraine did even something better. Almost every prominent Ukrainian novelist and poet is also partly a Henry Thoreau or John Burroughs. Kvitka-Osnovyanenko, Marko Vovchok, Nechuy-Levitsky, Myrny, Kobylanska, and Kotsiubynsky simply delight to intersperse their stories with fine descriptions of nature.

HONORE EWACH,
Winnipeg, Can.

¹ Mazour, Anatole G. *An Outline of Modern Russian Historiography*, with an introduction by Robert J. Kerner, Berkeley; University of California Press, 1939, pp. 74, 75.

United States, and the complete edit-

"CHORNA RADA"

(BLACK COUNCIL)

*A Historical Romance of Turbulent Kozak Times
After Death of Hetman Bohdan Khmelnytsky*

By PANTELEYMON KULISH (1819-97)

(Continued)

(Translated by S. Shumeyko)

(3)

"YES, reverend father," said the Holy Man to Colonel Shraam. "It is Brukhovetsky whom the Zaporozhians have elected as their hetman."

"Merciful Lord! merciful Lord!" said Vasile the Captive. "It is clear that the famous Zaporozhe will turn into nothing, if that's the kind of hetmans they are beginning to elect."

Cherevan only laughed however: "Ha-ha-ha! It's all, bwothers, like a magic trick. The kind you don't even dream about."

"All this is certainly bad news, my friends," said Colonel Shraam, shaking his head worriedly, "and I think it better for me to disclose my real destination. I am not headed for Kiev, but for Pereyaslav, to see Somko, the Hetman. My reason is this: Ukraine, as you know, is divided. One part of her will soon find itself in the claws of the Poles, for that would-be Pole, Tetera, is aiming for that; while the other half will soon find itself in sore straits too. I was of the opinion that Somko was firmly seated in saddle as Hetman—he is a fine man, you know—and I figured that I would be able to stir him into action together with all the Kozak divisions against Tetera, and thus bring all of Ukraine under the sway of one bulawa. But your ill tidings, Holy Man, sort of upset these plans; perhaps, however, something can be salvaged from them. Suppose you accompany me on my mission; the Kozaks respect you, and will heed your counsel..."

"No, Reverend-Father," the old Kobzar interrupted him, "It is not for me to plunge into such a storm. My work lies elsewhere, to follow humbly in the footsteps of Him and spread His word among our people. And furthermore," he continued, "I cannot endure all these grand airs that so many of our gentry are putting on nowadays. Some of our leading Kozaks, in fact, have even begun to live like nobles. They no longer care for those fine old songs that are popular among the masses, but engage striplings to play on their silly bandurkas nothing else but dances. I simply cannot stand such things. And even many of our ancient kobzars, pumped up with liquor, buzz away on their kobzas all sorts of trashy tunes. And what is worst of all is that many of our people have forgotten God. Therefore, since I am blind, since I am like in another world, why should I return to a world filled with sin? God has given me the gift of song, and I shall continue to sing, for good people and not for those that anger Him."

"Bwothers," spoke up Cherevan; "let's go inside. There we shall feast upon varenyki so good that all our troubles will soon be forgotten. Enough of this talk about trouble and sorrows. Here I am rejoicing that God has sent me such guests, while they just groan and lament. So come on now, stop spoiling my reception for you; at least forget your worries for tonight."

With this he arose and led his guests into the house.

Shraam followed in his footsteps, still intent upon his troubled thoughts. Vasile the Captive and Holy Man brought up the rear, the former grumbling out loud at all this trouble, while the latter appeared as if his spirit dwelt not in this but in another world.

CHAPTER III

Passing by the kitchen, Cherevan glanced in. "Ah!" he exclaimed, turning to Shraam, "I see you have brought me a possible son-in-law"; for inside was Petro, seated and talking with Mrs. Cherevan and her daughter Lesya. "Look, my friends, how happy everything is here, not like among us. They're chattering away like a bevy of birds. Ah, youth! how pleasant is thine time. Vasile, lead our guests into the mainroom, while I go in and welcome the young Shraam."

The main room of Cherevan's home into which the guests filed, was quite similar to those of other well-to-do Kozaks of even later periods. Its beams were of oak, and handsomely ornamented with various carvings, including excerpts from the Scriptures as well as the name of the builder and the date of building. The benches too were a sight to behold, made of Linden wood, and covered with small "kilims."

The table as well as the corner containing holy pictures were covered with embroidered towels. One unusual thing about this room, however, but quite common in those times, was a shelf running around the four walls, on which stood silver, gold and crystal vessels of varied description, trophies won in the Kozak wars. Once they had adorned the homes of wealthy Polish nobles, but now they stood in the home of a Kozak, who previously had been their vassal. On the walls hung other such booty too, including swords and sabres, muskets with silver ornamental work on them, flat and rectangular Tatar arrow quivers, gold decorated saddles, old-fashioned muskets, shirts of mail as well as mail helmets. Most of these weapons and armor had once been used by Polish nobles, but they had been of little avail to them before the Kozak wrath, and now rested as trophies of war in the homes of many such as Cherevan.

Yet for Petro, Shraam's son, all this was of little account at the present moment. Here in the kitchen where he was seated, there were no swords or quivers, only fragrant flowers decorating the holy pictures and the beams supporting the ceiling and walls, while in the center of the table lay a high and shining loaf of bread. And lending enchantment to it all was Lesya, whose presence amidst all this immediately brought to mind that pretty little song about how: "Her home is like a flowery wreath; her bread is baked so that it resembles the sun itself; and she sits there, just like a little flower." With this lovely flower Petro was engaged in rapt conversation, while her mother, a woman of wisdom and fine bearing, sat listening by. He could not have wanted any better company than he had, so good it was to sit there and gaze into those dark eyes regarding him so gravely one moment and so laughingly the next, or upon her well-shaped but capable hands, whose wrists were encased in embroidered sleeves. These fleeting moments of happy bliss, however, did not last long, for they were suddenly dispelled by the appearance in the doorway of the expansive and jolly figure of Cherevan, who with outstretched arms advanced upon him and proceeded to fondly embrace and kiss him, breathing stentoriously all the while. "Ah, bwother!" he exclaimed happily, stepping back and keenly surveying Petro from head to foot, "I see that, like they say, you're certainly not going down but up! You were a Kozak among Kozaks before, but now, ah, you're indeed a fine sight. Melanie," he turned to his wife, "don't you think he'd make a fine son-in-law. And what do you think, Lesya? What? Ha-ha-ha! Just look at me, how I'm thrusting my treasure upon another, and there seem to be no takers. But enough of this. Come, bwother, into the main-room; let the women-folk finish their work alone. Women's work is by the stove, you know, while that of a Kozak is by the goblet and the sword."

And taking Petro by the hand he pulled him after him. At the threshold Petro turned around—and his heart sang with joy: Lesya had not turned her eyes away from him, and in those eyes there shone gladness and sorrow, and something else besides, something that lacks words to express it.

"Just look," said Cherevan, bringing Petro before the Holy Man. "Would you recognize this young Shraam as the one who swam across the Slutch amidst a hail of bullets. By heaven! to this day I am astounded that one so young could be so brave! Remember how it was? How he stole into the Polish camp, slew the standard bearer, and brought back their standard to our Hetman? I wonder what he could do now!"

The Holy Man laid his hand on Petro's head and said: "A good Kozak, and a chip of the old block. You have great bravery, and you shall be long-lived and lucky in warfare: neither bullet nor sword will bring you down, you shall die a natural death."

"Better if he were to die by the sword or bullet," interjected Petro's father, "in the name of a good cause, for the unity of Ukraine, that she may not be rent in twain."

"There, there, enough of that!" said Cherevan. "I've got something better just now to keep you talking about."

He took down from the shelf a large silver pitcher of a rather fantastic shape yet bearing fine decorations. The noble who originally owned it certainly did not stint in having it made for him, that's certain. On its sides were pictured barefoot maidens running about, while others played on cymbals; above them sat, as if alive, the Greek god Bacchus. Because of this latter fact Cherevan called this pitcher—Bozhko.

"It's too bad you are blind," said Cherevan to the Holy Man, "for here is indeed a rare sight. I got this right in the heart of Poland, too!"

"Vanity, vanity," the Holy Man smiled.

"No, bwother, not vanity! Just as soon as we drink a goblet filled by this Bozhko you won't say it's vanity."

"Bozhko?" ejaculated Shraam. You call this little devil a Lozhko?"

"Let him be a little devil then, I don't care," replied the other. "Yet they say he was a Bozhko, a god among an ancient people called Greeks. And they also say that these Greeks were a people like us—unconquerable. Among them this god was highly respected."

"And by you too, I suppose?" said Shraam.

"No, and he won't rail against me if you don't respect him either."

He then took down from the shelf a tray plated with silver. On it was painted a humorous scene, showing a Jewish inn-keeper giving a Zaporozhian Kozak a drink from a keg of whiskey. The Kozak is drinking with avidity and it appears as if he intends to empty that keg, while the Jew stands there trembling, partly from fright and partly from anger at the sight of so much of his liquor going. An inscription above this scene reads: "Do not tremble so, fool, or else you'll shatter all your teeth." On this platter Cherevan placed five goblets and began to pour drinks into them out of Bozhko.

"This, bwothers," he said, "is a drink of my own making that is strong enough to wake up the dead."

He served everyone, not forgetting even Vasile the Captive, who stood to the side of them, like a servant.

"Well, brother, Michael," said Shraam, his downcast spirits buoyed up by the liquor, "I'll give you a riddle about your Bozhko. Here it is:—A Bozhko stands on his three legs: the King says: 'that is my joy!' but the Queen says: 'that is my end!' What is it?"

"You could kill me, but I would never guess the answer," replied Cherevan. "But how is that, you say? A King on his three legs, and the Queen says: 'that is my end?'"

"No, no, not the King but the Bozhko stands on three legs, a Bozhko just like yours. The King calls this Bozhko 'my joy' while the Queen calls it 'my end.'"

"That's certainly a hard one!... Let's see... The King calls it 'my joy' while the Queen calls it 'my end.' I think it means that when a man gets drunk he shouts 'I am a King!' while his wife cries, 'Oh, oh, that is my end! Where can I go now?'—Isn't that it?"

"Pretty close, only, brother, your wife would not get scared of you if you became a King."

"Missed!" exclaimed Cherevan in chagrin. "Suppose you try yourself, Colonel."

"It would be nothing for me to give the answer. Suppose you show your wisdom."

"My wisdom, brother," said Cherevan, "knows just how to pour out and drink, and all deep thinking I leave to you and others of your kind. That is why you are priests, that is why you are counsellors, that is why you are leaders of the people."

"It does not require either priests, or counsellors, or leaders," replied Shraam. "to know that in this riddle Bozhko is—liquor, the King is—our body, while the Queen is—our soul. The body become happy when a man drinks, but the soul dies from it. And that's your answer."

"S'truth, bwother, it's the truth all right," said Cherevan. "Here, let's have another drink."

(To be continued)

HAVE YOU READ IT YET?

Modern Ukraine was born in the throes of the Kozak Revolution of 1648, which was led by the famous Hetman Bohdan Khmelnytsky, "the Cromwell of Eastern Europe." Bohdan's life and political career were both dramatic and colorful, a strange story of blood and thunder and diplomatic maneuver. Professor George Vernadsky of Yale University gives a striking picture of the rise of the Ukrainian people under this powerful leader, in his **BOHDAN, HETMAN OF UKRAINE**, published for the Ukrainian National Association by the Yale University Press (1941. Pp. 150. Illus. \$2.50), SVOBODA BOOKSTORE, 81-83 Grand Street, Jersey City, N. J.

The Story of Ukrainian Literature

(20)

Some Leading Polemic Works

AMONG the better known works of the polemic literature of the Middle Period was the "Perestoroha" (Warning) by Yuriy Romanetz, who was probably a member of the Lviv Brotherhood. In essence the book seeks to warn the Orthodox Ukrainians not to forsake their faith.

The abbot of the Kiev-Pechersky Monastery, Zacharius Kopystyansky, published a reply to "Obrona jedności cerkiewnej," entitled "Palinoda" (Resound, Reply) in which he analyzed the questions and differences of opinion concerning the ecclesiastical union of Orthodox Ukrainians with Rome.

Preachers Take Part in the Polemic Conflict

Besides the writers, many famous preachers of that period took a leading part in producing works for and against the Union. We have for example, Joanaky Galyatowsky, rector of the Kievan Academy, who wrote against Catholicism both in the Ukrainian and Polish language, and who is chiefly known for his "Messiah Pravydyvy" (The True Messiah). Another such preacher was Lazar Baranovitch, Archbishop of Chernihiv, whose works are characterized by a greater sharpness and dogmatism of tone than that of others. This characteristic can be perceived even in the titles of his leading works "Metch Dukhovy" (The Spiritual Sword) and "Truby Sloves Propovidnykh" (The Trumpets of Sermons).

Growth of Sermons

With the growth of polemic literature is closely allied the concurrent growth of the sermon. The first book concerning the substance and manner

of delivering sermons appeared during that time, entitled "Kliutch Razumina" (The Key to Understanding). Another fine book on this topic was issued by Anthony Radevelivsky, abbot of the Kiev St. Nicholas Monastery, who also issued two fine collections of sermons.

Ivan Vyshensky

In the midst of this great polemic struggle among those of the Ukrainians who favored the ecclesiastical union with Rome and those who did not, there appeared the figure of Ivan Vyshensky, an ecclesiastic (died 1620). Although Vyshensky is generally classed as one of the greatest of polemicists, yet in truth he is less of a polemic than the word ordinarily imply. His chief fame rests more upon his clear analysis of the real reasons underlying the differences of opinion on the question of this union. His argument was that the Ukrainian antipathy towards the Latins, meaning those of the Roman Catholic Church, was based upon the fact that the latter felt themselves very superior to the Orthodox Ukrainians, regarding them like some backwoodsmen, or "khlopi" as they called them.

In a striking passage Ivan Vyshensky attacks this feeling of superiority by likening this "superior" class to those pharisees who in the time of Christ were His most active enemies, and the ordinary Ukrainian "khlopi" to those ordinary men who inspired by Jesus Christ became the leading teachers and noblest exponents of Christianity. In order to appreciate the "salt" of this passage, we quote it here in Ukrainian, verbatim:

„Говорите, ті хлопці прості в своїх кучках і домках сидять, а ми в палатах

лежимо; ті хлопці з одної мисочки по-ливку або борщик хлечуть, а ми прецінь по кількадесять полумисків, ріжними смаками уфарбованих пожираємо; ті хлопці сами собі й пані і слуги, а ми прецінь маємо по кількадесять льокаїв у ліберіях; перед тими хлопцями ніхто славний шапки не здієме, а перед нами і воеводи здімають і низько кланяються. На таке кокошення, панове біскупі, відповім вам ось що. Ті архієреї, що Христа замучили, були подібні до вас і сиділи по едіскайських столицях як і ви; але хлопці Христові ліпші від них були й нині є. Вони так само свої трупи м'яко і коштовно зодягали, як і ви, але простаки Христові в одній одежині ліпші від них були й нині є. Тамтих Пилати та Іроди так само шанували і перед ними укліякали, як і перед вами, але хлопці Христові, гонені і опльовані, обезчещені, поганьблені, обсміяні, биті й повбивані ліпші й чесніші від них були й нині є..."

In such bold and forceful language Ivan Vyshensky exposed the real reason for the ill feelings of the Orthodox Ukrainians towards the Latins. His works passed from hand to hand throughout the entire country. He became the champion of the people, and in time became regarded as a holy man.

Besides being an outstanding polemic of that time, Vyshensky was an ardent champion of asceticism. Despite all his efforts, however it did not meet with favor among the Ukrainian people.

According to the Ukrainian General Encyclopaedia, Vyshensky was a keen analyzer, but uncertain in his synthesis. As relief for the religious decline and social disorder of his time he urged the return to the past, to Byzantine scholasticism and to ascetic simplicity. The language of his writings was rich and the style original. He had a real writer's temperament and a highly enthusiastic nature

(To be continued)

Becomes Lieutenant

Pictured below is nineteen-year-old Alex Soroka, son of Mr. and Mrs. John Soroka of Philadelphia, who, as reported here last week, was recently commissioned second lieutenant in the U. S. Army after enlisting for officers' training six months ago. He is a member of U.N.A. Br. 339 and has been a U.N.A. member since his first year.



LIEUTENANT ALEX SOROKA

Use V-Mail at Every Opportunity

Facilities for V-mail, described on these pages recently and being letters sent overseas on film to members of our armed forces, now are available to and from the United States, and the British Isles, Australia, India, Hawaii and other points, the Post Office Department announced last Monday.

The V-Mail service, instituted on June 15 last, is now past the experimental stage, with each week showing large increases in the number of letters mailed. In recognition of the safe means of transportation and the saving in weight the War and Navy departments have directed the V-mail to be given priority in dispatch over all other classes, including air mail, when transportation facilities under control of those departments are used.

V-mail letter sheets are available at all post offices and have been provided for all military and naval personnel at overseas points. Private firms and individuals also have been permitted by the Post Office Department to reproduce the letter sheets and they soon will be available to all stores selling stationery.

Because of the small space taken by the V-mail rolls of film they often can be carried on ferry planes and bombers. There are approximately ninety-seven V-mail letters in a pound.

ceive Holy Communion under the forms of both bread and wine.

"The chant of the liturgy has that plaintive character and that abundance of cadenzas which we associate with Oriental music, as distinguished from the greater restraint of our Gregorian chant. There are two very dramatic moments in the Oriental Mass: the Little Entrance and the Great Entrance. The former is the procession in which the Book of Gospels is carried about the church before being placed on the altar, previous to the chanting of the lessons from Sacred Scripture. The second is an even more elaborate procession, which escorts the sacred elements for consecration, the bread carried by the deacon and the chalice by the celebrant, accompanied by incense and lights and ceremonial fans, proceeding from the altar at the left to the high altar at which Mass is being celebrated..."

THE ORIENTAL RITES OF LITURGY

AN interesting talk on the "Oriental Rites in the Liturgy," broadcast last June on the Catholic Hour over the NBC network, and containing references in it to the Divine Liturgy (Mass) of St. John Chrysostom common to Ukrainian Catholics, appears in a condensed form in the current month's issue of "The Catholic Digest," published in St. Paul, Minn.

Original Mass Very Simple

From it the listener and reader learned that originally there was a very simple ceremony employed for the celebration of Mass. This rite crystallized into various forms according to local conditions where it was practiced. Some features were elaborated in one place and not developed in others. Slight re-arrangements of the original form were made, prayers varied in different parts of Christendom. The development of the rather vague primitive rite centered about the three great patriarchates, Rome, Alexandria, and Antioch, which became the parent stems of many branches of liturgical worship.

Out of Antioch grew the patriarchate of Constantinople when that city became the seat of the Roman emperor, and from Constantinople arose the most widely practiced of Eastern liturgies. The heresies of the 5th century—the speaker continued—lost to the Church many Christians in Asia Minor, Egypt, Syria and modern Iraq, who carried their liturgy with them into heresy. In the 9th century, when the great Church of Constantinople severed its bonds with Rome—and with it the bulk of Christians of the eastern empire—the Byzantine liturgy became a schismatic form of worship. In the Near East, both in the 4th and 9th centuries, some remained faithful to

the Pope; and since then many have been received into unity with the Holy See.

It is these, the speaker pointed out, who are now called the Uniate Eastern Catholics, united with Rome in the profession of the same faith but allowed to retain all their ancient customs of worship, prayers and ceremonial, liturgical language and ecclesiastical music. These Uniates, the speaker said, "are all Catholics, as much so as the members of the Church of Rome or New York, but they follow a different ritual and use a different language at the altar."

Basically, he continued, the liturgy is the same. The essential elements are identical in the Roman rite and in any one of the Eastern rites. But externally they look very different and a Catholic of the Latin rite would have difficulty in following the service in a Uniate Catholic Church.

Theme and Variations

The speaker then went to illustrate the differences between the two by the musical composition known as a theme and variation. A musical phrase is stated and then subjected to a number of transpositions and embroideries, appearing now in slow and then in a rapid tempo, now in an animated form and then in a mournful guise, now in the austere natural scale and then in colorful chromatics. For the novice in music, it is often hard to recognize the original theme as it passes through successive variations. It is only the trained musician who can discern it by certain cadences, certain patterns in the phrases, no matter how elaborately it is involved in the development. Just so, there is a fundamental theme in the Mass, an inevitable pattern of introductory service and Mass proper, an essen-

tial sequence of Offertory, Consecration, and Communion, which remains constant through all the rites.

The speaker then posed the question: Who are these Uniate Catholics of the Eastern rite? The best known among them, he said is the "inaccurately-called Greek Church. By the Uniate Greek Church we mean those Catholic groups who use the rite attributed to St. John Chrysostom, who was bishop of Constantinople in the 4th century. This rite is not always celebrated in Greek; indeed, in this country it is only exceptionally so, for here the more usual language is the ancient Slavonic. The language is the archaic Slavonic and the ritual is that of the Greek rite." Next he cited the Armenian and Syrian Uniates.

No Stream-Lined Masses in Ukrainian Church

Referring to the characteristics which in general distinguish the Eastern liturgies from the Latin rite of Church, he mentions in the first place the length of the prayers. The Oriental rites, he declared, "know no such stream-lined services as Mass every hour on the hour of our city churches. Secondly, there is greater elaboration of ritual than in our rite. The Roman Mass to an Oriental seems austere. There are more multiplied signs of the cross, more repeated bows and inclinations, though generally no bending of the knee, more complex gestures of all kinds, more freer use of incense, and a much more detailed technique in preparing and handling the bread and wine destined for consecration.

"The vestments are more gorgeous. The arrangement of the sanctuary and altar, through differing from ours more in design than in essence, departs from that with which we are familiar. Ordinary leavened bread is, as a rule, used for consecration in the Eastern Church. The bread is cut into little cubes. The laity re-

To Change Or Not To Change Your Name

From The Ukrainian Weekly of August 22nd, I see that Louis Adamic is the subject of another editorial. After Mr. Adamic's unfair treatment of Ukrainian-Americans in his "Two-Way Passage," and his failure to answer the Weekly's editorial protest soon after his book appeared, it is a question whether this new editorial and the discussion to follow will receive any serious consideration on his part. It is just as well, however, that the matter of changing one's name has been brought up again, for the discussion of 1936, interesting as it may have been, did not go into the subject deeply enough in my opinion.

I was the author of the article that favored no change in Ukrainian names. Since 1936, however, I have altered my opinion slightly. It seems to me that most Ukrainian-Americans have Americanized names, names changed only slightly to facilitate pronunciation. The great majority of these names were Americanized by teachers in grammar schools and other persons who had cause to use the names of American-born children of Ukrainian immigrants. It was therefore more or less natural for Ivan Mychalyszyn to become John Michalishin (or even Michaelson), Oleksa Harasymyszyn to become Alex Harasimishin (Harrison), Hryhory Iwaszczuk to become Harry Iwashchuk, and so forth. It is safe to say that the Editor of the Weekly was originally known as Stefan Szumejko instead of Stephen Shumeyko [Entirely wrong. In English it was always as now.—Editor]. The public schools changed my own name from Theodore Lytwyniuk to Theodore Lutwiniak. All these are only slight changes, perhaps for the better, but they are easier to pronounce and are Americanized.

On the other hand, many Ukrainian-Americans have managed to retain their Ukrainian names in their original forms. Whether these names are easy or difficult to pronounce depends on the person attempting the pronunciation. There are so many people in this country with foreign-sounding names that most Americans have come to accept them as natural and have even learned the knack of pronunciation. Army, Navy, Air Corps, war plant, office, farm, merchant marine... they all have their share of difficult names. Americans are more familiar with foreign names today than ever before, because they have cause to use them every day.

I am in favor of altering the spelling of a Ukrainian name to facilitate pronunciation, as long as the name itself does not lose its Ukrainian sound. A person's name associates him with his nationality. An unusual name (unusual to Americans) is decidedly distinctive, attracts attention, and sometimes prompts questions as to its origin. Where a name like John Smith means little, a name like John Iwanenko suggests a story.

I am not in favor of changing a Ukrainian name entirely... from, let us say Sobuchanowsky to Nichols, as mentioned in the Weekly editorial, or from Iwaszczyszyn to Trent. The change is altogether drastic... complete. If the change is due to the circumstance that its owner lives in America and desires to have an American name, or at least one that Americans can pronounce easily and write conveniently, then what would the owner do if he lived in China? Would he change from Iwaszczyszyn to Hu Hung Low or some other Chinese name?

It is often pointed out that many Ukrainian names are difficult to spell and pronounce, and that as a result it is difficult for the owners of the names to get jobs and maintain businesses. When it is argued that many

people manage to do all right despite their unusual names, including Ukrainians, stories of particular cases are recalled where owners of difficult names could not make any progress until they had changed their names. No doubt some people have had difficulties with their names... but we must remember that not so many years ago the general American public was not familiar with foreign names and were therefore reluctant to associate with their owners.

Today the American people read Ukrainian, Russian, Polish, and other foreign names in newspapers and magazines. They hear these names on the radio and in theaters. They are familiar with Timoshenko, and they have heard of Dnepropetrovsk and other Ukrainian cities and towns. When one considers the fact that many thousands of Ukrainian-Americans are in war work and in the Armed Forces, one will realize that the average American will no longer shy away from unusual names because he is familiar with them.

Alter the spelling of a name so that it would be easier to pronounce and spell... yes. But change a name completely... no.

THEODORE LUTWINIAK

THEY SAID...

President Roosevelt:

"Freedom and independence are today in jeopardy—the world over. If the forces of conquest are not successfully resisted and defeated there will be no freedom and no independence and no opportunity for freedom for any nation. It is, therefore, to the single and supreme objective of defeating the Axis forces of aggression that the United Nations have pledged all their resources and efforts.

"When victory comes, we stand shoulder to shoulder in seeking to nourish the great ideals for which we fight. It is a worthwhile battle. It will be so recognized through all the ages, even amid the unfortunate peoples who follow false gods today."

Governor Herbert H. Lehman:

"The ultimate goal we seek is far above and beyond the ugly field of battle. If we entered this war only to maintain the status quo, then this war would be in vain. We do not want the same world to emerge; we want a better one. The peace that is written, after we have won victory, may decide the destinies of men for generations.

"In that peace we must adjust our post-war world to the hunger, the fears and the hopes of the common people of the world. It is they who largely pay the cost of the wars in money and in blood. They know what they want. In each liberty-loving land men want a better and happier country for themselves and their children, a country in which work is more plentiful and leisure more satisfying; in which sickness and ignorance and poverty are fought for the enemies they are."

Elmer Davis, director of the Office of War Information:

"Democracies have a good story to tell and they ought to tell it. OWI is telling it... We stick to the truth, for we believe the truth is on our side. To enemy countries we broadcast news of the war, American production, etc.—again the truth, with only such omissions as actual military security may demand; but that news, in direction and emphasis, is adjusted to the particular interests of enemy peoples so as to produce the psychological effect most conducive to our victory."

America's Worst Propaganda: The "Flicks"

EVERY night of the year, in cities as widely scattered as Istanbul and Johannesburg, Caracas and Coventry, millions of men, women and children flock into motion picture houses for entertainment and (quite incidentally) for enlightenment about the world in which they live. Black men, yellow men, white men. Men in turbans, men in fezes, men in flowing silk gowns. People who speak a babel of languages. Yet all of them are about to be entertained by movies made in Hollywood.

Here in England—says "The Outpost" published by Americans in London—millions of people who have never seen a live American have acquired most of their knowledge of the United States from what they call "the flicks." What impressions of America these Hollywood films have left must be of concern to anyone interested in Anglo-American relations.

Nicolson Asks "Why?"

Two comments on the subject have recently come to the attention of the American Outpost. One is from a magazine article by Harold Nicolson, a member of Parliament and a former official of the British Ministry of Information. He writes:

SCRIPPS HAILS YOUTH IN UNDERGROUND WAR

Sir Stafford Cripps, British Lord Privy Seal, told a youth rally in Nottingham, England last Sunday that "in every land where the Nazis have gone in and in Germany itself there are countless, unnamed young heroes of liberty fighting the underground war."

Sir Stafford said, reports a Canadian Press dispatch, that those youths were performing "perhaps the hardest and most courageous task" of the world-wide force of youth that was sharing in the common effort to establish freedom and justice.

Britain had been told before the war that her youth was "decadent, soft and irresponsible," he said, and added:

"That is untrue and it has never been true. The youth of Britain is responding magnificently to the call that was made to it."

Sir Stafford expressed the opinion that young men would not be content after the war to return to a position in which they were counted less able and less capable than men, and called for an educational system "which gives in reality, and not in theory only, an equal opportunity for boys and girls in every class and section and society."

—FOR VICTORY: BUY BONDS—

BANQUET and DANCE

under auspices of
Ukrainian National Home, Parish,
Brotherhoods, Sisterhoods and
Clubs of Elizabeth, N. J., on
SUNDAY, SEPTEMBER 6, 1942
(day before Labor Day)
at UKRAINIAN NATIONAL HOME,
214-216 Fulton St., Elizabeth, N. J.
Banquet 4:00 p. m. Dance 6:30 p. m.
Admission \$1.25 per person
Music by a POPULAR ORCHESTRA.
Entire proceeds for the U. S. O.

ATTENTION! — NEWARK, N. J.

HARVEST TIME DANCE

— sponsored by —
Ukrainian Center Girls at the Ukrainian
Center, 180 William St., Newark,
N. J., SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 12,
1942. Music by WALTER HAGEN and
his Orchestra. Admission (incl. Tax)
65¢. Men in uniform 30¢.

"I have never understood why the Americans (who as individuals are more sensitive to criticism than most people) should allow their film industry to distribute throughout the world an endless travesty of the American character.

"I read recently in the newspapers a statement of the salaries paid to the refugees, immigrants, aliens or citizens who at Hollywood or elsewhere produce American films. These salaries amount to figures such as in the whole history of philanthropy or finance have never been paid to any public benefactor. Yet the American public, with scarcely a murmur of protest, permit these eminent satirists to tell the world what America is really like, and to flood the cinema theaters of Chile or China with pictures which convey and leave the impression that the typical American is either a criminal, a sob sister or a campus zany.

"As one who loves the Americans, and who knows them to be in the mass the most warm-hearted, simple, sensible and peace-loving people on this earth, I must raise my foreign voice in protest against this continued falsification of true American values.

"Anglo-American relations have always been, and always will be, relations of great complexity; and if co-operation is to be secured in the future, it is not only necessary that our principles and purposes should be understood by the Americans, but the young men and women of this country should be taught that American principles and purposes bear no relation to the smash-and-swagger nonsense which reaches us from Hollywood."

A Bitter Letter

The other comment is contained in a letter to an American over here from a resident of London who considers himself as typical middle-class English. He writes:

"You say you are trying to get the common people of Britain to understand the common people of the United States. Well, I assure you it is hopeless, because the films have a long start on you.

"Before the coming of U. S. films we in Britain knew little about the U. S., but we imagined you were people much like ourselves. Since the coming of the films we know better.

"Your films have rubbed into us that you admire cheats; that your men are obsessed with women; that your women have beauty and sex attraction but no character.

"In sports and fights it is the cheat who wins and is admired for winning.

"In stories about college life, the boys are swamped with girls, while your expeditionary forces appear to contain as many women as men.

"Your women horrify us by handing themselves from man to man under a legal process of marriage. After these transfers the children take the name of the mother (not that of the father). This raises doubts as to their legitimacy. Do not fathers in the U. S. keep any track of their sons?

(Five paragraphs deleted by editor.)

"The extraordinary insensibility of a country which can send abroad films showing itself in an odious light is a constant amazement to us.

"If the United States should ever want our respect it will have to revise its export of films."

Strong, bitter words, to be sure, packed with strange misinterpretations of America.

And yet that bitter letter and the intelligent magazine article both throw the spotlight on a serious barrier in the way of perfect Anglo-American relations.

YOUTH And The UNA British Youth Asks End To Prewar Social System

THE WEEKLY NEEDS YOUR SUPPORT

THE Ukrainian Weekly, which will celebrate its ninth birthday on October 6th of this year, has been without doubt the finest English-language publication dedicated to young Americans of Ukrainian descent. Since 1933 it has been the medium through which young people in all parts of the United States and Canada exchanged thoughts and ideas. Important problems and topics of the day were discussed on the pages of this outstanding periodical; news reports of youth activity... ball games, banquets, rallies, conventions, dances, parties, club affairs, meetings and the like—appeared in large numbers; educational articles were published every week... Ukrainian history, geography, statistics, music, literature, and many other interesting subjects, much of which was the result of painstaking research work; news reports on happenings of the day in Ukraine and America appeared in print... in fact, the Weekly covered all conceivable phases of Ukrainian and American-Ukrainian life. It went even further and gave its readers valuable information in the form of feature articles concerning America. It presented translated Ukrainian stories on its pages, as well as poetry, and occasionally injected bits of humor. It was the means of acquainting American-Ukrainian youth with one another. It aided many youth clubs and organizations by publicizing their activities. It has won itself the reputation of being an honest, fair-minded, serious, conscientious periodical sincerely interested in the affairs and problems of young Americans of Ukrainian descent. Finally, and very important too, it has served as a reliable source of information concerning Ukraine and Ukrainians for many non-Ukrainians and as such it has been quoted in a number of serious works.

The Ukrainian Weekly owes its present high journalistic standing to three factors... its sponsor, the Ukrainian National Association; its indefatigable editor; and its readers, without whose cooperation it would have been impossible to continue publication.

Without the contributions, suggestions, and encouraging letters of the readers, the Ukrainian Weekly would suffer to such an extent that it would become necessary to cease publication. It is not necessary merely to have readers in the Weekly's case; the readers must also support the paper. The Weekly is dedicated to the needs and interests of young Americans of Ukrainian descent... therefore, for the paper to serve the purpose to which it is dedicated, the youth must use it to serve their needs and interests.

For some time it has been apparent that the Weekly is not receiving as many contributions, suggestions, and letters as it received not so many years ago. As an example I take the August 15, 1942 issue. The contributed or signed material consists of an article about the Ukrainian National Association, a humor column, and that is all. The August 22, 1942, issue consists of an article on Ivan Franko, an article on the U.N.A., and an item on Army Emergency Relief. The other material in these two issues apparently came from the editor's typewriter. Compare this to the issue of August 17, 1934, eight years ago. In this issue there is an essay about an aspect of Ukrainian life, an article about disastrous alliances, a cartoon concerning the Ukrainian Youth's Congress, and a letter to the editor. The following issue, August 24, 1934, contains an article commenting on a Weekly editorial, two sports items, an article about hitch hiking to the Youth's Congress, and a story. In other words,

BRITISH youth are so deeply concerned with the winning of the war that its ideas on postwar international relations tend to be hazy idealism, but the young men and women of Britain are determined that "there'll be no going back" to the prewar British social and economic order.

So agree the four English delegates to the International Students' Assembly which opened in Washington last Wednesday where they were interviewed by the Washington correspondent of the Newark Evening News.

One of these four students, the News account states, was a Conservative who went into aviation from Cambridge and now at 22 is a wing commander with six German pursuit ships, and a bomber to his credit. The bomber was shot down over Dieppe a few days ago. He is Scott Malden, D.S.O.; D.F.C.

Another is Capt. James Cochran, D.S.O., M.C., of the Cameron Highlanders, 23 years old, no particular politics, an Oxford undergraduate who has fought in Libya, Egypt, the Sudan and Eritrea.

Fourth Is Clergyman

Sub-Lt. Richard Miles, R.N.V.R., a destroyer officer, 24, and a member of the Liberal party, went into the navy from Oxford. The fourth delegate, senior of the party, is Rev. Alan Booth, 30, secretary of the International Students' Service and a Methodist clergyman greatly interested in the ecumenical movement in Great Britain.

In the United Kingdom today only youths under 18 are permitted to continue schooling, unless they are physically unfit for war duty, or are taking high speed technical courses. Consequently, the four delegates explain, every young man or woman of college age is either in the armed

much more contributed material appeared in the two four-page issues of August 17 and 24, 1934, than in the two six-page issues of August 15 and 22, 1942! (In all fairness, however, I would like to point out that the issues in question were selected at random).

The war, undoubtedly, is largely responsible for the lack of contributed material. There are many readers of the Ukrainian Weekly, however, who are not too busy or engaged in war work to devote a little time to their favorite American-Ukrainian periodical. It would be well if these readers would send in news items concerning youth activities and affairs in their localities, or contribute articles on interesting topics or problems, or write stories and poems or letters to the editor commenting on material that has been published. There are many different subjects that could be reported to the Weekly and, as everyone knows how to write, all news worth printing should be reported. The Weekly needs reporters in all parts of the country, and the more reporters the better.

Bear in mind that contributed material is essential to the Weekly. If the paper is to continue being of interest to its readers, and news of youth activity in all localities is of paramount interest to the readers, then such material must be submitted.

The Ukrainian Weekly has supported a great many clubs and individuals with favorable publicity. Its editor has gone out of his way to bring the readers first-hand news reports on important affairs and happenings. Now the Weekly needs the cooperation of its readers... the Weekly needs your support.

T. L.

services, in was industry or studying to enter either one. They say:

"We think that our country was on the verge of spiritual bankruptcy before September 1, 1939. There was a spiritual rot, exemplified by the Chamberlain appeasement policy, evading realities, granting the unemployed a dole rather than bravely tackling the real causes of economic disjuncture. Well, the war has changed all that, and we shan't permit it to change back. Not in England. What was wrong with England was the illness of a great many other countries—America's, perhaps. We don't know much about that, but we hope to learn at this conference.

"Of course, we in England are almost as chary as you Americans about government controls over business. It depends upon what kind of government you have, you see. We think we shall have substantially the same form of government, of course, but it will be different in character and motive. The old party lines are crumbling, and we shall be well rid of them. We find Tories and Liberals and Socialists together on opposite sides of many issues. We seem to comprehend something similar going on in the United States—we are all heading for a different lineup."

The four young men who, as one described it, "have come up against life with a bang as it must be lived for the moment," speak as one, taking turns continuing and enlarging on the theme. All of them have been through the war's worst horrors of bombing and blitz. They know that whatever it was that produced this war, it was something radically wrong with civilization, something that might have been cured by methods less brutal than war's surgery, a disease whose recurrence must not be permitted.

—FOR VICTORY; BUY BONDS—

Becomes Lieutenant



(Courtesy Newark News)

LT. JOHN NAKONECHNY

As reported on these pages last week, John Nakonechny, Ukrainian by descent, of Irvington, N. J. was recently commissioned second lieutenant at Officers' Candidate School at Carlisle, Pa.

Reserve the last Saturday in September for the big fourth annual **ALL-AMERICAN DANCE** and "MISS UKRAINE" BEAUTY CONTEST to be held at the **UKRAINIAN HALL**, 849 N. Franklin St., Philadelphia, Pa. It's sponsored by the "Ukrainian Cultural Centre". TWO ORCHESTRAS! A War Bond and Trophy will be given the contest winner. **GIRLS: ENTER NOW!** 187-

Pre-Autumn Dance

tended by St. Vladimir's Ukrainian Church Choir at their Parish Hall, 334 E. 14th St., New York City, **SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 12, 1942.** Music by your favorite Orchestra. Commencing 7:30 P. M. Admission 40¢. 187-



Marusia Says:

Don't let anyone fool you. There's no fur shortage yet. True enough, mouton is no longer available since the government is using it all for our pilots. However, there are plenty of other furs on hand to keep you both warm and pretty this winter.

How long furs will be available at such low prices as you'll find at Michael Turansky's is another question. To be on the safe side, shop for your furs at Michael Turansky's where you know you will be sure to get top quality furs in the latest styles at budget prices. Ready made coats and coats made to order. Wide selections in all sizes.

P. S. Closed Labor Day.

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