

СВОБОДА

Український Щоденник

PIK LL Ч. 1.



SVOBODA

Ukrainian Daily

VOL. LL No. 1.

SECTION II.

The Ukrainian Weekly

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

No. 1

JERSEY CITY, N. J., SATURDAY, JANUARY 2, 1943

VOL. XI

Bataan Hero Held By Japs

A hero of Bataan, Major Stephen Malevich of Pittsburgh, is a prisoner of the Japanese, according to a telegram received by his family from the War Department.

The telegram addressed to his wife, Dorothy, was forwarded to his mother, Mrs. Maria Malevich, Vice President of the Ukrainian National Association, who for the past several months has been doing Red Cross work at Macon, Ga. His father, Mr. Vladimir Malevich, former U. N. A. Vice-President, is an engineer at the Laughlin Steel Corporation in Pittsburgh. The parents reside at 344 Becks Run Road, Pittsburgh.

During the defense of the Philippines, Major Malevich, then captain, was in command of an engineering crew whose work made it possible for General McArthur's men to withdraw successfully across a bridge damaged by a Jap bomb.



MAJOR STEPHEN MALEVICH

The crew labored 26 hours at breakneck speed to make the Carmen Bridge, one of the largest in the islands, safe for the troops to cross.

As soon as the last detachment was across, the bridge was blasted to delay the approaching Japanese troops. Shortly after this, the 31-year-old Carnegie Tech. graduate was promoted to major. His parents last heard from him in a letter written in February and received in May, in which he stated he was "still going strong" and told of his promotion.

Major Malevich, a member of U. N. A. Branch 55, went to the Philippines in July, 1941, as a volunteer. While at Carnegie Tech. he had been active in the ROTC. After graduation he worked as an engineer together with his father at the Laughlin Steel works.

SEASON'S GREETINGS

From the

Ukrainian National Association, the
"Svoboda" and The Ukrainian
Weekly

"And It Came To Pass..."

St. Luke, Chapter 2

AND it came to pass in those days, that there went out a decree from Caesar Augustus, that all the world should be taxed.

(And this taxing was first made when Cyrenius was governor of Syria.)

And all went to be taxed, everyone into his own city.

And Joseph also went up from Galilee, out of the city of Nazareth, into Judaea, unto the city of David, which is called Bethlehem; (because he was of the house and lineage of David).

To be taxed with Mary his espoused wife, being great with child.

And so it was, that, while they were there, the days were accomplished that she should be delivered.

And she brought forth her first-born son, and wrapped him in swaddling clothes, and laid him in manger; because there was no room for them in the inn.

And there were in the same country shepherds abiding in the field, keeping watch over their flock by night.

And, lo, the angel of the Lord came upon them, and the glory of the Lord shone round about them; and they were sore afraid.

And the angel said unto them, Fear not: for, behold, I bring you good tidings of great joy, which shall be to all people.

For unto you is born this day in the city of David a Saviour, which is Christ the Lord.

And this shall be a sign unto you: Ye shall find the babe wrapped in swaddling clothes, lying in a manger.

And suddenly there was with the angel a multitude of the heavenly host praising God, and saying,

Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good will toward men!

THERE is a certain calming influence about the above immortal words. In the holocaust of the present world-wide war, with its terrible battles and its agony of body and spirit, these words telling in a simple yet so eloquent fashion the Story of the Nativity, bring a rare peace to our minds. Once more, it seems, we are back in our childhood days when the Story was first told to us, and when the strange wonder of it filled our hearts. Once again we see the Christ Child as He appeared to us then, in all His great power and glory, and yet so near and dear to us.

Next Wednesday evening, when we Americans of Ukrainian descent observe our Christmas Eve (for in religious matters we adhere to the old Julian calendar), may that vision of the Christ Child be with us, no matter whether we be at home with our families, or somewhere far away from home serving our country and cause. May it inspire us as it did on the Christmas Eves of our childhood days, when seated with our parents and brothers and sisters, and perhaps other dear ones, around the traditional and candle-lit "Sviata Vechera," we partook of the various palatable and specially prepared dishes of old country origin, sang those beautiful and heart-warming "koliadky," wished one another health, happiness and good cheer, and, most important of all, basked in the warm glow of the true family spirit,—which only years of mutual love and respect as well as years of common happinesses and trials and tribulations can engender among us, and which, it should always be borne in mind, is the very core of the true Christian life and therefore the one great hope of human salvation.

If on our Christmas Eve and Day next week some of us become inclined to grieve because our families are broken up, because those whom we love are far away, and perhaps even in enemy hands, let us at least take some cheer in the fact, and thank the Lord for it, that thus far our land and our homes have been spared the suffering and the devastation that has been the lot for years of other lands, especially of the one from which came our immigrant parents—Ukraine.

Very few homes over there, we fear, will have any kind of a Christmas celebration next week. Families have been broken up there to such an extent that in many cases only widows and orphans are left. Most of the men are on the fighting fronts, or in prison camps, or buried in their hastily-dug graves—if buried they are at all. Where sturdy, straw-thatched homes 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 "koliadky"—are heard the hoarse shouts of fighting men or the cries of the wounded and dying. Instead of joyful bells heralding the glad tidings of Christ's Birth—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—a fitful light, not of the moon and the stars, but of raging flames.

And so on Ukrainian Christmas Eve next Wednesday, let us bear all this in mind, and let us utter a prayer of thankfulness to God that we are privileged to be native sons and daughters of this land of the free and the home of the brave.

Let us then also resolve to do everything within our power and make every necessary sacrifice to advance our country's war effort and bring closer the day of its ultimate victory over its enemies. And with that resolve let us breathe a prayer that when that great day comes and our arms and our cause are triumphant, freedom and democracy will reign once more also in Ukraine.

"Sviatyi Vechir" In Ukraine

CHRISTMAS in Ukraine is one of the two most important holidays, and in certain respects the most important one. Although primarily a religious holiday, yet many of the customs connected with its observance date far back before the coming of Christianity to Ukraine, back to the observance of a pagan holiday, known as the "kolyada," when the ancient Ukrainians celebrated the passing of the coldest part of the winter and the coming of warmer weather, or as the ancient saying goes, "when the sun groweth in strength and the day in length."

We do not know, of course, how or whether Christmas Eve and Christmas Day will be celebrated next week in war-torn Ukraine. Still it is good for all of us to recall how the holiday was celebrated in olden times and in those sections where the foreign oppressors allowed it.

The 39-day fast preceding Christmas, ("Pelypivka" as it is known,) has barely begun when already the villagers begin to think of the preparation for the feasts of Nativity. As Christmas draws nearer, a feverish activity begins to pervade the household. Everything has to be put in order. A general housecleaning takes place, the women whitewashing the walls, scrubbing tables and benches, and hanging new embroidered towels.

Preparing For It

About a week before Christmas the master of the house harnesses his horses to the sleigh and drives to the nearest town to do his shopping. He returns with purchases of extra fine flour, of dried fish, pepper, candles, nuts and all the other articles of food that are indispensable for the proper celebration of the holiday. Some buy new articles of clothing, great coats fur lined on the inside ("kozuhk"), caps, shawls, boots, etc.

While the womenfolk busy themselves with preparing food for the three days that the Christmas holidays will last, the husbandman ("hospodar") with his sons turn to the cleaning up the courtyard, barnyard, and put the barns and stables in order. The woodshed has to be stocked up with enough wood to last throughout the holidays.

The church, too, is being gone over. Floors are scrubbed, incense burners polished, crosses and holy pictures dusted, candlesticks provided with new candles, etc.

In the meanwhile, great activity prevails among the youth. The church choir, composed of a majority of younger folks, rehearses for the High Mass on Christmas Day. Those of the young people that intend to go caroling ("kolyaduvaty") gather in one of the homes, divide themselves into groups ("tabor") elect their group leaders ("bereza") and practice the Christmas "kolyady." In the mountain regions, among the so-called "Hutsuls," where musicians take part in the caroling, mostly violinists, the sound of their instruments are heard days in advance as they rehearse their pieces. Old songs are recalled.

The Fast Dishes

At last dawns the the day of Christmas Eve. The house is clean, spic and span. The smallest atom of dust has been hunted out. The oven, with a hearty fire blazing in it all day long, gleams white from the new coat of whitewash given to it. This is the day when the whole house hums with activity. The children, their faces alight with happiness, run about their tasks, getting in the way of their mother busy at the oven. The "hospodar" has killed a pig, and the "hospodynia," his wife, has prepared the meat and sausages. Now she is engaged in preparing the twelve-course dinner for the evening, Christmas Eve—a course in memory of each of the Twelve Apostles, and everyone of these twelve dishes must be fast dishes, prepared without meat and without dairy products. That is indeed a feat. It takes culinary experiences of many centuries to prepare twelve such dishes. There will be, of course, "borsch," the typical Ukrainian soup made of beets, or in its place sour cabbage pea soup; fish soup in jello-like form; "pirohy" with mashed potatoes inside, and another kind with plum jam inside, and still another kind with sour cabbage. There will be "holubtsi" stuffed with "kasha," buckwheat groats, or with rice. There will be dishes made of mushrooms, and griddle-cakes fried in hemp oil. Also "pampushki," and before all there will be the "kutya," the exclusive Christmas eve delicacy, prepared from whole wheat grains cooked for many hours, and then seasoned with honey mixed with poppy-seeds. This "kutya" is undoubtedly one of the most ancient Ukrainian dishes, reaching far

back to those prehistoric times when our ancestors did not know as yet the art of baking bread but fed themselves with cooked wheat grains.

Even Satan Hides

Towards the evening the housewife washes the young children, combs them, and dresses them in clean clothing. The "hospodar" makes the last rounds of the household. When the supper has been cooked the housewife takes a bit of each course into a pot and adding some wheat and a bit of salt to it takes it to the barns and stables and then feeds the cattle and horses, so that the animals should know too that it is Christmas Eve and that they should not complain among themselves that their masters are not taking good care of them. The "hospodar" brings a generous share of the choicest hay to the cattle, often saying prayers and asking each cow, ox, and calf if it is contented. For this is the eve of great miracles. Various happenings take place that night. Even Satan himself hides and the evil spirits disappear, ceasing their pranks upon all good folks. Imbued with the magic spirit in the air, animals become possessed of the miraculous power of speech and talk sagely amongst themselves far into the night. They speak of the past, present and future with equal ease. The future holds no secrets from them. Alas, few people would care to be caught eavesdropping at the manger, for it is said that the man who knows the future soon dies.

So the stable doors are closed and the beasts are left to their ruminations.

Twilights swiftly falls over the earth. Lights appear in the houses, casting their soft glow through the window unto the gleaming white snow outside. A breathless hush descends upon the village.

The "Dyid"

Inside our home all is ready. The children, flushed and happy, impatiently await the beginning of the "Holy Supper." They all stand around, waiting for something. The door opens, and in walks their father. He is bearing in his arms a large sheaf of wheat stalks. Pausing in the doorway he greets the family, all standing around, with Christmas greetings. Then he proceeds to the "honorary" corner, just behind the table with this sheaf, which is known as the "dyid" (old Man), and sets it up there, adorning it with basil. This custom is also very ancient, for the sheaf in the ancient pagan days represented the god of plenty who fed and protected the family.

The door opens again and the eldest son appears with a large bundle of straw and hay. After greeting the family appropriately he puts the hay on the table and the straw he spreads on the ground, or at least under the table. Mother then places a wreath of oats, made of the last sheaf of oats cut in the last harvest, adorned with basil and dried flowers, in the center of the table, and a clove of garlic at each corner, to protect the table against evil spirits, for in the olden times garlic was a supposed cure against diseases and a protection against evil spirits. Over this a white tablecloth is spread. The choice round loaves of white bread are placed one on the top of the other, and a candle is stuck into the upper loaf. A "topka" of salt and a bottle of honey, are placed at its side; the wreath symbolizes the sun, while the bread, salt and honey represent the earthly substance of the man.

All is ready now. The Holy Supper, however, cannot begin until the appearance of the first star. For that reason we have the children at the windows craning their necks and straining their eyes for the sight of the first star. At last!... The first star appears. The children raise a joyful din. All take their places at the table.

A Family Festival

The Christmas Eve supper is a family festival. On that day all the members of the family who have been away from home come to rejoin the family circle. The sons who have been away in schools, those who serve their term in the army, as well as those who were away to eke out the family's livelihood, all are home tonight for the "Holy Supper." Those members of the family who have died since last Christmas, have a place at the table reserved for them, so that their souls may come back and be with the family. The servants sit down to the supper with their masters, too, for there is no social difference before the Great Master who was born on this night.

All lights are doused except the candlelight in the center of the table. The entire family stands around the table, their faces lit by the flickering candlelight, awaiting for the father to begin. A solemn hush comes down upon them all... Involuntarily, thoughts go back to the dear departed ones, or to the brother who is far from home, in America, or Argentine, striving to eke out a better livelihood than is possible at home. In a low tone the father leads the others in a brief prayer, usually "Our Lord's Prayer." When that is done, all remain standing. Taking up a platter bearing honeyed bits of leavened bread blessed in church, or "kutya," the father turns to his wife and wishes her the best of everything. Both partake of the bit of the "prosfora" or the "kutya." Then he repeats the process with the others, beginning with his eldest son down to the youngest child.

All sit down to supper. Dish follows dish. The father takes a spoonful of "kutya" and throws it against the ceiling, striving to have as great a number of grains as possible adhere to it. If he succeeds, it is said that his cows will bear many calves, his oxen will fatten, his apiaries yield many new swarms of bees. If he fails in making the grains stick to the ceiling, his oldest son tries his luck, and so on until someone succeeds and the family are assured that the season to come will be full of bliss and happiness for them.

The members of the family try their best to do justice to the food, not for the sake of indulgence, but that they may not be hungry all the year around. No drinking takes place. Only in very rare cases a glass of "horivka" would be emptied by each member during the entire supper.

A Happy Scene

The clean attires, the snow-white table cloth, the cleanliness of the house, the straw on the ground, the happy cheerful faces, fill the atmosphere with never-to-be-forgotten happiness. The father and mother through misty eyes gaze proudly upon their brood, some already big and grown up, others in their teens. As they sit there, eating and gazing into the flickering light of the candle, perhaps their thoughts go back through the mists of time to a similar scene, many, many years ago, when they were the brood, seated around the table with their parents.

Outside, the moon shines softly on the glittering snow, while stars twinkle merrily in the blue dome of the sky. A soft, breathless stillness pervades the village. It is too early for the carolers to be going around.

When the supper has come to an end, the children receive gifts of nuts and apples, and jump with glee into the straw on the ground. They cackle like hens so that the hens may bear many eggs. They play many games, most of which have a meaning all their own, designed to bring luck and bountiful crops to the family. The girls who are old enough to think of marriage, collect the spoons and carry them outside. Rattling them they listen from which direction the dogs will bark in response: this is the side from which they expect the matchmakers ("starosti") to come. And having brought the report the girls stick the spoons behind the girdle of the "dyid"—old man.

"Kolyadi"

Meanwhile the family is singing the "kolyadas," Ukrainian carols, many of which, though Christian in their outward form, date from pre-Christian times, and incorporate more than a thousands years of the spiritual experience of the Ukrainian race.

In the lulls between the singing, voices are heard from the distance, coming closer and closer. These are the carollers, wending their way slowly from home to home and announcing their arrival with the merry tinkling of a bell.

Soon the bell tinkles under the window of our home. Faces appear in the windows. The snow squeaks under their feet. The "bereza" (leader) asks permission to sing. A candle is placed in the window as a sign of invitation, and the carollers move forward closer. Their lips open, and there is heard the strains of "Boh Predvichney Narodyvsia" (God the Eternal hath been born). And this is followed by others. Small gifts are passed to the singers, a few coins, foods, etc. Occasionally an especially well-singing group is invited into the house and feted. Carol-singing then goes on in the house. And so the celebration of Christmas Eve goes far into the night. In some villages special church services are held at midnight; in others early on Christmas day, before the sun has even risen.

Churches are packed with holiday crowds.

(Concluded on page 4)

Christmas and New Year's Carols of Ukraine

The beauty of Ukrainian Christmas and New Year's carols finds expression not only in their simple folk melodies but also in their choral arrangements, the work of many leading composers, including those in this country, such as Alexander Koshetz, Michael Hayvoronsky, Antin Rudnitsky, Roman Prydatkevich, and Paul Pecheniha-Ouglitsky. Quite a number of these arrangements are familiar to the many young Ukrainian Americans who sing in Ukrainian choirs and choruses. To enable them to better understand some of the carols they sing, we publish below the English translations of some of those that were sung twenty years ago by the world-famous Ukrainian National Chorus under Prof. Alexander Koshetz. The translations were especially made for the American tour of the chorus by "M. Z. M. R. A.," excepting the last one "Let the World Rejoice," which was done by Max T. Krone, for Witmark's "Songs of Ukraine" arranged for chorus by Alexander Koshetz (which can be obtained also at the Svoboda Bookstore).

Early Morning

(Arranged by Stupnitsky)

Very early in the morning the cocks crowed,

Refrain

God, may this night be holy.
But even earlier Basil arose and bent his bow.
He bent his bow, and awoke his brothers:
"Rise, dear brothers, and saddle your steeds
Let us ride forth to the fields, through old
pathways.
I have seen a marten of a tree and a young
girl in her mansion.
The young girl, Hashetchka (Agatha) is left
with her hands,
She embroidered a mounted Turk on the sleeves
of a shirt,
Bluish-black pigeons on the collar,
Birds of Paradise on the vest."

The Wallachians Sang In The Forest

(Arranged by Koshetz)

In the forest the Wallachians are singing,
They are building a new church,
A large church with three bright cupolas
And with windows three.
Through the first the sun will shine,
Through the second the full moon,
And through the third an eagle flew
And sat down upon the altar.
From this altar sprung the Danube.
On the shores of the Danube Marussia ran a
ferryboat,
Three Wallachians came her way, three young
men.
"We can tell you curious things," they said,
"Our Danube freezes on St. Peter's day (mid-
summer).
And if you don't believe me, then come and see
yourself.
I cracked the ice in order that my horse might
drink."

The Church Was Built In Kootzivka

(Arranged by Stetsenko)

The church was built in Kootzivka,

Refrain—

Rejoice, O earth,
It is for thee that the son of God
Hath been born this day!
The church was built with three cupolas,
With three cupolas, with three windows,
With three windows, with three doors,
Through the first, the sun entered,
Through the second, the moon,
Through the third, an Angel.

"SVIATYI VECHIR"

(Concluded from page 3)

When Ukraine Shall Be Free

Slowly the candles dwindle in size. One by one, despite the singing, the younger children fall asleep on benches or the straw covered floor. They are tenderly picked up and placed gently by their parents in bed. The older folks sit far into the night, and by the flickering candlelight talk in low voices of the past, of their departed ones, recalling happenings of many years ago. They speak of the future too, of those glorious days to come when their native country Ukraine shall be free, and independent of foreign rule and oppression.

One by one they retire to bed. Finally all are asleep. All but the spirits of the dear departed ones, who, it is said, come down and feast at the table. For them the candle is left burning.

Suites of Christmas and New Year Songs

(Arranged by Lysenko)

I

Shchedryk, vedrik give us a tart,
Some porridge and meat,
And some bacon, if this is not sufficient,
My mantle is scanty, my legs are chilly

II

Three angels sang as they soared to Heaven:
"Is the poor widow at home?"
She is gone unto merciful God.
May His Name be glorified

III

The sapwood grows near the mill.
Refrain (after each line)—
O my sapwood, why hath the river sub-
merged thee?

Three saints have blessed the water
They threw the cross therein
Young Mary came to fetch water.

IV

There is a courtyard with iron fencing.
Refrain (after each line)
Oh! my vine! My beautiful green garden.
The portals are of stone, with golden folding
doors.
The portals are of stone, the tables of precious
woods.
Is Sir Nicholas at home?
Nay, he hath gone to Tsarhorod (Constantinople).

V

Christ sitteth at the supper.
Holy night, full of plenty.
The Mother of God hath come to him.
Give, O my Son, the golden keys
That I may open the gates of Paradise and Hell.
Holy night, full of plenty.

VI

The eagle alighted on the roof of the stable,
Sir Basil loadeth his gun.
He loadeth his gun and taketh aim at the eagle.
May this night prove happy for all well-meaning
folk.

VII

Glory to the Father, the Son, and the Holy
Ghost,
The Man of God is born of a Virgin this day.
The earth giveth shelter unto the inaccessible
God.
The angels foregather the shepherds and sing
his praises.
The Kings follow the Star.
And Child Jesus is born for our salvation,
And the God who existeth unto all Eternity
hath become flesh.

In A Courtyard

(Arranged by Stetsenko)

In a courtyard
The tapers are burning,
They are frying a sturgeon
To celebrate a birth.
The Holy Virgin Mary
Hath borne the Child Jesus.
Three angels descended from Heaven
To choose the name of the Child.
"Let us call him Jesus Christ."
Oh, Jesus, Son of Lord,
Have mercy upon us!

Shchedryk

(Arranged by Leontovich)

(Shchedryk is sung under the windows on New Year's Eve, mostly by choirs composed entirely of children. The soloist is generally a little boy; he begins in a shrill voice, as if to give the right pitch, after which the Choir joins in.)

Shchedryk, Shchedryk,
Shchedrivochka,
A little swallow
Sat on the roof of a house;
She began to chirp,
And she called for the master.
"Come forth, my Lord, come forth!
Look into the stable,
The ewes have given birth to lambs,
Thy kine is very beautiful.
Thou wilt get much money,
But money is nothing.
Thou possesseth a pretty wife,
With dusky eyebrows."
Shchedryk, Shchedryk,
Shchedrivochka,
A little swallow has arrived.

The Falcon Flew

(Arranged by Stupnitsky)

A falcon flew to the window.

Refrain—

Happy night,
Full of plenty,
Bring health
To all good folk.
He peers into the chamber,
The floor is yet ungarished.
Oolianochka (Julia) is still unkempt.
She is cross with her mother,
Her new smock is too short,
And her new shoes not to her liking.

Cuckoo, Grey Cuckoo

(Arranged by Stetsenko)

Oh, cuckoo, grey cuckoo.

Refrain—

Happy night, full of plenty,
Bring health to all good folk!
He soared o'er all the gardens,
To one alone he did not fly.
In this garden were three high mansions.
In the first shone the beautiful sun,
In the second, the brilliant moon,
In the third, the little stars.
The brilliant moon is the Lord of the house,
The beautiful sun is his wife
The little stars, his children.

(In Ukrainian the word "moon" is of the masculine gender and "sun" is neuter, though poetic license gives it a feminine gender at times, as in the above song).

In The Jordan

(Arranged by Stetsenko)

The water of the Jordan flowed calmly
When the Virgin Mother bathed the Child.
After the bath, she swathed him in fine silk;
Having swaddled him warmly, she laid him into
his crib.
The grey oxen, who were near the crib,
Warmed the Holy Baby with their breathing
Till he was taken forth from the crib
To be placed on the altar.
Three angels soared over him!

Behind The Mountain

(Arranged by Leontovich)

Behind the rocky mountain,

Refrain—

Happy night, night of plenty!
Si Woldemar saddles his horse,
He saddles his horse and ascends the moun-
tain.
He ascends the mountain and attacks the
Tsars.
He is offered a platter of silver,
But he deigns not even to look on the monies.
He bares not his head, nor maketh obeisance.
He is offered a platter of golden monies,
Again he does not regard the bounty,
He bares not his head nor maketh obeisance.
A young princess is brought before him,
He carefully considers the gift.
He sweeps off his cap and bows low.

Let The World Rejoice

(Arranged by Koshetz)

Let the world rejoice,
For the Virgin sweet hath born a Son.
Hallelujah!

There in Bethlehem early in the morning
Shepherds came to greet the Christ.
Hallelujah!

By a heavenly star, three kings were led there
to Him,
A heavenly star led them to the Christ Child.
Gifts they brought Him frank-in-cense and
myrrh and gold,
Taking in return only the faint sweet smile
of the Christ Child.

Let us to the manger haste to worship Him,
Giving him our love, bringing our gifts
Like the kings of old to the feet of the Christ
Child.



Publicize The Ukrainian War Effort

ONE of the many questions that will probably be presented for the consideration of the peace conferences that will follow the victorious conclusion of the war is the question concerning Ukrainian independence. The Allies have promised to free all enslaved nations and, although nothing either pro or con has been said about Ukraine's claim to freedom, it is quite possible that the matter will be brought up for discussion. Much is being said and done in favor of independence for France, Belgium, Poland, Holland, and other enslaved nations. Ukrainians everywhere, of course, want important men and women all over the world to give serious thought to the Ukrainian question; they need the sympathy and help of these important people, and they realize that the Ukrainian question must become a subject of current interest if it is to receive all the consideration it deserves at the peace conferences.

The best method of bringing the Ukrainian question to the attention of the general public is through newspaper publicity and letters to influential people and governmental bodies. The Ukrainian American contribution to the war effort (the purchase of War Bonds and War Stamps, donations to the American Red Cross and the U.S.O. are some examples) should be emphasized; the Ukrainians are contributing to the war effort wholeheartedly for two reasons, first, that America may retain its freedom and, second, that as an indirect result of the inevitable Allied victory Ukraine may be one of the enslaved nations to be freed.

It is not generally known that a considerable part of the resistance against the Nazis in Russia is due to Ukrainian cooperation with the Russians both at the front and behind the German lines. This fact is of great importance and should be extensively publicized as it may have much bearing on the question involving Ukrainian independence. Some of the heroes of the war in Soviet Russia are Ukrainians. It should be stressed that the Ukrainians have excellent reason for disliking the invaders; the Germans caused much suffering in Ukraine during the last war and are trying to do the same

again this time. The Ukrainians resisted the Germans in the first World War and are helping to reduce their numbers now.

Millions of people read newspapers. Whether they be big city dailies or small town weeklies letters pertaining to the Ukrainian cause should be sent to them for publication. News items on Ukrainian American activity in behalf of the war effort should be submitted each time there is such news to report. Anything and everything that Ukrainians and Ukrainian Americans do should be publicized. The idea is to keep the Ukrainian name before the general public.

"Ukrainians buy War Bonds." "Ukrainians hold dance; proceeds go to Red Cross." "Ukrainian church unveils plaque bearing hundreds of names of boys in the armed Forces." "Ukrainian club gives large sum to U.S.O." "Hero who lost his life in Solomons is son of local Ukrainian farmer." "Ukrainian group sponsors dance for soldiers." "Ukrainian War Bond Committee reports \$100,000 solicited." Such are some of the headlines and titles of news items that can be submitted to newspapers by those of us who can spare the time to write. The Ukrainian claim to independence could be publicized via the "letters to the editor" sections of the papers.

America comes first, of course. Everything that is being done by Ukrainians and their offspring to the war effort is based on the thought, "America first." But it must be remembered that one of the purposes of America and her Allies is to free enslaved nations. Since this, naturally, includes Ukraine, it is neither un-American or selfish to hope that the country of our parents is liberated after the war is won, not only for the sake of our parents, but also for the sake of the long-suffering population of the battlefield that is Ukraine. If through our efforts to publicize the Ukrainian question we play a small part in the liberation of Ukraine, we can rest easily knowing that we have helped the Allies free an enslaved nation that most certainly is worthy and deserving of that freedom.

THEODORE LUTWINIAK

THE UNITED NATIONS

IX. GUATEMALA

SOMEWHERE in Guatemala a businesslike airfield is tended by men whose ancestors worshipped in the temples of the Mayas. Out from the hangars roll trim United States planes assigned to the bomber patrol guarding Pacific and Caribbean approaches to Panama. This airbase is a solid symbol of Guatemala's share in the war against Axis barbarism.

Ride with the United States Army pilot as his plane soars over Guatemala. From volcano to jungle, the land unrolls beneath him—45,450 square miles. Down below, in the towns and villages, live the people of this Central American republic, 3 million of them—more than in any other land on Central America.

Guatemala is mostly mountain country. To the southwest lie the 28 volcanoes of the Sierra Madre, whose lava has streamed through the history of this sunswept land. To the north is the plain of Petén, a lush jungle of brilliant birds, screaming monkeys, rare hardwoods, and the sopota tree whose trunks runs with chicle for chewing gum. Beneath this tangled jungle the ancient ruins of the Maya Empire, hardly visible from the air, crumble into dust. Fourteen hundred years ago, men lived here who plotted the courses of the stars

and charted a calendar as scientific as our own of 1942.

Of Guatemala's 3 million, a large proportion have Indian blood, pure or mixed with Spanish. Many Indians speak dialects that have come down straight from Maya forebears, though Spanish is the official language.

The Indian lives away from the cities. His home is a thatched hut in a little village. On his tiny farm, he raises beans and corn, comes home to eat tortillas—cornmeal pancakes. His wife makes the colorful textiles and blankets for which Guatemala is famous. Her work is all by hand. Most Indians labor on the *fincas*, the estates belonging to wealthier Guatemalans or to foreigners. "Liberty," says Guatemalan law, "lies in the choice of the class of work which one prefers to do."

At least once each week, the central plaza of every Guatemalan town explodes into vivid color. Market day is the high spot of Indian life. Traders walk as much as 40 miles from their villages with blankets, cloths, pottery, dyestuffs, spices, vegetables, fruit. Booths go up under the palm leaves and in the arcades of the town hall. The sound of voices glorying in a hard-driven bargain rises high in the warm air—already heavy with the smell of tortillas frying, beans simmering, meat stewing with spices and sauces, and coffee roasting. Nearby,

Butcher Chops Axis; Sister Chops Meat

Under the headline, "Butcher Brother Chops Axis; Sister Chops Meat in Store," The Jersey Journal of Jersey City, N. J., in its December 15th edition, reported that when Pvt. Peter Sysak was inducted into the Army, his father Andrew, owner of the butcher shop and grocery at 58 Sussex Street, was faced with an employment problem. Peter had been the butcher during the thirteen years that his father had owned the 78-year-old business. When Peter was gone the older Sysak could not find another butcher.

Anne Sysak, 21-year-old daughter of the butcher-seeker, volunteered for the job and so solved her father's prob-

lem. Anne is described in The Jersey Journal as "an attractive, dark-haired miss with an infectious smile." Garbed in her brother's white coat and apron, which Peter relinquished in favor of an Army uniform, she has been chopping and cutting meat in the store for several months. According to customers, and particularly the male workers of large factories in the vicinity who go to Sysak's for lunch, Anne is a very good butcher.

Peter, who is a member of Branch 287 of the Ukrainian National Association, a Jersey City youth branch, was inducted into the Army on May 12th. After a brief stay at Fort Dix he was transferred to Camp Blanding in Florida, and later was transferred to Camp Edwards in Massachusetts. On furlough recently he was seen in the store helping his sister in the butcher department during the lunch hours when the store is so crowded that the customers form a line in order to get cold cuts for sandwiches. "First come first served" is the butcher's motto in Sysak's store.

"Anne takes her job seriously and with a spirit that is truly American," reads the Journal item, which concludes with Anne's own statement: "Someone has to be the butcher, and I should be able to do all right. I've been around the store since I was eight, and have helped out when there was a rush. My brother taught me the business and, with the present shortage of beef and pork, a butcher's life is not a busy one." T. L.



BROTHER PETER IN ARMY



Courtesy, "Jersey Journal"
SISTER ANNE AT WORK

in the church, the devout whisper their prayers.

But not all of Guatemala is age-old Indian tradition. Under vigorous President Jorge Ubico, 4,000 miles of good new highways have been built to connect the cities.

One of Guatemala's heroes is Justo Rufino Barrios, the Republic's President from 1873 to 1885, who wrote:

"One of the most precious liberties of man is that of adoring God according to the dictates of his own conscience, and... liberty of conscience, in order to be real, carries with it the right to worship the Creator according to the belief of each individual... and this right, won by humanity after centuries of fighting, has been recognized and sanctioned by all the civilized nations of the world... Liberty of conscience is inviolable in the territory of Guatemala."

As a principle, this statement stresses one of the great issues of our war against the Axis.

Guatemala's army is the largest in Central America. Her greatest con-

tributions to the war effort of the United Nations are twofold:

1. Her cooperation with the United States in maintaining air bases for American patrol planes.

2. Her natural resources.

Guatemala produces a hundred million pounds of coffee each year, two-thirds of which goes to the United States, making up 70 percent of the country's total exports. Guatemala also produces more than 8 million stems of bananas each year, nearly 3 million pounds of chicle for American gum-chewers, sugar and coconuts and dyestuffs and castor oil for airplane engines. In her jungle grows the *Castilla elastica*, the wild-rubber tree, which may some day become a source of rubber for wheeled warfare.

Willis: "How do you like Army life? Quite a number of new turns for a fellow to get used to, I suppose?"

Gillis: "You bet. At night you turn in, and just as you're about to turn over, somebody turns up and says, 'Turn out!'"

World War I Humor

Although much of it may not seem very funny now, here are a few examples of the brand of humor popular during the last war:—

Many a fellow is sorry his love letters weren't censored.
—Columbus Citizen

Customer: I should like a porter-house steak with mushrooms and some delicately browned toast with plenty of butter.

Waitress: Excuse me, sir, are you trying to order or just reminiscing.
—London Opinion

"I am afraid this high cost of living is going to introduce another innovation in the average kitchen."
"What is that?"
"The foodless cooker."
—Baltimore American

We can say one thing about the Germans: They made us believe things we didn't believe we could believe.
—Washington Star

Two English workmen were discussing the war.

"It'll be an awful long job, Sam," said one.

"It will," replied the other.

"You see, the Germans are taking thousands and thousands of Russian prisoners and the Russians are taking thousands and thousands of German prisoners. If it keeps on, all the Russians will be in Germany and all the Germans will be in Russia. And then they'll start all over again, fightin' to get back to their 'omes!"
—Tid-Bits

A tall, thin lieutenant asked his colonel to make the platoon stop calling him "Legs."

"Glad to," said the Colonel, "if you'll get the whole regiment to stop calling me 'Baldy.'"
—Youth's Companion

Outside the mess hall, a private approached an officer and saluted.

"Sir, I have a complaint to make. Just taste this." The officer did and said, "Why, what's the matter with that? I think that's fine soup."

"Yeh, that's what I told the mess sergeant. He said it was coffee!"
—Punch

One Cow: "It's going to be a tough summer, isn't it?"

Two Cow: "Yup, won't be many farmhands to kick."
—Sun

Housewife: "What makes you think she's a spy?"

Ditto: "She's staying too long to be an ordinary cook."

Child riding in car with mother: "Mummy aren't we exceeding the speed ration?"
—Punch

Recruit: "Do I have to hold my head like this all the time?"

Officer: "Of course!"

Recruit: "Well, I guess I'll never see you again."
—N. Y. Journal

On guard duty for the first time, a Negro rookie heard stealthy footsteps about 4 A.M. "Halt, who goes thar?" he cried. "Officer of the Day," came the reply. "Halt who goes thar?" again shouted the rookie. And the O. D. angrily replied, "Don't you know who the Officer of the Day is?" "All ah know is ah sez 'halt' three times and den ah shoots, an' brother, ah's gittin' ready to shoot!"



CAROLING IN 19th CENTURY UKRAINE, from the painting by Kost Trutowsky (1826-93)

Christmas Day

By TARAS SHEVCHENKO

(Written in exile at Kös-Aral near the Aral Sea, Asia, in 1848, to his friend K. M. Lazarevsky)

When you're not going home at night
From one place or another,
And sleep has gone from you in
—flight—

Remember me, dear brother!
And when your lonesomeness and
grief
Won't leave you for a price,
Why, then, just think of me my
friend

And call me for advice,
It's then that you should think of
how

Beside a distant sea,
Your friend of friends, so happy
once,

Fights with his destiny:
How he, with just his hidden
thoughts

And with his humble heart,
Walks aimlessly and prays to God
To lighten, some, his lot;
Whose thoughts drift often to
Ukraine,

Who thinks of you, my friend,
And sometimes worries for a while—
Not much—you understand.

You see, it's but a day away
When Christmas will be hail'd—
How hard it is to meet this day
When you're alone and jailed
In the desert.

Bright and early
Tomorrow, in Ukraine,
The bells will ring and people'll sing
To God a sweet refrain.

And tomorrow, bright and early,
Somewhere along the plain,
A hungry beast will introduce
A chilling hurricane:

To bring and blow the sand and snow
Around my hut of clay.
That is the way that I shall meet
The Holy Christmas Day!

So what is there to do? Life's here
In which we all must grope
And struggle to the end. My friend,
If you should ever mope,
Just know what's written on this
sheet:

That on this earthly isle
The only life that's hard to meet
Is desert-bound exile...
And man, though poorly, lives there,
too.

What else is there to do?
Unless to die—but hope, good man,
Refuses to comply!

Transl. by Waldimir Semenyina

"My wife is making shirts for
soldiers."
"You're lucky. Mine is making
them for me!"

—Life

JERSEY CITY U.N.A. CLUB PLANS CELEBRATION

The Lesia Ukrainka Society, Branch 171 of the Ukrainian National Association, a Jersey City club for girls, plans to sponsor its annual Ukrainian New Year's Eve party as usual. The celebration will take place at the Ukrainian Center, 181 Fleet St., Jersey City, Wednesday evening, January 13th, 1943. There will be refreshments and music, and tickets are being sold for 35 cents each.

Judging from the previous affairs sponsored by Branch 171, which were well-attended and very successful, there is reason to believe that the event scheduled for January 13th will prove to be another worthy achievement of the Jersey City U.N.A. girls. The indications point to a large attendance and the girls are busy preparing for the big night.

T. L.

PHILLY LOSES SECOND

The Philadelphia U.N.A. Youth Club's basketball team was handed its second loss of the season on December 18 when they also dropped their most decisive setback of the current campaign to the local Harrowgate A. C., 39-24.

Walter Olesh, one of the finest players on the squad, has left to battle for Uncle Sam, at least for the duration. Scheduled to be inducted next month is Roland Slobogin. This will leave the Philadelphia squad with but 3 of last year's outfit blended together with a team of "green" youngsters.

Because of the holidays, the Philly team will not resume action again until January 11.

Harrowgate 12 7 8 12-39
Philadelphia 3 4 9 8-24

D. S.

"SONGS OF UKRAINE"

arranged by

PROF. ALEXANDER KOSETZ

FOR CHORUS

ENGLISH WORDS

Your chorus probably sings these songs in the Ukrainian language. Learn them with English words as well, and then sing them both ways before your American audiences. Or introduce these songs to your school glee club or community chorus.

* When ordering these songs read the notations after each title which tell whether the song is arranged for mixed, male or female chorus, and be sure to specify which arrangement you want. No C.O.D. orders. Payment must accompany order. Order from: Svoboda Bookstore, 83 Grand Street, Jersey City, N. J.

- | | | |
|--|---|-------|
| satb = soprano, alto, tenor, bass | More Lovely Than the Falcon, ssa | .15c. |
| ttbb = tenors and basses | The Ploughing Farmers, satb | .12c. |
| ssa = sopranos and altos | The Quarrel, satb | .20c. |
| Dark-Eyed Katherine, ttbb | Ukrainian Cradle Song, ssa | .16c. |
| Dark-Katherine, satb | Ukrainian Cradle Song, satb | .16c. |
| A Cry in the Night, satb | The Cossacks' March, satb | .12c. |
| Cossack Romance, satb | Out of the Darkness (Ukrainian Church Melody), satb | .15c. |
| The Cossack, satb | On New Year's Day (Carol), satb | .15c. |
| Be Merry and Sing, satb | O, Give Thanks Unto God (Church Melody), satb | .12c. |
| Be Merry and Sing, ttbb | Praise the Lord (Ukrainian Church Melody), satb | .12c. |
| The Chicken Lady, satb | Let the World Rejoice (Christmas Carol), satb | .15c. |
| The Ghoomak, ttbb | Gypsy Drums, ssa | .15c. |
| Daluba, ttbb | | |
| A Violin Is Singing in the Street, ttbb | | |
| A Violin Is Singing in the Street, satb | | |
| The Wondrous News (a Carol), ssa | | |
| Griddle Cakes (Hrechanyky) | | |
| Hear, Ye People (Carpathian Christmas Carol), satb | | |
| The Lazy Milk Maid, ssa | | |
| Legend (Canticle), satb | | |
| Lullaby, satb | | |
| Marusia, satb | | |
| Mohyla, satb | | |

THE PASSION TRILOGY:

- | | |
|---|-------|
| satb - Trial Before Pilate | .15c. |
| satb - Crucifixion | .12c. |
| satb - Resurrection | .15c. |
| Old Folks at Home (Swanee River), Stephen Foster, arranged by A. Kosetz, satb | .15c. |
| Oh Susanna, Stephen Foster, arranged by Kosetz | .15c. |