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"He Hath Risen!"

FOR those of our readers who are in the armed forces of our embattled country and who will be unable to be home for Easter tomorrow, we present below a word-picture of one of the most beautiful features of the Ukrainian church celebration of that holiday, the so-called Resurrection Service on Easter Morn. Perhaps its recollection may inspire them to greater efforts to bring nearer that day when the forces of hate and brutality are beaten down, and Christ's teachings become resurrected throughout the world.

... The sun has just risen, the dew-laden air is still cool from the chill of the night, as throngs of worshippers hurrying from all directions begin filling the Ukrainian church. Soon it is packed to its very rafters. Late comers have to stand and kneel outside the doorways. Inside the church a hushed stillness prevails, slightly agitated by nodding heads bent in prayer and the flickering flames of candles.

With the sharp knocks of the wooden clapper—for no bells are yet rung, as He is still in His tomb—the Resurrection Service begins, opening in a minor key.

Soon there is a flurry of movement around the altar. The "Bozhiy Hrib"—representing Christ's Tomb, which has been there since Good Friday for the faithful to visit and pray at—is now swiftly removed. An air of breathless expectancy arises, as the priest approaches the most inspiring part of the service.

Finally it comes, like a sudden beam of light. "Khristos Voskres!" (Christ Hath Risen!) the priest exclaims. "Vo Istynu Voskres!" is the fervent response from the congregation. And then the whole church resounds with that

(Concluded on page 4)



LUBKA KOLESSA

Those who had the very good fortune of attending Lubka Kolessa's New York debut at the Town Hall last Sunday, had the pleasure of not only hearing a truly great artist but also of seeing an unusual personality—attractive, gracious, very much of a cosmopolite, yet withal charmingly Ukrainian in appearance and manner.

The combination of a great artist and unusual personality proved irresistible to all who attended the recital. They took her to their hearts and there she will remain, we are sure, as long as memory lasts. And as for her music, it was of such magic quality and poignant charm that it seemed to wash away from the soul all the dust of everyday life, to carry one away to new, strange worlds of hidden mystic beauty and emotion. Even those persons in the audience for whom this was the first piano recital, and who had come simply because Lubka Kolessa "is ours, Ukrainian," left the concert hall profoundly affected by the power and the beauty of her playing.

Yes, indeed, Lubka Kolessa is a great pianist, and if material factors do not interfere and impede her progress in this country, we are certain she will leave behind her someday a name that will rank forever with the immortals of music.

This is not only our layman's opinion, but also that of others far more qualified to judge in such matters. Even the blase music critics of New York were deeply impressed. The very length of their comments after the recital testifies to that. Never since the triumph of Koshetz's Ukrainian National Choir over twenty years ago, has any artist of Ukrainian nationality received anywhere near the amount of space in the New York press as did Kolessa last Monday. That in itself attests to the stature of Kolessa as an artist.

What is more, all the critics had high praise for her. The New York Times critic found her to be "a decidedly gifted performer," and her playing "brilliant." The Herald Tribune man, generally known as unusually severe, also found Kolessa "greatly gifted," and with enough temperament "to supply six pianists." The Sun critic, calling her "a pianist of power and temperament . . . never dull," and praising her playing for its "brilliance and incisiveness," closed his comment with the observation that "her success was such that it may be assumed she will be heard here again."

One general criticism they made of her, if it may be called such, was that concerning her interpretation of the selections she played. Well, if we recall correctly that "criticism" has been made of every artist worth his salt. We have yet to see one who became such by keeping his nose to the grindstone of convention and tradition. Usually it has been the other way around. The case of the world-famous Archipenko is a good example. Today this Ukrainian is acknowledged as one of the world's leading artists. Yet he too has been strongly criticized for his method of expression. This should be borne in mind when considering some of the critics' comments about the Kolessa concert. She interpreted the music in her own inimitable way. That is her privilege as an artist. Also, it is only fair for us to note here that unusual and very trying circumstances surrounded Miss Kolessa's arrival here at practically the last possible moment.

Essentially, however, it really matters not what we or others say about Kolessa. She was great when she came here—to which her great European triumphs before the war more than attest. And we are certain that before she leaves this continent—which we hope she does not—she will be an even greater success.

The War and the Foreign-Language Press

(Concluded)

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As already reported in a previous issue of this weekly, a feature and timely article under the above heading appeared in the current Spring number of the *Common Ground* quarterly, published by the Common Council for American Unity (formerly Foreign Language Information Service), in New York City. Its writer is Yaroslav J. Chyz, former Ukrainian American editor, and now manager of the Foreign-Language Press Department of the Common Council. Below is our concluding instalment of the article.—Editor.

Polish and Yugoslav Editors Lucky

THE editors of the Polish and Yugoslav-language press in American have gained the lucky position of being able to bring some controversial questions into the open. The numerical strength of the Polish Americans and Hitler's cruelty against their European brethren put them beyond suspicion of "Hitlerism," while the heroic stand of Draja Mikhailovitch and other Yugoslav partisans has done the same for many of their American kinsmen. Because of this, the question of the postwar Polish-Soviet border is openly discussed and the editors speak their minds freely, without restraint. The same is true in regard to the Serbo-Croat controversy and the matter of General Draja Mikhailovitch himself. In fact both these problems—the Polish and Yugoslav—have helped greatly to bring into the open some of Europe's most burning post-war problems. They have provoked excellent articles in the English-language press, such as Louis Adamic's explanation of the Mikhailovitch puzzle in the *Saturday Evening Post*, and Blair Bolles' article on "The Stew in the Melting Pot" in the January issue of *Harper's*. Provincial as Bolles' article is, it is apt to start serious discussion, both in the foreign-language and the English press, and may help bring out and clear up many of the controversial issues of the war.

In fact, it might be a great help to ultimate American unity and the clarification of postwar aims if the English press would pay closer attention to the foreign-language press and get more seriously interested in matters and issues discussed there, which are not so much "stew in the melting pot" as warning rumblings of serious explosions of much concern to America. It would help both ways: the foreign-language press would see situations in the mirror of the English press in more objective perspective. And the English language writers would learn that Americans of Polish, Croatian, Serbian, Slovak, Czech, Hungarian, and other descents are interested in European issues not so much because Hodza, Matuszewski, Eckhardt, Subotich, or others "stir them up," but often because they see better the possible dangers in the Europeans situation. They want things after this war settled so their youngsters will not have to go abroad again to correct with blood mistakes and blunders born out of ignorance or lack of proper understanding.

Lithuanians Not So Lucky

The Lithuanian, the Estonian, and the Latvian American editor is not as lucky as the Polish and Yugoslav. In some Victory parades their people have not been allowed to carry the flags of their native countries because that might offend the Soviet Union. They have been told to "lay low" and keep quiet about their fears that the countries of their origin will be returned to the Russian domination from which they freed themselves after a century-long struggle in 1918-19. They get news about the sufferings of tens of thousands of their kinsmen deported by Soviet Russia to Siberia, and also about the present killings, deportations, and depredations of the Hitlerites. They want Hitler out, but they do not

think that occupation by Stalin will be much of a change to their people in Europe. But to say so in their papers, to advocate a policy which would offend our Russian ally, is not easy. It may even be dangerous.

Very few Hungarian Americans and still fewer of their editors are satisfied with what happened to Hungary after World War I. Yet to emphasize this dissatisfaction now means to work against unity; to forget it means to cross out the stand they have been defending for two decades. There is the burning issue of Palestine and its future, which always was of utmost importance to the Yiddish, Hebrew and English-Jewish press. Macedonians and Bulgarians have their unsettled problems which have occupied many a column of their newspapers. Syrian independence belongs in the same category and also such questions as the remnants of feudalism in Poland, Hungary, and Roumania, which often have been subjects of comment in the American press of various languages. And there is the Czech and Slovak difficulty, which shows itself in their press; the remnants of the Mexican and South American mistrust toward the "giant of the North," in the Spanish-language press. Many an editor must avoid some of these issues, must tone them down, or satisfy himself with platitudes, although he knows well that the problem is a possible danger spot or breeding place of some future war and a potential threat to American lives.

The Italian Tragedy

And there is the Italian tragedy. The American public is hardly aware of the fact that it was the praise of the American press, the complimentary remarks of American tourists, the official stand of the American government that, after months and years of opposition and indecision, finally persuaded some Italian American editors and a great part of the Italian American population to approve Mussolini. "He would not fit in America, but Italy needs such a man," was the phrase. Now Mussolini is "in the doghouse," and the American public, press and government has forgotten the parades staged for Balbo during the Chicago Exposition and the rebuke to General Smedley Butler for his straight talk about Il Duce. But the Italian American editor and the man on the street who believed them and finally accepted Mussolini for a big man "since all Americans said so" were left holding the bag. And it is not an easy job for an Italian American editor who let himself be led astray to extricate himself from this situation. Of course there were sincere supporters of Mussolini from the very beginning, as well as straightforward opponents, but this does not make things easier.

Troubles of the Communist Editors

Then there are editors of some dozen or two communist publications in a score of languages. They are now strongly anti-Nazi, pro-American, and for an all-out war effort. The editors extol highly or attack sharply anything extolled or attacked by the Soviet press, and call "Nazi" and "fascist" defenders of Poland's prewar borders and supporters of Draja Mikhailovitch alike.

But despite their present American loyalty, the lot of the communist editors is not an easy one. They cannot come out with a statement that they prefer the American system to any other because that would imply the condemnation of the dictatorship of the proletariat in their spiritual fatherland, and they are often taunted about this by their opponents. Their adversaries quote their articles from the time of the

Stalin-Hitler alliance, and see in their present support of the American war effort only temporary expediency. The communists deny it and repay their opponents by interpreting any criticism of Soviet Russia as "support of Hitler" and as disrupting unity.

And, finally, there is still a smaller number of formerly fascist and now sulking newspapers. They are vociferous about the American Constitution and the rights of citizens and the press under it; they "patriotically" warn their readers and the country at large of the dangers of communism, atheism, and the second front; they often give lip service to the war effort and even to the cause of the United Nations in general. But cagey as they are, the editors now and then betray their true colors and then the FBI steps in. But they, as the communists, are a decided and insignificant, although stubborn, minority.

IV

This discussion may create the impression that the foreign-language press shows signs of disunity. But if we mean by unity only silence, if we mean a token gathering together of conflicting viewpoints into some paper organization that does not really resolve them, we fail utterly to deal with reality. Where honest differences exist, unity cannot be imposed from above; it will grow only through frank and open discussion of the matters at issue, not by ignoring them. The great majority of editors are clearly united on the vigorous prosecution of the war, realizing what an Axis victory would mean to all they stand for. Where they differ is in the realm of postwar settlement. It is necessary, of course, to distinguish between controversies in the press which are fanned by groups and individuals whose aim is to create disunity, and those that reflect already existing honest differences of opinion. Most of the controversies fall into the second category and are worth general American attention.

The Large Potentials of Foreign Press

There are large potentials in the foreign-language groups in the United States and in their press. They have thousands of friends among those who returned to the homeland from America. Before the war, they influenced their kinsmen across the seas, either directly, or through actions inspired by them here and abroad. Hundreds of village reading halls were built in Galicia, for example, upon the instigation and help of the Ukrainian Americans. Many new social and political ideas were sown by Slovak and Lithuanian Americans in their motherlands. The Czech-Slovak-Ruthenian Union was created and signed in Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania; the independence of Poland, Czechoslovakia, Lithuania was first proclaimed on October 2, 1918 in Philadelphia, and the foreign-language editors from New York, Trotsky and Bucharin, helped radically to change the destinies of one sixth of the globe.

Now again the ideas born or reared here in America many bridge the ocean and do good or evil. Under favorable conditions the American foreign-language publications could become instruments of propaganda of Americanism in many lands. Immediately after the war, except for those countries where the underground press now flourishes, the language press of America will be the only really free press in existence for many a nationality. Suppressed by Hitlerism, a native free press will take some time to re-establish itself. The opinions of American foreign-language editors will weigh heavily on public opinion in the countries of their origin. The

Women's Rally Held In Philly

A regional rally of the United Branches of the "Soyuz Ukrainok" of Philadelphia was held in that city Sunday, April 4, Mrs. Helen S. Streit reports. About fifty ladies representing eight branches of the society attended. The rally was presided over by Mrs. Julia Burak, with Mrs. Tatyana Kostyk and Mrs. Streit acting as secretaries. Mrs. Helen Stogryn and Mrs. Helen F. D. Lotosky introduced most of the topics of discussion. Among the latter were those touching upon Ukraine's struggle for freedom; the part "Soyuz Ukrainok" is playing in the War Bond and Red Cross drives; the problem of bringing Ukrainian refugee children to this country; the establishment of a fund for Ukraine's reconstruction after the war; and aid to the Ukrainian Museum in Stamford, Conn.

The rally adopted resolutions calling for an independent Ukrainian republic, greater Ukrainian American women's participation in the war effort, and support of the Ukraina Museum.

advertisements in that press will mean an important step in gaining markets from many corners of the liberated world. The ideas will carry important messages to people for years cut off from the free world and the free world.

These ideas in many cases will have explosive power. Which way they will explode is not yet clear. The editors in many of the groups now sit tight, try to say as little as possible, keep their opinions to themselves, and watch events. For various reasons they are unable or unwilling to speak or to say all they think. In many cases, as I have pointed out, they know their opinion would conflict with accepted policy or with war hysteria. They prefer to be viewed with suspicion or even attacked than to go against what they and their readers consider wrong. One of the editors said recently to an official trying to impress upon him the advisability of a change of policy over to one more friendly to one of our present allies: "After the war you will get a job with some private concern and you won't give a hoot about what you are doing today. I will remain with my people, and they will never forgive me if I today defend a course which would mean occupation of their country of origin by our ally of today."

Vital Need for United Nation Declaration

Many of these tensions and much of the silence would be relieved if the United Nations would come out flatly with a declaration that they will adhere to a policy of real democracy, of free election, and free decision of people where they want to belong. If the editors of the American foreign-language press could believe that the fate of the lands from which they and their readers came will not be decided by international intrigue and power politics but by the free will of their liberated peoples; if they could feel a real assurance that the United Nations are not committed to a preservation of empire or the perpetuation of the prewar political and social status quo; if they could present to their readers the blueprint of a world where peoples and nations will live freely next to each other and with each other as Pennsylvanians live with New Yorkers or as Nevadans with Californians, enjoying the same rights and responsibilities; if they could know that such a world is definitely and irrevocably the aim of the United States and the United Nations then an overwhelming majority of them would become the most ardent apostles of "the gospel of American democracy" throughout the world.

The End

PRESS COMMENTS ON KOLESSA'S NEW YORK DEBUT

I

"A Decidedly Gifted Performer"

LUBKA Kolessa, pianist, gave her first New York recital last night in Town Hall. Born in the Ukraine, Miss Kolessa received her musical training in Vienna, where she studied with Emil Sauer. When but 15 she toured the principal cities of Europe, and has appeared with leading orchestras abroad. She now lives in Ottawa.

The young artist had prepared a program containing the Vivaldi-Stradal Introduction, Largo and Fugue in D minor; Beethoven's sonata, Op. 2, No. 3; the sonata in B flat minor "Allegro de Concert," and six mazurkas by Chopin; two preludes by Wassy Barvinsky, contemporary Ukrainian composer and the Strauss-Schultz-Evler "Blue Danube."

Miss Kolessa proved herself a decidedly gifted performer with an in-born aptitude for the keyboard. She possessed more than the ordinary amount of temperament, an exuberant vitality and skilled fingers capable of encompassing the most formidable difficulties with effortlessness and accuracy. Her tone was pleasing, colorful and sensitive in softer work, and arrived at masculine power when stressed.

In spite of its many excellences, however, Miss Kolessa's playing, though brilliant and holding the interest, was too uncontrolled, wayward and capricious to reach the heights she should easily have scaled with her unusual equipment. The style of the Beethoven and the Chopin sonatas was fully grasped only in the finales of both compositions.

In the other movements of each the same sort of exaggerated fortissimi and constant rhythmic distortions were employed that characterized the reading of the Vivaldi offering and the infrequently presented "Allegro de Concert" of Chopin. Even the Beethoven offering was subjected to gigantic onslaughts of sound in its weightier measures, and under such impact the tone often grew glassy.

Treatment of Beethoven

Although her work was unpredictable from the interpretive angle, Miss Kolessa's performances at their best achieved real distinction. The last movement of the Beethoven sonata was knowingly set forth, with true insight into its musical content, exceptional command of the flying sixths and octaves, and fascinating treatment of staccato. As for the finale of the Chopin it was delivered with first-rate virtuosity, and tinted in masterly fashion. Here and in the Beethoven finale, where Miss Kolessa's playing was fully worthy of her fine endowment, she demonstrated clearly the extraordinary possibilities of her playing, if brought under greater restraint and self-criticism.

Noel Straus—THE NEW YORK TIMES.

II

Has "Temperament Enough to Supply Six Pianists"

A greatly gifted but erratic pianist is Lubka Kolessa, Ukrainian by birth, Viennese by training, who made her local debut in a recital in Town Hall last night. Her program began with a transcription—transcriber unnamed—of an Introduction, Largo and Fugue in D minor by Vivaldi, which, if I am not greatly mistaken, is the arrangement by Stradal of a work for organ formerly attributed to W. F. Bach. Beethoven's Op. 2, No. 3, in C major, Chopin's Allegro de Concert, Op. 46, Sonata in B-flat minor and Six Mazurkas from various opuses, two Preludes, previously unperformed here, by Barvinsky, and the Strauss-Schultz-Evler Arabesques

on themes from the "Blue Danube Waltz," completed the list of offerings.

Miss Kolessa proved to be one of the most unpredictable instrumentalists I have ever heard. She has an indubitable flair for her instrument and temperament enough to supply six pianists. Her technique is a comprehensive, highly schooled one, but although less undisciplined than her sense of style, it, too, stands in need of further control, more than one splash of wrong notes having occurred during the course of the evening.

It was immediately apparent in the Vivaldi Introduction, Largo and Fugue that Miss Kolessa has a touch of the grand manner in her playing, and it was also obvious that stylistic traditions mean little to her. She is capable of eliciting a sonorous, rich tone from the piano—which is sometimes forced beyond the confines of pleasurable sound—and she has some sensitivity for the subtler tonal tints, although her dynamic palette could be considerably more variegated on the softer side.

The pianist's interpretation of the C-major Beethoven Sonata revealed some of the most mystifying aspects of her art. The opening Allegro con brio movement was rhythmically jerky, marked by inaccountable bursts of speed and occasionally by the addition of an extra count to the measure. The Adagio was even more distorted, and was traversed in languishingly romantic fashion. Over-accentuation marred the playful humor of the Scherzo and then, contrary to all expectation, the finale was set forth with straightforward rhythms and no little charm.

Chopin's difficult Allegro de Concert, which ensued, turned out to be a far more congenial vehicle for the display of Miss Kolessa's talents than the Polish master's B-flat minor Sonata, in the first two movements of which telescoped rhythms abounded. There were some peculiar notions, too, in evidence in her disclosure of the Funeral March, but again in the final "Wind Over the Waves" movement Miss Kolessa suddenly astonished one with the unexpected imaginativeness of her conception. If she can achieve a firmer integration of her technical resources and, what is still more important, divest her interpretations of their musical idiosyncracies, she might easily become one of our most important pianists.

Jerome D. Bohm—THE NEW YORK HERALD TRIBUNE.

III

"A Pianist of Power and Temperament"

Exceptional gifts, as yet only partly disciplined, awakened and held the interest of the audience which attended the postponed recital that introduced Lubka Kolessa, a young Ukrainian pianist, at Town Hall last night. Miss Kolessa has played in Canada, where she is now living, and in Washington, D. C., but this was her first New York appearance. A pupil of the late Emil Sauer in Vienna, she began her European tours when she was 15 years old and appeared abroad with orchestras conducted by Walter, Furtwaengler, Mengelberg, Kleiber and others known in this country.

Miss Kolessa is, first of all, a pianist of power and temperament. She also made clear last night that she possesses a considerable and dependable technical equipment. Staccato runs and passages were remarkable for their brilliance and incisiveness. At times she pounded and some of her pedaling was blurred; also her rhythms were occasionally headstrong. But she was never dull. She varied her dynamics interestingly; she knew how to control the lyric

with the dramatic, and her playing had its fair share of imagination.

An excess of vigor worked against her in the Vivaldi Introduction, Largo and Fugue with which she began the evening. She banged the Introduction particularly, and although the Fugue was firmly fashioned, the Largo was none too sympathetic. Beethoven's early C major Sonata (Opus 2, No. 2) began waywardly but was increasingly vital in effect, as well as technically engrossing, as the performance proceeded. Chopin's Allegro de Concert (Opus 46) was strikingly set forth in what may fairly be recorded as a virtuoso achievement.

Uneven and blemished though it was by tumultuous hard hitting and rhythmic vagaries in the first two movements, the recitalist's projection of Chopin's B-flat minor Sonata (Opus 35) had personal feeling and a finely singing, melancholy in the middle part of the Funeral March. Impetuous sentiment colored the six mazurkas of a later Chopin group. They were technically adroit, as was the playing thereafter of two pleasantly orthodox and neatly pianistic Preludes by Wassy Barvinsky, accorded their first performances here. The Strauss-Schultz-Evler "Blue Danube" was the closing showpiece. Miss Kolessa was warmly applauded and her success was such that it may be assumed that she will be heard here again.

Oscar Thomas—NEW YORK SUN.

IV

"Performance a Musical Broadside"

Lubka Kolessa, a young Ukrainian pianist who came here by way of Canada, gave a recital at Town Hall last night.

Recital is perhaps the wrong word for it. Her performance was really more of a musical broadside, delivered with extraordinary fire and power. In much of the Chopin B-flat minor Sonata, which was the piece levelled at the audience with the greatest show of energy and high spirits, you couldn't have heard a belayin' pin drop. This was largely the case also in Chopin's windy Allegro de Concert, and in the Stradal transcription of the Bach-Vivaldi Introduction, Largo and Fugue in D minor.

In the midst of all this stormy, clamorous playing, there were a few quiet lulls; and when they came, the audience found, through the ringing in its ears, that Miss Kolessa has a firm, expressive way with a slow melody, and a determined but sensitive way of dealing with it.

The Beethoven Sonata in C major, Opus 2, No. 3, was a bit of an outsider on this program, or at least it seemed so until the vivacious last movement was reached. With its general zip and flashing scale passages came Miss Kolessa's reason, I suppose, for playing it. This was taken at a smart clip and it came off brittly but brilliantly and with what, under the circumstances, was surprising accuracy.

Accuracy, since we're on that subject, is what might have saved the Chopin music. The sonata, however, on top of strange rhythmical eccentricities, was consistently untidy.

Edward O'Gorman—NEW YORK POST.

V

"A Surprising Debut"

Sunday, April 18—Heard Lubka Kolessa, young Ukrainian pianist, make a surprising debut at Town Hall. The surprise lay in the combination of undoubted talent, a facile technique, a fine, sturdy tone (when she didn't pound), excellent musical understanding in some compositions—and a whimsical, unsteady, overemo-

The Fight Against Black Markets

The consumer is the key person in the fight against black markets in meat, the Department of Agriculture announced last week. If the consumer guards against buying meats at prices above the ceiling, it was pointed out, the black market operator will have little reason to stay in business.

There are several reasons why consumers should not purchase foodstuffs, particularly meats, in black markets.

1. It sky-rockets the cost of living. A survey of the prices of meats in New York City revealed retail rates 10 to 35 per cent above authorized ceilings.

2. If civilians go outside the legal market to satisfy their demand for meat, they will upset the government meat rationing program and, in addition, get inferior meat. Much of the meat sold on black market during 1942 was sufficiently tainted to cause illness. According to the American Meat Institute, a very large part of the meat that comes into the black market is from the so-called cutter and canner cattle, the lowest grade of beef. To meet this situation, the Department of Agriculture has ordered all slaughterers to get a slaughtering permit and to stamp the number of this permit on every piece of meat shipped to retail outlets. No retailer may sell meat from unstamped wholesale cuts. These steps were taken as part of the meat control program launched by the Department of Agriculture and the Office of Price Administration. Under this program each consumer will be assured his fair share of meat through rationing, and meat production will be closely supervised from the time animals are ready for slaughter until it is sold to the consumer.

3. Black market operation is a form of "bootlegging" and will help to bring back the type of "gangster rule" that prevailed during the days of prohibition.

The situation is a serious one and can only be remedied through the vigilance against unstamped meat, not only by government agencies but also by consumers. It is to the advantage of every consumer in the country to help stamp out the black markets in foodstuffs.

tionalized rhythm in others. There was no telling whether she would give a fine account of any given movement or ruin it completely by running away with one phrase and mooning over the next. You wanted to get up and shout, "Look, my friend; you just mustn't do that to nice men like Beethoven and Chopin." But I imagine her teachers must have been saying that for years. If she ever takes it to heart, she should make a fine recitalist because she seems to have everything else that it takes.

Henry Simon—PM

VI

"Results All to the Good"

A piano recital by Lubka Kolessa brought a cordially disposed audience to Town Hall last evening. Miss Kolessa played works by Bach, arranged by Busoni, Mozart, Chopin, Barvinsky, Scarlatti and others.

In presenting her program Miss Kolessa went to it with a will, so much so, in fact, that it was often nip and tuck between sheer power and expressive moments, with the former taking most of the honors. In general, though, the artist showed a considerable technic and when she did give herself up to lyricism the results were all to the good.

NEW YORK WORLD TELEGRAM

ATTEND YOUR BRANCH MEETINGS!

"Hello, Joe! Coming to the meeting tonight?" asked the secretary of a branch of the Ukrainian National Association to a member of the branch.

"Meeting?" asked the member. "What meeting?"

"I sent you a card," said the secretary. "You should have received it a week ago."

"Oh, that!" said Joe, his tone indicating that he considered the matter trivial. "Sorry... can't make it. I got a date with my 'cookie' tonight."

"But, Joe," continued the secretary, "you got my card in plenty of time to arrange to attend the meeting."

"Yes, I know... but my girl's more important," said Joe.

"Of course she is," said the secretary, "but you could have just as easily dated her for tomorrow night or last night and left tonight open for the meeting."

"Well, to tell you the truth," said Joe, "I sort of forgot about it. You know how those things are."

"Yes, I know," said the secretary wearily. "Practically all of the members of our branch are doing something 'more important' when they should be at the meetings. You know, Joe, we had a fine attendance at meetings once... almost 100%. That was when the club was still in its formative stage. The fellows and girls planned big things at those early meetings... and what happened? Today they pay their dues in advance and, one by one, they stopped attending meetings. And now, you too, Joe! You used to be one of the most enthusiastic of our members."

"I know," said Joe, "but I have new interests now. I'm going steady, you know, and haven't time for meetings and stuff like that."

"Sure, sure," countered the secretary, "all of our members haven't time anymore. Just the president, treasurer, myself, and a handful of interested members attend our meetings. The funny thing about those who attend, Joe, they have more right to say they have no time than you. Our president works days and goes to night school three nights a week, but he comes to the meetings. Our treasurer is a traveling salesman, but he always arranges to be in town on meeting night."

"I'm sorry... but I guess I'm not like the other members. I guess I'm just not interested anymore," said Joe.

"You should interested," persisted the secretary. "After all its your organization and it's up to you to take active part in it as a member."

"Sure, I know all that," Joe stalled, "but the meetings don't interest me any more. After all, they're only held so that dues could be collected, aren't they?"

"No," replied the secretary, "there's much more to it than just that. Tonight, for instance, we're going to decide how much of the club money should be invested in War Bonds. We're going to get a campaign started for new members. We're going to begin a drive to get our members to buy War Bonds. We're going to elect a treasurer to replace John, the traveling salesman, because he's being inducted into the Army next week. We're going to make plans for a dance and social next month to raise money so that we can buy more War Bonds. We're going to decide on how much to donate to the Red Cross. We're going to discuss the possibility of sending gift packages to those of the members who are in service. We're going to

do quite a bit tonight, Joe, in addition to collecting dues."

"Yes, I can see that," Joe said, impressed. "But why pick on me? I'm not the only member who doesn't attend meetings. What about Szymansky, Boyko, the Melnyk sisters, Mazur, and all the others?"

"Cards were mailed to all of them," replied the secretary. "But I'm talking to you like this because you know most of the members better than I do. If you'd talk to them they'd come to tonight's meeting. You were among the first to stop attending meetings, Joe, and your friends sort of followed your example. Why not cooperate with the officers and get the members to attend meetings regularly?"

"I'd really like to help tonight," said Joe. "But I'm stuck. I can't stand up my girl."

"Well," suggested the secretary, "Bring her to the meeting with you. Maybe she'll join as a new member."

"Well," Joe meditated, "I'll ask her about it."

"Fine!" beamed the secretary. "and don't forget to talk to the other members if you should see them, Joe. We want our branch to really help the war effort and that'll require the cooperation of all the members."

"Yes, I can see your point now," said Joe. "I'll do what I can with the others. Thanks for putting me straight."

That night a certain branch of the Ukrainian National Association held a very successful meeting.

The above partially demonstrates the importance of 100% attendance at branch meetings. Attendance at meetings is even more important now it was during peace time. Important issues directly concerned with the war effort are involved in branch meetings. As a matter of fact, a U.

Easter Greetings

By THEODOSIA BORESKY

To those whose hearts are sad
And those who are lonely
Let me say
Remember, Christ Has Risen
In Him you will find
The balm to heal
Your wounded heart
And the consolation
For your loneliness
Easter and Christ
Are joyous as spring
The renewal of Life
Everlasting.

N. A. member has a double duty... that of attending meetings and aiding the war effort. By doing the first he also does the other.

Branch meetings are important in many ways. Members are kept in touch with the latest developments concerning their organization and club by attending meetings. They enjoy the benefits of fraternalization and experience the pleasure of making themselves useful in helping to make plans for affairs, campaigns, and the like.

Every member of the U.N.A. should strive to attend the meetings of his branch regularly. The branch officers work hard to keep the branch going, and they are entitled to the cooperation of the members they serve. Nothing is as discouraging to a branch officers as poor attendance at meetings.

Cooperate with the branch officers... help the branch and the main organization... pitch in with the others members in aiding the war effort.

Only by attending branch meetings can a member of the Ukrainian National Association make himself useful to his branch.

"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)

(25)

CHAPTER XIV

AND now leaving Shraam for the moment going about the Kozak encampment trying to pacify the aroused Kozaks, we shall recount what was transpiring in the meanwhile in the Gvintovka household. Perhaps it was the spirit of the times, for here too there was no order or harmony, among the womenfolk as well as the men. Among the former Gvintovka's wife was the discordant element, chiefly because she was of noble blood, a dutchess, Polish and Catholic, and also because she was aloof and cold to attempts to become friends with her.

There was no harmony among the men either. Much to his surprise Cherevan found Gvintovka very different from what he used to be. He knew him very well since his younger days. Then Gvintovka was a very active and able warrior. When, for instance, Khmelnytsky would send into Poland a raiding party, Gvintovka was always the one who would penetrate the deepest into enemy territory. And then he was a boon companion too. These qualities endeared Cherevan to him; eventually he married Gvintovka's sister. But now Gvintovka seemed to be a very different man. Kind of slippery. And his voice, though loud lacked the firmness and frankness of a true Kozak. Though he was a simple man, Cherevan immediately sensed that all was not the same here.

"What prompted you, Michael," Gvintovka asked Cherevan, "to engage your daughter to the Hetman?"

"And why shouldn't I engage her to the Hetman?" retorted Cherevan. "After all, isn't our family descended of hetmans?"

"Who's saying anything about that?" retorted Gvintovka. "The daughter of my sister has a right to the best. Only it seems to

me that you rushed her engagement to Somko entirely too fast. In the end it may turn out in an embarrassing fashion for you."

"What are you driving at?" demanded Cherevan.

"Simply that in view of the coming storm you should watch your step."

"Listen, bwother," Cherevan exclaimed, "Somko is not a man to trip up on something."

"Nevertheless he had better be careful, for better men than he have been tripped up. Vyhovsky seemed to be firmly enthroned as a Hetman, but how quickly the Hadiatch Articles unseated him. I've heard reports that Somko too is trying to bargain with the Muscovians on the basis of that treaty. He'd better watch out that he does not get more than he bargained for. Look at Ivan Martynovich (Ivanets). He's using better tactics in trying to become hetman. He does not bargain at all. That is why, so they say, the Tsar holds him in high esteem."

"Ivanets, bwother, has nothing to bargain with," retorted Cherevan. "For he sold his satanic soul long ago, and now a Turk or a Pravoslavny is all the same to him. Just watch and see if he doesn't yet quit the Tsar for the Turk."

It was evident that Gvintovka had not expected such a sharp retort. Nevertheless he did not say anything in reply. Instead he led his guest on a tour of inspection of his grounds, pointing out the many grain houses, barns, sheep corrals, grain mills, flour mills, herds of horses in the meadow, all of which he had plenty. Cherevan could not help being impressed by this display of wealth of his brother-in-law. Still, he thought, "although I do not possess such groves, such far-flung meadows, or water mills, no one among the

RESURRECTION SERVICE

(Concluded from page 1)

soul-stirring hymn, "Khristos Voskres!" It is at this time that the church bells peal out sonorously, heralding to the world that He hath Risen! A surge of exalted emotions sweeps over all. Eyes glisten. The sun, seemingly aware of the happy occasion, floods the church through the stained-glass windows with a variegated light. Then to the accompaniment of the inspired singing and the joyful ringing of bells, the worshippers led by their reverend father bearing the Paten and Chalice march slowly outside in procession, circle the church three times, and then slowly wend their way inside again.

And so the Resurrection Service on Easter Morn continues its ritual and hymns ("Anhel Vopiyashe," "Plotiyu") leading further enchantment and inspiration to it, and making it so dear and never to be forgotten by those who have attended it.

Kievans begrudges me my Khamerische homestead. And as long as the clock tower remains on the town hall so long will no one say that I gained Khmarische in some wrongful way. Everyone knows that I bought it for good money from the town, and that the latter built the tower clock with those ducats."

After the two had finished looking around, they started to retrace their footsteps to the house. Just then a horseman rode up. It was Captain Hordiy Kostomariw from Nizhen.

"Why do you linger here around your home," he called out to Gvintovka, "when trouble is brewing in the town?"

"What sort of trouble?" Gvintovka demanded. "Why, the townsmen are fraternizing with the Kozaks."

"If you call that trouble, bwother," Cherevan interjected, "then may God grant it for always."

"Ah, but you don't ask why they are fraternizing. Young Domontovitch had a sword duel with the mayor's son and laid him low."

"Well, then, amen to the fool," Gvintovka shrugged his shoulders.

"Amen? Oh no, there won't be any amen to this business for quite some time. Just listen."

Funny Side Up

EASTER PARODY

This is about the time of year lots of folks treat themselves to new outfits...and in some cases, misfits! For example, let's take the plight of Homer J. Beetlepuss, a guy who must have a sixth sense...there's no sign of the other five!

Homer imagines himself as something of a playboy, but confidentially all he knows about women is what he's read in Esquire! And what eyelashes he's got. He's the only guy alive that can wink at and cool off a girl at the same time! Incidentally, Homer has thirty toupees, one for each day of the month, and each one with hair just a trifle longer than the one he wore the day before. At the end of the month, he scans himself in the mirror, observes "Good heavens, but I need a haircut!" and goes back to the beginning, with toupee No. 1!

At any rate, Homer went out this past week and bought himself a bridge-game wardrobe...four suits! On Easter morning Homer will be dressed in brown, eyes of blue, pink of condition, and finances...red! "Clothes make the man," they say, but Homer is the exception to the rule! His new suits all look like awnings. When the sun goes down, his pants will roll up! But Homer doesn't care just so long as he gets home early! But there's something very modern about his suits. They all have V-shaped pockets. That's so the moths can fly through in battle formation!

MORONIC TYPES

Our moron story today has to do with the screwball who walked along the street one midnight in the light of a full moon. Turning, he saw his shadow behind him. The moron tried to duck that shadow. He walked faster. He dodged across the street. He broke into a run. No use. His shadow still trailed him.

The moron hailed a cab and jumped in. "Drive anywhere!" he panted to the driver. Half an hour later, the screwball ordered the cab to a halt. He paid his fare, walked a few steps, and slowly turned his head. There was his shadow, right behind him.

"All right—so I can't get rid of you," the moron shrugged hopelessly. "But don't let that taxi ride go to your head. From now on, we walk!"

DID YOU HEAR ABOUT THE MORON WHO . . .

1. sat in the middle of the street with two pieces of bread in his hands, waiting for a traffic jam. Along came a street car and gave him a jar!

2. was dying so he put a chair next to his bed so rigor mortis could set in!

3. Took a bale of hay to bed with him to feed his night mare!

4. got off a street car backwards because he heard a lady say she was going to grab his seat!

5. put his father in a refrigerator so he could have a frozen pop!

6. jumped off the Empire State Building just to show people he had guts!

7. put bread crumbs in his shoes to feed his pigeon toes!

8. greased himself at night so he could get up oily!

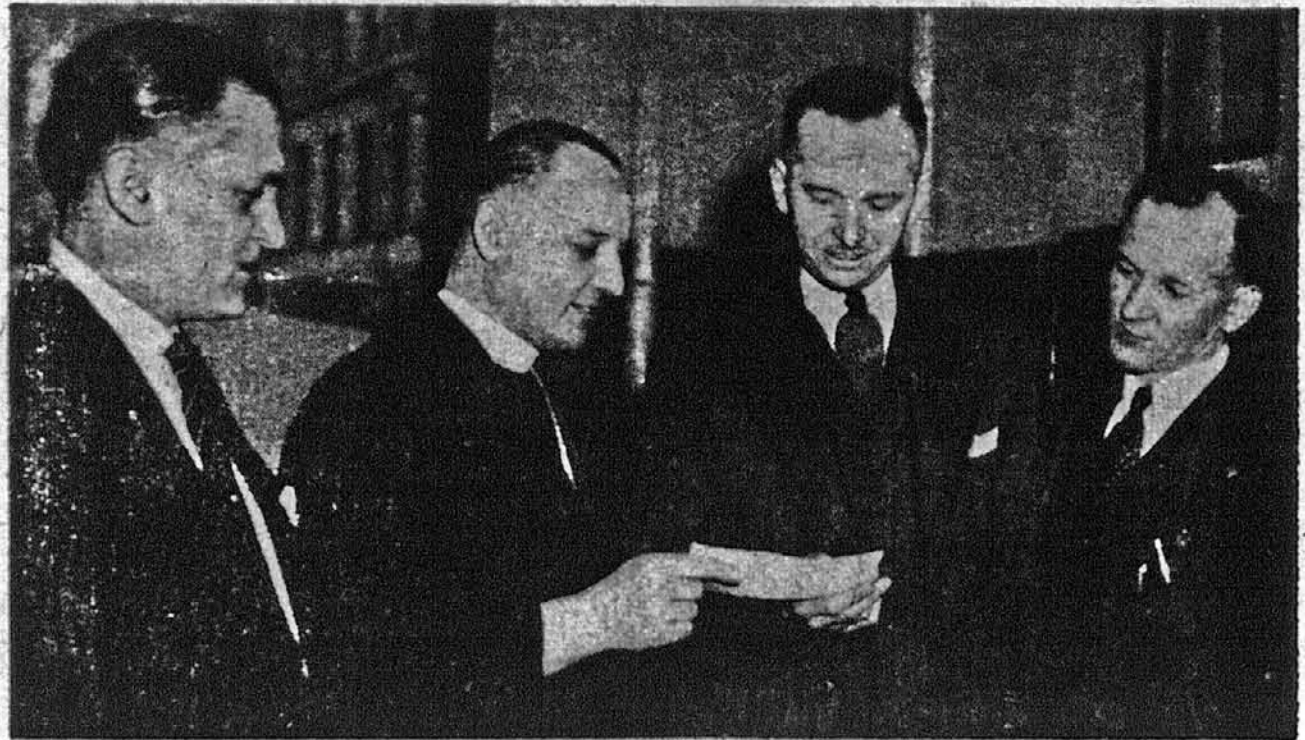
9. watered his victory garden with whiskey so he could have stewed tomatoes!

That's about all for this week folks. Now bring on that nice warm straight-jacket!

BROMO SELTZER

—FOR VICTORY: BUY BONDS—

Windsor Committee Gives \$1,056 to Red Cross



Members of the Ukrainian Canadian Committee, Windsor, Canada, handing over a check to a Canadian Red Cross Society representative, for \$1,056.00, being clear proceeds of Concert given at the Capitol Theatre March 21st, 1943, under the auspices of the Committee. The persons appearing on the picture above are: Bohdan Zeleney, member of the Concert Committee; Frank Hull, Treasurer, Canadian Red Cross; Rev. B. Osadec, President, Windsor Ukrainian Canadian Committee; and, John Yatchew, first President, Ukrainian Canadian Committee, and Chairman of the Concert.

ENJOYING THE KOLESSA CONCERT

'Twas Sunday, April 18th...the day we had been waiting for. Lubka Kolessa, our own distinguished Ukrainian pianist, was due to make her American debut at New York's Town Hall...an event, in our opinion, that simply could not be missed. We bought our tickets months before... back in February, when it was supposed to have been held, but had to be postponed to last Sunday. And now the big day was here... a bright and sunny Palm Sunday. We were in unusually high spirits.

When it was time to prepare to depart for New York, we dressed ourselves in our best, shined our shoes, combed our hair, and saw to it that we were well-equipped with car fare. During this activity we failed to notice that the sun had disappeared and that clouds had gathered. When we set foot outside it commenced to rain. "Gnats!" we muttered, with the accent on the "G." We stood in front of the house scowling darkly at the darker clouds, wondering whether we should run back into the house and get our World's Fair umbrella (purchased during Ukrainian Day at the Fair at a price a robber would be ashamed to charge). As we meditated that it always seemed to rain when the Ukrainians had some affair scheduled, the rain lessened considerably. We dashed over to the bus stop... and dashed right back home again for the tickets we had left behind.

We hurried over to the bus stop again, boarded our bus, watched the scenery pass by, and arrived, after a surprisingly short time, right in Times Square. We made a reasonably exact beeline toward the Town Hall. As we neared we saw that fire engines were parked close to the Town Hall. "Cripes!" we exclaimed. "It won't surprise us a bit if the Town Hall's on fire! Everything happens when the Ukrainians have an affair!" As we approached nearer, however, we saw that the fire was across the street; we heaved a sigh of relief. But then we saw a very large crowd of people in front of the Town Hall. Accident, perhaps?... we asked ourselves. Somebody faint? Fight? Another postponement? We hastened to see what was wrong. As it turned out, nothing wrong. The crowd was merely many friends and acquaintances who before entering the concert hall had paused for awhile to say "hello" to each other. I recognized quite a number of them, and they were not only from the New York metropolitan

area but from many outlying cities and towns. In fact, the gathering resembled one of our pre-war conventions. We joined some friends and talked for several minutes, then we entered the hall. Presenting our tickets we were ushered to the sixth row in the orchestra.

Seated, we perused our program. After that we looked around for familiar faces and received greetings from all sides. "Gee!" we enthused, "practically everybody is here tonight!" We watched people walk to their seats to see who else was around whom we knew. An acquaintance of ours strutted importantly to her higher-priced seat right near the stage; she glanced at us coldly and walked by without even as much as a sign of recognition. "Humpft!" we muttered in pained surprise. "The Queen of Sheba herself!" After thinking it over for one second, we apologized to the Queen (the real one) for the unfair comparison.

After a while Miss Kolessa appeared on the stage. There was instant loud and sustained applause. The pianist seated herself before the grand piano and started manipulating the ivories. We admit that we don't know the first thing about classical music, but, after listening to Miss Kolessa play a few minutes, we knew we were going to enjoy every note. It was really thrilling to be in the presence of a pianist who has been compared to Paderewski by the critics. And it was even more thrilling to know that the young woman who was so successfully making her American debut before our eyes was of Ukrainian nationality.

Miss Kolessa was applauded enthusiastically after each selection. The audience was captivated by her pleasing personality. We strongly suspect that the applause was sustained, in more than one instance, so that the audience could be charmed by her smile and by the way she bowed in acknowledging the clapping. Miss Kolessa, it may be said, was quite a success even before she played. The audience enjoyed a double attraction... Miss Kolessa herself, and her playing. Both were equally appreciated.

During the intermission we went into the lobby for a smoke. While thinking about the fine music we had just heard, and smoking our cigaret (minding our own business, in other words), a thin, hawk-nosed guy with a pink tie began talking to us about music. He confused us with many

musical terms and phrases. Finally we figured he was just showing off, and decided to show him up. We tried to remember what we had read on the program, and a certain phrase came to mind. After the know-it-all finished trying to impress us with his musical knowledge, we politely inquired: "Did you notice in what selection Miss Kolessa used Doppio Movimento?" It was only a stab-in-the-dark to see what the fellow really knew. We figured he'd go away if he was only a show-off, using stuff he had read somewhere. As it turned out he looked at us in surprise, muttered something about having no cigarettes, and walked out into the street.

Miss Kolessa resumed her skillful playing after the intermission. Her final selection, "Arabesques on themes of the Blue Danube Waltz," was greatly appreciated by the audience. It was something that the majority of the people, like ourselves, were familiar with. When she concluded the selection the applause almost brought the roof down. It continued after Miss Kolessa left the stage. She returned and played another selection. More applause. Another selection. Still more applause. One more selection. More applause. It became evident to the enthusiastic people that the pianist was exhausted. So, after Miss Kolessa appeared once more to bow graciously, the applause stopped as if by agreement among the members of the audience, and they, quite reluctantly, left the theater.

There is no doubt what the people who saw Lubka Kolessa thought of her playing. They will continue to enthuse over the pianist's ability for a long time. Even the hard-boiled New York music critics wrote very favorably and extensively about the playing, calling the debut a success. One paper stated that the performance was worthy of Miss Kolessa's early return to New York for another appearance.

Homeward bound we figured we were very fortunate to have been present at the Ukrainian pianist's American debut. Just think! Some day in the future, after Miss Kolessa has become the world's leading pianist, we will be able to tell everyone that we were present at her American debut and make everybody envy us! Seriously, though, we agree with others who were present that it was a thrill of a lifetime.

THEODORE LUTWINIAK

EVERYBODY SAVING IN
EVERY PAYDAY  WAR BONDS

Wins Lieutenancy



LT. MICHAEL HALKIEWICZ

Michael Halkiewicz, Jr. son of Mr. and Mrs. Michael Halkiewicz of 179 Cornwall Street, Stratford, Conn., and a member of the Ukrainian Sitch Society, Branch 59 of the Ukrainian National Association, was recently commissioned a second lieutenant at Camp Davis, N. C.

Before reporting for duty at Fort Eustis in Virginia, Lieut. Halkiewicz spent a leave with his parents.

Washington Club Invites New Members

Events to be discussed at the next regular monthly meeting of the American-Ukrainian Society of Washington, D. C., will be a moon light hike and a scavenger hunt.

The meeting will be held on Tuesday, May 4th, at 8:30 p. m., at the Y.W.C.A.

The favorable results of the last monthly social, a bowling party, have brought forth a great number of inquiries as to future socials.—What would you like? The Ukrainian language classes held every Wednesday and chorus rehearsals on Mondays also boast of good times and large attendance.

If you want to join us in the fun, you will be welcome at our next meeting.

For further information, you may contact: Miss Ann Dudiak, President, 4604 Sargent Road, N.E., Michigan 7201, or Miss Catherine Greb, Publicity Chairman, 2109 "F" Street, N. W., District 0805.

Linden Soldier in War Picture

Sgt. William V. Zachodniak, 25, whose picture was widely circulated in New York metropolitan newspapers on April 14 showing him in action in Tunisia with the Signal Corps, is a young Ukrainian American of Linden, N. J., 610 Lincoln Ave. He was pictured at the Tunisian front telephoning positions of the enemy to his own troops. He enlisted in the Army in October, 1939. Prior to that he served six months in the CCC.



IMPRESSIONS OF THE LUBKA KOLESSA CONCERT

By MILDRED MILANOWICZ

For months I had been following with interest the glowing accounts of numerous Kolessa concerts and recitals being given in Canada. In the newspapers of Toronto and Montreal which found their way into my hands, the music critics there heralded the ascendancy of a new star in this music horizon and sounded unstinted paeans of praise about Lubka Kolessa, brilliant young Ukrainian pianist.

Naturally, the brilliance of such a star, obviously of the first magnitude, could not go unnoticed by the music world here in America. So it was that with some impatience I waited for an announcement of a Kolessa concert in New York. After too long a time, a date was set. Impressive quotes from music critics of European and South American capitals were published. Charming pictures of the pianist appeared in advertisements of the concert, assuring us of a treat for the eyes as well as the ears. Then came the postponement, which was hard to take, and finally another date set for the American debut of Lubka Kolessa, April 18, at Town Hall.

The Ukrainian Americans came to Town Hall, where they are quite at home these days. The "everfaithful" were there, of course, those dyed-in-the-wool Ukrainian Americans who come to every Ukrainian affair and offer their staunch support to a performance that may turn out to be good, bad or indifferent. They were there in full force, bowing to each other, smiling and settling down to their various speculations on the outcome of this performance. The ever-appreciative clergy was present in number and of course many choir-directors.

This time there was a new element present—the hard-to-convince younger set who love music, but refuse to be hoodwinked by any drummed-up ballyhoo. Already familiar through the American press with the famous names linked with the European performances of Kolessa, they came impressed and stayed to be enchanted. Finally, there were present practically all of Koshetz's "children" who have become familiar with both sides of the footlights of Town Hall, including quite a number of servicemen home on furloughs.

Rochester To Have Ukrainian War Bond Days

At the recent-held annual meeting of the "Ukrainians of Rochester," the following officers were elected: Michael Wasilyshyn, president; Miss Stella Chmylak, secretary; and John Yanus, treasurer. Due to induction notice our past secretary, William Hussar, had to decline re-election. We are grieved at the loss of Mr. Hussar, for his efforts and untiring enthusiasm were a source of inspiration to the members.

After election of officers a War Bond drive was discussed. It was brought out that Rochester is endeavoring to raise a sum of money to purchase a sub-chaser for our armed force, and that all Americans of foreign extraction have been asked to contribute to this worthy cause. The committee in charge of the drive has designated April 27, 28 and 29 as Ukrainian Bond Days. During that time a Ukrainian folk art display will be featured at one of the down-town stores.

All Ukrainian Americans are urged to purchase War Bonds in triplicate forms, one application blank to remain at the bank; one to be given to the Ukrainian Committee which

Promptly at the announced time the lights dimmed and we had our first glimpse of Lubka Kolessa. Attired in a bouffant gown of black net, the ruffles of the skirt appliqued and edged with white lace, the artist with vivacious steps advanced to the front of the stage, smilingly acknowledged the applause and took her place at the piano.

In the respectful hush that followed, Lubka Kolessa began to play, and with the first note began to weave the magic of which we had heard so much. She played and the hush visibly resolved itself from respectful anticipation to beautiful enchantment.

Music critics elsewhere have commented on Lubka Kolessa's playing at Town Hall. A mere layman can only note that it was sheer joy to just listen and listen. During that time everything seemed to recede from one's awareness, the time, place, neighbors, even the artist herself, as the senses were encompassed by the magic of music wonderfully executed. Then thoughts began to intrude. Why she is wonderful! One became aware of swiftly moving hands on the keyboard and marveled that such a blur of motion could produce runs of such clarity and bell-like tones. Why, she is better than the critics say. What is more she is ours—Ukrainian!

The first composition ended and the audience shattered the stillness with thunderous applause, giving their approval and with it—their hearts.

The Chopin compositions were well received by the appreciative younger set. It was during these more familiar concertos that they glanced at each other with approving smiles and nods. The Arabesques on the Blue Danube Waltzes closing the program irrevocably won over the older element and evoked lengthy applause from a still-hungry audience, who could not be appeased with one encore, but demanded two more, then reluctantly conceded that the artist might be tired. Unwillingly the audience turned to leave, smiling faces attesting to their pleasure at the success of the concert.

Young and old, the listeners at last Sunday's concert eagerly await Lubka Kolessa's next concert. May it come soon, and with it more fame and glory for a truly great artist.

Becomes Lieutenant

Zanon B. Malanchuk, 23 year old son of Mr. Anthony Malanchuk, a U.N.A. organizer, and of the late Mrs. Katherine Malanchuk, 124 Long Hill Road, Wallingford, Conn. was recently advanced in rank from second to first lieutenancy.

Lt. Malanchuk is a bombardier class room instructor at the Army Fying School in Midland, Texas. He graduated from that school last Spring with the distinction of being the best bombardier of his class.

He is a member of U.N.A. Branch 54. He served two and a half years in the Army before becoming an aviation cadet.

will receive credit, and one to be held by the purchaser. Arrangements have been made to save the inconvenience of purchasing bonds, by having either Rev. Schmondiuk and his parish group or Mr. Strilitz and his Civic Centre group purchase the bonds for them.

Many nations have set good pace, and it is not likely that the Rochester Ukrainian Americans will be left behind. Starting Easter Sunday a full scale campaign will be launched. We urge all our people to give it their full support.

William Popowych

COMMISSIONED LIEUTENANT



LIEUT. JOSEPH KOLODRUB

Lieut. Joseph Kolodrub, son of Mr. and Mrs. Michael Kolodrub, of 139 Spring Street, West Easton, Penna., was recently commissioned as a second lieutenant in the Army following his graduation from the Quartermaster School at Camp Lee, Va. He has been assigned for duty to San Antonio, Texas.

A graduate of Easton High School, Lieut. Kolodrub was inducted into service on March 4, 1941.

Joseph is a member of Branch 137 of the Ukrainian National Association and served as a branch officer many times prior to his induction into the Army. He was also very active in all Ukrainian American affairs.

His brother, Corporal Stephen Kolodrub, is attached to a unit of Army Engineers stationed somewhere in Iceland. Stephen is also a member of Branch 137 of U.N.A. and served as its secretary for many years prior to his induction into the Army.

Second War Loan Drive Is On

The greatest financial drive in the history of the United States designed to back up the men in the services and keep America's now gigantic war machine in successful action is now going on.

This year's mechanized equipment, vastly superior in tanks and planes, ships and guns and accessory machinery of all types to anything known in previous wars, demands upkeep, servicing and repair, as well as ever-increased production. These expenses, OWI said, can only be met by sacrifices on the home front to match those of other Americans fighting and bleeding on fields of conflict all over the world.

Aside from the money that will be raised by taxes, 13 billion dollars must be raised in the next few weeks by the Second War Loan, the direct purpose of which is to finance the present tremendous war strategy, now fingering out in offensive actions all over the globe.

The big thing to remember is that in this, our "toughest war" the total American home population has got to help pay for increased fighting and building, for production even greater than our already record output, and for keeping those weapons "fighting fit and constantly in action."

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