



SECTION II.

The Ukrainian Weekly

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

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U.N.A. Jubilee Celebration at Carnegie Hall Most Impressive

Undoubtedly the finest and most impressive program ever arranged by Ukrainian Americans was presented last Sunday evening at New York's famed Carnegie Hall in celebration of the golden jubilee of the Ukrainian National Association. Sponsored by the U.N.A. branches of the metropolitan area and attended by a capacity audience of 3,000 persons, a number of whom were drawn from various parts of the country and Canada, the jubilee celebration consisted of a musical program and addresses.

The musical part of the affair featured Lubka Kolessa, internationally noted Ukrainian pianist; Michael Holynsky, leading Ukrainian tenor; and a Ukrainian Chorus, consisting mostly of young people, directed by Prof. George Kirichenko.

The addresses were delivered by William Henry Chamberlin, noted American foreign correspondent, writer, and leading authority on Eastern Europe, who spoke on "The Ukrainian Struggle for Freedom"; Anthony Hlynka, Ukrainian-born member of the Canadian Parliament, who spoke on "What Price Freedom?"; Prof. Clarence A. Manning, acting executive officer of the Department of East European Languages at Columbia University, whose subject was "The U.N.A. As a Cultural Force in American Life"; Dmytro Halychyn, Secretary of the Ukrainian National Association and chairman of the jubilee committee which arranged the program, who spoke in Ukrainian on "The U.N.A. - Bulwark of Ukrainian American Life," and Stephen Shumeyko, editor of The Ukrainian Weekly and secretary of the jubilee committee, who had the opening address.

Both the music and the addresses were received with rounds of applause by an enthusiastic audience which included Ukrainian church dignitaries and persons prominent in Ukrainian life. Among the latter were members of the Supreme Assembly of the U.N.A. They had arrived on the eve of their week-long annual meeting, a full report of which will appear here next week.

Present, too, were the chief officers of the Ukrainian Workingmen's Association of Scranton, the Providence Association of Ukrainian Catholics, and the Ukrainian National Aid Association of Pittsburgh.

The U.N.A. golden jubilee was also celebrated with impressive church services, held that morning in New York's Ukrainian churches and attended by throngs of worshippers.

At St. George's Ukrainian Catholic Church Auxiliary Bishop Ambrose Senyshyn officiated, with Arch-Abbot W. Baranyk of Canada and Abbot Zhuravetsky of Chicago among the clergy assisting. In his sermon, Bishop Senyshyn called upon the U.N.A. members to help establish all-day Ukrainian schools in this country.

At the Ukrainian Orthodox (Autocephalic) Church Archbishop I. Theodorovich officiated, assisted by Rev. Dr. Klodnytsky and Rev. L. Veselowsky. At the Ukrainian Orthodox Church Bishop Bohdan Shpylka officiated.

Church services were also held that morning at the Ukrainian Catholic church in Jersey City, where Rev. V. Lotowych officiated.

The Carnegie Hall program in the evening was opened by the singing of the Star Spangled Banner and the U.N.A. Hymn (music by Hayvoronsky; words by Musiychuk). Following the opening address, the 60-voice Ukrainian Chorus under Prof. Kirichenko's direction sang several popular Ukrainian folk songs: "Sadok vyshnevyy" (Kirichenko), "Kobyskorshy z hir karpatsky" (Kirichenko), "Shumyt hudyt dibrovonka" (Hayvoronsky), and "Verkhovyno" (Lysenko). Although organized only six weeks ago the chorus and its director made a very credible showing. In its second appearance, at the very close of the concert, it sang: "Zhuravlyi" (Koshetz-Kirichenko), "Oy, u poli kyrnychenka" (Kirichenko), "Oy, hore kalynyi" (Koshetz), and "Oy, vydno selo" (Yaroslavenko). In "Kalyna" fine solo work was done by Miss Mary Polynack, well known young Ukrainian American soprano.

Mr. Holynsky, who followed the chorus in the first part and who appeared again in the second part of the concert, proved again his popularity among Ukrainian Americans and his caliber as an artist with his masterly renditions of Lysenko's "Meny odnakovo" and Giordano's "Andre Chenier" in the first part and Youman's "Without a Song" and Baltarovich's "The Black Cloud O'er the Mountains" in the second part. Competent piano accompaniment was furnished Mr. Holynsky by Miss Olga Dmytriv of Jersey City.

Lubka Kolessa's playing that concluded the first part of the program was in the opinion of many even superior to that of her memorable American debut at Town Hall last April, where she won very high praise from all the New York reviewers. Her technical skill and the depth of her interpretation of the selections she played obviously stirred even the most stolid among her rapt listeners. Her offerings were: Bach-Busoni's "Tocatta, Adagio and Fugue, C Major," Mozart's "Variations on a theme by Gluck," Scarlatti's "Capriccios," and Liszt's Rhapsody No. 12.

The speakers were led off by Mr. Shumeyko. In his opening address he briefly outlined the development and character of the U.N.A. He described the organization as a typical product, in fact the incarnation of the "American way of life," for the preservation of which our country is engaged in this war.

The succeeding speaker was Mr.

The Great Ukrainian Poet and Prophet



Born
March 9,
1814

Died
March 10,
1861

SHEVCHENKO AS A YOUNG MAN
(From an etching by himself)

Laugh, evil one!
Laugh not too often!
For all doth perish!
All but the glory,
And that alone
Men cherish.
Our glory shall
Speak for us,
To tell the world
Whose right it was,
Shall tell about
Our woes and wrongs,
Shall voice afar
Whose sons and daughters

We all are!
Our дума and our song
Shall not pass from earth...
That is our claim to fame,
That is the pride
Of our Ukraine!
Without gold,
Without stone,
Without clever talk,
True and mighty
Like the word of God.

(From Shevchenko's "To Osnovianenko."
Trans. by MARIE GAMBAL)

Chamberlin, who displayed in his address a fine knowledge of Ukrainian national development, particularly since the last war, when as the Moscow correspondent of the "Christian Science Monitor" he was permitted on several occasions to tour Ukraine and thus was able to observe at first hand the ravages of Communist misrule and the undying determination of the Ukrainian people to win their national freedom. The chief significance of Mr. Chamberlin's address was that a man of his position as a leading liberal and authority on Soviet Russia should have expressed himself as openly and warmly as he did in favor of Ukrainian national freedom.

Mr. Hlynka, the succeeding speaker, displayed in his address those qualities which have already established him as a leading defender of the right of the Ukrainians to national self-determination. That right he has openly espoused in the Canadian Parliament, and last Sunday he made it clear that unless that right is granted to the Ukrainians, there will be no just and lasting peace when the war is won.

Prof. Manning's address revealed that this long-standing friend of the Ukrainian American people is keenly aware of the value and significance

U. N. A. SUPREME ASSEMBLY HOLDS ANNUAL MEETING

The regular annual meeting of the Supreme Assembly of the Ukrainian National Association was held this week at the U.N.A. home office building at 81-83 Grand street, Jersey City.

The reports of its members showed a remarkable growth of the U.N.A. in membership and assets during the past year. A full report of it will appear here next week.

The meeting decided that next year's convention of the U.N.A. will be held in Cleveland, Ohio.

of the U.N.A. as a cultural force in American life and as a very important factor in the dissemination of knowledge here concerning Ukraine and Ukrainians.

The concluding address, that of Mr. Halychyn, dealt briefly, albeit comprehensively, with the U.N.A. as the very foundation of Ukrainian American organized life and activities. He paid tribute to those of both the past and present who made the association what it is and called for redoubled activity on the part of all its members to make it an even more worthy and useful organization.

What Price Freedom?

By ANTHONY HLYNKA
Member of Canadian Parliament

(An address delivered at the U.N.A. Golden Jubilee Concert at Carnegie Hall, New York City, Sunday, March 5, 1944)

Mr. Chairman, Honored Guests, and Our American Friends:

Tonight you are commemorating the fiftieth anniversary of the founding of our organization—the Ukrainian National Association. From your Canadian friends, I bring you greetings, and sincere wishes for your continued success. May I say, also, that I am fully conscious of the honor accorded me in being invited to address you briefly on this memorable occasion.

In the course of the past fifty years, your organization has attained signal success. The Ukrainian National Association is unquestionably the largest Ukrainian institution on this continent. That in itself is a unique achievement! I hasten to convey to you, therefore, my highest admiration of your outstanding success.

"What Price Freedom?" is the subject of my address.

The people of the world are interested, above all else, in three major objectives, namely: freedom, economic security, and a just and lasting peace. And without freedom and economic security, there can be no lasting peace. That is axiomatic.

The Supreme Challenge Today

It is not an accident, Mr. Chairman, that within one generation, the world has found itself in two of the greatest cataclysms ever recorded in history. At the termination of the last war, the statesmen of the day failed to make certain that the world was purged of all wickedness, and that the resurrection of evil was rendered impossible. President Wilson endeavoured at that time to incorporate into his Fourteen Points a vision of sovereignty (and sovereign equality) for all peoples and all nations. This proposal, however, was never realized for lack of its universal application. The result was that the principle of sovereignty did not become the basis of world society. Twenty years later the world was again plunged into a still more demonic conflict. The flower of world's manhood is once again being sacrificed for the same purpose and the same cause. And unless every democratic-minded citizen does his utmost to make certain that after the present war is won, that freedom, economic security and a lasting peace are assured, we may again find ourselves helpless to avert a third world conflagration within our lifetime, and perhaps one of still greater proportions. That problem presents to us the supreme challenge of the present day.

Canadians of Ukrainian origin, and I am certain Americans of Ukrainian origin, consider it their prime duty to discharge their full responsibilities of citizenship to their respective countries, in peace, and in war, and generally to make their maximum contribution to the well-being of their nations. I am positive that they will never fail their countries in this respect.

Our Debt to Ukraine

However, we all feel that we owe a debt to our kinsmen in the Old Homeland. We have endeavoured to repay this debt to them by interpreting to our fellow-citizens the history and aspirations of the Ukrainian people in Europe, a people whose millions have paid the supreme sacrifice in the last, as well as in the present, world conflict. Ukrainians have always fought heroically for freedom. Yet this freedom was to them denied! Cognizant of this fact we feel that we owe our kinsmen at least a sympathetic understanding. This we shall

continue to extend to them until they shall have become free and a self-governing nation among the free nations of the world. We owe them this consideration, not only because we are of the same blood, but we also consider it proper to be concerned with the fate of any fifty-million nation deprived of its freedom and enslaved by aggression and tyranny. This is but a humanitarian consideration.

Ukrainians Entitled to Freedom

The will to freedom is inherent in every human being. The will to be free rises from the deepest instincts and emotions of mankind. It springs from the yearning of men who struggle to be free from foreign domination to govern themselves. All nations aspire to freedom so that they may accomplish their great mission in contributing their share to the advancement of world culture and civilization. And that is the only way in which they can fulfil the purpose for which they were placed upon this earth by the Great Creator. The indisputable fact is that freedom has been achieved and safeguarded only by the price of blood. The Ukrainian people have paid that price many times over, but, unfortunately, they still remain submerged and enslaved. What is the price of freedom, then, to the Ukrainian people?!

History has recorded indelibly that both the last and the present war involved the Ukrainian land and its people. The world knows that some of the fiercest battles of both wars were fought on Ukrainian soil; that Kiev and Kharkiv, two historic capital cities of Ukraine, changed hands more times than have any other two cities in the world during the last and the present war. And the world knows, too, that the "scorched-earth policy" was applied with the utmost severity to Ukrainian territory.

Unfortunately, it has not been the policy of nations to recognize any rights of subjugated peoples, unless it were directly or indirectly in their interest so to do. That is precisely one of the reasons why the world has not had a lasting peace! But what of the future? Will the right be recognized as right, and the wrong be recognized as wrong, irrespective of where it is found? For eventually there must evolve a moral code to be applied equally to all—and, if there is not then might, aggression and covetousness will continue to rule the world.

Of late we have heard much of "liberations," "federation," and many other platitudinous offers called by other than their own names. To my mind, no nation is ever liberated by a mere change of masters, as the dominated people remain slaves.

What then of "federations"? Once again there cannot be a true federation effected between separate peoples unless both signatories enter the federation as sovereign units, possessing equal rights. As there cannot be an amicable partnership between a master and a slave, so there cannot be a true federation between a dominating power and a subservient people. Consequently, the talk of federations is nothing but a sham.

I said at the outset that one of the objectives of the people of the world is a lasting peace. At the present time there are three distinct proposals being advanced with a view to gaining this end.

Three Proposals on Securing Peace

One is the proposal of world police force. It is based upon the principle that each unit-nation forfeit a part of its sovereignty to a central world

authority. This world authority, they say, would work in the interests of world peace and security. It is evident, however, that if this scheme were adopted the principle of sovereignty and national freedom would be ceded. Personally, I am of the opinion that there is no likelihood that this scheme will meet with much success in the immediate future.

Another proposal is that of the Big Power politics, and what is sometimes termed as "the spheres of influence" scheme. The immediate probability is that this proposal is most likely to succeed. If it does, it would simply mean that many of the small sovereign nations—and peoples who are aspiring to sovereignty—would be swallowed by the few big powers.

A further and third proposal is diametrically opposite to the first. It is based on the principle of sovereignty and self-government. This proposal is receiving its strongest support from peoples who have been wronged, and also from individuals with foresight and vision. Under this scheme each nation would be free to forge its own destiny. The former president of the United States, Mr. Herbert Hoover, is among the most prominent advocates of this proposal. And may I say that practically every small nation, whose freedom is threatened by the Big Power politics, favours this proposal as the basis of post-war peace. If this proposal were adopted, the world structure would then be based on Christian principles of the sovereignty of nations and of freedom of the individual, which is a direct opposite to all forms of totalitarian philosophy.

But while we are deeply concerned with the establishment of world peace, after the present war is won, I seriously suggest that there is a strong likelihood that there may not be a peace conference, in the usually accepted term, following the end of hostilities. On the contrary, there are indications that the war may end in a state of military occupations. A scramble of the Big Powers for greater spheres of influence would commence. The power using the best strategy would seize upon the opportunity to acquire new territory. Already moves have been made in that direction by the Russian realists.

Interpretations of the "16 Soviet Republics" Move

Russia, approving of the Atlantic Charter, which incorporates in part at least the principle of sovereignty of nations, has recently amended the Soviet Constitution, granting the sovereign rights, so called, to each and every republic within the Soviet Union. Some hold that this announcement on the part of our allied friends, the Russians, was a strategic move on the chess-board of world political diplomacy. At any rate, the move has left the commentators speechless. There was, however, one interpretation placed upon this move by some of the leading thinkers to the effect that in the political sense this move may lead to a continuation of a certain type of Russian imperialism, and that in the cultural sense it may become a long-range panslavist movement. But, whatever the correct interpretation may be, the announcement of the amended constitution is most significant. The true picture of passing events, however, now somewhat obscure, will eventually be revealed to us with the inevitable march of time.

Ladies and Gentlemen, my conviction is, that the two great nations in the world today who are outstanding in their recognition of sovereign peoples, and of peoples who are aspiring to sovereignty, are the countries to which you and I belong. I speak of the British Commonwealth of Nations, of which my own beloved Canada is a partner, and our good neighbour, your glorious democracy—the United States of America.

In this brief message to you tonight, I have endeavoured only to focus your attention upon a few of

THE POET-PROPHET OF UKRAINE

By HONORE EWACH

TARAS Shevchenko's first book of poems, *The Kobzar*, was a small chap-book of verses. It contained only the following poems: *Dumi moyi, dumi moyi, Perebendya, Topolya, Dumka, Do Osnovyanenka, Ivan Pidkova, Tarasova Nich, and Katerina*. It was small, yet everything that it contained was pure gold. It contained the golden thoughts of a twenty-six year old genius.

Till he was twenty-four Taras Shevchenko was a serf. When his freedom was bought on the 22nd of April, 1838, Shechenko felt like a new-born man. His whole being became suffused with ecstasy. And his ecstasy found expression in song. Shevchenko used to sing while painting. Then he made the great discovery that as he hummed a song his own thoughts would assume the shape of a song. So he would continue humming to himself his own songs. Then he would put down his own songs in writing. That was how Taras Shevchenko began his literary career.

At first Taras Shevchenko never thought of his own songs in terms of poems. He simply wrote down what he sang in his ecstasy of being a free man, a student of art, a beloved pupil of the great Brulov, his master. In time a whole bagful of his songs accumulated. He kept them in a little bag under his bed until some of his friends caught a glimpse of them. They asked him to let them publish them in book form. Modestly the young poet agreed.

A Man of Genius

It was a great surprise even to Taras Shevchenko when all of a sudden people discovered a great poet in him. Shevchenko became famous as a poet, one could say, almost overnight. No Ukrainian wrote poems like him before. Shevchenko sang his poems right from his heart. There was nothing artificial about them. He simply talked in his poems in the language that he spoke every day to his Ukrainian friends. Yet he spoke so beautifully, in such clear-cut pictures, that everything that he said sounded like an exquisite song. All his countrymen who read his little book of verses realized that here was a man of genius who could interpret in a concise and melodious language their innermost longings and thoughts. At last Ukraine was given a man who could speak in masterful poems the innermost thoughts of the whole Ukrainian people.

That is really the secret of Shevchenko's magic influence on all the Ukrainians who read his works. They find in him an expression of their own vague and half-conscious longings and ideas. At times when we read Shevchenko's poems we even forget that it is Shevchenko who speaks for us. It seems as if all those wonderful poems were really coming right from the innermost being of ourselves.

One really needs to be a Ukrainian
(Concluded on page 4)

the important problems facing the world today.

May I now wish your organization, and your two publications, "*Svoboda*" and the "*Ukrainian Weekly*," an even greater success in the next fifty years than that which you have attained up to the present. May our great, common ideal of freedom, economic security and a just and lasting peace be speedily realized. And may I wish you, also, that instead of a humble personage like myself, you will welcome on your next historic occasion, a special guest, the Prime Minister of a Free, United, and Self-Governing Ukrainian Republic.

Naimchka or The Servant

By TARAS SHEVCHENKO

Translated by Dr. A. J. Hunter

Prologue

On a Sunday, very early,
When fields were clad with mist
A woman's form was bending
Mid graves by cloud wreaths kissed.
Something to her heart she pressed,
In accents low the clouds addressed.

"Oh, you mist and raindrops fine,
Pity this ragged luck of mine.
Hide me here in grassy meadows,
Bury me beneath thy shadows.
Why must I 'mid sorrows stray?
Pray take them with my life away.
In gloomy death would be relief,
Where none might know or see my grief."

Yet not alone my life was spent,
A father and mother my sin lament.
Nor yet alone is my course to run
For in my arms is my little son.
Shall I, then, give to him christian
name,

To poverty bind, with his mother's
shame?

This, brother mist, I shall not do.
I alone my fault must rue.
Thee, sweet son, shall strangers
christen.

Thy mother's eyes with teardrops
glisten.

Thy very name I may not know
As on through life I lonely go.
I, by my sin, rich fortune lost,
With thee, my son, to ill fate, was
tossed.

Yet curse me not,
for evils past.
My prayers to heaven
shall reach at last.

The skies above
to my tears shall bend,
Another fortune to thee I'll send.
Through the fields she sobbing went.
The gentle mist

its shelter lent.
Her tears were falling
the path along.
As she softly sang
the widow's song:

"Oh, in the field there is a grave
Where the shining grasses wave;
There the widow walked apart,
Bitter sorrow in her heart.
Poison herbs in vain she sought,
Whereby evil spells are wrought.
Two little sons

in arms she bore
Wrapped around in
dress she wore;

Her children to the river carried,
In converse with the water tarried:
'Oh, river Dunai, gentle river,
I my sons to thee deliver.
Thou'lt swaddle them

and wrap them,
Thy little waves
will lap them,
Thy yellow sands
will cherish them.
Thy flowing waters
nourish them."

I

All by themselves lived
an old couple fond
In a nice little grove
just by a millpond.
Like birds of a feather
Just always together,
From childhood the two of them
fed sheep together,
Got married, got wealthy,
got houses and lands.
Got a beautiful garden
just where the mill stands.
An apiary full
of behives like boulders.
Yet no children were theirs,
and death at their shoulders.
Who will cheer their passing years?
Who will soothe their mortal fears?
Who will guard their gathered
treasure.

In loyal service find his pleasure?
Who will be their faithful son
When low their sands of life do run?
Hard it is a child to rear,
In roofless house 'mid want and fear.
Yet just as hard 'mid gathered
wealth,

When death creeps on with crafty
stealth,
And one's treasures good
At end of life's wandering,
Are for strangers rude
For mocking and squandering

II

One fine Sunday,
in the bright sunlight,
All dressed up
in blouses white,
The old folks sat
on the bench by the door;
No cloud in sky,
What could they ask more?
All peace and love
it seemed like Eden.

Yet angels above
their hearts might read in,
A hidden sorrow,
a gloomy mood
Like lurking beast
in darksome wood.

In such a heaven
Oh, do you see
Whatever could
the trouble be?

I wonder now
what ancient sorrow
Suddenly sprang
into their morrow.

Was it quarrel
of yesterday
Choked off, then
revived today.

Or yet some newly sprouted ire
Arise to set their heaven on fire?
Perchance they're called to go to God,
Nor longer dwell on earth's green sod.
Then who for them on that far way
Horses and chariot shall array?

"Anastasia, wife of mine,
Soon will come our fatal day,
Who will lay our bones away?"

"God only knows.

With me always was that thought
Which gloom into my heart has
brought.

Together in years and failing health,
For what have we gathered
all this wealth?"

"Hold a minute,
Hearst thou? Something cries
Beyond the gate—'tis like a child.
Let's run! See'st ought?
I thought something was there."

Together they sprang
And to the gate running;
Then stopped in silence wondering.

Before the stile
a swaddled child,
Not bound tightly,
just wrapped lightly,
For it was
in summer mild,

And the mother
with fond caress
Had covered it
with her own last dress.
In wondering prayer
stood our fond old pair.

The little thing
just seemed to plead.
In little arms
stretched out you'd read
Its prayer,—
in silence all.

No crying—just a little breath its
call.

"See, 'Stasia!
What did I tell thee?
Here is fortune and fate for us;
No longer dwell we in loneliness.
Take it

and dress it.
Look at it!
Bless it!

Quick, bear it inside,
To the village I'll ride.
It's ours to baptize,
God-parents we need for our prize."
In this world

things strangely run.
There's a fellow
that curses his son.
Chases him away from home.
Into lonely lands to roam.

While other poor creatures,
With sorrowful features,

The U.N.A. As A Cultural Force In America

By PROF. CLARENCE A. MANNING

(Address delivered at the U.N.A. Golden Jubilee Concert at Carnegie Hall, Sunday, March 5, 1944)

It is a far cry from the little gathering in Shamokin, Pennsylvania, which first formed the Ukrainian National Association to the present golden jubilee celebration in Carnegie Hall. The founders with all of their limitless optimism would have been unable to imagine that their work would bring such fruits and that the few simple purposes which they had for their organization would have developed as we see them today. Yet there need be nothing surprising about the transformation. It has been dictated by the progress of events.

Immigrants Founded the U.N.A.

When this Association was founded, its original members were immigrants from Europe. The vast majority were of peasant origin and amid the hardships of their village life they had heard of the surprising and almost fabulous possibilities in America, and they came here to acquire wealth and to return home to live out their lives in their native villages. They came and almost at once they discovered that American life was something very different from that which they had imagined. Where once they had lived by agriculture and met with no difficulties but the political oppression and the routine, if often serious accidents that come to every one engaged in agriculture and the handling of animals, they found themselves employed in factories where the slightest error in controlling the machinery might produce fatal consequences.

For self-protection they adopted the principles of the American fraternal organizations and the growth of insurance has followed the general trend of American life. But there were two other factors of importance on which few had counted.

In the first place a growing number of people realized that their lives were inseparably connected with America. They gave up hope of returning and when they did, they found themselves more out of place, more strangers than in America. More and more they settled down as a part of the American people. Their sons served in the American army and navy in the First World War, they married in the United States and today there is only a negligible percentage who would return to a free Ukraine and a still smaller number who would be willing to return to a Ukraine that is not free.

This very fact gave added weight to those clauses of the constitution which provided for the education and cultural activities of the Association. In the beginning these undoubtedly were merely intended to provide entertainment and social opportunities for the hard working people. Yet as their children grew up in America and learned English, it became evident that these opportunities must be expanded if the younger generation were not to lose all feeling for their Ukrainian origin.

U. N. A. Sponsored Affairs at Universities

There must have been at times a strong temptation for the leaders to cement their power by forming a Ukrainian ghetto, by isolating their people from the great stream of American life, but they wisely resisted the temptation to squander their resources on the duplication of

With sweat of their toiling
Must much money earn;
The wage of their toiling
Candles to burn.
Prayers to repeat,
The saints to entreat;
For children are none.
This world is no fun
The way things run.

(To be continued)

the American educational system. They realized that there was an American mode of life and that they could accomplish more by co-operation with it than by any attempt to maintain their old world manners stubbornly and obstinately. As a result there is a growing list of cooperative undertakings between the Association and the universities and the cultural enterprises of America. The leaders now realize that it is their task to furnish the opportunities for the American public to learn about Ukraine and its problems and its culture.

This truth was brought home during the First War, when the people in this country were the only ones who could speak freely and could give advice and information on the situation and the aspirations of their relatives in the homeland. It is even more striking today when the forces of both Germany and the USSR are ravaging the native fields of Ukraine, moving the population as they will and destroying the old traditional mode of life.

Opportunities Facing the U.N.A. Today

All this places a heavy responsibility upon the leaders for they must be fully aware of the problems which they have to discuss. They have to know the temper and the attitude of the American people, and they cannot afford to indulge in cheap propaganda which is easily open to attack. At the same time it opens limitless prospects of future development. As America becomes more conscious of the heritage of Europe and of the achievements of individuals from different areas in the past centuries, this Association can find more and more outlets for its energies and resources. There is still no good translation in English of the poetic works of Shevchenko and Franko, there are still no large libraries of Ukrainian literature and material, there is still an all too wide ignorance of the part that Ukraine has played in the past. All of these present opportunities that are almost terrifying in their magnitude and we can be sure that when the seventy fifth anniversary of the foundation of the U.N.A. rolls around, that it will be larger, more flourishing and will have a far longer list of positive achievements to its credit. The formative years are the hardest and now that the Association has mapped its course to be a power for good and enlightenment in this country, the officers and members alike have only to revise the program whenever necessary to meet changing conditions and to move toward their destined goal.

PERTH AMBOY CHOIR HOLDS ELECTIONS

The Ukrainian Choir Boyan of the Ukrainian Catholic Church in Perth Amboy, N. J. recently held its yearly elections and the following were chosen as officers: President, Michael Andrewshetsko; Vice-President, Ann S. Kolody; Treasurer, William F. Lehman; Secretary, Julia Wovk.

Plans were drawn up by the members at the meeting for the annual Mother's Day celebration. It will be held May 14, 1944. The program will consist of a play and then a dance, with music by Joseph Snihur and his orchestra. Co-chairmen for this event are Julia Wovk and William F. Lehman.

The choir is also now selling raffle tickets for a drawing of a \$25.00 war bond to be raffled off on Mother's Day.

William F. Lehman

"DEATH WAS PART OF OUR LIFE"

Lt. Col. Mellnik's Story of How 5,200 Americans Died in Jap Prison Camps

(Reprinted from "Life" Magazine)

At the Cabanatuan Prison Camp
FOR the first three months of its existence, Cabanatuan prison camp was commanded by Japanese non-coms. After it had been somewhat organized we heard that the command was to be transferred to a commissioned officer. Then came the day of the new commander's arrival. He was a lieutenant colonel, a little on the stout side, and with a bristling black moustache.

"Holy cow," said an enlisted man who was peering through the fence near where I was standing. "Look at old Mori. Used to run a bicycle shop in Manila. Butter wouldn't melt in his mouth—he couldn't be nice enough to us guys in uniform."

Apparently, Lieut. Col. Mori had a very convenient memory, for as far as I was able to learn he did not seem to recall any of his former clients from his bicycle-shop days.

And the change in our treatment, if any, was not discernible—it would have required nothing short of genius on the part of a new commander to make matters worse. There was, however, one temporary change for the better in the matter of hospital supplies. The Philippine Red Cross in Manila had quinine available and was willing to supply it to us. When the quinine finally did arrive it was allowed to remain unpacked for days, the Japanese giving the excuse that the supplies had to be inventoried before they could be used. A small amount was given to us in late September.

Nevertheless, the rate among the American prisoners dropped from 30 per day in July to 21 per day in August, principally due to the fact that many of the weaker ones had already died. September showed an all-time-low of 14 per day, but this rose to 19 per day in October. By the middle of October the small supply of quinine had been used up, and deaths from malaria were on the increase. On one red-letter day in October, however, there were only three deaths in the camp. A notice to this effect was published, and there was much optimism. The next day, however, the death rate was up again, with nearly a score of bodies being dragged out of the barracks the following morning.

Number of Deaths

At the time I left Cabanatuan in October, 1942, being transferred to another camp, approximately 3,000 persons had died there. Twenty-two hundred had died earlier at Camp O'Donnell, not counting the unknown number killed by the Japanese or who died on the death march from Bataan. This makes a known total of more than 5,000 Americans dead by October 1942. Up until the end of 1943 the Japanese had released the names of only 1,800 dead. Certainly there were many more deaths at Cabanatuan since I last saw the place.

Most of the people who died at Cabanatuan were men who had been captured on Bataan. For instance, one colonel told me that in his regiment of 1,000, 25 had been killed and 75 were missing at the fall of Bataan, but that 453 additional men had died for various reasons while in the hands of the Japanese.

One of the heroes of the prison (and there were many) was an officer from New Mexico, Lieut. Col. Cane, of the 200th Coast Artillery. Colonel Cane made every effort to ease the lot of the sick and the hungry and often interceded on their behalf with the Japanese prison officials. On one occasion, he was struck brutally by Mr. Niimura, the interpreter, and he lay on the floor unconscious for nearly an hour. On another occasion,

Colonel Cane had managed to get a tin of sardines from the minute stock in the prison store, and I accompanied him as he took this great delicacy to a patient in the hospital. I was appalled by the conditions there, with no medicines and everyone sick. The place was a stink-hole, with fecal matter on the floors and with flies as plentiful as in our own camp. Only by heroic efforts were the doctors and corpsmen able to accomplish anything at all.

Inspection by Jap General

In September we were notified by the prison officials that we were to be visited for an inspection by a very high Japanese personage. We were all ordered to police up the prison and to appear in our best clothes on the appointed date. Our three group commanders were warned very sternly not to talk to the great personage, but only to give a brief but respectful answers to any questions. Our visitor turned out to be a Japanese general. The Japanese prison officials bowed and smirked obsequiously as they escorted him about. The commander of my group was called forth to accompany the general on the inspection of our group.

This officer courageously pointed out any number of American officers and enlisted men who were too ill to stand in the ranks. "We have very many sick here," he pointed out.

The Japanese general spoke excellent English. He wanted to know why.

Our group commander accompanied our visitor to the mess barracks. "Here is why," he said, pointing to the noonday meal of white rice and thin comote-top soup. "We are all starving."

"That will be enough," the Japanese general snapped. Your men are not starving. They need more exercise."

Toward the end of September or early in October we learned that 1,000 prisoners were to be transferred to another prison camp, this one on the Island of Mindanao, to the southward. Both McCoy and I were among those selected to go. We did not know what to expect at the new camp, but I am sure we both felt that anything would be an improvement over the conditions at Cabanatuan.

"Prison Farm At Davao"

Of the approximately 1,000 American prisoners of war who were being transferred from the Japanese prison camp at Cabanatuan, not one but was glad to go. None of us knew what the new prison would be like, or what conditions we would find there. We knew only that we would be leaving Cabanatuan and the island of Luzon, and we felt certain that any change would be for the better. During more than five months since the fall of Corregidor, as military prisoners of the Japanese in the Philippines, we had seen nothing but starvation, illness, brutality and death.

I will never forget my farewell to Cabanatuan. I was glad to go, no matter what lay ahead. But the departure had its element of sadness, too.

On the day we were to leave Cabanatuan I went around to say goodbye to the many officers with whom I had served in better times in other stations, and also the many friends I had made in prison. Many of them, I knew, would never live to welcome their freedom, unless it came in a matter of weeks and this did not seem likely. One of these was an officer whom I had known almost since the day of my graduation at

(2) West Point. He was suffering from beriberi, and experienced excruciating pain in his fingers and toes. Also he had recurrent attacks of malaria, and he found it difficult to retain even the small amount of food which the Japanese allowed us.

As I came to say goodbye, this officer stopped massaging his fingers and toes and shook hands with me. Both of us knew that he did not have long to live. He took my hand and pressed it as firmly as his strength would allow. "Goodbye, Steve," he said. "Best of luck, boy." That was all.

There are other pathetic memories of that parting, of my friends pressing small gifts on me as they assured me they would have no need for whatever the gift happened to be; and I, in turn, giving away some of my few precious possessions to close friends. Years of military training are supposed to teach an officer to keep a stiff upper lip, but there were times when I had to keep a firm grip on myself to prevent myself from becoming a spectacle. I had seen plenty of heroism on Corregidor, but I will carry with me longest the memory of the little things at Cabanatuan. Perhaps those little things are remembered because they are man's unconscious striving to achieve nobility.

Felons Better Than Jap Guards

In prewar days, the Davao prison colony had been operated by the Philippine Bureau of Prisons, and had contained some 2,000 convicts. All but 150 of these convicts had been transported to another prison near Puerto Princesa, Palawan, the 150 being retained to aid in the management of the prison farm. These 150 felons had been convicted of killing their fellow men in all the various degrees ranging from manslaughter to murder; but any one of them was kinder and more human than any of our Japanese guards. In fact, two of these convicts came along as willing guides when 10 of us finally got free as the first party of American prisoners of war to escape from the Japs in the Philippines.

As we marched into the prison colony we were lined up for review by Major Maida, the Japanese prison commander. We could see that he was furious. Major Maida pointed at the great number in our ranks who were so ill they could barely stand. He stormed about, declaring that he had asked for prisoners capable of doing hard labor. Instead, he shouted he had been sent a batch of walking corpses.

If Lieut. Col. Mori, the Japanese commander at Cabanatuan, had known of these requirements he had kept such knowledge to himself. In fact, he had included many sick in our party, perhaps to avoid the trouble of having them die on his hands.

Major Maida outlined the kinds of work which awaited us, no matter what our wishes in the matter. This work included planting and harvesting rice; the planting and harvesting of corn, camotes and mongo beans; logging; the building of field fortifications, barbed-wire entanglements and parapets for riflemen; plowing; and the miscellaneous slavery work of keeping up the Japanese camp area, such as the latrine detail. And it was at this time that Major Maida gave us a speech.

"You have been used to a soft, easy life since your capture," Major Maida told us. "All that will be different here. Now you will learn about hard labor. Every prisoner will continue to work until he is actually hospitalized. Punishment for malingering will be severe."

NEWARK RED CROSS UNIT WINS RECOGNITION

In a general appeal for support of the American Red Cross Fund during the current month, F. T. Comstock, executive director of the Newark Chapter of the American Red Cross, gave special recognition to the work done by the Ukrainian Unit of that chapter.

Wrote Mr. Comstock:

"The Newark, New Jersey Chapter of the American Red Cross is most appreciative of the excellent cooperation received from the members of the Ukrainian Unit. Their Chapter activities are represented in the various Red Cross services where they have done an outstanding piece of work.

"Mrs. A. J. Nastiuk is Chairman of the Ukrainian Unit, which meets on Wednesday and Thursday of each week to sew for the Red Cross and to fold surgical dressings. This work is augmented by the younger women's group who meet at the same time.

"A representative group of these women have completed the Red Cross courses in Nutrition, Nurse's Aides, Home Nursing, and First Aid.

"The Christmas carolling program is an outstanding feature carried on each year by the Ukrainian Unit's choral group and is indeed a most worthy project."

**AMERICAN
RED CROSS**



THE POET-PROPHET OF UKRAINE (Concluded from page 2)

in order to understand what Shevchenko's poems mean to the Ukrainians. No foreign translators, no literary critic, no man who is not closely identified with the life and soul of Ukrainian people could feel all the beauty, majesty, and exaltation that a Ukrainian finds in Shevchenko.

Compared With Great Writers of Other Nations

The Russians have their great Pushkin. Pushkin gave many beautiful and masterfully done poems to the Russian people. Yet Pushkin was just a great poet, a creator of exquisite verses. The Russians could live on without Pushkin. Mickiewicz awakens great love in his people for all that is their own. The Poles would miss Mickiewicz more than the Russians their Pushkin, if Mickiewicz was taken away from them. There would be an extensive void without Goethe in German literature. There would be an even greater void in the English literature without Shakespeare. But it would be almost a catastrophe for the Scots if Robert wicz were taken away from them. for they find the very epitome of their soul in Robert Burns' poems. Yet even Robert Burns does not mean as much to the Scots as Taras Shevchenko to the Ukrainians. He is not only the greatest Ukrainian poet to them; he is also their greatest national prophet. He is the one whose great love for Ukraine gave birth to a definite and clear-cut idea of Ukrainian national consciousness. He is the one who gave them their national aspirations and ideas. He is the one who ever sustains them in their moments of disappointment and distress. In fact, Taras Shevchenko is that force which out of the mass of millions of people of the south-eastern Europe is making a great nation.

Major Maida's orders were never relaxed.

Shortly after our arrival, the total number of American prisoners at Davao was brought to approximately 2,000 by the addition of prisoners captured in the Visayan Islands and on Mindanao itself.

(To be continued)

The 25-Mile Hike

Basic training was almost over for the men of C Company. Just a week more of the same old stuff and it would all be ancient history. But it was going to be a tough final week because it included, among other things, a 25-mile hike with full infantry pack and equipment.

Hikes were no novelty to the men of C Company. Heck no! They already had 5 milers, 8-milers, 10, 12, 15, 18 and 20-milers, strip pack and full pack both, including night hikes. And most of the G.I.'s had shown up pretty well, too. But none of them had been on a 25-miler and they weren't exactly looking forward to it.

There was a lot of kidding in the barracks the night before the day of the hike. The men were rolling their packs, making them good and light so they wouldn't fall apart during the march, and everyone wanted to talk and kid around. Nelson, the lad from the farm, whom Lewis referred to as "Ploughboy" because of his peculiar, heavy walk, was telling the others how he made the 20-miler without taking a drink of water.

"Aw, that's nothing," kidded Lewis. "I made the same hike double time all the way."

"You two guys make me sick with your lies," Raymond said. "When you do what I did then you'll have the right to brag."

"And, pray tell, what the heck did you do?" Earl inquired sarcastically, as Nelson and Lewis glared at Raymond, knowing full well his fondness for exaggeration.

"Well," said Raymond in a modest tone, "I don't like to brag but, and it's the truth, I did 40 miles once—on one foot." He ducked in time to avoid contact with Lewis' full field pack, which hit a foot-locker and fell apart. Lewis' invectives were drowned out in the laughter that followed.

A thin, weak-looking, small bespeckled lad named Richie, seemed to be having trouble making his pack. All the boys had always wondered how this anemic looking fellow had managed to complete all the hikes including the 20-miler. Lewis offered to help him with the pack.

"Thanks," Richie said, "but I think I've got it now."

"Do you expect to make tomorrow's hike?" Lewis asked.

"Yes," Richie replied. "I've got to make it."

"Got to? What do you mean, you've got to?"

"Lewis, do you think I'm doing all right as a soldier so far? Back home all the boys used to laugh at me. They said I'd better join the Boy Scouts instead the Army. That hurt a lot. That's why I want to make the hike."

"You're doing all right, soldier," Lewis said, and meant it. "You'll make the hike, too."

Richie grinned happily and went back to packing with renewed vigor. Lewis grinned, too—he liked this kid's spirit.

"Hit the Road"

Breakfast was over and the boys were busy checking their pack and equipment, and filling canteens with water.

"Five minutes left," the platoon sergeant yelled for every one to hear. "Don't forget helmets, pistol belts, canteen with water, gas masks, full packs—"

"How about foot lockers, Sarge?" Lewis inquired innocently.

"Another crack like that and I'll put you on K.P. so long you'll have dish pan hands up to your elbows!" the sergeant bellowed.

The minutes passed rapidly. Then came the call they were waiting for, the call they had heard several times a day all during the training period.

"Hit the road!"

The men got out of the barracks as fast as they could, fully equipped, and formed in platoons on the road. The platoon sergeants and corporals gave each man two salt tablets to drop in his canteen. The men were then given "Dress right, dress!" and "Ready, front!" and were correctly covered down and spaced apart. The company commander then gave "Right, face!" and "forward, march!" and C Company was off on the first lap of its 25-mile hike.

The men marched through camp and found themselves on one of the numerous roads in the area. The pace was 3½ miles per hour, with 10-minute breaks every hour. At noon there would be an hour break, during which the men would eat C rations delivered by truck.

The first hour was uneventful. The men were marching, in route step, in two lines, on the left side of the road, and were having much fun joking and singing. No one complained about anything. During the break they drank a little water and smoked.

The weather was warmer during the second hour and the men began to perspire. An ambulance followed behind, to treat men suffering from the heat or foot sores, but there were no patients then. During their second break some of the men drank more water than before. The non-coms went around cautioning the men about water discipline, telling them that though it was good to replace the salt in their bodies, too much water at one time would make them sick.

Going Gets Tougher

During the third hour the joking and singing lessened considerably. The men were beginning to tire; the packs were getting heavier and uncomfortable on their backs; and they perspired freely. Feet began to hurt. Some men started to complain.

"Cheer up, boys!" Lewis said cheerfully. "Only 15 miles to go!"

"Kill him somebody!" Raymond begged.

"Wassamatter, boy, getting tired?" Lewis grinned.

"My feet hurt," said Raymond.

"And you're the guy who did 40 miles on one foot!"—Lewis chuckled.

"Richie over there is doing better than you are."

They both watched Richie, a few yards ahead of them. His pack seemed almost as tall and heavy as he was, but he carried it with not too much effort; his stride, however, seemed little forced. Lewis could see that he was pushing himself along.

"He'll kill himself," Raymond remarked.

"He's trying too hard," Lewis said, "but he'll make it all right." Then he saw Nelson plodding heavily along unconcernedly. "Hey, Nelson!" he cried, "how are you doing?"

"O.K. Surprised to see you're still around, though. Figured the ambulance would get you about this time."

"Not me," Lewis grinned. "But Raymond's due to cave in soon, leg and all."

Lewis and Nelson laughed. Unperturbed Raymond said: "I forgot to mention one thing about that 40-mile hike on one foot."

"What was that?" Lewis asked.

"It was all double time, no breaks."

"I'll give you a break," Lewis said "if you keep that up!"

"You sound as if you don't believe me." Raymond said in a hurt tone.

"Everybody knows I never lie."

Just then the signal for the break came. The boys took off their packs and made themselves comfortable in sitting and lying positions alongside the road.

Hot, Aching, Tired Feet

The fourth hour was hard on everyone. It was almost noon and the sun was very hot. The men's

fatigue suits were wet with perspiration. There was much shifting of packs, which seemed ten times their original weight. Every pair of shoes contained hot, aching, tired feet. The ambulance men had treated a number of blisters. Every man was looking forward to noon, not because they liked C rations, but because with noon came an hour's rest. Noon just couldn't come fast enough.

The first thing many of the marchers did when the noon came was to take off their shoes and socks and treat their feet with a wet handkerchief. They put on clean socks and felt immeasurably improved. They ate their C rations and joked about the hike. They were feeling good again—still tired, but in good spirits. They lounged around and smoked, greatly appreciating the long break and hoping it would last for hours. All too soon, however, it was all over and they were on the road again. This was the toughest part of the hike. The afternoon sun was unmerciful and the urge to drink water was irresistible. With eight miles of the hike remaining men began to fall out for treatment. Blisters were numerous. One man passed out completely from the heat and fatigue. Another, who had drunk too much water, became sick.

The Last Five Miles

Five miles to go. More blisters—more fatigue cases. Everyone's feet hurt and throbbed so that every step was agony. During breaks the men just dropped and rested. There was little conversation except for inquiries as to the time, and distance remaining to be covered. When the breaks were over the men had all they could do to pick themselves up, sling their packs, and proceed.

"What time is it?" Raymond asked.

"Three-thirty—twenty minutes before our next and last break," Lewis answered.

"Twenty minutes! My feet hurt—oh how they hurt! I hope the twenty minutes fly. My feet are killing me!"

Lewis said nothing as he was having his own troubles. Richie was still keeping up with the pace, but everyone could see that he was exerting every ounce of strength and endurance. A corporal offered to relieve him of his pack and put it in the ambulance, but Richie determined to complete the hike or drop, declined. Nelson continued to plod along uncomplainingly. Earl had fallen behind so much that the rear guard was on his heels. Stragglers trailed behind the company for a long distance.

"What's the time now?" Raymond panted.

Lewis looked at his watch. "Three-thirty-four," he answered.

"What? Only four minutes passed? I could swear it seemed like half an hour!"

"Take it easy" Lewis said. "Forget the time and maybe it'll go faster."

There was no further conversation. Every man concentrated on putting one foot before the other. More men began to drop behind. Time dragged. A minute, some men decided, was a long time. In one minute a man walks about 120 steps, each step an agony in itself.

The Break

Finally, after what seemed hours, the break came. Gratefully, men dropped to the ground and rested. Very few smoked—they were too tired. They just laid on the ground, glad not to be walking.

Whereas time had dragged on the much it seemed to fly during the break. It was over all too soon. Men groaned as they got to their feet and slung packs over aching backs. Every movement was painful, particularly that of walking.

Three miles to go—two miles—the balance was full of men who needed treatment and more were being picked up all the time. A number

of G.I.'s had been taken back to camp for hospitalization.

Richie, looking miserably exhausted continued to keep up. Raymond fell out for foot treatment. Each had caught up with the main body during the break, but was falling behind again. Nelson appeared tired but moved along methodically. Lewis' feet hurt, but with only two miles to go he wasn't going to stop now; he was sure he had blisters on both feet.

The men marched on wearily. They came to a turn in the road and saw that it led over a steep hill. They climbed the hill slowly, their packs forcing them to bend forward for balance. Soon the good word was passed along that camp could be seen from the top of the hill. The news was very stimulating. The end of the hike was in sight!

When Lewis and Nelson reached the top of the hill, the camp seemed awfully far away. But they knew it was only a little over a mile. Lewis began to joke again, despite his aching feet. Some men started to sing. Richie's attention was concentrated on keeping his feet in motion. He was glad he was coming in on his own power; nothing was going to stop him now that the end was so near.

Fifteen minutes later the marchers halted on the outskirts of camp to allow the stragglers to catch up. They came singly and in groups, some of them almost completely exhausted. When all the men were together and in their proper places, the company marched into camp.

The End of the Hike

Tired, dirty, footsore and wet with sweat the men of C Company came to a halt in front of their barracks and were dismissed. Wearily they broke ranks and walked toward their barracks, dragging their packs behind them. Not Richie, though. He had collapsed right on the road after the company was dismissed.

Some men picked Richie up and carried him to a bed in the barracks. Then an ambulance came and took him to hospital.

Meanwhile the men rested, took showers, changed their clothes, shined their shoes, and combed their hair. They were preparing to stand retreat. After retreat they would have chow, and after chow they planned to rest in bed. No one had any intention of going to town that night.

The boys visited Richie in the hospital the next day. He was suffering from extreme fatigue but was all right otherwise and would be back on duty in a few days. He was ashamed that he had passed out but was very happy that he completed the hike.

"I'm a Soldier!"

"When I get my furlough I'm going to lick the tar out of any 4-F that makes a crack about me being good only for the Boy Scouts" he said happily. "I'm a soldier!—as good as any man in C Company." He became slightly embarrassed that his friends should hear him boast like this. "I'm sorry fellows—I was thinking out loud," he added weakly.

"Forget it, Richie," Lewis said, grinning. "You're soldier and a darn good one. Right, boys?"

"You said it!" the other fellows chorused—and they meant it.

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The Strange Case of Mykyta Bezhrishney

Once upon a time in a town called Perkins Corners lived an upright young man named Mykyta Bezhrishney.

Mykyta was a model young man: he never drank, smoked, nor chased after the various corn-fed lassies who lived in Perkins Corners.

He was as devoid of sex appeal as a bedtime story over the radio.

But he was thrifty as a squirrel and as ambitious as a moth in a closet full of woolen clothes.

So he saved all his nickels and dimes and finally he had enough coin of the realm to use as an oyster-knife on this hard-shelled world.

Then he packed his suitcase, put on his Sunday clothes and bought a ticket to New York, where, rumor hath it, opportunities for an ambitious young man are not as limited as they are in Perkins Corners.

Just beyond Sandusky, Mykyta wandered into the club car.

A quartet of city slickers were playing poker in the car and Mykyta paused to watch, his eyes hanging out on his cheeks like a couple of overcoat buttons.

"Ipepay the Umpchay," muttered one of the slickers as he caught sight of Mykyta.

The others turned and looked him over like a dentist hunting for a cavity.

Then up spoke one of the gambling men and said, "Howdy, stranger, would you like to sit in the game for a while?"

For the slickers thought that Mykyta was a chump and would prove to be an easy mark.

"But I never played cards in my life," weakly protested Mykyta, looking as hungry as a mouse at a Scotch picnic at all the money in sight.

"Oh, we'll explain the game as we go along," chorused the four. "Nothing to it."

So Mykyta Bezhrishney, who knew no single rule of poker, sat down with four slickers who thought that Mykyta was a chump.

To the other kibitzers it seemed that Mykyta had about as much of a chance among those wolves as a Rabbi in Bercheshgarten.

For they thought that Mykyta would be as helpless as herring in the hands of a cook.

But Mykyta was as optimistic as a seed grower's catalog for he trusted in beginner's luck.

As the train pulled into Utica, Mykyta got up from the table with a face as long as a winter night in Finland.

For the slickers had cleaned him as thoroughly as a bride cleans her flat for her mother-in-law's first visit.

Yes, in spite of Mykyta's ignorance, of which he had a lot, he did not win a single, solitary pot.

MORAL: It is far better to play with a poor loser than any kind of a winner.

M. M.

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Philly Upsets St. Basil's College, 62-55

U.N.A. Team Comes From Behind To Record Spectacular Golden Jubilee Triumph

By DIETRIC SLOBOGIN

Before a capacity crowd of more than 200 excited basketball fans at Philadelphia's Ukrainian Hall on February 27, the Philadelphia U.N.A. Youth Club chalked up a 62-55 upset of St. Basil's College to open Philadelphia's celebration of the Ukrainian National Association's 50th anniversary.

Philly Draws First Blood

After a few seconds of play, Philly began the scoring when young Jimmy Starosta, who leaves for the Navy today, converted a pair of penalty throws. The first period was a free-scoring affair with Joe Rudenko of the U.N.A. matching baskets with Steve Danylichuk of St. Basil's. The latter is the Connecticut intercollegiate scoring champion for a single game. The hectic quarter ended at 18-15 with Philadelphia on top.

St. Basil's Forges Ahead

But the collegians were not to be denied. Excellent floor work by Harchison and more spectacular shooting by Danylichuk were good for 17 Seminary points in the second canto. The U.N.A. team, lacking good reserves, were forced to bench two starters temporarily and fell behind five points. The half ended with Stamford leading 32-27.

Last Half Tells Story

The Philadelphia story was told in the last two quarters. After intermission, the rejuvenated U.N.A. boys took the entire spotlight, despite the loss of their mainstay, Jerry Juzwiak, who was ruled out of the game on personal fouls late in the third quarter. Captain Walter Bukata, Mickey Matsik, and Joe Rudenko alternated in paring the St. Basil 5 point lead and finally attaining a lead of their own late in the third quarter which they never relinquished. St. Basil's College was held to 9 points in the third quarter while the Gold and Blue Wave was rolling up 19. An additional 16 points against 14 for the Seminary in the last chapter concluded the story, although the margin of points was never more than 7 separating the two teams. Skrinosky flashed for the Ukrainian Stamford institution in the

last quarter, while Bukata and Rudenko continued to hammer away at the visitors' basket.

Phila. U.N.A.	FG	F	PTS
J. Juzwiak	3	6	12
Rudenko	10	2	22
Bukata	5	2	12
Sinkowski	0	0	0
Starosta	1	2	4
Chawluk	1	0	2
Matsik	3	4	10
Total	23	16	62

St. Basil's College	FG	F	PTS
Harchison	5	2	12
Danylichuk	9	4	22
Skrinosky	8	2	18
Shary	0	1	1
Cello	0	0	0
Fedorchuk	1	0	2
Paska	0	0	0
Total	23	9	55

The score by quarters:

St. Basil's	15	17	9	14	55
Phila. U.N.A.	18	9	19	16	62

Pickups

The Cathedral Choir was host at a luncheon before the game for both teams in the Parish Hall... Mr. Gregory Herman, Supreme U.N.A. Vice-President threw up the first ball to get things rolling... St. Basil's were 3-1 favorites on the basis of their splendid intercollegiate record... One avid St. Basil's fan was spotting the U.N.A. team 20 points on a bet... A victory party was held immediately after the game... The Ukrainian Hall had what was the largest sports crowd in its history... Captain "Specks" Bukata played his annual brilliant game much to the satisfaction of Mrs. Bukata and probably to the surprise of the Ukrainian Weekly's editor who saw Specks in action earlier in the season... Six ball players of the U.N.A. Youth Club are expected to leave for the service before the end of this month including Coach Jerry Juzwiak... Mr. Michael Nasevich, known by almost every Ukrainian in Philly, donated a set of 10 jackets to the club... Al Yaremko did a splendid job of reporting the game and receiving much publicity in the Philly morning papers.

\$10,000 BONDS BOUGHT AT AKRON RALLY

War bonds amounting to over \$10,000 were purchased at a bond rally held in Akron, Ohio Sunday, February 13, in connection with the war bond drive of the Ukrainian Congress Committee of America. Sponsored by the united Ukrainian organizations of Akron the rally was held at the Ukrainian Catholic church hall.

Among the speakers was Petty Officer Michael Poliansky, United States Navy, Ukrainian by descent, now on leave following active duty in the Pacific war theatre. Modestly recounting some of his experiences there, the young officer stressed that morale among the armed forces will always remain high when the boys in service know that the folks back home are doing their share in the winning of this war.

Among the other speakers were Mrs. Raymond Fair, head of the women's division of the Akron war bond drive, Miss Genevieve Zepko, state co-chairman of the Ukrainian Congress Committee bond drive, Mrs. Mary Pulk, and Alexander Zepko, president of U.N.A. Branch 295. Mr. Nicholas Square was the chairman of the rally.

NEWARK TO HOLD BOND RALLY TOMORROW

The Newark community's participation in the national war bond drive of the Ukrainian Congress Committee of America will be highlighted tomorrow (Sunday, March 12) afternoon by a war bond rally to be held at the Ukrainian Center, 180 William street, beginning at 3 o'clock.

The rally will be sponsored by the United Ukrainian War Bond Drive Committee of Newark, which was formed last month. The committee represents all the Ukrainian churches and organizations in the city.

The rally program will feature several talks in English and Ukrainian, and choral and solo numbers.

The sale of war bonds at the rally will be conducted by the American Ukrainian Building and Loan Association of Newark, which is an issuing agent.

The Ukrainian American people of Newark are urged to demonstrate their patriotism by attending the rally tomorrow and investing every available dollar in war bonds, which is a small contribution toward winning this war.

Committee

WANTED: More news reports and articles on Ukrainian American war effort and other activities, for publication on these pages. Pictures also (enclose with picture \$3.00—cost of making cut).

YONKERS PARISHIONERS BUY \$30,550 BONDS

Parishioners of St. Michael's Ukrainian Catholic Church in Yonkers, New York subscribed \$30,550 in War Bonds on Sunday, February 13 at a rally in the church hall, according to local press reports. Approximately 216 persons were represented in the total subscriptions credited to the national Ukrainian American war bond drive now being held under the auspices of the Ukrainian Congress Committee of America with \$5,000,000 as its goal.

Taking part in the program were: The Rev. Maximilian Kinash, pastor, who gave the benediction; the Rev. Bohdan Olesh, assisting priest; William Homiak and Michael Makar, president and secretary of the board of trustees; William Mandziy, trustee of the church for 25 years; and Mrs. Frank Smart, chairman of the Women's Division of the Yonkers War Finance Committee.

Also St. Michael's Choir, directed by Michael Fatuk, and the color guards of Post Seven, American Legion, and its Auxiliary, both headed by Commander Frank Gruback.

Red Cross workers of the church, under the direction of Mrs. Benjamin Autero, assisted war mothers in selling Bonds. Mrs. Margaret Potocki, William H. Bradley, John Barrowman and Miss Anna Pupchyk of the Yonkers Savings and Loan Association made out the Bonds.

Mrs. Annette Kmetz, chairman of the Red Cross Auxiliary at the church, was in charge of arrangements.

\$18,000 WAR BONDS BOUGHT AT WOONSOCKET RALLY

War bonds amounting to \$18,000 were purchased last Sunday, March 5th at a Ukrainian American rally held in the auditorium of St. Michael's Ukrainian Orthodox church in Woonsocket, R. I. The amount was credited to the \$5,000,000 war bond drive of the Ukrainian Congress Committee of America.

As reported in the Woonsocket Call (clipping sent to the Weekly by Mrs. Rosalia Wecal), civic and military speakers addressed the rally.

Mayor Dupre told the gathering that by doing all they could to help the war on the homefront they could look with expectation for the return of our fighting men who will have been furnished with the tools to win victory and that by having done their utmost back home "you will be able to look them squarely in the eyes and say, 'I did my part, too.'"

Other speakers were former Mayor J. Hector Paquin, chairman of the Rhode Island Community Division of the R. I. War Finance Committee; Ensign Edith Knight, as SPAR, who formerly was private secretary to Mrs. Eleanor Roosevelt in the office of the Civilian Defence; Capt. Michael Yannell, U. S. Army flier who took part in 80 missions over North Africa and is holder of the Distinguished Flying Cross with Air Medal and nine oak leaf clusters; Rev. Dimitrius Leschysyn, pastor of St. Michael's Church and Chairman Kokolski.

Zaporozska Stch, a U.N.A. branch, made the largest donation for an organization—\$2,000.

Assisting Kokolski, on the local bond committee are Mrs. Rose Wecal and Michael Zaplitny. A motion picture showing the U. S. army air force in action was shown as part of the program yesterday.

Serving as typists or otherwise assisting in taking the pledges yesterday were Mrs. Sophie Senchuck and the Misses Helen Chubay, Eugenia Sulima, Mary Kuziw, Mary Karas, Olga Boyko, Eugenia Kocuba.

EVERYBODY SAVING IN EVERY PAYDAY WAR BONDS