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

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Carpatho-Ukraine Five Years Ago

In the helter-skelter of war events today, hardly anyone seems to remember that exactly five years ago this month the world was witnessing in Carpatho-Ukraine a shining example of heroic defense of national liberties against brutal might and aggression. On the one side was a veritable handful of young Carpatho-Ukrainian irregulars, with but rifles and some machine guns in their hands, but fired with the determination to make their mountainous corner of Ukraine a cradle of Ukrainian liberties. Opposed to them was the military might of Hungary, with troops, tanks, planes, and artillery, and behind it all a savagery and brutality that is so characteristic of those who in their mad lust for power trample roughshod upon all instincts of human decencies. Against this evil might the Carpatho-Ukrainian lads waged a battle so heroic that it attracted world-wide attention and admiration.

The story of their epic fight actually began twenty years earlier, on September 10, 1919, when by the Treaty of St. Germain, the newly-created republic of Czechoslovakia absorbed some 12,631 square miles of Ukrainian territory (then known as Podkarpatska Rus and later as Carpatho-Ukraine), containing about 655,000 Ukrainians, as "an autonomous unit within the Czechoslovak republic." Despite this guaranty, Czechoslovakia failed to grant the region any autonomy and was guilty of attempts to denationalize its inhabitants.

With the rise, however, of the new Czechoslovakia in October, 1938, the status of Carpatho-Ukraine changed considerably. On October 11 it received Home Rule. On October 26, a Cabinet composed entirely of Ukrainians was appointed by Prague to govern it, headed by Monsignor Augustin Voloshin, the new premier. But on November 2, by the infamous Vienna arbitration award of Germany and Italy, the most fertile portion of Carpatho-Ukraine, with its capital Uzhorod and cities of Mukachiw and Koshytsi, was allocated to Hungary. Only part of Carpatho-Ukraine was left free, with Khust as its capital.

The annexation was a result of Hungary's ambition to absorb all of Carpatho-Ukraine. In this ambition Hungary was supported by Poland, not so much because the annexation gave the two countries a common frontier, strategically advantageous to both, but more so because Poland hoped it would remove any danger of Carpatho-Ukraine becoming a base of operations for the national unification and independence of the 45 million Ukrainian nation, including the portion under her own misrule.

On November 19 Carpatho-Ukraine received a new constitution providing for its autonomy. For the next several months the region underwent rapid national, cultural and economic development, as its populace, in the words of a United Press dispatch from Khust (Dec. 17) became animated by the belief "that the hour for

birth of greater Ukraina is rapidly approaching." A private army of some twelve thousand men known by the old Kozak name of the Sitch was established.

When Czecho-Slovakia broke up completely in the spring, and despite the armed efforts of the Czechs to stop them, the Carpatho-Ukrainians proclaimed their national independence (March 15, 1939), and Voloshyn became the president. Immediately, however, Hungarian troops invaded the new republic and although meeting with heroic resistance from the Sitch lads and from the tough Hutzul peasants, they eventually overran the country, occupied it, and then proceeded to terrorize the populace in a manner to defy description. Finally Carpatho-Ukraine was forcibly incorporated into Hungary. The latter immediately instituted a program of suppression of Ukrainian nationalism, forcing the churches in Uzhorod, for example, to carry on services in the Hungarian language and replacing Ukrainian teachers in the schools with Hungarians.

And thus ended Carpatho-Ukraine's bid to become the Piedmont of Ukrainian national liberties. Although that bid failed, its heroic qualities have made it a source of inspiration to Ukrainian patriots throughout the world. Likewise it aroused world-wide praise. Anne O'Hare McCormick of the New York Times, for example, wrote the following after having been an eyewitness to the final death struggle in Khust:

"Of all incredible episodes in the break-up of Czecho-Slovakia, what has happened during the last three days in Carpatho-Ukraine is the most fantastic.

"On Tuesday this smallest sector of the tripartite Czech State was fighting the Czechs. On Tuesday night it proclaimed itself an independent State. On Wednesday morning Czech flags were down, Czech troops in full flight and Ukrainian colors flying from every window in the capital, Huszt.

"By Wednesday afternoon the Hungarian tricolor had displaced the Ukrainian blue and yellow in a hundred villages as a Hungarian army advanced toward the capital.

"Carpatho-Ukraine was actually under three flags in twenty-seven hours. In three days it had fought two wars—the first to drive out the Czechs, the second to keep the Hungarians from coming in. The biggest battle in these eventful days was fought not at Prague or at Bratislava in Slovakia but at Huszt on Tuesday between Czech troops and the Sitch, Ukrainian National Guard, composed of Carpathian boys dressed in blue-gray uniforms. Today Ukrainians and only Ukrainians are resisting and being swallowed up."

The writer concluded: "Tomorrow or the next day Huszt will revert to the overgrown village it was before it became a symbol of a great Ukraine. In the cafe where

DEAD WOONSOCKET HERO'S DEEDS LAUDED

Five miles above Nazi Germany, in extreme cold that registered near 50 degrees below zero, S/Sgt. Peter Kopernik, 23-year-old Ukrainian American Flying Fortress ball turret gunner from Woonsocket, R. I., joined the legion of American fighting men whose supreme devotion to duty has cost them their lives, the "Woonsocket Call" reported on March 15 (clipping sent to Weekly by Mrs. Rosalia Wecal).

Sgt. Kopernik died on the way home from Wilhelmshaven when his oxygen mask froze while he worked to free his iced-up guns. He was the son of Mr. and Mrs. Mojsej Kopernik of 20 Boyden street, both of whom are members of U.N.A. Branch 206.

The story of his death was told by his pilot, First Lieut. Albert Rood, 24, of Raleigh, N. C.

"Flak punctured Kopernik's turret over the target, but no one was aware of it," related the pilot. "He remained at his guns despite the terrible cold which rushed through the opening, to uphold his link in the ship's chain of defense against enemy fighters."

"His guns froze as we neared the North sea en route home, and he asked permission to come out of his turret. Once out, he insisted on working over his guns. Even then no one was aware that his face was frozen. He laid flat on the catwalk and worked on the guns.

"Later, one of the waist gunners discovered he was dead. Life lasts only a few moments without oxygen at that altitude."

Kopernik, who transferred to Flying Fortresses from attack bombers, had been credited with the probable destruction of an Me. 210 in the recent attack on aircraft industries at Brunswick, Germany. He held the Air Medal with two Oak Leaf Clusters for "meritorious achievement."

Liked to Read the Weekly

Because, as his bereaved mother said to Mrs. Wecal, "my son liked to read the Ukrainian Weekly and we constantly sent it to him in England," she told her friends that if they desire to contribute to some worthy cause in memory of her son, they should contribute to the "Svoboda" jubilee fund, toward which she herself donated \$5.

SAYS WEEKLY IS "UKRAINIAN BOOK OF KNOWLEDGE"

In a recent letter to the editor of The Ukrainian Weekly, Mr. Joseph M. Kochan of Joliet, Ill., well known as the owner of one of the finest collections of Ukrainian folk handicraft in this country, writes:

"I have saved all the copies of the Sitch members gathered nightly to plot and plan, there will be no more excitement. The great Ukraine will be developed somewhere else. But Huszt was a capital for a day, and it goes down fighting."

"SVOBODA" THANKED FOR WAR BOND PUBLICITY

The "intensive support" "Svoboda" recently gave to the New Jersey war bond committee was acknowledged with appreciation in a letter received last week from John E. Manning, state administrator.

Addressed to the managing editor of "Svoboda" the letter reads:

"Thank you very much for the intensive support your newspaper gave the work of the New Jersey War Finance Committee and its local organizations during the Fourth War Loan Drive.

"This support was, I know, one of the factors which helped New Jersey finish among the top States in overall sales and made it the State which showed the greatest improvement in percentage of 'E' Bond sales in the Fourth War Loan over the corresponding sales in the Third War Loan.

"Your assistance is appreciated by the Treasury Department, as well as by every person who worked in the Drive.

"(signed) John E. Manning, State Administrator, New Jersey Division."

DIES IN ITALY FROM WOUNDS

U.N.A. Branch 223 of Wilkes-Barre, Pa. lost its first member in this war in person of Pfc. Paul Maliborski, 19, whose parents, Mr. and Mrs. Maliborski, 120 West Chestnut street, received word recently that he had been killed in action in the Italian theatre of war.

As reported in the local press (clipping sent to Weekly by John Hrenecin, secretary of branch 223), the official telegram notifying Paul's family of his death came two days after they received word that he was seriously wounded in action with a U. S. Army infantry unit in that area. He succumbed to injuries on February 23.

Prior to entering the service in May, 1943, Pfc. Maliborski was employed as an aviation mechanic in Lancaster, Pa. He received his basic training at Camp Shelby, Miss. and was transferred overseas in October of last year, serving during the North African campaign and then later in Italy.

Besides his parents, he leaves three brothers, Pvt. Michael Maliborski, with the U. S. Engineers stationed in England; Michael and Theodore at home; and three sisters: Mrs. Mary Gazey, Christianna, and Margaret, the latter his twin sister.

Ukrainian Weekly that have appeared for the past ten years, and early this year I had them bound into four volumes. I am indeed proud to have them. I wonder how many of the young Ukrainian Americans save the Ukrainian Weekly and use it as a reference, especially in these days when they should do their best to inform their non-Ukrainian friends about Ukraine and her fight for freedom. For me the Ukrainian Weekly is a priceless treasure, and it really deserves to be called "The Ukrainian Book of Knowledge."

Ukrainians of Bessarabia

THE Red Army drive into Bessarabia is of particular interest to Ukrainians because 20% of that province's approximate population of 2,650,000 is composed of Ukrainians. Numerically they are next largest to the Rumanian-Moldavians, who constitute 47.6% of the entire populace; 12% being Jewish, 5% Bulgarian, and 3% German.

Most of the Bessarabian Ukrainians live in the north, centering in the city of Khotyn, scene of bloody fighting between the Ukrainian Kozaks and Turks back in the 17th century when it was a Turkish citadel, on guard against Kozak expeditions into Turkish territory. Other Ukrainians live mostly in around the town of Akerman in the south.

Bessarabia Belonged to Kingdom of Galicia

Bessarabia, it is interesting to note, was absorbed by the expanding Ukrainian Kingdom of Galicia in the 12th century. Subsequently the region became overrun by Volokh-Moldavians, before whom the Ukrainians gave way until the 16th century, when the tide of their settlements began to advance again, reaching its peak in the 18th century, by which time the Ukrainians solidly occupied all of the southern part of the province.

Up to the 19th century Bessarabia was in the power of Turkey. In 1812, following wars with Russia, it was ceded to Russia. By treaty of Paris of 1856, the portions lying along the Pruth and the Danube, 4,250 square miles, were assigned to Moldavia, but at the Berlin Congress of 1878, 3,580 miles were restored to Russia.

Effect of Collapse of Tsarist Russia

When Tsarist Russia collapsed in 1917 and Bessarabia became released from its control, the Bessarabian Ukrainians attempted to assert the traditional historical and cultural ties that bound them with Ukraine. However Rumanian troops quickly occupied the region and by the treaty of Bucharest signed in May, 1918, to which Germany and Austria were parties, Rumania annexed Bessarabia with its half-million Ukrainians. Efforts to help the latter militarily were made by the Ukrainian National Republic but proved fruitless, for Austria and Germany blocked them. The Ukrainian government limited its action to diplomatic intervention. Finally it took recourse in an economic blockade of Rumania. This measure was effective: pressed on all sides by hard peace terms of the Central Powers, Rumania was able to get the necessary products only from Ukraine. A Rumanian diplomatic mission arrived in Kiev, asking for the renewal of trade relations. The Ukrainian government, without renouncing its claim to Bessarabia, accepted a provisional commercial treaty. Both countries established diplomatic relations and postponed the solution of the Bessarabian problem to a more favorable moment.

Attempt to Link Bessarabia With Ukrainian Republic

When Germany collapsed the Bessarabian Ukrainians decided to strike out for their liberties. A popular Ukrainian revolt broke out which resulted in the creation of a Bessarabian Directory, headed by Alexander Mayevsky, a member of the Central Rada of the Ukrainian National Republic. The Directory passed resolutions demanding the attachment of Bessarabia to the Ukrainian republic. Rumania, however, looked upon the province as part of its spoils of war and crushed the revolt brutally. Over 11,000 Ukrainians were slain, mostly in Khotyn. The Ukrainian republic was unable to come to their aid as it was then engaged in a mortal struggle against the Reds, the Tsarist "Whites," and the Poles.

Rumanian Misrule

On December 9, 1919, by virtue of the Minorities Treaty signed by Allied representatives at Paris on that day, Rumanian occupation of Bessarabia, also of Bukovina (whose story will be told here in a subsequent issue), was confirmed.

Despite her promises to safeguard the racial, religious and linguistic rights of the Ukrainians, Rumania proceeded to oppress them most severely, with the intention of eradicating the Ukrainian element within her borders. "The Ukrainians under Rumania," wrote "Dilo," leading Ukrainian daily published in Lviv before the war, "have not a single elementary, secondary, or technical school, and private schools are not allowed. No Ukrainians are allowed in the Civil Service, and Rumanian enterprises import Rumanian labor rather than employ local Ukrainians."

"A Study In Decay"

Socially and economically the Ukrainians of Bessarabia suffered very badly too, so much so that one writer described Bessarabia under Rumanian rule as "A Study In Decay." Where before the last war Bessarabia was a wine-growing country, with markets of Russian Ukraine just across the Dniester, while in summer time it was a vacation land for the wealthy folk from the north, after the war, under the corrupt and oppressive Rumanian rule, most of the vineyards were soon dying of neglect, while only the hardiest of holiday-makers would brave the Rumanian police surveillance which attached to any "foreigner" who ventured into the province.

The plight of the Ukrainian peasant under Rumanian misrule was made all the more acute by his realization that there was little or no hope of any improvement for him. For if he looked across the Dniester into Soviet Ukraine he could not help but know that the plight of his kinsmen under the Communist regime was in some respects infinitely worse than his.

Any Better Under Red Rule?

H. Hessel Tiltman, at present New York correspondent of British newspapers, met one such Bessarabian Ukrainian peasant, and described the incident in his book "Peasant Europe" as follows:

"Would their [Bessarabian Ukrainians] fate be any worse if the writ of Moscow ran at Kishinev [capital of Bessarabia]? The question is prompted by the proximity of that arbitrary frontier of the Dniester River. A boundary between two philosophies of government, two creeds, two worlds across which runs no road, and which has been bridged by no train since the coming of Communism cut off Russia from the Balkan Slavs.

"I put that question to a peasant in almost the last farm in Europe, as he called his holding. Less than a mile away to the north was the river—and across the river paraded the frontier guards of the Red Army. The peasant had a mother and a brother living behind that impassable screen, whom he has not seen or heard of since 1917, and is unlikely to see again, for there are no motor-coaches or excursion trains running from Bessarabia into the lands of the Ukrainians under the Red flag. Part of his family happened to be ten miles north of the other part on the day when the new frontier appeared. That was all. But it divided that family in half more surely than putting the width of the world between could have done.

Even Worse There, Says Peasant

"Gazing across his fields toward the river, this son of the Great Ukraine thought over my question before replying.

Liberator Navigator Is Missing



LT. NICHOLAS M. MANOREK

Second Lt. Nicholas M. Manorek, 24, who navigated a B-24 Liberator bomber, has been missing in flight since Feb. 4 over Sardinia, according to an official telegram received by his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Nestor Manorek, 24 Mercer St., Jersey City, N. J., the "Jersey Journal" reported last week.

The missing lieutenant, his parents, and his sister Anastasia, are all members of Branch 275 of the Ukrainian National Association.

Born in Jersey City, Lt. Manorek was graduated from St. Peter's Parochial School, St. Peter's Prep and attended Hudson College at night, working for his C. F. A. At the same time he was employed as an accountant by Igoe Bros., Newark. He left the college in his fourth year to enlist in the air corps. In November, 1942, he was sent to San Antonio Classification Center. Then as navigation cadet, he was sent to Ellington Field, Tex. He studied navigation at Hondo Navigation School, Hondo, was cadet sergeant as an underclassman and cadet captain as an upperclassman. He graduated from Hondo August 26, 1943; received his silver wings as navigator and was commissioned a second lieutenant in an army corps.

Lt. Manorek reported to Davis Monthan Field, Tucson, Ariz., for heavy bombardment training; then joined the crew he was assigned to in McCook, Neb., from where the crew flew to Charleston, American air base. In Charleston he went through the final phases of combat training. While in Charleston, the pilot of his bomber was made flight commander and he was made flight navigator. Before leaving for overseas he flew on patrol and search missions in the American theatre of war.

He left for overseas some time shortly before Christmas, arriving in North Africa, where he stayed for three or four weeks. About Jan. 27, his crew flew to their advanced base in Italy, with the 15th Air Force.

Besides his parents, Lt. Manorek

"We still have something to eat here," he answered after deliberation. "They had nothing for half of 1933, according to what we hear across the river. So we are better off than they. And I have my land, with no one to dragoon or coerce me to give it up. But food and land are not the whole of life, and here in Bessarabia we have nothing else now. We used to be granary of Europe; now the grain rots in the railway sidings for want of wagons to carry it away. We used to attract many visitors, and be considered a rich land. Now only the hungry wolf makes the mistake of thinking a peasant worth pillaging. Like my brother across the river, I am working for the tax collector, and praying for better days; so it comes to the same thing in the end. That peasant spoke with under-

Shevchenko's Diary

Shakespeare will always remain an enigma to the human mind because we have just his plays and poems, but no letters or a diary. We do not even know what the contemporaries thought of him. But we do have both letters and a diary of Taras Shevchenko. About two hundred and fifty of Shevchenko's letters have been collected so far from the relatives of Shevchenko's friends. Several editions of his collected letters have already been published. His diary is also included in his collected works.

The chief feature of Shevchenko's letters and his diary is his genuineness. There is no posing in Shevchenko. Everything that he says comes right from his heart. He does not mince his words. Shevchenko is always grateful to his friends and benefactors. He remembers all the little and great favors that were done to him. And if somebody does him any dirty trick, he is the first to forget. If some new misfortune overtakes him he does not wring his hands. For example, in one plate in his diary he mentions that he was robbed of over one hundred rubles during the night. He informs the police about it. The police fail to locate his stolen money. Yet Shevchenko retains his temper. We can imagine him disposing of the whole matter with a shrug of his shoulders, though he was then in a strange city, with no intimate friends around him, and no money. He is not indifferent. He is just wise. He knows that there is no use of worrying about what is definitely lost. He looks ahead of him.

Again, we read, in Shevchenko's diary of how manfully he extricates himself from an unpleasant love affair. He was on his way from his exile, hungry for everything beautiful, hungry for woman's kind ministrations. He easily falls in love, but soon realizes that he has to do with just a fickle-minded girl. How painful the incident must have been to such a sensitive man as Shevchenko. Yet he overcomes his grief. He realizes the situation. He realizes that she is just a very young girl whose head is still teeming with all kinds of youthful dreams, and that he is really a physically broken-down man of forty-three, just from exile. He forgives the young girl for being fickle to him and even then tries to secure a better position for her in a theatre in Kharkiv. Shevchenko was above personal grudges.

A SMALL POCKET SIZE DICTIONARY

is quite valuable. We have a few on hand in the English-Ukrainian languages. Price \$1.50.

"SVOBODA"

81-83 Grand St., Jersey City 3, N. J.

has one sister, Miss Anastasia Manorek, who lives at home with her parents.

standable bitterness, for driving poverty, coupled with a life of hard toil, and continued down the years, will sap the morale of all but the hardest."

Only a Free Ukraine Can Improve His Lot

What must be the thoughts of that peasant now when in place of the pre-war Rumanian rule he is now about to get Red rule, can be easily surmised.

Perhaps he thinks back to 1918-1919 when there was a Ukrainian republic encompassing Ukrainian ethnographic territories, and when there was a possibility that the Ukrainian part of Bessarabia might become part of that republic. That would have been ideal. At any rate, ideals are something to hope and strive for.

Naimchka or The Servant

By TARAS SHEVCHENKO

Translated by Dr. A. J. Hunter

(Continued)

VI

Three times have the waters frozen
Thrice thawed at the touch of spring
Three times did the Servant
From Kiev her store of blessings
bring.

And each time gentle Katherine,
As daughter, set her on her way,
A fourth time led her by the mounds
Where many dear departed lay.
Then prayed to God for her safe
return

For whom in absence her heart would
yearn.

It was the Sunday of the Virgin,
Old Trophimus sat in garments white,
On the bench, in wide straw hat,
All amid the sunshine bright.

Before him with a little dog
His frolicsome grandson played,
The while his little granddaughter
Was in her mother's garb arrayed.
Smiling he welcomed her as matron;
For so at "visitors" they played.

"But what did you do with the
visitor's cake?"

Did somebody steal it in the wood,
Or perhaps you've simply forgotten
to bake?"

For so they talked in lightsome
mood.

But see,—Who comes?

'Tis their Anna at the door!

Run old and young! Who'll come
before?

But Anna waits not their welcome
wordy.

"Is Mark at home, or still on journey?"

"He's off on journey long enough,"
Says the old man in accents gruff.

With pain the Servant sadly saith,
"Home have I come with failing
breath;

Nor mid strangers would I wait for
death.

May I but live my Mark to see,
For something grievously weighs on
me."

From little bag the children's gifts
She takes. There's crosses and
amulets.

For Irene is of beads a string,
And pictures too, and for Karpon
A nightingale to sweetly sing,
Toy horses and a wagon.

A fourth time she brings a ring
From St. Barbara to Katherine.
Next the old man's gift she handles,
It's just three holy waxen candles.

For Mark and herself
she nothing brought;
For want of money
she nothing bought.

For want of strength
more funds to earn,
Half a bun was her wealth
on her return.
As to how to divide it
Let the babes decide it.

VII

She enters now the house so sweet,
And daughter Katherine bathes her
feet.

Then sets her down to dine in state,
But my Anna nor drank nor ate.

"Katherine!
When is our Sunday?"

"After tomorrow's the day."
"Prayers for the dead soon will we
need

Such as St. Nicholas may heed.
Then we must an offering pay,
For Mark carries on the way.
Perchance somewhere,

from our vision hid,
Sickness has ta'en him
which God forbid."

The tears dropped down
from the sad old eyes,
So wearily did she
from the table rise.

"Katherina,
My race is run,
All my earthly tasks are done.

My powers no longer I command
Nor on my feet have strength to
stand.

And yet, my Kate, how can I die
While in this dear warm home I
lie?"

The sickness harder grows amain,
For her the sacred host's appointed,
She's been with holy oils anointed,
Yet nought relieves her pain.

Old Trophim' in courtyard walks
a-ring

Moving like a stricken thing.

Katherine, for the suffers sake
Doth never rest for her eyelids take,
And even the owls upon the roof
Of coming evil tell the proof.

The sufferer now, each day, each
hour,

Whispers the question, with waning
power:

"Daughter Katherine, is Mark yet
here?"

So struggle I with doubt and fear,
Did I but know I'd see him for sure
Through all my pain I might endure."

VIII

Now Mark comes on with the caravan
Singing blithely as he can.

To the inns he makes no speed,
Quietly lets the oxen feed.

Mark brings home for Katherine
Precious cloth of substance rich;

For father dear, a girdle sewn
Of silk so red.

For Servant Anne
a gold cloth bonnet

To deck her head,
And kerchief, too
with white lace on it.

For the children are shoes
with figs and grapes.

There's gifts for all,
there's none escapes.

For all he brings
red wine, so fine,

From great old city
of Constantine.

There's buckets three
in each barrel put on,

And caviar
from the river Don.

Such gifts he has
in his wagon there,

Nor knows the sorrow
his loved ones bear.

On comes Mark,
knows not of worry;

But he's come
Give God the glory!

The gate he opens,
Praising God.

"Hear'st thou, Katherine?
Run to meet him!

Already he's come,
Haste to greet him!

Quickly bring him in to me.
Glory to Thee, my Saviour dear,
All the strength has come from
Thee."

And she "Our Father" softly said
Just as if in dream she read.

The old man the team unyokes,
Lays away the carven yokes.

Kate at her husband strangely looks.

"Where's Anna, Katherine?
I've been careless!
She's not dead?"

"No, not dead,
But very sick and calls for thee."

On the threshold Mark appears,
Standing there as torn by fears,
But Anna whispers, "Be not afraid,
Glory to God. Who my fears allayed.

Go forth, Katherine,
though I love you well,
I've something to ask him,
something to tell."

From the place
fair Katherine went;

While Mark his head
o'er the Servant bent.

"Mark, look at me,
Look at me well!
A secret now I have to tell.
On this faded form

WHAT THEY SAY

President Roosevelt, in a proclama-
tion designating Sunday, May 21
as "I Am An American Day:"

"Our nation has been enriched, both
spiritually and materially, by the
naturalization of many thousands of
foreign-born men and women and by
the coming of age of great numbers
of our youth, who have thereby
achieved the full stature of citizen-
ship, and these citizens have strength-
ened our country by their services
at home and on the battlefield."

Attorney General Francis Biddle, in
an address before the Hebrew
Sheltering and Immigrant Aid So-
ciety, in New York City:

"Traditionally we have been a gen-
erous people to the oppressed of other
countries who have fled to our shores.
Should we now be alarmed that dur-
ing this hideous decade of the cruelest
oppression that Europe has known,
the victims, chiefly Jewish, sought
shelter with us, in numbers far be-
low the quota designations of their
respective countries? Should we be
perturbed by the admission of 28,000
refugees a year, even if all were
termed 'refugees' into a country of
130,000,000?... We should not...
change our laws to permit unre-
stricted immigration. Although there
is today in our country, proportion-
ately to our population, a smaller
percentage of foreigners and foreign-
born than in any time in the last
100 years or more, we have not yet
achieved the full national unity and
coordination which marks a sturdy
and a mature people. The selective
process must go on for many years
to come. But in our growth to that
ultimate condition we should not
neglect the gradual enrichment that
comes from the fresh streams of
newcomers who have always fed our
national life. These cannot be cut
off without stultifying the sources of
our democratic impulses, which in the
past have fed on the variety of many
cultures and many ways of thinking."

Rev. Dr. F. Howard Callahan, pastor
of the Methodist Church of St.
Paul and St. Andrew, New York
City, in a sermon on the peace:

"In a sense it is true to say that
this war is a war to establish democ-
racy in the whole world, not because
democracy is a particular theory of
government which we happen to like,
but because it is the only theory of
relations among people or nations
which can offer a basis for the re-
cognition of like and equal rights.
There can be no peace as long as
any nation claims exclusive and spe-
cial privileges."

Paul V. McNutt, Federal Security Ad-
ministrator, in an address before
the Professional Advisory Com-
mittee of the Office of Vocational
Rehabilitation, in Washington:

"To be able to count on themselves
as workers, many of the disabled
need more than vocational training,
important as that is. They need me-
dical care to restore as much physi-

set no longer store,
No servant, I, nor Anna more,
I am—"

Came silence dumb,
Nor yet guessed Mark
What was to come.

Yet once again her eyelids raised
Into his eyes she deeply gazed
'Mid gathering tears.

"I from thee forgiveness pray;
I've penance offered day by day
All my life to serve another.
Forgive me, son, of me,
For I—am thy mother."

She ceased to speak.
A sudden faintness

Mark did take:
It seemed the earth
itself did shake.

He roused—
and to his mother crept,
But the mother forever slept.

NEWARK'S BOND DRIVE NETS \$35,000

Drive to Be Continued

War bonds amounting to \$35,000
have been sold thus far in Newark's
Ukrainian American community's
drive held in conjunction with the
Ukrainian Congress Committee's na-
tional war bond campaign whose goal
is 5 million dollars, over four mil-
lion of which has already been at-
tained.

This fact was revealed at a war
bond rally held Sunday afternoon,
March 12, in Newark's Ukrainian
Center on William street. The rally
was addressed by Dr. Walter Gallan,
chairman of the Congress Commit-
tee's war bond drive; Rev. V. Klod-
nitsky; Rev. L. Standret; Philip
Snerder Ph. M. 1/c U.S.C. war
hero; Attorney Marcel Wagner, mem-
ber of Jersey City's law department;
William Dwyer, representing the
Treasury Department; and Theo-
dosius Kaskiw, chairman of the Uk-
rainian Center. The speakers were
introduced by Peter Choma, chair-
man of the United Ukrainian Ameri-
can War Bond Drive Committee of
Newark. The program also included
soprano solo selections sung by Miss
Anne Trocjanetsky accompanied on
the piano by Mrs. Mary Shumeyko.

Throughout the rally program
bonds were sold by officers of the
American Ukrainian Building and
Loan Association of Newark. Its
secretary, Peter Czap, reported at
the rally's conclusion on the pro-
gress of the local bond drive and
announced that the drive will be con-
tinued to April 15, at which time a
final report will be made to the war
bond division of the Ukrainian Con-
gress Committee of America.

A HISTORY OF UKRAINE

by

MICHAEL HRUSHEVSKY

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cal capacity as possible. Doctors
have long pointed out that tackling
the complex problem of rehabilitation
at any other point is putting the cart
before the horse. Some of the States,
too, have pioneered in providing for
physical restoration, along with voca-
tional training, for the handicapped.
This service has now been recognized
as an integral part of our national
vocational program. We want to
give the disabled—the men and wo-
men crippled in industry or by ac-
cident or illness—a chance to fulfill
their rights and duties as citizens
and as self-supporting wageearners
We want to do this because it is in
line with the American way of look-
ing out for ourselves. We want to
do it now because war industry needs
every hand that can help."

Dr. Henry M. Wriston, president of
Brown University, in an address
before the Chamber of Commerce
of the State of New York:

"There will be need in the organiza-
tion of the peace for some functional
agencies, but they must be proper in-
struments of American democracy
and of free peoples everywhere. They
will be effective in the interests of
peace only if their relationship to the
domestic life of the several nations is
explicit and sharply defined, only if
they are controlled by the over-all
world organization, and their func-
tions and powers are severely lim-
ited."

Army Doctor Soldier of Surgery!

Skilled Physicians and Surgeons In Military Service Demonstrate Their Traditional Abilities Today

Among the first commissioned officers with whom a soldier has contact is the Army doctor who gives him his final physical examination prior to entry into the military service. And practically the last officer contacted by the soldier at the termination of his active service is another such Army doctor, who gives him his "final exam."

Between those times marking the soldier's beginning and ending of service, the average enlisted man will make many other appearances before an Army doctor. These may occur when the man is receiving his vaccination and inoculations, when he is undergoing periodic physical examinations, or when he is on sick report or is wounded in action.

The Army doctor is a commissioned officer. But to the soldier he is more than an officer; he is a friend. This writer has seen many an Army doctor join a group of enlisted men seated around a campfire and be as informal and gay a yarn-spinner as the veriest "old timer" present there. By the same token, that Army doctor receives the same respectful regard from the men as does the most discipline-conscious line officer.

The Army doctor, like the Army chaplain, speaks the soldier's language and knows the men almost as well as do their immediate commanding officers.

An Army doctor serving with an Infantry regiment for instance, will be as much an infantryman as the doughboy in the ranks. He will be seen in back of the firing line on the target range. He will likely be in the cheering section when his Tenth Infantry plays the other units for the brigade or divisional football, basketball or baseball championship. By the same token, an Army doctor serving with elements of other branches of the Service will consider those to be his also, next to his own Medical Corps.

Soldier Gets Best Care

As it is civilian life, the Army doctor is probably mostly appreciated by the soldier when that enlisted man is sick or wounded. Such a soldier knows that the officer doctor will not fail him, then; that he will receive the best professional care and skill available.

In combat, Army doctors and nurses perform their mission of mending and healing, close behind the front line. When a man falls wounded in battle, it isn't long before he's under an Army doctor's skilled care, either at an improvised dressing station, evacuation hospital tent or in a dugout. They have plenty of intestinal fortitude, these unarmed, noncombatant officers of the Medical Corps. Enemy bombing and shelling of their area doesn't faze them; they go right on with their efficient ministrations, come high water or dive-bombers.

Instances are legion, in this global war, as in past campaigns in which our fighting men have been engaged, of deeds of outstanding personal heroism performed by Army doctors.

Not all of these acts of individual heroism under fire are recognized by appropriate award of medals. Most times, this is because the Medical Corps officer will modestly deny that his was a valorous deed—"Forget it, it was all in 'line of duty' anyhow!" But there are some Army doctors who just cannot succeed in talking themselves out of being cited and decorated. Such heroic Army doctors as Captain Harold J. Gordon, Cleveland (Ohio) doctor who served with the 112th Sanitary Train of the

FREEDOM NEVER DIES

Address given by the REV. NICHOLAS WOLIANSKY at the Shevchenko Concert, March 12, 1944 at the Ukrainian Hall, Philadelphia, Pa.

Because we are so far distant from the massacre of war and the noise of the present conflict, we little realize the dreadful affliction that has visited the greater part of the civilized world. To us, who are living in comfort and security, it seems almost incredible that countless lives have been sacrificed, that already thousands of families have been made fatherless, rendered homeless, reduced to starvation and poverty. More particularly, the smaller and weaker nations that lie in the path of the armies, have suffered untold misery.

To us, it seems that none suffered more than the poor unfortunate Ukraine. For centuries she has been crushed under the heel of the invader, her land divided among her bigger and stronger neighbors, her people deprived of their rights; many of her schools, of the country's language; her bishops and priests of the free exercise of their jurisdiction.

In spite, however, of centuries of hardships and persecutions, the Ukrainian people are still striving to obtain the freedom for which every government and individual yearns.

Ukraine has been the battlefield of the war; armies have swept over her fields and through her cities again and again until today there is hardly

"Buckeye" 37th, Division, AEF., in World War I, for example.

Captain Gordon's Heroism

Captain Gordon was in command of the 148th Ambulance Company of the 112th Sanitary Train when Ohio doughboys of the 37th Division were crossing a stream under terrific enemy fire on November 4, 1918, near Heurne, Belgium. The medical officer was not required to work too far forward at that time, but he voluntarily went up and was right behind the Infantry when it crossed the stream. He knew that some of those infantrymen were lying wounded on the opposite bank, and he sought out those stricken men.

He came upon two wounded doughboys and gave them first aid under withering machine-gun, rifle and shellfire. He arranged temporary shelter for them and then sought assistance to bring them back across the stream to the greater safety and better medical facilities available on the other shore. Returning with litter bearers from his unit, Captain Gordon placed one of the wounded men on the stretcher and carried the other wounded man back to the other bank on his shoulders. The enemy fire grew even more intense and finally forced Captain Gordon to hit the ground with his man. Fortunately, the soldier was able to crawl across the few remaining yards of No Mans Land to the safety of the American line. But Captain Gordon made doubly sure that his charge was protected; he crawled along directly in back of the soldier, protecting him from the intense enemy fire with the shielding cover of his own body.

That's official. It's in "the book"—"American Decorations, 1862-1926," in the section devoted to citations accompanying the awards of the Distinguished Service Cross.

This Army doctor's heroism is part of a pattern. It is typical of countless other instances, the majority of which are not widely publicized, attesting to the unselfish heroism of medical officers, past and present, who, scorning personal gain and consideration, have answered the Nation's call for men of their training and skill to aid the sick and wounded. The Army today needs more of them.

a pebble or blade of grass in the land that has not been crushed by a soldier's foot.

Underneath the fertile soil of this land, soil washed by martyr's blood for freedom's cause, there lies a great lover of freedom, he whom we honor on this day, the 130th year of his birth, the 83rd of his death, Taras Shevchenko.

Born on March 9th, 1814, Taras was one of five children, the son of a serf, Gregory Shevchenko. His early years were indeed unfortunate. In his eighth and eleventh years respectively he lost his mother and father.

Being ambitious and willing to go into the world he was sent by a wealthy German to study painting. He painted and wrote poetry unceasingly until he was sent into exile for a full decade and by order of the czar was forbidden to paint or write. It was during this banishment that he wrote his best poetry. There were years of suffering but he was not to be broken in spirit. Returning from exile, weak and broken in health, he lived a short time and died as a warrior of freedom in Petersburg and was later buried near the shores of the Dnieper river.

Shevchenko's works are known to every Ukrainian. In them, he tells of his love for his brethren, for his beloved country. He challenges them to rise in protest against the injustice heaped upon them. His only weapon, the words he wrote, infused a new life into the brokenhearted and subdued Ukrainian masses.

We have reason to honor Taras Shevchenko, not because of his literary works, not because he wrote beautiful poetry, for such is a gift of God; but the true reason lies in the fact that he used his native language in his poetry, our language, which the enemies of his time despised. Not only did he know his mother tongue Ukrainian, but furthermore, he realized the fate of the nation, stood for national rights. For this he was banished for a full decade. He could have written in the tongue of his enemies; he would have been rewarded and heaped with high honors as had been many others who had betrayed their own. He willed banishment and punishment rather than betrayal. For this he can be regarded as a national martyr.

As the prophets of old warned their people of dangers, foretold the future, he did the same for his people. He urged them to work in unison for the freedom of Ukraine. The weak were strengthened by his historic poetry about the heroic deeds and exploits of the Kozaks.

Being of Ukrainian descent and disregarding our enemies, we should work harder so that the anniversaries we now celebrate could some day be celebrated in a free land of Ukraine; for just as Shevchenko returned from the place of his death to the place he dearly loved, so will freedom return to Ukraine. Taras Shevchenko returned dead to be buried along the banks of the Dnieper, but the freedom for which he fought and suffered will return alive—for freedom never dies.

WOULD YOU GIVE \$100 TO BRING VICTORY NEARER?—YOUR PURCHASE OF A \$100 WAR BOND MAY TURN THE TRICK!

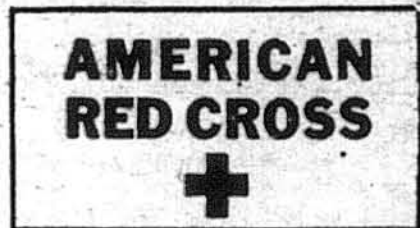
CONGRESS COMMITTEE BLOOD PLASMA DRIVE

Recent statistics from the Army Surgeon General's office to the effect that far less men are dying of wounds than in World War I, means much to all of us for it is a promise that more of our young Ukrainian Americans will be home with us again.

We are told that one of the greatest reasons for this lower death rate is the discovery of blood plasma, and its use on the battlefield.

The Ukrainian Congress Committee, as already reported on these pages several weeks ago, is now conducting a blood plasma collection drive throughout the country. It urges all Ukrainian organizations and parishes to contact their nearest blood donor centers in order to get the necessary information and directions in arranging a special day or week during which the Ukrainian Americans in that particular locality would donate blood plasma to the Red Cross and for which they would get credit.

We urge all our readers to give this drive their best support. For further information write to the Ukrainian Congress Committee Red Cross Coordinating Division, 817 N. Franklin street, Philadelphia 23, Pa. Chairlady of the Division is Mrs. Claudia Olesnitsky of New York City; secretary is Mr. Bohdan Kadamay of Philadelphia.



A WONDERING HEART

Though we are many miles apart
Your face I often see
And I keep trying to tell my heart
Some day you'll be next to me.
But a heart has a memory one cannot erase
Its beat keeps recalling you
Through all these many miles, it sees your face
And wonders what to do.
Oh how it remembers of days gone by,
When dates were week-end affairs;
Of enchanting moments when two blue eyes
Looked upon me with loving care.
Now a question this heart is oft repeating
As each day slips by from next
Is when we two will be again meeting
For it longs to be with you.
Then one sunny day, the sun will shine,
On a world that is tattered and torn
For it's then my heart can call you mine
And no longer will it be forlorn.
So hold your love and one day soon
I'll press you close to me
And then at night by the glow of the moon
My heart will cease to be free.
Just a soldier's thought, when day is done
Is expressed in these few simple lines
For he can't help thinking that there is one
He wants till the end of time.
T/5 HENRY HAWRYLEW
Somewhere in England

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UKRAINIAN FOLK SONGS?
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201 UKRAINIAN FOLK SONGS
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Active Red Cross Canteen Worker



MISS MARY BARNA

A steady succession of friendly salutes and smiles from passing Servicemen must seem like a special 'reward of merit' to Miss Mary Barna. It is probably by her red hair and flashing smile that Servicemen stationed in Jersey City, N. J. recognize Miss Barna in her civilian clothes as their uniformed Red Cross hostess at various Servicemen's Canteens.

Eager to be of some service to her country and too young to enter other branches of Service, Mary, a member of U.N.A. Branch 286 and one of the pretty daughters of Mrs. Ksenia Barna, acted on her mother's advice and volunteered her services to the Red Cross. There were many branches there from which to choose, all requiring special schooling and finally Mary decided to enroll in the Canteen Corps. Her two certificates, earned after a twenty-hour course in nutrition plus a twenty-hour canteen course, entitled her to don the blue and white Red Cross Volunteer uniform, with the royal blue epaulettes of the Canteen Corp. A health certificate enabled her to help plan and prepare all food served at the Canteens and on the special 'runs'.

Come rain, snow, sleet or fog, there are two Red Cross 'runs' every night, that bring hot coffee and buns to Servicemen stationed at various points in the city. Once every ten days, Miss Barna is assigned to one of these runs and that evening, 7 o'clock will find her and another Canteen worker busy at Headquarters making the coffee and filling the huge thermos jugs that will be left at each point of call, along with a big bag of buns. Mary thinks the coffee must be good if the Servicemen 'come a-running' to the station wagon to fetch it. Transportation for the 'run' is provided by the Red Cross Motor Corp and they "Always come through."

Miss Barna remembers a particularly nasty night when the heavens decided to get rid of all the accumulated rain, sleet, snow and four winds. The trusty station wagon made all stops on schedule and at each one they were greeted by the same: "Gosh, we sure appreciate this, Miss—thanks a lot." Mary went home in a glow, wishing more girls could share this reward for having brought a little bit of warmth to the cold and lonely vigil of a Serviceman.

Just to vary her routine, Miss Barna acts as hostess at the Theatre Canteens, at the Salvation Army Canteen and helps to collect donations during the Red Cross Drive. A Red Cross Service pin identifies her as a volunteer who has put in forty hours of service for the Red Cross. The select band wearing these pins is all too few and it is Miss Barna's belief that any Ukrainian girl can join this band by phoning her Red Cross Headquarters and finding exactly the branch of Volunteer Service she is best fitted for. With expert instruction offered in the many

Ukrainian G. I. Experiences British Hospitality

IS ENTERTAINED BY BRITISH NOBILITY

BRITISH hospitality to American and Canadian servicemen has become well nigh proverbial. An unusual brand it, however, was recently experienced by Corporal Theodore Shumeyko, 21, son of Mr. and Mrs. Michael Shumeyko of Union, N. J. and a member of U.N.A. Branch 423. The youngest of the three brothers in service, he is the first to land in the British Isles. He is stationed somewhere in England, or, as he describes it in a letter to one of his brothers, in a "beautiful countryside of rolling hills, close by a cross-road, and a picturesque bridge over a typical, placid stream. I say typical because all the streams here are under control (irrigation, etc.). Just beside the road and alongside of the stream is an old English inn, called 'Seven Stars.' One can almost picture what things were like here centuries ago. All very romantic, that is if I could enjoy it with someone from home (a lassie, of course!), and if I could go home when the 'vacation' is over."

On Monday, February 21, Theodore attained the age of 21. To celebrate the occasion he got a furlough on the Saturday before that day and went to London. To quote his letter to his family:

"As you probably notice, today is Sunday, the day prior to the day when I officially become a man. And so to celebrate the occasion in some manner befitting it, I got a furlough last Friday and went to London.

Blackout Not Conducive to Walking

"Upon arriving at Waterloo, I hurried to find a place to spend the night. I tried one 'Red Cross' (where, incidentally, I found some copies of the Ukrainian Weekly), but that place was too crowded. Hence I tried to get a room in a hotel. I managed to get one at Bonnington, which is of the same class as the Douglas in Newark. After going up and washing I came down and set out to do some exploring. When dusk fell, however, I decided to cease my perambulations, for you see, the black-out is so black that it discourages all ambition to walk around. So I bought a ticket for the play 'Something to Sing About.' It was mediocre. It may be of interest to you that all the theatres here possess a bar, that is a bar either for tea alone, or for drinks. I had one excellent glass of wine (my first here) to warm myself up a bit. I then returned to the hotel and went to bed, for I really was tired, having been on active duty all the night before. In the morning, after breakfast, I went walking again. I passed the Parliament building, Westminster, Downing Street, and other such places too numerous to mention. Just about noon I started to head for Albert Hall, which is the leading concert hall in London. I walked about ten minutes and then was fortunate enough to get a cab. Arriving at the place I bought a ticket for the concert and then since there was still time I decided to walk about a bit.

A Ticket for the Symphony

"I had not gone far when I noticed a Red Cross building, situated across the street from Hyde Park. I stepped in for a bite. No sooner did I get in, when I saw a very pretty Red Cross girl going around asking if anyone wanted to go to the symphony concert at Albert Hall. Seeing me standing in the doorway and smiling, she asked whether I would like to go. I then explained that I already had

courses, any girl can gain a valuable and useful education; just for the asking.

M. M.

bought a ticket. We then started talking and it ended up with her persuading (?) me to take the free ticket she had, since no one wanted it. The ticket I had purchased was for the stalls (orchestra), while the ticket she gave me was for the Grand Tier No. 2. Unacquainted with British concert halls, at first I thought that despite the fancy name it might be the balcony. But inquiry revealed that it was for a box seat. And so I 'permitted' myself to be admitted into box no. 8. It was perfect. If you can remember what it is like at the "Met" back in New York, then you can picture what kind of a seat I had. It was in the second tier and that put me just above the level of the stage. And the best part of it was that the seat was just to the left, so that I did not have to try to look through the piano in order to see the guest soloist. He was Nicholas Metdner, a German Russian, who gave a performance of his third concerto. There I sat all alone in a box for twelve persons, enjoying the program, symphony and piano, and that program was really excellent.

Meets His Hostess

"Well, during the intermission a spry old lady came into the box and introduced herself as my hostess, Lady-Dowager Swaythley. She then invited me upstairs to another box and to meet some of her friends. Off we went. There I met Lord and Lady Semble, a charming young lady named Valma, who, by the way, is an up and coming pianist with the right backing. And finally a gracious lady from Toronto, Canada. Just to start conversation I asked if she knew Lubka Kolessa, the Ukrainian pianist. She said she had seen her a number of times, and all in all knew her quite well. When I mentioned that I had attended Kolessa's American debut last April at Town Hall, and that it was my eldest brother, Stephen, who had something to do in arranging that debut, well she could not get over the coincidence of it all. And so before I knew it, I found myself invited to tea to Kensington Court, the home of Lady Swaythley. There I had a very nice time. Tea, cookies sandwiches, etc. and a lot of conversation. It was a bit difficult to remember all my parlor manners, for I haven't used them so long. But I managed. Only a few times I almost came out with Mr. and Mrs. instead of Lord and Lady.

A Pleasant Afternoon at Kensington Court

"Their home, by the way, is unusual, especially from the American viewpoint. The dining room, for example, dates back to 1785, and has all the original furnishings. The music room is superb. One room there was brought over from France and reconstructed here in its entirety. It is from the time of Louis XIV. You have no idea how interesting the workmanship of that room is. Most of my time was spent in the library where they had a blazing fire in the fireplace. And so I spent a very pleasant and unusual afternoon. And before I left my hostess made me promise to visit her every time I got into London. She also told me that the box I had occupied at the concert in Albert Hall was at my disposal every time I was in town (and who am I to resist all this). By the way, Lady Wemble told me that Lady Swaythley was noted for her parties and teas in London and that one could meet the most interesting people at them (isn't it the truth! Look, they met me there, did they not?—Don't throw that, Sis!).

"Incidentally, folks, if I continue to hobnob with the titled people here, I expect that when I get back

UKRANDOMS

By ALEXANDER YAREMKO

A full house at New York's famed Carnegie Hall on Sunday, March 5 paid tribute to the UNA's Golden Anniversary celebrated by a concert and talks and featuring leading Ukrainian personalities from America and Canada. The large attendance was the big surprise of the affair. Latecomers were compelled to accept the remaining 'peanut gallery' tickets, five tiers above the surface. However, the acoustics were perfect, the program good, particulars of which the "Weekly" gave full account. All we want to say is that all the Eastern "big shots"—friend and foe of the U.N.A., were there! If disappointments and criticisms are in order, it is that the heralded beautiful Lubka Kolessa played an entire non-Ukrainian repertoire of classics and did so virtually sitting in the dark throughout. There were no top lights, no foot lights and no spotlight. She played the piano in silhouette, but played it superbly, dynamically, expertly, and with finesse. The Ukrainians are justly proud of this outstanding world pianist who has declined to be labeled as a Russian and continues to proclaim her Ukrainian heritage. . . . Occasionally we find some enlightened Americans speak the mind of a Ukrainian in a letter to the editor of a newspaper. The following appeared in the Philadelphia Record of March 1st., signed by Bill Swift; quote: "Emanuel Barkam asks 'Why does The Record attack Russia so much? I'll tell him why. Because The Record exposes deceit; Russia is deceitful. Russia cannot be trusted. She is out for herself and acts independently. She tolerates no criticism and purges all opposition. . . . Barkam also makes the mistake of speaking of 'Russian soil.' The map clearly shows that the big battles are fought on Ukrainian soil and the Ukrainians suffer most." . . . Well done, Mr. Swift! And now we ask—how many Ukrainians who profess to be sympathetic toward the plight of the Ukrainians and are concerned with the future welfare of the hapless Ukrainians abroad, have written to the editor of their local newspaper and expressed their feelings or knowledge about the true Ukrainian situation? There are very few such individuals. Thoughts and feelings should be expressed in writing, for the benefit of the public. One letter to the editor is better than a hundred convincing arguments to individuals. For, when you speak in the press, you speak to thousands. And to offset the propaganda of imperialist Russians and Poles and that of the Communists, we need many many such letters throughout the country. So why not submit a short one, soon? The most important points to be brought out are that (1) Ukrainians are not Russians, (2) Ukraine is officially Soviet Ukraine and not 'Little Russia,' (3) Ukrainian is a recognized and independent language and not a Russian dialect, (4) Ukrainians set up an independent Ukrainian National Republic in 1919, and that (5) Ukrainians aspire to be politically free, self-ruling, subservient to no foreign power and treated as equals. The "Weekly" will gladly reprint your letter if you send the clipping. Let's see what locale and what individuals will do their bit!

INTERESTED IN UKRAINIAN FOLK SONGS?

Then get your copy of 201 Ukrainian Folk Songs, for piano, with words. \$2.50.

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51-53 Grand St., Jersey City 3, N. J.

home (!!) you'll address me not as Todorko, or Ted, but, if you please—Sir Theodore!"

Shevchenko Youth Concert In Philadelphia

On Sunday, March 12, I was fortunate enough to attend a concert in memory of our patriot and poet, Taras Shevchenko, given by the Ukrainian Catholic Cathedral Choir of Philadelphia under the direction of Mr. Stephen Marusevich and Mr. John Robak of Philadelphia.

What impressed me most was the part our Ukrainian American youth played in this presentation.

A concert is a concert and certainly this is not the first that I have ever witnessed or even directed. The program itself consisted of the usual addresses, recitations of Shevchenko's choice works, and selections to the music of our own composers by a very good and popular choir.

Yet, this concert, typical as it appeared to be from the program, struck me as not very many concerts have had the power to do. For shortly after the opening of the concert with the address on the life of Taras Shevchenko, given so excellently by Rev. H. Woliansky, I began to feel that something more was coming across to me besides the words of Father Woliansky's address.

I found myself becoming alert to the preparations going on behind scenes and I tried not to analyze my awareness to all sounds and movements. After the opening of the curtain for part two on the program, the explanation struck me with full force and I made an effort not to miss one single detail of the entire scene.

Although the program listed the items and the participants in this very unusual and highly effective "Na Shevchenkovi Mahyli" scene, and carried the notation that Mr. John Robak was its creator and director, I feel that a much fuller description and explanation is necessary to do justice to the scene itself and in particular to all those who had a hand in it.

The scene was simple. An outdoor, woodland backdrop with side props carrying out the same effect. The stage itself was bare of all properties with the exception of a simple, huge cross of simulated white stone. The lightning was confined to an uncomplicated twilight hue with the setting suns rays striking the monument at an oblique angle, thus highlighting its importance. At the appropriate time in the scene when Stephen Sikora gave a clear recitation of Shevchenko's "Zapovit" a huge cloud descended from the skies above with the image of young Taras within it.

I cannot find words to express what effect this bit of staging and what it personified had on me and my fellow members in the audience.

Certainly, it was not merely the words of Taras Shevchenko's "Zapovit" spoken by Mr. Sikora which I heard. To me, those words that voice, that scene bursting upon us suddenly simultaneously with a pealing of thunder and the realistic flashing of lightning was real. That was Shevchenko himself speaking. Speaking to us from out of the other world beyond his grave; sending forth his message to us through the medium of that scene with a force so powerful that it seemed as though it were not mere make-believe we were witnessing—it was not Sikora's voice we were listening to—it was not in a warm, dry hall we were seated in—no—that clap of thunder, that bolt of lightning and apparition of Shevchenko in that cloud was real. His message to us struck home, for all of us.

We will not be guilty, ever, of forgetting his words, his face, his love for us and his desire to instill in our souls the love for Ukraine and all things Ukrainian that he had. No, I won't forget that scene, ever!

"Zakhar Berkut" Out

"Zakhar Berkut," a historical novel by Ivan Franko and translated by Theodosia Boresky, appeared off the presses this week. It is a story of a mountain sage and democratic idealism, of the last free Ukrainian communities in the Carpathian region during the 13th century, and of their struggle against the greed of the privileged class of boyars and against the dreaded Mongol Horde. The people were then caught between the double-dealing tactics of the boyars and the conquering Mongols whose military successes were due less to their own prowess than to the weakness of a vast nation of people whose collective strength and effective co-operation had been undermined and impaired by craft and treachery of self-seeking factions.

A charming romance of the son of the peasant sage and the daughter of a proud and crafty boyar is woven into the background of warfare, adventure in primeval mountain wilds, the problems of communities and individuals of a war-torn nation.

The preservation of the time-tested democratic form of government and progressive system of co-operation between free communities is the main theme of the book.

Ivan Franko, one of Ukraine's foremost authors, wrote this novel at a time when the major part (eastern) of Ukraine was under the domination of the Muscovite (Russian) Czar and Western Ukraine under the German political control of Austria with the majority of the people in Galicia under the oppression of Polish land-owning nobility.

During these days we can rightfully ask the question implied in this book—"Were the ancients a mightier race than we are? Will those happy days of freedom ever return?" The book ends with a hopeful note—perhaps we are at the beginning of a new phase in the evolution of mankind into a more decent and better race—perhaps we are just approaching the dawn of that period?

This book was written to inspire a people overwhelmed with insurmountable problems, hence it is particularly timely now for the first translation into the English language of this masterful portrayal of a practical ideal of cooperative democracy to be introduced to the English speaking peoples to inspire them in their efforts to victory.

Included in the volume is a brief survey of Ukrainian history. It really is a lesson for modern people of what happens to a free and mighty people when cooperation fails and there is division and treachery within.

Send orders to Theodosia Boresky, 390 Ferry Street, New Haven, Conn. Price \$2.75.

M. M.

Nor will every single person who participated in it. They, too, as I could see, appeared to be struck with the same reaction. Every single one of their faces lighted up inwardly and the expressions of awe and incredulity were not "just acting." They too felt the powerful influence the scene had on them. No, no mere acting could ever measure up to the naked expressions of genuine feelings they showed in that moment.

Which brings me to the other big impression I received and which I felt I must attempt to bring to the attention of young Ukrainian American readers of the Weekly.

Although I noticed that the entire program consisted chiefly of our Ukrainian American youth I did not realize fully to what extent their participation extended. It was only by conversing with a few of them later that I learned the concert in its entirety was the product of our Ukrainian American youth in Philadelphia.

The planning, the preparation, the stage setting and lighting with its

WOONSOCKET BOMBER PRAISED AS WEECKER OF LITTORIO YARDS

"Pickle-in-the-barrel" shots by a Woonsocket Ukrainian, Mitchell bombardier, raiding the Littorio railroad yards in the northern section of Rome, were credited recently with helping destroy the vital Axis links, according to the Associated Press, the "Woonsocket Call" reported on March 11 (clipping sent to "Weekly" by Mrs. Nancy Gawrada Moore.)

Destruction of 15 to 20 railway cars and severance in two places of the line supplying Nazi troops fighting the Allied fifth army were credited in part to Lieut. Gabriel P. Gawrada, who was quoted as reporting many fires were started by several bombs "which walked across the north part of the yards, exploding among packed railroad cars.

Bombs dropped also by the Mitchells and Marauders, participating in the raid with Thunderbolt escorts, burst upon oil storage tanks and big warehouses lining the west end of the Littorio station.

A son of Mr. and Mrs. Peter Gawrada of 72 Boyden street, the bombardier is one of a trio of national guardsmen "buddies" who earned wings and a commission in the army air forces.

Lieutenant Gawrada was commissioned early last year after completing training at Williams Field, Arizona. He is a member of the U.N.A. Branch 206, and a parishioner of St. Michaels Ukrainian Catholic Church in Woonsocket. He received his schooling in Woonsocket public schools and graduated from Woonsocket High School. He also attended Bryant College in Providence, R. I., where he earned a Bachelor of Science in Commerce Degree and received the Charles Curtis Scholarship Award and the Highest Scholarship Award in the Office Management Department.

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It's just a pint of blood we're taking, And painlessly, so stop your shanking.

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Lift up your phone and say you're coming

We hope such calls keep wires humming.

M. K.

special effects, the business and advertising, the actual finished product were all without exception the work of our young people.

I saw with what spirit they did their parts. I heard how anxiously they prodded each other to do their best. I know with what zeal, resourcefulness and tireless energy they assembled their combined efforts and talents and gave to us all through that Shevchenko concert the assurance that—his work was not in vain.

MARY SARABUN SHEVCHUK

Notice to the Subscribers OF "SVOBODA" AND "UKRAINIAN WEEKLY"

When changing your place of residence, be sure to notify the home office of "Svoboda" immediately thereby avoiding any delay in delivery of newspaper to new address. Also, be sure to enclose ten (10) cents in coin or stamps to cover the cost of making a new stencil. Canadian subscribers will please remit COIN ONLY, as stamps cannot be redeemed.

A Ukrainian Explorer of New Guinea

The numerous references in war communiques to New Guinea recall that present day knowledge of that island is greatly indebted to a 19th century Ukrainian explorer and naturalist, Myklukha Maklay-Maklenko. Although like many other prominent Ukrainians who because of the lack of an independent Ukrainian state generally are known as Russians, Maklenko was really a Ukrainian, born in Ukraine (1846) of a Ukrainian father but a Scotch mother.

As reported in a pre-war issue of the Western Ukrainian scientific magazine, "Zhyttia i Znania" (Life and Knowledge), Maklenko completed his elementary education in Kkraine at an early age. Showing an aptitude for natural sciences, he was sent to the famous Jena University in Germany. There he showed unusual proficiency in his studies of the natural sciences, and as result attracted the attention of that famous naturalist—Prof. Hekel, whose favorite pupil he soon became. Under the tutorship of Prof. Hekel he travelled throughout the entire breadth of Europe, observing the life and inhabitants in all of their varied aspects. Before graduating, his studies took him as far as the Madeira and Canary Islands.

In 1869, upon completion of his scholastic studies, we find him already in Morocco, where he devoted his stay to zoological studies. Upon his return from Morocco he decided to make a thorough study of the inhabitants, flora and fauna life of the South Sea Islands.

Crossing the Atlantic he arrived in South America, and from thence to Tahiti and Samoa Islands, until finally he landed at New Guinea, north of Australia. There, on a lonely northern coast, amidst a primeval forest, he built himself a log cabin and lived there for over a year, the only white man in that section, studying and observing the flora and fauna of the island together with the life and habits of its inhabitants. He then spent approximately another year on the western coast of the island, and 1874 explored the innermost depths of Maklaka Islands. From here his work took him to the Island of Palahua, and then to the Admiralty Islands. In 1876-1878 we find him once more in New Guinea.

In 1879 Maklenko hurried to Singapore in order to save his fast failing health, but the lure of New Guinea was too much for him, and that same year he returned back to the island, where he stayed until 1882.

In that year he returned to Europe, bringing back with him a mass of material in form of observations of the plant and animal life, together with many valuable specimens. He was hailed as the "King of Papuan Islands."

Immediately upon his return he took upon himself the arduous task of bringing to order all the vast material and specimens that he had brought back with him. The Academy of Sciences of St. Petersburg elected him its member, and took upon itself the task and cost of publishing his observations, including his memoirs. An untimely death, however, in 1888, put an end to his work and the writing of his memoirs of his travels, experiences, and observations. Nevertheless, for quite some time afterwards those memoirs which he had completed found great favor among the Europeans. His studies of New Guinea and other South Sea Islands are regarded to this day as authoritative. It is an undoubted fact that had he not died in the prime of his life (44 years) that which he had accomplished already, although monumental in itself, nevertheless would have been far outstripped by later achievements.