



SECTION II.

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Slain Soldier Wins Congressional Medal of Honor

With tears streaming down her face, Mrs. Mary Minue, Ukrainian immigrant woman of Carteret, N. J., received on April 1st the Congressional Medal of Honor—the highest award the nation can give—in behalf of her son, Pvt. Nicholas Minue, who was killed in a one-man charge against a German position at Merjes-el-Bal, Tunisia on April 28, 1943.

The presentation was made at Fort Dupont, Del. by Maj. Gen. Alvan G. Gillem, Jr., representing President Roosevelt.

Pvt. Minue was born in the village of Zaluzhe, Western Ukraine. He served in the last war as a 18-year-old volunteer.

The citation accompanying the award tells the story of Minue's heroic deed:

"When the advance of the assault elements of Company A was held up by flanking fire from an enemy machine-gun nest, Private Minue voluntarily, alone and unhesitatingly, with complete disregard of his own welfare, charged the enemy entrenched position with fixed bayonet. Private Minue assaulted the enemy under a withering machine gun and rifle fire, killing approximately ten enemy machine gunners and riflemen.

"After completely destroying this position, Private Minue continued forward, routing enemy riflemen from dugout positions until fatally wounded."

Pilate, upon his life and death, upon his soul and body, far worse, indeed, than upon Cain.

For Cain, having slain his brother, did not wash his hands of his brother's blood; he realized his sin, fled and hid himself.

While Pilate, having delivered Truth incarnate into the clutches of the mob, absolved himself of all blame, and thus all truth forsook him, everything with which he lived and which he enjoyed abandoned him forever.

His dear ones disappeared like shadows. The emperor caused him to quit his exalted position, in disgrace. Even his home town where he attempted to hide himself, cast him outside its walls.

For many years he wandered upon this earth, heavily burdened with human hate and scorn.

Finally, prematurely aged, sick and poverty-stricken, he sat down by the side of the road, begging for a crust of bread.

Seeing him, even the kindest heart became hard as flint. Even innocent girls and warm-hearted maidens cast stones upon him.

And when finally he died someone

(Concluded on page 5)

The Legend of Pilate

By IVAN FRANKO

WOE unto them who serve falsehood and baseness! Woe unto them whether they serve it consciously or not.

Nay, a threefold woe unto them who serve falsehood and baseness consciously. For they are like shackles wrought of gold, like those sheep that living flesh do rend.

They are like that Pilate who delivered Christ to be crucified and then washed his hands as a sign of his innocence.

Such an act is deserving of the

profoundest contempt, and of the most terrible wrath of God! Know you what was the fate of Pilate?

Pilate delivered Christ to be crucified and said: "I am innocent. You wished this upon yourselves." And he took a vessel of water, washed his hands in it before them all, and then went to dine, as if naught had happened.

However, it so came to pass that everyone and everything that encountered him, fled from him like from some poisonous reptile.

Servants, slaves deserted him. Even the battle-scarred legionaire who had never known fear, even he trembled in fear before Pilate, and

for the first time in his life deserted his post.

Pilate went first to the roof garden of his palace, where in the evening coolness reclined his wife. Seeing her husband, a sudden feeling of terror and loathing enveloped her, and screaming wildly she plunged from the high roof to her death.

Pilate next went into the bed-chamber, where upon a bed of downy softness slept his only child. And when he leaned over, the infant opened its eyes, grew blue in the face, and sighed deeply. In a moment its body was a cold, stiffened corpse.

For God had laid His curse upon

The Ukrainian Struggle For Freedom

By WILLIAM HENRY CHAMBERLIN

(Address delivered at U.N.A. Golden Jubilee program at Carnegie Hall, New York City, Sunday, March 5, 1944.)

I AM very happy to be addressing this golden jubilee celebration of the Ukrainian National Association. I have known the Ukrainian people in their native land, in such historic cities as Kiev and Poltava and in the villages where so much of the national spirit is preserved. And I have met Ukrainians in this country and in Canada.

On both sides of the Atlantic they are the same liberty loving peoples, and for this reason they may be counted among the best citizens of America which, in the words of Abraham Lincoln, was conceived in liberty and dedicated to the proposition that all men are created free and equal.

Struggle for Liberty the Theme of Ukraine's History

The struggle for liberty has been a leading element in the romantic and often tragic history of the Ukraine. You feel it in the wild rapids of that great Ukrainian river, the Dnieper. It burns in the verses of the national poet Taras Shevchenko. It is interwoven with the pattern of Ukrainian folk song and story.

Partly because of the rugged frontier conditions under which they lived, conditions that called for personal initiative and resourcefulness, the people of Ukraine from early times were notably resentful of tyrannical authority. The very word Ukraine means borderland and this naturally rich and smiling country was often ravaged by the wars of Russians, Poles, Turks and Tartars. The heroes of the Ukrainian Middle Ages were the Kozaks, the adventurous frontiersmen who set up a military republic among the rocky islands and cataracts of the Dnieper and acknowledged no ruler as master or overlord, although for tactical reasons they some times acknowledged Polish, sometimes Russian sovereignty.

These Kozaks were a protective outpost for both Poland and Russia against Turks and Tartars. They led a wild free life similar in some ways to that of Daniel Boone and other Indian-fighting frontiersmen in the early period of American life. The bolder peasants who hated serfdom sometimes fled "beyond the rapids," as the phrase went, to join the Kozaks.

One of the heroic periods in Ukrainian history was in the middle of the seventeenth century when Bohdan Khmelnytsky led the Kozaks and the Ukrainian peasants in a war of national and social liberation against the Polish landlords. The memory of Bohdan's exploits is preserved in some of the folksongs you have been hearing to-night and in much of the Ukrainian national literature.

Most Americans, I fear, know very little about Khmelnytsky. I became acquainted with his career as a boy by reading the historical novels of the Pole Sienkiewicz. Naturally Sienkiewicz depicts Khmelnytsky much less favorably than Ukrainian writers have done. But even through this hostile description one sensed a personality of great power and energy. I felt the same impression when I visited Kiev for the first time and saw the spirited statue of Khmelnytsky on horseback.

Had Khmelnytsky Lived

Had Khmelnytsky lived longer or had his successors been men of equal strength of personality and diplomatic ability, Ukraine might have won its place among the independent nations of Eastern Europe. It is larger both in area and in population than any country in the Balkans. But the ideal of an independent Ukraine was not

to be realized. It was thwarted by the ambitions of neighboring powers, Russia, Turkey and Poland, and also by internal cleavages among the Ukrainian people. Finally the greater part of Ukraine fell under Russian rule. Eastern Galicia, where there is a large Ukrainian population, remained under Polish rule until the partition of that country, when it became a part of Austria-Hungary.

When Khmelnytsky sought the protection of Russia through the agreement concluded at the town of Pereyaslav, the Tsarist representative Buturlin refused to take any obligation to respect Kozak rights and privileges. This was on the ground that the Tsars never took oaths to their subjects. It was not a good omen for the maintenance of Ukrainian liberty. And later, under Catherine II, the traditional wild freedom of the Kozaks was abolished. It did not fit in with the autocratic character of the Russian state. Some of the Kozaks were transferred to the Kuban region of the North Caucasus, where one still finds many Ukrainian names and Ukrainian, rather than Russian, as the language in some of the villages.

Shevchenko, Bard of Ukraine

The Ukrainians, like many other peoples of Eastern Europe kept their national culture alive through their language, their folksongs, their literature. The greatest name in this literature is the poet Shevchenko. Born a serf, he recreated the historic past of his people in epic poems and described the sufferings of the peasant serfs in tender and moving lyrics.

Shevchenko's own life was hard and bitter. Twenty-four years he was a serf, and he spent ten years in punitive service in the army after it had been discovered that he belonged to the Society of Cyril and Methodius, a society for the promotion of Ukrainian national spirit and culture. It is characteristic that he won the friendship and admiration of some of the liberal minded Russian intellectuals of the time, while he experienced brutal persecution at the hands of the despotic government of Tsar Nicholas I.

The First World War opened up new prospects for Ukrainian freedom. After the downfall of the Tsarist regime a Rada, or national council, was established in the old Ukrainian city of Kiev and it began to assume the functions of a national parliament.

Ukraine's Experience in 17th and 20th Centuries the Same

But Ukraine in the twentieth century suffered much the same experience as in the seventeenth. The democratic nationalist regime, generally supported by the peasants, but lacking a sufficient number of trained officers and administrators, was pressed on every side, by the Bolshevik and White armies from the East, by the Poles from the West. Some of you who are present fought in this unequal struggle for Ukrainian liberty and know much better than I what tremendous difficulties were encountered. One of the most serious of these difficulties was a formidable epidemic of typhus. Ukraine at that time was blockaded and largely cut off from the outside world.

The civil strife was perhaps fiercer and more confused in Ukraine than in Russia because three forces were fighting for the upper hand. These were the Ukrainian Nationalists, the Communists, who drew their main strength from Russia, and the anti-Bolshevik Volunteer Army of General Denikin, which recruited its strength largely in the Don and Kuban re-

gions of eastern Russia. There was also the peasant anarchist school teacher Nestor Makhno, who won a considerable following among the peasants of the south central Ukraine.

Throughout all the terror of those years, the fighting, the hunger, the epidemics, one can still sense the eternal Ukrainian yearning for freedom. The great majority of the Ukrainian peasants rejected both communism and the social reaction of the Russian White movement. They wanted to be free men and women on free land. They were more rebellious against regimentation than the Russian peasants. It was their guerrilla warfare and their passive resistance to government seizure of their produce that contributed much to the relaxation of Soviet pressure on the peasants, as reflected in the New Economic Policy that was introduced in 1921.

Difference Between Russia and Ukraine

During the period of twelve years, from 1922 until 1934 when I lived in the Soviet Union I paid several visits to Ukraine. There is no marked natural frontier, no big river or range of mountains between Russia and Ukraine. But I have always felt a difference on crossing the unmarked border. Going southward, one experienced a warmer, soft atmosphere. The peasant life seemed richer, with whitewashed little houses, the folksongs and the legends. One felt the majesty of a great historic past in Kiev, with its magnificent location overlooking the Dnieper River and its old churches and monasteries. It was through the early Kiev state that Christianity was introduced into Ukraine and Russia from Constantinople. Another smaller typically Ukrainian town that I found very charming was Poltava, where I met relatives of the famous writer, Korolenko.

I always felt closest to the heart of Ukraine in the villages. In the cities the population is mixed, and Odessa is a very cosmopolitan seaport. But in the villages the overwhelming majority of the people, especially in the valley of the Dnieper, are Ukrainian by nationality and speech. I recall an interesting experience during one of my first trips to Ukraine in 1924. My wife, who was herself born in Ukraine, and I were visiting a village and got acquainted with the local school teacher. He organized a little entertainment in the schoolhouse where the children sang the Internationale and recited and acted as children were supposed to recite and act in the Soviet schools at that time.

Ukrainian Patriot: "We Were Like Garibaldi"

But when the teacher realized that my wife and I were foreigners and were not Communists he became much freer in private conversation. He told how the peasants in the village, during the civil war, which was then quite recent, had gone out in guerrilla bands to fight against both the Reds and the Whites. "The Communists called us bandits," he finally said. "But I think we were like Garibaldi." It was men like him who kept alive the flame of the Ukrainian national idea, even under the most difficult conditions of terror and espionage.

After the end of the civil war most of the Ukrainian people, over thirty million in number, remained in the Soviet Union, while several million Ukrainians in Eastern Galicia came under Polish rule. Neither of these regimes was satisfactory, from the Ukrainian nationalist standpoint.

The Ukrainians in the Soviet Union could use their own language in schools and courts and newspapers and public business. It is to the



WILLIAM HENRY CHAMBERLIN
Noted foreign correspondent, and authority on East European affairs.

credit of the Soviet regime that attempts at forcible Russification were abandoned. But the political and economic strings were pulled from Moscow. The higher officials in the Soviet Ukraine were usually of Ukrainian stock. But they were responsible not to the Ukrainian people on a democratic basis, but to the small group of men in the higher leadership of the Communist Party in Moscow.

The Red Man-Made Famine in Ukraine

I could see vividly what the lack of genuine democratic control over the government meant to the lives of millions of Ukrainian peasants when I travelled in the regions of Poltava and Bila Tserkov in the autumn of 1933. Great numbers of people in these normally rich areas had perished in what was essentially a man-made political famine, designed to break the resistance of the peasants to the collective farming system. It was ghastly to go into one peasant home after another, to find some entirely deserted, with weeds growing in the gardens and to learn from the survivors how great had been the toll of famine.

Later there were changes in the collective farming system that made it more workable and more acceptable to the peasants. Before the German invasion, which ushered in a new cycle of misery, the good earth of Ukraine was again yielding bountiful crops. But there was no means of bringing back to life the millions who died unnecessarily in the famine.

Skripnik's Suicide

There was a touching incident in connection with the death of a veteran Ukrainian Communist named Skripnik. He had been an old disciple of Lenin. He had fought against the Ukrainian nationalist movement and for a Soviet Ukraine. But when he saw the sufferings of his people in those years of hardship and famine he could not bear it and ended his life with a revolver shot. As a Ukrainian nationalist newspaper said: If one puts on one side all Skripnik's acts against the nationalist movement and on the other the little bullet with which he ended his life it is the bullet that weights heaviest in the scales of our judgment.

So, while there was progress in the free use of the Ukrainian language, while the Soviet Ukraine was the scene of much industrial development, including the famous hydroelectric power plant on the Dnieper River, the Ukrainians, along with the other peoples of the Soviet Union, suffered from the harsh repressive measures of the Communist dictatorship. Shevchenko's picture hangs in government offices in the Soviet Ukraine. But if Shevchenko could have returned to life he would have found many themes for new sad

Destined To Be a Poet*

By MARY HUMENIUK

There is a strain of wild gypsy blood in me. Although a delicate one, it becomes, at times, a surging ocean, urging me to seek No Man's Land. It disrupts the calm of my dwelling in the clouds. I feel as adventurous as Sahaydachny. His road was the Dnieper; my road lay wherever the wind of fancy may blow me. This Kozak hero's guiding star was the eternal North Star: mine the tantalizing will-of-the-wisp.

One September afternoon such a wanderlust fever set afire my blood. Without much ado I packed my knapsack with bread, cheese, soap and the vagrant's Bible, the Odyssey, put on my heavy walking boots and set out. Perchance I might unearth some hitherto unheard and unrecorded native wedding-song, perchance hear some grandfather relate a hitherto unknown version of Kyrillo the Tanner. This time my reward was richer—an adventure I must record to read when the days of middle-age convention and propriety overtake me and to wonder and to think upon...

I was on my way from the village of S—to the city of K—. It was a warm September afternoon. There was no wind to whirl stormy clouds of dust from the narrow, unfrequented foot-path. The sun, dazzling bridegroom of spring, was like a patriarch now, as he gazed benevolently at the fruits of his presence. Earth, the ever-young and tender bride of the sun, now a mother, was displaying with maternal pride the bounties of her love—tall corn, golden guards, blushing apples and bacchic grapes.

I was the only wayfarer on this deserted highway of life, when I heard short nervous foot-steps behind me. I turned around...

It was a lad of some ten years. He looked like one of the boys that were wont to run away from some Polish landlord's estate to join the Zaporozhian Sitch. But that was almost two centuries ago I had to remind myself.

I stopped and greeted the lad, "Praise be to God!"

"For ever and for ever!" he answered in a clear voice. His large gray eyes surveyed me with some fear, as if imploring me to ask no inquisitive questions.

"Are you going my way?" I asked,

"I would like a companion."

"I am going straight ahead," he answered coldly, as he transferred his greasy bundle from right to left shoulder.

I saw that he was suspicious of me and I felt that he would turn down the nearest cross-road.

From the depths of his baggy and torn trousers, that boasted one good pocket, he hauled out a big slab of black bread. He looked at me questioningly. He broke the bread and gave me a piece. I thanked him and began to eat the bread with relish. We walked in silence. Little puffy clouds of dust arose from under his bare feet and my heavy walking shoes. Then I pulled from the ponderous depths of my pocket a bag of sweets. I gave the bag to him. His dirty fingers held on to the bag with the grasp of Midas.

"Well, why don't you eat them? I ate your bread," I said in order to begin the conversation.

"I am afraid that if I eat one, I shall eat all them. I want to keep some for my sister, Katrusia," he answered in a confiding tone. He hid the bag under his dirty shirt, as safe a place as an eagle's nest.

"You must love your sister very much," I replied.

"Oh yes!" he answered, eyes aglow as the smiling face of his beloved sister focused itself in his mind's eyes. "Katrya tells me the best tales when we lie at night on the prickly hay in the loft. Stories about Baba Yaha, Sadko, Kotschei the Deathless, Ruslan and Lyudmilla, brave Kozaks, Sahaydachny and Khmelnytsky."

"Why didn't your sister come with you?" I asked in a matter-of-fact tone of voice.

"She has to help at home. She is the only one who knows where I am going. And she won't tell," he answered and began to walk faster.

"And where are you going in such a hurry?" I asked in a casual tone.

"Oh, I am going on a long trip. I stole some bread from the cupboard. I shall need it on this long journey."

"How far?"

"I cannot tell you in miles. It is like a tale. Many years ago, in a far-off tsardom, beyond the blue sea and beyond the high mountains."

poems about the fate of his people during the so-called liquidation of the kulaks and the famine of 1932-33.

Polish Rule Hard and Oppressive

For the Ukrainians in Poland the situation was somewhat different. There was no such tremendous catastrophe for them as the famine of 1932-33. Non-Communist Ukrainian nationalists were not suppressed politically so completely as under Soviet rule. But Polish administration was hard and oppressive. There was discrimination against the Ukrainian language and culture. Ukrainian nationalist unrest in the early thirties was crushed by very brutal methods. The Poles had not learned from history that a federal type or organization, giving full self-government to the areas where Ukrainians and White Russians were the majority, would have been the best means of assuring the stability of their state.

Ukrainian Ideal Is a Free Ukraine

The Ukrainians are vitally concerned in the current Soviet-Polish border dispute. I believe the majority of the Ukrainians on both sides of the border, if asked whether they would prefer Stalin's dictatorship, with its unlimited power for the political police or the former type of Polish rule would reply: Neither. The ideal of the Ukrainian people, who have suffered terribly and fought

courageously for their homeland in this war, is a free Ukraine, united on a voluntary and equal basis with the Russian and Polish peoples, but not ruled arbitrarily either from Moscow or from Warsaw.

The war has brought appalling devastation to the Ukraine. Its largest cities, Kiev, Kharkov, Odessa, have been fought over and shattered and, in some cases, almost depopulated. But the Ukrainian people, with its invincible will to live, will survive this ordeal, just as it has survived many other grim experiences in its turbulent history. The Ukrainian people will rise again to make its important contribution to the political organization and the economy and the culture of Eastern Europe.

Significance of Recent Soviet Constitutional Changes

The newly announced Soviet constitutional changes are of great interest to Ukrainians in their own country and abroad. Each of the constituent republics is henceforward supposed to control its own military affairs and foreign relations. To anyone familiar with Soviet conditions it is obvious that the reality of this change depends on whether the one-party Communist dictatorship will be scrapped or very substantially relaxed. We have seen in the past how high officials of the Ukrainian Soviet Republic, Prime Ministers and Presidents, such men as Petrovsky, Chu-

Ukrainian Easter Songs

By HONORE EWACH

Ukraine is a large country, over three times as big as England, Wales, Scotland and Ireland put together. Yet, in general, the language differences all over Ukraine are lesser than those of Italy, Germany, France, or England. There are real dialects only in the regions of the Carpathian Mountains, which fringe the westernmost part of Ukraine. In fact, if a man from L'viv meets a man from Kuban he finds even less difference in the language than a man from San Francisco would find in New York. The same can be said of the Ukrainian customs and costumes. There are, however, some slight variations in the various regions of Ukraine in everything: in customs, clothes, songs, and many other things. The same is true also of the Ukrainian Easter songs. In some regions they are known only as the spring songs (vesnyanki), in others as meaningless "hahiki" (a badly

corrupted form of "hayivki"), and in most regions as "hayivki," that is, the woodland songs. There are few regions where "hayivki" are sung in a slow, almost funeral rhythm. In most regions they are very lively and jolly songs. In fact, the rhythm of the Ukrainian Easter songs is so lively that even the feet of the elderly are tempted to move as if in a dance.

When the Ukrainian maidens sing their Easter songs, or woodland songs, as they are called in Ukrainian, they join their hands together, and either move in a circle, or wind in a long line throughout the village. And all the time they move their feet in rhythm with the songs.

In ancient times the woodland songs, that is, Easter songs, were sung, of course, usually in the woods. The Easter Monday customs still remind us of those times. At present the young men of the village go from house to house and sprinkle the maidens with water. But in the good old days sometimes the young men would make a sortie from the woods at the maidens at their play and chase them down the river bank into the water. Of course, in the ancient times the Easter holidays or Spring Holidays were usually celebrated in May when the water was warm. So no harm was done to the girls. It was said that the girls were sprinkled with water on Easter Monday in order to make them grow faster.

Some of the "hayivkas" remind us of the ancient times when Ukrainians still believed in Day-Boh and many other pre-Christian deities.

Many of the present day "hayivkas" have the love element in them. They are either in praise of some maiden or her swain. For example, if the girls want to sing in praise of some pair in love they would sing thus:

"De Marusya stoyala,
Tam travychka siyala.
De Ivanko koni pas,
Tam travychka po poyas."

But if they do not like either of the party they change the words of the song accordingly.

A "hayivka" like Vorotar (The Gateman) reminds one of the ancient sieges of the cities. But most of the Easter songs are just innocent expressions of the youthful joys of spring. Some of the Easter songs and games are mere reflections of the daily occupations of girls and women in general. When the girls start playing, for example, the game known as the Pear-Tree they join their hands in a circle around one of them and sing of the planting of the pear-tree. Each act they show with their hands and arms. As they say:

"Oy vaidu ya za vorotochka,
Tam sobi hrushechku posadzhu,"

they bend down and make the proper movements with their hands, showing how the little seed sprouts and grows into a tree. By and by they sing of the fruit-bearing season and pretend to be shaking the pears off the little tree, etc.

(Winnipeg, Can.)

"You will need ten league boots," I said and then regretted it when I saw him look sadly at his dirty, thin barefeet. But the eager look did not fade from his eyes as he lifted them to mine.

"I shall win myself a pair!"

"What lies at the end of your search? A golden-haired princess, a pot of gold, the firebird?"

"No, not that. Last night Katrusia told me just a little bit. Because you see, nobody knows much about it. It is about the iron pillars that hold the world up. I am going to find them, so that I can tell Katrusia about them. She is only a girl and has to stay at home."

"I fear that you will have to travel long and far before you will find the iron pillars. You know I have looked for them all my life. I haven't found them yet. But you are young. I think I made a wrong turn when I was about your age," I answered philosophically.

"I shall find them. I must," he answered.

And we trudged in step along the narrow country road.

(Sarnia, Ontario, Canada)

* Based on an incident mentioned by Bohdan Lepky in his biography of Taras Shevchenko.

bar, Kossior, Lubchenko, have suddenly disappeared from office, not because of any free vote of the Ukrainian people, but because of a secret arbitrary order from Moscow. Lubchenko was driven to commit suicide and the others may well have lost their lives as well as their posts.

This is not the freedom of which Shevchenko dreamed, for which the Kozaks of the Sitch fought, for which Ukrainians who enlisted under the blue and yellow colors of the nationalist cause laid down their lives. What we must hope is that this war has let loose among the Russians and among all the Soviet peoples, as well as among the Ukrainians, liberating forces that will finally transform what has been a centralized dictatorship into a genuine voluntary federation of free peoples.

Hopes to See Free Ukraine in a Free World

Such a federation, and only such a federation, would satisfy the aspirations of the Ukrainian people. Ukrainians are not isolationist. They would welcome mutually advantageous close economic and cultural contacts with their neighbors, the Russians and the Poles. But these contacts must be on a basis of freedom and equality and mutual respect. Let us hope that in a not too distant future we shall see a free Ukraine in a free world.

A HISTORY OF UKRAINE

by MICHAEL HRUSHEVSKY

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VOLHYNIAN EASTER FOLK CUSTOMS

IN Volhynia—a Western Ukrainian province formerly under Poland, then under German occupation, and now under the Soviets—the observance of the traditional Easter folk customs begins a week before Easter, on "Willow Sunday," just as it does in other parts of Ukraine, at least in those sections—if there are any this year—where the war or the occupants allowed it.

On that Sunday everyone in the Volhynian village goes to church, in order to receive at the close of the Divine Service (Mass), during the anointing, a blessed pussy willow branchlet. In distributing the willows, the priest tries to give to the older people those with the most catkins on them, for it is said that as many catkins as there are on the willow so many stacks of wheat will one's crop bring that year. Lighted candles are sometimes fastened to each willow received. Upon emerging outside the young people strike one another with the willows, saying, "The willow strikes, not I, in a week Easter will be here."

Pussy Willow Branchlets

Returning from church the people carry lighted candles. At home they put away the willow branchlets for safekeeping, as they are supposed to possess miraculous powers. Often the willow is stuck into the straw-thatched roof, in order to protect it from lightning; or fastened to the gate which leads to the threshing ground, to keep the mice away; or buried in the ground, so that the earth may yield water in times of drought; or used to drive the cattle to the pasture, which will make them sound and healthy; most often, however, it is placed behind a holy picture.

"White Week"

The entire Holy Week among the Volhynian Ukrainians is known as the "White Week." Whoever white-washes his home during that week, is sure to have a very clean home for a whole year. On Maundy Thursday some bathe in the river, as the water is supposed to have special cleansing powers on that day. In the evening, they attend the "Poklony"—penitential prostrations—services in church. Returning home they carry a lighted candle, which they use to burn out the figure of a cross on a rafter, in order to protect the home from thunder and lightning. Then they have supper, in commemoration of the Holy Supper of Christ and His disciples. The course usually consists of "pampushki" (similar to doughnuts), "borsch" (beet soup), and fish. On Great (Good) Friday they fast until the conclusion of the special church services that morning, during which the "plachanytsia"—a figure or painting representing Jesus Christ—is brought out to lay in state before the altar. In the evening of that day they again attend special church services, while outside the children make the air resound with wooden clappers. On Holy Saturday the housewives finish preparing food and delicacies for the holiday.

Holy Saturday

Throughout entire Holy Saturday night, lasting until Easter morning, a fire is kept burning in the home hearths, as well as out in the open by the church. Here around the large fire the villagers gather for the all-night reading or singing from the Holy Scriptures, and during the intervals between the readings to converse. Everyone who joins the circle brings with him a log or tar barrel which he casts in the fire in order to make it burn better. All sorts of "unnecessary things" are taken out of the church and burned in the fire during this time, such as old vestments, liturgical books, ikons, and

"tsarski vorota" (royal doors) of the ikonostasis (a screen with holy pictures, corresponding to the altar rail in the Latin churches). In this manner many valuable church relics used to be destroyed. In 1927, for example, "tsarski vorota" that were built sometime during the 16th century were thus burned in the village of Sukhodoli, district of Volodimir. The origin of this custom probably dates back to pagan times, when such fires were burned in honor of pagan gods, such as Perun, god of thunder and lightning, whose image was usually of wood, with a silver head and golden mustaches. Nowadays the fire on Holy Saturday night is said to commemorate the campfire that the guards over Christ's tomb kept burning the night before His resurrection.

The Blessing of Food

At midnight the people flock to church for the Matins. When with the signs of the cross the doors are opened, everyone hastens to get inside in order to pay homage to the resurrected Christ. Then follows Mass, and then the blessing of festive Easter food. As soon as the blessing is over, everyone hurries home as fast as possible, for it believed that he who gets there first with the "paska," will be the first that year to gather up his crops, and, furthermore, his crops will be best protected from rotting in storage. That is why the household usually entrusts the tasks of having the Easter food blessed in church to one who is strong enough to make his way quickly out of the milling crowd and fleet enough to run home the fastest. Where it is necessary to go to a neighboring village to have the food blessed, the best horse the farmer has receives unusual attention during the few preceding days, in order that he should be in the pink of condition for the gallop home.

While the table is being prepared for dinner on Easter, it is a custom to rub a colored egg against one's cheeks, in order that they may be fresh and glowing. A lighted candle is then set on the table. The dinner begins by exchanging greetings and bits of a blessed egg.

Easter Day Games

When all have eaten their fill, the elders go to sleep, for they have been up all night, while the younger folks take as many colored and decorated eggs as they can, and go out to the open grounds surrounding the church. As they meet they exchange Easter greetings and knock one's egg against the other's. Whose egg breaks as a result, has to surrender it to the winner. In the games that follow, in which eggs are used as stakes, such as card-playing, an egg so broken has only half the value of an unbroken one. This custom of knocking eggs together is taken so seriously by some that they purposely prepare several eggs in a manner that makes it very difficult to break or crack them. This they usually do by sucking out the white and yolk of a raw egg and filling the empty shell with melted wax, which upon hardening makes the "egg" very efficacious in breaking the genuine eggs.

Meanwhile the girls have gathered on the green and begun the traditional Easter "hayivky" weaving dances in which hands are clasped, singing their happy, lifting "hayivky" songs.

On Easter Monday friends visit one another, and there is much dancing, music and feasting. Throughout Tuesday and Wednesday the festivities continue. In former years they continued even through Thursday. Until the Day of Ascension, however, all evenings are still regarded as part of the Easter holidays, and no work is permitted then.

How The People In Ukraine Make Their Own Easter Eggs

THE Easter egg is almost as universal a custom as offering gifts on Christmas. In fact, the Easter egg may be said to be as international as Santa Claus himself.

And there is a good foundation for this universality of the custom. The egg itself is a symbol of the promise of a new life, and when is this symbol more appropriate than on a spring festival, when the whole nature seems awakened to a new life, and which is the most important festival of the spring, the festival of spring indeed, if not the Easter?

No wonder then that the Easter egg is used the world over. It is offered in gift as a token of good wishes of the season. In some countries a basketful of newly-laid eggs is offered, in other countries a fancy nest of candy eggs, in some others an Easter bunny, sitting on eggs. In Ukraine, only one egg may offered as a gift, and it will be accepted as a token of good wishes. This cannot be considered as a mark of frugality or stinginess for in no other region of the world does the Easter egg carry the proof of so much work and imagination expended on it. The Easter egg is not only painted but covered with decorations. Its preparation is a long process.

How the Hutsuls Prepare to Decorate the Eggs

Here is the process as it is practiced in the Carpathian mountains, among the Ukrainian Hutsuls.

The decoration of Easter eggs is done in the last weeks before the Easter. The preparations naturally begin with the accumulation of eggs. Then a "kystka," the style, is prepared. The "kystka" consists of two parts: a tube and a holder. The tube is made of latten-brass, by rolling it around a needle, and then threading through it a hair of horse's tail. This funnel-like tube is then attached to a wooden handle, resembling a crude penholder. This is done usually by splitting a stick at one end, inserting into the fork the tube, at a right angle to the stick, and tying it up with a thread. It is usually necessary to have several such "kystkas," as each of them can draw lines only of one thickness.

Now the colors are prepared. They are all home-made. The yellow color is produced by boiling the bark of a young tart wild apple tree. Some yolk is added to it to make the die adhesive. After the color has cooled off, it is cooked again and while it is cooling some alunite is added.

Another yellow color is produced from woodwaxen, or dyer's greenwood. Also from saffron. The green dye is made by cooking in "borshch" of rye chaff the husks of sunflower seeds. And so on.

Within more recent times, however, ready-made dyes were bought and used.

After all the colors have been prepared, each in a special sherd or utensil, the eggs are washed in warm water, wiped, and then dried in a warm spot, usually before the open hearth fire. Now a big potsherd is filled with live embers, and the burning embers and small cup is placed

filled with bees-wax. After the wax has melted, the styles are placed into it.

The Actual Process

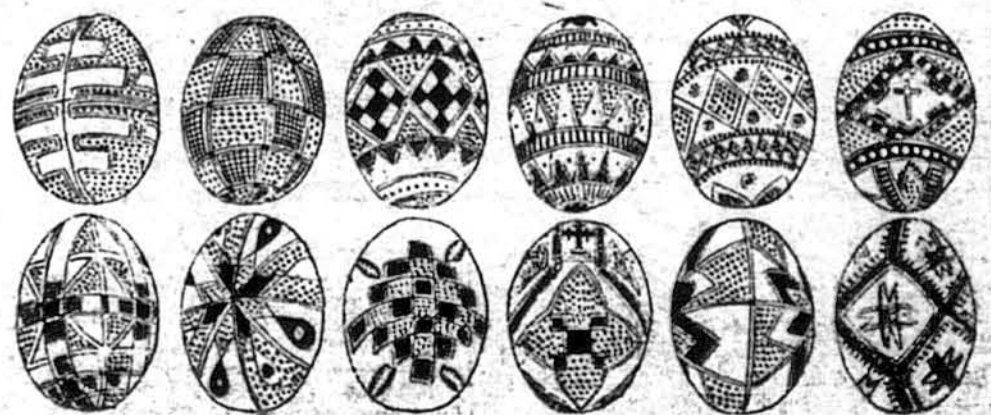
Starting to paint an egg, the girl takes it into her left hand, holding it with the first, third, fourth, and fifth finger. She takes the style with molted wax with her right hand. She wipes the tip of the tube against the index finger of her left hand lest the wax should drop on the eggs, and begins to cover the egg with designs, starting at the blunt end and going towards the pointed end. She does this by turning the egg in her left hand, and holding the style rigid in her right hand, thus, in this way, passing the egg under the tip of the tube exuding the liquid wax. Whenever the wax becomes too thick, she places it for a moment into the molted wax.

Having finished a design upon the white background of the egg, she now places the egg into a color, standing ready at hand. After an hour or two, she takes out the egg and lets it dry. If she removes the wax now, she would have an egg painted in two colors: the drawn design would be in white color, while the rest of the egg would be of the color of the dye. She usually does not remove the color now, but keeps on covering the egg with new designs. Now these new lines, covered with wax, would not be white, but of the color of the first dye. Having finished the second part of the design, she drops the egg into another color. If she were to remove the wax after the egg had been taken out of the dye and dried, she would have an egg in three colors, but usually she still keeps on adding new designs, thus producing newer and newer designs, in a new color. While accumulating the colors in this manner, however, she takes care to make the colors follow in the right order, which is to start from the brightest color and proceed to the darker colors, for instance, from the yellow, through the green, the red, to the black.

After the egg has been properly covered with designs and taken out of the last dye, the egg is placed into a hot oven to let the wax melt. Then the girl wipes the wax off with a cloth, and the Easter egg appears to her in all its brightness.

Variety of Designs

The Hutsuls know an endless number of designs to decorate the Easter egg. These designs are taken from plants, animals, costumes, furnishings, and what not. Each design has a name of its own. Some of them are reminders of the various objects of the Christian ritual, such as church, belfries, chapels, monasteries. Others are called by the various heavenly bodies: sun, moon, stars. Others are called by such tools of everyday life as: fork, trough, window, rake, brush, comb, boat, keep, powder box. Other are called after various plant designs used to decorate the egg. Still other designs are called after the village in which they were first introduced or are particularly popular.



Designs such as these are the basis for many of the radiantly colored patterns the Ukrainian people use for decorating eggs at Easter time.



THE PHILADELPHIA U. N. A. BASKETBALL TEAM, 1943-44 SEASON

Reading left to right:

First Row: (Pvt.) John Halchuk, Coach Joseph Juzwiak, Timekeeper Virginia Senko, Manager Dietric Slobogin, Captain Walter "Specks" Bukata, (Sea.) Jimmy Starosta.

Second Row: Ted Bochej, Michael Matsik, Alex Demnianskyk, Stephen Senko, Jr., William Grogosa.

Third Row: Stephen Matyszczak, (Pvt.) Eugene Bukailo, Bohdan Chawluk, Walter Ogronicki, Michael Nasevich, Jr.

Philadelphia Closes Sixth Consecutive U.N.A. Basketball Season

Gold and Blue Wave Averages 85 Points in 133 Games; Service List Now 22

By DIETRIC SLOBOGIN
(Club's President and Manager)

Six consecutive U.N.A. basketball seasons is unequalled in this country. More significant becomes this fact when one considers that exactly one-half of these seasons have been played while America was at war. Taking the tough breaks with the good ones, the U.N.A. Youth Club was unmistakably determined to keep its boys fit for any action at any time, satisfying, to the "T," Uncle Sam's keep-fit policy. One of the Philadelphia newspapers devoted one-half of an editorial column, praising the U.N.A. boys, for no fewer than 22 have already gone into the service.

The 1943-44 Season

The past year offered little consolation in so far as games won and lost are concerned. The boys either encountered strong opposition (Industrial League teams) or quintets not as well balanced as in previous years. Final figures, however, show a victorious column totalling 9 and a loss column amounting to 11 games. In a way, this was an experimental season for the Gold and Blue Wave, because the Junior Varsity squad played their games separately from that of the Senior Varsity. The "Kid Quint" was naturally green, but it showed promise for future years. The Jayvee mainstay, Jimmy Starosta (now in the Navy), gave such brilliant exhibitions at the start of the year that he was promoted to the Senior Varsity squad, and given the honor of starting against St.

Basil's College—the honor to which all Philly U.N.A. members look forward.

A New Court

With the kind permission of the Ukrainian-American Citizen's Association, the U.N.A. team was given the privilege of playing at the Ukrainian Hall where the team installed all new basketball equipment. By playing at their Ukrainian Hall on N. Franklin Street, the boys gained popularity among the Ukrainian population. This avid interest of the people reached its peak when more than 200 jammed Ukrainian Hall and were given the sports treat of their lives when the U.N.A. boys celebrated the Ukrainian National Association's 50th Anniversary on February 27 with a spectacular 62-55 upset triumph over St. Basil's College of Stamford, Conn.

A Six Year Summary

The U.N.A. Youth Club was officially organized on May 10, 1938. They proceeded to have baseball and basketball teams every year thereafter, although the last several seasons of baseball were necessarily devoted to intra-squad play.

The finest basketball season was the 1942-43 years when the Gold and Blue Wave bowled over 21 opponents, and were on the losing side but six times. Rather than to discuss each season, we give you below a summary of all 6 seasons:

Season	Games Played	Won	Lost	Pct.	F. G.	F. S.	T. P.	Ave. P. P. Game
1938-39	17	8	9	.471	257	81	595	35.000
1939-40	18	6	13	.333	242	103	587	32.611
1940-41	29	8	21	.276	317	134	768	26.483
1941-42	22	14	8	.636	377	96	850	38.636
1942-43	27	21	6	.778	494	83	1071	35.963
1943-44	20	9	11	.450	316	115	747	37.350
SUMMARY	133	66	68	.496	2003	612	4618	34.722

HONOR ROLL

ARMY: Capt. Andrew Babiak, Lieut. Michael Juzwiak, Staff Sgt. Martin Horobiowski, Sgt. William Belz, Cpl. Harry Marcynyszyn, Cpl. Roland Slobogin, Cpl. Joseph Pistun, Pfc. George Slobogin, Pvt. Joseph Zurybida, Pvt. Joseph Buchko, Pvt. Walter Kurko, Pvt. Myron Bliszczyk, Pvt. Joseph Basarab, Pvt. Walter Olesh, Pvt. Stefan Konchak, Pvt. Nicholas Hrynko, Pvt. Eugene Bu-

kailo, Pvt. John Halchuk, Pvt. Michael Elko.

NAVY: Sea. James Starosta, Sea. Michael Wasylenko.

MARINES: Cpl. John Sinkowski. May these 22 men return shortly and carry on the fine work of their younger brothers. It is to these 22 men that we dedicate this article.

EVERYBODY SAVING IS EVERY PAYDAY. BUY WAR BONDS!

DECORATION WON BY CAPTAIN PODLESNY, TRANSPORT PILOT

Air Medal, Distinguished Flying Cross, Awarded For Service in India

From far off India comes word that John L. Podlesny, 22, son of Mrs. Anna Podlesny of West Islip, L.I., N.Y., and a member of U.N.A. Branch 433 in Babylon, L. I., has been advanced from the rank of lieutenant to captain in the Army Air Forces, and has been decorated with the Distinguished Flying Cross and the Air Medal, the Babylon Eagle reported recently (clipping sent to Weekly by Mr. Theodore Hrycey, secretary of U.N.A. Branch 433).

Word of his promotion was contained in a letter received by his mother. It was written while Capt. Podlesny was on a three-weeks' furlough in India. The letters was dated March 7.



CAPTAIN JOHN L. PODLESNY

Capt. Podlesny arrived in India in March, 1943. Since that time he has been flying Army transport planes into China. Up to March 7 he had completed 100 missions.

With the India and Burmese fronts becoming more active, Capt. Podlesny is now believed to be in the campaign to drive the Japs out of Burma. Much of the warfare is aerial, and many transports have been in use dropping troops behind the Jap lines.

Capt. Podlesny enlisted in the air corps in 1942. He wrote his mother he had hopes of coming home this summer.

EVEN CHILDREN CAN DYE "PYSANKI"

The art of making Ukrainian-Easter eggs is a fascinating one indeed! For a few years, we at home had tried to master the technique but we just couldn't get very far with the old country drawing implement, the "kiska."

The article printed in the Ukrainian Weekly last year, written by Miss Milanowicz, was indeed a solution to our problem. Miss Milanowicz suggested using a speedball pen point, heating it in a candle flame, touching it to the beeswax, and then drawing on the egg with it. How simple! What fun! We have initiated many of our friends, both Ukrainian and American, into this intriguing art. If you are unable to secure any of the powder dyes, ordinary crepe paper soaked in a glass of water to which has been added a half a jigger of white vinegar will be a satisfactory substitute. I have to thank Mr. Cisyk of Richmond Hill, N. Y. for this suggestion.

Perhaps, you have always thought that making Easter Eggs was something which could be done only by the older Ukrainian women, from Ukraine. On the contrary, I have demonstrated Easter egg dyeing at the Children's Art Center in Boston, and have never had a more enthusiastic or responsive audience. At least 50 children between the ages of 5 and 15 for the first time in their lives made Ukrainian Easter eggs, and enjoyed it immensely. In fact, many of them had such fine results, that they have since bought their own materials and have made them at home.

If you have never attempted dyeing Easter eggs, do try next year, and if you follow Miss Milanowicz's suggestions, you will find that success will be yours!

ANNA CHOPEK
117 Greenfield Rd.
Mattapan 26, Mass.

Small Boy—"What is college bred, daddy?"

Daddy (with a son in college)—
"They make college bread, my boy, from the flower of youth and the dough of old age."

Specialist—"Could you pay for an operation if I thought one necessary?"

Patient—"Would you find one necessary if I could not pay for it?"

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