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

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THE YOUNGEST GENERATION

II

To arouse and sustain in the youngest generation—children of the younger generation; grandchildren of the older (immigrant) generation—an interest in their Ukrainian cultural heritage and teach them to appreciate it and to cultivate it, so that eventually its finest elements may find their way into the stream of American culture and thus help to enrich it, to do all that is far from an easy task. What makes it all the more difficult is the fact that the brunt of the task falls on the youngsters' parents, who as the American-born children of the older generation do not have the knowledge or appreciation of the Ukrainian cultural heritage that their immigrant parents have, and consequently they cannot instruct their youngsters in that heritage as well as their immigrant parents instructed them. Despite this handicap, however, they should strive to do their best, and some good is bound to come of their efforts.

Now comes the question: What should the younger generation parents do to impart to their youngsters—the youngest generation—some knowledge and appreciation of their Ukrainian cultural heritage?

Last week we partly answered this question by recommending that such youngsters should be taught to attend Ukrainian church services and community affairs, for reasons explained here then. Now we want to make a few suggestions pertaining to home influences and upbringing.

Our first recommendation here is that the youngster should receive at home at least a little knowledge of Ukrainian. For without such knowledge it will be most difficult for him to ever appreciate his Ukrainian cultural heritage. Of course, the best place to gain this knowledge is at a Ukrainian school taught by competent teachers, but that is something we shall discuss later; just now we shall deal with learning Ukrainian at home.

At the very outset we must confront ourselves with the basic premise that comparatively few younger generation parents speak even tolerably well in Ukrainian. They have naturally grown accustomed to speaking in English, and in most cases when they do attempt to speak in Ukrainian it is indeed with wondrous results. Their Ukrainian is of the "Ukrainian as she is spoke" type. Accordingly it is hardly possible for most of them who are already parents to impart to their yougsters any knowledge of Ukrainian. The best that they can do is to teach them some simple Ukrainian terms and sentences with which they are well acquainted. And this they should do, and—it might well be added—in the process try to improve their own knowledge of Ukrainian.

How then—our reader is bound to ask perplexedly—can the youngster in question learn Ukrainian at home? In our opinion, there is one good way. That is for the grandparents of such a youngster to do the job. Most grandparents can do that quite well. True, their Ukrainian in many cases can hardly be said to be in accord with literary standards of Ukrainian. Still, though it may be rough-hewn, it is simple and clear Ukrainian, and sometimes perhaps even more expressive than literary Ukrainian. At any rate, knowledge of it by the grandchild is better than no knowledge of Ukrainian at all. The grandparents, therefore, should at every possible opportunity speak to their grandchildren, to this youngest generation, in Ukrainian.

We suppose a great many of them do, and with fine results. Still it has been our observation that quite a number of them do not. Instead they attempt to speak to them in English—and what English! What is the result? The youngster learns no Ukrainian. At the same time his English suffers. He starts to adopt the various mispronounced words and mutilated phrases and sentences in English that he hears his grandparents utter. No wonder his schoolteacher sometimes wonders where in the world did the youngster ever pick up such outlandish words and accent.

Far better, we say, it would be for the grandparents to always speak to their grandchildren in Ukrainian, in which they are far more proficient, than in English, which for natural reasons they have not been able to master. They will thereby help the youngest generation to learn Ukrainian, the foundation of the Ukrainian cultural heritage, the development of which on the free American soil is beneficial to America as well as to Ukraine, and, most of all, to the Ukrainian American individual himself, as it makes him a truly cultured person, and, at the same time, enriches his life and personality.

(To be continued)

Ouglitsky's "Ukraina" Wins Praise

The authoritative "Musical America" semi-monthly magazine had warm praise in its April 25 issue for "Ukraina," a tone poem by Prof. Paul Pecheniha - Ouglitsky, distinguished Ukrainian American composer.

The "Musical America" review, signed by "L," of Ouglitsky's "Ukraina" and several songs, follows:—

A strongly national cast is a salient feature of "Ukraina", a tone poem for orchestra by the Ukrainian- American composer Paul Pecheniha Ouglitzky, which, along with two songs by the same composer, have recently been published by the M. Baron Co. The songs are "Solitude" and "Song to a Fidler," with texts adapted from Ukrainian poems by Taras Shevchenko, the national poet of the Ukraine.

The elaborately planned tone poem "Ukraina" is based on Shevchenko's epic poem "Haidamaki," which treats of the great revolt of the oppressed Ukrainians on the West bank of the Dnieper in 1768. According to the official "program notes" given in the foreword, the motif of the introduction is the Kozak marching song, "Hey Huk Mati Huk." The dramatic basis of the work is thus indicated:

"Deep in the forest the Haidamaki have gathered to plan the uprising against their oppressors. Halayda muses on his sorry lot, 'No sister, no brother, no kindred has he'. This is followed by an idyllic theme signifying the nocturnal rendezvous of Halayda and Oksana. After their love duet a theme based on the introduction vividly illustrates the mingled emotions and the wild courage that flamed in the hearts of the Haidamaki in their revolt for freedom. The music at length becomes the blare and fanfare of final victory. In the epilogue the work takes on a prophetic character, proclaiming that the time is near when freedom, truth and justice will triumph in the steppes of Ukraine."

The thematic material thus described readily engages the attention. It is presented in a formally compact and symmetrical manner and the scoring has been done skillfully. A whistle is to be found in company with the bells. In the latter part a polacca is introduced with good effect and the succeeding Andante section brings the work to a close in a close in a mood of lofty aspiration. The performance time is given as about twenty-seven minutes.

Mr. Ouglitzky's songs likewise inevitably reflect the natural musical idioms of the Ukraine, and each has an individual appeal. They are fluently written and effective, albeit the English words given for "Solitude" are awkwardly adjusted to the music in places. It is a song of poignant mood, whereas the "Song to a Fidler" is a song of gay and exuberant lilt, ending on a high A that is sustained through ten measures while the piano postlude is played. Both songs are written for high voice.

Star I.L.O. Interpreter a Ukrainian

Also Is Labor Relations Expert

Without a smooth exchange of ideas into French, English and Spanish, the work done by the now concluded International Labor Conference at Temple University in Philadelphia would have had been impossible, the Philadelphia Evening Bulletin reported on May 11.

Acclaimed unanimously by the delegates as one of the star intepreters who weld the three languages into common agreement is Mrs. Lydia Kerr, a Ukrainian by birth, the Bulletin report states, and continues as follows—

As she goes about her job of translating from English to the French, Mrs. Kerr subordinates her forceful personality and becomes a smoothly operating machine, out of which comes fluent, unhesitating French which not only faithfully interprets a speech, but also very often improves upon it. One member of the United States delegation admitted recently that, "When I hear her translate a speech of mine I wish I had thought of such good construction."

Her Smile Changes All

A small, trim woman, Mrs. Kerr's face, while attractive and certainly not old, reflects a knowledge of all the sadness of the world—until she smiles.

She has since interpreted for many international gatherings including the I. L. O., League of Nations and the International Chamber of Commerce, although her present job is in

(Concluded on page 5)

Submerged Ukraine Comes to the Surface

[**Editor's Note:** Lately in our ramblings among book and magazine stacks in a upblic library, we ran across an article, "Oppressed Ukrainians," written by Lancelet Lawton, British writer and authority on East European affairs. It appears in the April, 1934 number of the well known and long-established "Fortnightly Review" published in London. Upon reading it we were impressed by its interesting and factual presentation of the plight of the Ukrainian people under foreign domination and of their struggle for national freedom up to ten years ago. We believe our readers will be similarly impressed. Moreover, the facts contained in it may prove useful to our readers in their efforts to acquaint their fellow Americans with the true Ukrainian situation. The text of Mr. Lawton's Fortnightly Review article follows:]

UKRAINA, a nation submerged for centuries, has lately come prominently to the surface of public attention. That this should not have occurred sooner is amazing. It is amazing for one thing, because the Ukrainian nation is as ancient as the British. Yet until recently few people in England had heard of it.

The reason is simple. Ukraina has been held down by other nations and knowledge of her has been wilfully concealed or perverted by her suppressors.

Ukraina is a God-endowed country. For centuries she has excited the envy of her neighbours because of her unique situation, her fertile soil, her abundance of raw materials, and her gentle climate; and for centuries they have striven to absorb her. Yet Ukraina is not remote. It is the easternmost country of true Europe; and if fast trains were running thither, could be reached from London in little more than fifty hours. Nor is Ukraina small. Within the Soviet Union alone her territory is between three and four times the size of Great Britain. The population of Soviet Ukraina numbers thirty-one millions, of whom four-fifths are Ukrainians. But there are also Ukrainians living in countries bordering on Soviet Russia, in Rumania, Czecho-Slovakia and Poland, where, out of five million Ukrainians three millions are domiciled in Galicia. An ideal delimitation of Ukraina would therefore be the Carpathians on the one side, and the Caucasus on the other. In addition to the Ukrainian populations mentioned, there are large numbers of Ukrainians in various parts of Russia outside Ukraina, three-quarters of a million Ukrainians in the United States, half a million in Canada and a quarter of a million in South America and Manchuria. The total number of Ukrainians in the world is certainly not less than forty-five million.

Born of Centuries of Suffering

Ukraina was born from centuries of suffering. She came into being because she fulfilled every condition that proclaimed authentic nationality. Nature created the Ukrainian nation. No matter what test be applied, whether cultural, ethnographical or anthropogeographical, Ukrainian nationality is proved: proved also is the fact that Ukraina is a European nation.

The character of the Ukrainian has been softened by the loveliness of the Ukrainian nature and the kindliness of the Ukrainian climate; he is good-mannered, restrained, contemplative and sentimental. At the same time the sufferings which his race have endured cause him to be unyielding, distrustful, secretive, and diplomatic. At many points the contrast between Ukrainians and Russians is marked. The Ukrainians are home-makers and home-lovers: the Russians are inclined to be nomadic and collectivist. The Ukrainians are an aristocratic democracy with a thousand years of history behind them, the Russians are boisterous, rather immature colonials who have not yet made themselves masters of their rude surroundings.

To serve the ends of imperialism the chroniclers of the Great Russian School turned history upside down. It is the Great Russians who are an offshoot of the Ukrainians, not the Ukrainians who are an offshoot of the Great Russians. In a word, the Great Russians are to the Ukrainians what the Americans are to the English: colonials who cut themselves adrift from the Mother Country, mixed with other races, and founded a new nation. The name Ukraina came into usage in the 12th century. It signified "frontier". Ukraina was a frontier state, the last European state before Asia was reached.

The Kozak Republic

The history of Ukraina has been one of repeated subjugation, of continuous and desperate strife against Tartars, Turks, Lithuanians, Poles, and Russians. It was from this ceaseless struggle that the Kozaks, the Spartans of the Steppes, sprang; and by their aid a republic on democratic lines was set up, the intellectual attainment of which was high for those days. Thus Ukraina had self-government, a university, schools, and laws at a time when the Russian colonies in the vast spaces outside her frontiers had no like achievements to their credit. Beset by Poles in the seventeenth century, she was compelled to seek an alliance with the half-Asiatic state of Moscow, which had established its dominion over these spaces, and which was already dreaming to be the successor of Byzantium and **the third and last Rome.** A treaty which allowed for the autonomy of Ukraina was concluded; but Moscow disregarded it, and after a bloody war annexed the territory.

The history of Ukraina after the great treachery of which she was the victim in the first half of the seventeenth century was tragical. First she was split in two, one part going to Poland, the other remaining with Russia, then Peter the Great crushed Kozak autonomy and revolt with a ferocity that earned for him in Ukraina the name "Peter the Cruel", a monarch who assumed the title "Emperor of all the Russians" could not tolerate an independent Ukraina. Catherine II completed his work, and, by abolishing the hetmanship, removed the last trace of Kozak liberty; finally, at the end of the eighteenth century on the partition of Poland, Western Ukraina (Galicia) was handed over to Austria.

In the nineteenth century the repression of the Ukrainian nation was carried to further lengths. This repression came out of the very nature of the autocratic regime which then governed Russia, and which crushed anyone of whom it disapproved. The idea of Ukrainian independence was anathema to it. A crude attempt was made to uproot nationality from the hearts of the people, to destroy everything that might perpetuate it in their memory. Ukrainian schools were closed, and Ukrainian literature was banned. The use of the Ukrainian language, too, was forbidden. In the nineteenth century, also, the civil service was russified. At the same time, hordes of spies and provocateurs were imported into the country, and the vigorous national movement which asserted itself was cruelly suppressed, the leaders being exiled to Siberia in the usual Russian manner.

The fate of the Ukrainians in Galicia, under Austria-Hungary, though far from happy, was better than that of the Ukrainians in Russia. To all intents and purposes they were delivered over to the domination of their hereditary enemy, the Polish aristocracy, by whom they were treated abominably. But their situation was improving; their nationality was allowed for, and a basis for its progressive recognition had been firmly secured.

One of the chief causes of the Great War was the conflict between Russia and Austria over the Ukrainian question. It was indeed this, and not, as was commonly supposed, the Balkan question that poisoned their relations, Russia was alarmed at the awakening of Ukrainian nationality in Galicia. Her semi-official newspapers pointed out that its effect was to render all the more difficult the suppression of the Ukrainian national movement within Russia.

Polish Misrule in Western Ukraine

The Treaty of Versailles, which affirmed the independence of Poland, has again resulted in the Ukrainians in Eastern Galicia being handed over to the rule of an ancient enemy. It is true that in 1923 the Council of Ambassadors required Poland to recognize the necessity for autonomy for this region; but she has never honoured the pledge which she then gave; her motive for not doing so is clearly revealed by her actions, all of which are directed towards retarding, and if possible, repressing Ukrainian nationality.

Obstacles are raised to the teaching of Ukrainian language. Since 1920 the number of Ukrainian schools has been reduced from 3,600 to 120; 2,974 schools have been made bilingual, but only a few unimportant subjects are taught in Ukrainian. Not a single Ukrainian technical school exists, and out of 28,885,420 zlotys, allocated in the 1934-35 budget for universities and colleges, only 63,490 zlotys were assigned for two Ukrainian chairs in Warsaw University.

Rigorous restrictions are placed upon the entry of Ukrainian students to these institutions. In 1931-32, out of 49,770 students, only 2,192 Ukrainian students came from Galicia. The students in the Warsaw Engineering College were divided as follows:—Poles, 3,692; Jews 468; Ukrainians from Galicia, 6. These facts prove that Poland no sooner gained her own liberty than she proceeded to crush that of another nationality.

The Ukrainian National Republic

In 1917 the autocratic regime perished in Russia, but almost at once its place was taken by another. Abundant proof was soon to be forthcoming that autocracy was not only inherent in Russian rulers, but was rooted in the Russian race. At first it seemed that the Ukrainian state was to be independent of Moscow. The Constitution of Ukraina, promulgated at Kharkov in 1919, declared the Republic to be "an independent and a sovereign state". For a while this declaration was fulfilled, the Republic was, in fact, "an independent and a sovereign state." But in 1920 (after the conclusion of peace with Poland) it had the misfortune to enter into an economic and military compact with Moscow. While this compact stipulated for the sovereignty and independence of both contracting parties, it was nothing more nor less than a repetition of the great treachery of the seventeenth century—the beginning of the end of the separate existence of Ukraina. One by one the rights of the Ukrainian state were filched away, and eventually the whole region was absorbed in the Muscovite Communist State, represented by the initials U.S.S.R.

Together with the destruction of the Ukrainian state has gone the suppression of Ukrainian culture. The issuing of literary periodicals in the Ukrainian language has been forbidden and the publication of all books is controlled by officials sent from Moscow. The learning of the Russian language is obligatory in the schools. Ukrainian professors have been arrested, the accusations against them being that they had not adapted the technical vocabulary to Russian and had introduced words which widened the gap between the Russian and Ukrainian languages. Thus the Bolsheviks made good use of the formula of repression bequeathed to them by the Tsarist regime. While giving active assistance to national movements elsewhere, they could not tolerate them in Russia.

Ukrainian Opposition to Sovietization

The endeavour of Moscow to conquer Ukraina met with continuous resistance from the Ukrainian population. Ninety percent of the Ukrainian population consists of peasantry, who exhibit strong individual traits. Whereas in Great Russia land was vested in village communes, in Ukraina separate farmsteads were the rule; and whereas the huts of the peasants in Great Russia were placed in regular streets, those of the peasants in Ukraina were located in carefully chosen spots amid orchards and beautiful surroundings. The Bolsheviks therefore knew that whatever prospect for communism there might be in other parts of U.S.S.R., in the Ukraine the people were, by nature and instinct, opposed to it. Hence they waged war with ferocity both on Ukrainian nationalism and on Ukrainian individualism. The peasantry retaliated as only a peasantry can when assailed by organized force. They murdered commissars, and at times formed bands and fought pitched battles with the red invaders. They concealed, plundered and destroyed grain, and thus thwarted the confiscatory demands of Moscow agents. Twice famine and desolation fell upon the land; on each occasion the loss of life was calculated in millions. The number of Ukrainians who have been shot is enormous, while at least a quarter of a million have been exiled to Siberia and other inhospitable parts of Russia.

Nationalists Disguised as Communists

Under Bolshevism, Ukrainian Nationalism was thus no less a popular movement than it had been under Tsarism. At the same time, it did not lack adherents among the intelligentsia. In an official declaration made by M. Kossier in Moscow, published in the "Izvestia" of December 2nd, it was disclosed that numerous Ukrainian Communists had been Ukrainian nationalists in disguise, or nationalists first and communists afterwards. Communist and Soviet organizations, from the highest to the lowest, were penetrated with nationalism. Nationalists had got possession of the Communist Party. They were actually in occupation of the theological sanctuary of the Party—the Marx-Engels Institute—and had secured control of Bolshevik newspapers. In all the centres of learning, too, they were in the ascendancy—in the Academy of Science, the Academy of Agriculture and the Institute for the Study of Shevchenko. And, lastly, they had captured the only two departments of consequence left to the Ukrainians; the Commissariats of Education and Agriculture. The leader of the nationalist movement, M. Skrypnik, was Commissar of Education. Summoned to Moscow to give an account of his conduct, he committed suicide. In Ukraina there is now a permanent Muscovite army of occupation: Muscovite officials are in complete control of the country, the gaols are full of Ukrainian patriots, and for the moment: Red Imperialism is triumphant.

In the course of the speech which has already been quoted, the Bolshevik Commissar said: "Ukrainian nationalism is our chief danger." The Tsar's Ministers spoke in the same strain. Today, few Russians are to be found who wholly repudiate Ukrainian nationality. All others say "We need the Ukraine; without it the

The Congressional Medal Award Received by Pvt. Minue

THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA

TO ALL WHO SHALL SEE THESE PRESENTS, GREETING:

THIS IS TO CERTIFY THAT
THE PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA
PURSUANT TO ACTS OF CONGRESS APPROVED MARCH 3, 1863,
AND JULY 9, 1918, HAS AWARDED IN THE NAME OF CONGRESS TO

Private Nicholas Minue, A. S. No. 6,691,242

THE MEDAL OF HONOR

FOR

CONSPICUOUS GALLANTRY AND INTREPIDITY INVOLVING RISK OF LIFE ABOVE AND BEYOND THE CALL OF DUTY IN ACTION WITH THE ENEMY

in the vicinity of Medjez El Bab, Tunisia, on 28 April 1943

GIVEN UNDER MY HAND IN THE CITY OF WASHINGTON THIS 10th DAY OF March 1944

Henry L. Stimson
SECRETARY OF WAR

CONGRESSIONAL MEDAL WINNER PVT. MINUE

Pictured below is Pvt. Nicholas Minue, Ukrainian by descent, formerly of Carteret, N. J., who as reported here last month, received posthumously the highest award the American nation can give its heroes, the Congressional Medal of Honor.

PVT. NICHOLAS MINUE

The deed that won 44 year-old Pvt. Minue, a veteran of the last war, the Congressional Medal of Honor, was performed at Medjes El Bal, Tunisia on April 28, 1943. When his company was held up by flanking fire from a Nazi machine gun nest, Pvt. Minue, in the words of the citation, "voluntarily, alone and unhesitatingly, with complete disregard of his own welfare, charged the enemy entrenched position with fixed bayonet... assulted 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." His heroism, the citation concludes, gave his company the offensive spirit necessary to drive the enemy out of the entire sector.

The presentation of the award was made on April 1st last, to the dead hero's Ukrainian immigrant mother, Mrs. Mary Minue, age 73, of Carteret, N. J. She is a member of Br. 209 of the Ukrainian National Association.

Russian Empire would be of no account." In support of this plea the following statements are advanced. Ukraina is the granary of Russia; before the war, seventy percent of the coal production of Russia came from the Donetz region, almost the whole of which is within the ethnographic frontier of Ukraina, before the war, also three-quarters of the ore production of Russia came from Ukraina.

Under Tsarism the interests of Ukraina were wholly subordinated to those of Imperial Russia. Centralization was carried to extreme lengths; the chief offices of important enterprises were located in distant Moscow or St. Petersburg. The industry of Central Russia benefited mainly from the uniform system of tariffs which prevailed; while the agriculture of Ukraina suffered mainly from the retaliatory measures taken by foreign countries. Hence, a surplus population was produced which found insufficient employment in the towns, and enormous numbers of Ukrainians were compelled to emigrate.

The Soviet Government continued the policy of the Imperial Government. Ukrainian enterprises were incorporated in all union trusts with headquarters in Moscow...

The problem in its international aspect is extremely interesting. It cannot be denied that Europe, outside Russia, is suffering from want of space, from an over-production of intellectuals and of technically-trained hands. Geographically, Western Europe is but a peninsula of the Europe-Asian Continent, of which Russia is so large a part. While Western Europe was developing its peculiar industrial civilization, was training its people in practical pursuits, it mattered little what happened in the lands to the Eastward. But the time has now come when civilized Europe cannot afford to have in its immediate background a primitive and unhygienic expanse, a vast undeveloped estate, the rulers of which cannot manage it themselves, but shut it off from other lands and strive to spread disorder beyond its borders.

Ukraina has changed hands a number of times in history. Germany is now credited with a desire to possess her. This suspicion is not without ground; whereas, formerly German statesmen looked both to the East and to the West, Hitler at present looks to the East only. Poland also is believed to harbour designs of eastern expansion; not less than Russia, she is the hereditary enemy of of Ukraina. "From the Baltic to the Black Sea" is a swaggering phrase much heard in these days.

In some quarters it is suspected that the Pact of non-agression recently concluded between Germany and Poland contains secret clauses defining the spheres of influence of the two signatories in Soviet Russia, with special reference to Ukraina. No one who studies the map of Eastern Europe can doubt that there are immense possibilities of a German-Polish compromise at the expense of others. The idea of including Ukraina within the Western European system, and moving Russia on towards the East is certainly tempting. But the penetration of Germany and Poland into Ukraina would be contrary to the economic and strategical interests of Great Britain.

The wisest solution of the problem is, unfortunately, outside the region of practical politics. It is that Ukraina should become a separate nation, and that her independence should be subject of a joint guarantee by the powers, or that she should, at any convenient time, resolve of her own accord with whom to federate.

Ukrainian Self-Government Vitally Needed

An independent or autonomous Ukraina is indispensible for European economic progress and for world peace. Through Ukraina lies the shortest land route from the West to Persia and India. Were she to achieve self-government it would mean the end of Russia's Byzantine dreams and Indian longings. That the form of her government would be democratic is certain. With Ukraina as part of a democratic federative system there would, it is hoped, come into existence a grouping of states with which Great Britain could be on friendly terms. The moment is long overdue for the creation of some such grouping in Eastern Europe.

The Charm of Ukrainian Songs

By HONORE EWACH

No matter how well one translates Ukrainian folk songs into English they lose more than half of their original charm, for that which constitutes the real beauty of Ukrainian folk songs is intimately bound with the charm of the Ukrainian language. Furthermore, that illusive element in the Ukrainian folk songs which makes them beautiful but almost impossible to translate depends on the special outlook of life which is so characteristic of Ukrainians. As a purely agricultural people they have an intense love for nature. In thinking of beauty they do not think of it in terms of cash, but in terms of the beautiful natural objects. Thus, a native of Ukraine would be surprised to hear any one call his girl "honey" as, in his opinion, a beautiful girl is more like a rose, a lily, or a bright star. That is why so many of his songs begin with a mention of some beautiful objects in Nature, comparing to it some phase of human life. For example, one of the Ukrainian folk songs says: "The cranberry's white bloom changes into blood-red berries, those who love each other dearly are always merry."

Now, the cranberry bush is a thing of beauty to a native of Ukraine. He likes both its white bloom and later on its bunches of red berries. As a man who is close to Nature he knows the fact that the snow-white bloom of the crannberry-bush eventually changes to red berries. What a striking contrast! Well, he also knows that in some cases young people who are passionately in love experience much sadness and unhappiness by and by. That is why he introduces his song with a simile taken from Nature.

A beautiful maiden in Ukrainian songs is often compared to a cuckoo-bird. Perhaps the very idea may seem ludicrous to the English readers. For the English people in general have never associated the idea of beauty with the cuckoo-bird; only their poets have tried to popularise the beauty of the mysterious cuckoo's song. On the other hand, natives of Ukraine find a thrill in listening to the far-away, mysterious call of the cuckoo-bird.

Sometimes a young man called his girl a "rybońka" (a diminutive of "ryba"—fish). In calling her thus, he has in mind the beauty of a summer evening by the quiet waters of a river. As he gazes at the beautiful landscape in front of him and listens to the birds singing in the nearby orchards and groves, he catches from time to time a glimpse of a little fish leaping out of the water. For him the picture of that leaping fish is but another facet of the beauty of Ukrainian landscape. Hence, in a rapturous moment with his beloved he may whisper to her: "Moya rybońka."

In general the Ukrainian folk songs are very beautiful and delicate. Yet they are closely bound with the life of Ukrainians in their native homeland that they have really to be masterfully re-sung into English by capable poets; otherwise they sound too banal in their English garb. Ukrainian folk songs should be re-sung into English like Robert Burns resang some of the Scotch folk songs in his own way, making out of them delicate lyrics.

THE BELL

By WILLIAM PALUK

ON the Saturday preceding the Lenten season, old Stepan married off his last son Gregory in the little Parish Hall that had witnessed the marriages of his three other sons. People would come to sit and that with the grey-haired father sitting at one end of the long make-shift table, three of which lined as many walls of the smoke-filled, noisy meeting-house. They would compliment him on having brought up such a healthy, handsome son, and on having acquired such a fine daughter-in-law, the more tipsy ones adding that even though she was thin and could not see well with one eye to the point of wearing heavy glasses, she was known to be thrifty, kind, and a good Catholic.

Stepan nodded in his solemn manner and his head high. He was of medium height, of wiry build, and his thin, long face was deeply lined with age as well as from exposure to the prairie sun and wind. But even tonight, Stepan's eyes were not for his son, certainly not for his daughter-in law, as he had an instinctive dislike of eye-glasses and thinness.

The Apple of Old Stepan's Eye

Threading her way in and out of the feasting groups of people was his fifteen year old daughter Maria, dressed in a flimsy robin's-egg blue gown. She it was that made his eyes sparkle, his heart proud — this last child of a long-dead mother, his only unmarried child.

Three and a half decades had seen the births of seven children on Stepan's farm, had seen them grow up, seek out or attract mates, and depart to live elsewhere, for Stepan's farm was too small for more than just the one family to live on. He had settled here, on a quarter section of land, in 1907. He had had dreams of buying up more land after this parcel had been cleared, of giving portions of it to his sons and daughters as they grew up and were married so that they could live near him, after the old country custom. But the land had not been kind to his dreams. The stones on it had needed much work to clear; there was thick underbrush on other parts and a slough that dried up in summer, and rendered that part useless. The yield each year had been too small to allow him to earn money and expand. As his family had grown up, the years had slowly and quietly stolen his plans.

Then had come the marriages.

At every wedding, tears had run down the wrinkles on Stepan's face, although he ordinarily disliked crying. Or course they were poor, and the family had been large, but they had all got along somehow, and the place looked emptier and seemed lonelier after the departure of each child. Sometimes he would sit before the large box-stove with the brown collie stretched out, watchful, at his feet, and wonder at the way things happened in this world, how children miraculously came and left without consideration for himself. For had he not given them something of himself, his character, his very strength?

Marrying Off His Children

They had lost their mother when Maria was born, and he had been called upon to take her place in teaching and rearing them. He had loved his wife Odarka, but she had died, and death was final and the will of God. But marrying off his children was different. They carried away something from his own house and heart to give to someone else. He remembered Helen's flair for pasting pictures of actresses and actors on the walls of their one bedroom. Then there was Alex's merry whistle and voice, often recalled to Stepan's mind by the stringless violin left hanging and forgotten by Alex in its battered black cardboard case in the living-room.

Sitting there in the midst of the feasting, thoughts like these ran through his head. But he would think of Maria, and the lines about his eyes would soften.

"She is a girl of many parts," said John, the village merchant, who was already having trouble in pronouncing his consonants.

"Aya, that she is," whispered Stepan, his eyes on Maria, though the merchant had alluded to the bride. "A most noble child," he went on. "She is a great comfort to me."

The merchant giddily followed Stepan's eyes to where Maria was clearing heavy dishes off the table. He shook his head, but decided against straightening out the matter, and gulped down his glass of beer.

Maria flitted hither and thither like a butterfly, conscious of her father's admiration, laughing to him over the heads of the people she was serving, as though she wanted to convey a joke to her father by merely laughing to him. And, indeed, her laughter warmed the cockles of the old man's heart. He smiled back to her, and nodded his head.

Maria was a little below average height, having thickish, unruly blonde hair. Her features were not clearly cut, but they were finely proportioned. She had grown rapidly during the last three years, and her figure was angular, her carriage still a little awkward.

"She is the joy of my old age," Stepan told himself repeatedly, when he was in the field, or at home, eating supper with her. "God has been kind to me." Or he would speak his mind to the only other person on the farm the hired man Dmytro, who had a long, expressionless face, and small, unfeeling eyes. Dmytro always felt self-conscious when addressed, and spoke in a strained, hesitating manner.

"She is just like her mother," Dmytro whimpered.

Spring came to Rosevale, and touched the aspen groves and the fields of the shaggy Manitoba horizon with a bright greenness. Birds came to flutter in and out of the eaves and to fill the morning with glorious song. The pulse of Nature quickened, and the black fields were once again ready to receive the seed.

Stepan's attention was now directed to the manifold tasks of spring-time farming. Together with Dmytro they sweated at plowing the fields, worked nights to prepare the seed, on rainy days repaired the harness, discussed distribution of seed, planned purchases. Maria cooked, sewed, and looked after the housekeeping.

One day in May, Stepan gave her a printed dress as a birthday present. She was overjoyed. Her eyes rolled with surprise, and she kissed her father, then ran away to try it on.

"She is growing into womanhood," Stepan told Dmytro over the lunch which they later ate in the shade of a poplar tree, some distance from the farmhouse. He had been disturbed at what the dress had revealed. Maria's childhood angularity was passing away in a flash. This girl who had only a short while ago clung to him with thin legs and arms when he had brought her a doll from town, this child was now a well-developed beautiful woman.

"Growing every day more like her mother," was all that Dmytro could find to say.

Summer came and passed. The waving fields of grain turned gold, and it was time for the gangs of harvesters to travel from farm to farm, whenever the size of the crop did not warrant the separate purchase of a threshing machine, as in Stepan Andrusiw's case. The father went about his many labors with a whistle, for the thought of Maria's quick smile and carefree laughter was warm in his heart. Her liveliness made her the natural boss among the women who came to help out with the harvest cooking and housework.

At the end of the first day of harvest, Stepan sat alone on the door-step of his white, low-roofed house, after the other men and women had departed for home, and his thoughts naturally turned to his only daughter.

The Tryst by the Gate

"She is probably busy cleaning up," he thought, and strode leisurely round the corner of the house to see. Just then the moon broke through thick autumn clouds to reveal a sight that froze the old man in his tracks. Standing close together near the old spindly gate were two forms, one undoubtedly his Maria. The other was a tall young man.

Perhaps they kissed; perhaps they only exchanged formal words of parting. The old man never knew.

"I am getting old," he muttered to himself. "Because it is only when man is old that tears are plentiful as seeds in a poppy."

His tears made the scene swim as though it were part of a dream soon to disappear.

"My Maria!" His voice was deep and hoarse.

As he had done for scores of years whenever he was deeply troubled, he began to walk — away from that scene, away from the sight of his daughter looking after the departing man.

He strode past the stable from where came the warm smell and subdued noises of drowsing animals and fowl, past the grove of birch-tree that sheltered the farm buildings, and approached the edge of the poplar grove that fringed his property. His walk was stiff, a little jerky, so that his jowels shook. He felt old and tired, and on his face was a look of bewilderment.

"I am going to lose her," he said, his lips hardly moving. Something rose in his throat, and he felt it easier to keep his mouth open. A wind sprang up and blew fiercely and unabated across the endless prairie, flinging particles of cold rain against his face.

Disconnected thoughts came to his mind. He remembered walking like this in the rain on another occasion, in another country. He was going to ask Odarka for her hand. He was alone then; he was alone now. The intervening period like a vision in a dream.

"Alone! Alone!" His mind clung to the word. It beat in his brain like a pulse, and he found himself marching in time with it. He stumbled on and on, the leaves rustling and damp beneath his feet.

Only when the rain came down in biting torrents did he think of turning back, but his steps were slow, as though he were going not to a place of rest, but away from it.

Stepan was a changed man the next day. He spotted the young man whom he had seen with his daughter the night before, and for a long time could not bring himself to look him in the face. He was a young man of twenty-two or three of medium height, with narrow sloping shoulders and a way of holding his head to one side when he worked.

"A silly habit," thought Stepan. "Only a fool holds his head to one side like a duck."

Stepan's first impulse was to warn the youth to stay away. But his experience with seven children had convinced him that such a course of action was unwise. Helen, his third oldest daughter, had run off to marry a man whom he had strongly disapproved of, and he had never heard from the couple since.

Heartache For Old Stepan

Every night Maria would stand fingering the gate, and keep the youth long after the others had gone home. At lunch time, the old man could not help noticing that her smiles and glances were now directed at the other man. Stepan was too old to feel envy or anger, and instead, his heart ached with bitter disappointment and a sense of futility. Moreover, it seemed to the father that the suitor ignored the conventional phrases of greeting and respect that were so dear to the old man's heart. His pride smarted every morning when John (for that was his name) would greet Maria warmly, and not even notice the puzzled Stepan.

"He is very shy," Maria's eyes danced when she spoke of him. "He works in the General Store on Saturdays and he wants to put up a store of his own some day."

That Sunday, Stepan carried his grief to church, as he had done many times before. There he could often find consolation and the peace that he craved.

The sermon was on the subject of Job but the old man was listless, for his problem weighed heavily on him and he was distracted by the voices of young people outside the church building, and the noise of cars on the nearby highway. When he walked out into the bright but cool sunlight and set off for home along the sandy loam road, the air must have acted as a sort of tonic; for out of nowhere the words of the priest came to him, words spoken in the crowded, incense-scented church: "The Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away; blessed be the name of the Lord."

Stepan dwelt on the thought, and by the time he had reached home, he firmly believed that it had been sent from heaven. He felt relieved, and smiled for the first time in six or seven days.

At supper, Stepan chanced to see Dmytro's vacant stare, and he looked at the hired man as though he had just seen him for the first time.

"I will have to live with this man to the end of my days," he thought. "Perhaps I will come to be like him."

"You are not yourself these days," Maria whispered in his ear as they were preparing to go to bed. "You never used to quarrel with Dmytro, and today you scolded him something terrible."

"He must look after the stable. He is getting lazy in his old age," he answered, and his voice was pitched and harsh.

Three weeks went by. The suitor's visits became more frequent, the old man's loneliness more profound.

One Sunday afternoon, at the meeting of the St. Mary's Church members, the subject of purchasing a bell for the empty bell turret was brought up. Lack of funds caused the subject to be dropped, the purchase postponed.

Discussion of the bell roused childhood memories in Stefan's mind, recollections of days in a mountain-rimmed sunny village two thousand miles away. He remembered the joyous pealing of the village church bell. He experienced that onrush of feeling that comes when a long-unused chord of memory is unexpectedly sounded.

Buys Bell for the Church

"I will buy a bell for Saint Mary's," he told the bare trees. "A bell that will be heard by hundreds of Christians. A bell that will bring me comfort and thoughts of God, and peace."

In such an act did Stepan Andrusiw unconsciously express his deep sorrow at the turning away of his last child's love. On learning the news of his intended purchase, the congregation was overjoyed. Stepan went further, and insisted that the bell be an old country make, large, and correctly cast. At last it arrived, and Stepan was the guest of honor at its consecration.

(Concluded on page 5)

GOOD INSURANCE AT LOW COST

In response to several inquiries we print below a brief resume of the types of insurance issued by the Adult Department of the Ukrainian National Association.

All U.N.A. adult certificates provide for cash surrender, paid up insurance, and extended insurance after three years. Certificates are issued in amounts of $500, $1,000, $1,500, $2,000, $2,500, and $3,000. Males between the ages of 16 and 35 may be insured for not more than $3,000; between 36 and 40 not more than $2,500; 41 and 45, $2,000; 46 and 50, $1,500; 51 and 55, $500. Females between 16 and 40 may be insured for not more than $1,500; 41 and 45, $1,000; 46 and 50, $500.

The U.N.A. issues four classes of adult insurance, which we shall describe below. All rates pertain to $500 certificates; to get rates for $1,000 certificates, simply double the figures given; for $1,500, triple the figures, and so on. **The figures in parenthesis are annual rates.**

Class W: Whole Life. Dues are payable throughout the member's life; his beneficiaries receive the benefit upon his death. For a $500 certificate the monthly dues are $.68 at age 16 ($7.60 annually); $.79 at age 23 (8.88); $.97 at age 31 (10.97); $1.26 at age 39 (14.18); $1.71 at age 47 (19.34); $2.47 at age 55 (27.85).

Class O: Whole Life, Premiums Ceasing at Age 70. Dues are payable until the member becomes 70 years old, after which he remains insured; the benefit is payable on death. The monthly dues are $.74 at age 16 ($8.34); $.87 at age 23 ($9.75); $1.08 at age 31 ($12.17); $1.42 at age 39 ($16.06); $2.03 at age 47 ($22.89); $2.38 at age 50 ($26.86). This insurance is not available to persons over 50.

Class P: 20-Payment Life. Dues are payable for 20 years, after which the member remains insured. The monthly dues are $1.10 at age 16 ($12.47); $1.24 at age 23 ($13.93); $1.44 at age 31 (16.19); $1.72 at age 39 ($19.36); $2.14 at age 47 ($24.11); $2.82 at age 55 ($31.81).

Class E: 20-Year Endowment. Dues are payable for 20 years, after which the face value is paid to the member. The benefit is payable should death occur prior to the maturity of the certificate. The monthly dues are $2.05 at age 16 ($23.08); $2.07 at age 23 ($23.37); $2.11 at age 31 ($23.86); $2.20 at age 39 ($24.88); $2.41 at age 47 (27.22); $2.88 at age 55 ($32.55).

In addition to monthly and annual rates, the U.N.A. has quarterly and semi-annual rates. Further information regarding the adult forms of life insurance issued by the Ukrainian National Association will be given on request by the main office, 83 Grand Street, Jersey City, N. J.

U.N.A. members have the privilage of subscribing to the Svoboda for only $.30 a month or $3.60 a year, less than one cent per day. Male members pay the small fee when they pay their insurance dues, while female members make arrangements directly with the offices of the Svoboda. American-born and illiterate members need not subscribe to the Svoboda unless they desire to do so. The Ukrainian Weekly is sent gratis to American-born members whose parents do not receive the Svoboda.

Every adult member of the Ukrainian National Association pays fifteen cents monthly in addition to his insurance. The rates given above cover the assessment for the insurance alone. Of this monthly contribution of fifteen cents, eight cents goes toward the Indigent Fund, which entitles the member to the right to receive benefits in the event of serious injury or chronic incurable sickness. Five cents goes toward the Convention Fund, with which the U.N.A. meets the expenses incurred in holding its quadrennial convention; the member is entitled to represent his branch at a convention if the members of the branch elect him as their delegate; a delegate may try for a U.N.A. office at the convention. Two cents goes toward the National Fund, which is used for the cultural, moral, and civic development of the U.N.A. members, and also to aid suffering Ukrainians wherever they may be.

U.N.A. members receive dividends after two years of membership. Members attending colleges and universities may apply for aid from the Student Fund if they need such aid.

In view of the low rates charged for U.N.A. insurance and the many advantages of U.N.A. membership (most of which are not available in commercial insurance companies), it would profit interested persons to give serious consideration to the Ukrainian National Association where good insurance is concerned.

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THE BELL

(Concluded from page 4)

In November, Stepan, Maria, and Dmytro busied themselves in the farm yard, husking corn, storing away potatoes, beets, and other vegetables.

Then, one Indian Summer day, when there was only wind enough to stir the white hair on Stepan's head, the pealing of the bell in St. Mary's was heard. Stepan, who had been sitting with the two others sorting potatoes, rose to his feet, turned in the direction of the blue dome, a mere speck in the distance, and crossed himself. His eyes narrowed, and the lines about his eyes and jaw deepened. Maria was nearby, and followed the old man's actions closely, with wonder.

Suddenly the suitor John's visits became fewer, then stopped altogether. Stepan could not understand it.

"Is, then, your boy-friend afraid of the cold?" he asked Maria one evening, when they were sitting before the roaring box-stove, the brown collie at his feet.

Maria looked up from her darning, and her eyes were filled with tears. She threw the wool and the stocking away, and ran into his arms, hiding her head in the hollow of his shoulder.

The old father was amazed. He patted her shoulders, and smoothed her unruly hair.

"My Marusia has quarreled with her young man," he soothed her.

"No, No!" She lifted her tear-stained face, to which strands of her blonde hair stuck. "No, we have not quarreled," she sobbed.

"Then tell your father what is wrong," he whispered, kissing her on her cheek.

"It is you, dear father. When I saw the lonely look in your eyes when you listened to that bell, I knew that I loved none as I cared for you. None, not even that dumb John."

The dried poplar in the stove cracked loud as it burned, roaring long into the night. There was no desire on the part of either Stepan or Maria to go to sleep. Life had brought a curious twist to their lives: they were reunited.

"I am old, and I have learned much," Stepan told himself for the hundredth time in his life. "But Lord! How much there is yet to be learned! I shall go ignorant to the grave."

He sighed, but the old feeling of dejection did not come. He felt only a profound, immeasurable contentment.

(Winnipeg, Canada)

CONDUCTS DETROIT FIDDLER'S BAND CONCERT

One of the outstanding musical events of Detroit's music season was the concert given Tuesday evening, May 2, at the Church of Our Father auditorium by the Detroit Fiddler's Band of the Detroit Conservatory of Music, for the benefit of the Young Peoples Concert Fund of the Detroit Symphony Orchestra. Conductor of the band at the concert was its musical director, Taras Hubicki, Ukrainian by descent.

Mr. Hubicki is a a Licentiate of the Royal Schools of Music, London, England, and the Royal Academy Honorary Representative, an appointment recently bestowed by the Board of Directors of the Academy. He is faculty member of the Detroit Conservatory of Music, violist with the Detroit Symphony Orchestra and the Siegl String Quartet.

STAR INTERPRETER AT I.L.O CONFERENCE A UKRAINIAN

(Concluded from page 1)

London where she is attached to the department dealing with psychological warfare. There, also, she broadcasts to the people of the occupied countries on social and economic questions, particularly on the problems of foreign workers in Germany.

Probably no one attending this I. L. O. conference was more concerned with the outcome of its decisions for a better world. She and her husband and three sons lived in Geneva until the war. Since then, she has lived in London. Her husband, a member of the permanent staff of the I.L.O., and also a qualified interpreter, is with the British army; the oldest son is in Harrow School, England; and the two younger sons are in Switzerland —and she has not seen them for four years. "I try not to think about that too much," she said, with a sad little smile. "That is not good to do just now."

A Ukrainian by birth, Mrs. Kerr attended schools in both Germany and France.

She smiled when she was asked the secret of her ability to keep up with rapid-fire speech-making, taking very few notes and yet not missing anything. That's the easiest part of it, she said, and added: "It is my considered opinion that no one can be a good interpreter if he does not know the subject."

She's Industrial Expert

And here Mrs. Kerr is well qualified, for, although she objects to the use of the word "expert" she admits that she is a specialist in the field of industrial relations. Her first job was with the I.L.O. in 1924 when she became a member of the social security section under Adrien Tixier, who was present at this conference as representative of the French National Committee. She first began interpretation in 1927 when she was attending an industrial conference in her capacity as specialist. "They needed an interpreter, and since I know several languages I did the job."

"This is the Quaker City, is it not?" she asked. "I studied in Heidelberg in 1920, and we always felt so warmly toward the Quakers. They were so generous, and almost everything we had to eat in our canteens at that time came from them."

Notice to the Subscribers

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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.

TO MOTHER

My thoughts are with you always,
But especially on this day,
For you see my darling Mother,
I have a few thoughts to say.

I do hope you received the flowers,
And that you liked them well,
As I wanted to show my appreciation
In a way that words can't tell.

May God always be with you,
Wherever you may be,
And just wait till I am home again,
And soon too, you'll see.

But meanwhile darling Mother,
Be patient, happy and true,
For God will help us with Victory,
And that will be our cue.

As then my darling Mother,
I will return to you,
And all of us together,
Will start our lives anew.

Your loving son, as ever,
GEORGE

(Corp. George Kreskow, somewhere in the Southwest Pacific; formerly of Elmhurst, L. I., N. Y.)

PETER MELNICK, HURT IN ITALY

Peter J. Melnick, 23, Ukrainian by descent, of Chester, Pa. one of the most colorful basketball players in the high school and independent ranks during the decade preceding the World War II, has been wounded in action in Italy and is the recipient of the Purple Heart, the "Chester Times" of April 12, 1944 reported.

Captain of the Chester High team in 1940, Pete was also one of the high scorers of the Suburban Conference and a member of the All Kiwanis squad. His expert dribbling made him a standout among the schoolboys.

After graduation Peter played with the Ukrainian A. C. for several years and also performed with Local 107 CIO of Westinghouse in the Delri League. He was on the National Championship team that represented the local Ukrainians in a nation-wide tournament in 1940, '41 and '42. Pete was one of the earliest products of Ukrainian basketball, learning the game as a grammar school boy when the Ukrainian Hall first opened.

In a letter to his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Michael Melnick, of 222 Harwick street, Pete revealed that his wounds are healing o.k. and that he expects to return to action in the near future. He is also sending the Purple Heart medal to his parents.

The local athlete was inducted on August 26, 1943, and took his basic training at Ft. McClellan from where he was shipped in November. Pete was graduated from Chester High in 1941 and was employed at the Westinghouse A. A. until he entered the service.

WHAT THEY SAY

Dr. James T. Shotwell, director of the economics and history division of the Carnegie Endowment for International Peace:

"The only hope for the elimination of war lies in the provision of the technique of peace so that nations need not fear the iron clamp of a permanent status quo but may have workable and adjustable relations with their neighbors in which there will be equal benefit for all. Unless we can adjust the basis of society from the war system of the past to one of international cooperation there is no possible way by which the very structure of civilization can escape destruction. To begin the preparations for a third world war in the midst of the devastation caused by the second one is to prevent recovery in any land, including our own."

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HNATIO SHOOTS DOWN THREE JAP PLANES

As reported in a delayed dispatch to the Detroit News (clipping sent to the Weekly by **John Panchuk**) a young Ukrainian American flyer, John M. Hnatio, of 5306 Jonathan avenue Dearborn, Mich., now somewheres in the Sothwest Pacific theatre of war, recently shot down two Jap dive-bombers and a Zero.

ARCHBISHOP OF YORK VALUES "BOHDAN" BOOK

A copy of the "Bohdan, Hetman of Ukraine" book by Prof. George Vernadsky of Yale, was recently sent by Rev. John Hundiak of the St. Demetrius Ukrainian Orthodox Church in Carteret, N. J. to the Archbishop of York, Primate of England and Metropolitan, who in a personal letter thanked Rev. Hundiak for the book and wrote that he "shall value the book very greatly."

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CLEVELAND U.N.A. BRANCHES MEET

Taking advantage of the fact that the Mr. Nicholas Muraszko, president of the Ukrainian National Association, was still in Cleveland following the fiftieth anniversary celebration, Mr. Dmytro Szmagala, our local U. N. A. advisor, called a special meeting of the officers of the nine U.N.A. branches in Cleveland and its vicinity. The meeting was well attended not only by the officers of the various lodges but also by members of our association who are interested in the U.N.A. and the work it is doing at this time. Assemblies represented at this meeting were 102, 112, 251, 260, 291, 336, 358, 364 and 108 of Lakewood, Ohio.

In his very interesting address, Mr. Muraszko compared the Ukrainian National Association to an ordinary family. He stated that when a couple marries their needs and wants are small. As the family increases, however, the wants of the family became greater. And so it is with the U.N.A.

The president also stated that in the years of 1929 the assets of the U.N.A. were $2,400,00 and those of 1943 were $7,500,000. Mr. Muraszko advised those present that the percentage or our policies was up to one hundred and fifty-six percent (156%) and showed just what advantages this represented for the members in cases where accidents or epidemics might harm the standing of an insurance group which had less reserve.

The constitution and the by-laws of the Ukrainian National Association direct the various assemblies to hold a meeting every four years, at which time they shall elect their officers and representatives to perform such business as may come before them. During this year before the convention, which will be held in Cleveland in May 1945, and during these days of war, all officers and members should feel a deep responsibility to contribute something to the progress of the Ukrainian National Association.

In comparing the membership from 1940 to 1944 it was shown that the Cleveland assemblies have gained only sixty-eight members. Only one assembly has less members at the present time that in 1940. The greatest growth was in assembly 358 which amounted to forty-six members. In closing, Mr. Muraszko stated that since this is the fiftieth anniversary year, he would appreciate very much if the Cleveland assemblies would work and strive to get more members into their fold, and to assist Mr. Biletsky, a U.N.A. organizer, in every way so that Cleveland could keep up with the forward trend with all the other large cities.

Following his address, Mr. Muraszko answered many questions about the Ukrainian National Association and its policies and all those present went home feeling that it had been an evening well spent, for much information was received by all.

Stella Palivoda, Secretary.

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